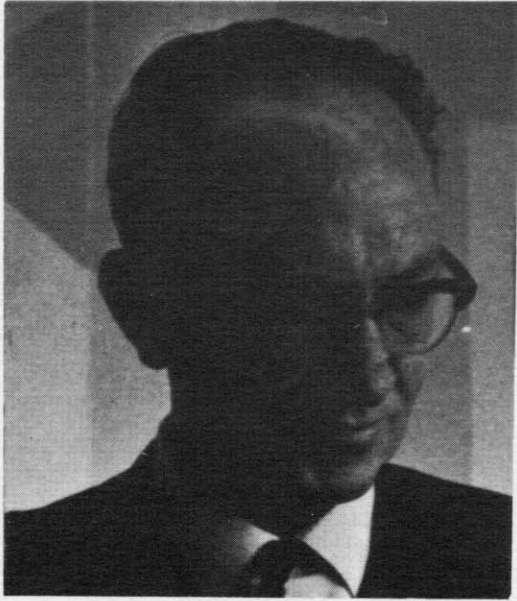


**THE MAGAZINE  
OF ASHWOOD  
HIGH SCHOOL  
1969**





**the principal has his say —  
are we any different?**

Is there any difference between this High School and others? Is there anything special about Ashwood High, anything that gives it a style or a character that is different from other schools? My answer, and you have heard it before, is that all schools are different, just as every human being has his own personality.

This is not a claim that our school is the best of all or even that it is better than most others. Like one's family, it is our own and it is partly what we make it. Therefore it belongs to us and we to it, and this will be so all through our lives.

It has been said that education is what we have left when we have forgotten all that we were taught at school. I doubt whether this is entirely true, but there is some truth in it. The thought is, of course, that facts and figures may not remain long in our memories, but that habits, ideas, ways of thinking and ways of speaking — these things become part of us and are the most permanent legacy of school-days.

Therefore what I have called the style and character of a school is very important. It develops and changes from year to year, because new teachers and new students influence it. The senior school provides a new set of leaders each year, with a strong but varying impact on the rest of us; the juniors build up the style that the school will have in a few year's time; and the middle forms have a more noticeable effect on the school than even those others, for by being in the middle they are more closely in touch with the whole school than any other group.

Every one of you, then, after your four or five or six years here will take some trace of Ashwood with you permanently, and every one will have affected the school in some way. Will your contribution be to the good of the others? That is for you to decide and, if your character is strong enough, for you to put into effect by remembering that decision.

*M. McKay.*

## staff list 1969

Mr. M. McKay, B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C. (Principal).  
 Miss N. Appleby, B.A., Dip.Ed. (Deputy Principal).  
 Mr. J. Landvogt, T.S.T.C., Art & Craft 2nd Hons.  
 (Senior Master).  
 Mrs. K. Abbott, Dip. Dom. Arts.  
 Miss D. Austin, T.T.C. (Art).  
 Miss K. Boas, Dip. Phys. Ed.  
 Mrs. Y. Calcutt (4th Year Arch.).  
 Miss M. Corrigan, Commercial, Phys. Ed.  
 Mrs. M. Cox, Dip. of Music (Melb. Uni.).  
 Mrs. S. Dawe, A.L.A.A.  
 Mrs. E. Eastwood, T.S.T.C. (Art & Craft).  
 Mrs. T. Everett, T.P.T.C. Uni. Subjects.  
 Mrs. B. Gaughan, B.A.  
 Miss W. Harman, B.A., T.S.T.C.  
 Mrs. M. Healy, M.B.E., B.A., A.U.A. T. Cert.  
 Mrs. H. Hughson, Dip. Ed., Uni. Subjects.  
 Mrs. J. Jenkins, M.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Mrs. P. Kallaur, B.A., T.S.T.C.  
 Mrs. M. Landvogt, T.S.T.C. (Art & Craft).  
 Miss W. Longney, Cert. of Art, Cert. of Ed., A.T.T.I.  
 Mrs. H. McLeod, Uni. Subjects.  
 Mrs. L. Meo, M.A., Reg. Teachers Cert.  
 Mrs. A. Nobes, T.S.T.C., 4 Uni. Subjects.  
 Mrs. P. Parsons, 1st Hons. T.P.T.C., 4 Uni. Subjects.  
 Mrs. N. Piper, T.T.C.  
 Miss B. Power, T.S.T.C., 9 Uni. Subjects.  
 Mrs. M. Roberts, B.A., Cert. Ed., A.T.T.I.  
 Mrs. S. Strangeward, B.A.  
 Miss A. Townsend, B.A. (Hons.), Cert. Ed.  
 Mrs. D. Vegting, 6 Uni. Subjects.  
 Mrs. B. Vincent, Comm. Subjects.  
 Mrs. R. Walsh, T.T.C. (Dom. Arts).  
 Mrs. M. Wadge, Trained Tech. Inst. Cert.  
 Mr. K. Blackman, T.S.T.C., (Art & Craft) Uni. Subjs.  
 Mr. M. Cameron, T.S.T.C. (Art & Craft).  
 Mr. J. Fahey, B.A., T.P.T.C.  
 Mr. B. Hayes, Dip. Phys. Ed.  
 Mr. D. Kent, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.  
 Mr. R. Laughton, Dip. App. Chem. Subjects.  
 Mr. M. Lawson, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. J. McDonnell, B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.  
 Mr. I. McLeod, T.P.T.C.  
 Mr. M. Martin, B.A. (Hons.), Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. J. Morris, W.T.T. Cert.  
 Mr. P. Nicholson, Dip. App. Chem. Subjects.  
 Mr. P. Palmer, B.A., B.Ed.  
 Mr. N. Rosser, B.Comm., Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. W. Sarovich, Science, Maths.  
 Mr. A. Schultz, B.A.  
 Mr. D. Teasdale, T.S.T.C.  
 Mr. G. Thompson, B.A. (Hons.), Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. P. Van den Bossche, B.A., T.T.A.

### Music

Miss L. Chapman, B.Mus., Dip.Ed. (Strings).  
 Mr. J. Noonan (Brass).  
 Mr. R. Trigg (Woodwind).

### Office Staff

Mrs. W. England.  
 Mrs. J. Gregory.



# ashwood high school

## 1969 diary

- Feb. 3 School book-store opened.  
5 Beginning of Term 1.  
25 A.H.S. Swimming Sports.
- Mar. 1 Form Photographs taken.  
11 Appointment of Prefects, School Captains (Peta Michael and Brian Waters) and House Captains.  
17 Annual Meeting of P. & C. Association. (Attendance 72).  
18 Guest Speaker: Mr. Yogendra on Judo.  
20 "Spectra" socials planned.  
21 Form IV at "Oliver".  
26 Mothers' Club Birthday. Gift made of \$250.  
27 Combined High Schools Swimming.
- Apr. 1 Forms 5 and 6 Art Excursion to Gallery.  
4 Good Friday.  
10 Senior Social.  
15 American Field Service, two guest speakers.  
18 Train Tour Reunion.  
20 "It's Academic". A.H.S. won Round 2.  
22 French Assembly. M. Carbonatto opened French Workshop.  
25 Anzac Day. "Meals-On-Wheels" Walkathon.  
29 Ballet program at Assembly.
- May 4 Central Australian Tour began.  
9 End of Term 1.  
21 Senior Forum began. Speaker: Mr. Ian McLaren, M.L.A.  
27 Girls' Choir at Assembly.
- June 3 Speaker from National Heart Foundation (Mr. H. Friebe).  
16 Anti-Smoking films and speaker (Mr. Yeo).  
19 Visit to Planetarium.
- July 2 Central Australian Tour Reunion.  
10 Forms 1 and 2 Parents' Night.  
11 J.T.S. Social.  
17 Forms 3 and 4 Parents' Night.  
29 I.S.C.F. Speaker: Miss Gribble. Branch formed here.  
30 Commonwealth Scholarships Exams.
- Aug. 5 Melbourne University S.R.C. Speaker: Mr. G. Lester.  
8 Werribee Gorge Excursion.  
12 Prefects' Social.  
18 House Sports, field events.  
19 Woodwind & Strings items at Assembly.  
20 House Sports, track events.  
21 Stock Exchange, Form 4.  
22 End of Term 2.
- Sept. 9 Inspectors' visit.  
18 "Salad Days".  
19 "Salad Days".  
20 "Salad Days".  
22 Eastern Division Sports.
- Oct. 11 School Fete.  
14 Chadstone Lions Club speaker on work for retarded children.  
18 All High Schools Carnival.  
29 Reunion of early members of Mothers' Club.  
31 Teenage Fashion Show.
- Nov. 1 Form 3 girls' camp.  
7 Mothers' Club Tennis Tournament.  
19 Mothers' Club Danish Club Luncheon.  
20 Matric. & Leaving exams began.
- Dec. 1 Train Tour & Day Excursions (Form 1).  
8 Tasmania Tour (Form 4).  
12 Mothers' Club Christmas Stall at school.  
15 Staff Dinner.  
16 Final Night in Hall.  
19 End of Term 3.







## prefects

The world of the prefects is both free and confusing. Its freedom is most obviously manifested in the two Prefects' Rooms — havens of THE SENIOR PEOPLE where none may enter who do not wear the badge. Its confusion is everywhere. It is in the face of the boy standing guard over territory on which he has trespassed many times when he was non-P. It is in the face of the girl who has finally given up the task of conducting her "Mabel" team in an orderly fashion. It is in the faces of all these non-student non teachers because, unlike everyone else in the school, they do not know where they stand.

This Prefect confusion symptom is a classic case of role-conflict. For who knows what these humans are when they are paraded before the rest of the school on Investiture Day. They have not a role which is clearly defined. They are not even sure whether they are of any use. The tasks they have seen other P-types doing are either messy or menial. But the greatest confusion of all is their uncertainty about responsibility.

What responsibility do the Prefects have? Are they responsible to the students, as representatives of student opinion in discussion with staff? Or are they representatives of the staff, in staff dealings with the students? Certainly in practice they are both. Yet it is precisely because of this conflict of roles that Prefects radiate confusion. They are in the worst of both worlds.

The approach to a solution seems to be through a clear definition of roles. These people can show themselves to be capable in using responsibility. If shown in which areas they possessed responsibility, they would do so efficiently. Even with this advance, the problem will not be solved. Obviously the onus on the Prefects to prove themselves is quite heavy. They know that not all the leaders of their peer-group are in these Prefects' Rooms. Many of the most influential students are often not made Prefects. Against these people (and with them) the Prefects must attempt to work. Finally, the person himself, must stand up to the task — without his initiative and strength the system will never succeed.

Anyway, who knows, perhaps we don't need Prefects.

### Prefects:

BACK L.-R.: G. Cook, W. Green, M. Gorman, P. Day, G. Cummings, S. Taylor, K. Kish, A. Smith, R. Munro.

MIDDLE ROW: I. Kotoukis, R. Broze, Z. Rechter, G. Elliott, G. John, I. Miles, J. Ross, C. Taylor, S. Auton, S. Munro.

FRONT ROW: N. Williams, J. Cover, W. Feltes, P. Michael, B. Waters, G. Morris, D. Godfrey, H. Withers, M. Barnes.



### the french cafe

In Term I, the school gained a French Cafe. What was once an excess shelter shed was transformed into a room displaying the glorious culture of the French nation.

The room is of course designed as the French classroom and is decorated with a mural depicting the Parish skyline and various French national symbols.

The building was opened by the in traditional French style — champagne and all that.

As well as being a classroom, the building receives extensive use as a lunchtime meeting place for French students — Ashwood's rival to the Left Bank.





## central australian tour

We tried to think of an exciting new way of writing up the notes from our trip, but couldn't, so we had to fall back on the good old ABC.

We left on the morning of the 3rd May, everyone set to ride a kangaroo and eat witchety grubs. I suppose I'd better introduce you round. Our 'family' for the next 16 days was 'Mum', Miss Boas; 'Dad', Mr. Thompson; 'Auntie', Miss Longney; 'Big Brothers', Eric the driver and Ron the courier; and my 32 brothers and sisters.

We learnt and saw, when you could see through the red dust, many interesting and educating (what's my definition of educating — well . . . ) things, therefore I will not bore you with a lot of details on where we went and what we did except that they made us pitch tents and cook on an open fire . . . Ha Ha, so I'll just fill you in on some facts.

1. Much to David's disappointment a Didgeridoo is not a new type of ice-cream.

2. Lady wrestlers should not be so rough — Margie and Helen.

3. Mum is an expert nurse.

4. Olgas are hills not birds.

5. It's a long . . . pant, pant . . . way to the top of Ayer's Rock . . . pant, pant . . . especially if you have a broken toe, isn't it Margie?

6. Why was Helen given a dummy? . . . ask Helen.

7. Getting up early every morning, is definitely a bad habit.

8. A horse has nothing on a camel. What a ride!

9. A urinal is not an Aboriginal word Robin.

10. It's great fun waltzing on top of the bus.

11. It was great sleeping (???) out under the stars.

12. Water is a great way to get someone out of their sleeping bag, isn't it Trevor.

13. It was even necessary to purchase a bib, wasn't it Fiona.

14. The Aborigines haven't been converted — to dollars and cents I mean.

15. Water doesn't need to be stirred Alison.

Now that we are all back home, no one regrets having gone, in fact we would recommend the trip to all. Some advice to anyone thinking of going to the Red Centre — go — but take your hot water bottle.

*Jackie Williams.*



## **parents' & citizens' report**

The Parents' & Citizens' Association has completed another year under the expert guidance of the President, Mr. Merv. Hill. Our meetings have been well attended, however, the committee would welcome any interested parents to fill vacancies that will result from members retiring next year.

The main task of the Association was the Annual Fete. The successful conduct of our Fete is essential to help us to meet our financial commitments each year. Thanks to the excellent support received from the Principal and his staff, the hard-working Mothers' Club, parents and students, an amount of \$1485 was raised. Our thanks to our Treasurer, Mrs. Lerch, for the work involved in preparing these figures. Next year we hope to obtain even greater support from parents and push our target still higher.

The Association was delighted that the appeal to retain Mr. McKay as Principal of Ashwood High was successful and we can look forward to the smooth running of the school under his leadership for some time to come.

*J. Lockhart, Hon. Secretary.*

## **advisory council**

The first business of the year was to appoint a President to succeed Mr. L. Matthews, whose resignation had earlier been received with great regret. The newly elected President is Mr. Keith Williams, who has been closely associated with the school and its welfare organizations for many years.

During the year the Council has lost the valued services of Cr. van Staveren, Cr. Jackson, Mr. L. Giddings and Mr. Giblett.

The main business of the Council, as always, is divided into three parts. The first of these is a general oversight of the school property, including grounds, canteen, insurance and security, and a helpful interest in all aspects of school life and needs. The second is the responsibility for the repayment of the debt on the Hall, involving annual payments of about \$2,000 for this and the next six years. In addition the Council allocates all other disbursements from funds provided by the parents, including Fete proceeds, voluntary contributions and canteen profits. A financial statement was issued with the school's final newsletter for the year.

Some noteworthy achievements in 1969 were the installation of tennis court fences and fittings, extensive improvements to the grounds, stage equipment and visual education fixtures and the subsidising of large purchases of books and other aids for the personal use of students in Science and French.

The Council, especially through the services of Mr. Williams and Mrs. Larsen, has been interested in matters concerning the betterment of education generally and has supported moves to improve the staffing situation in High schools.



## **canteen committee**

Under the management of Mrs. Clark the Canteen has continued to run very smoothly during the past year. On the Canteen Roster there are approximately 130 mothers whose services are very much appreciated. The sincere thanks of the whole school are due to these ladies.

On November 12th, a Social Afternoon was held in the Hall. It was beautifully decorated and the mothers and their guests thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. A fine musical program was provided by students of the school.

Early in the year the Canteen acquired a milk mixing machine from the Milk Board, so that children have been able to enjoy cold, flavoured milk. It is most gratifying to know that even though in most cases prices have been kept below shop prices, the Canteen has been able to make a reasonable profit which has been handed to the Advisory Council for school funds.

The Committee has been most fortunate in having excellent office-bearers, and the leadership of Mr. P. Hallow has for many years made the Committee into a very efficient group, quite capable of handling Canteen affairs by itself.

## **mothers' club**

The Mothers' Club meets at the school on the fourth Monday of every month at 1.30 p.m. We try to obtain as many varied and interesting speakers as possible to address these meetings, and extend a warm welcome to all mothers, for without their support this Club would be unable to function.

Among the social activities this year was a most successful Fashion Parade and a very pleasant Theatre Morning and Luncheon.

The Club made its usual contribution to the success of the Annual Fete by convening the Fancy Goods, Cakes, Lucky Packets and Sweets Stalls.

Our chief contribution this year to school equipment was the installation of modern black-out curtains and fittings in two classrooms. We have also undertaken to provide a set of football jumpers. Funds for these items come from Club efforts other than the Fete.

*V. L. Sykes, Hon. Secretary.*

## **i.s.c.f.**

Inter-Schools Christian Fellowship is the weekly meeting of students of any denomination who desire to worship and serve God in schools.

Our fellowship commenced in third term with Miss Goodfellow as our councillor. Many thanks for her help.

Miss Gribble presented an interesting picture of I.S.C.F. at a school assembly. This initial address has been followed by speakers from various local sources. Our thanks also go to these people.

Our average attendance has been 20, but we are hoping that next year's activities will attract greater attendances.

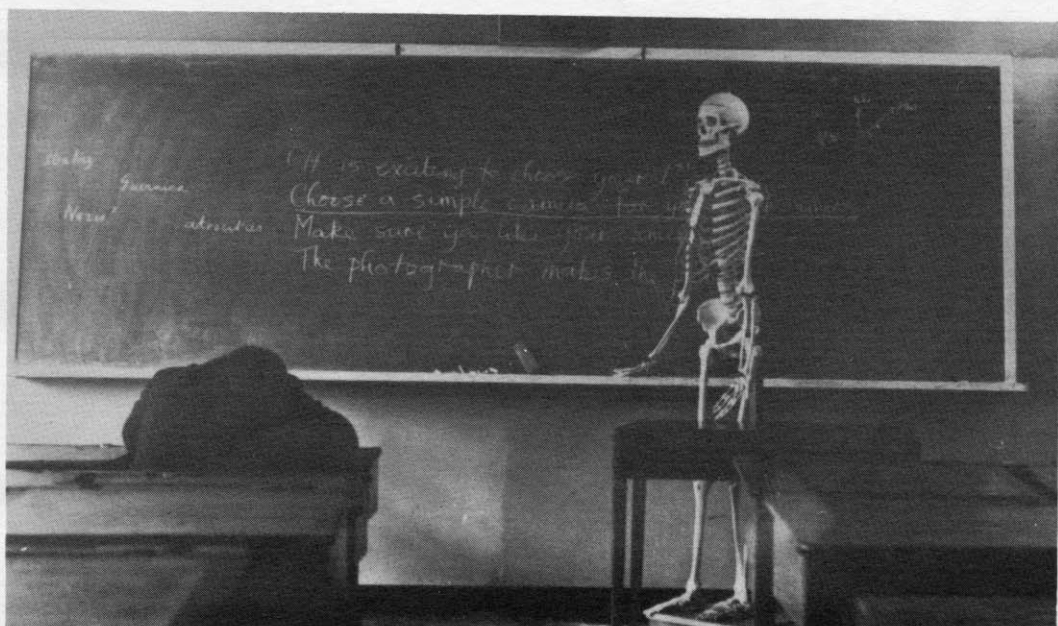
*Ruta Broze, Philip Abbott.*



### it's academic

For the first time in 1969 Ashwood competed in the HSV-7 quiz program 'It's Academic'. Our team was led by Lloyd Mill, with team members Trevor Blake and Michael Crosbie and emergency Jill Monette. After quite a time spent in preparation with many hours of questioning, the team competed in the first round and with a score of 525 easily defeated its opponents. Confident after this win the Ashwood team easily won its semi-final with an even better score of 545 points. However, in the final of Series B the Ashwood team was beaten by an all-girls team from Geelong. It was not so much losing, but losing to a girls' school that dented the ego of the Ashwood boys.

Nevertheless the team members learnt a mass of facts, dates and mathematical tricks and may have begun their careers as future television stars.



THE STAFFING SITUATION QUALIFIED?



## "salad days"

EVERETT: "What about doing a musical in our hall".

COX (female): "Let's do Salad Days".

COX (male): "Jordy Tech. will help".

1st CROWD: "We'll come and watch".

2nd CROWD: "You'll never do it".

In this burst of enthusiasm and delight began the GREAT EVENT of '69.

Two months later OUR HALL emitted strange wailing, shouting and thumping noises. Crowds lined up at the foyer door and dead-marched down the hall (following the lines for the badminton court) shouting out the strains of "Farewell, Farewell, Farewell". Mr. Cox yelled "Louder!", while frantically beating the air with his exhausted arms; Mrs. Cox remained calm; Mrs. Everett held her head; Mr. Whitelock refused to comment; and the crowd had a quiet giggle.

But the giggle turned to applause and the applause lasted for three nights when the show was presented to the public. The critics gave rave-reviews and the censor allowed the action to proceed without any alteration (despite Debbie Connelly's black negligee).

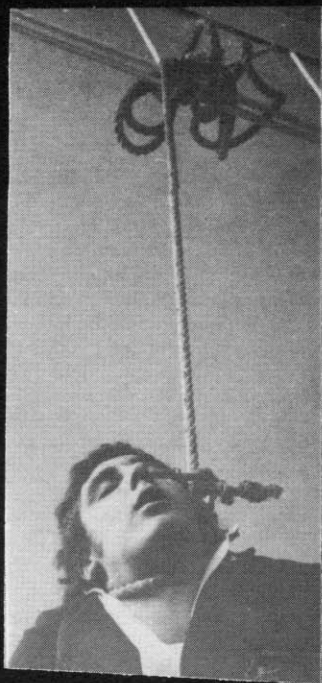
It was a lot of hard work for both students and staff and yet all agreed in exhausted voices on the last night that they had produced a GREAT EVENT. Ashwood High School boys had been heard singing in public; Ashwood High School girls had met a fresh bunch of boys; and Mr. Martin had finally found three champagne bottles, one 1920's vintage gramophone in excellent condition, and a bell which sounded like a telephone.

After the frantic rush of preparation the show finally knitted together and all, calmly, efficiently and without any rush, proceeded to entertain 2,000 people over three nights. At no stage were there any traumas. The backstage people led by Karl Kish (V) refused to be deterred by a few loose hair-rollers left on stage, by a gramophone which refused to work, or by curtains which seemed determined to fall down.

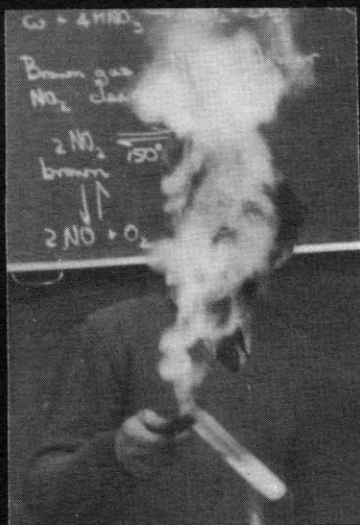
In the end an important precedent had been established. Ashwood and Jordanville could combine to produce a musical and could do it well.

The thanks must go to all and the rewards certainly went to everyone connected with "Salad Days". These were the "salad days" of 1969.











# ALL OUR OWN WORK

## **drought**

*The heat withers all struggling life:  
Golden dunes blind with their shimmering glare,  
With burning savagery cattle drop,  
Their bleached bones dazzle white on a fierce hot  
ground.  
Drawn and haggard, men plead with their whips,  
Loose flanked cattle trudge and moan.  
Something glistens on the horizon,  
Blues, turquoise and green.  
Maddening thirst grips the cattle,  
They charge, blindly, desperately,  
Screwed up eyes in sunken faces pierce the haze,  
Men can see what animals cannot.  
Doomed to destruction, the cattle trample on  
Exhaustion gradually spreads through the mob,  
Slowly one by one they lag behind,  
To drop with piteous gasps and grunts.  
Their heads are turned at a grotesque angle.  
Their eyes roll and, with a deep drawn sigh they  
die.  
They are the lucky ones, peace at last.*

Gai-Louise Campbell, Form 3A.



## the kiss

"It was obviously her own fault," these were the words going around in Maxted's mind. His next thought was: "Why invite me to dinner, why me, his rival, I wonder when he will start on the discussion of his wife's relationship with me, I wonder . . . But he did say that although a professor of electronics, may be his firm might help me, me an athlete with a bad degree in nothing." He shook himself out of his train of thought when Sherrington said: "Guess, Maxted, guess."

The sound was of a rustling noise, suction and ended in a series of bips, it repeated itself half a dozen times.

"Well, what is it, Maxted? Surely you can guess." Sherrington was becoming irritated and finally blurted out: "It's a pin dropping! It took me four weeks and a 50-foot shaft with eight microsonic microphones, you know. Electrosonics is a fascinating hobby."

Maxted looked around the white-washed laboratory and nodded. He wondered why he tolerated the little old man who was nothing in physique compared to his own ruggedly handsome features.

"It's warm in here, let's go outside," sighed Maxted when he saw Sherrington placing another record on the turntable.

"Fine, come, we'll have some drinks," and Sherrington led the way on to the warm patio bathed in an eerie moonlight glow. He handed Maxted a drink and then the conversation ceased. Maxted slumped into a chair for his stomach felt like lead. "There is only one more record to go — track 12, I'll put it on," and he pointed to the string of speaker boxes strung across the patio as Sherrington walked out. The room seemed to sway, a slow, lazy movement, as if a film of the sea rocking the ships had been slowed down. Crackling came through the uniform speakers and Maxted glared at them. Sherrington sauntered through the door and smiled cruelly. The sound that now emerged from the speakers was deafening. It seemed like claps of thunder interrupted with waves crashing against the ear drums. The blips came and went. The roaring echoed throughout the room and there

Colleen Taylor, 6.





was suction as if something or someone, a force, was enveloping the sound and pulling. There was a series of crashes and slurping as if sea caves were caving in.

Sherrington looked at Maxted and said:

"Not feeling too good? Well it's Chromium Cynate. It inhibits the coezian system of the body and floods hydroxyl ions into the bloodstream, so you're virtually drown. You're going to drown," shouted Sherrington.

Maxted's stomach felt cold and heavy, like mercury spilt and stirred. His legs looked bloated and his mind was sliding back and forth, there seemed a bottomless pit in his body.

Sherrington was screaming at him as he turned the volume up.

"Electrosonics was no use, eh? Is that what you said? Why not, you can hear how animal cells divide, you can hear how plant cells divide. You're dividing now, the walls of your cells are being pulled down, crash, crash, peeled and distorted, like a car smash in slow motion."

Maxted looked at Sherrington unbelievably from the armchair which he now almost filled. His whole body seemed to be blowing up like a balloon, but oh, such a heavy balloon. His mouth was twisted in pain as he tried to rise, tried to make one desperate bid for survival. But Sherrington stood over him smiling, and was saying:

"When you and my wife were sitting here, I had four microphones in the headrest alone. The sound you are hearing was recorded when your pulses contracted and thus produced a thunder effect, and now you're drowning, do you know what you're drowning in, Maxted, well?"

But Maxted's mind was already reeling, swirling in the eternal cosmos, sickly stirring the molten metal which now invaded his mind. Sherrington screamed:

"You're drowning in a kiss, in a kiss!"

Maxted's last thoughts were: "It was all her own fault for marrying this maniac," the island slipped away, sliding on the molten shelf of eternity and falling deep into an oceanic trench.

*Lila Zagrzejewska.*



Faye Adams, 5A.

## flames

*Scarlets, golds and rich ruby reds;  
Flames have a deadly beauty unto themselves.  
Heat and glowing warmth radiate from their ever  
growing circles.  
Crackling and spitting, their colours blind me.  
Fingers of flames claw at the sky,  
More fingery tendrils crawl to my feet.  
Greed urges those devouring flames.  
Life is snuffed like candles.  
Morning dawns with a pale sickly light,  
Revealing the hideous aftermath.  
Charred wreckage, and bare black ground,  
Tell their own story of the night's festivities.*

*Gai-Louise Campbell, Form 3A.*



## the truth of the matter

Everybody knows how important school rules are. For instance, everybody knows that if you get into class at one minute past nine you are disgraceful and don't deserve the right to be taught at the wonderful school that the teachers are always telling us we go to, this great place of learning where everyone except the students are created equal. Of course it is a well known fact that the pupil who sits at the back of the class must be a stupid peasant and the student who sits in the very front seat, near the teacher, must be a naturally born genius. Another well known fact about school is that students with long hair are not of the same high class as those students with crew cuts. Two no-hopers who will help to prove my point are Albert Einstein and Ludwig Beethoven. They had long hair and you know as well as I do that it made them mentally defective. Who knows, maybe if they had kept their hair short and greased it up every morning and night they might have turned out to be geni, instead of just being a couple of long-haired weirdos who grew up to be nothings. All school rules are made to be obeyed by pupils, but of course teachers don't have to obey them because they are older and so naturally more superior and knowledgeable than younger people. Take the very necessary rule about going out of the school at lunch-time. As you know if we mere children were let out at lunch-time we would do all sorts of stupid things. Of course we don't know if this would be true, but when the teachers tell us that we will throw ourselves in front of cars just to make the school pay for the insurance it must be true and if we are told that they keep us at school to stop us from doing things like smashing windows and stealing things from the shops we all believe it because the teachers are so much better than us. If we had our choice all of us would spend our money at the shop and we wouldn't patronize the tuck shop which helps buy all the things we enjoy at school: new men's staffroom, new ladies' staffroom, new staff luncheon room, new staff rest rooms and things like that we all enjoy. It would, of course, be preposterous to make the teachers buy their lunch at the school canteen. After all they do work at school and all we children are just slackers and don't deserve to be able to buy our lunch at the fish-and-chip shop.

Every pupil at school can't help admiring the way the people in charge handle the problem of yard duty. Every week all the students, down to a man are trying to have the honour of cleaning up the mess all the other students make; each person striving to outdo the other and trying to earn one maybe even two points for their house. So it is on this important note that I end this summary of one or two of the rules that we are told must be a part of school life. And it is easy to understand why all these rules are made for just think what a dull place it would be if there was no penalty for being a minute late or if you could wear your hair as you like it or if we could buy our lunch at the shops or if we didn't have to pick up other peoples papers. Yes, we are very lucky to have all these rules and regulations to keep us out of trouble and who knows they might even think up some new ones to keep us busy.

*Ian Scobell, Form 4D.*



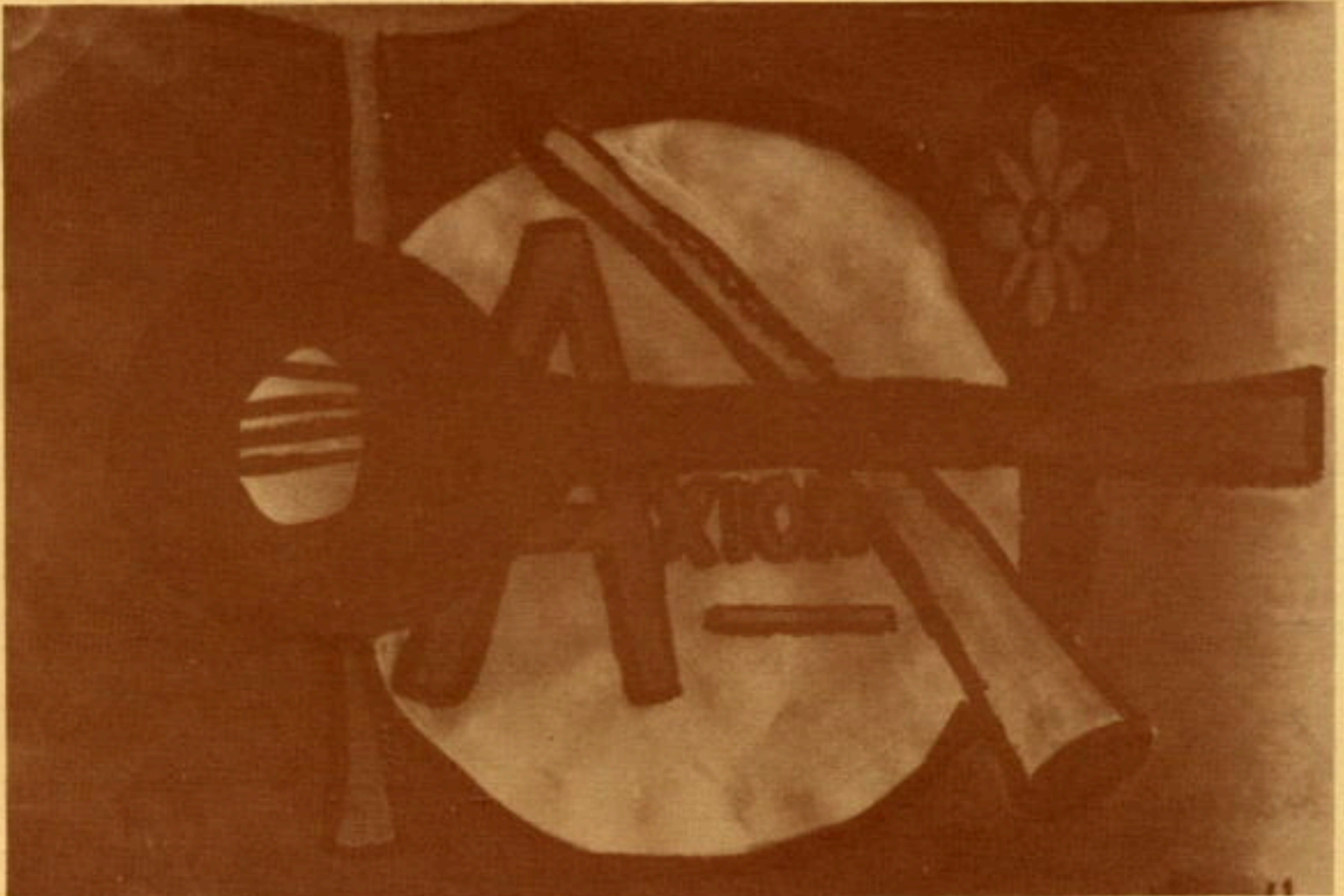
George Nicolaou, 5.



## **the dwelling place of aborigines**

*Barren waste stretches for miles  
Sand and emptiness fills the horizon  
This is the outback  
Containing nothing but silence.  
Stillness and loneliness reign.  
It's a landscape of quietness,  
Only the animals make noise,  
Eerie feelings envelop the country.  
The sun beats down mercilessly.  
The sand reflecting its heat  
Hits the traveller in the face.  
No one knows anything but heat.  
Aborigines — they dwell there,  
In deplorable living conditions.  
Their only homes, humpies, aren't fit to be inhabited.  
They fill the vast area — the outback.*

J. Logan, Form 5D.



## **“oh brother!”**

If only I hadn't left the carving knife on the edge of the cupboard!

We were preparing for my brother's birthday tonight and Mum and I were setting up the decorations for the party. I was cutting the pieces of string, while Mum blew up the balloons and fastened them with the string. Then we tied them up on the walls and the roof.

When we finished the balloons, I left the knife on the edge of the cupboard. The room looked perfect when it was time for the party. The cake was very colourful with pretty candles and icing on it.

The party went along very well and everyone was happy. Then it was time for my brother to blow out the candles and make a wish. Mum lit the candles. How brightly they burned!

My brother leaned back and took a deep breath and bumped the cupboard behind him. He blew all the candles out in one blow and when he stood up to make a wish the knife fell from the top of the cupboard and stabbed him in the shoulder.

Within the next hour he was dead — still with his party hat on.

Peter Dixon, Form 3C.



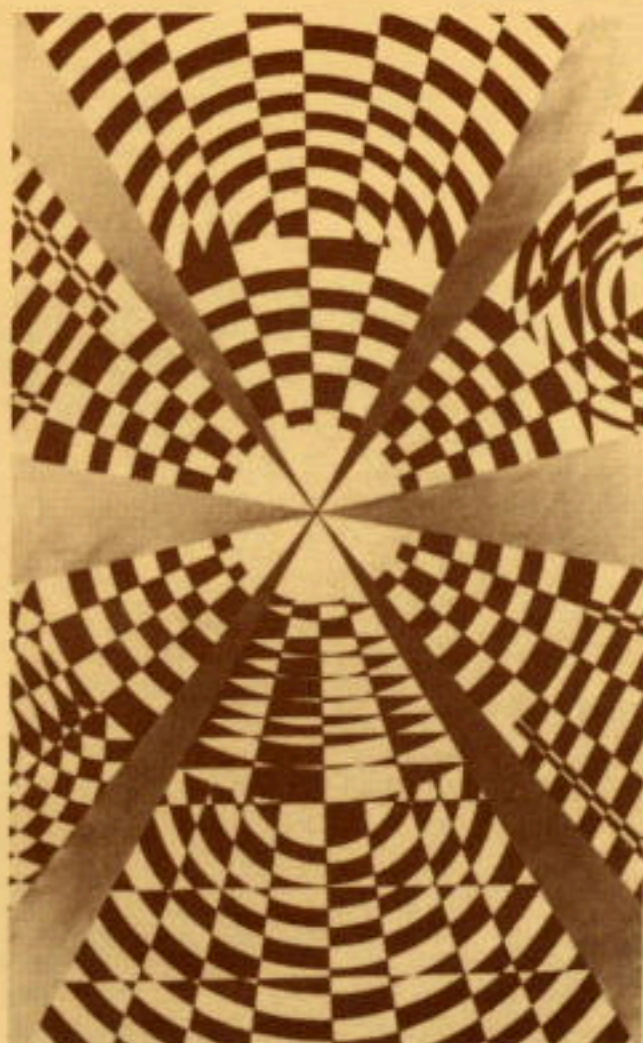


Colleen Taylor, 6.

### dawn

*The chirping of the birds  
became an unconscious hum;  
And the silence  
was strikingly apparent.  
Human voices jabbed  
the crisp icy air.  
They sounded strange,  
unreal.  
The moon cast a feeble light,  
and the new-born sun  
discreetly crept  
from behind the red roof  
in a vain attempt  
to erase  
the murky darkness.*

Debra Sykes, Form 3D.



George Nicolaou, 5.

### the shark

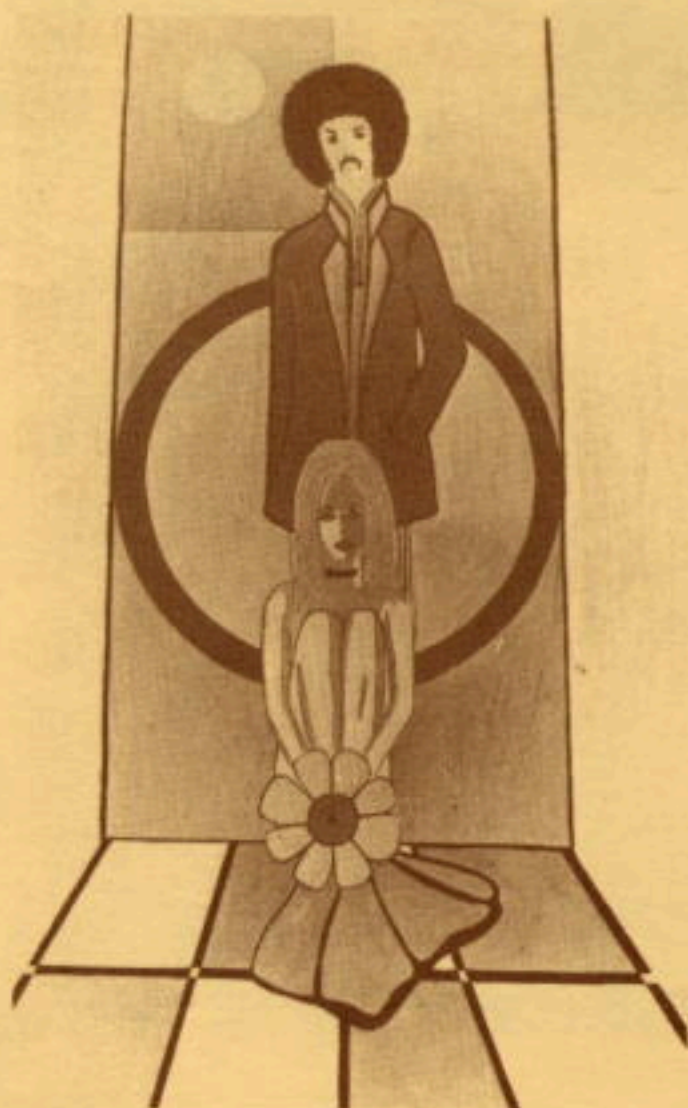
*Slap, swish, slap the gentle frolicking of the waves  
As the dark grey form cruises menacingly,  
Stealthily moving as he studies his victim,  
Alert now to his quarry's innocent movements.  
Lazily he watches his prey's futile efforts at escape,  
Slowly, placidly, calmly  
He moves in for the kill.  
Alarmed, his meal convulses frantically, panic  
stricken.  
Quite undaunted the shark draws closer and closer.  
There is a single swift movement.  
The waves surge for an instant.  
Then everything returns to normal with one less fish  
inhabiting the cold sinister waters.  
Our friend the shark moves on—appetite appeased  
momentarily,  
The uncontested king of the sea.*

Gai-Louise Campbell, Form 3.





Colleen Taylor, 6.



George Nicolaou, 5.

## music is essentially useless

I listen to Mozart's last, and, I believe, his greatest symphony. First I hear a strong figure played forte by the whole string section, mostly in unison, with bassoons helping to supply a firm rhythmic support. This lasts for two bars, then I hear a second figure, mezzo-piano, using more woodwind and less heavy string bass. Then the initial figure is repeated, a perfect fifth higher, and so is the second figure, now there is a passage played by the full orchestra based on the rhythm of the . . .

And so on. But what is my reason for experiencing these elaborate sound sensations? What sense can I make of them? If a computer was set to analyse Mozart's great Jupiter Symphony, would it find any sense in it? Perhaps, but no more than in an exceedingly complex set of irrelevant equations. Would I prefer to devote my quiet evening poring over a long, obscure, mathematical treatise? No, of course not. So, what is it about that musical work which makes me want to listen to it over and over again?

Pragmatically, music has a purpose. But the more purpose music has, the less it is music. The ideal piece of music would be totally useless. Pop "music", which I would assign to the opposite end of the spectrum, is very useful. It has a social purpose — to relieve tension, and supply a means of escape from the everyday environment. It is like alcoholic intoxication. It is a depressant. "Serious" music, on the other hand, satisfies no need in us. This is why it is unpopular in our pragmatic world. One has the feeling with great music that it is condescending to be incarnate in the form of sounds, in our physical world. This is partially true. Music is a pattern, an abstract idea, even though it must be conveyed by physical means. Here is the reason I like music, useless as it is. The human mind revels in patterns. The world is a pattern, and a pattern can be a world. Listening to the Jupiter Symphony I lose contact with my environment, and enter, guided by reason and logic, into a different, aesthetic world, the pattern of which is a piece of music. This aesthetic world is still as real as the physical world, but bears no relation to it, other than that both worlds are logical. (Logic is essential as a guide, a universal principle.) Out of all this come such epithets as "other-worldly", "divine", to describe the best music.

From the preceding, it may be clear that I do not believe that real music is a means of expression. Anything which expresses is not real music — it is pop music of a kind.

So when I sit (closely guarding the volume control from my peace-loving parents), listening to the music of those enlightened composers of the past, I am indulging in an adventure of the soul, which, by standards of this world, is useless.

Alan Crooke.



### parachute jump

The signal light flashed,  
I knew this was 'it'.  
Out through the door I stepped.  
Out of the plane  
And into the sky  
I fell like a rock,  
Till I pulled the ripcord  
And out came my 'chute,  
With a jolt.  
There I hung helplessly  
Between heaven and earth,  
And watched the "terra firma" rise up  
As the Earth came closer,  
The wind became stronger  
And blew me past my target  
Away from my course.  
Then past some trees  
Onto a strange paddock.  
I bent at the knees  
As I had been taught,  
Then over I tumbled  
And finally stopped.  
I was down, and unhurt.

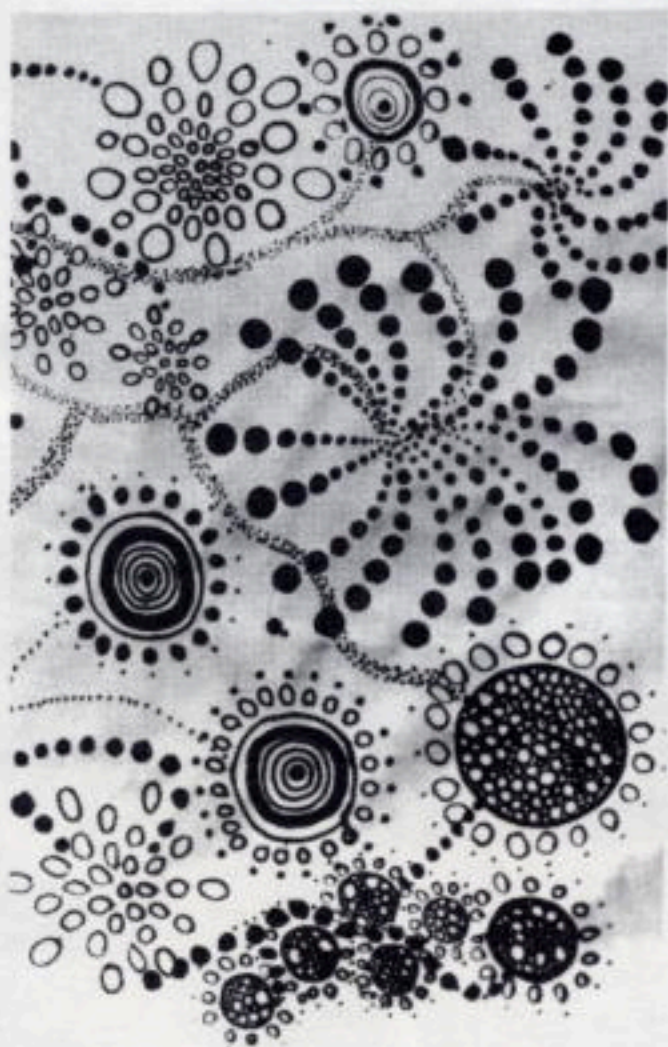
Anthea Tancoe, Form 3D.



Colleen Taylor, 6.







Debra Sykes, 3D.

## friend to foe

"John, John Bolne! He's been shot down by the creek, near the road!" shrieked Phil Durbie as he ran rapidly towards the saloon. A dozen of us turned and followed him back to the creek, asking questions hurriedly and not bothering to hear the answers. John was the most popular man in town and everyone looked up to him as the leader. When we reached the place, John tried to utter something. "John", I said, "everything will be all right." But I knew his time was limited. The he finally muttered something. "A black horse and black clothes." And his frail voice died away. We all stood there silently for five minutes.

The next day the funeral was held and the whole town was present to pay their respects.

After that, all the men put their heads together to think of a possible way to capture John's killer.

"Well, we better act fast before he leaves the vicinity if he is still here," I said. "We have only John's description, but from the position of his bullet wound and the position of his body, I would say the shot came somewhere from Rock Cathedral." After a few minutes of decision, we split up. I went to Rock Cathedral with five others, the rest went round to see if there were any strangers in town. "Look!" I said, on arrival at the Rock, "a stud from a belt."

On turning around, I saw Phil Durbie trying to cover his belt.

G. Peters.

## sinister satisfaction

*Slinking along the alley his body moulded to the wall*

*The blackness of night hides his warring scars.  
His enemy proceeds cautiously, the gentle padding  
of his paws barely audible.*

*Silently with a sinister glint in his yellow marble  
eyes,*

*He lies in wait sworn to kill this trespasser on his  
domain.*

*Screech! A terrible howl fills the night air  
Locked in combat these miniature lions of the  
suburban jungle.*

*Fur flies, claws bared.*

*Suddenly victor emerges, hurt, but proud, and  
walks away*

*Loser skulks into the enveloping depths,  
A red trail behind tells its own hideous tale.*

G. Campbell, Form 3.

## the lonely cowboy

*He was a sinister man,  
A thin Mexican.*

*With the cruel cold eyes  
Of a rattlesnake.*

*His name was Brazos,  
A name to make any  
Texan shiver.*

*And the questions he asked,  
Curious and probing,  
Were a sinister warning  
That trouble was in store.*

G. Brookes, Form 3.













Janet Rosser: 6.

## love

The best love is the love for humanity and its deeds. Never be afraid of it. Upstairs in the big silent house, a child was sobbing. Dr. Brennon stood at the foot of the stairs and his near-sighted eyes grew troubled. It was something he could not understand. Johnny wasn't a maladjusted youngster, starved of sympathy and affection, he was a normal seven-year-old, fond of games and well-liked by his playmates. A self-reliant, confident lad, even though he did have a way of smiling which made him seem wise beyond his years at times.

Dr. Brennon started to climb the stairs wearily and he thought of Johnny's pretty young mother who tried so hard to spare her son from the loneliness and darkness which had cast a shadow over her own childhood.

Even into the third generation — he thought and the gentleness was driven out of his eyes and his lips tightened. What happened that Johnny, playing in the warm bright sunlight had a sudden, terrifying sense of insecurity? What had darkened the sunlight for him? What had undermined his confidence in himself?

He looked at his watch and try as he might, he could not rid his mind of the hour-old mystery of a healthy, laughing child eclipsed by a white-faced stranger with tormented eyes and tear-stained cheeks.

Psychologists were always harping on the almost miraculous sanity of childhood with his freedom from morbidity and its acceptance of life as a shining, untarnished coin. How blind they were not to realise that children were at the mercy of night fears — great, shadowy-winged creatures which could inflict cruel wounds, flapping into the darkness leaving their small, terrified victims in full flight from reality on a plane incomprehensible to adults.

It is always a trying task for an elderly physician to win the confidence of a young patient by untried methods. He could still hear himself asking: "What frightened you, Johnny? Did you talk it over with the other children? Is that why you're so frightened?"

But Johnny hadn't wanted the sympathy of a wheezing red-faced old fool of a doctor.

The door of Johnny's room was ajar. Dr. Brennon could hear Johnny's mother making a difficult situation worse by talking to her son as if he was still a tot of three with a stubborn streak, and a bad case of sulks.

With an impatient grimace, Dr. Brennon stepped into the room and quickly shut the door behind him. "Well, how do you feel now, Johnny?", he asked, "don't you think we should have another little talk — man to man." His mother straightened from the bed with a sigh which was half a sob, the bedside lamp casting a circle of radiance around her pale hair.

Dr. Brennon felt a slight irritation with her for being still beautiful seven years after the death of her husband.

Dr. Brennon hitched a chair up to the bed and looked over the top of his spectacles at the boy. Johnny's face was a misty oval, the eyes darkly shining.

He coughed and adjusted his glasses and now seeing Johnny's face clearly, he felt an anxious helplessness which his reason could not justify. Surely Johnny wasn't beyond help — he wasn't running a fever or physically ill, though his mother had perhaps put him unwisely to bed and drawn the shades, leaving him in deep darkness for a full hour. He would be blinking now, confused and resentful. Johnny couldn't be as tormented as he looked, as inwardly beyond hope of rescue.



The smile that came to Dr. Brennon was slow and friendly and he said: "If you were away at school, you were right not to talk about it, strangers don't know what a brave lad you are, but I know, Johnny. Surely you can talk to me, an old friend, in your own home!"

Johnny drew back as if in secret pain. Then abruptly, he leaned forward, his eyes accusing, his hands tightly clenched and said:

"This is not my home!"

The voice was no longer that of a child, but of some aged wanderer shaken with despair and wretchedness. Dr. Brennon stared into the bewildered, angry eyes with shocked disbelief. His lips tightened and he said in a voice that was almost a whisper. "So you've found that out at last, lad."

His mother straightened as if stung by a hornet. "But how could he find out, none of the other children knew," she said.

"How did you find out, Johnny?" asked Dr. Brennon. Johnny shook his head and turned his tormented eyes elsewhere.

"Keep it to yourself, Johnny, if you wish", said Dr. Brennon gently. He then turned to the mother and said:

"You can't keep secrets from some youngsters, you just can't. It's as great a folly as trying to hide a jam pot on a high shelf. Probably the other children knew just enough to enable him to put two and two together."

Dr. Brennon removed his glasses and blew on them.

"Children's minds are touchy," he said, "when a lad like Johnny puts two and two together he comes out with a figure that cuts across all mathematical boundaries, not four, mind you, but a figure that cuts much closer to the truth."

Johnny's mother knelt beside her son and kissed him, saying, "Johnny —."

Dr. Brennon's eyes had a glint of compassion or amusement, or both, and he said: "Your mother's here, Johnny, doesn't that make it your home?"

"No, it doesn't!"

"You're afraid, Johnny," he said, "for the first time in your life you feel lost and afraid and alone."

There was an answering look of torment in Johnny's eyes.

— Good lad, thought Dr. Brennon, someday, Johnny, you'll answer all the well-meant questions fearlessly, it's the only way we can give and receive help in the loneliness and darkness —

"Well, Johnny, I am going to prove to you that you have a home, one to be proud of. It's something you've got to face and we will face it together."

Dr. Brennon paused when he passed Johnny's mother.

"Get him ready, I'll be back in twenty minutes."

Dr. Brennon came back, if he had moved slowly before, he now seemed to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders as he took Johnny's hand and they started down the stairway of the big silent house. They walked across the sun-drenched playroom into corridors with long shiny walls. The doors opened at their approach with an eerie droning and closed noiselessly behind them. They turned into a tunnel which had a cold wind blowing. At the end Dr. Brennon said: "You were born here, Johnny, for all the years of your life this has been your home, we, of the old generation, tried to keep you away from the cold and dark for a few happy years before eight. The sunlight above is as bright and warm as the sunlight I knew as a child."

"It's not real sunlight".



"No, of course not, but just as healthful. You see, even we who should be strong and self-reliant sometimes become frightened. We let ourselves be frightened and it is very foolish. We of the old generation had a less secure childhood. We tried to keep you from the dark but you were too smart for us. Youngsters really do know how to cut corners to get to the truth, and when they do — well, that's a fine kettle of fish to unboil, lad." Now Dr. Brennon pressed a button and there was a humming sound.

"I am going to show you your home as it really is, and you'll be proud — so very proud of the men who gave their lives to make it your home that you'll forget to be afraid and love more the people of earth. Now remember what I told you, that spacesuit is heavy and weighs you down, but away from the station's artificial gravity, you'll be as spry as a harvest mouse in a field of summer corn. "Now put your oxygen helmet on lad, that's right, just let it settle on your shoulders the way your father did when he left the earth forever behind him and he walked from the rocket with the courage of a true pioneer."

Now Dr. Brennon seemed greater in stature as if the bracing of his shoulders added a cubit to his height. Then the man and boy walked forward, and hand in hand emerged on the cold, dark surface of the moon.

Lila Zagrzejewska.

Faye Adams, 5A.



### **the gulls of the high heavens**

*Speeding over the waters  
While the spray engulfed me  
I watched with interest the gulls above.  
Their movements were so graceful  
As they swooped over the gleaming water  
Gawking continuously amongst themselves.  
White wings flashed in the sunlight  
Appearing as snowflakes  
As they came to rest on the waves.  
It was a beautiful sight  
One which will always stay with me  
Those gulls of the high heavens above.*

J. Logan, Form 5D.





Colleen Taylor, 6.

## the dog

*The dog went running,  
Running down the street.  
Dodging people,  
People that he'd meet.  
His tail was wagging,  
Wagging as he went.  
Stopping now,  
Now his energy he's spent.  
Still he stood panting,  
Panting in the heat.  
Sighing slowly,  
Slowly off went his little feet.  
Now he's walking,  
Walking on his way,  
Running? No!  
No more running till another day.*

Ian Abbott, Form 2A.

## becalmed

One day my brother and I decided to go sailing. We were up bright and early. The wind was just right for sailing and the sea wasn't too rough. The yacht was in our boatshed, which was situated on the seashore. We walked down to the boatshed and when we arrived, lifted the yacht. As it is a 16ft. yacht, it is pretty heavy for two to lift, but we managed. We began to get all the fittings, sails, rudder, etc., and started rigging the yacht. It took us about ten minutes to rig it.

Then we put our life-jackets on and pushed the yacht into the water. I climbed in first, up near the bow as I was the lightest and my brother then got in. He was the skipper. We sailed out about half a mile or so and all of a sudden, the wind dropped. I looked up the mast to the pennant on top and saw that it was still. There was no wind at all. We were becalmed. The water became still and as clear as glass. At first we didn't know what to do, because we thought we had left the paddles behind.

I happened to remember where they were. In a compartment in the bow. I pulled them out and we began to paddle. It seemed as though the landscape to our left and the sea to our right was unreal because of the stillness and quietness. I looked up to the sky and saw dark clouds forming. Then I knew the reason for it being so calm. There was a storm coming up. We started paddling faster, because we had no intention of getting caught in the storm; Not if we could help it. By this time the shore wasn't far off. Finally we reached it and as fast as we could we unriggered the yacht and put it away.

By this time it was blowing a gale and the sea was very rough. As we ran back to the house it started to rain.

Robert Syle, Form 3D.



## tiger

*The tiger comes creeping,  
Crawling  
Tracking down unsuspecting prey,  
Pouncing, scratching, ripping.  
Blood, screams,  
Death . . .*

S. Eddelbuttel, Form 2A.

## a mouse's world

Cautiously I crept out of my hole. Good! Coast was clear. Keeping close to the wall, I set out hunting for something to satisfy my raging hunger. Then, suddenly, up ahead loomed two enormous legs coated with cloth, and way, way up, the head of — MAN!

I didn't stop to think. In my panic I raced under the table, out of reach of that dangerous obstacle, already after me.

I stopped for breath, thinking I could stay here for a while, when I looked up into the great, glowing eyes of another danger, this time by the name of — CAT!

I scuttled across the floor, and into the first crack I saw. Luckily it was too small for either MAN or CAT to follow, but I could hear CAT scratching at the wall separating us. I shuddered. Sitting down to gather my wits and breath, I looked around, and found I was in a great room, but a lot smaller than I had been in. All over the floor, like giant skyscrapers were jars and bottles, packets and tins, bowls and plates of — FOOD!

Praising God, I set about looking for some that I could reach. I ruled out all jars, bottles and tins, as I could not get to their contents. Finding a suitable cardboard packet, I sat down to chew through it. When that was eventually finished, I took a bit of the contents. Ugh! The taste made me sick. I couldn't stand it. I then ruled out all packetted-product. One might be poison, anyway. I then tried to reach up to a bowl, and again and again I slipped back. I could not find a way to scale that slippery edge.

The only thing that I had not tried, lay on a saucer in the far corner of the cupboard. As I approached, I found that there was a piece of cheese on the plate. Just for me, I thought. As I came closer, I discovered that the cheese was caught between a flat piece of wood, and a wire hinge.

I had experienced these things before. That was how I lost my mother. She had got caught in one of these things as she removed the cheese. I tried to get her out, but all that happened was she squealed in pain. Her side was all cut open and it made me sick to look at it. We went to get her some food, but when we came back she was gone. Now, this drastic scene came back to me with renewed agony. No, I couldn't touch that cheese. I turned away sadly, the pangs of hunger becoming acute now. I suddenly became conscious of a terrible pain in my right leg, where the cat had almost caught me. No, I could not continue my search for food any longer now. It was beyond my endurance.

Sadly I limped back to my hole, a small, defenceless mouse, with the world as her enemy, wondering sadly if she was going to starve to death.

Janette Comley, Form 3A.



George Nicolaou, 5.





George Nicolaou, 5.

### **sunset**

*Colours are vivid and pale  
An ever changing picture in the sky  
This meets the observer's eye  
On a summer's evening.  
Sunset, it is an aspect of nature.  
A miraculous one  
Always different from its predecessor,  
But always beautiful, filling me with wonder.  
I never cease to be amazed,  
The beauty flows over me,  
As I gaze, at what?  
A sunset!*

J. Logan, Form 5D.



### **sea**

*The sea is calm,  
But through the porthole is  
A raging swirl.  
The waves leap up as if to submerge us.  
There is a swirl of froth and bubbles,  
Glistening in the setting sun.  
The sea has a silver path  
Which is the last bit of light from the sun,  
Rippling across the sea,  
Shining on to eternity.*

Peter Currie, Form 3A.

### **wild wind**

*It was mild for the Tasman Sea,  
But Kingsford Smith did not think so,  
He was trying to prove it was safe  
To cross the Tasman Sea to New Zealand by air.  
Now he was having second thoughts about it,  
His plane's wings were iced over and the airspeed  
Was steadily heading towards zero.  
The several tons of fuel, a ton of ice  
And that gale-force wind, was almost too much.  
It was the wind that nearly finished "Smithy".  
But he was young and ambitious,  
A pilot of lesser calibre would surely be dead.  
Even 70 m.p.h. winds couldn't stop him  
Though they tried their best.  
For hour upon hour the bitterly cold wind  
Raced around the little Southern Cross,  
Keeping three of the five aviators huddled among  
the fuel tanks,  
Freezing and deafened by the engines' roar.  
Kingsford Smith kept the engines revving at full  
throttle  
To keep pace with that disastrous head-wind.  
Knowing full well that if he relaxed for one second,  
He might as well give in to the storm and that,  
He would never do.*

Fan Ray, Form 3D.



## trapped

I clawed and scraped madly at the black menacing earth. Death in this horrid hole was not sudden, unexpected, but a long tormenting pain of loneliness, solitude.

If I panicked, the ground closed in upon me, shutting out my family, possibly for ever. I yelled at the ignorant world and marvelled that they could not hear me and come to my aid.

Debbie Sykes, 3D.

## first flight

*I sat upon the ledge  
And turned seaward,  
I saw my mother, my father,  
And last of all, my brother.  
I watched him soar through the air  
Diving, screaming, screeching,  
Searching everywhere.  
I was so anxious,  
But I dared not take a step.  
All eyes were upon me that morn,  
As I stepped towards the edge.  
I took a leap and felt myself fall,  
Suddenly I began rising with the wind . . .  
Now they won't laugh and joke.*

Christine Pain, Form 3C.

## rameses i

Extending vertically, in a smooth curving motley of exquisite colours, was what undoubtedly were the grotesque features of Rameses I. Encircling him was an array of varicoloured urns and ornaments, intricately carved, and beaten in a diversity of colours and shapes. Spears of gleaming gold and silver, radiated forth, wherever the intense white beam of the torch described an arc over their bizarre forms. It was an unimaginable fantasy world of its own.

However there was nothing comparable to the majestic sight of Rameses I which had first confronted the explorer. It protruded for about six feet from amidst the surroundings designed to comply with the necessities of the Pharaoh in his second life.

He gazed in awe at the brilliance and unique splendour of it all, realising that he was the first to have beheld the present scene, impervious in the limestone cavity for over 3,000 years to man and the elements.

Even as these thoughts flowed through his mind, there was a penetrating sharp crack, and within seconds the remnants of Rameses I were a pile of rubble and a screen of musty odoured dust at his feet.

Graeme Liax, Form 5D.



Colleen Taylor, 6.

## cloud formations

*Fluffy formations in the sky  
Big, black, blundering pillars  
Or flying wispy bits of whiteness.  
What are they? Clouds.  
They all mean different things  
All clouds are prophets  
Prophesying rain, warm, fine weather or storms  
They are never deceiving, and never will be.*

J. Logan, Form 5D.





Janet Rosser, 6.

## an aborigine hunting

His lithe dark body clothed only in a wide 'roo skin belt, hanging from which are his instruments of trade; Boomerangs. Hunting all the time. Neglect this chore and his family will go hungry for sure. His graceful, powerfully muscled body glides over the uneven ground. The six-foot spear resting in the smooth bark woomera ready to fly at a moment's notice. Keen eagle-like eyesight spies out a wombat contentedly grazing amongst the few rare patches of tough desert grass. His glossy fur ruffles in the morning breeze and settles down again. The wombat doesn't even look up.

The Aborigine closes in, his eyes intent on the kill before him. The wombat lifts its eyes from his meal and suspiciously sniffs the air around him. At the same moment the Aborigine crouches low, then as gracefully as a bird he rises up, the spear arm coiled ilke a spring. The spring is released and the long lethal weapon is on its way.

The spear hums a merry tune as it speeds on its way. At the last possible moment the wombat begins to scramble away from that awful messenger of death, but nothing living can escape something as terrible as that, and that small plump animal lies skewered, writhing upon the ground.

The Aborigine pushes the spear through the small body. The cruel barbs prevent any other form of removal. He skins the animal where he stands and after it has been skinned he slices open the thin membrane on the belly.

He holds the small animal by the hind and fore-legs and swings it away from him, releasing the hind legs in one movement, so that the guts fly out; and lie on the ground for some scavenging animal to find and eat.

As he lopes off on his way home the skinned wombat hangs by his hind legs from the hunter's hand, blood dripping from the open section of the wombat's abdomen. The Aborigine's hands and arms are coated in blood, his eyes searching the landscape for another kill. Hunting all the time; neglect this chore and his family will go hungry for sure.

Ian Ray, Form 3D.

## screech

*Screeching nails on blackboards  
make my hair stand on end . . .  
and my knees start to bend,  
and my spine starts to tingle,  
and my mouth hums a jingle,  
and my ears start to pop  
and my fist goes down plop!  
And my brain feels like water,  
Like a cow after slaughter.*

S. Edelbuttel, Form 2A.

## flames

*The reddish orangy flames  
Roared from the house on the corner,  
Devouring everything in its path,  
Licking the sides of the house,  
Seeping through cracks,  
Leaping with ease  
Ten feet into the air, when all of a sudden  
Enveloped in smoke and flames  
The owners came fleeing out the door.  
The flames kept on burning  
Till there were only smouldering ashes.*

Jenaette McLeod, Form 3D.



### **a horse dying of hunger**

*His eyes roll and stare,  
They are glazed, unseeing.  
He grunts painfully, gasping for breath.  
Bravely he tries to rise but only falls to the sand  
again, exhausted.  
Death hovers above like a vulture.  
The horse's nostrils are distended,  
Tapering and soft his ears droop.  
He inhales and the ribs rise sharply through his  
flesh.  
The heat is unbearable and the grit tears unmerci-  
fully at his hot skin.  
Parched and dry his tongue lolls and pants.  
Death slowly paralyses his every limb.  
His once beautiful legs give a final grotesque jerk,  
With a final heroic spurt of energy he raises his  
inert body and then crumples,  
Still and quiet his breathing no longer rasps his  
throat.  
Nature is kinder in death than life.*

G. Campbell.

### **a spider's web**

*A graceful entanglement of long soft fibres,  
A network so fine, so detailed.  
Truly an artist's accomplishment, yet,  
The spider's intentions are indeed different.  
This glorious structure does indeed serve its  
purpose.  
It attracts the unsuspecting prey. It's a trap!  
A most ingenious trap and a most artistic spider  
that created it.  
It's a way of life,  
A way to survive.*

L. Dronseika, Form 3.

### **flames**

*Lapping and lashing out at the lifeless sky  
Like the arms of the devil reaping in all his disciples  
With their sinister array of colours  
Of red, orange, yellow and blue,  
With the power to overhaul dry grassy forests  
Of towering scrub and trees without any warning  
And blaze a trail of destruction  
Through prosperous towns and cities.  
But over the years the flame has been tamed  
For aiding man in his numerous needs  
Like lighting the sky on a moonless night  
Or warming the air in a chilly room  
Or cooking the food for the bushman's meal.*

Ian Wight.





Val Woods, Jenny Hood, Robyn Dawkins, Karen Lenthall, All-High under 16 Relay Champions.

# SPORT

## sports report

During 1969 the school enjoyed one of the most successful sporting years for some time. Even though we only won one premiership, the enthusiasm shown both in team games and in individual performances was a vast improvement.

The highlight of the Swimming and Athletic Championships was the large number of minor places won by the school. In the past these teams have tended to rely too heavily on a few good individuals, but this year however the concerted efforts of the average competitors combined with many fine individual winners provided a far better overall result in both swimming and athletics.

Winners in the combined Eastern Division Championships were —

## athletics

Susan Brookman — U.14 high jump.

Peta Michael — Open high jump.

Pam Junker — U.17 100 metres.

Karen Lenthall, Val Woods, Robyn Dawkins

Jenny Hood — U.16 4 x 100 metres relay.

Wes Barrot — U.16 javelin, triple jump, 400 metres.

Alan Baxter — U.17 shot put, javelin, discus.

Colin Cruse — Open triple jump.

Chris Hayes — U.13 high jump.

Neil Campbell, Chris Hayes, Brad Smith,

Gary Phillipson — U.13 4 x 100 metres relay.

In addition to winning the above 13 events the school gained 22 second placings.



Wes. Barrott,  
All-High Schools Champion.



## swimming

David Hayes, Stuart Chugg, Michael Crosbie, Lloyd Mill — U.15 4 x 50 metres relay.  
David Hayes — U.15 backstroke.

Bill Lang — U.14 diving.

Jenny Hood — U.15 backstroke.

Vicki Hill — U.14 diving.

Vicki Hill, Maree McLaughlin, Lesley

Rechter, Gail Marke — U.14 relay.

In the All High Schools Swimming and Athletic Championships our representatives also performed creditably. In athletics Wes Barrot won two events, and the Girls U.16 Relay also recording a win. Alan Baxter and the Boys U.13 Relay filled minor placings.

Places were gained in the swimming by the Boys U.16 Relay and the Girls U.14 Relay.

In Inter-School matches the senior boys' Football, Basketball and Soccer teams reached the Grand Finals. Only the Soccer team emerged victorious, but the Basketballers were unlucky being defeated by only one point. The remaining teams, both boys and girls, performed admirably with nearly all teams winning more matches than they lost. The strength of all teams should be maintained and possibly increased next year as many juniors have already shown great promise.

The interest in school sport was also evident out of school hours with two basketball and two golf teams competing in the respective Schoolboys' Championships and the junior girls' basketball team competing in the Victorian Schoolgirls' Championships.

Special mention must be given to Graham Hoskins. During the September vacation Graham won the Victorian Schoolboys' Golf Championship. Earlier in the year he had won the Victorian Caddies' Championship and is the only person to have won both these events.

In conclusion it is hoped that the interest and enthusiasm shown in school sport during 1969 can be carried through and even increased during 1970. If this is done then Ashwood can look forward to its most successful year to date.



Susan Brookman,  
under 14 High Jump Champion.

### Senior Basketball—Girls:

BACK ROW L.-R.: Kay Pumphrey, Lyn Whittington, Pat Handy, Paula Hall, Cheryl McGrath, Wendy Lehman.

MIDDLE ROW: Robyn Knights, Annette Baker, Val Woods, Carolyn Smith, Joy Knights.

FRONT ROW: Margaret Glenn, Loretta Lalor, Pam Hood.

ABSENT: Joanne Cover, Wendy Mulvaney.







#### Senior Basketball—Boys:

BACK L.-R.: K. Kish, I Miles,  
G. Cullis, G. Elliot, G. Charles,  
J. Booth, G. Speiser.

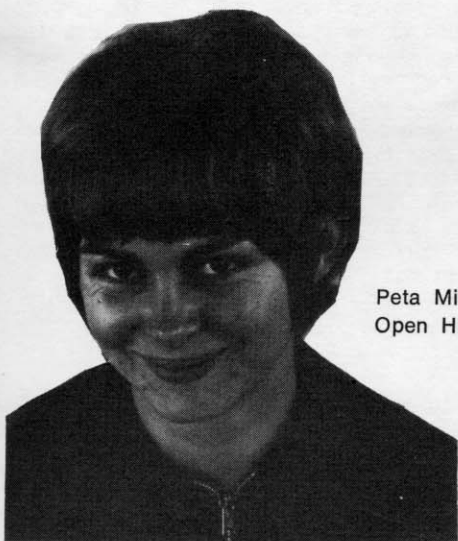
FRONT ROW: A. Baxter, J. Hall.

#### basketball

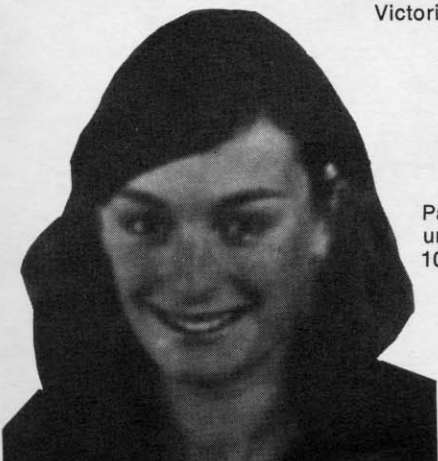
The Ashwood Basketball Team, due to the numerous victorious and brilliant basketball players, managed to secure itself a place in the Grand Final which it, unfortunately, but graciously, lost. (You should have seen the brawl!..

This loss was probably due to the absence of Gary Elliot who was our team's most able player, and top-scorer with an aggregate of 11 points.

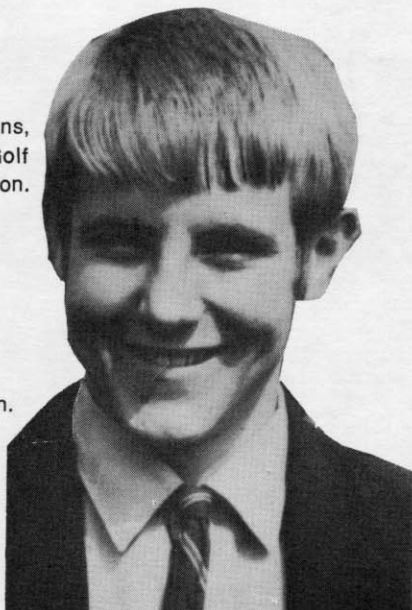
Alan Baxter scored (shock) throughout the season. We never let their players out of the ring.



Peta Mitchell,  
Open High Jump Champion.



Pam Junker,  
under 17  
100-Metre Champion.



Graeme Hoskins,  
Victorian Schoolboys Golf  
Champion.





### Senior Football (Firsts):

BACK ROW L.-R.: Rod Munro, Pat Couttie, Robert Aitken, Moel Luxford, Geoff. Cumming, Doug Oldfield, Edgar Gouvenicks.

CENTRE ROW: Keith Jackson, Michael Hamill, Bill Fettes, Greg Smith, Jim Ross, Wes Barrot.

SEATED: David Thomson, Brian Waters, Neville Wood-Bradley, Ian Miles (Capt.), Neil Williams, Brian Westgarth, David Timms.

### first eighteen football team

This year was an excellent one for the football team and with a bit more luck we might have taken the premiership.

In all we played seven games, losing only the last one, the final. The most vital of those seven games was against Glen Waverley High. This team had many big names in its side, but with our all-round teamwork, a superb team effort and a brilliant half-back line in Oldfield, Fettes and Munro, we won easily.

We were fortunate enough to play a game against the Southern Division Combined side and again we teamed well to win convincingly. But our winning streak came to an end when Blackburn defeated us quite soundly in the Divisional final. We were not disgraced, but they were just too strong for us. In every game we played, the reason why we did so well was because of our brilliant teamwork all over the field and cohesion on the forward line. Some of the players that played well for us during the year included: Wes Barrot, Jim Ross, Stuart Henderson, Neil Williams, Colin Cruse and our half-back line. For our success this year many thanks must go to our coach, Mr. McLeod, who was at every match urging us on, and we could not have gone so far without his great support.

*Ian Miles (Captain).*

### Senior Softball:

BACK L.-R.: Heather Withers, Linda Lee, Chris Hanlon, Jenny Hood, Janey Davey.

FRONT ROW: Cherilyn Cook, Kate Feldman, Karen Lenthal, Vicki Roulent.







### Senior Boys Soccer:

TOP: Freddy Chang.

STANDING L.-R.: Gary Barnes, Michael Muller, Robert Strickland, Stephen Grail, Sonny Tan, Michael Claven.

SEATED: John Bradshaw, George John, Thomas John (Capt.), Janis Klavins, Chris Brockway.

### soccer

The Soccer team, led by Thomas John, proved to be the most successful school team this year. The team dominated the Eastern Division competition defeating Greythorn 7-1 in the Grand Final to win its second successive pennant. The only defeat incurred was against Elwood High School in a practice match. This defeat however was avenged during the semi-final round of the M.H.S.S.A. competition when Ashwood won 3-1. The climax of the season was the Grand Final of the Metropolitan High Schools against Melbourne High School at Olympic Park. Unfortunately Ashwood proved no match for the teamwork of their experienced opponents and was soundly defeated. The best players throughout the season were Thomas and George John, Sonny Tan, and Andy Cheah. The team will miss the experience of the Malayan students next year, but the improvement shown by the rest of the team should ensure that past successes will be continued.

### Senior Hockey:

BACK ROW L.-R.: Olga Fekos, Zola Rechter, Wilma Green, Sue Munro, Anna Klavins, Wendy Abel, Peta Michael.

KNEELING: Cris Koloukis, Colleen Taylor, Evalyn Artugel, Liz Taylor, Judy Thorne.

SEATED: Helen French, Susan Auton.







### Senior Baseball:

TOP: Stephen Pearce.

STANDING L.-R.: Kevin Allering, John Edwards, Phillip Bayley, John Crane.

SEATED: Trevor Phillips, Ken Chaffey, Greg Cook (Capt.), Doug Freeman, Kevin Weekes.

### Senior Cricket:

STANDING L.-R.: Rod Munro, Graeme Williams, Ted Lang, Stephen Pearce, Adrian Giffin, Greg Cook.

SEATED: Wes. Barrot, Neil Williams, Jim Ross, Ian Miles, Robert Aitken.



### Senior Volleyball:

STANDING L.-R.: Barbara Watson, Julie Harding, Jill Manette, Lo Ree Landoc.

FRONT ROW: Joy Adcock.





### Swimming:

**BACK ROW L.-R.:** Chris Hayes, John Payne, David Timms, Don Perriman, Stuart Chugg, Shane Phillipson, Richard O'Connor, Gary Phillipson.

**SECOND ROW:** Heather Phillips, Jenny Hood, Kim Westgarth, Karen Lenthall, Roger Horwood, Pam Hood, Sheryllynne Payne, Vicki Hill, Gail Frew.

**THIRD ROW:** Geoff Cumming, Jeff Booth, Lloyd Mill, Ted Lang, Greg Smith, Michael Crosbie, Kevin Allarding, Wayne Puckey, David Hayes, Phillip Godfrey.

**SEATED:** Lea Campbell, Lesleyanne Rechter, Patricia Day, Debbie Connolly, Zola Rechter, Vicki Roulent, Wilma Green, Gail Marke, Diane Crooke.

**KNEELING:** John Molyneaux, Gary Woolnough, Gail Weekes, Bill Lang, Andrew Chugg, Andrew Coe.

### Athletics:

**BACK ROW L.-R.:** John Darbyshire, Michael Shone, Rodney Demmler, Neil Gascoigne, Andrew Sercombe, Russell Hudson, Russell McPhie, Peter Lewis, Shane Phillipson.

**SECOND ROW:** Ken Knights, David Hayes, Chris Brockway, Neville Wood-Bradley, David Sercombe, Ted Lang, Geoff Wood-Bradley, Geoff Triplow, Chris Anderson, Don Perriman.

**THIRD ROW:** Kevin Allarding, Noel Luxford, Janis Klavins, Ian Miles, Neil Williams, Alan Baxter, Bill Fettes, Phillip Richards, Michael Crosbie, Jim Ross, Wes Barrot.

**FOURTH ROW:** Brad Smith, Debbie Worboys, Leslie Heenan, Jenny Dunn, Janie Davey, Robyn Dawkins, Val Woods, Dianne Knights, Lyn Knights, Nerida Longthorpe, Janet Shearer, Neil Campbell.

**SEATED:** Zane Balodis, Julie Shaw, Chris Hanlon, Heather Withers, Jenny Lee, Vicki Roulent, Dianne Robertson, Sue Eddlebuttal, Peta Michael.

**KNEELING:** Julie McKeon, Karen Woollard, Liz Tonkin, Peter Williams, Greg Cook, David Stubbing, Richard O'Connor, Gary Phillipson, Chris Hayes, Jeanette McLeod, Susan Brookman.

**FRONT ROW:** Margaret Glenn, Karen Lenthall, Lyn Ledger, Kim Westgarth, Jenny Hood, Roslyn Holzer.





# THE WHOLE SCHOOL

(AND NOTHING BUT THE SCHOOL)



## Form 1A:

**FIFTH ROW:** Ian Burrows, John Pateras, Geoffrey Glossop, William Wills, Stephen Hill, Bryce Stevens, Stephen Kolasa, Gary Whitrod.

**FOURTH ROW:** Linda Bebe, Julie Kamp, Helen Wilson, Sandra Harrington, Lee Dunn, Jane York (left), Susan Killeen, Debra Michael, Katrina Malseed.

**THIRD ROW:** Andrew Poynter, Neville Cox, Derek Slee, Brian Wallis, Wayne Sutherland, Paul Bevington, Robert Hadler, Patrick Cutting.

**SECOND ROW:** Rebecca Bailey, Deborah Wood, Robyn Smith, Lynne Coker, Grant Blake, Janet Hastings, Carol Clark, Jennifer Thompson, Frederique Delbost.

**FIRST ROW:** Glynis Brockway, John Pain, Lynette Beckwith.



## Form 1B:

**BACK ROW:** Jan Ridley, Elaine McNiff, Jeanette Adams, Tonia Eckfeld, Jane Avery, Debra McCartney.

**THIRD ROW:** Peter Naismith, Chris Burgess, Stephen Boxall, Robert Wood, David Barker, Gary Brooks, Ian Wood, Leslie Darbyshire, Peter Taylor.

**SECOND ROW:** Mark Stanborough, Paul Anderson, Andrew Coe, Paul Golding, Lawrence Kolk, Stephen Schubert, Ralph Clark, Robert Richmond.

**FRONT ROW:** Kerry Sharpe, Suzanne Irvine, Jennifer Lee, Karen Zvibulis, Robert Murray, Mary Tuddin, Vickie Hearn, Kaye Wilding, Linda Wade, Christine Bailey.



### Form 1C:

BACK ROW: D. Bridgeman, I. Checkley, K. Leigh, G. Roche, J. Duran, P. Foote.

THIRD ROW: D. Minchin, J. Wibberley, K. Bell, G. Masterson, K. Hodge, M. Breedon, J. Davies, C. Brown, K. Andrews.

SECOND ROW: M. Winch, B. Montague, G. Grigoriou, D. Johnson, B. Chalmers, G. Philipson, G. Clausing, W. Rechter.

FRONT ROW: R. Stewart, G. Goldthorp, C. Germaine, D. Brown, L. Whitelaw, R. Holzer, R. Carnovale, J. Smith, J. Stevenson.



### Form 1D:

BACK ROW: R. Oldfield, S. Mitchell, T. Currie, R. Bayliss, B. Keefe, S. Cook.

THIRD ROW: L. Benfell, R. Wilson, H. Phillips, J. Shearer, C. Wall, L. Dunstan, J. Bellingall, L. Howell, M. McKay.

SECOND ROW: K. Kerr, B. Shelley, K. Slingsby, D. Lee, N. Scobell, P. Kidd, W. Murray, D. Richards.

FRONT ROW: K. Carter, J. Parry, E. Miller, J. Tonkin, J. Sandford, L. Taplin, S. Watts, N. Longthorp, L. Heenan.



### Form 1E:

BACK ROW: Craig Hadaway, Bob Salmon, John Molyneux, Brad Smith, Robert Hall, Geoff Hobday, Greg Yarrton, Geoff Stewart.

THIRD ROW: Denile Walsh (1C), Carolyn Wilkinson, Mary Gobbo, Kerry Lockhart, Francine Jenkins, Elizabeth Hoad, Julian Ainsworth, Lynette Martin, Julie Graham.

SECOND ROW: Gary Woolnough, Michael Caris, Chris Hayes, Max Tait, Paul Duffy, Richard Wilkinson, Andrew Chugg, Geoff McPaul.

FIRST ROW: Julie Sykes, Sandra McShanag, Cheryle Hammil, Leslie Dismore, Barbara Scott, Rowena Huller, Rita Yevaka, Jenny Wright, Lynne Knight, Gary Hargrave.

ABSENT: Paul Axen, Lee Hukka, Susan Ketteridge.



### Form 2A:

BACK ROW: J. Beissman, C. Watkins, B. Berger, N. Campbell.

THIRD ROW: M. Armitage, K. Beary, L. Townsend, M. Wescott, W. Smith, L. Artufel, A. Szabados, H. Adcock.

SECOND ROW: I. Abbott, J. Sturdy, M. Avery, M. Adams, P. Williams, W. Gascoigne, P. Braybrook, R. Wills.

FIRST ROW: K. Armstrong, D. Barnes, S. Brookman, T. Alipanopoulis, P. Bartrop, L. Cadle, J. Bailey, E. Wharton, L. Browne.

FRONT: K. Techritz.







#### Form 2B:

BACK ROW: C. Dunlop, C. Charmarette, M. Winduss, D. Crooke, M. Costelloe, M. Dobbs.

THIRD ROW: P. Blackwell, T. Gale, J. Dunn, P. Cole, B. Sleddon, M. Rosser, F. Winch, D. Vernon, R. Gorman.

SECOND ROW: R. Heathcote, W. Ward, C. Wagstaff, J. Giffin, A. White, E. Hargreaves, L. French, P. Goldsmith.

FRONT ROW: S. Christie, L. Campbell, L. Casson, P. Tresize, D. Connolly, S. Deering, S. Whitfield, C. Feddema, M. Page.



#### Form 2C:

BACK ROW: W. Lang, W. McGeachin.

THIRD ROW: G. Junker, V. Gibbons, S. Hogan, C. Price, K. O'Brien, R. Jackson, P. Higgs, J. Jackson, C. Horton.

SECOND ROW: R. Hill, J. Kendall, G. McKenzie, R. McPhee, P. Lewis, A. Loy, L. Wilkinson, D. Lee.

FRONT ROW: J. Lawrence, J. Tiley, H. Walsh, S. Tobin, R. Heil, E. Laos, L. Keys, K. Johansen, G. Frew.



#### Form 2D:

BACK ROW: Joy McFarlane, Christine Whittaker, Kim Westgarth, Wendy Rogers, Helen Williams, Rosemary Steiner, Cheryl Oakford, Karen Wight.

THIRD ROW: Gale Weeks, Kim McGrath, Glenda Hamill, Neal Osborne, Malcolm Tolputt, Jack Moshakis, Beverly Leahy, Julie Rae, Rosemary Morris.

SECOND ROW: Rowan Simpkin, John Payne, Shane Phillipson, Wayne Delaney, Michael Shone, Derek Wagstaff, Gregory Strahan, Phillip Ormerod.

FRONT ROW: Amanda Read, Julie Shaw, Peta Slee, Dianna Hollway, Christine Lewis, Janeen O'Hagan, Lesley-ann Rechter, Gail Marke, Lynette Ledger.

ABSENT: Phillip Salmon, Claude Lefebure, Gary Naismith, Wayne Puckey.



#### Form 2E:

BACK ROW: Margaret Bell, Philip Gale, Susan Cowie, Alan McNair, Jenifer Condon.

SECOND BACK ROW: John Richards, Andrew Sayers, Denis Keefe, Frank Gobbo, Bryce Armstrong, Lindsty Boulton.

SECOND FRONT ROW: Jennifer Williams, Ineke Hoekven, Maryann Bourke, Lynette Marsh, Heather Smith, Alitza Fekos, Dianne Hardy.

FRONT ROW: Christine Boyce.



### Form 3A:

BACK ROW: J. Wharton, S. Bourke, P. Currie, J. Wilson, D. Ainsworth, D. Breedon, R. O'Connor, I. Wright.

THIRD ROW: J. Webster, G. Peters, S. Wagstaff, G. Roach, R. Rea, R. Gascoigne, M. Orford, R. Simpson, S. Cornish.

SECOND ROW: J. Comley, L. Bird, S. Johnson, H. Masterson, G. Campbell, R. Beckwith, J. Brown, G. Brooks.

FIRST ROW: C. Wight, P. Thomas, S. Paton, D. Hatfield, M. Simkin, L. Dronseika, L. Lia, K. Lerch, E. Gorry.

FRONT ROW: J. Fowler.



### Form 3B:

BACK ROW: Gayle Smith, Marion Higgs, Kathy Magree, Cheryl Williams, Judy Haeusler, Susan Collet, Jean Butler, Meryl Bonney.

SECOND BACK ROW: Peter Stevenson, Stephen McGregor, Christopher Sercombe, Greg. Checkley, Stephen Clark, Graham Clarke, Matthew Tripovich, Peter Hannes, Julian Dekretser.

SECOND FRONT ROW: Peter Wilsher, Ian Erwin, Drew Johnson, Joseph Kriger, Daniel Wright, John Dennis, Andrew Sercombe, John Darbyshire.

FRONT ROW: Margaret Stewart, Elizabeth Mason, Jeanette Thompson, Wendy Ford, Elizabeth Furze, Kerri Traves, Denise Godfred, Louise Barker, Robyn Truscott.



### Form 3C:

BACK ROW: J. Glossop, C. Comley, R. Stewart, D. Knights, K. Dolman, P. Ferguson, T. Horton, K. Davidson, V. Hill.

MIDDLE ROW: D. Briggs, S. Daniel, G. Lenton, R. Demmler, R. Horwood, P. Dixon, R. Hutcheson, J. Marshall.

FRONT ROW: J. Lainson, S. Kelson, D. Holford, E. Margan, P. Knights, R. Hudson, J. Lee, C. Lock, J. Charters.

SEATED: M. Hardie, C. Pain, R. Hext.



### Form 3D:

BACK ROW: Ann McNair, Cheryl Skinner, Maxine Roache, Janice Pirani, Angelo Richmond, Debra Sykes, Cheryl Schneider, Robyn Stubbings, Janine Setford.

CENTRE ROW: Neil Smyth, Robert Syle, Michael Wallis, Ian Ray, Brian Watkins, Ray Stokes, John Tuddin, David Stubbing.

SEATED: Sherylyne Payne, Linda Robinson, Joanne Newbound, Maree McLaughlin, Anthea Tancoe, Barbara Stewart, Karen Woollard, Jeanette McLeod, Felicity Wagstaff.

FRONT ROW: Kim Sherriff.







### Form 3E:

BACK ROW: R. Alger, J. Young, D. Cameron, D. Bateson, D. Kong, J. Corry.

SECOND ROW: R. Simpson, P. Comley, M. Timmins, T. Plummer, W. Armstrong, R. Langham, D. McGaw.

FRONT ROW: C. Kolasa, C. Armstrong, W. Jordan, K. Taylor, S. Tulloch, M. Hickman, R. Frew.



### Form 4A:

BACK ROW: Andrew Day, Stewart Chugg, Roy Jackson, Tom Kish, Robert Payne, Lionel Styles, Carl Prowse, Didier Delbost (left).

SECOND BACK ROW: Jenny Hood, Karen Lenthall, Margaret Morris, Tina Larsen, Julie Harding, Andrea Carlton, Robyn Dawkins, Margaret Glenn, Jackie Williams.

SECOND FRONT ROW: Harry Cadle (left), David Brent, Trevor Blake, Geoff Oliver, David Hayes, Philip Richards, Jeff Slingsby, Warwick Hoad.

FRONT ROW: Fiona Jackson, Pam Hills, Carole Sturdy, Brian Lewis, David George, Lloyd Mill, Carolyn Smith, Zane Balodis, Noelene Smith.

FRONT ROW: Gayle Bryson, Rhonda Dekretser.



### Form 4B:

BACK ROW: G. Campbell, P. Stebbing, C. Alipanopoulos, W. Lehman, G. Russell, S. Jones, D. Kerr, R. O'Regan, J. Monette.

MIDDLE ROW: M. Claven, J. Murray, W. Barrott, M. Crosbie, T. Parker, T. Triplow, D. Oldfield, J. Hicks.

FRONT ROW: J. Davey, W. Mulvaney, B. Watson, C. Wilkinson, L. Charter, J. French, R. Hodgson, C. Marshall, J. Thorne.



### Form 4C1:

TOP ROW: R. Wade, R. Lazer, G. Stuart, D. Luxford, R. Pin-niger, R. Naismith, P. Evans, D. Coy, S. Quinn.

MIDDLE ROW: P. Lloyd, R. O'Brien, M. Oates, A. Lockhart, G. Williams, S. Atkins, P. Drobo, P. Weber.

SEATED: G. Winch, G. Wallace, C. Smith, N. Luxford, T. Watkins, R. Aitken, C. Anderson, S. Pearce, K. Zimmer.

FRONT ROW: K. Chaffey, I. Taylor.



### Form 4C2:

BACK ROW: C. Cook, E. Ramsdale, A. Mack, D. Whitrod, A. Cerda, L. Oldham, P. Campbell, S. Barnett, L. Lalor.

MIDDLE ROW: R. Knights, K. Pumphrey, S. Beach, G. Cullis, P. Hardy, S. Doke, J. Knights, V. Woods.

FRONT ROW: M. Jewson, E. French, B. Tranter, A. Baker, R. Lewis, W. Abel, R. Ridley (B. Nicholson, left), L. Langdoc.

CENTRE FRONT: Susan Soar.



### Form 4D:

FOURTH ROW L-R: Lynette Whittington, Eliz. Malseed, Olga Fekos, Faye Hickman.

THIRD ROW: Robert Walsh, Brendan Lock, Trevor Beard, Doug. Freeman, Robert Campbell, Trevor Phillips, Ian Crane.

SECOND ROW: Robert Thomson, Graham George, Ross Rekdale, Michael Ryan, Daryll Wade, Stephen Menzil, Graham Powell, Kit Sayers.

FRONT ROW: Cheryl McGrath, Alecia Murray, Michael Higgs, Michael Jordon, Ian Scobell, Janice Walin, Jeanette Beattie.



### Form 5A:

BACK ROW: A. Klavins, G. Cook, K. Dalton, S. Hillebrand, D. Evans, F. Adams, A. Garland, P. Bayliss, O. Kryvenko.

MIDDLE ROW: G. Charles, B. Westgarth, C. Gobbo, G. Elliott, G. Aitken, C. Brockway, J. Hall, S. Freeth.

FRONT ROW: J. Adcock, V. Britten, C. Hanlon, B. McPhie, J. Edwards, R. Azzola, P. Junker, S. Hudson, J. French.

SEATED: M. Armitage.



### Form 5B:

BACK ROW: J. Sexton, M. Gorman, G. Loon, G. Barnes, P. Godfrey, D. Timms, D. Perriman, N. Harlock.

THIRD ROW: G. Speiser, G. Clark, A. Giffin, G. Nicolau, I. Nelson, A. Ferres, K. Weekes.

SECOND ROW: D. Jamieson, E. Dronseika, G. Wood-Bradley, J. Bradshaw, H. Rumanich, G. Cullis, M. Salmon, J. Booth.

FIRST ROW: M. Tiley, A. Searle, B. Scott, A. Baxter, I. Miles, J. McKeown, S. Taylor.

FRONT ROW: M. Clarke, E. Gaujewicks, S. Smith.





### Form 5C:

BACK ROW: M. Simpkin, W. Thompson, K. Allering, P. Bayley, D. White, G. Shaw, P. Brien.  
MIDDLE ROW: A. Smith, R. Broze, O. Currie, S. Smith, H. French, P. Hood.  
FRONT ROW: J. Grass, P. Graham, S. White, P. Hall, C. Phelps, A. Monette, L. Fettes, D. Heafield.



### Form 5D:

BACK ROW: G. Hoskins, B. Harrison, P. Couttie, v. Roulent, S. Grail, J. Price, K. Piper, D. Thomson, B. Hodgson.  
SECOND ROW: G. Maugher, T. Smythe, M. Hamill, G. Lia, K. Jackson, T. Lang, M. Jones, K. Kish.  
FIRST ROW: W. Simkin, L. Laos, J. Drewe, J. Klavins, G. Smith, L. Ray, J. Logan, S. Stubbings, K. McGrath.  
FRONT ROW: G. McManus, K. Swan.



### Form 6A:

BACK ROW: D. Brent, S. Auton, L. Tonkin, L. Zagzrejewska, P. Michael, C. Haughton, I. Kotoukis.  
MIDDLE ROW: W. Mitchell, D. Lang, G. John, W. Fettes, N. Williams, J. Ross, P. Slade, S. Tan, A. Fremlin.  
FRONT ROW: P. Day, G. Morris, G. Smith, H. Withers, J. Cover, J. Szabados, T. Hunt.



### Form 6B:

BACK ROW: R. Munro, D. Godfrey, G. Cumming, C. Oats, W. Harris, W. Beattie, F. Chang.  
MIDDLE ROW: A. Lee, J. Yarrton, K. Hogarth, N. Wood-Bradley, A. Cheah, J. Williams, P. Abbott, B. Waters, S. Eckfield.  
FRONT ROW: P. Cosford, S. Munro, S. Hicks, Z. Rechter, D. Robertson, W. Green, M. Grenfell.





