

Yallourn High School
"In Camera"



SENIOR VIGORO

Back Row: L. Dupree, B. Greenlees, G. Courtney, V. Humphreys, S. Jackson, M. Zarb, I. Ortolja.
Front Row: K. O'Brien, R. Mooney, A. Parry, L. Maddern (Captain), V. Lacey, S. Thompson, M. Murray.



JUNIOR VIGORO

Back Row: H. Norden, D. Hobden, F. Ham, M. Cook, T. Zarb, M. Tickle.
Front Row: R. Kempster, P. Greenlees, M. Rodgers (Captain), K. Kenny, G. Weirlord, M. Haddrick.



SENIOR BASKETBALL, "A" and "B"

Back Row: J. McNair, R. McArthur, M. Clegg, K. O'Brien, C. Hunt, S. Henschel, J. Vincent.
 Front Row: L. Dupree, S. Vincent, I. Ortolja, L. Maddern, M. Gray (Captain), V. Humphreys,
 M. O'Brien, P. Mitchell.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL, "A" and "B"

Back Row: K. Kenny, S. Jackson, B. McNair, B. Hunt, K. Henry, D. Pedley.
 Front Row: J. Vickery, M. Hadrick, C. Ely, H. Davis (Captain), M. Kennedy, M. Rodgers, P. Vella.



SENIOR HOCKEY

Back Row: T. Nielson, V. Kolemec, J. Henson, S. Martin, G. Courtney.

Front Row: M. Fuentes, J. Heath, D. Stevenson, V. Lacey, S. Thompson, L. Guy (Captain—absent).

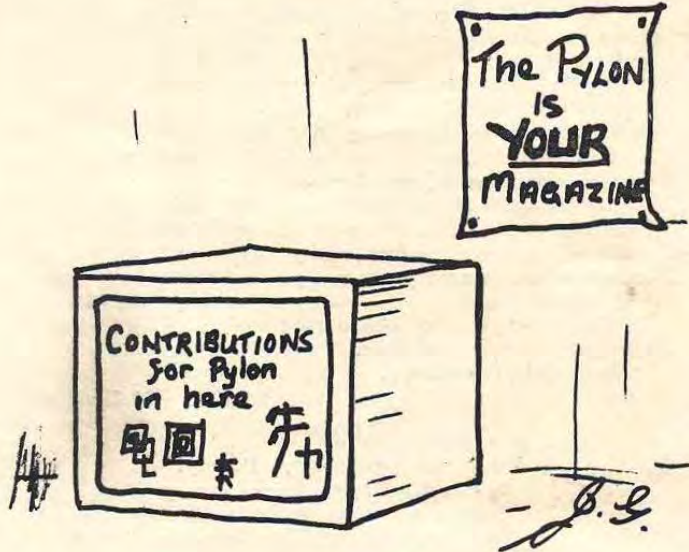


JUNIOR HOCKEY

Back Row: E. Rushton, L. Closhey, M. Kibble, R. Kempster, J. Gunn, M. Tuohy.

Front Row: M. Brisco, E. Thompson, R. Adams (Captain), D. Ross, S. Crowe.

Original Contributions



PERHAPS YOU MISSED THESE

1. The Senior Mistress, who is also in charge of History, instituted a study of Alcoholism in Form III; yet during "Toad" she was walking about gleefully clutching beer cans in her hands, and was heard making demands for more!
2. Ho. has solved the problem of marking English Essays; he feeds them to his rabbits. If you don't believe this — ask Sue Wallace to show you the relics.
3. During one art class, Ck. advocated that bright colours were essential when buying a motor car, yet we notice the last two models he has possessed have been BLACK.
4. Py. has improved his cooking since his marriage so he says he claims his best dish is "savages and sauseloyes." Does this account for the absence of some pupils from sport?
5. We were surprised to learn the H.M. does not prefer red-heads.
6. Has Hu. achieved his ambition in America? Do you recall that in Term I he asked Marilyn Munroe to step up to the microphone?

AN EVENING AT "DEANO'S CRYPT"

We left the quiet, reverent air of the cathedral behind us as we hurried down the many cold stairs and into the crypt. Here was much talking and laughing although as yet there were not many customers. After weaving our way through rows of red and white checked gingham-covered tables sporting candles in wine bottles, we reached the kitchen. In contrast with the dimness of the rest of the crypt, this room was brightly lit by electricity and was filled with people toasting crumpets, pouring glasses of fruit juice and cups of coffee or preparing for an onslaught on the food which was to come. A tray was placed in my hand and I was ushered into the crypt to take orders. When I had received these, I joined the queue in the kitchen and shouted out my requirements. Several hours were spent alternating between the kitchen and the tables where a remarkable cross section of the community sat. There were bishops, a prison chaplain, ordinary clergy, people whose suits and hats showed that they had attended Evensong, teenagers in shaggy jumpers and black stockings, Asian students and people visiting Melbourne for the first time, all listening to the lively music coming from the jazz quartet in the corner. In one corner sat a boy and girl rapidly drawing the interesting scene presented by the customers. When the crypt closed, not to open again until next May, we were sorry to leave but determined to go back again next year.

Frances Cove, V.

Remember this box? Does it prick your conscience or fill you with the satisfaction of knowing you helped to fill the following pages.

The editors wish:

It is not included here, because of its length, but it is in the library.

- (1) To refer you to an article on astronomy by E. Weissmer.
- (2) To thank M. McClare and R. McInnes for their many jokes.
- (3) To acknowledge receipt of one penny "contributed" by a student who misunderstood.

REFLECTION

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

That indeed is the question that has troubled man since he began to reason. It is the basis of all religion and morality. No one knows what comes after death and it is this very uncertainty that governs our lives.

We all die. It is as inevitable as life itself. Death does not discriminate. He can be kind and stay his hand so that we may play on in the sun. Or he can and does snatch our favourite plaything from us. Then we, like children, cry with rage. We like to feel we have death under control; we save a life with penicillin; we drop a bomb on Hiroshima. But we have no control over good Death, kind Death. He's bigger, older, greater than us all, can wait and then we all die.

"To die — to sleep . . ." This is the thought that comes to us all at some time or other. How pleasant it would be to end all the pettiness, the uncertainty, the fickleness of life and sleep forever. But we do not end it! We plead for one gentle day, one more day of laughing sunny wind and gentle sky and hate. We think of an eternal sleep, soft cradled by the years, rocked gently by the ages and then return to the seven o'clock news with a murder in Melbourne, famine in the Congo and hate spewed forth by the Big Two. Why?

" . . . To sleep — perchance to dream. Ay! there is the rub . . ." That is it. We, like little children in a darkened room, fear the elephant on the wall that will spring to life the moment we are asleep. Us, with our mastery of the sciences, frightened? We are so filled with stories, myths and theories on the After Death, we do not know which way to turn. We have a religion which promises eternal life if we are good kiddies. Some grasp it and others do not and others play on in the sun. No one has returned from Death so who knows?

On the surface at least, the oriental theory of re-incarnation is more reassuring. It is more comfortable to know that when you die you are born again. Of course you may come back as a bird or a dog but you will come back to enjoy the sunshine.

This theory would have a hard chance of standing in our society which has as its foundation the concept of punishment and reward after death. We, as a society, supposedly obey God's commandments as given to us through Moses and by Jesus Christ. Every western moral concept is based on, or modified by these. The words good and bad, so much a part of our life, have no meaning without the idea of death and judgment.

Sheila Martin, VI.

WHAT IT HAD BEEN

There was an old fellow named Dow,
O'er his dinner he kicked up a row;
"It's bean soup!" the wife cried,
But her husband replied:
"Yes it's been soup, but what is it now?"

Sue Fewster, IVa.

ONE STUDENT'S DAY

Morning:

- 7.00 — Darn, there goes the alarm. Five more minutes won't hurt.
- 7.20 — Another five won't hurt.
- 7.30 — O'oh! they're washing the breakfast dishes.
- 7.33 — Mum, where are my clean socks? Hey dad that's my tie, you left yours in the lounge. Scat cat. Mum I can't find any new shoe laces.
- 7.40 — Ugh eggs again!
- 7.50 — Brother dear, you got my pen; I haven't done my homework yet. Mum where'd ya put my school bag? O cat get off my blazer. Mum watch out for the bus. Where's the toothpaste?
- 7.55 — Oh! the bus.
- 8.00 — Phew made it, now to finish that unfinished home work. Oh no! My pencil case! It's at home! Perfect for starting the day.
- 8.20 — Anon can you be a pen please? Huh some friend you are! Anon can you lend me a pen? Thanks old pal.
- 8.40 — The bell! My books! Hey what we got now! Oh wrong books.
- 8.45 — Just made it.
- 9.00 — Another Maths period? Heck we had two yesterday.
- 9.15 — Uh, um, It is, uh, oh yes! The angle between the chord and the tangent is equal to the angle in the opposite segment.
- 9.40 — Bell at last: Glad that's over. What! No! Can't be! English! What sap wrote this play "Merchant of Venice?"
- 10.20 — Hurray! 10 minutes freedom at last.
- 10.30 — I knew it couldn't last: How ghastly, French!
- 10.35 — Est-ce que vous parlez francais mes amis felle haine Monsieur Dooley.
- 11.10 — What, we got Science now? But I thought it was lunch time. Oh. Down wiv Skool!
- 11.40 — First bell! 5 minutes to go, get ready, get set,
- 11.45 — GO: LUNCH TIME. Where's my lunch? Oh blow it's at home and I'm starved. Thanks for the money Anon you're an angel. No! I couldn't! I shouldn't! I didn't! the stupid thing's at home. Thanks for getting my lunch Anon.
- 12.30 — Ugh! cold pie. Thanks friend, I don't mind, I'll do the same for you some day.
- 12.40 — What bell again? Here doggy, finish this for me, that's a good fella.
- 12.45 — MATHS AGAIN? OHHH!
- 1.35 — Any one got any tracing paper, Anon get your dirty foot off my map of North America.
- 2.05 — Yippee! Recess. Hockey practice, you kiddin? — I want my spring mattress.
- 2.15 — Two more ghastly, undesirable, tormenting, brain-wrecking periods to go.
- 2.30 — English Test! What English Test? He never told us. Hey Anon, what's cumulative co-ordination?
- 2.50 — Bell — one more period to go — History.
- 3.24 — "European Penetration" That means, er . . .
- 3.25 — Phew, saved by the bell!
- 3.30 — School is at last out! Roy Rodgers here I come.
- 4.00 — Made it home just in time.
- 4.01 — Go Trigger. Yea Bullet.

Anonymous, IVa.

THE TROUT

Down by the Millstream
There were some jumping trout,
I went down with my fishing rod.
And dragged a bagful out.
I took them home and cleaned them out,
And cut them into fillets,
Dipped them in vinegar,
Then cooked them on the skillet!

R. Loft, IIa.

THE WILD ONE

"Oh mistress mine where art thou roaming?

Oh stay and hear . . . "THE WILD ONE'S COMING!

He did, too. Hordes of screaming fans congregated at Yallourn Theatre to see their idol — Johnny O'Keefe.

The screaming grew with each artist. When at last Johnny appeared, there was one solid scream! Each gasp and yowl that came from his battered mouth brought further frenzied "Oh Johnny's" from the crowd.

We, your school representatives at the "Rock", disdained such practices as screaming, and "save-my-soul" -ing, but even we couldn't resist clapping to the vibrating beat as it was pounded out by the band.

Performers, such as Laurel Lee, who had a silver-blond bouffant, proved popular with the male members of the audience. Johnny Chester really "Sent us," in his shot-taffeta jacket, tapered pants and pointed shoes — he actually had talent, too.

The evening ended with a mad rush on to the stage by hundreds of hysterical fans.

We made our escape.

A.Clark, VI.

SPRING

Spring is coming, Hooray! Hooray!

And everything is bright and gay.

The flowers are out, the birds all sing.

For the wonderful, rejoicing, beautiful, Spring.

Lettuce is growing for rabbits to eat,

And rabbits are growing for foxes' meat.

But really I shouldn't say such a thing,

For all should be happy at the coming of Spring!

J. Stearman, Id.

OUR VISIT TO KRUGER NATIONAL PARK

As we entered the immense stretch of land which serves as a game reserve, I felt a surge of excitement. The park stretches from Swaziland in the south to the Rhodesian border in the north. It is roughly 200 miles long and 40 miles wide and holds, within a territory the size of Wales, examples of nearly all the big game which once haunted Southern Africa.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and the sun blazed down on the grass. Suddenly to the left, we saw a movement and turning, we saw a herd of impala racing away. At the head was a magnificent stag with huge trumpet-shaped ears. It was only the beginning, and later as we drove to camp we were fortunate enough to see a pair of giraffes standing motionless under a baobab tree. They were difficult to pick out for they were excellently camouflaged against possible attacks from carnivorous beasts. Standing and drinking the giraffe is a clumsy, awkward creature, but when running I have seldom seen a more graceful sight.

That night, sitting around the blazing fire after the braivleis (barbecue), Daddy made arrangements for us to spend the next night on a platform above one of the animals' drinking holes. The thatched huts were lovely and fitted with every possible convenience. The next morning we left early. Suddenly we came upon a breathtaking sight. At the roadside lay a family of lions. The lion's mane glinted in the morning sunlight as the "King of Beasts" proudly stood up and faced the car. The lioness however, herded her three cubs into the scrub.

That evening, up on the platform, we saw gazelles, zebra, springbok, gnus, wildebeest and others too numerous to mention. Suddenly the zebras lifted their heads and bounded into the undergrowth. The others followed suit and I was thankful for I did not particularly want to watch a kill. To the right stood a pack of lions sniffing the air nonchalantly.

In the days that followed we saw buffaloes, leopards, monkeys, zebras, elephants, hippotami, klipspringers (buck about two feet high which live in the rocky outcrops at the foot of the bergs), baboons, crocodiles, antelope and others.

When our week was up I was very sorry to leave for it was a unique experience, which I could never forget.

Elizabeth Meyer, Ia.

NOTE: Elizabeth came to Yallourn from Chingola, Northern Rhodesia in April of this year.

SUNBEAMS

Across the bare and barren lands
The sunbeams bounce on golden sands,
To this very day no-one can know
Where the golden sunbeams go.
Do they bounce back to the sun,
Or gathered by children, one by one,
Are they twinkling stars on high
Shining in the dark night sky?

Kristine Henry, IIa.

SEPTEMBER VIEW

With the arrival of September we begin to notice a greater variety of colouring in the uniform, drab, green-grey of our Australian bush. Various types of wattle bloom form a gold background. At our feet, if we look carefully, we find early orchids — delicate greenhoods, spindly mauve spider orchids, big yellow and brown sun orchids, finely-drawn pink and white ladies' fingers or squat brown bird orchids, under the young gum trees crowned with tiny red or gold leaves. We see patches of heath ranging from crimson to white, giving a rich splash of colour to the undergrowth and wide tracts of pure white ti-tree.

To one unused to it our bush is drab, but in Spring it becomes undeniably beautiful, even to a less perceptive and foreign eye.

Marie Gorman, V.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY

Written on the morning of that fateful day by a would-be competitor.

This afternoon we are supposed to run in the cross-country and if I don't decide to take on a sudden attack of appendicitis or break my leg, I'll have to be one of if you manage to endure this burst you then "crawl" to the "we".

WE are to start, and finish, at Oval Two. We then run flat out to the Scout Hall. I say "flat out" so that by the time you reach the Scout Hall you are so exhausted that you simply won't be able to complete the run. However, the swamp and spend five minutes finding the canoe you've hidden to aid you across the swamp.

Having gone this far, you find your way to the road, pick up your bike and complete the rest of the journey on two wheels instead of two legs. You then use your two legs once again and run flat out to the finish to be the winner. You proceed to the bench to confirm this, and are just about laid out with shock.

You have started in the wrong age group and are therefore disqualified!

H. E. Failure, IIIa.

THE WEATHER PROPHET

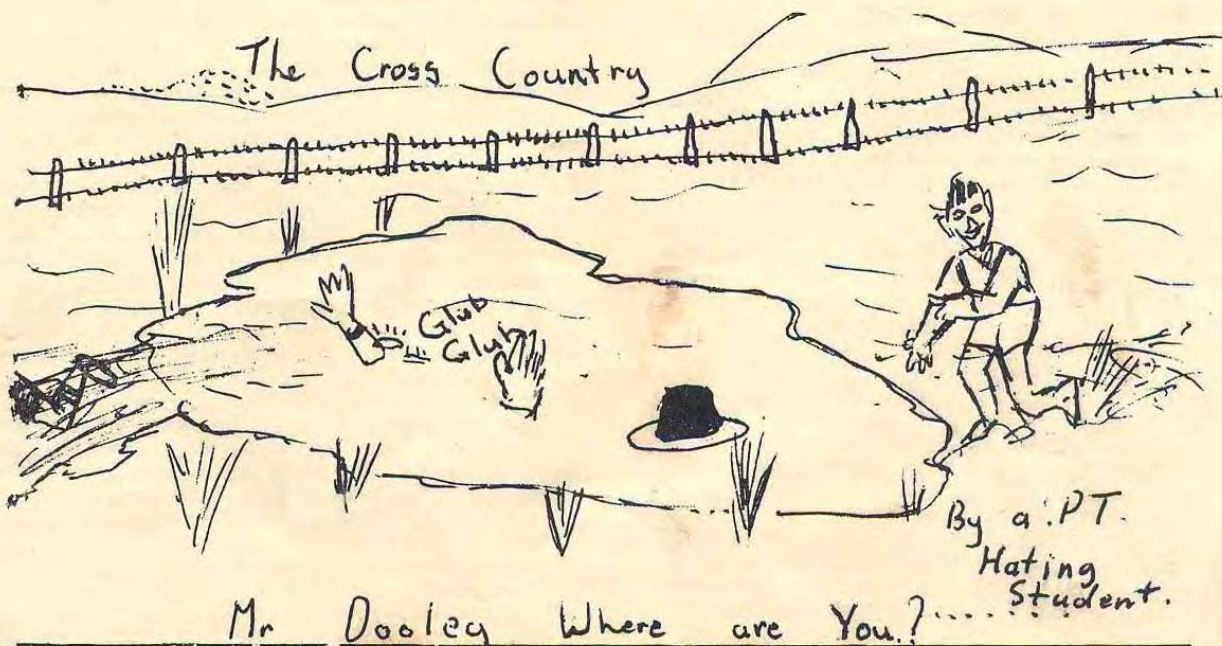
Fat cattle browsing contentedly in the lush green grass by the side of the meandering river under an azure sky with fleeces of scudding nimbus overhead. This was the picture in the minds of all the farmers as they viewed their now desolate properties. The sun had shone day after day, each day hotter than the previous one, until the vegetation disappeared. All that remained were a few groups of stunted gums which supplied a home for the hundreds of black crows that came to gorge on the dead stock.

However, according to Silas, the drought was lifting because the air was getting hotter. This, to the other farmers, seemed natural because of the nature of the weather. Silas was right. The drought broke, as did the ominous-looking darkly purpled clouds which had built up that night Silas was old, deeply suntanned, had a wrinkled face, was a confirmed bachelor and an astute weather prophet. His sacred possession was an old barometer which he kept in his shack. When he noticed that the weather was about to change he would rush to the local hotel and lay bets with all who would hazard a stake. This particular time he gained a handsome profit and proceeded to the hotel with his "earnings." He left after laying more bets that the rain would stop before nightfall. Unfortunately Silas was drunk.

The river was not far from Silas' shack and this was where he went on his return from the hotel. The rain was streaming down in torrents. Silas hardly noticed it because of his land and because he felt gleeful after winning again. He had never lost. Silas lay down under the willows and cackled — the rain would stop and he would win once more. Back in the hotel the farmers waited for the rain to stop as Silas had prophesied. The rain still came on, soaking everything (much to their joy). They dispersed, intending to collect from Silas in the morning when they thought the rain would have ceased.

Dawn broke on a drowned land with the rain pouring down. The farmers trudged to Silas' shack to collect their money, but Silas was not there to pay them. Silas would never pay them because he was still sleeping with a smile of glee on his wizened old face. He was sleeping in the willow tree with a halo of dirty foam on his head. He had lost in more than one way.

C. Johnston, V.



ON STAGE

I have often wondered if the thousands of people who enjoy themselves, night after night, sitting in comfortable seats in the theatre, laughing and crying as they watch numbers of highly-skilled persons perform, realise just what is entailed in staging such a performance. I don't think many of them do, for if they did, they might be more tolerant and less ready to condemn the countless little things which can go wrong on stage. I would like to try to enlighten those who have had little experience backstage.

To produce a play, one must first select a suitable piece of work. This being done it has to be read and its requirements regarding people for parts, properties, management and other details noted. The producer spends a good deal of time thinking out movement and lighting and the numerous details concerning dialogue and gesture. His next step is to cast the play, for there can be no play without actors; he auditions many people, judges their abilities in relation to his requirements and finally casts the play. Rehearsals follow when he has selected his cast and his assistants, who include wardrobe mistresses, stage managers, lighting assistants, publicity agents and so on all help to make his job easier. Rehearsals both general and particular begin; properties are collected and costumes made.

Some time elapses and the play begins to take shape. Time for performance draws near and the producer's job is done; success depends now on the actors and stage hands and to some extent on you, the audience.

Ian Hill, V.

THE BULL FIGHT

As the matador entered the ring, the crowd rose and cheered. The bull was tired now after his long encounter with the picadores and banderillos, but he still had a lot of fight left in him. Seeing the brightly-clad matador, the enraged bull turned and charged. The matador was on his toes as he held the cape, then gracefully leaped aside as the bull tore past. Maddened, the bull stood pawing the ground as he waited to charge. Suddenly, treacherously, he launched another assault on the matador. The bull rushed at the matador, who jumped, but not far enough. The bull's horn tore a chunk out of his leg. The matador clutched his injured leg but the bull turned and charged again. Rushing in like a whirlwind, he caught the matador on his horns and flung him off. The matador fell heavily, and lay at the bull's mercy.

David Scott, IIa.

THE BULL FIGHT

(By the Bull)

"Yahoo! Yipee! Murder him!"

There I was, lying peacefully in my lush, green paddock, when an aggravating young human came over the fence, calling me names and racing round like a lunatic, entirely destroying my peace. I was extremely annoyed, but having been brought up to be well-behaved, I gallantly bore it all. Well, until he hit me! I got up, slowly and proudly, but little Mr. Human wasn't the least bit impressed. Majestically, my head erect on my noble shoulders, I lumbered towards him, walking the way my dear mother had always taught me to. I then began on that little human. If he wanted a bullfight, he'd get one!

C. Valli, IIIa.

SINKING OF "THE HOOD"

Prince Eugene was hit, but he kept on firing. The "Hood" was slackening speed. He missed the bend . . . In a turmoil of beer cans and smoke the "Hood" died, fighting royally. The prince picked up a stone, tied it to the bodgie's boot, and flung the body into the river. So sank "The Hood!"

Any ol' Mouse, IIIa.

SHOULD BOMB TESTS BE ABOLISHED?

"You know Bill, I've been thinking a lot about the stupidity of those useless, nuclear, bomb tests which the Russians and the Americans have resumed."

"What's stupid about them?"

"Can't you see it man. It's utterly ridiculous."

"What is?"

"The fact that two major world powers have taken precautions against going undefended into an imminent third world war."

"And just what is the war going to be over may I ask?"

"Germany, Berlin, the Congo, Vietnam, any of them. It's easily seen that sometime in the very near future the top four are going to disagree over some trifling matter and then no living person will be able to prevent hostilities."

"Except, of course the U.N. What is it there for? Show? The good of its health?"

"What can the U.N. do? Only yap and write stupid statements which aren't supposed to be broken."

"The United Nations exists mainly to prevent a third world war and the horrible massacre of thousands of innocent human beings. Would you like to see another Hiroshima or Nagasaki?"

"No of course not. But I can't for the life of me, see peace being able to reign much longer."

"Of course it will. Kennedy and Krushchev wouldn't dare, even if they really wanted to, to start another war."

"If that's so, why did they resume nuclear tests?" Do you think they did that knowing all the time that millions of dollars are being wasted on bombs that will never be used in a war because they are too scared? Are they experimenting with bombs that they will be well armed with the most dangerous bombs ever created just in case the Martians, Moonmen or some weird little freaks from another planet decide to invade Earth? Don't be stupid. They know what the atomic bombs they are testing are for and who's going to cop them. It's as plain as the nose on your face."

"May-be. But did you think that they might be bluffing. Showing their bombs and boasting how strong they are to the opposite nation to scare them out of starting a war?"

"Could you imagine Kennedy going round saying 'Hasn't Russia got a lot of big, dangerous bombs. I don't think we'd better play war with them because I'm too scared. Anyway, here's my bus. I'll continue this argument tonight.'"

P. Skelton, IIIa.

MR. GREEN GOES FOR AN INTERVIEW

For Mr. Green the day had arrived. Having been one of the two lucky applicants to receive an interview he was tremendously anxious to get the job. He was to apply at the office of Messrs. Scott and Burns in Thurgood Street. Or was it Messrs. Scott and Thurgood in Burns Street. It could have been . . . Oh, he would find the office somehow.

By process of elimination Mr. Green succeeded in finding the right office. He nervously went into the waiting-room and there saw the man against whom he was competing for the job. Suddenly the door opened and the other man was called in to be interviewed. Time passed.

Once more the door opened and the other man appeared, smiling. Then Mr. Green heard his name called. He slowly rose from his seat and proceeded into the office. There he saw the man who would choose either him or the other man for the job.

"Ah, you are Green I suppose."

"Er—yes sir."

"Have you filled in the form which was given you?"

"Yes, here it is."

"Now, let me see."

There was a long silence. A very long one, so it seemed, to Mr. Green. Then Mr. Thurgood who was interviewing Green, broke the silence by asking Mr. Green numerous questions. Finally Thurgood said, "Well, you may go now."

Mr. Green breathed a sigh of relief.

"What was that?"

"Oh, nothing, sir. Good-bye sir."

"Good-bye."

Mr. Green had finished his interview.

P. Jenkinson, IIIa.



BERET STYLES of 1961

*Jennifer Libby
Form V*

MACNUFF'S DILEMMA

OR The Case of the Broke Bookie

with apologies to Bill S. and anyone else who desires an apology!

Narrator: In the frozen north of Siberia, in a damp, dark, decayed and dreary cave, lived a private-eye who practised under the pseudonym of Shamrock Macsnuff. One cold, wintry morning Macsnuff was in the back room of his cave hard at work reading the race results, in his favourite newspaper "The Siberian System," when who should shadow his door mat, but the local S.P. Bookie, who had been nicknamed Brutal Brutus. It could be observed by the meanest intellect that he had been running fast and furiously. As he sinks, puffing and panting, on to the nearest bearskin mat, we hear the voice of Macsnuff ring loud and clear —

Macsnuff: How now? I deduce that thou must be in a hurry. What can I doest for thee?

Brutal: Is there anyone who can overhearest us?

Macsnuff: Nopest.

Brutal: Well who is standing next to your personage?

Macsnuff: Phoo (foo) 'tsn't anyone — 'tis only my wife.

Brutal: Well comrade, if 'tis only your wife, I thinkest we can converse without being overheard.

Macsnuff: What dost thou wantest?

Brutal: Julius Sneezzer, the leader of the Foreign Legion has been poisoned, so you better hurry cos he's dying and he might want to make a last will and testamonial.

Macsnuff: Any suspects?

Brutal: Dunno.

Macsnuff: Let's goest to Dunn's Inane Castle and investigate.

Brutal: Right oh! Lead on Macsnuff.

Narrator: They hailed a dog sledge and they were taken to Birnam Woods where they caught an icefloe to Dunn's Inane Castle. They were met at the door by Julie Sneezzer (Julius's Wife) and she ushered them upstairs to where Julius lay dying.

Brutal: How are you J.S. old man?

Julius Sneezzer: My seated heart bursts at my ribs, alas comrades I have only seconds left.

Macsnuff: Who has done the foul deed?

Sneezzer: I dunno . . . (thinks for a moment) there is only one person I could name, he is, ooh . . . ah . . . Eeyew — (dies).

Brutal: Who is he my comrade? He must be a Chinese Junk.

Macsnuff: (Brilliantly.) I deduce that he is dead.

Brutal: (amazed) Oh!

Macsnuff: Look, there is a suspect hiding beneath yon bed chamber.

Brutal: Come on out dog, lest I fill thee full of cold steel.

Duncan Not: (scared) Do not harm me masters. I was only looking for my pet white mice.

Macsnuff: What hast thou got in yon suspicious looking brief case, scoundrel?

Duncan Not: (Reluctantly) . . . Nothing . . . only, just, Er.

Macsnuff: (impatiently) Come on, spill the beans.

Narrator: Duncan Not opened his brief case and the mysterious contents tumbled out onto the floor. The brief case contained, to Macsnuff's astonishment and disgust, fifty human ears and 25 togas.

Brutal: Where did thou get yon togas and human ears from.

Duncan Not: I got them at the arena master. I said to the crowd, 'Friends, Jews and Country Mumpkins? Lend me your ears. I am here to undress you not to address you.'

Macsnuff: (Impatiently). Let's forget about the ears and the togas for a moment. Do you know who poisoned Julius Sneezzer?

Duncan Not: Sure! It was . . . ooh . . . ah . . . Eeyew.

Brutal: Duh! He's dead.

Narrator: Suddenly the silence was broken by a hammering at the door and a voice yelling 'Macsnuff, Macsnuff, Wherefore art thou Shamrock Macsnuff.'

Macsnuff: "Wake Duncan Not with thy knocking I would thou couldst," so he can tell us who poisoned Julius Sneezzer.

Narrator: The door opened and who should enter but Marco Antonio (Julius Sneezzer's Wife's boyfriend). His hands were dripping with blood.

Macsnuff: Oh! A suspect.

Marco Antonio: "Will all great Davey Jones' Ocean wash this blood clean from my hands."

Brutal: I dunno why don't you try solvol.

Macsnuff: Dost thou noest who killed Julius Sneezzer and Duncan Not.

Marco Antonio: "Fair is foul and foul is fair," I should say it would have been ooh . . . ah . . . Eeyew.

Brutal: S'funny, he is dead.

Macsnuff: Yes he has got a knife in his back.

Brutal: That is a funny place to keep it.

Narrator: By this time the great dective Shamrock Macsnuff began to suspect foul play. He thought how coincidental these murders were. He turned to Brutal Brutus with a gleam in his eye and said:

Macsnuff: OK Brutal the game's up. Why didst thou doest the foul deeds?

Brutal: You have found me out Macsnuff so I will tell thee why I murdered him. Julius Sneezzer backed a winner at last Saturday's Race Meeting and I owe him five thousand dienoos but as I could not afford to pay him I decided to poison him. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Narrator: After hearing this confession, Macsnuff arrested Brutal Brutus and escorted him to the city Watchouse, where he was tried, found guilty and sentenced to death in the electric chair. Upon being asked, while sitting in the electric chair, if he wished any last words valedictory utterances (apologies to R. A. Milne) he said "Blow Wind! Come wrack! at least I'll die with harness on my back."

David North, V.

A DREAM

I went aboard a golden ship
Which sailed a silver sea,
With little people, oh so wee,
Who gently looked at me.
And then I stood before a door
I'd never ever seen before,
Its windows painted pearly white
It truly was a gorgeous sight.
So real it all did seem
But it was just a dream.

D. Ward, Id.

GLOOM

The tall old gum tree gnarled and white,
Withered and torn, against the fading light,
Looks over the graveyard bleak.
Its tall grey branches bend and weep
Over the lifeless graves. It stands,
As if held back by unseen hands.
And as I lingered, the sky turned red.
Then changed to orange and purple instead.
But soon the colours of the sight,
Would fade, and change to night.

J. McDill, IIa.

T'AIN'T FAIR, JO!

"Aw Jo, aint anything ever 'appened t'me," wailed the freckled urchin to his elder brother, who had evidently been relating with pride the mishaps which had befallen him. "Wasn't I ever 'volved in an accident . . . T'aint fair! Ain't I ever fallen out of a tree or off a ladder, like you? 'Avent I got hit with a stone or sumthin'? . . . Would I 'ave nearly drowned if I'd fell into the river, too? Gee Jo, 'avent I done anythin'? Please tell me Jo, tell me if I've done anythin' ta hurt meself"

"Waal Andy, I wasn't gunna tell ye but ye did get hurt once when you was little," said Jo reluctantly.

"Aw Jo, tell us quick," cried Andy, delighted to think that he had done something worthwhile in life. "Ya shure ya aint kiddin' Jo?"

"Ye se," said Jo rather jealously, "when ya was real little ya got kicked by a horse an' ya went a beaut blue colour. I wish I was that blue."

"Aw heck Jo," grumbled Andy, crestfallen, "that ain't nuthin' t' rave about. I wanted awful much t' be 'volved in an accident, but that wasn't an accident cos he did it on purpose! T'aint fair, Jo!"

E. Lewis, IIIa.

"THE RIVER AND I"

The river knows just what I do,
Where I go;
Great red gums know, but just a few,
Where I go.
Wand'ring in green bushland
Goes the river;
Cascading down a mountain grand,
And through the valley green.
Through ferny glen, where birds call low,
There I go;
The river winds — the one I know
Where I go.
By grey city buildings tall
Goes the river;
Then, thund'ring o'er a waterfall,
It leaps to meet the sea.

L. Zarth, IIa.

MODERN SOCIETY

Everyone complains about the government from one election to another.

Everyone looks askance at someone with unusual ideas. Who secretly agrees with him and wishes he had the courage to admit it?

Everyone says "What hard workers policemen are.

Who jay-walks at the next intersection?

Everyone deplores speedsters.

Who drives at 65 m.p.h. next time he is in a hurry?

Everyone deplores the length of teachers' holidays.

Who is glad to send their two children to join the other 721 at the end of each holiday?

Everyone criticizes the Church and its activities — or lack of them.

Who refuses at the next appeal to give the Church a hand to do more.

M. Gorman, V.

Mr. MANNING-SMITH GOES FOR A STROLL IN HIS GARDEN

"What a lovely evening for a stroll in the garden" thought Mr. Manning-Smith as he walked across the lawn. "The garden never looked better, the shrubs are coming on marvellously . . . oh my gosh!"

Just ahead in the middle of the lawn was a large object something like a deformed sphere with a basket hanging beneath it. In point of fact, though Mr. Manning-Smith knew it not, the thing before him was a balloon. When he saw a man in the balloon Mr. Manning-Smith strode toward him and asked, "Don't you know better than to go carting things into my garden?"

Surprised, the occupant replied with a French accent, "I did not, I flew it here." "Don't be absurd, you can't fly." "But I'm not being absurd, I flew it here." "How do you expect me to believe that." "Get in, I shall prove it." "As long as I shall come to no harm, all right."

The pioneer aviator released some sand bags and to Mr. Manning-Smith's amazement the small craft rose into the air. The wind caught it and took it over the town as it rose to nearly five hundred feet above the ground. "By gosh this is superb!" remarked Mr. Manning-Smith. "I told you so," his French friend replied. "Hadn't we better descend, that seems like a storm over there and it was such a lovely night, too." "That storm won't hurt my marvellous balloon."

Unmindful of what was to happen they drifted into the storm, for the Frenchman had made his last mistake. It also abruptly ended poor Mr. Manning-Smith's little stroll in his garden. Some minutes later, hit by lightning, the balloon plunged earthwards, killing its occupants.

David Scott, IIIa.

JUNGLE DRUMS

As the jungle drums of Africa
Beat out their hollow sound,
The natives in the villages
For miles and miles around,
Can hear the message that they say

The thunder rolls and lightning flashes,
As she passes on her way,
Behind her now she leaves the trail
Of her destruction day.

As the jungle drums of Africa
Beat out their hollow sound,
The natives in the villages
For miles and miles around,
Can hear the message that they tell,
"Peace has come and all is well."

J. Scott, IIa.

Dear Ila,

I am going to write about something we camped next to in Austria. It's called:

AN AUSTRIAN PIG MARKET

A pigmarket in Austria has the same affect as the Warragul show for all the farmers for miles around don their alpine hats and are attracted to the Innsbruck soccer ground like iron filings to a magnet. In the early hours of the morning the first tractor appears, crawling through the grey mist hauling a large trailer full of crates of squealing, wriggling pigs. One by one, tractors, trucks, and limousines alike all come down to deliver their stock of fat pigs.

The farmers pull up beside the tall, picket fence and throw the crates of pigs on the ground, slamming the lid down on any nose that dares protrude through the layer of crisp, clean straw. The farmers wives play prominent parts in the buying and selling of the pigs. The crates are thrown open and the poor pigs are held high in the air by their owners who hold them by a leg or an ear. The noise of scores of pigs screeching and squealing and the shouts of people as they run to and fro from one bidder to the next adds to the pandemonium.

The farmer walks round until a pig strikes his fancy and bargains with the owner. When he states an acceptable price the owner of the pig hits his hand and the bidder marches off triumphantly dragging his kicking, squealing trophy by the hind leg. As the day grows older, the sun shines its first rays on the majestic mountains capped with snow and clouds, and the first noises of the awakening city can be heard. This is the sign for the crates to be packed, the ground to be cleared and the vehicles to leave.

Neils Hutchison, Ila.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The guillotine with its shiny blade
Was going up and down,
Removing the head of ev'ry man
Who dared support the crown.
Their blood ran freely from the place
Where nobles came to grief,
But poorer people, sad to say,
Thought it quite a treat.
They had a good time kicking along
The heads of the deceased.
That blood-red day made history
And the aristocrats decreased.

L. Roberts, Ila.

A STORY

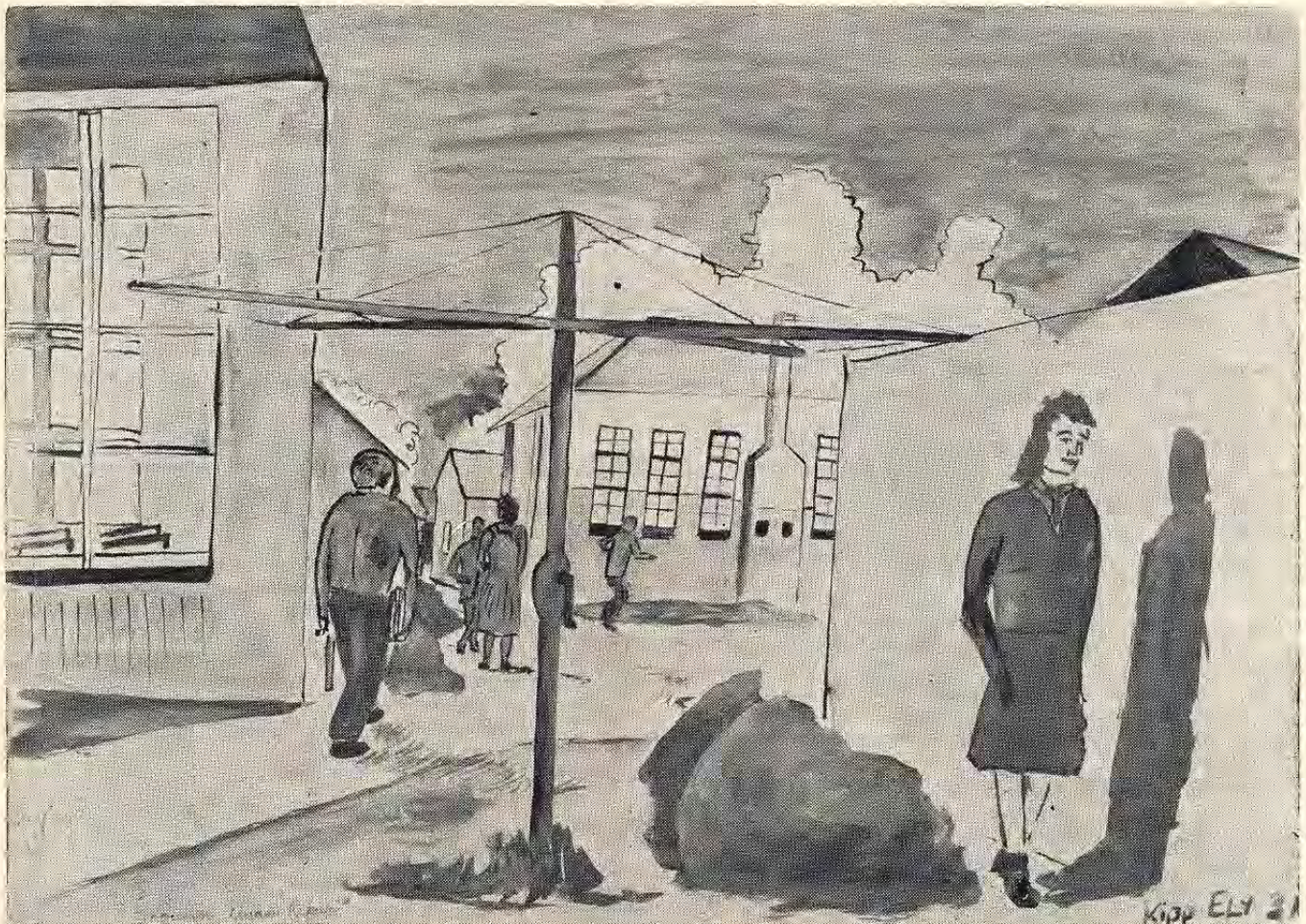
Hi! ya folks. Want ta 'ear a story? Well, once upon a time there was a little girl, she was just a little girl, she couldn't help it if she was just a little girl. Well anyway, she went to see a man about a "orse", that's all she went fer. Well she saw a cute black "orse" so she bought it, it was very cheap it was and she bought it cause it was cheap. Anyway she took it home and put it in her bedroom; she put it in her bedroom; she didn't have no other place ta put it, so she put it in her bedroom and her mother saw it and she kicked it out of the house she did, she kicked it out the house and the "orse" ran away it did, it ran away. Well that's all there is to the story it is, so GOODBYE.

Pauline Skee, Ila.

THE SNAIL

Out on the greenery on the wall,
Comes the grey and noiseless snail
With horns outstretched and pointed tail.
She searches for the freshest leaf,
And settles down — a hungry thief.

Denise Ross, Ila.



BIRDS

Where tree ferns wave and tall gums sway,
A Kookaburra laughs all day.
He laughs and chuckles all day long,
Filling the bush with his merry song.
The blue wren flies from tree to tree.
Chirping and whistling so merrily.
While paddling in the bubbling brook
A heron finds a shady nook,
Up into the blue sky soars the dove.
High into the heavens, far above.
With outspread wings he makes his way,
Far into the sky, far into the day.

Joy Ispen and Judith Spriggs, IVc.

MR POTTER GOES TO CRICKET

Mr. Potter parked his car in Richmond and got a tram the rest of the way. Mr. Potter hadn't been to the cricket for a season or two; he'd wasted his member's ticket. He just hadn't got round to going. Now he was there.

Mr. Potter got off the tram at the M.C.G. With little difficulty he entered and took his place in the Members' Stand. Sitting near Mr. Potter were two young men, talking earnestly. In the seats in front were a gentleman and his wife, with a picnic basket. Behind, two boys sat ("However they managed to get in," thought Mr. Potter) and an elderly gentleman.

As this was the fourth and last day of the match, the scoreboard was pretty full. N.S.W. were all out for 304, leaving Victoria 381 to get with nine wickets in hand. Mr. Potter, a true-born Victorian, was with them all the way. He had come equipped for the day with lunch, tea, and a transistor radio, owned by one of the small boys would keep him in touch with scores.

Mr. Potter saw the players appear from the pavilion door and a wave of polite clapping went round the big ground. Play started straight away, and when the first boundary was hit, Mr. Potter applauded warmly, the small boys gave a shrill cheer and the gentleman in the front said to no-one in particular, "They should have declared and left them more time." Runs came at a good rate, and Mr. Potter was just thinking a Victorian victory was possible when Furlong took a big swing to leg, tripped and fell on his stumps. Mr. Potter applauded warmly and sympathetically, the boys were downcast, and the gentleman in front grunted, "Silly idiot!"

Mr. Potter heard the radio commentator say brightly that Victoria was two down for 150. The morning's cricket finished for lunch and while Mr. Potter ate, he watched people disappear to get meals, transport or perhaps even beer.

Disaster came in the afternoon. Shaw and Huntington were out. But Lawry and Cowper were there at tea, with the score at 290 for four wickets. Mr. Potter was elated — 91 to win, and six wickets in hand. The two boys wrestled, the two young men talked on the likelihood of rain, and the gentleman in front said firmly Victoria would **not** get the 91 for victory.

When the tea break was over, the players appeared and runs came slowly. When Davidson was bowling he slipped and the ball went down the leg-side. That brought howls of "get on with it" from the crowd, and the gentleman in front growled, "I knew they'd bowl down the leg side, to cut off the runs." The crowd was nettled, because they wanted a Victorian victory, but Davidson bowled at the stumps, and they forgot all about the incident.

Then, the collapse came. Three Victorian wickets fell, and Mr. Potter's heart was in his mouth. Only 42 runs to win. Could they do it. The boys behind giggled nervously, the gentleman in front said severely, "Those chaps were getting too confident. That's why they went out!"

Gaunt joined Cowper, and they both hit hard, and runs crept up. 20 to win when Cowper was run out. Mr. Potter gulped. The boys gulped. Even the gentleman in the front gulped.

Kline, last man in, walked out and proceeded to hit a six. 14 to get.

The end of the over. Gaunt had the strike.

"Never get 'em!" said the gentleman in front. "Kline and Gaunt can't bat."

Gaunt swiped and missed. The next one he hit hugely. Up it soared, but a man was on the boundary, watched it come down, and caught it. An appeal rent the air, but the umpire gave "Not out" — The fielder had his feet over the boundary. Gaunt got six instead. Eight to win.

They ran one, but someone overthrew and they got five. Kline lashed a two. Scores level. The last ball of the over came down, Kline tripped and kicked the ball over the 'keeper's head for four. Victoria had won! The boys cheered. The gentleman said, "I knew it! I knew it all the time!" Mr. Potter was delighted, as he stood up and clapped as the players came off. "Splendid! Well won! he cried. But as Mr. Potter was gathering his belongings, he heard the announcer's voice over the public address system. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have been notified by the umpires that the game did not result in a win for Victoria." When Mr. Potter heard this, he caught his breath. "Instead," the voice went on, "When Kline kicked the ball that looked like winning, he was in front of his wicket, and was therefore leg-before-wicket. The result of this match was a draw."

G. Dupree, IIIa.

RATTY'S VIEW

"It has no fire, no spirit, no — what's the word — class." These words spoken by the "Great" Mr. Toad could not have been said about the School's production of "Toad of Toad Hall." Although many students who had been connected with previous school productions were quietly dubious, the play played to large and appreciative audiences during its three night season, with great success.

The play as adapted by A. A. Milne from the book "Wind in the Willows" has the adaptor's usual subtle finesse, as found in the characters of his own books such as Christopher Robin and Winnie the Pooh. The producers made a splendid and successful effort of creating the atmosphere intended by the adaptation. The audiences, always sympathetic, displayed by their reception of the play their obvious and intelligent interest in the players' interpretation of this Edwardian fantasy.

The superb and wondrous settings lulled everyone into the fantastic atmosphere of the story. The story told of a conceited yet affable character, Mr. Toad, and of his exploits. His three friends, Mr. Mole, a shy, excitable animal, Mr. Badger, an old and "back in my day" type and Mr. Rat, a cheery chap with common sense, help Toad weather his many storms. The other animals and characters succeeded in demonstrating, through Toad and his friends, the delightfully concealed nudge Milne gives to the English Society during the Edwardian Era.

The antics of Mr. Toad and his friends appealed to both the older and the younger sections of the audience. Milne deftly catered for both palates with a seemingly childish account of animal antics. At a matinee performance, the local youngsters showed audibly their surprise and delight at seeing people dressed in animal costume. This matinee performance blooded the cast for their evening performances. As Mr. Toad said "An excellent idea. So much more in keeping with my character," This indeed keeps in character with the annual school live productions.

Congratulations were received by the people concerned in the production. The reply was that "if you enjoyed seeing it as much as we enjoyed playing it then you really were well satisfied."

Ratty, R.S., VI.

GIFTS

Breaths of air whispering through the rushes,
Soft, white flecks of foam upon a stream,
Golden birds whizzing between the bushes,
Now and then a salmon, sometimes a bream,
Swirling downstream.
Splashing foam upon the rocks,
Rippling waves on the sea,
Creaking beams beneath the docks,
Captured fish struggling free,
Gnarled piers, with foamy frocks,
These are nature's gifts to me.

M. Hill, IIa.

A MONTH TO LIVE

A month to live! I was not at all surprised at this blunt statement. In fact, I was rather relieved that at last I would be leaving this hostile world. After all, at eighty-three one leads a very lonely life. Actually I felt rather elated by the prospect of seeing dear, deceased Horace again, that is, if he has not gone where I genuinely suspect he has — wicked creature. Life has been tolerable at times, but one could not help looking forward to a better world.

At first I greatly enjoyed myself. There were the various funeral arrangements to be made. The undertaker, for instance, was so obliging that I really haven't the heart to disappoint him.

For the first time in many years I felt almost glad to be alive as many people have been so helpful and friendly towards me. Perhaps it is only that they know they will not be forced to extend their kindness for long. However, one should not be so ill-natured to one's neighbours.

The last week, however, has dragged painfully by, taking with it the dull fear which had previously existed. Death is no longer frightening but kind and comforting to the weary soul. One cannot help feeling restless while waiting for its loving arms to lure me from this world. How welcome the inevitable fate will be. I thought of that sonnet of Shakespeare's, "Like as the waves make towards the pebbly shore, so do our minutes hasten to their end;" How true that is.

It is late afternoon and the sun seems to linger on the horizon. I see Death, the gentle reaper, coming, coming for me at last.

It is late afternoon and the sun seems to linger on the horizon. I feel my strength slowly ebbing from me and my eyes dimming. I see Death the reaper coming, coming for me at last.

E. Lewis, IIIa.

MY FRIENDS

I have many types and sorts of friends,
Two cats, one bird and a hand-full of hens.
Often I look through binocular lens
At people sprawled on the beach,
Or at a dog licking a peach,
Or at a seagull flying an arc
Or at a footballer taking a mark.
These are my friends,
Which I see through the lens.

Stephan Reed, Ia.

THE MOUNTAIN ELKS

Mountains covered with mist and snow
Are the places where the wild elks go,
To frisk and frolic round about
With never a trouble or a doubt.
With never a fear of man or beast,
They live in the land where grass is least;
Frisking and frolicking in the snows,
They live in leisure, where no man goes.

Julie Kirchner, IIa.

THE TROUBLESOME VISITOR

I opened the door and there stood the man to collect the payment on the television set. He glared down at me with square screens . . . opps! I mean eyes, and I could tell by his manner he meant business. He broke the silence with a whip-like, "Where's the payment?"

"Payment on what?" I replied innocently.

"You know what."

"Well, what's what?"

"What is the television set."

"I've heard of Astor and Phillips and Pye but I haven't heard of a What."

"Quit fooling, or you'll lose your TV."

I continued to stall for time to try and figure out a way to avoid paying the money. I couldn't have paid anyway; I was broke. Suddenly an idea came to my mind.

Quickly, I shut the door and hid everything which suggested anything but poverty. Then I invited my oppressor in.

"Look," I bluffed, "I'm very poor and I don't know what I'd do without my telly."

"So what?"

"Don't start that again."

"Start what again?"

"Please don't take it. Please."

He broke down. "Sniff, sniff. Okay, sniff, I'll let you keep your, sniff, telly."

And so without further ado, I showed him out of the hut — er, I mean house.

Peter Jenkinson, IIIa.



Idea, E. Coulson — Drawn by S. Read, Ia.

THE SEA'S WILD CALL

I do not want an easy life
To waste my hours away,
Sitting behind a desk to write,
And shut in all the day.
For there is a soft clear call,
And restless it makes me
To be away with all I have,
And down to the lonely sea.

For free like the wind, I long to roam.
As loose as the flying spray,
Chancing luck to mountainous seas
And stars to light my way.
Oh give me a ship of any kind
Made of wood or steel,
For a seaman's life is all I want,
And a rising deck to feel.

I love the creaking timbers,
The seagulls' cry in flight,
The pulsing of the waters,
And the white sails shaking might.
To walk a brine soaked deck,
To hear the flung wind cry,
Deflected from the rig
And up to the downcast sky.

What ill does man possess,
To love this wildest thing,
I cannot say, for after all
What made the Sirens sing.
They called the men to them
As the sea calls me away,
And I feel it in my blood,
That some day I must obey.

Chris Myers, IVa.

TRANQUILLITY ON SHORE

The broken down jetty jutted into the rippling surface of the bay. A flock of gulls wheeling and mewing overhead, the warm waters lapping against the mussel-covered piles and the contented snores of a beachcomber slumbering against the bollard were the only sounds. The beachcomber lay still; a length of rope held up a pair of tattered sun-bleached trousers and a battered straw hat covered his heavily-bearded face. As he turned in his sleep, I could see his bronzed, salt-stained torso, glinting like beaten gold in the strong sunlight. A pair of thongs lay where he had kicked them at the foot of a pile of nets. As I looked at him, I thought that here was a man who had found the secret of living and wished that I, too, could be a beachcomber and free of cares, forget the monotonous routine of daily life.

David North, V.

"THINGS"

Horses at the blacksmith's,
Bees in hollyoaks,
Red gums waving to and fro,
Ships at Brisbane docks;
Whistling birds in tree tops,
River sparkling clear,
Urchins playing kick the tin,
Drunkards drinking beer;
Mudpies in a sandpit,
Yabbies in a pool,
Cherries in a custard tart,
And US in school.

(With apologies to Walter de la Mare)

L. Zarth, IIa.

GOOD FRIDAY

It was hard to see over the heads of the people. I had just arrived but gathered this crucifixion was not just an ordinary run of the mill one. There were three crosses on the hill and the men were fastened there. On the outside crosses there were two thieves. I had heard them sentenced last week. In the middle was a man I'd seen about Jerusalem for a while. There was a board nailed on the top of his cross. I could just make out the words, "King of the Jews." The soldiers must have put it there as a joke. Now, as always, they were gambling to see who should have the clothing. The three men on the crosses talked but I couldn't hear what they said. The man in the middle called out and it sounded as if he was calling for his father. Then he became limp and seeing this, the centurion stuck his sword in his side to make sure he was dead. I left then, as I thought there wouldn't be any excitement after this.

D. Scott, IIIa

SHOULD BOMB TESTS BE ABANDONED?

Dear Editor,

In recent years we have seen the disastrous effects of bombs which have been exploded in various places of the world. To many, these occurrences may seem but manifestations of Man's achievements; their insight has been dimmed by lack of physical conflict with the effects of the bombs.

The people of Hiroshima are still suffering from radiation burns, and scars will mar these people for generations. Our knowledge of previous explosions during the war gives us a mild visual encounter with what future war could entail. We can comprehend the sorrow and destruction of another war by looking back at the unfortunate Japanese.

Perhaps the reason for the nuclear tests not having been prevented to date is that people are too unaware of the risk they are placing on themselves. The explosion of test bombs produce radio-active substances, which in fallout, drop into vast areas of the world. Once radio-active materials get into the human body, physical decline becomes prevalent in the person, until he dies. Bomb tests underground by no means conceal the purpose for which the tests are aimed. They only show that the nation is intending to use the bombs for future war. But let us look at the subject from a Scotsman's view-point. The bomb tests are a drain on the nation's resources, in that large sums of money are directed into channels of extreme extravagance. The poor conditions in some countries could be eradicated if the money used for bomb testing was put to a more fruitful use. Bomb tests reflect the character of the nation's constitution and bring about a deterioration of any morale that may have existed. Bomb tests should most certainly be banned, otherwise the human race will inevitably suffer the pain of its own devisings.

Rein Muhlberg, IIIa.

QUEEN OF THE BEES

How would you like to be,
Queen of all the bees?
And sit on a chair,
With the utmost air,
Giving out orders
On how to paint borders,
On every little flower there,
How would you like to be,
Queen of all the bees?

Maureen O'Brien, Id.

LIT.

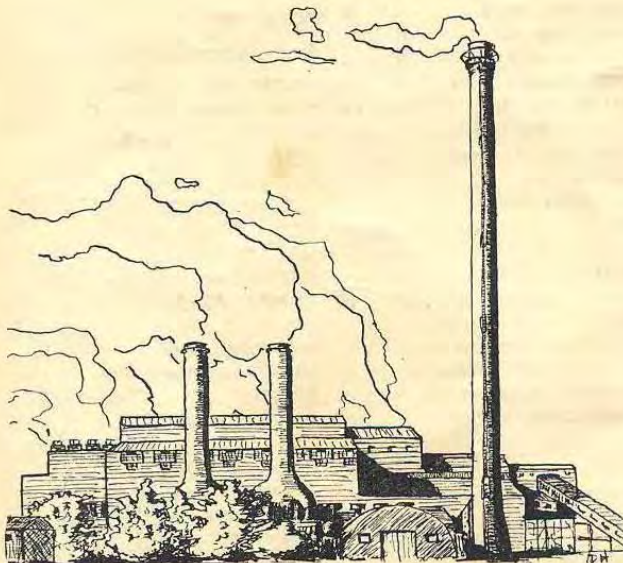
What yet remains to show you of my history
Will seem to most of you at best futility,
Senseless self-slaughter of a lunatic . . .

—T. S. Eliot.

"He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen."
(Prefects reading during R.I.)
"'Tis gone and will not answer."
(Utter wet junior has knocked and run away from Room 13 door.)
"Treason! treason!"
(No tea in the prefect's jar.)
"Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee speak!"
(I say Phillip House, stay, yard duty can be lots of fun.)
"Lat see now who shal telle the firste tale."
(Really, what you hear under Room 13 windows.)
"He knew the cause of every maladye."
(An Aspro cures all in the sick room.)
"Welcome, my good friends."
(Junior flees in horror as House Captain utters these words, as distinct from a senior who stands with a clenched fist.)
"It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone."
(Ho, beckons wrong-doer.)
"Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold."
(I have read the writings on the walls!)

"He hadde a fyr-reed cherubynnes face."
(Another party at the Gearing residence?)
"Of his visage children were aferd."
(Ho, whips paper-dropper.)
"He sleep namoore than dooth a nyghtingale."
(Anyone who does less than eight hours study a night is foolish, Form VI.)
"His walet lay biform him in his lappe."
(Without the bookstall profits there would be no honeymoon for Wa and Mo.)
"Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl."
(Just because I have my licence I don't have to take you to the School Ball.)
"O, this too, too solid flesh would melt."
(Really Phillip House I did my best. Aren't you going too far?)

David Sloan, VI.



CLEAN CLARA

Clean Clara was neat and trim, with an immaculate appearance. Her old shoes were always polished, and her hands were careworn, cracked and ugly. She hated dirt, and wherever she saw any kind of dirt or filth, she felt an irrepressible urge to tidy it.

The house in which she lived was a gleaming, white-washed cottage, with a well-kept garden. Inside the house, which was always spic and span, the glossy surfaces of the furniture, and the shining face of the old, well-polished linoleum on the floor, showed that Clara deserved her name.

L. Zarth, IIa.

A NOBODY FROM NOWHERE

A Nobody from Nowhere went to somewhere one hot day, And sought a house that Nobody's could live in on the way. He came to Can't-Be-Such-A-Town in Never-Was-A-Land. When P.C. Somebody cried "Halt", and sternly raised his hand.

"You look a Nobody," he said. "And really sir I pray, Why are you standing on your legs on such a sitting day?" "To take a walk that's all my friend," the Nobody replied. "We cannot have you taking things," the P.C. harshly cried.

"Why Nobody does such a thing in Can't-Be-Such-A-Town, And so I'll have to lock you up," he added with a frown. Poor Nobody was taken to a castle large and drear, "Ah Nobody," the policeman said, "could ever like it here."

He left him in a room that had no carpet on the floor, As Nobody was in the place he didn't lock the door. "Well Nobody does like the place," the Nobody soon said, "Although it has no furniture, no table, chair or bed."

And as the door had not been locked, he wandered in and out, Important as a Somebody there's never any doubt. And there he settled happily, a Nobody it's true, Reclining on a no-such-chair as Nobody can do.

He put a name plate on the door which made the people stare, They thought it very odd of course as Nobody was there. But if in Can't-Be-Such-A-Town you ever chance to roam, Knock on that door you're sure to find that Nobody's at home.

Ray Loft, IIa.

A WINTRY WEEKDAY MORNING

On a cold, foggy, wet winter morning I plod along Fairfield Avenue feeling extremely tired and disheartened at the thought of school.

When I reach the corner of Fairfield and Latrobe Avenue I am usually passed by a green streak, which is driven by the school's Jack Brabham. The car somehow stops at the corner, screams around it on two wheels and hurtles up Latrobe Avenue towards the school, disappearing into the dense fog in a flash.

As I slowly trudge up Latrobe Avenue I see the lifeless trees silhouetted against the thick, dense fog, the houses with smoke billowing from their chimneys, the lawns covered with frost, the fences with their white coats, water swirling in the gutters, and the rainbows on the road where petrol has spilt.

When I see two girls ahead of me putting on their berets, I know that I am nearing the school. Upon feeling in my back pocket for my cap, I realise that it's still at home, with my locker key beside it. With a shrug, I unhappily turn the corner and continue.

When I eventually reach the school, I can see the white fence and prefabs staring at me. I feel even more depressed, I am late, shoes uncleared, capless, hair uncombed and none of my homework done. No wonder I detest going to school in winter!

E. Blythe, IVb.

MR. CRUMBLE GOES MOTOR RACING

No-one except himself seemed jittery, everyone else was chewing gum or complaining volubly about their car's performance, but no-one was nervous. He well knew that the men around him were experienced drivers and he was a mere beginner. Suddenly a howl of laughter came from Back Jabham's pit crew. One of them cackled "Gawd! Hasn't even got a ruddy noise to it!"

Feeling a lonely stranger in a horrible world with a completely alien jargon, Mr. Crumble shuddered at the thought of racing among the monsters that milled about by their cars. Jabham's pit man was right, as he so crudely put it, Mr. Crumble's car didn't have "a ruddy noise to it." He reassured himself with the thought "I've only to drive the first lap and then the car's amazing capabilities will come into their own." "I hope" he added as a fervent afterthought. You see X-93 (Mr. Crumble's car) had a phenomenal memory, and with the aid of it it could remember every corner. Mr. Crumble only had to show it the way round and then speed up. The car's memory enabled it to take the same line through every corner at any speed.

With an air of urgency a man rushed out with a flag, whereupon engines started and a mad scramble to get out of the way ensued. He lifted the flag and dropped it; the field got away to a good start, that is to say, fourteen fifteenths of the field did. You have guessed it, Mr. Crumble was left behind, but with a fiendishly cool, calculating smile he glided off on his "pilot lap." Through each of the six turns of the course Mr. Crumble guided X-93 at five

m.p.h., accompanied by jeering remarks such as "Git a 'orse! Ned Kelly 'ad wun!" Mr. Crumble said dryly "Yes, and look what happened to him, mate!" Then as he approached the finish at the completion of lap one, Mr. Crumble put his foot down. Back Jabham was just behind X-93 and about to lap it when, with auxiliary input camshaft speed approaching fifteen thousand revolutions per second, X-93 "glided" silently off at one hundred and fifty m.p.h. Jabham set up, on his first lap, the lap record at ninety-eight m.p.h. Now, due to X-93's ability to go as fast as Mr. Crumble wanted, the lap record was elevated to one hundred and fifty m.p.h.

On the twenty-fifth lap Mr. Crumble received the chequered flag — the only car running — the remainder having dropped in a severe state of amazement. Now, I suppose the race ended there for most of the world, but not for Mr. Crumble. You see, Mr. Crumble's foot was caught in the auxiliary input camshaft accelerator. X-93, due to its "unwearoutability" kept on circulating, and Mr. Crumble with it!

Twenty years have passed since then and Mr. Crumble is no more. Five days after the race he had started to eat the windscreen. Alas! his digestive system didn't agree with this somewhat unorthodox diet and Mr. Crumble passed before my eyes. To this day ol' X-93 still whispers around the track at two hundred m.p.h., with the unfortunate Mr. Crumble's skeleton slumped at the wheel — his crash helmet on his head, several pieces of perspex rattling about where his stomach once was, and his foot jammed in the auxiliary input camshaft accelerator.

Roll Call

FORM VI

Form Master: Mr. Dyall

CLARK, Ann
GRAY, Marjorie
KEMPSTER, Elizabeth
MADDERN, Lynette
MARTIN, Sheila
PERECHODEN, Janina
TEASDALE, Marguerite

GARRETT, Bruce
HANNON, Kenneth
KILDAY, Brian
ROBERT, John
SANDILANDS, Spencer
SLOAN, David
SMITH, Andrew
SULLIVAN, Richard

FORM V

Form Master: Mr. Gearing

ARMSTRONG, Janice
BRENNAN, Patricia
BROEKSTRA, Mira
COURTNEY, Gayle
COVE, Frances
DUPREE, Lorraine
FUENTES, Maria
GARVIN, Beryl
GIBBY, Jennifer
GODING, Barbara
GORMAN, Marie
GREENLEES, Beverley
GUY, Lynette
HEATH, Jacqueline
HORBACZ, Stefania
IPSEN, Janice
McPHERSON, Jane

MORRISON, Dianne
MURRAY, Marilyn
NIEZGOCKIY, Anna
ROBERTS, Heather
ROBERTS, Marilyn
ROBERTSON, Judith
ROBERTSON, Margaret
SMITH, Agnes
STEVENSON, Dianne
STONES, Patricia
TAYLOR, Moira Francis
THEOBALD, Joan
VINCENT, Sylvia
WALLACE, Susan
WYBENGA, Jeltje

BARBARA, Gilio
CARLISLE, James
DAVIS, Bruce
DEVERS, Robert
DUDLEY, Ian
GRANT, David
GRAY, Peter
GUNN, Robert
GUY, Alan
HILL, Herbert
HOFFMAN, Anthony
JOHNSTON, Colin
LEWIS, Bruce
LEWIS, David
McLAREN, John
MIDDLEMISS, Graeme
NORTH, David
PYM, Derek
SCHMIDT, David
SKELTON, Ian
SPACKMAN, Nicholas
STEARMAN, Jeffrey
TOMASZ, Stefan

FORM IVA

Form Master: Mr. Dooley

BRYMNER, Lesley
CAIN, Margaret
CIUNELIS, Lucy
COWLES, Maureen
CUFF, Janice
FEWSTER, Suzanne
FORBES, Carol
GORMAN, Carol
GRANT, Morag
HENSON, Jacqueline
HUMPHREYS, Valerie
JACKSON, Sandra
KITNEY, Jill
KOLOMYEC, Vera
KOSTIC, Mira
LACEY, Veronica
LUCAS, Sandra
McNAIR, Jennifer
MITCHELL, Patricia
MORRISON, Margaret
ORTOLJA, Iris
PATTERSON, Ruby
SAMBELL, Christine
SMITH, Janet
SWANINK, Annie
TAYLOR, Allison
TERRY, Dianne
THOMPSON, Sandra
van STAVOREN, Alice
WINNING, Jeanette
WOLFENDEN, Shirley
ZARB, Mary

ASHMEAD, Neil
BAUMAN, Eric
BAVINGTON, Robin
DELAHAY, Stuart

FLEMING, Ian
FRANCIS, Brian
FULLER, William
GORMAN, Neville
GULBIS, Janis
HADDRICK, Lawrence
HANNON, Geoffrey
LEATHBRIDGE, Cedric
McMASTER, Alan
MYERS, Christopher
NORDEN, John
SCOTT, Kenneth
STITSON, Roger
STANDLEY, Lionel

FORM IVB

Form Mistress: Mrs. Parsons

ANDERSON, Katrina
ARMSTRONG, Elizabeth
DANIEL, Thelma
DOLPHIN, Jillian
EDWARDS, Dianne
GOOLD, Elizabeth
HEATH, Penelope
HILL, Eunice
KARPINSKI, Monika
KUNCA, Giraite
MALIK, Barbara
MORGAN, June
McCOY, Janice
TABACZYNSKA, Olga
VINCENT, Judith

BAINROT, Alex
BLYTHE, Edward
BROWN, Ian
CHRISTIE, Richard
CLANCY, Neil

COOK, Ronald
DOUGLAS, Neville
ENGLISH, Maurice
GANZ, Peter
IVANIC, Ivan
HEBB, David
KUREK, Ryszard
LELIEVRE, Allan
MOONEY, Wayne
PAXTON, Brian
PETROVIC, Svetislav
ROZENSTEINS, Antony
SCOTT, Clive
SHINE, Frank
SMITH, Anthony
SHAW, Brian
SULLIVAN, Terrence
THORPE, John
VALE, Roger
WALSH, John
WISSMER, Edward
ZAJARSKI, Walter

FORM IVC

Form Mistress: Miss Daniel

ARDEN, Beatrice Louise
BEASLEY, Janice
BENSON, Carol
BREMNER, Norma
BRYDSON, Valerie
BUNTIN, Christine
CLAXTON, Wendy
CUNNINGHAM, Sandra
DANYLUK, Mary
DOWNEY, Joan
FORD, Lynette
GOODWIN, Marie
IPSEN, Joy
KEENAN, Shirley
KOTIW, Larissa
KUREK, Zofia
MALLIA, Doris
MALLIA, Violet
MOONEY, Robin
NEWTON, Janice
O'BRIEN, Mary
PARKER, Kaye
SPRIGGS, Judith
STEELE, Linda
VOGEL, Sandra
WATSON, Jennifer

FORM IVD

Form Mistress: Miss MacDonald

BATTY, Suzanne
BROWN, Shirley
CUTTER, Jennifer
DJORDJEVIC, Dragana
HARDY, Rosalie
HILDITCH, Helen
WATSON, Beverly
WHITE, Janise
WILDEN, Valerie

FORM IIIA

Form Master: Mr. Pyers

ADAMS, Robyn
BRISCO, Margaret
GARRETT, Diana
HALLSWORTH, Roslyn
LEWIS, Elizabeth
LUETTGAU, Anne
NUTT, Margaret
RODGERS, Marilyn

SOVA, Gabrielle
SWANINK, Hettie
THOMPSON, Elizabeth
TULLIS, Margaret
VALLI, Coral
van STAVOREN, Beth
VICKERY, Joan
VINCENT, Christie

ALEXANDER, John
CASTELOW, Robert
DAVIES, John
DUPREE, Geoffrey
ELLIS, Howard
ELY, Kip
GAJEK, Andre
GOODE, Barry
GRANT, Rodney
HOLLANDS, Kenneth
HUMPHREYS, John
HUNTLEY, Peter
HUTCHESON, Kenneth
JENKINSON, Peter
MARTIN, Peter
MILOJEVIC, George
MUHLBERG, Rein
PLANNER, Linton
RUSHTON, Frank
SCOTT, Peter
SCOTT, David
SKELTON, Peter
STONES, David
VANDERSTEEN, Donald
VANYAI, Joseph

FORM IIIB

Form Master: Mr. Tremain

ATKINSON, Joan
BLACK, Wendy Judith
CAVE, Patricia Margaret
FERGUSON, Barbara Kay
GURAL, Stefka
GREENLEES, Peggy
HUNT, Carol
JAMROZ, Mary
LAMBERT, Donna
LYNN, Ruth
McARTHUR, Roslyn
NIELSEN, Trena
PEARLESS, Deidre
TELEHUS, Nina
WRIGHT, Kaye

BOYES, David
CHAMPION, Murray
CHARLESWORTH, Ian
EMMERSON, Stanley
GALLAGHER, Robert
GOBIUS, Albert
HANNON, Peter
JASINSKI, Jan
KARLEUSA, Djuro
KARPINSKI, Charles
KIMBERLEY, Douglas
KILDAY, Michael
KOTIW, Michael
LAWSON, Stuart
MASALSKI, Bisha
McMASTER, Gregory
MORGAN, Graham
PARRY, Kim
ROBERTS, William
SEATH, Graeme
SMITH, Wayne
SNAPE, Richard
TATLOW, Alan

FORM IIIC

Form Mistress: Mrs. Smith

BALZAN, Annie
BROWITT, Joan
CATHERWOOD, Janet
CHISHOLM, Vivian
CLEGG, Maree
COOK, Merrilyn
COVE, Margaret
COX, Denise
DUXBURY, Susan
EGAN, Kathleen
GRAHAM, Faye
GORBAL, Janina
GRIMA, Mary
HAM, Florence
JOHNSON, Tessa
JONES, Iris
KARADZIC, Svetlana
KENNEDY, Muriel
KOWALIK, Wanda
KRAWEC, Marie
LENNOX, Linda
LOVISON, Gelmina
McFARLANE, Ruth
McPHEE, Cheryl
MALLEE, Elizabeth
NAUMENKO, Vera
NORDEN, Heather
PETROVIC, Ruzica
SALISBURY, Christine
SAWOSZ, Tanina
SHAW, Ann
SHAW, Sheila
SIMIC, Diana
SMITH, Denise
STEPHENS, Margaret
TELEHUS, Luba
TICKLE, Margaret
TUOHY, Marlene
WATERS, Jacqueline
WIGGINS, Sandra
YULE, Norma
ZARB, Theresa

FORM IIID

Form Mistress: Miss Delham

BORG, Doris
BREMNER, Merrilyn
CROUCH, Edna
ELLIOT, Lynette
GUNN, Jeanette
HELMUTH, Valerie
KEMPSTER, Robyn
LOCK, Vivian
LEWIS, Margaret
O'BRIEN, Kerry
PETERS, Shirley
TICHANOV, Tamara
ZELENEWICZ, Zofia
PARRY, Annette
WESTBROOK, Diane
GAUL, Eileen
SANDILANDS, Susanne

ASHMORE, Alan
BATTY, Ronald
DOUGLAS, Graham
ESSE, Peter
FEWSTER, Lindsay
FOY, Malcolm
HOPCOTT, Peter
LAKEMAN, Peter
McARTHUR, Grant
McCOLL, Winton
McINNES, Andrew
McINNES, Ray

MISIURICA, Anton
MUNDIE, Barry
MURDOCH, Colin
TYBEN, Weird

FORM IIA

Form Mistress: Miss Mobsby

ASCOLESE, Josephine
BAIRD, Carol
BARRONS, Pat
CHOPPING, Margaret
CROUCH, Frances
DOUGLAS, Pauline
GREEN, Mary
HENRY, Kristine
IRVINE, Moira
JOHNSTON, Karen
KING, Vivian
KIRSCHNER, Julie
KURTSCHENKO, Soya
LARKIN, Marie
LEIPER, Vera
LAURIE, Caroline
LOFTS, Jillian
MEIKLE, Aileen
PHILLIPS, Rosemary
RUSHTON, Edna
ROSS, Denise
SCOTT, Julie
TERRY, Jenny
van STAVOREN, Mary
ZARTH, Lorna

CARTER, Gregory
CIUNELIS, Edward
DRANE, David
ELINGER, Zdenko
ELLIS, Trevor
HILL, Martin
HUTCHISON, Alan
IRVINE, David
JAKOBSEN, John
JOBILING, Alan
KENNY, Albert
KIVLINS, George
LASZCZYK, Henry
LEE, Brian
LEWIS, Gordon
LOFT, Raymond
LOWE, Robert
McDILL, John
McPHERSON, Ewan
MIDDLEMISS, Gary
POWER, Craig
RITZER, Bernard
ROBERTS, Leslie
TEASDALE, Robert

FORM IIB

Form Mistress: Mrs. Gunn

BENSEN, Rita
BILSTON, Ann
BOURKE, Cheryl
CASEY, Donna
CLOHESY, Lynette
COULTHARD, Susanne
DAVIS, Helen
ELY, Carol
ENTWISTLE, Elizabeth
FULLER, Eileen
GARRETT, Sandra
GILCHRIST, Heather
GRIBBLE, Cheryl
HAMBROOK, Valerie
HENSCHER, Susanne
KIBBLE, Margaret

LANE, Jeanette
 McAULIFFE, Dianne
 McILLWAINE, Jillian
 PATTLE, Cheryl
 PROKOPIWSKYI, Haline
 RANDALL, Caroline
 VELLA, Pauline
 WALLIS, Denise
 WALSH, Joan
 WOOD, Shirley
 TRILLER, Kristine
 BLYTHE, David
 DICKSON, Robert
 DUBAICH, Dusan
 GRAY, Ken
 JACKSON, Peter
 JONES, Gregory
 KOBIELA, John
 KRANTSCHNEIDER, Manfred
 LINABURY, Alan
 LYE, Peter
 O'HARA, Alexander
 PLANNER, Barry
 RILEY, Gordon
 ROGERS, Gregory
 SHAW, Charles
 SOKCEVIC, Mihailo
 SULLIVAN, Terry
 UDOWENKO, William
 VIVIAN, Robert

FORM IIC

Form Mistress: Mrs. Hair

ANDERSON, Linda
 BOGAN, Susan
 BOSCH, Catherine
 BROEKSTRA, Carla
 DINGWALL, Jillian
 FRANCIS, Susan
 HADDRICK, Myra
 HAWTHORNE, Katherine
 ISHTCHUK, Tonia
 LACEY, Winifred
 LIVINGSTON, Hazel
 KENNY, Kerrie
 KERR, Lorraine
 PARRY, Dianne
 PINAL, Robyn
 RAINBOW, Cheryl
 ROBERTSON, Beverley
 SIMONS, Dale
 SKEE, Pauline
 SMITH, Cheryl
 SUTHERLAND, Heather
 STAGG, Caroline
 SWIGGS, Ann
 VITOLINS, Dianne
 WALSH, Tina
 MacEACHERN, Mary
 ADAMS, Edward
 BOTTLE, Robert
 COURTNEY, Ian
 DOBROCOSZ, Joseph
 DEMCZUK, Stavic
 HUNTLEY, Allan
 IRVING, Stewart
 IRELAND, Anthony
 JOHNSTON, Thomas
 KIMBERLEY, John
 LAING, John
 McARTHUR, Dean
 MALLEE, Geradous
 MALININ, Michael
 MENNER, Robert
 STALLWORTHY, Leonard
 SCOTT, John
 SANDMAN, Norman
 SMITH, Rodney
 WALL, John
 WALSH, Aubrey

FORM IID

Form Master: Mr. Finnigan

BIGGS, Robyne
 CLARKE, Barbara
 COMBRIDGE, June
 CURTIS, Maureen
 DELAHAY, Maureen
 DJORDJEVIC, Ruzica
 FIELDER, Carol
 HUNTER, Moira
 IRVING, Robyn
 JENSEN, Margaret
 KIESZKOWSKI, Eugenia
 KINNELL, Patricia
 LIVINGSTON, Florence
 LOVE, Eileen
 McNAIR, Margaret
 MALIKO, Halina
 MURKA, Nina
 NIELSON, Carol
 PACE, Vicki
 PROCAK, Marie
 RADENKOVIC, Renate
 RUSSELL, Linda
 SKINNER, Beryl
 TAIG, Elin
 WHITE, Margaret
 WOOLF, Carol
 WURLOD, Glenis
 ABBOTT, Brian
 ARMSTRONG, Donald
 DINSDALE, Robert
 ELINGER, Frank
 GALLAGHER, Graham
 HAMILTON, Michael
 JAMES, Ian
 LOCK, Peter
 MAGAZINOVIC, Danilo
 McCLARE, Michael
 McHENRY, Ian
 McKENZIE, Trevor
 MELVIN, Robert
 MILES, Ron
 NIELSON, Peter
 PAVLOVIC, Peter
 STEVENS, Barry
 TRKULJA, Peter
 VELLA, Alfred
 WALLIS, Allen
 WINNING, Alexander

FORM IA

Form Mistress: Miss Aitken

ALLEN, Cheralyn
 BOSKMA, Margaret
 CHRISTIE, Glenda
 FLANNIGAN, Wendy
 GAJEK, Irene
 GEORGE, Rae
 HUNT, Barbara
 KRAJEWSKI, Helyn
 MACRAE, Pieta
 McAULIFFE, Rhonda
 McKELLAR, Barbara
 McNAIR, Barbara
 MEWETT, Kay
 MLASKAWA, Sophia
 NUTT, Linda
 ORME, Carole
 RAY, Karen
 WATERSON, Mary
 WRIGHT, Cheryl
 MEYER, Elizabeth
 ANDERSON, Daryl
 APPS, Graeme
 BARNES, Geoffrey
 BERQUEZ, Victor
 CLARK, John
 COFFIELD, Barry
 COULSON, Edward

CUMMING, Bruce
 DENT, Leigh
 DEVINE, Denis
 EVANS, Christopher
 GREENING, Terrence
 HANNON, Ronald
 HENSON, Anthony
 IRVINE, James
 KENNY, Brian
 KROMOLOFF, Peter
 MARTIN, Stephen
 MILNE, Philip
 RANKINE, Steven
 REED, Stephen
 SAMBELL, Arnold
 WADDINGTON, Donald

FORM IB

Form Mistress: Miss Cherry

ABEL, Susan
 ALEXANDER, Irene
 ANDERSON, Irene
 ANDERSON, Lynette
 BREEN, Kathleen
 CROWE, Susan
 FANKHAUSER, Valerie
 GOODYEAR, Maureen
 HAMILTON, Joyleen
 HOBDEN, Dianne
 LANE, Annette
 PONTIN, Karen
 ROOKLEY, Diana
 SCOTT, Susan
 STITSON, Penelope
 SULLIVAN, Denise
 SZULC, Stanislava
 WILKES, Julie
 WILSON, Patricia
 WHITLEY, Ann
 ENGELSMA, Betty

BATTY, Kenneth
 BOWMAN, Ronald
 CLAXTON, Raymond
 COVE, George
 CRANE, Rodney
 DANIEL, Ronald
 ESSE, Patrick
 CHITTEM, Ross
 GLOVER, David
 GRAHAM, Mervyn
 FERGUSON, David
 LOCK, Wayne
 LYE, Jeffrey
 SEATH, Douglas
 TATLOW, Douglas
 THOMSON, Ian
 KEMPSTER, Francis
 ROOKLEY, Andrew
 WALSH, Daniel
 WALMER, Kenneth
 VELLA, Frank
 BATES, Edward
 TAYLOR, Paul
 WAITE, Phillip

FORM IC

Form Mistress: Mrs. Ross

ALLEN, Kaye
 BOWLER, Penelope
 CHURCH, Dianne
 CIECHORSKI, Ala
 COLE, Linda
 ELLIOTT, Pauline
 FRENCH, Carole
 GRAHAM, Patricia
 GRANT, Sandra
 HAMILTON, Linda
 HILDITCH, Suzanne

HOLMES, Anne
 HOYLINE, Robyn
 LIVINGSTON, Joanne
 TAGGART, Erica
 PARKER, Wendy
 SADDINGTON, Stella
 SPENCER, Antonia
 WALKER, Margaret
 WASIUKIEWICZ, Helena
 WITHELL, Margaret

ABERY, Robin
 AMOS, Geoffrey
 BENSON, Geoffrey
 BROWN, Ross
 CHISHOLM, Raymond
 DE AGNOI, Carla
 EDMUNDS, Graham
 FOX, Gregory
 HAEBICH, Kerry
 HAM, Harold
 HYDE, Graham
 LAMBERT, John
 LOWE, David
 McMASTER, Ian
 MISIURKA, Ramon
 MUNDIE, David
 POOLE, Phillip
 PORTER, Gregory
 PUCKRIDGE, Geoffrey
 van der WEL, William
 VOGEL, John
 WHITE, Anthony
 WRIGHT, Neville
 MARTIN, George

FORM ID

Form Mistress: Miss Wilson

ALDRED, Gail
 BALLANTYNE, Nancy
 BENSON,
 BOLTON, Gwenda
 BORG, Eileen
 BRANCH, Betty
 BROWN, Edith
 BURNETT, Elizabeth
 CARTLEDGE, Angenia
 COOK, Diane
 COOPER, Lee-Anne
 CULLEN, Carol
 CUNNINGHAM, Jean
 CURTIS, Julie
 DICKISON, Irene
 DINGWALL, Jennifer
 GRIMA, Emmanuela
 HARRINGTON, Margaret
 HICKS, Judith
 HOLME,
 HOPMAN, Ria
 HUMPHRIES, Catherine
 JAMES, Marie
 MAGAZINOVIC, Lyubica
 McINTOSH, Deidre
 McKEON, Sherril
 MORRISON, Ruth
 MUSCAT, Theresa
 O'BRIEN, Maureen
 PEARLESS, Yvonne
 PINAL, Deanna
 ROCHFORD, Elizabeth
 SAGAR, Claire
 SALISBURY, Karen
 SIEGEL, Rosemary
 SKINNER, Faye
 SMITH, Carol
 STEARMAN, Judith
 STEPHENS, Rhonda
 THOMAS, Jennifer
 WALLIS, Karen
 WALTON, Beverley
 WARD, Diane
 ZARB, Delores