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*gryphon / caulfield technical college*

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*16th annual magazine / editor john*

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*griffin / committee / miss annette west*

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*miss dianne michell / miss judith*

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*cummings / colin kline / william power*

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*robert knapp / john raivers*

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*cover design, typography & format*

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*christopher orr*

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## FOREWORD

By the Principal.

This is an eventful period in the development of Victorian technical education in general and of our College in particular.

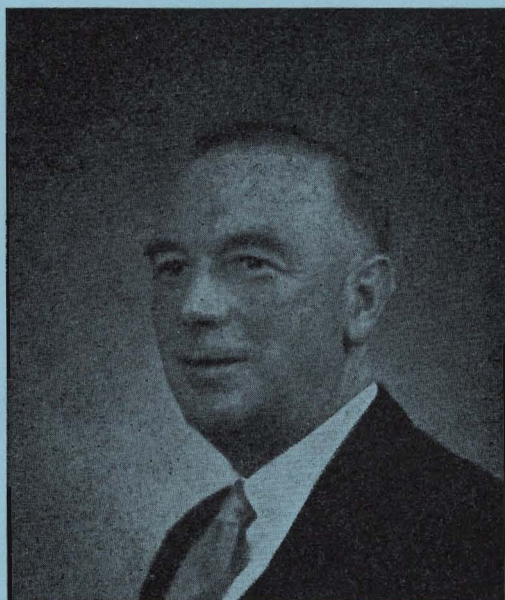
We are just moving into a major change in the structure of full-time courses in Victorian technical schools. A Leaving Technical Certificate will be introduced next year, to be awarded at the end of Form V. Of the various courses in Form V, Applied Science and Commerce will be available at Caulfield in 1964.

The only first-year diploma course next year will be in Art. This will be the last opportunity for Art students to enter the existing Diploma or Certificate course.

New diploma courses, including Art, will begin in 1965, with a Leaving Technical Certificate entrance qualification. Most of the new courses will be of four years' duration, so that the first students will complete these courses in 1968. On the other hand, the last students to enter the existing courses will complete in 1966 if they pass through without loss of time. Consequently, there will be no large body of students completing diploma courses in 1967—an important consideration for employers.

These changes will make possible a further improvement in the breadth and depth of courses which are already recognized as providing an excellent education in various fields. The Leaving Technical Certificate will cater for students who wish to continue their full-time general education through Form V, and it will provide a firm foundation for improved diploma courses.

Apart from this general progress, our College itself is making a big move in one particular direction. In Electronic Computing and Data Processing, the College has been giving short part-time courses for some years. It is now introducing full-time and part-time diploma and Certificate courses. In Commercial Data Processing, these will be the first courses of their type in Australia, either at universities



Mr. A. E. Lambert.

or technical colleges. Students will use a Ferranti Sirius computer which has recently been installed by I.C.T.

The completion of the new building on Queen's Avenue has made a tremendous difference to working conditions for boys in Forms I to IV. The pupils and staff who previously worked at Murrumbena can appreciate the improvement, and I believe the new surroundings have had a beneficial effect on the whole tone in this section of the College.

One example of this warrants special mention. There has been a new approach to the collection and allocation of Social Services contribution. Money has been collected throughout the year, and the proceeds have been distributed between several very deserving organizations. The result has been excellent, with about £300 distributed. Students and staff are to be congratulated.

It is pleasing to be able to record also an outstanding performance of the same type in the senior section. The S.R.C. conducted a most energetic appeal for the Freedom From Hunger Campaign, and raised the magnificent sum of nearly £500. I am delighted at this evidence of awareness of the needs of people less fortunate than ourselves.

This is only one manifestation of the fine spirit and sense of responsibility evident in our student body. Unfortunately, I am not able to commend every action of every student, but I do feel strongly that the general body of student opinion is building up sound traditions in our College. General student opinion becomes evident in the quality of leaders selected by the students, and we have had a succession of leaders of whom the College can be proud, and to whom the College owes much.



# editorial

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This year is significant in the life of the Caulfield Technical College for it is the first year that the senior and secondary sections have separate dwellings. From this separation comes "GRYPHON", the 16th Annual Magazine of the Caulfield Technical College; for the first time completely senior school in content.

Apart from this, the magazine has undergone only one minor change in format this year. It is the arranging into faculties of the form notes and various faculty events.

Faculty pride, of which there is an abundance at Cautec, is reflected in the contributions received.

Forewords to each faculty section have been written by the Heads of Departments, giving you, the students, some insight to your future roles in the community, and indicating to the general public how ex-students of the Caulfield Technical College will be beneficial to them.

Naturally there are many difficulties encountered in the production of any magazine. Here there are added difficulties in catering for the needs of the various faculties within the college. However, an effort has been made to balance the magazine with this in mind.

There is always the problem of deciding what is best to include in a publication of this nature. We have endeavoured to include material related to the many facets of college life and of immediate interest for many, supported by articles reflecting the character of the authors.

"GRYPHON" is meant to be a permanent record of times and friends encountered during your sojourn at the Caulfield Technical College.

We hope that we have compiled your work in a manner that makes this year's magazine worthy of bearing the name "GRYPHON".

JOHN GRIFFIN.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This year again, Mr. Richards (of the English Department) has taken the burden of correcting and rewriting material for this year's Gryphon. Thank you for your time and patience.

Mr. Wishart, our photographer, is another person deserving thanks as, once again this year he has gone out of his way to take excellent photographs of the college organizations.

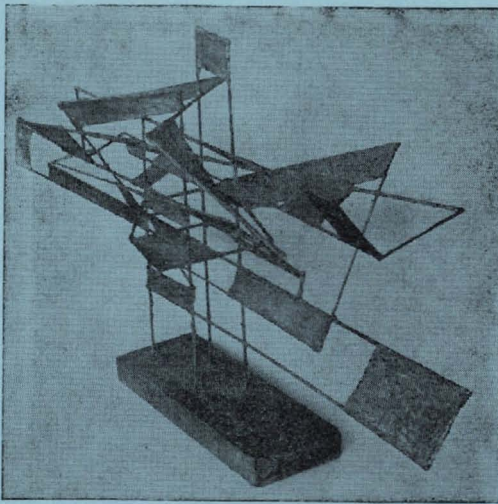
The typing of the magazine (which is no small job) was capably carried out by the commerce girls under the astute leadership of Miss Saunders and Mrs. Newcombe. Many thanks are due to you all.

With regard to the printing, Toorong Press must be thanked for their fine work in producing this magazine from a heap of copy and photographs.

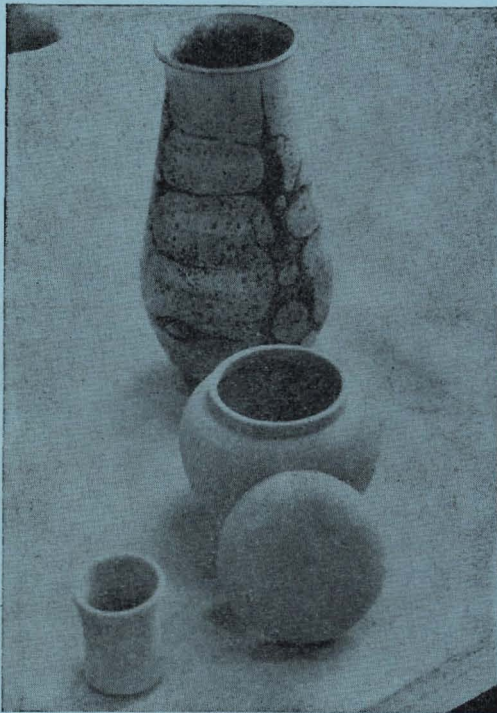
Thanks also to the many contributors to Gryphon '63, for without you there would be no magazine.

JOHN GRIFFIN.

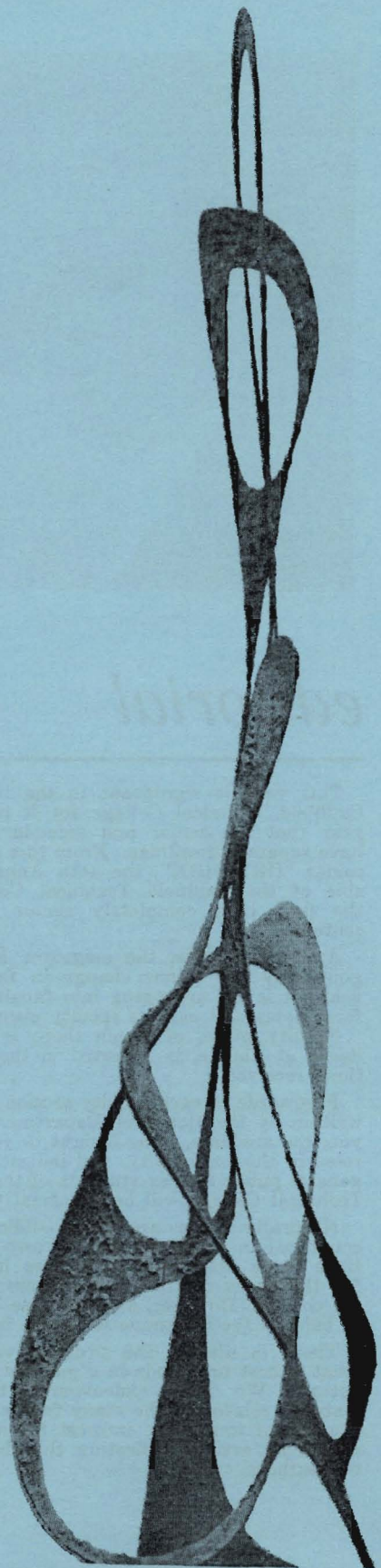




Space Modulator — Doug Schmidt, S.A.C.I.



Pottery — Alicia Day, John Wratten.







Etching — Richard Mathews, C.A.2.



Lino Cut — John Wratten, D.A.3.



Lithograph—Robert McDougall



"Oil"— Sydney Tunn, C.A.2.



# the staff

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Mr. A. E. Lambert, B.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.E. (Aust.).

## Vice-Principal

Mr. L. D. Danielson, A.M.I.E. (Aust.).

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Mr. A. Lawson.

## Trade Supervisor

Mr. T. Wasley.

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Mr. W. H. Pace, A.T.C., A.T.Dip.

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Mrs. C. E. Dixon, A.A.S.E., M.Sc., A.M.I.E. (Aust.).

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Grad.M.I.E. (Aust.).

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Dip.Aero.Eng., A.M.I.A.E.

Mr. P. W. MacLagan, Dip.Auto.Eng.

Mr. I. B. Kiddle, Dip.Mech.Eng., A.M.I.E. (Aust.), A.M.I.A.A.E. (Aust.), M.I.M.H. (Lond.).

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Mr. R. Brookman.  
Mr. W. Blackwell.  
Mr. W. Ennor.  
Mr. B. Farrelly.  
Mr. T. Heron.  
Mr. W. Peter.  
Mr. F. Rodgers.  
Mr. J. Bruce.  
Mr. B. Rennie.

## CAFETERIA

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Mrs. B. Mathews.



## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



JOHN GRIFFIN  
(Editor:)

Our dear Ed., John, is in his final year at Caulfield. He was raised within the tender confines of Brighton Tech., and transferred here to 2nd year Elec. Eng. Dip. but has passed all subjects despite this. He holds responsible positions on the S.R.C., and in the Institution of Engineers, and is an associate member of the more or less distinguished M.F.I. (closely allied to the Junior Mafia).

Among his more notable achievements are — being accepted for an S.E.C. Scholarship; and acquiring a bold pillar-box red Holden the color of which functions as a safety factor by startling all other traffic to a standstill. It also, unfortunately, attracts the boys in blue like flypaper. (Who won the drag between the M-G, the Holden, and the powder blue Studebaker Finna?) He is also going to marry Diane, she told him so. John may make history this year by completing the magazine before the final exams, a hitherto ephemeral dream of all editors.

Anyway, good luck in your future role as an engineer Finna, you may need it.



COLIN KLINE

Colin is another member of 8E, the Institution of Engineers, the famous (or infamous) M.F.I., and holds a Studentship from the Education Dept.

His baptismal name is virtually unknown around school, as his reputation exists on the nickname "Alf," which we believe originated in the archives of his days at Frankston High.

Guaranteed to be the instigator of any and every mischievous activity at the Tech., he is well known for his organisational talents in all M.F.I. activities, such as the Raft Race, Miss Cautec Quest, Kiewa Trip, Car Trial, Tram Stopping Campaign, Toilet Sign Swapping etc. He bought himself a V8 with the intention of building a fibre glass body for it, but lost it the next day in the conglomerate mess of rusting motor-bikes, push bikes, carbodies, that have accumulated in his backyard. When he saves up his 12 pennies, he may be seen visiting Dr. Mac's with a few other members of the M.F.I. — they claim the bar would fall down without their support. This feller can spin yarns for weeks on end, only we've heard both of them before.

We wish him luck in his aspirations to Uni., and also as an engineer in industry which we suspect he will need more than Finna.



JOHN RAIVARIS

John is an itinerant member of the Civil Eng. Faculty, and is apparently doing the third year of this course. His presence in this committee does not surprise us, as reference to past Gryphons will show. We suspect a spontaneous growth of a  $\frac{1}{2}$ " fillet weld, with U.T.S. = 20 T.S.I., between his photoblock and the printing plate occurred during a dark, stormy night.

Disproving the impression gained from the photo, this lad is 18 years old, and feeling full of zest (?) one day, he became a volunteer member of the Frankston Fire Brigade. He joined their running team in an unknown capacity ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  quarts), which enabled him to attend the State championships and thus see Vic. "on the cheap". He admits to seeing Vic. through a "fragrant amber haze" (you really must clean your specs, mate!).

John is such an inveterate ski friend, that he goes to Mt. Buller and does just that — skis, and makes claims to being uninterested in "other pursuits". We worry over him. Again this year, he purposes to pass Maths 2a — we wonder — so does John — so does the school.

We would offer him some sympathetic solicitude, but we fear he is beyond recall.



DIANNE MICHELL

Dianne departed (deported?) from the ever embracing arms of Prahran Tech. and the boys there at the age of 16 (which just about explains everything), and was, at first, given a hearty welcome to Cautec.

Her most startling feature, apart from being a girl, is her flaming red wavy hair (matching Finna's wagon) upon which she spends a fortune in time and money trying to change its colour and shape. — Alf has just offered to lend her some of his high quality sump oil, which will do both of the above jobs — as he has proven for many years.

Her future ambitions are to travel around the world with Raelene as a stewardess, but will settle for being stewardess in the kitchen, if some unwary chappy happens along (Cautec engineers are too wary Di, try Melb. Tech. next year). The Commerce Dept. typewriters have gone through a normal 10 years wear churning out this trashy goop, with Di sitting behind them pounding away at the keys.

We wish to thank her for the time expended in this wearisome task — the rest of us are one finger experts compared to Di's two.





ANNETTE WEST

Annette looks like a 16 year old version of Cleopatra hence the nick name "Li'l Cleo". She is another expatriot from Prahran Tech., which just proves that all the handsome fellers inhabit Cautec. "Cleo" tackled the Commerce course here because she figures it'll take her 5 years to get her licence to drive one of these infernal typing machines, whence she will be 21, and then hopes to become an air-hostess.

The multi-million pound profit of the P.M.G. may be attributed to our Cleo, as she is fascinated by the tinkling sound the pennies make on their way to feed that insatiable steel beast in the red glassed cage outside the school. It is purely incidental that it happens to be the same feller on the other end of the line every time.

She is Di's offside in crime, and obtains plenty of typing practice pounding out the other half of the rest of this junk, for which we may offer the same thanks to her as Di.



BILL POWER

Bill is a member of 8G, but is more often a member of Cautec Revue, other revues, the S.R.C., basketball team, and in his spare time he poses as editor of the Chronic.

His long hair is the traditional trade mark of the folksinger, and his inimitable style often graces those bawdy music halls otherwise known as coffee lounges. After his frequent all-night turns, he often arrives at the Tech. looking like an accident going somewhere to happen. He cuts an impressive sight on his 400 H.P. Lambretta with long hair and guitar flowing in the breeze, on his way to classical guitar lessons. You really must hear his adaptations of classical music for the one-string banjo.

If you reckon you've seen that sickening pan before, you probably have: he is often on the scrounge for something or other to do with the current education campaign for Uni's. and Tech. Schools (there are no others) — fair dinkum, just when we're getting used to the life here, some nark is attempting to introduce education into the school curriculum — some have been hanged for less than this.

His ultimate ambitions are to obtain his Elec. Eng. Dip. which we sincerely hope he does, and to ride a 500 H.P. Lambretta, which he vainly hopes will get him to school faster than walking.



JUDITH CUMMINGS

Judith is our representative from the Art Faculty; we gathered she might know something about art as she came top of the womens S.A.C.'S. — which school we don't know — probably this one as we once found her present at a class here.

She's nearly as hard to find as our Ed. Judy previously matriculated at Dandenong High, which probably makes her a pretty cluey gal, and transferred here to the delight and relief of the Dandy inhabitants.

Her hobbies apart from boys, include tennis, bowling, shooting and skiing. For relaxation she attempts to better the world record for climbing lamp-posts in a thing called a Morris Minor, which its owner flatteringly refers to as a car. She has the doubtful honour of being the first in the family to prang a veh-icle, which explains her nevertheless jaunty air while she hobbles about the school. Her 19 years belie her talent as a part-time scorching journalist, or she was until her articles were banned along with "Lady Chatterley's Lover".

Maybe one day she'll pass her course; we hope she does, and so does her employer the Education Dept.



ROBERT KNAPP

Robert inhabits what is known to some as the Mechanical Engineering Faculty, but to many others, the "Greasers Abode". He is apparently the only person in that faculty who is literate. (We believe it — Ed.) Nearly all articles for the mechanicals were penned by him. He attended Brighton High until he could recite the alphabet, which immediately assured him of a place on this committee.

His only vice is driving a dirty little Standard 8 with utter frugality to return 25 m.p.g. He is very attached to this little car: he must be because he has sat in it for seven hours straight on certain nights. One of Bob's less auspicious achievements, was obtaining a teaching studentship. He will be well suited to his job because he has Doc's ability to make an easy subject hard, Mr. Baker's finesse of speaking for a whole hour and saying nothing, and Roly's desire to combine courses in metallurgy and botany.



# ANNUAL PRESENTATION OF AWARDS, 1963

## CERTIFICATES

### ART

Arnold, Peter Andrew.  
Ayres, Arthur John.  
Bacon, Vivian Ailsa (Mrs.).  
Baneth, Erica Mariana (Mrs.).  
Butler, John Richman.  
Cooban, Jean Agnes.  
Dawson, Frank Samuel.  
Day, Helen Alisia.  
Duffy, Bruce William.  
Erskine, Robert.  
Farmers, Stephen Geoffrey.  
Fowler, Collin Leslie.  
Gray, Stephen Malcolm.  
Green, Margaret June (Mrs.).  
Jenyns, Robert Stanley.  
Johnson, Colin Richard.  
Kaye, Gretchen Helen.  
Kong, Sau Kuen.  
Korn, Tibor.  
Kostos, Janice Ellen.  
Leveson, Neil Graham.  
Lim, Geok Moey.  
McCurdy, Heather.  
McEacharn, Peter Stuart.  
Marriott, Ruth Helen.  
Mah, William.  
Orr, Christopher Paul.  
Parker, Dulcie Merle (Mrs.).  
Salisbury, Vincent John.  
Schrape, Margaret Joy.  
Silvers, Eric.  
Steel, Pauline Hazel.  
Ternes, Barry Lionel.  
Tse, Kong Wah.  
Vincent, Julie Ann.  
Van den Broek, Alexandra.  
Wignell, Ivan Douglas.  
Williams, Herbert John.  
Winter, Carl John.  
Wootton, John Edward.  
Wratten, John Robert.

### MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Miller, Geoffrey Robert.  
Robinson, Francis Xavier.  
Thompson, Colin Robert.  
Beagley, Russell James.  
Hews, Don Ray.  
Kay, Ian Bruce.  
Kohlman, Robert William.  
North, Trevor Walter.  
Thorpe, Robert Gordon.

### ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Davey, Eric Thomas.

### CIVIL ENGINEERING

Grinter, Bruce Thomas.

### ACCOUNTANCY

Tuohy, Michael Vincent.

### COMMERCIAL

Bird, Dianne Ruué.  
Marsh, Carla Elaine.  
Slattery, Nanette Wynne.  
Spencer, Pauline Edith.  
Stanbrough, Lois Helen.

## DIPLOMAS

### ART

Newton, Glenis Eileen.  
Nott, Michael John.

## MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Allen, David.  
Ashford, John Northey.  
Bowles, Norman Frederick.  
Byron, Neville John.  
Chitts, Barry Reginald.  
Cox, John David.  
Daley, John Alva.  
Day, Kenneth William.  
Ditz, George Rolf.  
Eger, Andrew Robert Lewis.  
Freer, Alexander Malcolm.  
Georgeson, Peter Brian.  
Hall, Peter Bradley.  
Hendy, Ernest Neil.  
Hughes, Allan Geoffroi Julian.  
Hutchinson, Alan William.  
Janitis, Andrejs.  
Juchtzer, Peter.  
Kerr, David Teal.  
Kuchel, Robert John.  
Lamb, James Robertson.  
Manie, Kevin Christian.  
Marshall, Geoffrey Stowell.  
Morton, Barrie Wheeler.  
Munce, Ian James.  
McIver, Douglas Gordon.  
Page, Ronald.  
Rawlinson, Peter Edward.  
Raymond, Geoffrey Brian.  
Reeves, Keith Clarkson.  
Sentry, Edward John.  
Scott, Ronald David.  
Smeaton, Thomas.  
Webb, Reginald John.  
Wyatt, William Richard.

## ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Barnes, John Francis.  
Booth, Robert Roy.  
Brockenshire, Dennis Brian.  
Cole, Malcolm Alan.  
Coates, Graeme Thomas.  
Curtis, Neville Michael.  
Delany, Harold Edward.  
Eger, Andrew Robert Lewis.  
Farrall, Robert Alexander.  
Juggins, David Gordon.  
Maher, Alan John.  
Maher, Francis Noel.  
Mercer, Gerald Alexander.  
McIver, Douglas Gordon.  
Phipps, Allan Graeme.  
Pooley, Ian George.  
Rawlinson, Peter Edward.  
Reeves, Kenneth Brian.  
Skarbek, George Zygmunt.  
Younger, Ian Thomas.

## CIVIL ENGINEERING

Andrew, William Russell.  
Blair, Paul Francis Anthony.  
Bolt, Donald Edward.  
Bromley, Trevor William.  
Evans, Robert Graeme.  
Hargreaves, Martin.  
Hill, James Edwin.  
Hughes, David Norman.  
Johnson, Alan Geoffrey.  
Jordan, John Victor William.  
Kennedy, Edwin Donald.  
Railton, Dennis.  
Ramchen, Slavik.  
Rudd, Peter George.  
Scott, Gary William.  
Swanson, Rex Francis.  
Thomas, Colin Maxwell.  
Watson, Ian Robert.





#### STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Back Row: W. Barlow, J. Rozenblum, A. Knight, S. Jakymczuk, W. Power, T. Allegos, J. Biggs, A. Tyndall, E. Lakusa.  
Front Row: J. Griffin, J. Bush, J. Harvey, R. Easson, R. Beebe, Mr. Keller, R. Logie-Smith, D. Baker, S. Ennis, N. Wootton, M. Ralton.

## STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

### RAY BEEBE

Our president who drives a great Dodge as a symbol of his prestige. He lives in a bachelor flat and for some unknown reason he hasn't had a single party. At one stage he had a girl trained to cook his tea for him while he greased the car, which is demonstrative of his efficiency.

### BOB EASSON

Bob is something of a genius when it comes to organising sound systems for Revues, etc. He is Vice-President of the S.R.C. and helps to organise Ray Beebe.

### BOB LOGIE-SMITH (Mechanical)

Bob has the loudest voice and the most raucous laugh of anyone in the College. He spends many a wild week-end with Scotch College Old Boys and when he get around to it, he fulfils his duties as S.R.C. secretary.

### DAN BAKER (Civil)

This has been a difficult year for Dan. With all that money under his control (he is treasurer) he has been in two minds about absconding with the cash. Fortunately he is still with us and (unfortunately) so is that diabolical pipe he smokes.

### MAL RALTON (Art)

Mal is always bragging about his capacity for grog, which he asks us not to mention — so we won't. His vices are numerous (he is the proud possessor of a harem, so we hear) but the services he has rendered to the College in one way or another have been just as numerous.

### TONY KNIGHT and SANDRA ENNIS

We strongly suspect that this inseparable pair are engaged in subversive activities. We may even have a rebel S.R.C. on our hands.

### JOHN BUSH

John brings with him all the mysterious odours of the Chem. Lab. to S.R.C. meetings, and presents sports reports when Darren is in hospital.

### DARREN ADAMS

There are few bones left in Darren's body which have yet to be broken. He tackles his activities with great enthusiasm but his life expectancy is dropping at an alarming rate. Another chemist who is frantically trying to synthesise a miraculous, body-tissue cure-all.

### JILL HARVEY

Jill and Sandra have some esoteric topic which they talk about during meetings. However Jill has broken an old tradition with Commerce Representatives. Instead of remaining mute during the meeting she actually voices opinions for which we are grateful.

### ED. LAKUSA

Ed. hails from Indonesia and represents the Asian students at the College. Although rather quiet he always has a ready smile. He has been cultivating a moustache for as long as we can remember.

### WAYNE BARLOW

Wayne is a Mechanical representative and is a regular contributor to "Chronic". He is supposed to be rather brilliant academically and claims to be a connoisseur of fine wines.

### BRUCE DUFFY

Bruce represents the Art Faculty and is readily recognisable by his beard. He is one of those people responsible for those gala posters advertising revues, dances and other events. We are fortunate in having an Art Rep. whom we can rely on.

### MARILYN BENTLEY (S.A.C.)

Marilyn's claim to fame is the winning of the "Freedom from Hunger Campaign" Trophy. The secret of her success is her figure which she keeps trim by running to Caulfield from Altona every day.



STEVE JAKYMCZUK (Electrical)

The General Management of Cautec's Revue is an immense task. No-one but Steve could have tackled the job with such efficiency. However, with all his activities, Steve hasn't missed a single lecture. Amazing!

JIM BIGGS (Electrical)

Jim thinks very deeply about S.R.C. matters only . . . only he never lets out just what he is thinking. His main contribution to the world is that inspiring article in "Chronic"—"C.C.F. Column".

ALLAN TYNDALL (Civil)

Monday to Friday is that period between week-ends and is scarcely noticed by Allan. As far as he is concerned, it is a period of recovery (in which a little work may be done) to prepare for the vigours of another week-end.

BILL POWER

"Should not let interest in extra-curricular activities wreck his course" was the advice tendered to Bill. However, he still advocates that more people should take an interest in non-academic functions. He is thinking of getting a Dip.E.E. as a sideline to editing "Chronic" and various other activities for which he is notorious.

JACK ROZENBLUM (Commerce)

The change-over to decimal currency is awaited with mixed feelings of terror and joy by Jack. He did a sterling job as revue treasurer; we hope he doesn't fail accountancy because of it.

JOHN GRIFFIN (Electrical)

John is ex-officio on the S.R.C. by virtue of the fact that he is editor of this fine magazine. Nevertheless, he shows an interest in all S.R.C. activities, especially rock dances.

NOEL WOOTEN

A civil engineer of great integrity, Noel is instrumental in maintaining a high standard on the S.R.C. He thought of giving up smoking when the rumour started that he was a soft touch for cigarettes during meetings.

## S.R.C. PRESIDENT'S REPORT

This year has been unprecedented in the history of this College in that the Junior School transferred to their new building across the road in the park, separate from the main block. This has opened great opportunities for the S.R.C. to work more efficiently as a student organisation. One obvious result is the better-class magazine that you are now reading. "Gryphon" is becoming an annual more worthy of a tertiary institute.

With this transfer, the S.R.C. were able to suggest the holding of an Orientation Day, which was organised by the College, taking place in the week prior to the start of the College year. About 400 new students and their parents were introduced to the College, its Parents' Guild and also the S.R.C., which provided guides for the visitors.

The large increase in numbers of students more than accounted for the vacated rooms, so that unfortunately the halls outside the College had to be again used. Conditions in these places are far from desirable, but improvements are in sight with the erection of the new wing along Dandenong Road in the next year or so. On behalf of the S.R.C. I visited the Chief Inspector of Technical Schools, Mr. Kepert, to investigate student facilities in the new building. A student Common Room of reasonable size, a large and more adequate library, and toilet facilities on all floors, are a start towards fully satisfactory student amenities necessary in tertiary education. An idea of a Common Room to be built near the back of the cafeteria has been shelved for the time being.

Student Activities have operated at a fair level through the year. Social Committee functions have included four very successful dances—both financially and socially—and, for the first time, a "rock" dance was run to

### S.R.C. SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Back Row: R. Lewis, M. Gibbs, M. Jones, R. Beebe, R. Easson, J. Raivars, A. Knight.

Front Row: S. Ennis, J. Harvey, P. Colohan, A. Tyndall, M. Railton, S. Jakymczuk, J. Cowell, S. Griffiths, B. Crowe.





cater for those of the student body who prefer this type of dance. The Snow Trip and the Annual Ball at "Stardust" were very enjoyable as in previous years.

This year's Revue, "Feel Free", was widely acclaimed as the best ever presented by Cautec students. Special congratulations were received from the Principal and Staff. The show was seen by a record number of people over the three nights, with nearly full houses on the final nights. Some of the profit made will be used for basic equipment to facilitate further presentations. The same producer has been engaged for next year.

A Music Club was formed in first term, aiming at presenting all types of music. The meetings of this Club will benefit greatly from a radiogram being purchased from Art prize money from previous years and S.R.C. funds.

A Chess Club began early in the year, but unfortunately faded out owing to lack of interest. I hope that more clubs and societies are formed next year, as an extra-curricula activity for every student helps greatly in his or her overall development.

Tables and chairs have been provided by the Parents' Guild for the Cafeteria, and together with the Principal and Parents' Guild the S.R.C. has decided on extensions and modifications to be carried out as soon as possible, with £100 contributed towards the cost from S.R.C. funds. When these are done, the cafeteria will be able to serve food much more efficiently, providing more space to sit and eat.

The value of the S.R.C. discount card also increased measurably with its acceptance by the Office Bookstore on most books. The number of firms offering discounts also rose.

At the start of the year, support was given to the University of Melbourne S.R.C. Education Campaign, both financially and practically. A University speaker outlined the campaign at a General Meeting, and many students assisted by distributing broadsheets.

For the first time, the S.R.C. had a display for Education Week—fitting in with the general theme "Education—Whose Responsibility?"

With the new building in the park, the S.R.C. was concerned at the safety of students crossing the busy road, and Caulfield Council was approached with regard to the closing of the portion between the College block and the park. The Council agreed to try to get the road closed between 8.30 a.m. and 4 p.m., but as traffic lights are to be installed at the Dandenong Road corner, further action in this direction seems unlikely. Some type of overpass or subway should be constructed to ensure the safety of those students crossing a road which is practically a main highway.

The United Nations "Freedom from Hunger" Campaign was assisted this year and raised about £474—over twice the original target. To Tom Allegos and his committee and the faculty committees, thanks are due for their organisation of the "Miss Cautec" quest among the faculties.

Although only two of the 15th S.R.C. had previous S.R.C. experience, all members fitted well into the team. To the other members of the Executive: Bob Easson, Vice-President; Rob Logie-Smith, Secretary; Dan Baker, Treasurer; and Malcolm Ralton, Assistant Secretary; I extend thanks for their assistance and teamwork throughout the year.

Other members of the Council deserve special mention. Steve Jakymczuk has been a mainstay, being on Revue and Social Committees and acting as Returning Officer. Bill Power has raised the standard of "Chronic" through his capable editing, and has also helped in various other ways. Jack Rozenblum, John Griffin, Tony Knight, Noel Wooten and Darren Adams are also worthy of mention. I also thank Past President Tony Wilson for his assistance.

On the Staff, thanks are due to Mr. Keller for his advice and help. Mr. Lambert has always given us a hearing and readily helped where possible. Through the year, Mr. Danielson, Mr. Wasley and Mr. Tucker have assisted the S.R.C. in a practical way, and I thank them for their co-operation.

Although 1963 has seen the greatest move yet in our Students' Representative Council, next year will see more results and require still more effort, and so in closing, I ask all students to support their Council, both by selecting the right representatives and engaging in the activities organised, so that Caulfield Technical College will play a more vital part in our community.

Ray Beebe, President, S.R.C.



# S.R.C. SECRETARY'S REPORT

The importance and need for a Students' Representative Council in a tertiary college has once again been shown this year at Caulfield Technical College. 1963 has been a memorable year for increased student activity in all fields. It has been a very successful year to the S.R.C.

1963 has also been a year of new innovations. Orientation Day was the first of these, whereby new students to the College were welcomed by the College Council, the Principal and Staff, and the S.R.C., before the start of First Term to their new place of learning. Education Week saw an excellent display presented by the S.R.C. — "Education — Whose Responsibility?" — and those hard workers who brought this new activity of the S.R.C. are to be congratulated for such a good start.

One of the outstanding features of 1963 has been the outstanding increase of interest shown by the students in the activities of the Social Committee. The Dances, Snow Trip and the Annual Ball have had excellent attendances and all students enjoyed themselves immensely. The Social Committee are to be congratulated on the organisation of these functions.

The Revue this year was one of the best productions seen at Caulfield. The producer, the cast and the technicians should feel proud of themselves for the tremendous amount of work they put into bringing off three wonderful nights' entertainment.

The S.R.C. has been active in many "behind the scene" affairs this year. The Caulfield City Council have been approached on a variety of subjects, the most important of which is the position of Railway Avenue. It is likely that traffic lights will be installed at the Dandenong Road corner, and possibly Railway Avenue may be closed for certain periods each day. The giving of 10% discount to students on textbooks, the subsidizing of certain excursions, the help given to other Colleges in many ways, the co-operation between the various Colleges and the Universities on Education in Australia and the conditions of these institutes and other items have been major achievements of the fifteenth S.R.C.

Thanks are due to the Principal, the Vice-Principal, Mrs. Newcombe, Mr. Wasley, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Tucker, and the office staff for the co-operation, assistance and advice they have given to us this year to make 1963 a very successful year.

Modifications to the tuck shop proved one of the major achievements this year due to the co-operation between the College Council, the Principal and the S.R.C. Part of the finance for this project is coming from the Special Account set up by the S.R.C. for such items. The modifications will greatly improve

the facilities in the tuck shop for students, and will help the willing workers in there by making their job much easier.

Future students will benefit greatly from the work done by the 15th S.R.C., and it is hoped that their efforts to improve student facilities and to carry out student representation in the College will be of some avail. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Ray Beebe for his excellent leadership and work as President, Mr. Power for his excellent editions of the student paper — "Chronic", the Council Members and the other students who have enthusiastically helped to achieve the aims and functions of the S.R.C.

Letter to the Editor,  
"The Gryphon".

29/9/63.

Sir,

At 12.15 p.m. Friday the 27th September, the S.R.C. President, Mr. Beebe, postponed the Students' General Meeting. The attendance was below the required fixed MINIMUM necessary for the transaction of business at this meeting. From a College as large as this one, there were not enough keen students to attend this meeting. What an apathetic situation.

The recent report into education in Victoria showed that Senior Technical Colleges would not receive higher status and become University Colleges, but continue as they are. Why is this so? Perhaps we could look at our own College and try to find a suitable explanation. Firstly, we lack FACILITIES, that is, technical as well as recreational facilities. Secondly, the MATURITY of the average student is below University standard.

It must be disheartening for our elected S.R.C. representatives, who have donated much valuable time towards the improvements of the College, to find so few students at this meeting. How can we get extra FACILITIES if we aren't prepared to work for them?

In "The Caulfield Chronic", Vol. 3, No. 3, Mr. Beebe stated, "The ability to accept RESPONSIBILITY is another thing not learned in the classroom." At this College we are training engineering, chemical, art and commercial students or the future professional workers and leaders of the community. For the sake of our country it is hoped that some of these future leaders have learned to accept responsibility when they occupy positions in industry. Too many students have a lazy, complacent attitude towards responsibility, this was clearly shown by the attendance at the last meeting.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that the Royal Melbourne Show Holiday on Thursday preceded the General Meeting on Friday. However, when one considers that only 2% of the full-time day students were in attendance, then

I am not prepared to accept this as a valid reason for the majority of students not attending. On the other hand, it would be very interesting to know how many of the 98% of uninterested students have attended College dances, the Cautee Ball, the Snow Trip and various other functions operated by the S.R.C. This lackadaisical attitude of the students should not continue; already there is too much repetitive, destructive criticism by students concerning the S.R.C. It is time more useful, constructive suggestions and actions were offered to the elected S.R.C. members so that the majority of the students could contribute assistance instead of being dead-load passengers.

For the successful future of the Caulfield Technical College it is hoped that the attendance at the next General Meeting is greatly improved.

Yours faithfully,  
Barry Freeman, 8A Civil.

## CAUTEC ASIAN STUDENT ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Staff-in-Charge: Mr. Porter.  
President: Mr. Lim Boon Song.  
Secretary: Mr. Ngo Hong Hock.  
Treasurer: Mr. Ong Seng Teck.  
Social Organizers: Miss Janet Tiath.

Miss Elizabeth Zee.  
Committee Members: Mr. F. C. Kong.  
Edward Lakusa.

S.R.C. Representative: Edward Lakusa.

This year, the Cautee Asian Student Association which had ceased functioning for nearly two years, came into existence again. On 6th June, a meeting was held and a new Committee was set up. It was pleasing to see Mr. Keller, the former Master-in-Charge; Mr. Porter, the present Master-in-Charge; and Mr. C. M. Lee, the former President; at the meeting and talks on how essential and important the Association is for Asian Students were given. At present, there are about forty members in the Association and the number is likely to increase every year.

Owing to the lack of activities in the past years, a new programme had to be arranged for the year 1963. The Association managed to organize a few social functions including a week-end trip to Warragul under the invitation of the Warragul Rotary Club. There were thirteen Asian Students in the trip and our thanks go to the members of the Warragul Rotary Club for their goodwill and interest to the Asian students.

With the increased number of Asian students in the College, the Committee considered it a good idea to organize a social gathering. This was supported by all the members of the Association and so a house party was organized on 10th August. The party turned out to be rather different and surprising. The attendance was excellent. There were more than fifty people which was many more than expected. I am indeed very pleased to see so many people came for the party which was the first party the Association had organized

since the birth of the Association about five years ago.

I apologized for the lack of space in the house which belongs to some friends who are so helpful and kind enough to let the Association make use of the place. Many did enjoy the party, if not all, and I hope the next party will be even better.

After this party, the Education Week was not far away and the Association decided to put on an Asian display. With the help of the Asian Consuls, members of the Association and friends, the Asian display turned out to be very successful. On behalf of the Association I would like to thank all those who helped.

The Cautee Asian Student Association has had an active year. I wish to thank all the members of the Association for their co-operation, and in particular the Secretary, Mr. Ngo Hong Hock, who has shown keen interest in the Association.

Lastly, I hope the Cautee Asian Student Association will continue its functions in future.

Lim Boon Song,  
PRESIDENT.

## S.R.C. SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT

The Social Committee, 1963, has been particularly active. The support given by the students was unique. Never before has so much enthusiasm been shown by the students, and inevitably this year has been a particularly successful one.

The Committee have run five dances, the first being the 367th Vahine. It was wonderful to see such a crowd of near naked students dancing (?) to the Trad. Jazz of the Eddie Robbins Climax Quartet.

The second, a Tramp's Ball, was also an outstanding success. The originality of dress at all of the dances, especially the "Tramp's Ball" helped to produce an atmosphere of authenticity.

The Revue Recovery Dance was not such a success at the others, due to a lack of advertising and the fact that the Revue ran on the preceding three nights. The last dance before the September Vacation was a Rockathon—"Elvis started it, we'll finish it!"—to the music of the Jaymen. This proved perhaps the most spectacular dance of the year.

This year's Snow Trip was a screaming success. Although there was a lack of snow in any great quantities, most seemed to find enough of it to become wet through. 120 people made up the four buses for the trip to Lake Mountain. The success of this trip was largely due to the organization of Martin Gibbs, Martin Jones and Barry May. The S.R.C. was able to subsidise the Snow Trip 40% this year due to the financial success of the dances.

The annual Ball held at Stardust this year was Steve Jacymzuk's "baby". Everyone participating would agree that it was a pretty tremendous turn. By the end of the night the few not under the tables were nevertheless showing their appreciation of events from the top of the tables. Stardust, although small, was an ideal place for such Bacchanalian revelry.



# CAUTEC BALL

On the seemingly inauspicious night of the 28th August, 300 assorted people proceeded to "The Stardust", St. Kilda, and commenced to eat, drink and be merry. The occasion? Caulfield Tech's annual ball — easily the greatest organized rout ever. The three diabolical masterminds behind the whole business were Steve Jakymczuk, Mal Ralton and Helen Sephton, all well-known personalities in Melbourne's underworld.

Climax of the evening was the presentation of a trophy to Miss Marilyn Bentley, winner of the Miss Freedom from Hunger Competition held at the College.

Once again a special edition of "The Caulfield Chronic" was published for the Ball. This carried the enchanting name of "Ball-dust" and was packed full of the world's greatest humour. The editor, Bill Power, wishes to thank Don Brown, Helen Sephton and Annette West for their assistance.

On the whole it was a "lovely party" and apart from the curried-egg sandwiches running out every-one, conscious and otherwise, had a beaut time.

## FINDINGS OF COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION INTO THE ACTIVITIES OF THE CAUTEC REVUE

In the early stages of nineteen sixty three, several fiendish characters (who wish to remain anonymous) met in a certain place of low repute and began laying the foundations of a diabolical plot which would ultimately be the ruin of thousands.

Several weeks later the little group had found a leader. Who would have suspected this bespectacled little man in a neat suit was actually using his profession as a lawyer as a front to disguise the evil activities he indulged in so often? And yet this man was to become a great ideological leader and his warped genius later captured the imagination of the multitudes. You've guessed who it was . . . yes! . . . Jim Bain . . . your blood may well curdle at the very sound of his name for it has brought terror to the heart of many a brave man.

The group's activities gained impetus and their ranks were augmented by fifty or so others. Neither could they keep their sinister activities secret, and it became commonplace around the quiet suburb of Caulfield to see undesirable characters sneaking off to meetings on Sunday afternoons and Wednesday nights; and they could be heard returning hours later singing the patriotic songs they had learned.

But the worst was yet to come. Around the end of March a great onslaught of propaganda was directed to the public, especially students at tertiary institutions. Posters appeared in shops and were exhibited in other conspicuous places. Handbills were distributed and rallies were held.

Finally, in May, one of the greatest ideological victories in the history of mankind was scored. In the Caulfield Town Hall, on the evenings of the seventh, eighth and ninth

mass meetings were held. That which was supposedly a Revue with the seemingly innocent name of "Feel Free" was in actual fact, nothing more than a brain-washing session. Nevertheless, critics raved about it and the gullible public actually paid to go. They came away happy and contented, little knowing how thoroughly they had been indoctrinated.

After the so-called "Revue" the brain-washers retired to a secluded place to indulge in a Satanistic orgy. Just before the security police took all the young malevolents away to be executed their photograph was taken and is reproduced here. Unfortunately some of the main instigators including Jim Bain, Lindsay Moore, Geoff Richards and Angela O'Toole, managed to escape to South America. The word is going around that they shall raise their ugly heads again, rekindle the fire and do the same thing next year! Be Warned!

William Power,

Head of Committee of Investigation.

## SPORTS COMMITTEE REPORT, 1963

This year saw an increase in the number of students participating in the College sporting fixtures. The results were also an improvement on last year. New activities introduced were an inter-faculty football competition, judo, girls' basketball and hockey, a cross-country run at Wattle Park and a cycling race, the last two being conducted by Swinburne Technical College on an inter-school basis. The inter-faculty football was won by Civil. The judo class was conducted on Friday afternoons in the gymnasium by Mr. Arthur Moorshead assisted by Neville Lester, twenty students were introduced to the art of judo. Although the girls had only



REVUE COMMITTEE

Back Row: W. Power, R. Easson, S. Jakymczuk.  
Front Row: J. Grace, G. Andrews, R. Beebe.



#### SPORTS COMMITTEE

Back Row: A. Knight, M. Gibbs, Mr. Gowty, J. Cowell, R. Tharle, J. Bush.  
Front Row: S. Griffiths, S. Ennis, J. Raivars, P. Colohan, J. Harvey.

one competition game of basketball it was an introduction of a new sport and it is hoped that regular fixtures may be obtained next year. The girls hockey had to be held after school hours on Tuesday as many of the team belong to the S.A.C. group and have to attend Melbourne Technical College on Wednesday. The cross-country event was won by Swinburne but we had eight runners who enjoyed the contest.

Our baseball and soccer teams are to be congratulated on a very successful undefeated year. The athletic team was unlucky to finish third, only one point behind the joint winners and our girls just failed to win their section. The swimming team was again disappointing. The cricket teams had mixed success but enjoyed some very close games. The football team had a very exciting year with the results being less than one goal difference between the teams on three occasions. The tennis team performed well for only two losses for the year and the squash team had only one loss. Both basketball teams finished just out of the four and performed well.

Our rowing group had an enjoyable year under difficulties due to Albert Park lake being cleaned out, but managed to win the inter-tech, trophy at Geelong and another trophy in open competition at Mildura. Next year they are being closely associated with the Albert Park Club and now the lake is cleared look forward to continued success.

Several Staff versus Students events were held, namely, squash, golf, tennis and baseball with the staff just winning overall.

Nearly 80 students visited Ballarat and enjoyed the hospitality of the School of Mines and the competitions that followed. It is proposed to visit either Geelong or Ballarat each year.

Finally the Sports Committee would like to thank Mr. Gowty our sportsmaster, Mr. Beanland and Mr. Davies—baseball, Mr. Deutscher—basketball, Mr. Benjamin—cricket, Mr. Marshall—football, Mr. Schonfelder—golf and swimming, Mr. Tyler—rowing, Mrs. Newcombe—squash, Mr. Holborn—soccer and Mr. Jones—tennis, for their help throughout the year.

Inter-College winners were:—

Athletics — Ballarat — Geelong.  
Baseball — Caulfield.  
Basketball — Footscray.  
Cricket — Preston.  
Football — Geelong.  
Soccer — Caulfield.  
Tennis — R.M.I.T.

## EDUCATION WEEK

This year Education Week in the College went forward with leaps and bounds over previous years.

Practically every room in the College housed exhibits arranged with meticulous care to capture the attention of the inquisitive visitors.

Not only were there exhibits but also there were ingenious displays of machine operation by students in the Electrical Engineering Laboratory. Other laboratories and workshops



contained students operating machinery showing many of the finer points of Engineering, Physics and Chemistry.

From outside the College came large organizations displaying their manufactures and processes, mainly bent on employing students of the College, for their advancement.

There had never been a display that actually showed the true significance of Education Week. But this year the College Students' Representative Council built an effective display based on the theme of Education Week:—**EDUCATION: WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?**

This display was completely void of flashing lights, gaudy colours, whirring machinery and the ingredients of other displays but simply presented the state of education in Victoria to all.

This was the first attempt by the S.R.C. at an Education Week display and it was in my opinion tremendously successful.

Much praise must go to the handful of students who worked so hard at compiling and presenting the factual information in a clear and authoritative manner.

The theme was taken and expanded along the line that the existing educational conditions, including student and staff amenities of the various types of schools, be examined. Also the possibility of giving the students a "better go" in their education for the world of industry and commerce.

Finally, I would like to leave YOU with a thought:—

Education: Whose Responsibility?

John Griffin, 8E.

## EMOTIONS ENGINEERING

"Life" magazine recently carried an amazing series of articles on the control of the human brain by electronics. Scientists report that they are finding out how to manipulate men's emotions, their thoughts, and their behaviour. It is possible that in a relatively short time they might even attempt to control the will. "Science", says Dr. B. F. Skinner, professor of psychology at Harvard, is steadily increasing our power to influence, change, mould and control human behaviour.

While these discoveries bring great hope to those suffering from mental diseases, they also open up startling possibilities of mass control of human thought and behaviour. One scientist says: "The knowledge of human behaviour is becoming highly organized . . . It is not too early to prepare ourselves for the day when there will be a behavioural science, which will make possible the control of human behaviour with a high degree of precision."

When the potentials of these new discoveries are followed to the ultimate they become staggering to the imagination.

What is the gist of these new discoveries?

The human brain, this mass of "pinkish-grey jelly," is one of the most fantastic machines known to mankind. It gathers, records, files and evaluates information, but it does more. It is the control centre of our emotions and behaviour, and, as some believe, the seat of the will. From it are beamed fear, serenity, anxiety, hope, love, joy, faith, depression, discouragement.

This machine consists of about ten billion cells, and each cell has a minute white fibrous thread, creating a communications network which reaches out to every area of the body. Scientists have found that the force that keeps this amazing network operating is electricity. It is powered with about 20 watts of electrical energy.

Ordinarily our feelings, our behaviour and our emotions are stimulated in normal ways by natural processes. But now scientists have discovered what they call E.S.B. — the Electric Stimulation of the Brain.

By the insertion of an electric conductor, artificial stimulation of the cells can be achieved, and behaviour controlled. The subject can be made to hate or love, to be joyful or sad, anxious or at ease. Experiments on animals reveal that a peaceful cat can become a bundle of fury, claws out, hair bristling, eyes dilated, ready to attack anything.

The E.S.B. experiments brought out an interesting fact: that the brain fibres which control love and hate are only narrowly separated, and that either emotion can be stimulated by a small movement of the electrodes.

All this implies that with these new findings, it may be possible for an individual to be pre-set and controlled by a "master controller". Dr. Curtis Schafer, speaking at a National Electronics Conference, said: "A child could be socketed a few months after birth, and the once-human being, thus controlled, would be the cheapest of machines to create and operate."

The problem that E.S.B. raises is not simply that man has learned to control human behaviour. The question is: "Who will control it? Will a Hitler, a Stalin, a Castro, by manoeuvring his way to the top, seize control of humanity's behaviour and bend it to his own selfish advantage?"

There is almost a prophetic fulfilment in these new findings of science. The New Testament clearly states that at the time of the end, a diabolical personality called the Antichrist will emerge and dominate the world scene. Are we now on the threshold of the unveiling of Antichrist? We may be.

The Bible speaks of sin. The Apostle Paul summed it up when he said: "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." Each one of us knows something of this short circuiting of the control centres of our lives. We are naturally rebellious towards a just and holy God.

Adolf Eichmann had a religion. He claimed to believe in a personal God who "did not judge sin, and would not condemn anyone." The man who exterminated six million Jews was trying, as others before him have tried, to build his own religion.

There are many religions in the world, and they all embody the attempt of mankind to reach up to God. Christianity is God reaching down to man. God saw that man, out of control, must be brought under his control.

Somehow the gulf must be bridged! Somehow the broken connection must be repaired! In the fullness of time Christ committed suicide at Calvary, and completed the repair work for every man.

But you say: "I must confess that I don't understand it either. A patient need not be a graduate physician to receive a successful treatment. He need not know the chemical reactions of a medicine or the reactions of the antibiotics. But though he is unable to understand how healing takes place when he takes the medicine, he is cured."

Are you controlled by your own lusts? Are the behaviour centres of your mind out of control? Do you sometimes in moments of introspection say, "I ought not to be as I am, I ought not to do the things I do!" Do you, with the Apostle Paul, say, "O wicked man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Paul learned how to place his life under the control of Jesus Christ. Using the God-given power of choice he found that no man need remain under the spell of sin. He said, "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

Paul surrendered his life to Christ; his mind, his heart and his will. From that moment victory and newness of life were his. He wrote, "I can do all things, through Christ, Who strengthens me!"

## SMOKING AND LUNG CANCER

We publish without comment a letter written to the "Age" early this year by one of Australia's foremost medical authorities.

SIR—YOUR EDITORIAL on smoking and lung cancer (6/2) was admirably impartial, but it did not, I believe, remove a cause of confusion that has persistently bedevilled discussion of the matter.

There are three distinct questions that can be asked. The first is: Has it been established that cigarette smoking is responsible for most or all of the great increase in the amount of lung cancer that has taken place over the last 50 years? The answer is an unequivocal yes.

The second is: Has the study of individual patients with lung cancer shown that a heavy cigarette smoking so consistently precedes the onset of the disease that by standard rules of statistics we can say that it has been the essential cause of the condition? Again the answer is yes.

The third question is: Do we know how cigarette smoking produces cancer of the lung? The answer this time is no. We do not know whether the substances in cigarette smoke which can cause cancer of the skin in mice are wholly or partly responsible and we have in fact, only speculations to offer about how any chemical substance can produce cancer.

### OBJECTION

This is the current objection of those who oppose action against cigarette smoking—that the evidence is only indirect and that more research is necessary.

Could I point out that the same arguments could be applied to old age and natural death?

The nature of the process of aging is even less understood than the nature of cancer but we all know how inevitable is the onset of old age and its disabilities.

The solvency of life insurance companies depends on their ability to say with considerable certainty what proportion of those now alive will die between the ages of 70 and 80 and what handful of people will reach 100 years.

The evidence that the heavy cigarette smoker is twice as likely to die (from all causes) in the 55-64 years age period as the non-smoker, is based on precisely the same type of evidence.

Let us make no mistake about it. The most important present task of preventive medicine is to eliminate cigarette smoking as far as is humanly possible and, above all, to keep young people from starting the habit.

F. M. BURNET (director, the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute of Medical Research, Melbourne).



## FREEDOM FROM HUNGER CAMPAIGN

A very serious lack of balance in the supply of food for the world's population is the reason behind the Freedom From Hunger Campaign. It is a stark fact that two out of every three people in the world are inadequately fed.

In some parts of the world—North America, much of Europe, areas in South Africa, and Australia and New Zealand—there is enough food for everybody. But in the rest of the world, where 87% of the world's people live, hundreds of millions are under-nourished or close to starvation.

Seen another way; it means that whereas a child born today in Australia can reasonably be expected to live for about 70 years, his or her counterpart in most other parts of the world will not survive beyond 40 years. It is estimated that there are one billion children in the world at present. (A billion is one thousand million.) Remember, that the world produces every day a net additional 140,000 babies who must be fed.

But in what terms do you think of a million. A practical way to explain it is to think of every day in every year of our history for the present time down past all the Kings and Queens of the Middle Ages, through the early conquest of the birth of Christendom. You would even then not have reached one million; in fact you would (as from 1962) be some 280,000 short.

Grave as the hunger problem is at present it will become chronic during the next 30-40 years, unless prompt and massive action is taken to overcome it.

Taking the most conservative estimate, the world's population will double in less than 40 years—which means that for every plate of food now being provided "TWO" will be needed by then.

Of considerable importance to Australia is the fact that 6,000 million people occupying the globe in the year 2,000, more than half will be living in Asia. In fact our own future is bound up in raising living standards in the depressed areas.

Many of you may be thinking or saying that "family limitation" is the answer or that sending the starving millions our "surplus food" is the solution. These proposals are not the answer. Either one or both together would make no more impression on the real problem than if you attempted to stop a runaway motor car with your own hands. Moreover; the feasibility of one or the practicability of the other in the time available to us puts them "both out" as sound solutions.

What "we must" do and what the campaign is "designed to do" is to help these countries which are so desperately poor, which are so defenceless against famine, and which have all the disabilities of illiteracy to help themselves. They must be taught to step up their own agriculture, to increase their own productivity and to become free from the primitive ideas which bind them to the starvation chariot.

Australian assistance will be largely devoted to schemes that are already operative and have already proved their practical value.

Money will not be wasted on expensive overheads and administrative costs, but will go into specific projects which have been chosen on the advice of Australian experts.

The Freedom From Hunger Campaign is not a hand-out programme. Every £1 put in the Campaign through voluntary contributions by individuals in the developed countries will be supplemented by funds from the Food and Agriculture Organisation and by funds from the Government in the country the project will assist.

In some cases £1 raised in Australia will result in the expenditure of £3 in the country assisted.

Schools all over Victoria are supporting the Campaign, and as expected, the Caulfield Technical College donation of £494/14/11 was the largest donation given by any school or College in the State.

As you may be aware, the Campaign at Caulfield Technical College was carried out in two stages.

First by collecting throughout the school (a special word of thanks must go to all who voluntarily sacrificed their valuable time to assist in the massive collection staged).

Then came stage two, which comprised an "inter-faculty competition" and "Miss Freedom From Hunger Competition". This was easily won by the enthusiastic Civil Engineering Faculty, which raised the amount of £245. (Congratulations Civils, you have proved your superiority over all other faculties.)

A special word of thanks must also go to the other faculties. The Mechanicals, the Electricals and the Asians—for without the enthusiasm of these faculties the competition would not have been so interesting.

## THE FRONT SEAT COMPLEX

It is a most extraordinary thing but the best of cars never seems to be quite right when I am in it. Its owner is invariably peeved about something, though to listen to him in class the day before you would suppose it was the last word in virtuous efficiency.

Nothing has a more chastening effect upon me than to sit in front with an owner-driver. However light-hearted I may be at the start the owner-driver will get me down in time.

As far as I am concerned everything is lovely but experience has taught me that behind this blissfulness lurks an evil of which I am contemptibly ignorant. The dark brooding person beside me knows what it is and since his mute sufferings have already made melancholy my raptuous exhilaration I may as well get the credit for being less of a boob than I feel.

So I put on an initial frown and lean forward attentively with lips slightly pursed. "Yes," he says gloomily, yet with some relief at being forced to speak about it, "She's knocking badly."

If it isn't knocking badly then it isn't pulling well or it isn't as sweet as it might be. It seems I jolly well should have been in her the other day when her equal was not to be found in heaven or upon earth.

It always is the other day. Can it be that the fault is mine and that I have had a bad effect on my friends' cars? I only know that whenever I get in one she ceases to be sweet or she knocks or doesn't pull. I never notice it myself. She seems to my simple comprehension to be giving of her best, judging by the gleam in the eyes of traffic policemen and the way pedestrians skip like joyous lambs about her bonnet.

It shames me that I should be enjoying myself so thoughtlessly and I do my best to feel as my friend feels about it. I listen for noises which are not there, and nod my head with appreciative sympathy when he moans, "Hear that?" until at last the front seat complex has me in its grip and I really do believe the whole car is groaning and travelling in pain. I wonder how long it will be before the engine drops out or the rear axle breaks and what they will put on my tombstone.

I am now hearing almost as many noises as my friend hears — the din is frightful. In the back seat the women are chattering gaily as if they were determined to show no sign of the terror which possesses them — "Good Heavens! are they deaf?"

Ed.: A couple of comments if they are of any use.

Engineers predict that motor cars will travel faster than the sounds they make. Experts in acoustics will certainly be baffled by the problem of accelerating the hoot.

In consequence of the threatened rise in the price of petrol, it is said that several owners are now trying to wean their Mini-Minors.

## THE EASTER ROAD TOLL OR BETTER BE LATE THAN DEAD ON TIME

Hello! My name is Cleo. I am a "Zooty Red Sports Car" with white upholstery and a black soul. I have two big head lights, a shiny bumper bar, a dirty rear-vision mirror, and a genuine African Ju-Ju doll (made in Japan) hanging in the back window.

Since I burst off the assembly line I have had seven owners, the last one being Roger. Roger was what you call a "real card". Roger liked girls. I didn't like Roger. He used to drive with one hand — don't ask me where the other hand was. Last Easter Roger decided to go to Rosebud, but poor Roger never made

it. He started off kissing his passenger and ended up biting the bitumen.

Before Roger there was Fred. Fred drank. Fred always liked his "one for the road" Poor Fred. He used to wash me on Sunday but now it's "Never on Sunday". Fred's dead.

Steve the Speedster came before Fred. He used to push my accelerator right through the floor. But I showed him. I jammed his foot, and while he was tugging at his Raoul Mertons I dived into the Yarra. Rest in peace Steve.

Then there was Lindsay the male model. He was much more interested in his appearance than his driving. While combing his hair in the rear-vision mirror he didn't notice the curve ahead. But I fixed him. I climbed up a telegraph pole, and now he's modelling the very latest in shrouds. Charcoal Black, with the new stiff look.

When I think of my first three owners, Tom, Dick and Harold (Harry for short but not for long), I get moisture on my headlights, but they had to learn. Not everyone can survive till the ripe old age of thirty.

Take Tom. Lifesaver Tom. Tom the bird-watcher. While he was agazing at the oncoming female traffic, and giving out the mating whistle of the "Yellow Bellied Swamp Duck", he received a hole in his stomach the shape of my steering wheel. Now reclining on slab O, under file marked (Ouch!), he has received the nick-name — "Lifesaver Tom, the candy with the hole in the middle".

Dick would persist in singing Grand Opera with his hands as well as his voice, neglecting to assist me with the steering. Now he's singing with the angels.

Harry always crossed the double lines in order to race the car ahead, but his favourite trick was to race the train to the level crossing. One fine day, while on his way, I chose to stall right smack in the middle of the track, and that's where we came to the parting of the ways. While that black monstrous train shoved me off the line, Harry was thrown across the sleepers, and there was Harry, there and there and there and there. May they rest in peace, my dearly beloved owners — all seven of them.

Elizabeth Taylor, the "femme fatale" of the human world, has collected only five victims, while I, to date, have had seven (although at times it has hurt me more than it has hurt them). And now, in the jargon of the theatre world I am "resting", here in the junkyard, with only a few lethal weapons, such as beer cans and other fellow jallopies.

But wait! Here comes a likely customer, Overtake Jake. Yes, I like the look of him. He's paying the £10 (how my value decreases) and I'll soon be his. Now I'm looking forward to next Easter with an even higher road toll than this year, and perhaps a few more tow truck drivers to fight over me.

Yours skiddingly, CLEO.

CLEO of the bald tyres,  
CLEO patron of the cemeteries,  
CLEO the brakeless wonder,  
CLEO the pole sitter,  
CLEO THE KILLER.  
DIANNE MICHELL, 5U.



## TO RIDE A MOTOR CYCLE . . .

It is 78 years since Gottlieb Daimler contrived the first motor cycle. The machine was then unpopular because it terrified horses. Today, now that there are but few horses, the motor cycle, while in far greater numbers, is still, generally speaking, very unpopular.

Being influenced by off-quoted statistics and dramatic sensationalism associated with the slighted motor cycle mis-hap, a great proportion of the Australian public regards the cyclist as one who is living on borrowed time—an inevitable candidate for death. Or to use an expression in vogue, "A temporary Australian". This feeling is predominant in Europe.

Is the motor cycle such a deadly weapon as branded?

Unfortunately there are few who realize the condemnation is only a meagre truth. It has been commented that motor cycles even look dangerous. The small ones are frail looking; the large impressive machines are too powerful and massive.

The mere sight of a cyclist in his vertical poise with his unprotected heels inches from the blurred roadway suggest disaster at close proximity.

Consider an analysis of the unstable appearance and exposure. The single fact that at the extreme a cycle is thirty inches wide can mean safety for the rider where a car would certainly have crashed. Although it is not always possible to ride a considerable distance behind a forward vehicle owing to heavy traffic or inconsiderate drivers, the sensible cyclist will travel at one side of the vehicle. A sudden retardation by the driver ahead allows the rider to travel past while breaking, thus avoiding collision.

A cyclist sitting upon, not in, may well consider this a feature of merit. In emergency conditions a closed car can act as a shield to its occupants, or a coffin, by crushing, or as a fiery death chamber.

All that can be expected is to remove the foolish risk and take only the calculated risk. The "milk bar cowboys" and "the wild ones" have one elementary lesson to learn: to stop showing off and be sensible and to observe the road code. The tragic maxim always exists—accidents will happen.

Although critics like to forget the advantages of motor cycling there is much to be said in its favour. From an economic view point petrol consumption varies from 50-150 m.p.g. Compulsory registration fee is £6/15/- maximum annually. Parking fees are non-existent and negligible time is spent searching for parking space. To ride a motor cycle in fine weather is an exhilaration. Open air propulsion just as for snow and water skiing is a sensation. Co-ordination of control movements is an air of much satisfaction.

Maintenance and protective clothing are criteria for the sensible. Slack cables, incorrect tyre pressures, broken spokes are menacing. Skidding is unfortunate. It is due to poor road surface or bad management. In emergency cases of such instances an experienced, relaxed rider may slip off the saddle unharmed as may be done to avoid collision.

A solo motor cycle in masterful hands is the most flexible vehicle on the road. Unless ridden fast or carelessly the dangers are few and there is much to be enjoyed at little expense. Thus sensibly handled a motor cycle is not a two-wheeled "death trap" as many would believe. There are fools riding them just as fools pedal push bikes and drive cars.

G. HALL, 8E.

## TEST CASE

A story going the rounds has a moral for test happy executives who rely on complicated, expensive tests in hiring employees.

A firm needed an engineer. Applicants were recent graduates from Caulfield, Swinburne, and Footscray Technical Colleges. Each was given a stone, a piece of string, and a stop watch and told to determine a certain building's height.

The Swinburne graduate went to the roof top, tied the stone to the string, lowered it to the ground. Then he swung it, timing each swing with the watch. With this pendulum he estimated the height at 200 feet, give or take 12 inches . . . .

The Footscray graduate threw away the string, dropped the stone from the roof, timing its fall with the watch. Applying the laws of gravity he estimated the height at 200 feet, give or take 6 inches . . . .

The Caulfield graduate, ignoring string and stone, entered the building but soon returned to report the height at exactly 200 feet.

How did he know?

He gave the janitor the watch in exchange for the building plans. He got the job.

## Prospects for students completing an ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING DIPLOMA Course

By Dr. B. GERSTMANN

Electrical Engineering is a branch of Engineering, that has developed much later than Civil Engineering and Mechanical Engineering. After all the industrial use of electricity is a very young branch of applied science. Electrical Engineering has grown vigorously and keeps on growing, adding new and exciting aspects which extend their influence further and further.

Electrical Engineers must have a good knowledge of all basic subjects—for example, mathematics is for them sometimes even more important than for other branches of engineering. Electrical Engineers in turn have invented or at least brought to practical use new mathematical methods. One of the latest developments is the electric computer, which promises to open up new vistas in many respects.

The electric current is a most versatile fellow; the least our students should try to learn from him, is to always find the fastest and easiest way to a solution.

What the prospects of students completing an electrical diploma course are, can be best judged from experiences of our past students, including those who went to the University and completed a degree after the diploma.

The electric power producing and distributing industry has given, and will give employment and opportunities for progress to a large number of our past students.

The S.E.C. is still the largest employer in this respect; that is easily understood if we consider that the installed power is doubled every seven or eight years. Wherever we go in the S.E.C. we find old Caulfield boys; it even can be assumed that without the ex-Caulfield students the S.E.C. could not carry on.

Other large government and semi-government employers are the P.M.G. department,

the Railways, the Navy, the Defence Standards Laboratories, the Departments for Supply, Works and so on.

Private enterprise also offers plenty of opportunities, not only in electrical manufacturing, design and technical sales but also in many industries, for example the automotive industries, where electric power is a very important feature.

In the electronic field there are also a large number of opportunities, but it must be pointed out again, that whilst Electronics offers many and exciting new ways, the opportunities for employment here are not yet so numerous, as in electric power engineering.

Finally, I wish to mention teaching as another avenue of employment which some of our ex-students have found very satisfactory.

## ROCK AROUND THE DOC

(or— Rinse the blood off my Thyatron)

Marx theorized that a conflict of classes produced a superior class but little did he realize how superior this class would be. Such a cult exists today, not in a degrading socialist system but rather in the totalitarian fascism of Caulfield Tech.

This class operates under the guise of Electrical Engineering students and according to its "Manifesto" its purpose is to undermine the other faculties and establish itself as the proleteriat.

This is 8 EF, spearhead of the M.F.I. (to be read dramatically).

JOHN AMIET. This night-clubbing, flamboyant, subversive lover is a specialist in the removal by friction of white marking com-



SEFG (ELECTRICAL)

Back Row: H. Pascoe, B. Walters, R. Ramsay, D. Maxwell, R. Martin, R. Yench, J. Amiet, R. Easson, W. Power, C. Campbell, G. Hall, O. Eppinger.  
Second Row: F. Kon, G. Cook, D. Dorevitch, T. Fu, J. Biggs, P. Krone, G. Billingsley, P. Whelan, A. Day, N. Lester, K. Ince, H. S. H. Ng, R. Bryant, R. Lord.  
Front Row: R. Lukeis, J. Grace, S. Jakymczuk, N. Farrall, L. Stronell, Mr. Mills, T. Anderson, Dr. Gerstmann, J. Griffin, Mr. Winthrop, C. Kline, H. Harrison, G. Flynn, F. Smith, K. Yong.



pound from the vertical surface at the front of Room E11. This punishment of cleaning the blackboard is served with the sound of, "Now John Aim-Yet, you will have to clean ze black-board."

John occupies his "out of lecture" time with photography and "Charlie" chasing.

JIM BIGGS (The Reverend). Jim is the leader of our C.C.F. and has an amazing ability for inventing study topics such as "Moses Dozes while the Bull Rushes." Last heard saying, "But Doc. I thought that our circuit breaker would trip before the ones at Yal-lourn." We won't see his smiling face again until his parole comes through but believe us, he's worth waiting for. He started a confetti factory but is very discouraged because Doc's daughter is already married.

ROSS BRYANT, alias Wonga. This lad came to the big, wicked city, Melbourne!!!! from Yarrowonga to seek his fortune. Got mixed up with Killigrew's mob and may be rubbed out at any moment by Henry. He also champions the cause of VW's, and do they need it?! They have exiled one to Antarctica.

GEOFF COOK. Little is known about this chap as he is completely inconsistent in his activities. Perhaps he has a little something going somewhere? He also likes midnight Horror Shows and claims that long hair is in!

#### COLIN CAMPBELL.

Our spear-fishing Colin's a Brain,  
And Mermaid dating's his Game.  
One night by mistake,  
He kissed a sea-snake,  
And now sticks to a land loving Dame.

TOM DOOLEY. Unfortunately Tom was assassinated and we suspect Fred Funk was the culprit. Tom was a legitimate who engineered the "King John Memorial Shield" with the aid of Tim Anderson. This shield now graces the Electrical Engineering Lab. and stands as a memorial to the anonymous efforts of Tom.

TOM DOOLEY, Jr. The son and heir of our dear departed leader, Tom Dooley, is rapidly taking over the activities of his father although he has not, as yet, attained the same status.

DAVID DOREVITCH. David originally attended Carlton Tech. but graduated to Cautech this year. Last seen working on his autobiography, "I was a Teenage Mau-Mau". David is suspected of committing a grave crime — Studying. Yes you read correctly—that cancerous disease that cripples the free life and actually helps people pass.

NEVILLE FARRALL. This virile intellectual restores antique cars for a hobby. He is an expert salesman and we think he should be placed in an auditorium (Audio -I hear; Taurus—Bull). Keen interest in the opposite sex drives him towards greater scholastic efforts. He hopes to learn to write soon and thus will place him one step above the rest of us.

GERRY FLYNN. A trustworthy and respected member of the form, and to make things worse he's married. Uses it as a good excuse for avoiding Doc's classes. He now has a son just to ensure that Doc will always have a Flynn to teach.

OTTO EPPINGER. This son of the Fatherland has a deep affection for a rather antiquated piece of British machinery in the form of a fiendish MG-TC. It is rumoured that he kisses "it" good-night and puts it to bed (not necessarily in that order). Last seen riding a bike in E11 with Alf.

FU TIT MAN. Not what you think, this lad actually exists. One of our Asian Students, this chap is a steady worker and has never been accused of anything. He sports a suspicious-looking brief-case which contains smuggled bickies.

FRED FUNK. You're right this time, Fred is type of Gremlin but comes in a variety of shapes. A master of disguise, this lad can wreak havoc if let loose in the Electrical Engineering Laboratory and is always ready for Saturday night.

JOHN GRIFFIN. John drives a rocking red, woman-luring Holden. Mankind will forever remember this rocker because he is an S.R.C. rep. and the editor of this year's "Gryphon". (We suspect foul play in the choice of names.) Between sloppy jumpers and a steady girl-friend John enjoys an occasional chalk fight and an S.R.C. expense account. He drives about with gay abandon (who's she?) and Annette, Marilyn, Christine, Bridgitte (sorry, due to space commitments we must limit the list).

JOHN GRACE. This form seems full of lads we know little about and this chap is no exception. However, for a fuller description refer to last year's form notes. He has the dubious pleasure of smoking a pipe and managing our Revue.

GEOFF HALL. A quiet and conscientious lad, and believe me, there are not many of them. Has perfected a barbaric jive step and graduated from 8M last year. ("Ach ze Greazers.")

BARRY HARRISON. Known as "Herbert the (CENSORED)". We know a lot about Herb but we find it more profitable to withhold the same. Sommerville apparently makes Peyton Place look like Disneyland. Absent from classes lately; probably rebuilding a hall after a certain car rally barbecue. Also a regular patron of Dr. Mac's and suffers from bottle fatigue (the type of bottle is left to the reader's imagination).

RUSSELL INCOLL. Often misinterpreted as "Inkwell" or "Incohol"— under the affluence of. Drives a rapid pea green A-30 which doesn't do anything an A-30 shouldn't do. Generally a studious type, however, he has great affinity for carrying out aerodynamic tests on small pieces of airborne chalk. He is strangely listless since the departure of Slim.

PHILLIP KRONE. An electronics expert with a built-in public address system and a good grip on the earth. He made the Airforce and the Navy very happy, by joining the Army. His ability at rupturing people's eardrums is such that he may be commandeered by N.A.T.O. as a secret weapon. May be found under the same flat rock as "Stronna".

COLIN KLINE ("ALF"). "Alf" is the Mephistophilean Disciple of Rasputin in the form. He is partial to an occasional rumble, wild parties, and subversive activities in general. He may be seen anywhere between revue rehearsals and dancing classes. His latest projects are:

1. Trying to convert an old Ford V8 into a super-powered sports station-wagon with a fibre-glass body.

2. Trying to cram an Allison Turbo prop. into a Goggomobil Dart.

Mr. KON. This statistics wizard hides a doubtful nature behind a toothy grin. Attends one class in three and so is considered as a consistent member of the group.

ROBERT LORD. A devastating motor cyclist and fast bowler who represented the form in the cricket team. Shares "Inkwell's" fascination for studying aerodynamics. However, he has graduated from chalk to Blackboard Dusters, for which he sees great possibilities. He hails from the same vicinity as Herb and is a voracious woman chaser.

HENRY NG SAI HANG. (We suspect there's a code in there somewhere.) An improbable character, Henry bears the sinister guise of a Hong Kong capitalist (black spectacles, blue reefer jacket and a set of Luna Park teeth.) His activities consist of trying to sell blocks of land in Hong Kong and perhaps the smuggling of Opium and Heroin (a drug not a girl). He weaves a web of intrigue as he glides from lodging to lodging making his whereabouts hard to trace.

PRICHA LORCHIRACHOONKUL. This lad has to use a combination of Greek and English alphabets for his name. Suspected of trying to sabotage the federation of Malaysia (he comes from Thailand). Pursues his schoolwork in a cool methodical manner.

HARVEY PASCOE. Harv. is the oldest student in the class and holds a high position with the S.E.C. Drives a fearsome looking Peugeot 203 and we suspect that he studies out of class.

FRANK SMIT. Hails from near Cobram and originally from Holland. We suspect it was he who stuck his finger in the dyke. Spends most of his time trying to teach the Doc to speak Dutch. Discovered how to produce motor winding oxide. Smit's law: "The speed of a D.C. shunt motor without field is infinite." Last seen trying to cool off certain D.C. motor.

LINDSAY STRONELL. Stronna is an amateur operator (radio, not what you're thinking). Characteristic: Throws wild parties when his parents are away. He has a strong right elbow and his three favourite letters are G-I-N, not necessarily in that order. Another rocker who frequented the late Bentleigh rock dance.

PETER WHELAN. This flamboyant, bean growing, petrol selling, head shaving lad from Lakes Entrance is a star of stage, television, newspapers, and Dudley Flats. Its two to one

that his hair won't grow again, but this does not disturb our Peter. Last heard saying "Geoff, should this transistor be buzzing like that?" Punished for firing a thyatron out of season.

BRIAN WALTERS. A tall jazzier with a chewed haircut who plays cricket and baseball, and sometimes drives a 1938 Hillman (or is it 1398). Last heard saying "If I tell my girlfriend that she has a beautiful figure, will she hold it against me?" Suffers from elbow cramp. A friend of Finna.

KAM YONG. Prosperous businessman from Kuala Lumpur—no less. Owns all sorts of things including a Ford Falcon. One of the few sober members of the class who will probably pass all subjects.

FIDEL CASTRO. An honorary member of the group who spends most of his time between Havana and Kruschew's place. Mr. K. gave him some missiles for Christmas which uncle J.F.K. made him give back. A highly esteemed member of the M.F.I. who regularly makes the social(ist) page of the "Age".

BEN E.G. (He must be a doctor 'cos everyone calls him "Doc".) Often imitated, never equalled. Has extremist ideas on punctuality. Last seen trying to work out how long one-fifth of an experiment is.

And now for the writers of this expose. Each author accepts no responsibility for what the other has written about him.

TIM ANDERSON. Our cravat adorned, shiny shoed, straight trouser creased, imperialist import from Profumo Land has created quite an impression amongst the bourgeoisie. He insists that to survive we must become a colony again and submit ourselves to his sartorial splendour. Tim always sits at the front of the class (appropriate for his nobility) and is composing a song about himself called "I wanna be a Private Eye", but prefers the barechested beach-combing image. Pictures himself as a poor man's James Bond.

GEOFF BILLINGSLEY. A fair-headed, Falcon-driving refugee from Morwell, who made Yallourn Tech. very happy by coming down here. Between writing short stories, painting, and saving for Supp. Fees, he tries to explain why his projects were late. He has an intellectual "Mr. Nice Guy" air about him which he uses to hide his miserable incompetencies very well. But he doesn't fool us. Billingsley's Law: 240 volts, A.C. short circuited through one wire, a valve filament, another wire, and A.C. Ammeter, to Earth, equals piercing remarks from Mr. Mills. (Refer Chastisement.)

For those who don't know who Tim Anderson is, try SKULL.

In order to conceal the true natures of the members, this list is completely fabricated and thus is complete and utter OCHSEN STAUB



## REMEMBER THIS ?

The holidays are over and the slaves assemble  
In the court yard of the manor,  
Amid the babble of voices and tales of the past and future,  
And the master speaketh from the rostrum of the steppes,  
And sayeth "Thou shalt work hard throughout the year  
For which there is no pay."

"Thou shalt not throw rubbish in  
Dandenong Road."

"Nor stare at the Dollies in the Arts  
Department."

"Away now to the dungeons and thy  
Form Masters!!"

The Form Masters give voice to many things;  
And form the slaves into tribes — to study the  
timetable for months to come.  
And then the slaves depart to the den of the electric  
dragons — or to the beaches or McNamara's Castle.

H. PASCOE.  
(Young 'Arv.)

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## 8G

This illustrious little form of Electricals has been kept in line (some of the time) and had its official punch-cards handled by the capable Mr. D. Mills. Four members of this group, namely R.Y., N.L., R.E. and A.D. made a complete colour slide record of the Electricals Kiewa trip.

NEVILLE LESTER. Known affectionately as "Slim". He tells us that his motor scooter can accelerate and travel as fast as a car, then comes late to the day's first lecture, late with an excuse like "A lady driver hit me"; or "I had to go to town" (the alarm clock didn't go off). He is often heard saying to Mr. B. "Oh Sir! I'm sorry." On the more serious side he has done a good job in promoting and teaching Judo to the other collegians. He may need to use it himself some day as he is a student teacher.

ROBERT YENCH. He is one of the reasons why the railways does not make a profit. Now and again he pops off to Alice Springs with the excuse that the weather is better or he wants to take some slides, but we have our suspicions about that. Finding that ten-pin bowling is rather expensive he now resorts to his reports and homework.

STEVE JAKYMCZUK. Contrary to last year's Gryphon Steve will no longer argue that a VW is the best car on the road. He is a prominent member of the S.R.C. and By-committees. We do not yet know his weight but we think his capacity is about five pints. He takes a keen interest in ten-pin bowls, in which he plays for a team. He also, is on the V.R. payroll. Favourite saying: "Come on now" mainly to Mr. W.

ROBERT EASSON. Bob would like to get his pilot's licence, maybe because trams don't fly. He is almost always seen at the beginning of a lecture looking for his Black Biro. Usually it is neatly stored in two hundred pages of

"what was the last page somebody" or "who did I lend it to in the S.R.C. office". When missing he may be found at the S.R.C. office or a Chadstone photographic store. He is the S.R.C. Vice-president and was the Sound Producer for the Revue, which he handled very well. He is a Student Teacher and will be seen around the College next year for a Mech. Dip.

ROBERT MARTIN. Bob is one of the country boys down from Wangaratta Tech. to do their final year. Some of his time at the flat has been spent teaching the landlady's parrot to quote abusive language. He was a member of the school baseball team, which had some success. He also is a Student Teacher.

DOUGLAS MAXWELL. Doug, whose parents now live at Merimbula on the N.S.W. coast has been seen making a list of pubs. he has had a drink at, and what a list. He is a proficient snow skier and now believes that much of his time will be spent surfing.

ROBERT RAMSAY. Bob who is from Wangaratta is about the quietest of the three "Wang" boys in the form, but we think he makes up when not at school. Earlier in the year he was travelling home each weekend to play football with the Wangaratta Rovers.

I apologise for the briefness of the "Wang" boys, but they are least known to me.

As the writer of these notes I am able to censor out any bad comments that anyone might write, hence I will close without saying anything.

I would like to thank, on behalf of the form, members of the staff who have helped us through the years at this College, and although we may have seemed unthankful at times, I'm sure that your helping hands will never be forgotten.

ALBERT DAY.

## 7EF ELECTRICALS

Nearly all the form notes I have ever read have started with an elaborate, witty, amusing pile of bilge. Since as everyone knows, the author is neither witty or amusing, the remarks will be limited to two or three columns. (Next three columns censored—ed.)

7EF has had a pretty reasonable year despite the efforts of certain dastardly individuals to undermine the spirit of determination that naturally is associated with electricals. (Such as Mr. Jones who was determined to fail us all in maths. III and nearly succeeded.)

The form appears hereunder.

**JOHN ARCHER.** John enjoys (?) met. prac. and is good friend of Moore.

**IAN BROWN.** Otherwise known as "Tubby". It has become apparent recently that Ian is turning into a rocker. Perhaps his brain is becoming unhinged from repeated blows from Kay's fists.

**DAVID COLLINSON.** Dave is the proud owner of a 1928 Chevy despite its tendency to get him in half-an-hour late. His baseball practice gives him an unfair advantage over other, less accurate, form members.

**COLIN COUNSELL.** Is never seen out of the company of Alan. Drives a red beat-up Morris Minor.

**ROSS (FLASH) FLOOD.** Has been largely corrupted from years of wine, women and jazz. Disfavours dilution.

**JOHN (SLEEPY) GILBERT.** John dislikes beer drinking (in anything smaller than a pint pot) and is devoted to a very comprehensive study upon the evils of gambling, on which he sometimes works too late at night.

**IAN GRAHAM.** There is no scandalous gossip in current circulation about this gentleman. He is the quiet, scholarly, and upstanding member of the form (see you at Mac's Ian). Plays the piano.

**BILL (-IOUS) HANCOCK.** Bill is under the impression that classes start at 9.15. A country cousin, he has not yet mastered the knack of avoiding the rear end of cows.

**COLLIN HODGES.** Collin had a mild interest in the Revue, but was disinclined to miss lectures to participate (you're kidding, of course.) He kids everybody that he doesn't bleach his hair. If he can't be found on Monday afternoon he is sure to be at Mac's.

**EUGENE HOLZAPFEL.** Is a member of the C.M.F. and is interested in Revues. Has an amplifier which is famous for its valves, which glow red hot, anodes and all. Just makes it to classes in front of Bill.

**IVAN HUIE.** Nicknamed "Ivanoffsky", Ivan is envied on account of his phenomenal luck (?) at cards. Recently found the cost of cigars too much and gave them up, much to our pleasure.

**IAN JOHNSTON.** Drives a beat-up Black Holden sometimes. If anyone knows of the whereabouts of a 1uF 3000V capacitor Ian would be most happy to meet you.

**GLYNN KAY.** Favourite subject is Social Science and strives to get all his assignments in on time. Does rowing but usually ends up swimming in Albert Park Lake. His uncanny accuracy enables him to drop his metallurgy samples down the only hole in the floor of the met. lab. Is sure to pass Intermediate English in the near future.

**ROGER LONG.** Roger arrives on certain days with enthusiastic accounts of the previous night's tennis. Together with Kay, he does his bit in brightening up the life of Mr. Forti. Has a comprehensive model railway but has nowhere to put it. Favourite saying, "What happened to the Poms?"

**ALAN MASSON.** Is a member of the surfer elite. Disappears at weekends to the back beach at Cowes. Has the best opportunity of anyone of passing maths.

**BRUCE MERAT.** Bruce has been given up for lost by many of his teachers because of his long absences. (Who is she Bruce?) He holds lengthy conversations with Bill. Sold his 1948 Vauxhalls to Leo.

**PETER RAY.** One of the more mature members of the form, old Pete can still scoll them faster than anybody.

**CLIVE ROGERS.** Clive was unable to write the form notes this year because of injuries received last year when indignant form members caught up with him. Becomes agitated about unexplainable noises in his audio amp., and "bots" the family Holden all the time. Helped run sound during the Revue.

**ANDREW THISTLETHWAITE.** Andrew operated the very efficient telephone system during the Revue. ("Hello Andrew, the wires have come off this headset again . . . hello . . . Andrew . . .")

**GILBERT WITHEROW.** Came to us this year from Yallourn (sanitorium?) Is notorious for his attraction to nurses, and will go to almost any lengths to have conversations with them.

**DAVID MUMME.** The most sophisticated member of the form, David is a keen hobbyist, and spends hours sweating over hot transistor circuits. Plays the piano and horn. Must be just about fed up of wisecracks from teachers who can't pronounce his name.

**IAN McMICHAEL.** If ever there was a man who did not believe in half measures, Ian is the one. His paper consumption is about four times everybody else's and he will write a thesis about anything. Is seen at lunchtimes in earnest discussions with David.

**HARVEY PASCOE.** Harvey is the "old man" of the form. He was the inspiration behind the Kiewa trip, and his wide experience with the S.E.C. enabled him to take us places where we normally could not go. As the saying goes, "he filled our cups to overfloweth". (hic! —pardon me.) Is the only one who owns a movie projector which requires a sub-station to operate it.



FRED LEE. Hardly anyone has ever seen Fred, so there is no scandal to relate. One or two vaguely recall seeing a strange Oriental fellow sneaking into Elec. Eng. classes, but it is all hush-hush.

JOHN MOORE. John liked the 7th form so much last year that he decided to stay on with us again this year.

... FENBY. Drives a Volkswagon which is a panel beater's dream. One of the few surfies in the form together with Masson and Hodges.

CHRIS PEMBERTON. Chris is fully prepared for any criticism of his artistic spotlight control during the Revue. A few quick puffs of the pipe, and hidden behind the ensuing dense smokescreen he can quickly spring into a rowing four and race away (not into that buoy again, we hope).

FRANK PANTER and DAVID WYNN. Both are new to the form this year and are good friends. Frank is another maniac Volkswagen driver, whilst David concentrates on saving wayward canaries which stray into maths. rooms.

Apologies are extended to everyone above (perhaps my life will be spared after all), and also to some of the part-time students who have not received a mention because of the general lack of knowledge about them. Thanks are extended to our diligent form master, Mr. Beanland, whose work for the form throughout the year has been a constant inspiration. Thanks also to Mr. Tyler who has us for more lectures than anyone, and coaches the rowing members of the form. Also to Mr. Wilby who has promised to pass us all if we each give him a bottle of wiskey (what's wrong with golf balls?) and to Mr. Mills whose careful and comprehensive instructions in electronics prac. are much appreciated ("what are we supposed to be doing in this greasy experiment anyway?").

## 6E

Let's get down to the basic facts. The bods in our form seem to have a fair idea about the work we have done this year; that, of course, does not include Applied Mechanics and Engineering Drawing, which are taught to us by our form master, Mr. (Tiny) Forti. Nobody minds Maths 2A, taught to us by Mr. S. Stolle. Hmm, those initial intrigue us. Saw him on Caulfield station wearing a trench coat. Makes you wonder doesn't it. While we are on the subject of our beloved tutors, we may as well mention our physics teacher Mr. Schonfelder. That's German you know, means Beautiful Square Field. They are the only interesting teachers, so we may as well start to mention the odd twits of the form now, a very uninteresting bunch.

On a serious note, we must mention Ron Weiner who has missed most of the years work because of a bad accident. All the best to you Ron from all 6E & F and we all hope to see you soon.

Pete (I'll catch it) Gabe, knows the bus time table off by heart, but always seems to just miss it. Don't know much about Pete, not the most talkative of fellows. Don't know how he goes with the Girls; not like Bob Betts, cons 'em well 'e does, probably knows all the girls in the school. Some of you heart-broken fellows should ask him for a look at his little black book. Plays a good Piano too, and is also a tall member of the school basket ball team.

Lou Kuriako and Brian Ions, who comes from London, are an inseparable pair. Lou is part owner of an Electrical Contracting Firm. Want any wiring done see Lou. Brian is the Quiet type of chap with that typical English humour. These two can often be seen together in Lou's dilapidated Vanguard Panel Van, an "Echy" brown in color. Top speed: 7MPH. While on the subject of transport, Bob Francis can frequently be seen riding his faithful old treddley to our "College". We're all quite jealous of Bob's hair style, pity a few more didn't have a hair cut like Bob's.

Geoff (Christine) Cutter is the petite gentleman of the form, a bright happy fellow, He'd lift the morale of ANYBODY. A friend of Geoff's is Ian Robinson; he flogs motor bikes left, right, and centre. "Anybody want to buy a Harley". But excluding this mania, he's quite a good kid. Another quiet studious lad is our Asian Student, Harry Wong, He's got his eye on one of those nice Asian girls in the Commerce class . . . .

Anthony (Conch) Bucknell, is one of the religious members of the form, attends CCF regularly. You will be saved on the day of reckoning Anthony. Anthony comes from way out the mulga, some little known town called Dandenong. Another country bumpkin is Mick Barrabas, he's tall and lean, reminds us of a certain Drawing teacher. Mick is neither a Jazzer or a Rocker. Doubt if he knows what music is, but feed-back, distortion, and hum are music to his ears.

We've left the brains trust of the form till last, that is the "Back Row Boys" of the form. First there is Jeoff Abblet, a future lung-cancer patient, who convalesces regularly. Jeoff is one of the minority of the school, he's a Rocker. Jeoff is quite good at inciting riots, borrowing dough, breaking Juke Boxes and combing his hair, a feature of all Rockers. Quite a versatile bloke. Next there is Ray (Bilko) Wilkinson, another of the minority. Bilko is the "Old Mother Hen" of the form, he fusses round with anything. Bilko won't take anything for granted, except that Johnny O'Keefe can't sing for nuts. He's also a gun enthusiast and if you ever want to get "shot", see Bilko.

Well we have mentioned thirteen of the bods in our form, but we are sure there are fifteen. Wonder who the other two are?

## FOR SALE

10 overworked and obtuse minds,  
— overwrought by examinations,  
- - terrorized by teachers.

BOB DOR. Suspected surfer, addict to the peroxide bottle.

RALPH COOK. A staunch rocker who has no special talents except for getting into trouble and creating havoc during classes.

ANGELO FONTI. An ex-high-school student who promoted himself to a technical education, due to lack of business at the former. (He is a part-time bookie).

BILL CHEESEWRIGHT. "Cheesie", is a quiet and conscientious worker and is one of the few who deserve to pass, despite the fact that he turns "firebug" in the Elec. Eng. lab.

MALCOLM COLE. Mal, being a member of the Cautec rowing team is usually found helping to motivate the shell across the murky depths of the Yarra.

PETIER BROX. Petier is another member of the misguided rocker clan, and leads his own band called the "Rimfires". Please patronize their dances as it keeps Petier in a jovial mood for the week.

JOON "CHARLIE" CHUA. Charlie hails from Singapore and accepts school life with one big smile, an almost inconceivable feat.

IAN CONNELL. Ian is an enthusiastic basketballer. His obvious brilliance at most subjects goes unnoticed.

Last but not least are the two authors. Being modest we do not wish to comment.

SOLE AGENT — The long-suffering Mr. Forti who naturally wishes to be rid of us.  
Bob Coulter. Max de Longville.

## M.F.I. TOUR DE BARBEQUE

When the M.F.I. announced that it was to hold a car rally in aid of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign the shares in the brewery rose 200%, 300 new butcher's shops opened, and the panel beating industry expressed approval. The Civil Defence Authority evacuated Somerville (the site for the barbeque) and some spoil sport tried to burn down the Dandenong Hills (the route).

So it was that one Sunday afternoon in May, 17 intrepid motorists plus girlfriends set out from Cautec on the 60 mile route down to Somerville. The first casualty was a memorial in the centre of Ringwood (sure I told you guys to turn right, but you could have at least waited until you got to the corner). A carload of officials followed the competitors sweeping the burnt rubber off the road.

Undaunted, these masters of the accelerator pushed on, and from what the girls told me there was liberal use of the clutch too. I now realize it was a mistake to allow girls to accompany the checkpoint drivers, but you know how enterprising they are.

The navigators were asked to count the number of trees in a certain plantation along the way, and the answers varied from 7 to 65 trees.

Hungry after such a gruelling experience our expeditionaries reached Somerville to enjoy a copious quantity of steak — sold of course at a nominal price. Midst the sounds of records and dancing, the spluttering of cooking chops, the gurgling of malt "sandwiches", and the screaming of girls, the organizers pondered over the results. After careful selection of a fudge factor we found that a Cautec bod had won the rally, and he was duly presented with his prize.

The citizens of Somerville have since returned to rebuild their town, and as the sun sinks slowly in the west we can see the results of our financially successful Freedom from "THIRST" Campaign.

GEOFF BILLINGSLEY

## GUIDE TO NEW STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE

He who knows, and knows he knows,  
He is Doc. Gerstmann,  
Listen to him.  
He who knows and knows not he knows,  
He is a final year student,  
He will wake up next year.  
He who knows not, and knows he knows not,  
He is a new teacher,  
Tolerate him.  
He who knows not, and knows not he knows not,  
He is you,  
START WORKING.

## DEFINITION OF AN ENGINEER

An Engineer is one who passes as an exacting expert on the strength of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude, strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micrometric precision from extremely vague assumptions which are based on debatable figures acquired from inconclusive tests and quite incomplete experiments, carried out with instruments of problematic accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and rather dubious mentality with the particular anticipation of disconcerting and annoying everyone outside their own fraternity.



## WHAT IS M.F.I.

"What a weekend."  
"I feel dead."  
"It's five past, the Doc. must be late".  
"No such luck, here he comes."  
"Ve still has vun minute to go, chasps."  
"By Ze way iss John Aim — yet to come."  
"All right chasps, ve have now L.E.C. Eng., shree."  
"Hissssssss!"  
"Sir! Sir! Sir! Sir!"  
"Be pard?"  
"Sir! Sir! Sir!"  
"Now vy are you crawling across the floor John. I sink you vill have to clean ze blackbort."  
"Ve has vun fivth esperiment vaiting for Mr. Bikks ven he arrives."  
"Vere is Gerry Flynn?"  
"His wife's having another baby, Sir."  
"He's getting married, Sir,"  
"Vot do ze Railways do wis him, is not vunder zey make no profit."  
"Ve has our S.E.C. boy always here."  
"Have you seen Max Ossifer recently?"  
"No Sir."  
"Mmmmm."  
"He used to run ze magazine too, you know dis?"  
"Yes Sir."  
"Mmmmm."  
"Vell back to Lec. Eng Shree."  
"Look out sir, Skull's gonna knock off yer roll."  
"Eh?"  
"Sir, Ink-hole's throwing chalk at me."  
"Beh Pard?"  
"Who drew dis on ze bort?"  
"Skull did Sir!"  
"Blame Skull"  
"I has not got a sister,"  
"Dis looks like me?"  
"Mmmmmmm."  
"It's signed, Tom Dooley, M.F.I."  
"Do you know vot M.F.I. means?"  
"Yese Sir, Sir, Sir, I do, I do," (ALF)  
"Vot zen?"  
"Mighty Faculty and Institution, I know, I know."  
"No!"  
"Oh!"  
"Many years ago in ze good olde days, zey had zere first concert . . . ."  
"Revue Sir,"  
"Revue, and zey had no vun to vire ze lights and sound, so ze electricals, who you know are ze best, not like be greazers or ze ditch diggers, set about to vire ze equipment up. Zey though zat zay vere Men(t) for it, hence M.F.I."  
"But Sir, I though girls were M.F.I."  
"You know dis ting?"  
(To the tune of the "Children's March Song").  
"This olde Doc."  
He taught once,  
He taugh E back just for fun,  
With an E back double dashed,  
Give the Doc an ohm,  
The M.F.I. came ROLLING home,  
The M.F.I.,  
They played too,  
They played . . . ."

John Griffin. 8E.



*Left Side*

YE KINGE JOHN MEMORIAL SHIELD.

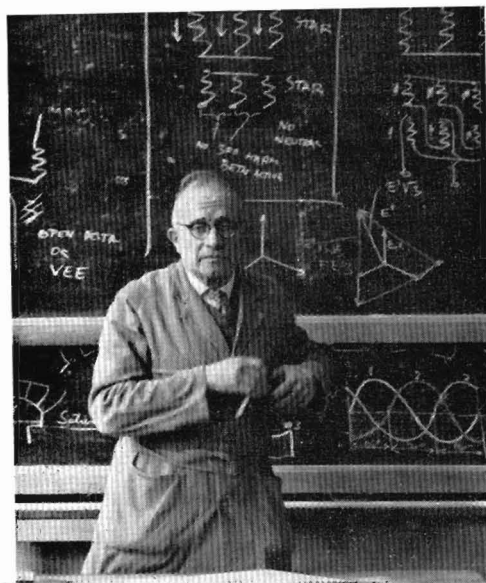
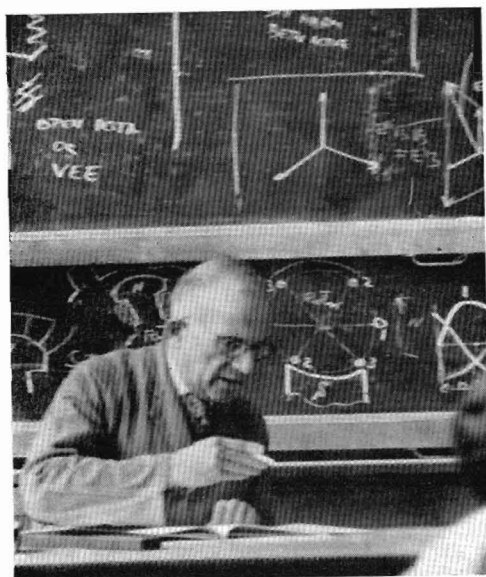
A WORKING DOC.

A SAD DOC.

*Right Side*

A DRY DOC(K)?

A HAPPY DOC.





This paper, given by Mr. P. Whelan Drip. E. E. is dedicated to Mr. J. Griffin an Electrical Engineering Expert (?) hired by the S.E.C. under a scholarship to investigate electric power production without use of inferior mechanical means.

Science Fiction has progressed from the first imaginative Caveman, through Jules Verne, to Philip Wylie, but now we have the ultimate:

We present for you some not-so-scientific Fiction in the form of:

## EFFICIENT PRODUCTION OF POWER FROM

Compressed Oxygenated Anhydrous Logs  
(henceforth referred to as COAL)

A paper presented to the Institution of Engineers Power Conference by alpha-plus Whelan (Peter) on 32/14/2563:

GENTLEMEN: We are all aware of the shortening supplies, through the Universe of Plutonium and Uranium — those necessary fuels for our Nuclear Reactors — and so we are faced with the fact that we must investigate other avenues for the future production of Power.

My theory, fantastic as though it may seem, is that energy contained within C.O.A.L. can be tapped, and used for the above purpose. My colleague, Frankenstein, has already shown that  $E=mc^2$ , but as this has nothing whatsoever to do with my theory, I will promptly ignore it.

As we are all aware of the events which records indicate took place in mid-20th Century, it will not be necessary for me to go over them in detail, except to note that the Mass Atomic explosions which occurred had, among their effects, the following:

- (1) The extreme high temperatures and pressure which developed around the surface of the earth, reduced all vegetation to a highly dried Carbonaceous compact form.
- (2) Huge deposits of previously-formed compact, were uncovered in Central Asiatic area, as well as in the Latrobe Valley.

The difficulties involved in producing C.O.A.L. Power are as follows:

(A) The fuel breaks down, not by nuclear reaction, but by a queer process which I will call "Combustion." A necessary partner in this reaction is that rare element Oxygen, but this could be obtained by erecting huge filters in space to collect stray molecules of the gas. Provision must be made for circulation of the gas and this could most suitably be done by machining the C.O.A.L. into spheres, and placing these adjacent to one another, and in layers — thus obtaining maximum surface area to burn while at the same time having minimum space.

(B) For the system to operate there must be present a certain mass of C.O.A.L. such that the heat generated in one reaction is just sufficient to maintain further reaction. This mass is called the "Critical Mass". Above this

amount the Heap will generate heat, but below this amount the Heap will "go out". At above Critical the Heap must be controlled, and this can be achieved by placing rods of heat-absorbent material (such as water) into the Heap.

(C) Laboratory experiments have proved that C.O.A.L. dust can cause grave physical damage. Clogged lungs were the main cause of death among the mice under test, and warning must be given that Humans working in the area of a C.O.A.L. Heap could absorb large quantities of this dangerous dust. Currents of air in the upper atmosphere could carry the dust to all parts of the world, so good filter systems must be employed.

The tar content of the dust can also cause cancer, and dangerous mutations, so endangering the health of unborn children.

Suitable protective clothing should therefore be worn (as well as face masks) by all C.O.A.L. workers.

(D) Unlike the radio-active dust from our Atomic Reactors (which we have all become adapted to) the disposal of C.O.A.L. waste presents many problems. Introduction into water sources would produce severe contamination. Likewise, concrete packaging of the dust — for deposit in the oceans, or on the land, is not practicable because of the chance of breakage, and leakage. And the dust just can't blow about in the atmosphere! . . . In fact the only solution seems to be to develop an inferior race of creatures called Selected Eaters of Coal. They would be known by the initial S.E.C. and their sole purpose in life would be to eat the C.O.A.L. dust, let it undergo digestion, and to pass it out in the neutralised and harmless form . . . Briquettes!

AGINCOURT REVISITED  
or — Albert Park Revisited

Fair stood the wind for the  
M.F.I.,

When we, our sails held high,  
Advanced with melon and flour  
bomb,

At Albert Park, the Greazer's  
Tomb.

And taking many a raft,  
Furnished with Civils daft,  
Sailed towards the farthest  
shore,

Reminescent of Agincourt,  
Skirmishing all the day,  
With Chemists who got in the  
way,

Electricals bombarded R.M.I.T.,  
With armaments varied and  
mighty.

Monash lads with pride,  
Upon Electrical raft to ride,  
In pursuit of Carlton Tech.,  
Who get it in the neck.

A barrage from faculties vile,  
Clears the deck for a while,  
Quoth our brave Henry then,  
"That suit cost me fifty yen."

The Electrical raft so dread,  
The eager Vanguard led,  
Fusilades rake the shores,  
Raining eggs and apple cores.

Billingsley at the rear,  
A braver man not there;  
Heavens! How hot they were,  
Longing for cold beer.

Under our melons they fall,  
Civils, Mechanicals, All,  
Victims of warriors great,  
An unenviable fate.

When from the shore nearby,  
A hail of insults fly,  
None from his station parts,  
Oh! Noble Electrical hearts.

The hardest fruit was flung,  
That like a serpent stung,  
Many heads were creased,  
And soon all insults ceased.

Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down Greazers go, like dogs,  
Into the slimy bog.

Our men were hardy,  
Not one was tardy,  
Flour bomb after bomb they  
threw,  
And towards the shore they flew.

This while our noble King,  
His cucumber brandishing,  
Claimed his regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat.

Biggs, that lad so good,  
For famous M.F.I. stood,  
Farrell, in orange juice bright,  
Was right in the thick of the  
fight.

Stronell, in blood did wade,  
Kline, did the foe invade,  
Smit, a pear did fly,  
Right in a demon's eye.

Victors, the M.F.I. remain,  
Where Commercial types lie  
slain,  
Finishing what we have begun,  
With battles so bravely won.

Griffin and Harrison tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Aiding a Mechanical raft,  
About to fall in half.

Upon that fateful day,  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Oh! When shall television,  
Recover from such derision.  
Tim Anderson (1944- ).  
Viva La Ampere!

# THE FOUR DAYS IN WHICH HARVUCLES SLEW THE HYDRO OR DIARY OF THE M.F.I. KIEWA TRIP

On the weekend before the September holidays, the final year electricals (plus a few 7th form ring-ins) went on an excursion to the Kiewa Hydro Electric Scheme. The trip was conceived by Harvey Pascoe, a forty genarian member of 8E, who had spent many years up there as a chief operator.

Comes the bright new dawn of Friday, August 23—and no one was awake; not surprisingly as the bus wasn't to leave until 9.00.

In sporadic additions, the motley mob gathered in front of C.T.C. attired in various forms of dress (not skirts, clot!) according to how early they had got up. We were fully expecting the Hong-Kong bodgie to turn up in his blue silk pyjamas, a copy of the morning's Wall St. Rice Market in one hand and some honourable clothes in honourable bag in the other. The Rev. Simple Sprigging Jim was one fifth of an experiment late, per usual practice. Singing, of course, his love song to the Hornsby Gas Engine: boong, pop, pop, boong, pop . . .

Once on the open road, the inevitable 500 game cropped up, as well as a lucrative little business going on in the back with McHarrison charging the top price of 3/6 a can. Can any other choir sing every note in the musical range — at once. That's what we admire about good ol' Slim. Not for him this meandering all over the musical scale. He sang the same note for every bawdy verse. All the way up. And back.

At Wangaratta the tribe fed off counters cluttered with amber glasses. They forced themselves to drink them out of the way, but somehow they kept reappearing. Billabong wastes no time; as soon as we stepped off the bus he fronted up to the nearest Charlie and starts the con. And he has the cheek to tell us afterwards, that he knew her. To avoid recognition, the guise of a travelling football team was assumed, after all, what else is the main street good for.

Leaving Wang. in high spirits (from the bottle?) we continued on to Bright. In the main street of Bright some idiot storekeeper tried to puncture our football with his store window. We told him a thing or two, after the bus had started on its way.

We had to stop at Tawonga Gap of course, and let the shutterbugs release their repressed inhibitions on the surrounding scenery. Amid the deafening clatter of shutters, someone made the classic remark, "Shaddup will yers, so I can see the view."

We arrived at the Mt. Beauty Chalet just in time to stow our goods and chattels away before the dinner. After grub, we heard that a number (23 to be exact) of females from a certain S.A. school were due to arrive at the Chalet that night. Some smart characters immediately set about swapping various signs from place to place (Yes, those too!) In the meantime, some smarter characters were short

sheeting the smart characters beds and distributing their luggage far and wide.

The women arrived to a reception committee of about half a dozen (or was it six) laddies who accidentally happened to be lounging around at 12.30 in the morning. Without much ado, the lads were pressed into service carrying luggage to the girls' rooms (apparently they think this is the primary function of the male species — they'll learn). Pierre de Whelan lived up to the reputation of his namesake by demolishing one girl's room in his attempts to force a suitcase through the doorway without first opening the door. Then when closing the door, still without opening it first, his mitt was enhanced by a resemblance to a door handle appearing in it. No-one worried as it was now possible to use the entrance without the troublesome door.

Next morning, we were wakened by a particularly clottish clot in chungus sized boots, enacting a reveille reminiscent of the patter of dainty elephants feet. We fixed him in time. Because of such a rude awakening we were all glad to climb into warm showers until a certain schnitzel-eating Hun came clambering along the top of the shower partitions amply dispensing cold water from a bucket. We got him afterwards too.

After brekky, and a good look-see over the talent in the daylight, we set off in the bus for McKay power station.

Arriving there, we waited for ½ hour while Harv. was being greeted by every odd bod about the place. About 250 feet underground, where the penstocks feed water to the turbines, Harv. told us about the penstocks weather predicting properties: if the penstocks are sweating on their surface, then it's a dead certainty that it'll rain within 24 hours.

We had lunch at Falls Creek Ski Village amid a hail of airborne conglomerates of compacted crystallised water, otherwise known as snowballs. Some chappies persuaded a small boy to hire out his toboggan at a zec a ride—he was offered the alternative of being hammered if he didn't. The itinerary included a 2½ mile hike to Rocky Valley Dam, and we set off with an enthusiasm that quickly became dampened. Slim was in his element acting as a human snowplough or sometimes as an overgrown snowball. With Harv. as good King Wenceslaus in the snow, the frozen over Rocky Valley, was viewed. Our supervisor, David, showed an amorous tendency to necking snowballs.

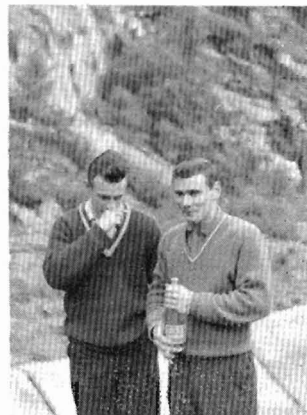
We straggled back to the bus and set off for the West Kiewa power station, another ½ hour of "owarya Harv.," and look at a repaired machine being synchronised into the network. On the way back to the Chalet, the bus looked Mother Magree's washing line with socks, pants, and a few wet kids hanging out the window.

After an uproarious tea at the Chalet we attempted to organize a dance in the recreation room with only two records and a piano. The dance sort of lagged a bit due to the circumstances so instead, the lads threw on a few acts from "Cautec" revues. The S.A. lasses reciprocated and put on a few acts from their own revue. This turned out to be a hilariously entertaining evening, with everyone trying to better the previous act. After curfew, that night, all lively activities were dampened by a





I BET HE DOESN'T COME UP.



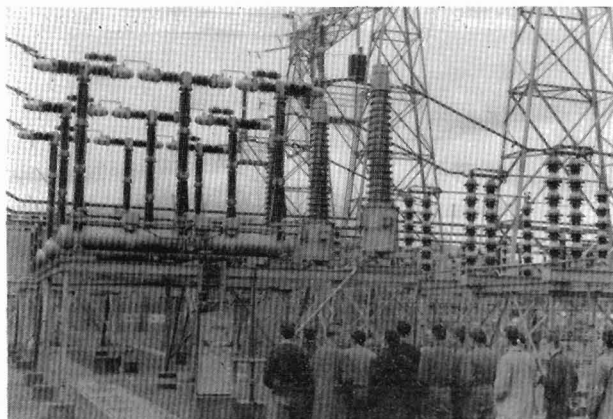
I SAY WE GET DRUNK.



LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND.



I THOUGHT I KNEW HOW IT WORKED.



IT'S A . . . WHAT???

stringent clamp thrown on the place. All was quiet except for the sounds of revelry from another contingent of tourists.

About 1.00 a.m. the silence in our block was broken by a great guffaw from Lordy's room. Through an amber mist, Colleen had staggered into Bob's bed, which caused Bob to guffaw loudly and announce, "Someone's in me bed!" Well!

The next morning the kids were up to usual tricks in the showers. Whole dustbins of cold water this time. Fortunately the signs on the Gents and Ladies had been replaced, otherwise the girls would have sauntered in on a scene of shrieking, cursing, nude, bodies racing around dossing water on everything and anyone.

Our programme for the day was to hike along the Bogong Creek raceline to Clover Dam. As the girls were doing nothing that day, our bright boy Stronna persuaded some of the women to come along with us, plus a chaperone for Harv. About 400 yards along the raceline the "Harvey Pascoe Sweating Penstock Weather Bureau" came good with yesterday's forecast. It rained. And it rained. After about 2 miles of trudging in the slops, we decided to call it off. Some of the kids tracked off down a turn-off, while some others stayed in a hut at the turn-off, and dried off

in front of a stove that some chappy had got going. The price of entry into the shack was a lump of wood ripped off the nearest tree. Ask Alby, Bob, and Pierre what the password was for entry into the hut. Otto and Geof. can tell you how to flatten the battery on a Diesel locomotive, can't they.

The operator at Clover dam power station must've had some wild thoughts when Harv. trotted into the control room leading a sodden bedraggled bunch of mixed company. We saw a small machine being synchronised into the network using a C.R.O., which gave the chappies a chance to display their knowledge to the girls.

After dropping the girls at the Chalet, the chaps inspected the switchboard at Mt. Beauty. It was too much for Gil, who flaked on the ground, amidst transformers, C.B.'s, and such trash. Horrible Heartless Harrison explains—"Don't touch him, he might be alive," electrically speaking that is.\* On leaving the yards, someone noticed a figure gesticulating and shouting in the dust behind the bus. This fact was evidenced to the rest of the group with cries of—"Step on it driver," "Hurry up will yer," "Got a brick to put on the accelerator?" The enthusiastic young engineer was permitted to rejoin the fold. Who was he? O.K. Geof., that's H'all for now.

Yenchy cracked a funny at the tea table when the waitress served his pudding dessert. Says our Bob, "Gawd, couldn't they put it straight on the spoon." Being the Sabbath, some chappies attended church, a few of them, we think have never seen a sky pilot before. Other attractions perhaps? Sunday evening saw a few groups in front of the fire spinning yarns, and others having another bash at the malt money and cards. The clock struck twelve times all at once, which probably made it .00 a.m., and then the shenanigans started.

Pillow fights, and just plain fights sprang up all over the place. Sprigsy and Smithy were trying to fit the other's head through the cracks in the floor (caused by repeated collision, between the same heads and floor). The reverends bedclothes went walkabout—in separate parts and in opposite directions. A rumble in Herbs. room ended with Colleens end—right through a window, which wouldn't surprise you if you knew Colleen. After round one, the lads adjourned to various all night card games in progress behind closed doors. Skavinsk can only imagine what happened to his bureau drawer, 'twas a friendly gesture from a Somerville reprobate (Herbert won't allow us to tell who it was.)

Half an hour later, the warriors were ready for round two and returned from the cards to find Sprigsy flaked out on the bare bedsprings (either from concussion or sleep). Taking pity on him, search parties set out and climbed in a few windows (doors were cautiously locked now) to find the elusive bedclothes. One lad showed great diplomacy when finding himself in a girl's bedroom. He retreated with a quick, "Sorry, just looking for my clothes" and set off to climb in the right window—two blocks away. We can appreciate how he managed to make this mistake—natural instinct.

Otto tells us he had a strange experience about this time. He was woken by a body climbing through the window and them propping on the foot of the bed clucking like a hen—before it proceeded to clobber him with a pillow. The Hun was in no condition to retaliate, and just lay there cursing and grunting between blows.

Another half hour at the cards separated round two from round three when Alf decided it was time the joint was woken again. So he grabbed the Gardener's lawnmower and clattered it up and down the corridor. The mower's mechanical condition converted all energy into sound, and ahh what a sound! The house cook poked his head out his door and inquired politely, "What the . . . hell do you . . . think you're . . . doing?" Comes Alf's blithe reply, "Aw, just mowing the carpet, mate." Silence ensued for a while, until about 6.00 a.m. when the card games broke up and the mob came tramping to their rooms hurling many and ample invectives at Lady (?) Luck.

Breakfast that morning saw some tired, sore, and green-looking laddies, except Bob Easson who is normally green and just turned a gentle shade of — yechh! Everyone began a hunt for various belongings which had taken to walking during the previous night's activities. Alf was seen on bended knees pleading with the Chalet dog for the whereabouts of his gumboot, which had flown gracefully out of his window sometime in the night. The dog wouldn't even look up from munching on one of the many other shredded shoes lying about the kennel.

Our C.O. went down to the office to make reparation for the damages, with an explanation of how the window met its fate (leaving out minor details, such as Colleen putting his big end through it). The proprietor's wife was a bit canny though, she asked if someone hadn't inadvertently slung a lawn-mower through it.

A warm farewell from the girls, and then we were off on our sleepy way home via Albury and Wang. Before leaving the Kiewa Valley though, we stopped at Dederang switching station. Like well trained dogs, we waited for another ¼ hour of "owyer goin', Harv."—but it was not forthcoming. Instead, as we shuffled past an auto-transformer dismantled for repairs, there came a muffled voice from the depths of the oil tank—"owaryer Harv." It was a classic that was worth more than all the previous ¼ hours.

At Hume, we stopped at the Kaplan turbines and saw one machine being started up, which is practically an all-automatic operation there.

The herd donned the nosebags again at Albury, and then continued on for home and a rest at school.

We wish to extend sincere appreciation and thanks to those who organised the trip, especially Harv., who had all the keys to cupboards and places you shouldn't go too. It was a trip which will stick in the lads' mind for many years to come. We would also like to thank Dave Beanland for braving the terrors of the trip to be our C.O., and also the lads who came along, without whom there wouldn't have been a trip.



#### SOCCKER TEAM

Back Row: P. Noss, E. Lakusa, M. Railton, Mr. Holborn, J. Middleton, G. Warren, N. Blackburn.  
 Front Row: P. Kenny, P. Marinelli, M. Gibbs, A. Brouwer, J. Gombos, G. Khor.

#### SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: B. Walters, C. Kline, J. Vroland, A. Knighe, D. Adams.  
 Second Row: J. Russell, C. Champion, J. Cowell, S. Ennis.  
 Front Row: J. Bush, J. Griffin, D. Baker.





## MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Among the many important changes which have taken place within recent years has been the increasing need for us to earn our own living in a highly competitive world by exporting manufactured goods and services to other countries.

Our dependence on primary industry as the source of exportable wealth is no longer possible on the same scale as in the past, and if we depend merely on human energy, others outnumber us, so, it is necessary that we develop our technical skills to the extent that we are able to do things not merely as well as, but better than others.

This implies the need for an engineering industry capable of manufacturing products which contain a large amount of creative work in relation to the raw materials used.

The Technical College diplomate has often been criticised as being a "recipe book" engineer—a copyist, incapable of creative thought. There is some justification for this criticism as many students pass through college, stuffed with knowledge, but lacking in initiative. The introduction of sandwich courses and the extension of the diploma course should provide the future student with the added maturity and opportunity to develop the facility for creative thought, but whatever is done, the main contribution towards creative engineering must come from the individual himself.

Make the most of your stay at college; remember that whatever you are prepared to learn for yourself will go a long way further towards making you the engineer that modern industry needs than mere instruction by lecturers and the cramming in of knowledge.

Mr. K. Deutcher.



#### 8MN (MECHANICALS)

Back Row: L. Jeans, P. Bromley, P. Ling, A. Barber, R. Armstrong, G. Taylor, R. Cameron, J. Chippendale, F. Pocknee, P. Turner, K. McColl.  
Front Row: P. Wade, R. Knapp, G. Andrews, J. Kent, R. Beebe, Mr. Holborn, Mr. Deutscher, R. Lukeis, A. Rickerby, L. Bingham, R. Logie-Smith.

### 8M

#### (MECHANICAL)

**BOB ARMSTRONG.** Bob is a member of the "Morris Minor Club" which meets regularly at lunch time to burn rubber, petrol, oil and clutch plates and to satisfy other destructive impulses Bob is an ardent water skier during the season; this is how he satisfies his desire for speed.

**JOHN KENT.** John's main spare time activity is also skiing (pronounced she-ing) but he prefers to do it in the presence of crystalline water vapour. John hopes to go on to Melbourne University, and as he is a conscientious student we feel he will do well and we wish him all the best.

**BOB KASSELL and GEOFF BROWN.** We are not sure whether they belong with us or not, but we know they both hope to complete final year by 1965, so all we can do is suggest they try studying. It helps you know.

**GRAEME ANDREWS.** Graeme's goal for this year is to build a light body for a Mark 7 Jaguar and he estimates with a twinkle in his eye that E-types will be pushing to keep up with him when its finished. Graeme has also shown his workmanship on the hovercraft, the final year mechanical design project for this year.

**RAY BEEBE.** Ray was the proud owner of a Dodge car until it was written off. He was proud of it because it used to race off mini-minors no less. All he has left is his dog (Huck). Naturally his girl friend left him when he had no car so I suppose he will have to do his own cooking now — no longer will he be able to say "Helen cooked the tea while I greased the car." Ray is a competent scouter and works as hard at this as he does at his duties around Caulfield Tech. You have served us well Ray, on behalf of 8M I would

like to thank you very much for a job well done.

**PETER MacDONALD.** Pete is also a doubtful member of the final-year mechanicals and he is quite normal as far as we can see, so nothing can be said.

**JOHN CHIPENDALL.** John is still the driver of a wrinkled VW ("Clutchless changes are EASY!"). John has so far done very well at Caulfield and he has been fortunate enough to pledge his life away to Department of Supply. There is really nothing else to say he keeps his cries so well hidden.

**LES JEANS.** Les is also a member of the "Minor Club" and is inclined to get punchy when Standard 8's are mentioned.

**ALISTER BARBER.** Alister drives the most humble car ever made by B.M.C., but Ali makes up for this by driving it flat out anywhere. In fact his favourite saying is "Anything you can do I can do better" (usually spoken to Les).

**RON DONOHUE.** Ron has now reached his life's goal—To own a hot Harley. He leaves it in the sun. He has raised the compression ratio from 4 to 5.5 and removed the sidcar in which he used to take his girl friend to the drive-in. I believe Ron is going to weld on the heads—they are the only things on the bike that haven't been welded to something.

**BOB LUKIES.** Bob is an ex-shop man trying to put a few decent thoughts into the minds of us college engineers. He is interested and willing to help in anything worthwhile that is going which includes the revue and folk singing.

**P. C. LING.** Ling hails from Hong Kong and is virtually the only Asian student left in the group. He deserves to get his diploma because of the work he has done and the obstacles he has overcome. Good luck for the future Ling.

**GRAHAM TAYLOR.** Graham this year represented Victoria in the inter-State hockey in Sydney and the team went quite well — considering. That hockey swing sure came in handy for beating off jerkers in the raft race.

**KEN MCCOLL.** Ken (among others) was the main influence behind the building of the hovercraft, and if it is not completed by the end of the year it will be no fault of his. Ken is also interested in another just as exciting form of sea transport. He has been doing a bit of sailing in Dragons during the year, and hopes to go to South Australia for the Olympic trials next year. Best of luck, Ken.

**BOB LOGIE-SMITH.** Bob, as most everyone knows, has been secretary of the S.R.C. during 1963 and I think he deserves congratulations for the excellent work he has done in this capacity. Bob also runs the Music Club at Caulfield and it seems to be doing well. He intends to return to Uni. after he gets his Diploma. Keep up the good work Bob — it has been appreciated.

## 7M

Mechanical engineering is the course chosen by the smartest (?) students of this age.

7M is a form to be remembered for its smart, intelligent eligible young bachelors — except Tony (he's conned).

No reference will be made to scholastic abilities as this might appear incriminating.

A systematic survey of these mechanical minds was carried out and the results appear forthwith:

**BILL STOTHERS.** A typical bush wacker: thinks he's still on walkabout (and so do the instructors). Bill is a strong advocate for stamping out big dogs.

**TERRY (RED HEAD STRAIGHT) GARROD.** Brother! How does he get into those pants.

**RON (RED HEAD CURLY) STEWART.** If he hasn't got a baseball in one hand he's got a bat!

**IAN (RIVELLO) BAWDEN.** He should make a fine engineer one day but we hope by that time he doesn't have to get out of his car to change gear. Camping in the snow is great fun, especially when you've got something to keep you warm.

**PAUL HENSHALL.** Is he really as quiet as he appears or has he secret family responsibilities? Little said but much done?

**EDDY LAKUSA.** Give him a guitar and a girl and he would play all day. Even during the week perhaps.

**YUK (CHARLIE) WONG.** Average wise Charlie puts us on the map.

**JOHN STEVO.** John lives by the motto: "Wine, Women and Song," and drives his red HOT matchbox as though the world ends tomorrow. This lad has the clues on what to do at "Drive Ins".

**KEITH LANG.** This lad may be someday the discoverer of the formula for the PRO-LATE TROCHOIO.

**MAX WHAMMOND.** He would join in the race also if he could get his old man's E.J. He has finally been convinced that sideways-travelling Minis' are wild.

**TONY (SANDRA) KNIGHT.** We could submit a lot of bunk about this lad, but someone else might take offence. This domesticated

chap is nowhere to be seen during lunch hours!

**G. WAYNE BARLOW.** Why Wayne doesn't cash in on his two comely passengers when driving to school is a constant source of disappointment to us all.

**P.S.:** Is billiards all you play under the house or are we "wishful thinking"?

## 7P

These are the class notes of 7P that marvelous bunch of promising engineers-to-be. After reading some of the comments which follow the form members made quite a few remarks some of which are quoted below:

"Terrific"

"Revealing"

"Impelling"

"Profound"

"Enlivening".

However, here goes:—

**ROBERT ASH.** This young man is a driver who believes in spending as little time in getting from point A to point B as possible. He drives a rather hashed Vauxhall which has to be pushed to start it. Has driven a Hillman from Caulfield to Swinburne in 7½ minutes.

**GEOFF BARTLETT.** Another of the speedier driving club and occasional cyclist. He owns a Paige Vintage Automobile which by the Grace of God or good luck actually goes (sometimes). Takes hordes of women on country drives in this machine, but often has to get out to push it home.

**ROGER BENZ.** This chap lives by the later-you - come - to - class - the - less - work - you - have - to - do principle. He is nearing his life's ambition: to be an hour late to each period.

**PETER BOYKETT.** This young man (actually he's nearly middle age) is of the surfie (or goldylocks) fraternity. He dyes his hair a peculiar shade of yellow with a concoction of lemon juice or as it is known amongst the high-brow — "Instant Surfie" (43 drops every drip). Pete drives a battered Mini and carries a long length of rope in the boot. (So watch him girls.)

**RICHARD EWE.** This student (?) is the proud owner of a Chev. of dubious vintage, dubious ancestry and dubious capabilities. According to the owner it is a hot machine, but we doubt it (he can't get it registered). Early this year in an attempt to avoid work he tried to cut off his right hand with the axe but it didn't come off.

**ALAN GISSING.** Fred as he is popularly known (Lord knows why) is a quiet worker — with women. He tells of his unlimited supply of the fairer sex but to date we haven't seen any of them.

**DOUG. HARRISON.** Senior mischief maker of the form, this lad hails from up the country, from Katamatite to be precise (population 2 and the proverbial dog). Doug comes down to the big smoke to get some fresh air and see what the sun looks like, and he says he feels better when he's down here.

**MAX HANNA.** Max is a resident of the picturesque wild east or as it is more commonly known Dandenong. This riotous environment (two bashings, one stabbing and four brawls per week) is just what is needed to bring the



and a tough front is definitely what's needed. best part of Max's character into the open,

GARY HAWKINS. "Little Jack" Hawkins is one of the quieter members of the form and often he's so quiet that no-one would think that he's around. Fact is, he isn't.

RON HOWARD. Nothing very much is known about this lad except that he drives battered Morris Minors around, and refuses to be in mass-hypnotizing demonstrations.

RUSSELL HICKENBOTHAM. This up-standing lad hails from that place of loose women and loose morals, Beaumaris. He plays golf (among other things) and is on top of form at the moment having sunk a few long shots. Russ is also an avid train fan and goes on quite a few excursions.

JOHN LANCASTER. The bloke is most often called Burt but this is the only likeness. Burt does not live Hollywood style but likes to spare time studying.

MAX LOWE. Max is the tallest member of the form and hails from Dandenong. Like the other Max he has to keep up appearances in this wild place where, it seems, you are judged by how much you possess. However Max L. has also been in tight spots elsewhere and he is not unknown in Chadstone, or any other spots where long arms are an advantage.

BARRY MAG. This tall specimen was one of the creators of the revue. He does, we understand, object to being the target in the Annual Teachers' Chalk Throwing Derby.

TERRY PAYNE. Terry is the proud owner of a jewel of automotive machinery, a-er-um. What is it again Terry? Oh MG TC, that's right. We believe he takes this delicate machine to bed with him but as yet we have no proof. Terry is partnering debs. at the moment and is also an expert on pump design.

DENIS SOUTER. 'Sam' is quite a lad. He comes from Dingley which is quite as idyllic as it sounds, and is an ardent member and organizer of the C.E.B.S. (your interpretation of that is only limited by your imagination). Sam also sings, unfortunately, and amuses Tony with his efforts. Favourite song—Mr. Burp Man.

BARRY WARMSLEY. An Austin A40 owner Barry is most often seen with Hawkins, that is to say he isn't often seen at all. Barry started off the year by having a difference of opinion with Mr. H - - - (don't we all).

However, there is one lecturer whom you will all be interested to hear about, Mr. T. deFina, Graphics Lecturer, par excellence. He is quite a lad one way and another (mostly another) and keeps our Graphics class enthralled with his lectures. These lectures are interesting, educational, entertaining and not often about graphics, and after all what more could we want. Well the more we seem to want the more we seem to get.

Mr. deFina is a skindiver, hypnotist, bounce-party organizer (and what parties) and is in-

volved in everything else concerning the good life. He does, we understand, run an engineering business and we have also deduced from various statements that he works in the engineering field when he has exhausted all other fields. He is at the moment taking refuge — oops I mean living in Victoria and is thinking of trading in his Studebaker GT (in which he says it is nearly impossible) on a Ford Ranch Wagon. (He likes the open spaces.)

We hope he appreciated this eulogy and we also hope he goes on to better things (but they don't come much better, believe me).

## 6MN

Nino Culotta's book "They're a Weird Mob" hasn't a thing on 6MN. This form contains the biggest collection of Hoboes, No-hopers, Surfers and the likes that you haven't seen before and are never likely to see again, collected underneath one roof.

The scandal begins:—

ROD ADAMS. Started out at the beginning of the year with full intentions of repenting all sins which he accomplished last year and passing everything at the half-year. The intentions, however, fell flat when a blue-eyed Bird from the Commerce crossed his bows. Rod is in the possession of a '56 Standard 10 which belongs to his brother. He enjoys with the Orgies where the booze flows free.

MIKE ADAMS. Hails from Sandi. Tech. which has a reputation for the finer points in life. Enjoys playing tennis with a certain female friend by the name of Sue. We think her dress had something to do with the attraction of this young man to this great sport. He boasts that he still uses a push bike for his only means of transportation.

TOM ALLEGOS. Gifted with classified Greek features and a body that would make Ulysses cower with fright, old Tom has a passion for three things, these being:—

1. S.R.C.
2. Teachers.
3. Girls.

However, when the mind that lurks somewhere under his Grecian locks is not dwelling on these subjects he can be quite a decent chap provided he is not riled (a sin for which one sometimes finds a fist the size of a saucepan making contact with one's mouth), he can be quite an amiable fellow.

ALBERT BREUWER. Commonly known as Dutchy, he hails from down Frankston way and drives his father's panel van to school. He claims that he went on the snow trip just for the ride, we all know better than that Dutchy. At every four to five he is missing, we wonder if it is just a coincidence that the Art School finishes at four. If he isn't home he will always be found at Teena's.

IAN CAMPBELL. Rides a push bike to school and claims that this is why he is always fit. Agrees that the female sex are all right but he can never seem to find the right one.



ONE FORWARD . . . TWO BACK . . .



MUMMY . . .



I'LL KILL IT . . .



DARRELL LEA ROCK



DROP IT . . . NOW!



TOURIST?

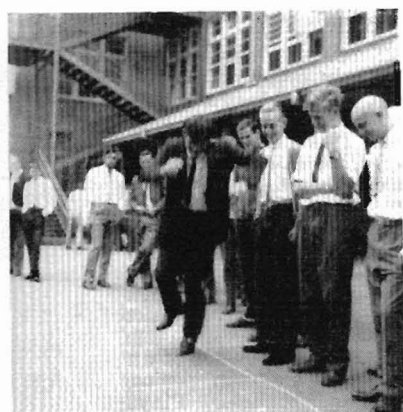


PORTABLE CLASS ROOM??



I TELL YOU IT GOES HERE.  
FOLLOW THE BOYS.





TWINKLETOES.



YER NOT COMIN' WEARING A TIE.



GET OFF AND PUSH HENRY.



AFTER IT'S OVER.



Plays football for Brighton-Caulfield and claims that if the Umpire gave them a fair deal now and then they might win a game or two. Can always be found at Penthouse on a Saturday night.

**DOUG. CONNELL.** Owns a 1950 Wolseley which he pranged driving to school one day and has not brought it since. Commonly known as Dungy, he likes his skiing, so he says for the sport, but there are plenty of females who say the same thing too. He regularly attends the Drive-In and on one night met with an unfortunate accident (with the seating arrangement).

**ROY GARDNAR.** Owns three Singer Sports which he claims can lick the tail off any hot Holden. This "Chappie" is renowned for flogging you pieces of useless junk that even Steptoe & Son would back away from for some ridiculous price. Poor Roy, his sister seems to run his romantic life, by approving or disapproving of the different girls whom he takes out. If I was in your shoes, Roy, I would tell her to go and get married, but I suppose it is a different business if you want her car. At the moment this young lad is trying to cultivate a moustache.

**BRUCE HOLLOWAY.** This young fellow delights in giving Mr. Beanland a race to the lecture room door. He is in the possession of a significant chuckle which succeeds in driving both fellow students and teachers up the wall. We understand that he is quite a good tennis player and often skips a period or two to practise up on a few shots. Owns a 1948 Austin, in which he has his lunch every day. He also boasts that he knows all of the women worth knowing, around the College.

**ALECK HUNTER.** Now here is a fine example of what a student should be. His main ambition is to do fifty hours at study a week on top of one hundred hours homework. We would like to point out that this leaves him precisely eighteen hours a week to sleep and have his meals in. He also likes the good game of tennis and says that he could wipe the court with Mike Adams.

**PAUL JOHNSON.** This long, gangling piece of flesh blew in with the breeze one crisp March morning straight from some bower of Melbourne Grammar and has been blowing in and out ever since. He took on an immediate dislike to physics. Everybody is quite impressed with the desert boots which he wears, one having the letter P on it and the other boot the letter J on it.

**RAINER JUCHTZER.** There isn't much known about this character's shady past unfortunately. Rainer can always be found at the other end of a cigarette and he always has a choice comment about any girl. Unfortunately for Rainer, he has a clumsy streak in him and as a result he has always been victimised. We understand that his brother owns a Vee Wee and again for his rare talent this lad is not even allowed to wash it.

**BILL KENNEDY.** This fellow hails from some Abo. Humpy known as C.B.C. He is one of the proud owners of an Austin Seven and recommends them for everything except the Drive-In's. Bill is not bad at playing Cupid for two of his sisters either. Hops out to Springvale every spare minute he has; we are told it's a girl.

**BRUCE KING.** Comes to school some mornings on his father's plough, but can be seen frequently botting lifts off Roy Gardnar. We understand that these two are building a racing car, I am sure with Roy's guidance and Bruce's labour this project could be successful.

**BOB LAIRED.** Started to take out one of the darlings from the Commerce but was forced to give her up because of pressure from different sources. This fellow being a dedicated surfie has just purchased a plank and is known to be more off than on. Never seems to be able to find the right Chamber Maid.

**LAURIE McADAM.** The super-oracle of the school who rides a death machine, namely a D.K.W. (or is it a B.M.W. I can't remember). This bloke shows great affection for his motorcycle by taking it to bed every night despite the fact that his mother complains about the oil on the bed sheets. However, his wife says two is company and three is a crowd and hence the motorcycle must go!

**ROY McCARTNEY.** This vintage car enthusiast delights in dragging off "E" type Jaguars in his hot 1926 "Cheve", however, we believe he has no trouble in stopping it, now with the installation of a very large second hand anchor and chain believed to have been swiped off the Belltona. This proud old automobile has its advantages, which can be clearly understood when one sees the size of the back seat.

**KEN MAY.** This intelligent gentleman is Brainy Hunter's side kick and hasn't missed a period for months. He loves smoking that stinking pipe of his and if not at home can be found in the company of the brunette next door.

**MIKE MORSE.** Another proud owner of an Austin Seven this chap can be seen posing around Caulfield in his green roadster. Plays rugby for Powerhouse, takes girls out and studies in his spare time. He tells us that his lanky body stretches out nicely with the back seat removed. We believe he suffers from domestic problems; that explains the reason for the Tommy Gun in the boot.

**TERRY O'MEARA.** This character goes by the name of Snow Drop. On Windy days he can be seen heading off to Brighton with his board under his arm. If wanted urgently can be contacted down at Mac's. Seems to have a knack for going to the Booze Orgies. Plays football for McKinnon and cricket for Moorabbin.

**SERMSUDKI PIAMTHIPMANUS.** Known as Sam, he comes from the Orient, Siam to be exact. We believe he is a skiing fan and a charmer of the females. Seems to have trouble with the colloquialism.

**BRIAN REBBECHI.** Known around the school as "Luv", takes back-handers from Tonkin and Campbell. Owns a motor-bike and is all the time bringing pieces of it to school. He comes into a lecture to find his bag placed in the most unusual places.

**BRIAN TONKIN.** This character is known as Tonks and hails from C.B.C. Wears a saucepan as head gear in metallurgy. Plays football and we believe he is quite good.

**COLIN THOMAS.** His ambition is to install six bantam engines in line with the X-Gardner Singer gear box in his father's Holden. Is all the time talking about motor bikes and can

be seen screaming down Dandenong Road fighting ferociously with the Brando Bars as he wheel spins around the corner into the court-yard on his hot push-bike.

RUSSELL WOOD. Instart Surfie, goes surfing in a puddle on a windy day. This fellow is designing a board rack to install on his motor cycle that his Buddy-buddy gave him. Turns up to school looking like Errol Flynn, in his flying boots, scarf and leather jacket.

JOHN ZACH. Is known by many names, around the school. Owns a Singer Sports which has not been out of his shed for two years. Some complication about it not being registered. Botts a lift off anyone driving past his door on their way home. Seems to have trouble with most of the woman that he takes out. Has recently acquired a pair of glasses and his looks resemble those of a well-known character namely Alfred E. Newman.

FOOTNOTE. It would be quite useless in suing the author on the grounds of Defamation of Character, Slander or any other civil offence as his possessions total practically zero.

## RAFT RACE — TRUE VERSION

The most superb example of mechanical design and workmanship was launched on that great day of the raft race in the open seas (namely Albert Park Lake). The venue was thoroughly considered and chosen after much thought by the Cautec S.R.C., without whose help the race would undoubtedly have been a farce. The Raft was tested for a brief period before the race and these trials showed the vast superiority of the aerodynamic design incorporated. At this stage it was found that the main method of propulsion (poles and paddles) had been left behind. As the competitors' rafts (?) were launched tokens of friendship were exchanged in the form of fruit and other delicacies. Due to the inefficient design, the jerkers' raft became bogged in the lake, considering the nature of the medium in which the race was to take place. The opposition were given 100 yards start and the mechanical Engineers' Raft was then set in motion and the leeway soon caught up. The jerkers found at this stage that if they were to reach the finish, foul means would have to be adopted so they abandoned ship and made themselves passengers on the Mechanicals Raft. The Mechanicals had by this time adopted an extremely reliable form of propulsion ("all out and PUSH!") and the two miles to the island were successfully covered well ahead of the rivals. On the island a fight ensued with primitives who inhabited it. The primitives were deformed in shape, horrible of countenance and covered in war paint of a peculiar odour, but they were eventually subdued and forced to retreat. Many of them were captured and they may be observed in their natural habitat roaming around room E2.

On returning to the mainland a strange white cloud descended and enveloped the locality. Several funny little men in blue uniforms and white hats turned into little men with white uniforms, white hats and red faces, and photographers were quite overwhelmed by the reception they were given. At this point it could be seen through the white cloud that the jerkers' raft was about to get under way.

## CHEMISTRY

The Chemistry Department welcomes the opportunity to bring before readers of this magazine the importance of this section of the College.

Our growth to the status of a department awarding a full Diploma has been quite recent. For many years only the fifth and sixth years were taught, the principal function of the Department then being to provide the subject as required for engineering students. In 1961 the seventh year was added, and last year it became possible to complete the whole Diploma of Applied Chemistry course at Caulfield. Both these facets of our activity will assume increasing importance in the future.

Presently all Engineering diploma aspirants will study Chemistry for a further year—a recognition of the increasing importance of the subject. Chemistry enters the field of the Engineer in Metallurgy and Geology. It concerns the internal structure of matter, and its behaviour under unusual conditions; it concerns plastics of all kinds, problems of corrosion prevention, solid state properties and solvents for a million purposes. The Chemist deals with the same electrons as the Electrical Engineer; he is concerned with the mechanism of electrolytic cells and electroplating. The design and operation of modern processing plants to produce food, plastics, steel, dyes, chemicals, fertilizers, artificial fibres, paper and one thousand and one other items is entrusted to the Chemical Engineer.

Discussions are also current which may result in the extension of the Chemistry Diploma by a further year. It is hoped that more effective treatment of what is now a very full course will result.

In Pure Chemistry we are approaching closer to the methods of the physicist; the test tube and burner are disappearing before the advance of devices like the polarimeter, polarograph and pH meter. Analyses which once took days are replaced by the speedy methods of chromatography and spectrophotometry, whereby we probe the structure of the individual molecule rather than matter in bulk.

Because of the very high cost of these devices, Technical Colleges must still continue with older methods and equipment, but we hope to acquire them gradually in the future, so that our students will go better equipped to their profession.

At present our accommodation is used to capacity, our Senior laboratory commences each day at eight o'clock and continues without a break until five, followed by a three or four-hour evening session. Relief can be expected when the new wing along Dandenong Road is added, with four new laboratories, but the further year of chemistry for both Engineers and Chemists will keep them in constant use.

Finally I would propound this question. Has Chemistry reached stagnation in the direction of new knowledge? Here we can answer an emphatic No! Many exciting discoveries remain and it could well be that the next few years will eclipse the enormous advances of the last fifty.

In conclusion, I would invite any parent or student interested in the possibilities of Applied Chemistry as a career, to obtain further information from the staff of this Department.

D. E. Griffiths, Chemistry Department.



8K (CHEMISTS)  
 Front Row: G. Devenish, Mr. A. Davies, Mr. J. Ryan, J. Millen, R. Tharle.  
 Back Row: K. Wong, D. McLean, J. Herman, L. White.

## 8K (chemists)

FORM TEACHER: Mr. J. J. Ryan, B.Sc., B.Ed., A.R.A.C.I.

This year a small group (seven) of the best looking, most intelligent and the craftiest students undertook the somewhat enormous task of overcoming the staff and completing their final year.

Before we go any further I would like to clear up any misapprehension about the size of our gang; small as we are we "control" 90% of the College.

This year the "big knobs" thought that they could stop our dope rings, vice dens and gaming houses by starting us at 8 a.m. and cutting out the lunch hour, thus we "worked" (operated) from 8 a.m.-5 p.m. non-stop.

As the year started to drift by we caught whispers of the annual Raft Race; history was made when the first Chemists Raft was entered in the race. Naturally, as you would expect we are fine sportsmen, so to satisfy the vulgar boatmen (engineers) we had to let them win.

Suddenly from the grape vine we heard that Jack had become the proud (he was too proud to tell us) owner of a baby chemist; we understand that it is the only one ever born into captivity.

At the beginning of next year there will be what will seem like a nuclear blast, as these eager students launch themselves into Industry and, worst of all "Work".

Just before giving an individual outline of each of the stupid (that cannot be correct) seven, I would like to thank, on behalf of the whole seven, Mr. J. Ryan, Mr. A. Davies and Mr. H. Billing for the way that they put up with us. Without their help we would not be where we are now; but I do not suppose that we can blame them, the police would have found out sooner or later.

Now for a brief individual outline.

**GARY DEVENISH.** Poor Gary thinks he is hard done by having Denis as a Prac. partner; Gary can always manage to arrive by about 8.30 a.m. Earlier this year his father went overseas; boy did he have a wow of a time with the family car. He was lucky that he managed to get the dents removed before his father arrived home.

He has a mania for stereos and tape recorders, one day took his tape to a barbecue in an effort to obtain some incriminating evidence on fellow students.

He was always talking about this Gwen and we thought that she was an imaginary creation in his head, then one night when he attended the Revue we found out that it is a female. As of late, he is the owner of a Morris Oxford and boy is he lucky Gwen's father owns a garage.

**JOHN HERMAN.** John is not a capitalist. But why is he first in line to pick up his pay cheque every second Thursday. Yes, John is destined to become a teacher (heaven help our kids). One thing about John is that he always arrives promptly for lectures — one hour after they commence. A confirmed bachelor he neither drinks nor smokes, so he tells us, but he is often seen staggering about the canteen singing the Christine Keeler theme song (I Only Have Vice For You), in a disorderly manner. Our guess is that his chocolate milk is spiked with absolute alcohol. Little is known of his week-end activities but he always seems just a little too quiet on a Monday morning. Claims to have disproved Einstein's theory of relativity, and that in two years it will be replaced by Herman's equation for neurotic behaviour. We can sum John up in a single phrase, "The mind boggles"! his favourite sayings, "Oh balderdash", "Oh rubbish", and "Oh bunkum".



DENIS McLEAN. Denis is a lovable lad, so he reckons. He has the not so wonderful gift of the tongue, and can be held to the great Australian winger. Yes, I said whinge. Denis is not a student, he is a disease; all he does from daylight till dark is whinge and moan.

Typical morning conversation.

Teacher: "Good morning Denis!"

Denis: "Well, anyway it's a morning."

This lad is destined to become the greatest union leader ever.

Denis played in the school squash team, but if he notched up any wins is another story, just thought I would give him a morale booster.

One day, in his honour, there was a great Celebration to mark the day he did not utter one whinge, you see he never came to school that day.

Denis still drives the same old green Holden, but he has a new co-driver, Geraldine; she hails from Footscray and heaven only knows how she puts up with him.

JOHN MILLEN. Underneath that tattered dust coat beats a heart of gold, all cold and yellow. Among the many epitaphs inscribed on this coat, the one taking pride of place on the top pocket is "SUE". By this we have assumed that Sue is John's one and only. John is an ardent St. Kilda fan, and claims that Baldock should have won the Brownlow. He hates Essendon to no end.

An out-and-out rocker, John attended one of the school's Jazz Dances and was nearly clubbed to death when he mentioned the name O'Keefe. John also figured prominently in the Raft Race, being the first one to bombard the Chemist's Raft with flour; he was severely reprimanded after the Race with a mallet.

John suffered a broken nose earlier this year, he claims that Ross did it, but we will lay ten to one that Sue had something to do with it. When asked when he is getting married John answered, "Not until I have to", sounds ominous, doesn't it. In concluding this note on the most colourful member of the form (language included) we must thank him for the use of his Sun every morning. Favourite saying, "Sat opposite a terrific tart in the train this morning, you should have seen her. Her . . ." Nuff said.

ROSS THARLE. They say that everybody tries to be an exhibitionist, well Ross certainly went the whole hog, he got engaged to Yvette. He got the best end of the bargain, boy has Yvette picked herself a load of junk. Ross has a list of girl friends that would make any Arabian Sheikh jealous. Ross captained the School Baseball team this year, they reckon he is pretty good, but I don't think he can throw for nuts and my nose will back up that statement.

He has a wonderful personality; quite often he will approach you and say, "Wanna go into town and pick up a couple of sheilas"? but we always refuse him.

When he found out that I was compiling these form notes, he asked me to send a cheerio to Pat, Lynne, Jill, Joy, Sandra, Judy, Sylvia and a dozen others, but I refused.

I reckon that from this good coverage Yvette will have guessed who is doing the writing.

LEN WHITE. They say that you can judge a person by the type of books he reads, from the books Len reads he must be a cross between Frankenstein and the Dracula (something like

my sisters), man is he Weird. During the past twelve months he must have had loads of haircuts, two I think. We suspect he wants his hair long for a disguise when creeping into the female boudoirs of Clayton.

Len was telling us that the other morning a dog mistook his leg for a telegraph pole, while he was waiting for the train.

Earlier this year his parents went away on their vacation, and left him a large sum of money to live on in the mean time, but in the first few days he spent it all on chemicals.

KWAI WONG. Kwai is our Asian representative, hailing from Singapore. This is the lad that all the staff are after, but we don't know why because he attends classes regularly (once a month). When asked the reason for his prolonged absence he remarks, "Oh, I had to do my washing." His lady-friend, Jocelyn, spent some time in a hospital, but he denies that.

One morning we read that some Asian students had been deported for lazy attitudes towards school work, so we all cheered when we thought he had been deported. But unfortunately like a bad penny he returned; he was not deported, he had merely been doing the washing.

## 7KL

AIM: An attempt will be made to group eleven variables (sometimes known as the 7KL factor) in some sort of order so that useful results may be obtained.

THEORY: Everybody in 7KL will continue in its state of uniform rest unless compelled by an external impressed force (or a shout of "Free beer at Mac's!")

PROCEDURE: (Herein is contained a description of the aforementioned variables.)

1. DARREN A. King athlete—has never been known to lose a sprint, especially when pursuing the fair sex. Has a racing, ocean-going okanuie which carries its own splints and bandages and also sports a hollow skeg which stocks liquid refreshment ('nuff said).

2. IAN A. An active member of the Aquarium Society and a keen amateur photographer. When not engaged in playing cards or shess at lunchtime, is usually found taking cheesecake pictures of the mermaids he keeps in a tank at home.

3. JOY, B. Speaking of water creatures, Joy is an excellent swimmer. Could pass as a surfie if; (a) her hair was longer; (b) she bleached it blond. Joy also lists Women's Open Table Tennis Champion of the Tuesday Morning Physics III class among her trophies.

4. JOHN B. Foundation member of the Cautec Chemists Club, an institute whose prime aim is to distinguish the elite Chemists of our fair College from skungy art and engineering students. Interests include H.W. and Hot Hill-man.

5. LINDSAY, C. Another successful photographer. Has recorded the mating-call of the broad-sterned ocean-going tadpole on his portable tape recorder. Also interested in girls, languages, playing "500" and consistently coming top of the class.

6. MAURICE C. The footballer's friend. Was once seen running his Versatile Vespa on absolute alcohol while whistling "Get Me to the Game on Time". Maurry is also interested in the girl that went up the hill with Jack (no relation to J.J.R.). "Is that all right, Maurice?"

7. BILL H. Proud owner of a "Gorgeous Guardo Van." "Who's Who" lists his interests as wine (champagne), women and rock, and his club as Alcoholics Anonymous. When not found cracking funnies in class, he is dispensing petrol on a Saturday.

8. JENNY L. Our Asian representative who claims to be a "square", classical music lover. Also, Jenny, you were found out. Two spies report hearing you whistle "Rock Around The Clock" while doing Organic Prost on the thirty-first of February between 4.00 p.m. and 4.02 p.m. inclusively. Apart from this one failing, Jenny keeps us happy with her quiet, sincere nature.

9. PETER (P.D.) M. This particular "pretty average comrade" is a great patron of "Springy". His Mighty Morris was given the very responsible job of towing the Cautec Chemists Aquatic Club entry to the launching site for the Annual Raft Race. The Flour Sorters' Union is deeply indebted.

10. NORM P. Alias the Lang-Long Kid. Once bet he could drain a niner dry in one sitting. Lost the bet when it was later found that five drops had been allowed to escape when the barrel was tapped. Norm drives a Fighting Falson and taught Murray the Weide all he knows.

11. JOHN R. The VII Earl of Officer. Gus insists he drinks only milk (once drank three and a half pints at one sitting) and attributes his success as a bouncer on the door of room E16 to this fad.

The mixture was allowed to react between February and November. Because of strong catalytic effects, the group was kept away from dark bottles (and cans for that matter).

At times, the pressure of J.R., D.G., D.R., K.C., A.M., G.R., N.P., and other pressuring agents was brought to bear. The equilibrium results will no doubt be eagerly sought in the newspapers at the end of the year.

## 6K

After six months of intensive study and observation, it was found that form 6K was unique.

It forms a violently reactive group in the Caulfield Tech. Periodic table and occurs free at various times of the day in different states (i.e., inebriation, insanity, the latter being most prevalent during chem. prac.).

Although the mechanism of their individual reactions is not quite clear, owing to the difficulty of isolating separate members of the group, one thing is certain; all the maleic members of the group have a great affinity for non-maleic members of this institution such as commerce, arts and the S.A.C.S.

The group is termed inert, especially by Messrs. Coote, Porter, Griffiths, although this inertness is certainly not displayed when the teacher is ten minutes late. Then the 6K elements show sudden likeness for their free state and become extremely difficult to contain and only a strong inhibitor, such as the principal, commerce girls, etc., will keep them in the vicinity of the school.

For the benefit of posterity there are listed below, the members of this group, with a few comments on their individual properties.

YVONNE ALLAN, she aims to be a World champion basketball player but is more likely to succeed at ping-pong.

JOHN BYWATER (Boogles), he plans to hunt after Sirex wasps with a can of dichlorodiphenyl-trichloroethane. (D.D.T. for those ignorant engineers.)

JACQUES KUPFER (Jack). If he discovers something, invents something, or does something he will be someone.

PETER GWYNN, swimming, never; chemistry forever!

PETER KNIGHTON, 98%, what happens to the other two? No perspirations to frame.

TERRY LIM. Taught the drawing class how to swear in Cantonese. Can't wait to return to Malaya and his fiancée.

TOM O'DWYER. "Excuse me a minute, I must go and buy my pastie." Will probably end up teaching English to the Americans.

The conclusions to be drawn from this mass of data are many and varied. However the main point seems to be that when form 6K is released on the world there will be profound and far-reaching effects. Questions will be asked in the House.

## 6L

### TO HEAD OF EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Report by a special investigator of a visit made to one of Australia's most prominent colleges.

It was one of these days that I made a surprise visit to one of Caulfield Tech. chemistry classes which I took to be representative of a typical Australian group of students.

What I saw shocked me!! If this is what the younger generation is coming to, I see very little hope for the future of our great nation. The specimens were a mixed bunch, each with its own nauseating habits.

Addiction in all its horrible forms reared its ugly head. One person whose name I heard was Max Dowsey, was passionately fond of sweets and ice-creams, and even lessons like maths would not stop him from going on with his munching and crunching.

Another "gentlemen" (?), Barry Collings, comfortably indulged in a habit which is healthy in moderation but beastly in excess. I was deeply moved by this exhibit to compose a little poem:—

"An apple a day keeps Barry gay

Without it, I feel, he would wither away."

Some time after, I felt a tiny uplift when I saw the shining character of Suan Dek Quek. His behaviour put him head and shoulders highly above the rest of the class. When I spoke to him I was impressed by his crusade to influence others in his beliefs in polygamy and chastity at the same time. However, I was a little unconvinced by his explanation of his practical approach to the subject.

And this, dear readers, is not all. Amongst the lot, two other characters: Saint Paul Stewart and Prince Philip the Conqueror (Greetham) are to be found. Paul seems to be by far the more ambitious person with his two inseparable hobbies—smoking and weight-lifting.

Philip, on the other hand, has surprisingly modest ambition such as to become a wandering folk singer. (May I suggest that a jazzier might suit him better.) Besides, he has had a few attempts at bleaching his hair alas all in vain! (Try again—might work now!)

The remaining four characters may easily be classified under the same category of industrious, more or less well-behaved people.

Although they do not contribute to as great an extent as others to class success, yet they keep up well with its atmosphere. They are: Arthur Lau, Brian Harwood, Mozzi Fin and Milutin Milencovic- the latter makes me often wonder of how serious he was about becoming a drug dispenser. The prac. chem. experiments however, confirm his point a little, showing how great a thrill such an insignificant subject can give.

And, finally, one more person is to be mentioned, who surprisingly enough is a female, and who also contributes somewhat to the presence of 6L. Her nickname is philanthropist, and not for a bad reason either. Greek derivatives: philos-lover

anthropos-man.

At my departure I met the dazzling personality of Mr. Griffiths, the form teacher who forcefully yet in vain, tries to keep the form going.

## SNOWY EXPEDITION

As Australia is the driest continent it is apt that her own engineers and those from distant countries, should create an irrigation and hydroelectric scheme equivalent in conception to that of the size of her immense parched areas. We are told that the Snowy Mountains Scheme ranks first of the modern wonders of the world- a just tribute to our forefathers who foresaw the potentiality of the area and acted with full vigour, the engineers who designed and who are implementing the scheme, and the multitude of workers who laboured on it.

September comes but once a year with monotonous regularity from an infinite past to an uncertain future. To the average student it is noteworthy for its holiday break, and signifies the time to commence the year's work for those imminent examinations. To the final year engineering student, however, it is an outstanding milestone, for the Snowy Mountains Authority graciously invites them to view the handiwork of their professional colleagues.

On that fateful Friday morning our small band, 23 Civils, 3 Mechs., 1 Elec., 2 teachers and our driver, "Nick," set out for the Centre of the Australian Alps. We did not travel light, for our backs bent under that load of blankets, rum, cameras, and cards. The morning passed uneventfully as we blazed our trail down that uninspiring Hume Highway.

To loosen our appetites and ease our cramped bones before lunch, our oldest member, Mr. Marshall, produced a football. He displayed remarkable agility as he scouted around the packs, effortlessly scooping up the crumbs. Unfortunately for Mr. Marshall he lacked weight, and as he brushed cow dung from his clothes, one lad realised too late his mistake. He did not have much chance in physics anyway.

A waitress rang a bell, and stood agape, her face torn with fear, as 29 youths thundered towards her. The meal was hot, and soon devoured, our table manners were beyond reproach (neglecting two small irregularities of Kenneth, persisting to use a straw with his soup and fingers with his peas).

As the distant frontier drew nearer, most were merry; that is except for Don Casbolt, who was dubious of our driver's map-reading ability. He elected himself navigator with

Shipo as associate. We missed Khancoban by only two miles; it did not take more than half an hour to retrace our steps. On alighting, some were assigned to trail young Bill, whose searing thirst drove him in an ominous direction. A watchful eye was kept on him that he did not exceed the limit of two.

The group that boarded the bus was merry, it was not the extra liquid that slowed our progress; it was those piles of sandwiches. Harmonious melodies shattered the stark, silent, snow-covered mountainside. Geof Pampplin's deep resounding voice boomed forth tearful blues, a pleasant respite from "Loghead's" parodies of "O' Sir Richard", etc.

David Cox broke out in feverish frenzy as patches of snow dotted the countryside. We did not mind his clawing the windows; but intimidating the bus driver to stop was another matter. The urgency of our arriving at Cooma before 10 o'clock was known by all; however other pressures developed and forced us to stop and melt the snow.

We arrived at ten, only to be greeted by our guide, Charlie St. Stanford; not that steaming hot meal we had been promised. Strategically dividing into small groups, we invaded the heart of that thriving community, only to find it drowned. Young Bill was soon on his way back to the hostel: we suspect he knew why Noel's suitcase was so heavy.

Next morning, after a sumptuous breakfast, Charlie explained to us the general Snowy scheme then shuttled us through the testing laboratories, imparting a vast array of statistics and technical jargon sufficient to appease even the intellectuals among us. It was at the hydraulic laboratories that Geof Pampplin first displayed his photographic ability. On an expedition such as this, photographers are in their environment; consequently there is a continual clicking. Geoff however stood alone; to him, photographing a subject does not consist merely in seeing a view then pressing a button. It is a delicate operation requiring full thought for every consideration; nothing must be left to chance.

Our next stop was at Island Bend dam site, where construction of a small gravity dam is being undertaken. Tan and Limb were a little shy of taking direct photographs of this and every other structure we saw; in all their photographs they pretended to take photographs of each other. This was only a thin disguise, even their parents would tire of the 180 slides they took of each other.

We arrived at Eucumbene at five o'clock, where we were to sleep overnight in quarters of unaccustomed luxury. Our coach ordered us out for a training run on to the adjacent oval, which was of familiar size but had rectangular goal posts. Casbolt suggested water polo and proceeded to swim across the field.

The usual large and appetizing meal was provided, and as usual a waitress carried the tray from counter to table. Many of us were unaccustomed to this type of treatment; young Bill, however, being used to following waitresses, took it in his stride; though he did appear a little frustrated when they quickly departed. The hostel is isolated from young femmes; thus other sport was embarked upon to pass the wee hours of the morning. Young Bill may play his cards right in snap; but



he will never win a fortune playing solo. I have a notion that Mr. Marshall's concept of cards was learnt from Phil Silvers.

The next day was spent viewing the larger structures of the scheme. Eucumbene Dam and the power stations Tumut 1 and 2, to name but a few. A panoramic view is obtained at the viewing point at Tumut 1 1,200 feet above the valley. Nick, our driver, was quite obliging by agreeing to stop; though at the time it seemed impossible; for the bus's brakes had ceased to function. As the rear passenger prepared for a sudden disembarkment, Nick calmly threw all the gears to stop with at least three feet to spare.

We stayed overnight at Cabramurra, the highest town in Australia and also the coldest if the film we were shown was any indication. Also in the same hostel was a group of young school girls; they were declared off limits. We obliged, for *young* they were: even Pinky did not cast a second glance. The night passed uneventfully; in one dingy smoke-filled room the stakes were high: one penny per bet; there were no smiles or laughter, the ice in the sink was not cooling bottled milk and fools were not tolerated in this tense atmosphere.

The spectacular concrete arch dam, Tumut Ponds, was our next port of call; some were so overwhelmed that they delayed our departure by an hour or so, having descended the gorge. Our guide did not make the same mistake at the Tooma Dam, we only stopped midway across the crest.

The evening at Geehi was more eventful than other evenings; for a bus load of older school girls appeared on the scene. The transformation of our group from unwashed, untidy specimens to gentlemen of decorum was staggering.

After arising at an outrageous early hour, we started on our journey to the Geehi Dam site. But we retraced our steps several miles back to Geehi to pick up Pinky, whom we had left behind. The hour of departure grew near as we approached Khancoban. After lunch, we bade God speed to our everhelpful SMA guide and returned to Melbourne without mishap.

An unforgettable and enjoyable trip had ended. It is indeed unfortunate that those two gentlemen who accompanied us, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bill Perryman, had to return to the ranks of teachers.

P.S.—A sprightly young student called Barry With the waitress at Geehi did tarry  
He wasn't a fool, but, for the sake of the school

T'would be better if he were to marry.

## 7A (CIVILS)

Our Form: THE FORM consists of 18 brilliant civil engineers being trained in this difficult profession by some of Victoria's highly qualified teachers.

The following is an alphabetical summary of each of the increments that make up the form, followed by some candid comments on some of the teachers, all information being collected by foul means.

ANDREW, Robin—"Andy"

Quite a tall lad; Sports include football and yachting, a good all round athlete. Grey supplies him with transportation. Will make a

fine engineer—King Street Bridge; Typical design.

BENGOUGH, Bruce.

Frequently called "Bengorian King of the Arabs", claims he hits a golf ball (after several attempts), and has rounds in the low 80's (is it 18 or 9 holes), also has trouble keeping a ruler more than 2 weeks—usually ends up as a torsion test piece or an open web joist.

CHATTO, Keith—"Keithy".

Raves about Sue—some bird. Has a sexy picture on his rubber for moral support, is a poser surfer (one of the beach boys), keeps saying "C'mon the mighty Tyges". Disgusted with exam results (nothing under 70!?). Says he's going to give up smoking. He is a nature boy—likes the fresh air in winter.

CURTIS, Alan.

One of Tim's mates, plays football—frequents the lounge for lunch and suffers from women troubles, also frequent trips to town leave much to be desired.

FISHER, Geoff—"Fish" (Wog).

Form artist—draws sexy pictures of girls and hippos. Associates with Ted. Cheers for Geelong and "Polly". Tried a hand at golf, good score approx. 140 for 18 holes.

FLEMING, Michael "MJ".

Has a friendly relationship with a city girl (during school term) and with a country girl—from Gippsland (during school holidays). Bit of a surfer, so he says. Very weak, took a day to recover from the school ball. Goes skiing (she-ing) in the snow. A Waygood's man.

GOODERHAM, Paul.

Does Hydraulics during Elec. Eng., Maths. during Civ. Eng., etc. Received a high mark in maths. Plays squash and wears a jacket in the summer and a shirt in the winter. Financed by the Govt.—Lucky fellow!

GREY, Alan "Al".

Plays football, squash and a yachts man (so he claims), suffers from carburettor troubles. The Govt. wants him to be a teacher—not for my kids, mate!

HAMILTON, John "Jed" (not from Reveue '62).

Hails from Doveton. Calls his nuts and bolts a car. Tries at golf. Is always late for school—9.20 a.m. arrival for Graphics.

LYNTON, Dave.

Tells us about a girl named Jerry. Has a Morris Minor car. Works (?) for his payola.

MILLAR, Ian "Sleepy".

Another "Mad Surfer". It seems the Form's full of them. Wears a brown cardigan (never takes it off). Has a craving for milk (big Joke?). An all-year surfer who always needs a hair cut.

MOFFATT, Gary "Hairy Gary".

Peninsular Fact buller—quite good. A Fossil from Carrum Swamps. Has a girl friend in Crib Point (good times at the weekends). Drives a little Fiat, his mum's.

McINNES, Ken "Mac".

Had a bad case of "THE SCUNGE". Member of C.T.C. diploma choir. Mixes with females, especially Helen. Is controlled by the Govt. Stays out late at night (I wonder what goes on). Calls himself a dancer (funny!).

PAYNE, Roger.

Fronstonion squash player; likes and under-



#### REVUE

Back Row: J. Raivars, D. Maslen, K. Crouch, R. Easson, G. Andrews, K. McInnes, G. Kay, D. Thompson, P. Marinelli, M. Gibbs, R. Beebe, R. Jenyns, R. Lewis.  
 Second Row: C. Hodles, R. Lukeis, P. Arnold, M. Jones, S. Jakymczuk, N. Farrall, A. Thistle-Waite, C. Pemberton, C. Kline, C. Rogers, J. Rozenblum, R. Bowling, P. Ager, K. Brown, A. Breasley, J. Cooke, M. Wisniewski.  
 Front Row: B. Walters, W. Power, C. Biss, J. Cowell, A. Day, S. Dowley, S. Sanderson, S. Funston, H. Sephton, J. Harvey, D. Bapty, B. Buus.

stands Heat Elec. Eng. (subjects that should be dropped from the 3rd year civil course). Drives a pregnant pastie (VW).  
**PRENTICE, John "Stonewall".**

A rocker. Has a friend that is a chemist—ugh!!

**RAILTON, Alan "Hunky or Fatstuff".**

The Hairy chested surfer who surfs under water because of his weight. Govt. bribes Hunky to become a teacher.

**TRACY, Richard "Dick".**

Biggest jazzier in the form. Friend of Mr. Winthrope. Comes from Endsville. Only comes to Elec. Eng. Has had many sicknesses this year; e.g. Malaria and Pneumonia.

**WILLIAMS, Tim.**

Visited the "Playboy" with a girl that wasn't his girl friend. Plans to write a musical "How To Succeed In School Without Really Trying".

#### NOW FOR THE TEACHERS

**MR. KEIFFEL**—form master.

(I don't know much about him because he does not teach us.) Well that's as good a reason as any.

**MR. WINTHROPE**—Elec. Eng.

Tries to explain seriously a serious (series) circuit.

**MR. PESCOTT**—Applied Mech.

"Percy"—a big man in engineering. Strives to make us civil engineers—well liked for his attempts; disagrees with eating in the streets.  
**MR. DIXON**—Hydraulics.

"Mumbles". Tells us how water should behave and how not to design hoardings.

**MR. FORTI**—Graphics.

"Friendly Frank". Explains how useful Graphics should be.

Form Notes written by two brilliant civil engineers who wish to remain anonymous.

7C

Dear Reader,

You are about to read the finest form notes

ever written. These notes are definitely the wittiest and the most brilliant in the history of form note writing. Our form notes will make Shakespeare look like a script writer for Sydney Heylen.

These are not just any form notes. You are not going to have dollops of literary muck such as, "Roger Byrne is a wet weed, Roy Young is a jerk, Ian Stent is stupid or Miles is Mad" thrust at you. We consider that insinuations and side remarks like, "Bob Baring needs a wash, doesn't Sherard come to school, or McCarney drives to school with a dog licence" have no place in our superior form notes.

People looking for petty poetry such as:

"John Stewart's ambition must be small  
 To write upon a building wall,  
 But now his ambition has gone one worse  
 He carries a flick-knife in his purse."

will certainly not find such literary gems in these form notes. These are sophisticated form notes. If Warwick Bailey consorts with questionable people, or Bottles Naisbitt boozes too much and Jones thrashes his Cooper Vanguard and Keith Brown carries on madly, it is nobody's business but theirs.

Our form notes are not going to "rubbish" anyone; we shall be exceedingly discreet.

Would Mike Mellor, Noel Jenkin, Tony Fabey and Keith Lowe appreciate having the Constabulary's attention drawn to their nefarious activities. After all, the world renowned newspaper "Truth" is the medium of "that sort of thing".

Our form notes will refrain from scurrilous attacks upon students; instead our form notes will draw attention to the decent elements in the form, such as John Raivars, who is a good bloke and guess who wrote the form notes? No, it wasn't Herb Elliott, but the author has already started running.

—J.R., B.F.

## 6D (CIVILS)

**CHRIS COOMBS.** Chris tries to fool everyone with a dumb act but succeeds in fooling only himself. Has fallen into the habit of being forcibly ejected from dances. Seems to hang around Luna Park "conning" on to certain women and enjoys being photographed with said women. Love his style of haircut.

**KEITH REITER.** Never called anything except "Tex" because of his country outlook on life (wonder if he uses a twig). Has his hair cut (strictly basin) every two weeks. Has actually come to the stage of letting fly with some explosive interjections in lectures. Seems a "nice boy."

**PETER TOWNSEND.** That's funny, I always thought his name was "Wal". Was scared off smoking by a drunken doctor — now never seen without a pipe. Seems bewildered in some lectures but always catches on (?). Uses "Kwik-Tan" regularly. Sporty type. Favours ten o'clock closing — definitely.

**AUTHUR BURNS.** How Arthur Henry becomes Roger I'll never know. Carries a soapbox around with him and is always climbing up on it to speak on a diversity of subjects. Made some sarcastic comments about the choice of clothing of certain women and is therefore disliked by some women (or was it that bus-trip). I wonder if the car he is always talking about does exist.

**FRANK FEY.** Has some mad mates and picks women with some queer names. Although he is not conceited (he knows he is perfect) he is not a bad bloke, anyone can forgive the trail of beer bottles and women he has left behind. He has got knobby knees — watch it — I only said that because I once saw him in a skirt, sorry kilt.

**LINDSAY SHARP.** What mysteries, what deeds go on beneath that thick coating of hair — absolutely nothing; he is dumb. Although seeming big time, usually reliable sources state that he has only been to (3) three jazz dances — not even parties. Does he know what a girl looks like? Altogether now — 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . NO. (Does that answer the question?)

**TERRY BICKERTON.** Although he walks around with a stupid grin on his face he is not a bad kid. Sadly lacking in some aspects of his education but is improving. Studies hard but still fails in exams. I can do that just as well without studying so why study?

**ALAN BREASLEY.** If ever there was a brainy, intelligent, handsome (can anyone guess who is writing these notes?) bloke, Alan is definitely not it. Although at one stage it seemed as though he had left school (never attended lectures) is now a more or less regular member of class. Wonder what happened to all the ideas about not drinking? Skoll!

**KEN MCLEOD.** There is not much you can say apart from the fact that he is average in all things except in schoolwork where he is below average — but then this is average for this class. (Does that sound right?) The variety of transport ranges from a great Humber to a tiny motor scooter. Love those dimples.

**GARY MOSS.** The only thing outstanding is that Gary comes from Frankston. "Fine boy."

**GEOFF HUNT.** Very quiet, very brainy, very intelligent (don't worry — he is giving me £5 if I praise him but I never was any good at lying), very dead. However, he probably will pass.

**PETER KITTERINGTON.** This one has got me stumped. Although Peter seems very subdued I wonder if he has a secret vice — wine, women, or song. Is he a drug addict? Is he a sex maniac; is he . . . oh well, he is probably just dumb.

**JOHN LAWRY.** HUSSSSSSSHHHH be very quiet when around John and then you will match his mood. Probably be one of the few in the form who will do well at exams.

**N.B.** If anyone has been missed in these notes he can only blame himself. He is either too quiet, does not attend classes or does not attend the few classes I attend.

Any similarity to any person alive or "dead" is entirely meant. No correspondence will be entered into.

## THE GODS LOOKED DOWN

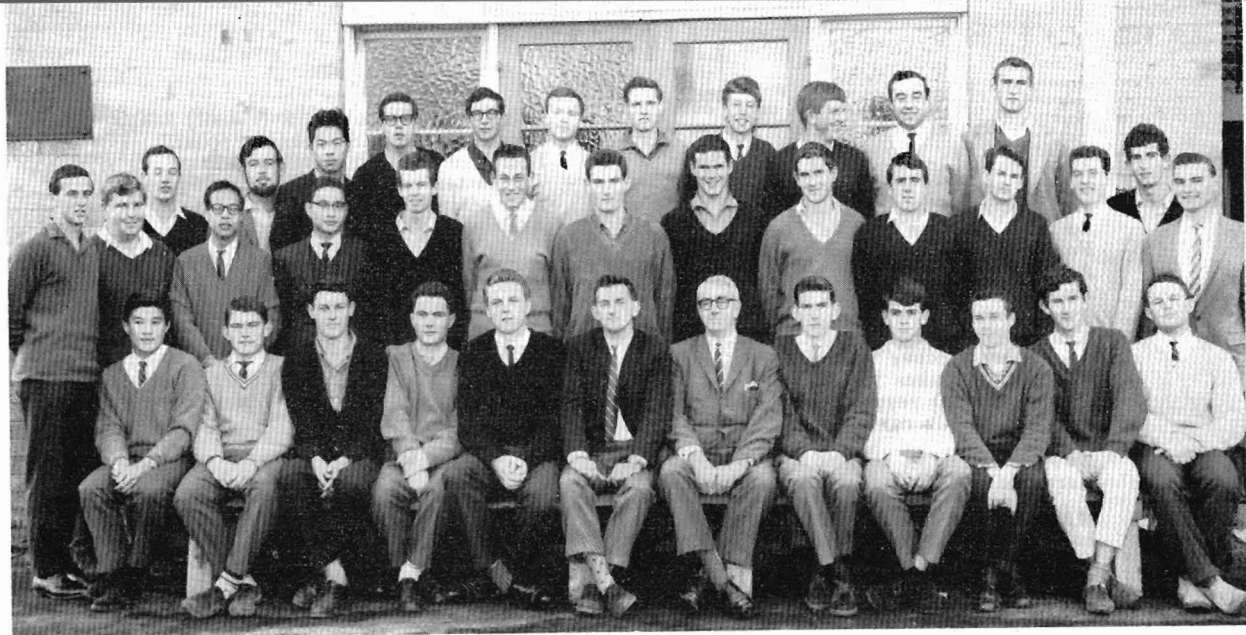
On that fateful day of March 23rd, 1963, a noble craft slipped into Albert Park Lake and prepared for the imminent naval manoeuvres which would lead to victory to the Cautec Civils. There were fourteen challengers seeking victory; however, many were endowed with more spirit than wisdom. Timber and tins are only two essentials for good raft construction, another even more pertinent is ingenuity, a characteristic which has been amply bestowed upon the Cautec Civils. Our craft was a masterpiece of Civil Engineering Know-how. Her short masthead, sleek lines, manoeuvrability and speed was a credit to the motley crew who constructed and pushed her. While the enemy floundered on their driftwood our noble craft set straight course for the island victory and glory.

A wave of expectancy penetrated the atmosphere as half a case of apples flavoured with cantaloupes, flour and a whiff of rotten eggs cut through the cool putrid air and drifted raftbound. Confusion reigned, this barrage from the shore batteries not more than 20 feet away even upset our unique unitism claiming our lone casualty. Our transport officer was seen frantically ploughing through the weeds towards the bank, retiring gracefully from the foray having been unmercifully battered with high velocity cucumbers and weevils.

The armada oozed forward; the battle had commenced. Thrashing the water with hysterical fury the rafters gouged their crafts across the inky wastes at breath-taking speed. Slackers were not tolerated, if lack of enthusiasm for paddling was detected then the culprit was helped to voluntarily alight so that he could push.

The unavailability of other waters for the manoeuvres due to the efforts of blundering Loghead Smife resulted in the selection of the lake as the battle site. It should be avoided in future years for the miserable craft were able to evade being plastered with flour by paddling out of range of the vast hoards on the shore. Only with the arrival of the press and television photographers did this rabble overcome their boredom. Suppressed vengeance was released, a hatred of photographers was discovered. Wave after wave of flour and fruit





#### SABC (CIVILS)

Back Row: J. Vroland, G. Pamplin, P. Phronphapha, D. Baker, A. Beeson, G. Cobb, J. Middleton, G. Champlin, J. Thompson, D. Casbolt, R. Parker.  
 Second Row: W. Wealands, A. Tyndall, R. Wan, B. S. Lim, A. White, N. Wootten, G. Wolf, R. Lewis, E. Perrin, T. Phylard, G. Cooke, K. Barnhill, P. Ager, D. Bucknell.  
 Front Row: G. Kohr, B. Freeman, R. Shipton, G. Ride, D. Cox, Mr. Keifel, Mr. Pescott, D. Jones, M. Stahmer, K. Jones, J. Tutt, J. Russell.

was directed at them. Many fled in terror to cower in their discoloured cars, one stood firm his ground and quite likely is still beneath that heap of decaying food which engulfed him.

Meanwhile on the high seas the RMIT made a gallant effort to overtake our craft. The tech. soon tired, realising their inferiority, and concentrated their missiles at an unarmed maiden vessel. Our gentlemanly spirit allowed us to only direct two salvoes towards them.

Do not be misled into believing that the strength of your Gondolier's drinking arm is the essence of success. The quality and quantity of ammunition and dexterity in wielding it, is of equal importance. Unfortunately our crew lacked a nuclear mushroom; however, our arsenal did contain 500 weeviled flour bombs of assorted sizes, an array of rotten fruit and a number of green mouldy pies, all of which were handled with remarkable precision. The initiative of the Civils experimenting with a flour bomb mortar was particularly commendable.

With indomitable courage and resource we waded on, the island and victory in sight. A fickle maiden from an opposing crew sensed our inevitable victory and boarded our raft. We gently crashed into the island, the Gods looked down and squinted (for flour was in their eyes).

Our arsenal was not depleted so we retraced our steps and attacked the following armada. They fled in terror. So we concentrated on the rabble ashore until exhaustion seized us.

In the annals of the Caulfield Technical College this would indeed go down as a great occasion, an occasion never to be forgotten, the third successive year of victory. This was indeed our finest hour.

## 6A

This year's Gryphon'd be incomplete  
If 6A's scandal sheet  
Was not included.  
So that you won't be deluded;—  
For slander, scandal and defamation,  
As well as obloquy, aspersion and vilification,  
And calumny, scurrility, sarcasm and dispar-  
agement  
Along with satire and cynic and traducement,  
And many another 'terrible' trick,  
(Even if it makes you sick),  
Absolutely NO responsibility is taken by  
Anyone; just in case it's all a lie!

Now please don't laugh;  
Here are some notes about the Staff:—

Mr. Richards (Physics), Oh so bold,  
Is a Ban-the-Bomb man we are told.  
The Revue he says he ran  
Un-doubtedly as no other can.  
Hornfels and granite he gave us to learn,  
So that through the course we may churn,  
Hoping that never a dam we design,  
Will fail through 'metaso-pneumatolysine'.

Mr. Masson, of Maths 2B fame,  
Is successful in keeping us tame,  
Penetrating Friday morn's mist  
And pounding into us the gist  
Of work, energy and power  
And dropping lead-shot from a tower.

'Bulls at the gate',  
Seem to penetrate  
The Maths 2A classes,  
(No, they're not farces,  
You just enquire.)  
Quoting Nethercote Esquire.

Mr. Marshall takes us for Physics  
And drives us into hysterics,  
Mr. Martin he knows, and Mr. Conner he has  
met,  
But we have yet  
To pass a prac. experiment set.

Admitting he knows less than us  
And often wondering at the fuss,  
Mr. Wilby, our Elec. Eng. teacher,  
Makes for a bright Wednesday feature.  
When his authority is challenged  
He says, with tone quite balanced,  
But also with great shock,  
"Before coming up, I asked Doc!"

'Mr. Mumbles' tells us we're neurotic,  
Our camels, he says, are exotic . . .  
Melbourne he calls the world's noisiest city,  
Which is really very much a pity,  
Since we all seem to like noise  
At about the volume of that in Foy's . . .  
Our habits give him shudders and fears,  
"Please learn to act like engineers!"

We will now résumé the future (?) Civil  
Engineers  
Who have survived the past school fears:—

Of baseball flair  
We have Ross Blair,  
A gent of modest deed  
Who, it seems, pays little heed  
To lunchtimes and their need.

Allan Bowtell-Harris, a friendly man,  
Proudly owns a Studebaker sedan.  
Both are of no mean dimensions;  
The latter causes many apprehensions  
And plays numerous tricks of fate,  
And hence the former is often late.

Russ Bowring is a lad,  
Who surely isn't bad.  
He quarrels oh so often  
With Lyons who won't soften  
Or listen to the arguments;  
So on they go these gents,  
Each silent to the other,  
And in Physics? Oh brother!  
The hostility never ever stops . . .  
No wonder their experiments are flops.

Of the type often late,  
John Clayton really does hate,  
The early hours of the morn . . .  
"Too chilly," he says with scorn.  
An ardent fan of the Go-kart,  
He is often seen to dart  
Through Springvale City, with grace  
Acquired only with the Law in chase.

Little gossip is known about  
David Cuthbertson, who, no doubt,  
Does his best to keep  
His secrets hidden deep.  
He is a very early morning bird,  
Never arriving with the herd,  
And before school-life has properly begun,  
He's seen reading that rag 'The Sun'.

Chain smoking is a habit,  
And Ralph Deszcz may have it;  
For him nicotine  
Seems certainly no fien' . . .  
Others feel he may contribute  
To the cancer institute.  
But Ralph's motto is:—"Let's live!  
I am already going through a sieve . . ."  
'Ye Shoppe' sees plenty of Ralph,  
The reason speaking for itself.

We are sure that Michel Ferey  
Can really make things merry,  
His happy disposition  
Puts him in good position  
In making him ('Tinkerbell')  
Almost everyone's pal.

It must be a feat  
To always be able to eat,  
As much as Len Follet  
Can get through his gullet.  
And when not eating,  
He's probably defeating,  
As no other can,  
Some Model Aeroplane fan.

Ian Gibson, a Dandenong 'hood',  
Thought himself a high-jumper good.  
Hence while doing a 'fling',  
He accidentally broke one 'wing'.  
This rather mucked up the judo,  
As well as other things . . . well, you know!  
Otherwise he's quite a nice fellow  
Although at times inclined to bellow.

The 'Complete Works of Shakespeare'  
We are told, are very dear(?)  
To Ves Karnups, a big fellow  
Who likes certain things mellow;

Was Revue's chief backstage man(???)  
 And later, so the story ran,  
 Prince Ipal's under-understudy(???) . . .  
 Yes, life can get muddy . . .  
 Particularly in the car trials,  
 For which he sold many miles  
 Of tickets, and got to know  
 People in the Miss Cautec Show . . .  
 So that's why we're so sure  
 For Ves, there's much in store.

Of the quiet(?) and sporting blokes  
 Brian Logan may have it, folks,  
 He plays squash, judo and tennis  
 And in comments he can be a menace  
 Such as in Physics . . . ?  
 And to whom does he sing lyrics  
 And rattle on in verse . . . ?  
 Is it to some 'drop' from Commerce?

A lad set against defiance  
 Must surely be John Lyons.  
 Whenever there's a fuss  
 He says, "Let's be serious, Russ,  
 And calculate the stress  
 On this b . . . . mess."

As a 'truth-seeking' (?) enthusiast  
 Don MacDowall says much in jest;  
 He talks too long and too loud,  
 (Of that he's undoubtedly proud)  
 And too often about NONsense  
 Which is really the essence  
 (Although he's tried to keep it in the dark)  
 Of his fabulous (?) Maths 2B mark!

A jazzer oh so keen  
 (There's not a joint he hasn't seen)  
 And a former judo star(?)  
 (Has beaten (?) all the 'champs' from afar),  
 Is Michael Ruddock, a chap  
 Who may help in wiping Caulfield off the map.

Our expert on all matters  
 Is Ken Treloar, who matters  
 And explains the natural laws  
 Of all the wonders and their flaws,  
 As well as expressing his  
 Opinion with gusto and 'fizz'.

Alan Witt is a type of chap  
 Who prefers a blonde on his lap.  
 Shortsightedness is his claim,  
 ——"CENSORED"— is his aim.  
 His hunting ground is Hotel Ritz  
 (Incidentally, the contact there is Fritz);  
 Army boots he wears to dances  
 And in between the merry prances  
 The girls rave about his 'locks';  
 Later, telling us the shocks,  
 He wonders, "how'd they dare  
 Insult my wonderful 'short' (?) hair?"

A man with many connections  
 And contacts in all sections  
 Is Richard Wootten Esquire,  
 Who has one burning desire . . .  
 To become a basketball star.  
 Undoubtedly Richard will go far  
 As he's not as dumb,  
 As is supposed by some.

If you have been rocking  
 At the poetry (?) which is shocking,  
 Think of the bloke by whom it was 'wrote',  
 And pray don't send him "afloat"  
 With his four feet  
 Solidly encased in concrete.  
 Aye, Robert Melchers had to fight,  
 Through thirty biros just to write  
 This little scandal note,  
 And in it to quote  
 The lovely life of Civils!  
 (Doesn't it give you the drivels?)

## 5AB

### CHRISTINE & MANDY

aren't mentioned but . . .  
 the material censored from these the 5AB  
 form notes would make the Profumo Affair  
 look like a Sunday School picnic.

With Harvey B. at the helm we started on  
 a course of destruction. The crew are:—

AGGUSOL—French reject deported to  
 France for National! Training? Famous for  
 flying mile on Geelong Road with six felias  
 inside and Harvey almost on bonnet.

BELL—"Fungus face's" girl friends come  
 in all shapes, sizes and ages, but he couldn't  
 care less. (Any thing with a dress will do.)

BLACKBURN—Teaches art girls how to  
 play (Hockey)?

BROOKMAN—Ferreter of the form—chases  
 after the bunnies.

We have got two birds in our rat race;  
 they are—

MISS BURROWS—Pommy Girl. Very quiet  
 till she speaks—known as "Bunny".

MISS BARDOCZKY doesn't enjoy it when  
 experiments blow up and throw Nitric Acid  
 in her pretty face.

BOB DAVIS—Famous Geelong Coach. We  
 thought Jazzers were the only ones to use  
 curlers.

BAKER, DUKE, PEARCE—Commonly  
 known as "E" boy, "D" boy and Sexy Rex.  
 Famous for jokes and impersonations of Jazz  
 bands. Never arrive on time for Chem. "D"  
 boy loves wrecking new lathes.

CLARK—Often tries to prove teacher's  
 wrong. Gets booked for rotten driving.

DOWNING (Crawler). Slept at Beebe's  
 place on Revue Night—wonder who was there?

FULLARD—Expert on Missiles of any de-  
 scription, especially in physics.

EADIE (Juanne). Jazzier boy hates any-  
 thing to do with Rock (who's kidding who?).

CHARLTON—Famous haunt, Dr. Mac's  
 clinic.

HALIFAX—(Quiet boy)?

KIRKAM—Ten pin smasher, tries even  
 when the gate's down.

KRAUS—Here lies the body of a big, big  
 man, big Bad John.

KWAUN AND LIEM—Asian Students.  
 Liem's a beauty with girls.

MURRY—Works at French restaurant and  
 loses sleep over it. "Inspirator" of all our  
 teaching troubles.

TURNBULL (Toddy)—has private wars  
 with Derick.

SIMMONS—Rocker boy, goes to lunch time  
 rock shows during Glass Blowing.



ALEX PARKS. Ex-merchant—navy boy walks with seaward sway.

HUTCHINSON. Never hear from him—studies too hard to be sane.

TIPPET. Shines his shoes so bright he combs his hair in them when it gets slightly outa place.

MAC ALEICE. Got a finger in every pie—known as Knobby, but, no connection to the well-known gardener. Doesn't like any teachers as he shows with his perfect behaviour.

And following all the boys, as usual, D. Gilovitz, the steam train whistle boy with the Black & Decker drill against our Pb...

### 5CD

The 1963 5CD Form was composed of a motley assortment of youths, who confidently referred to themselves as students.

Pre-eminent amongst them were some of the following:

BARRY SMITH (revered by his fellow classmates as "the great, white shark hunter").

BRIAN SAMPSON, who is sometimes observed through a dense cloud of smoke doing his physics prac. on Monday morning (before school).

DES FORD, who periodically arrives at school looking like a shorn sheep.

JAMES O'GRADY, a squash player who sets a blistering pace with the girl students.

BRUCE CLIFFORD, another James O'Grady, but more so.

PETE "BRUTE" BURNS, who can lift heavier weights than the rest of the class put together.

JOHN BROWN, an aristocratic Ford fanatic.

JACOB ABRAHAM, who is constantly intimidated owing to a big bully by the name of Eurie Lee.

ROBERT RODENBURG, from Frankston, a lad who enjoys informing the class when one of the boys has a birthday.

The above names represent only a small portion of a bad lot. To give an idea of the worth of the overall class, I will quote the 5CD motto. "If you don't want to pass, join our class."

If the class is divided into sections, there can only be two, bad, and disgusting. The vast majority of the class belong to the latter.

### 5EF

For 5EF, 1963 was a year of fun and failures. It took many months (10 in fact) for the whole class to settle down to work. "Teacher's Pet", Geoff Tones made himself well known to all the teachers throughout the year by his inferior knowledge. Trevor Moorefield and Bill Hardess, the children of the class, treated the school as a kindergarten and never ceased playing handies and singing. Dave Miles and Norm Darwin talked about and drew cars all day long. Although married, Kurt Rusham still showed old style when flirting with the commerce and art girls. Robert Johnston and Peter Balstrup made a small fortune during the year by betting on horses and then listening to the races on a transistor during class time. During the year, Cautec's wildest surfer, Rick O'Niell paid £75 for a specially constructed

surfboard (built interstate) and a foam lined wet suit for his dangerous underwater expeditions (Mike Nelson style). Doug Axnick's 19th Century Chevvy jalopy proved a hit with the class and regularly out-dragged many late model cars from the school crossing. Lunch-time rock show organizers appreciated Jones, Cawson, Johnston, Cookson, Balstrup, Hardess and Moorefield's patronage to their shows. Joyriding throughout the year proved to be a popular pastime (even during class hours). Ross Cantello took a brief holiday during the year. Maths wizard Robert George was considering obtaining a job as a plumber's labourer. Proud MG owner, Steve Collis, was very happy about the charity marks he received in the mid-year exam. In Chem. Bruce Henshall is minus a few teeth after a small bingle with a stationary car. John Donald chickened out of the football match in which Tony Hyde, Graeme Crooke and Cole Starred. When not thrashing the hot Holden, Shaw, Bok and Retallick created disturbances from the back of the classroom. It has been rumoured that 5th Formers have organized an appeal to raise funds to send "Harv—the isotope kid" to Toorak Teachers' College for a return course. John Brown deserves a chance to show his umpiring ability in the V.F.L. Mr. Backhouse has reserved his Hairy Harley for week-ends and now drives a Pregnant Pastie (VW) to school. Mr. Kiddle needs more shoulder padding. Mr. Underwood needs a microphone to make himself heard in the machine shop.

Good luck to the class brains, Kurt Ruhsam, George Guimmarra, Bruce Field, Gordon Thompson and Jeff Beaumont who, according to mid-year results, look like being the only ones capable of obtaining their diplomas.

Summing up, 5EF had a fun filled and quite unsuccessful year.

J.J.B.

## COMMERCE DEPARTMENT

Perhaps the greatest need of Australian commerce and industry is for trained administrators and managers. It is this kind of training which is provided by the Commerce Departments in the various Technical Colleges. The diploma courses provided give a basic training in accountancy, commercial law, business administration, management, and self expression in writing and public speaking. Qualifications obtained in the diploma courses are recognized by the Australian Society of Accountants as equivalent to their examinations.

A full time, one year, Commercial Certificate concentrated on typing, shorthand and English expression is also provided for girls who wish to become typists, and stenographers.

Although the last to be formed, these full time commercial classes have grown rapidly. The Commerce Department was established at this College in January 1961 with seven boys and twenty girls. Present numbers are thirty-seven boys and forty-two girls. Only shortage of classroom space prevents larger classes and enrolments.



COMMERCE GIRLS

Back Row: P. Colohan, J. Harvey, C. Jopling, M. Boyer, J. Murchie, J. Leunig, L. Schryver, S. Ennis, A. Fuller, J. Taylor, M. Mace, C. Weir, B. Crowe, S. Griffiths.  
Second Row: G. Ingmire, C. Mathews, J. Cowell, S. Bisset, S. Hall, S. Enwright, B. Checkly, G. Grigg, R. Carson, I. Forbes, I. McOmish, M. Johnson, E. Chen, E. Zee, A. Pirunkapowra.  
Front Row: H. MacRobert, J. Fairbank, E. Jones, M. Beet, M. Austin, D. Michell, K. Beckham, Miss Saunders, Mr. Clements, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Newcombe, K. Blonski, A. West, P. Rofe, J. McDonald, J. Edwards.

In 1961 the Commerce Department was inaugurated, it was a small isolated form which had little or nothing to do with the main school, and therefore remained obscure and little heard of that year. "Bad show chaps."

However, in 1962 a new group of students entered Caulfield Tech. and they made the Commerce Department grow in size and voice, and then went out and hunted themselves up a reputation, they got it; but what a reputation! One teacher quoted: "This is the worst form I have ever taught in my thirty years of service", and our answer was: "I'm all right Jack, blow the other bloke".

And this year by all appearances we have carried on this reputation, as can be seen by the erratic behaviour of certain teachers, one in particular, the boss, can be seen walking around the hall with a very depressed look and muttering dark oaths under his breath. Lately his mental capacity has turned for the worst, for he has started to gnash his teeth, and he holds his hands up as if praying to the Almighty. If one were to make a study of his ailment one would come to the same conclusion as we did; either he is a chronic grouch or completely anti-social.

Another "victim" of our form would be Mr. Thornywork, who has tried every trick he knows to make us co-operate, we are sorry to say that he was a dismal failure.

Smiley Smith has become very popular with the Com-Law boys, the reason for this is that he has decided it would be better to join us rather than go against us.

Sex would be the main topic in our form, however, all the mothers reading this need not lock up their "sweet innocent daughters", because it is a known fact that most of the lads in our form are theorists and not practitioners. Other activities would be creating as much noise as possible, in the shortest time possible; this often leads to evictions from our room; and we therefore turn our creativeness to causing general disharmony among the local peasants.

To write the form notes is the most effective way, we decided to break up the form into three distinct groups; we will therefore begin with the general rabble:—

**JAYE MIDDLEL.** Who should be known as the untouchable, has proven a great disappointment to some of the maniacs in our form, because she has so far shown no sign of being the type of girl that they hoped she'd be. "Good girl Jaye, you shine out like a beacon on a dark night."

**JOHN ROZENBLUM.** Is no longer the Jack we knew of old; he no longer gives us those very emotional political addresses about the evil capitalistic world, which were often a source of amusement to us; but seems to spend most of his time listening to the (ugh) teachers. There is also a rumour that Jack is trying to con off a certain girl in our form (we won't mention names), all we can say is that "You haven't got a chance Jack".

**FRED CHAN, CHAN SING MAN, LIU,** to put it bluntly, they are the forms goody goodies. They sit in a side row like three

wise monkeys, and always pay complete attention to our teachers. This type of attitude should be an inspiration to the more rowdy members of the form. However, the fault is not ours but theirs, for they have disregarded the ancient custom and saying: "When in Rome do as the Romans Do."

**YAN YEO** (or his native name, "Little flower that grows in a deep green valley"). He didn't like to be called a good boy in last year's form notes, and has vainly tried to become one of us evil lads, however we are sorry to say that is pursuing the unattainable. This characteristic is brought about the fact that yoegalein is a very emotional type of boy, and his good princess-like qualities outnumber his basic evil instincts.

**DAVID (SAINT) SKINNER,** is one of the few devotees of the "Old Church" and can often be seen and heard counting his rosary beads, when he isn't denouncing the evil pagans and heretics who seem to thrive in our form. Lucky the old church sport of stake-burning has become old fashioned, or we'd all be goners.

**JOHN McCORMACK** can often be seen walking about in his monk's robe in a sort of trance, looking for articles which he claims have disappeared and he often blames his honest fellow students for taking them. Be warned McCormack these hallucinations are the first sign.

**IAN DOUGLAS** who hopes to become Australia's Duanne Eddy, has just started a band which have been nicknamed the yoegaleans. This band he hopes will become very famous, make him rich, so that he can spend the rest of the time chasing the opposite sex.

**BOB BARTLET** is a ladies' man, "but man, what ladies". However we must be fair and say that he is a very conscientious student. This is supported by the fact that he sits in the front row.

From this point we come to more prominent members of the form who have distinguished themselves by their attitudes towards class work in general and therefore must be distinguished from the mere rabble:

**ASHLEY MISON** is our self-created Jazzer, he is definitely a non-conformist because of all the jazzers I have met, there are none like Ashley. His clothes, well they're sort of different in style to the traditional jazz garls. His main highlight would be his hair, it is very brown, curly and sort of hangs everywhere. Ashley also has an insatiable desire for fish and chips, a very unjazzy food. His only fault would be that he possesses a defeatist attitude, this prompted him to leave us, but I'm happy to say that he has finally got his sense back and is staying with us due to the fact that his application failed.

**LES LARKE,** alias Goldi locks with the red cheeks is a picture of sweet innocence when asleep no doubt. However, when he comes to school he becomes a little bundle of boundless energy, and has become very popular with the teachers, with his little antics, such as the burst of violence or his quaint comments have something to do with the course in a very remote way. Les would be without question "El Suprema" of the white ball and green plain or the layman (clot head) Ping Pong.





#### 6th FORM COMMERCE

Back Row: Mr. Clemens, I. Cornelius, R. Barlett, D. Ritterman, T. Wooley, J. McCormick, A. Mison, R. Goodard, N. Skellbeck, K. Cindims, R. Ilman, Mr. Thornywork.  
Front Row: L. Larke, D. Skinner, I. Douglas, Y. Yeo, J. Midler, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Newcombe, G. Mathews, F. Chan, J. Rozenblum.

DAVID RITTERMAN. I have come to the conclusion he is not really mad, just simply a misunderstood boy. The teacher picks on him simply because he looks stupid, this could be brought about by the fact that this misfortunate's eyes are very closely set; this gives him a wild untamed look, and the subconscious mind of the teachers must not feel satisfied until they have conquered the sweet innocent student.

I have left the best to the last and that is the Elite group; that is the three Class A Students, persecuted by their lessers but admired by their equals.

KLAUS CIMDINS: "His Royal Allustriace Excellence" has a great mind in the realms of philosophy, his eloquent discussions on all world topics would put him in the same class as Aristotle, Plato, and Socrates. But alas like all other great minds, he is persecuted by the teachers and lessers condemn his wise words as useless babble, and he is often threatened with eviction unless he conforms with the other peasants. This is a sorry state of affairs, and it shows a lack of insight by the Education Department if they do not make provision for such students.

ROBERT GODDARD, "The Glorious", as implied has a mind which inspires all but equals. However, like all great men he is mocked by the low-lifers and is degraded by teachers, who accuse him of making trouble;

this is a completely unfounded statement; for it is a known fact that Bob's favourite word is "Peace". He, like Klaus Cindims, is a by his great thoughts on such topics as world population, segregation health plans and religion.

ROBERT G. ILIMAN. "The Great" with the sheer brilliance of his analytic mind, Bob has great thinker and philosopher as can be seen brought about constructive criticisms on accounting which have even baffled our teacher. But his genius is not recognized and he is also regarded as a trouble maker. However, I must make it clear that it is not his fault, but the others, for they question his brilliance when he explains to them the basic fundamentals of accounting.

NEIL SKILBECK. His protege (and also a way out rocker boy or lover?) has just convinced himself that Australia needs a new great rock singer, and he's it. This thought has become an obsession with him and he often does wild Elvis acts for us free of charge, he accompanies himself by playing his wild electric guitar (Sun News-Pictorial). This performance is done for our honour.

IAN CORNELIUS. Is just an out and out trouble maker, and nothing else can be said on his behalf.

TONY WOOLLEY: Does Accounting, period.

## THE COMMERCE PICNIC

The Commerce Picnic which was held on Sunday the first of April will be remembered by all the Commerce Students as "Get Together Sunday." Most of the girls were bus-sick, but perhaps it showed up on some, more than on the more seasoned bus-travellers. Many put on a brave face until we came to the "Black Spur", and BROTHER it was really "on", ask Sue and Lyn?

The morning began with a pleasant "Sermon" (which lasted until the following week, and still appears at intervals), from Jack (the Ripper). Magazines equivalent to "Play Boy" were sent around by the intoxicated second-year Civil Student. To add to this entertainment a lone Bongo Drum sounded forth from the back of the bus. This was joined a few minutes later by the twang from a rather beat-up guitar. Some mournful cries could be heard from the front of the bus trying to keep in tune with the so-called "Musical Instruments".

We had a few stops by the roadside for those unfortunate characters who found it hard to control themselves. NAMELY . . . we had better not say. During these intervals some smart person was trying to imitate Guy Fawkes. Some say that it was Diane, which of course would not be surprising.

On arriving at the General Store the girls immediately raided and the complete supply of Alka Seltza was diminished considerably. For those whose stomachs were, let us say, "under control", spiders and malteds were the order of the day.

After this the "MOB" gradually spread out. Some pairs went for a hike out the back of town, chaperoned by Paddy (who they say kept them in order). Others went to the Riding School where they attempted to brave the unbroken stallions. Only the girls managed to stand the icy cold ting of the water in the local swimming pool, while the boys stood by and commented on the style of \_\_\_\_\_ (well everything).

Everybody enjoyed their lunch. The Asian students and Yankel especially because their lunch consisted of "BOOT-LEG" liquor, which was washed down by cups of black coffee and a puff of "Opium".

The more civilised members of the trip prepared to barbecue chops and steak.

The mornings performance was continued in the afternoon, but Paddy could not be found to chaperone students of the so-called Commerce Department. When the "lost sheep" were finally rounded up and pushed into the pen (the bus) we headed for home. Stopping at Moroonah where we proceeded to wall around the dam. While this was going on the morning's sermon was continued.

After boarding the bus, the bus driver was given a present as a token of appreciation for ignoring the rumpus in the bus (no it was not "blackmail!").

With jokes and laughter the bus finally started on its home run.

## 5T

Last year at Caulfield Technical College the last year commerce students had the reputation of being the biggest pack of idiots and incapable fools ever gathered together in one form in the history of the college.

Following closely in their footsteps are the last year students of this year, who are well on the way to gaining this reputation.

The line up of 5T comprises seventeen complete ratbags with perhaps one or two brains thrown in.

ROBERT ARUNDELL. Robert has officially been named as the form genius having passed every mid-year exam. with several credits up his sleeve. He keeps saying that it was luck that brought him good results, but we think that, during the exams. he had something different from credits up his sleeve.

TONY WOOLLEY. Tony hasn't done as well in the exams. as Robert, but he certainly stars in the school football team. After all he should be a good footballer because he's big enough, for he always seems to be eating someone else's lunch.

DAVID TAYLOR and ROBERT ETHERTON. David and Robert remind you somewhat of Laurel and Hardy, but are twice as funny. They both seem to do well during their mid-year exams. considering neither of them has done more than three hours' work for the whole year. They generally spend their time eating sweets or yesterday's lunch during classes, or pestering the teachers by reflecting sunlight, by means of small mirrors, in the faces of the bewildered instructors.

PHILLIP NAISH. Phillip is an eager young typist of 5T. He made a brilliant effort in the half-yearly exam., resulted in an astounding unmentionable low mark!!! Phillip, commonly referred to as OH! NAISH!, is no quitter even though he has a tough battle. Phillip's bad points far exceed his good ones, I think? (I'm sure), and it can always be said that our Naish always goes down fighting.

DOUG COWEN. Doug has even gone as far as being caught with his pants down during a 4-5 maths. class. After being told to pull them up again or get out of the class. Having no choice Doug calmly replied: "Oh well, worse things happen at sea." This incident occurred while Doug was getting changed during class in order that he would be able to duck off to work as soon as the class had concluded.

KEN CHENEY. Ken is easily recognised by his long-flowing locks of blond hair, which one can tell are subjected to the tantalizing vapours of some cheap hair-spray. It seems that Ken must have some of the weirdest dates, as he insists that some of the chicks he takes out, "have chassis like 'E' type Jaguars".

He is completely wrapped in the word "juvenile" which he uses to describe anything he does not approve of, to the extent that he is sometimes known as the "Juvenile Wonder".

**ALISTER LEE-ARCHER.** Alister is one of the angels of the form for he has an unbroken record of punctual arrival for his first morning class. He is on time every morning at exactly 9.15 and never yet has been there at the proper starting time of 9 o'clock.

**DAVID STEINBERG.** David would be by far the most nicknamed student in 5T. These names have been censored. He was unanimously voted form captain, at one stage during the year when a certain teacher had an unwanted job for the form captain. David did well in most of the mid-year exams., but in a couple of cases, just scraped through by a "nose".

**PETER KELLY.** Peter Kelly, the 5T Romeo, has the intriguing nick-name of "Sexy Eyes", which was given to him by the Commerce Girls. Peter's motto, "Girls, Girls, Girls", has led him through several romances, which have been on and off that many times that we have lost count. One of Peter's most amazing abilities is his talent for singing. Through-out almost every Geography lesson, Peter tries to brighten up the atmosphere with the most sickening rock songs, which blend in harmoniously with the teachers yelling.

**IVAN HALLMAN.** Ivan is one of the notorious 5T fire brigade who are reputed to have started more fires than they have extinguished. Ivan, in his course of study, graces the school premises for Bookkeeping, Social Studies, Commercial Geography, Maths., and occasionally Typing. Amongst other things, Ivan is a vocal member of the 5T trio, who reign supreme in the back row of Mr. Thorney-work's classes. Ivan says that there is nothing like music while you work.

**JOHN FARROW and DENNIS DUGGAN.** John and Dennis are an inseparable pair of pranksters who persist in pestering the other members of the form, who are always willing to be perfectly silent and pay the strictest attention to the instructors' wise words. Both of these fellows have inferior complexes. With John, it's his size, but with Dennis, it's his rooster-like hair, in which he takes the utmost pride.

**NEIL JENNINGS.** Neil, is one of the more quiet, reserved members of the form, did quite well in the exams. Even though Neil is in the same loutish form as this other boisterous mob, none of their madness has rubbed off on him.

**RICHARD WISNIEWSKI.** Rick, with his long corrugated locks of wavy hair is often asked whether the tide is going out or coming in, in relation to which way his hair is combed. It is noted with Rick, that he is always saying that he's broke, but he always seems to have enough money to buy a packet of fags and a box of matches.

**DAVID PRIOR.** David is somewhat like a rake in appearance, being over six foot tall

and rather thin. His mowhawk type hair cut, which he insists is really rocking, is subject to some dyeing agent or peroxide as it resembles straw in colour. Apart from these obstructing difficulties David is somewhat of a tennis star and isn't a bad sort of a fellow.

**NEIL KAY.** Neil is much like a beatnik, or at least a confused jazzier. His long, sweeping black hair, which seems to stay in place better than certain other beatnik like creatures, is somewhat like a greasy, thick mop of unwashed woolly-like fur. Neil says that this is due to the fact that he only washes it when he thinks it is really necessary. Neil dresses in the most conspicuous beatnik-like rags although his shoes never have holes in the soles. This is because he very seldom wears them.

5U

**RAELENEL** with ambition so wild but so clear, is just waiting for her Mr. Big to appear.

**GALE** who's successfully latched on to Ross, has found that she is now "Lady Boss".

**KRISTINA** has now acquired eighteen drops, we think her boy-friend robbed a jewellery shop.

**JOAN** does her homework, but unlike I, manages to escape the "evil eye".

**MARGARET** whose hair has been every hue, has changed from blonde to green, then yellow and blue.

**JANET** while taking the dog for a run, fell over its back, and broke her ... (thumb).

**MARJORIE B.** who knits clothes for babies, has donated the lot to Mandy Rice-Davies.

**BARBARA** whose hair is so unruly and fair, has decided that short hand is a real nightmare.

**ISOBEL** whose eyes compete with Liz Taylor, thinks the Cautec males are a dismal failure.

**CAROLINE'S** tired and looks for a chair; there isn't one so she sits on her hair.

**ANNETTE** who's Cumbo is Mr. 100%, has refused other offers, as her brain is so bent.

**KAE'S** romance seems to be one of perfection. We hope Graeme's intentions stem in the right direction.

**MARJORIE M.'s** transistor takes first place, we've given her up for a hopeless case.

**SUE's** hair-do piled up on her head like a scone, looks like the result of an atom bomb.

**EVELYN** our only Asian girl, blames her lateness on her brother, says he took her for a "burl".

**PADDY'S** jerkin is made of brown leather, when she brought that thing, was she under the weather?

**GLENICE and PAM** the inseparable chums, gamble at cards for bubble gum.

**JILL** is the quiet one of the form, but never fails to create a storm.

Then comes **LYNN** whose temperament's just right, she concluded Miss Saunder's bark is worse than her bite.

And yours truly **DIANNE**, whose hair is so red, when she looks at these notes she wishes she were dead.



We are the pals of Form 5V,  
 And what a dumb lot of kids are we,  
 We do our work in a shoddy fashion  
 And bring our food to "Calcs." to mash on.  
 Our Bookeeping marks were just the best,  
 But not sufficient to pass the test.  
 We laugh too much in Social Studies,  
 At Mr. Smith's real good "funnies".  
 We're educated in English by Mr. Duke,  
 And passes were considered one big fluke.  
 Mrs. "N" takes us for shorthand and typing,  
 Our latest results prevent us from skiting.  
 This Form is good, no doubt you see,  
 And BRAINS like us make history.

After a lengthy study of our form members,  
 we would now like to introduce them in the  
 following manner:

- Shirley Bisset:—Ambition—To let out "The Secret"  
 of her heart's desire.  
 Probable Fate—Keeping it to herself indefinitely.  
 Pet Aversion—Peace.  
 Favourite Saying—"Have a care."
- Margaret Boyer:—Ambition—To pass.  
 Probable Fate—Not a hope—from a reliable  
 source.  
 Pet Aversion—Arriving at school before 9.20.  
 Favourite Saying—"But Mr. Smith, my tram did  
 have a flat tyre!"
- Brenda Checkley:—Ambition—To convert the world  
 to my opinion.  
 Probable Fate—Failing miserably.  
 Pet Aversion—Writing Form notes.  
 Favourite Saying: How should I know?
- Judy Cowell:—Ambition — To read shorthand  
 fluently.  
 Probable Fate—Selling dance tickets.  
 Pet Aversion—2nd line, drill 5 of shorthand drill  
 book.  
 F.S.—Er — Er — Um — Er - - Oh, that's right.
- Carol Davidson:—Ambition -To "con" Bill.  
 Probable Fate -To match-make him with a Coles  
 girl.  
 Pet Aversion—Boys who drink or smoke.  
 Favourite Saying- Come on the mighty magpies.
- Sue Enright:—Ambition -To out-talk all teachers.  
 Probable Fate—Succeeding.  
 Pet Aversion—Extreme Childishness.  
 Favourite Saying:—That sounds too much like hard  
 work.
- Sandra Ennis:—Ambition—To finish Tony's Jumper.  
 Probable Fate—He will finish it himself.  
 Pet Aversion—All boys except - .  
 Favourite Saying—Tony!
- Janice Fairbank:—Ambition—To become the perfect  
 student.  
 Probable Fate—To go mad trying.  
 Pet Aversion—Boys with cars? (Don't ask us  
 why).  
 Favourite Saying—Yeah?
- Annette Fuller:—Ambition—Most important desire  
 after "calc." results, to pass next time.  
 Probable Fate—Die trying.  
 Pet Aversion -Cold classrooms.  
 Favourite Saying—Deadly!!!
- Sandra Hall:—Ambition—To attend a complete hour  
 of calculations.  
 Probable Fate—Realise she is only wasting her  
 time.  
 Pet Aversion -Boys without cars.  
 Favourite Saying—So much for that.

Jill Harvey:—Ambition—Succeed skipping off at 3.00 Fridays.  
 Probable Fate—Getting caught and sent back to face the music.  
 Pet Aversion—"We know not book-keeping".  
 Favourite Saying—Ooh-um-telling.

Margaret Johnson:—Ambition—To see Essendon win the Premiership again.  
 Probable Fate—To see Fitzroy take it away from them.  
 Pet Aversion—Answering questions in shorthand.  
 Favourite Saying—"Where is HE?"

Elizabeth Jones:—Ambition—Like all, she wants to obtain her certificate.  
 Probable Fate—Failing and working in a Fish and Chip Shop.  
 Pet Aversion—Long skirts.  
 Favourite Saying—Gee!!

Lorraine Jopling:—Ambition—To be able to use a rubber during typing lessons without being caught.  
 Probable Fate—Being caught every time.  
 Pet Aversion—Repeating all that work.  
 Favourite Saying—"Not again".

Jenny:—Ambition—To break her other finger before the next exam.  
 Probable Fate—Catching pneumonia instead.  
 Pet Aversion—It is not necessary to say, surely.  
 Favourite Saying—"You know."

Heather MacRobert:—Ambition—To stay as quiet and shy as she is now.  
 Probable Fate—Become a second jack in her box.  
 Pet Aversion—Noise! Noise! Noise!  
 Favourite Saying—"Really?"

Alice Pirunkapowra:—Ambition—To find one person who can pronounce her name correctly.  
 Pet Aversion—Novels and Exams.  
 Probable Fate—Changing her name.  
 Favourite Saying—Eh!!

Susan Rowley:—Ambition—To understand book-keeping.  
 Probable Fate—Working in a library.  
 Pet Aversion—Can't you guess?  
 Favourite Saying—"Oh please help me, you know I can't do it by myself".

Janet Taylor:—Ambition—To see the world.  
 Probable Fate—Sail the sea in a tub.  
 Pet Aversion—Spiders.  
 Favourite Saying—I dunno.

Elizabeth Zee:—Ambition—To marry a rich Ra Jah.  
 Probable Fate—To settle for a Council worker.  
 Pet Aversion—A certain lesson.  
 Favourite Saying—How you do it, heh?

D. K. Tjin (Gin):—Ambition—To eat biscuits undisturbed in all lessons.  
 Probable Fate—Sharing them amongst class members.  
 Pet Aversion—Australia's crazy weather.  
 Favourite Saying—Ah, Ah.

Miss Saunders:—Ambition—To get the wonders of book-keeping through to us.  
 Probable Fate—To resign.  
 Pet Aversion—Australian weather.  
 Favourite Saying: Oh, stop that nonsense!

Mrs. Newcombe:—Ambition—To make sure that we understand rubbers are forbidden.  
 Probable Fate—To sell us a couple each.  
 Pet Aversion—Rubber dust.  
 Favourite Saying—Fingers on your home-keys, eyes on your books . . . Stop looking at the keys!

Mr. Thornywork:—Ambition—To reach the end of the book.  
 Probable Fate—Staying on the third page forever.

Pet Aversion—5V's exam. papers.  
 Favourite Saying—Now people!!!

Mr. Smith:—Ambition—To tell good jokes.  
 Probable Fate—Being the only one to laugh.  
 Pet Aversion—Friday, 3 p.m.  
 Favourite Saying—The standard of living comma however comma is etc. etc. comma . . . full stop, New Paragraph. And, comm. It is etc. etc. Bracket. Start with capital letter, end the brackets.

## THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY

Many people think that all a secretary to a big-shot has to do is to be good at spelling, to be able to type perfect letters at a furious rate and never have a hair out of place.

But little does she know, that when she applies for a job to a big-shot she also must be a mind-reader, nurse, mother, prize tea-maker and diplomat worthy of a seat in the U.N. She must have excellent hearing, because it is a common thing for her employer to lean out of the window and dictate with his back to her. She must be able to turn ungrammatically dictated letters in to perfect English, in such a way that the boss is unaware of the change, so that his feelings are not hurt.

It is essential to keep handy a supply of aspirin, not for herself, but for the Big-boy in case he should feel off-colour during his hectic day. She must cheerfully type, fetch, carry, answer two telephones at once and soothe, even if she is so exhausted, that she almost reaches screaming point. She must always be ready with a smile as if she is enjoying every minute of the day. She must be ever-ready to dispense aspirins and tea at a moment's notice to large numbers of men who call in for meetings, social chats, latest scandal from the club, etc.

At times the Private Secretary must make personal sacrifices in the cause of loyalty. Just the nights she has an important rendezvous with Cupid, there is sure to be something urgent HE wants her to do. What a life, but it has its compensation when you get too old to thump a typewriter, or if you don't feel up to starting again after that nervous breakdown — you could always take a job as a baby's nurse. You've had enough experience.

### CA1 a and b

DIANE BAPTY. The lone member of our female metal-work crew, with strong interests in poodles and anything as standard equipment.

LYN BELLINGHAM. A rather flighty type with ambitions to become an army truck driver, one with five forward gears, but still manages to make advertising classes.

CATHY BISS. Was converted earlier in the year to pottery, and we think she has been carried away by the picturesque big wheel.

DIANE BRANDON. Has been looking around for another vehicle without success and if those hemlines go any shorter—whow!

ELEANOR SELBY. One with a talk and a walk all of her own being of very excitable nature, particularly suiting an emotional style. It has been rumoured that she has begun a fund to start to preserve ducks in their old age.

MERILY GODDEN. That hair—whow! The question now is whether it is a tube or a bottle job. However, we do not think it would be fair to make a mistake and classify her as a rocker. Another noted for speed.

JAN McDONALD. One of our more mysterious workers but we're sure she knits directly from the sheep's back.

DIEDRE KNAGGS. Has many an unusual saying, some of which could not be printed (really), but "Absolutely divine!" and "Oh heck!" seem to rate fairly high.

INGRID OSTBERG. Joined our ranks after changing over from the "Bags", otherwise known as the "sacks" (sorry the "sacs"), to make her mark as a subtle eccentric.

MARRY EMS. We are beginning to wonder whether that trip to Surfers is correct or if that tan could be a bottle job.

BETH BURNS. Well known as a cremator, but some think she has hidden talents.

SUE NEUMAN. One of our two lone ranger sculptors having strong views of her own especially in the field of slack wearing.

BETTINA GORDON. Often tartan clad and fond of brolley packing and red whiskered English instructors.

FAT MARINELLI. Also one of the lone ranger sculptors with rather hot views towards this form of art, no doubt instilled by A.A. and appears to be another "chum".

GRAHAM DAWES. The optical illusion which seems to encompass his countenance has been said to be illustrious brilliance, but some say it is seven day Monday-itis.

DAVID MINTON. There are not many of this type to be found around town, but still after weeks of harassing he is "Stan the Man's" most avid fan.

RALPH FARMER. Well known as a jazzier with rocker aspirations but has the main ambition of wanting to grow skinless spuds on Lake Eyre.

LORRAINE WILCOCK and MICHELE RUSSELL. As these two seem to stick pretty close together in all dramatic events, quiet laughter from the corner makes you often wonder.

JANET TIAH. Silently strong in character with visions to say, "Oh really to you too!", to all and sundry.

CYNTHIA FOWLER. The elder of our group well known as the instigator of the term "scragg", which has had many and varied applications; but she will always be remembered as the Volkswagon vulture.

SUE FUNSTON. The reason why she is noted as the speedy model is obvious, but this seems to have been used to effect, as pottery is now one of her sidelines.

DOUG KIRWAN. One who cannot be confused and in some respects can be paralleled with the absent-minded professor, though he has not turned up without his trousers, we are waiting. But he lives by the slogan "Ya gotta have a concept".

PAUL MASON. No relation to Perry but we often wonder when he employs "under-the-table" tactics during the daily card games.

COLIN SILVESTER. One with a diary for a mind, being noted for several sayings especially, "Fair enough", "You gargoyle" and others. It has also been rumoured he is one with arson inclinations.

GREG WARREN. Avid fan of "Peanuts" and unfortunately during the winter season kicks the stuffing out of the round ball for good ol' Caulfield.



## Spring Interview with S.A.C.1 Student

Interviewer: Miss Hepplethwaite, how do you feel about being a SAC?

Miss Hepplethwaite: Well, frankly, I don't know. I didn't realize I was one until this year.

Interviewer: Is this feeling very common amongst SACs?

Miss H.: Oh, I suppose about 90% of us feel the same. I remember getting an awful shock the first time someone called me a SAC. I mean I've always made a special effort to be well groomed and it's very upsetting to a girl's morale to be called a SAC for no apparent reason.

Interviewer: There are alternative names of course.

Miss H.: Yes. But perhaps we won't discuss those here. Most of us get around the whole problem by simply addressing each other as "darling".

Interviewer: That's excellent. Creates fellow-feeling and togetherness, doesn't it?

Miss H.: Yes, I suppose you could call it that.

Interviewer: How about the CA's. Do they influence the SAC's at all? Is there any friction or tension, say, between these groups?

Miss H.: Well. If you mean by tension: "Mutual attraction and repulsion." Well, no. But there is a certain amount of attraction. We could hardly fail to be influenced. Some of those CA men are so ardent in their expression that, well, I for one have definitely been influenced. Especially in the Spring. (\* Quote from A. Aarons.)

Interviewer: I see. And how do you like your course Miss Hepplethwaite?

Miss H.: Well. It has its disadvantages, but on the whole, it's a great life. I like every second Thursday best.

Interviewer: Thursdays. You do sewing on Thursday I believe.

Miss H.: That's right.

Interviewer: These disadvantages. Would you like to name some of them?

Miss H.: Well we've dealt with the main one. There are others, but they don't occupy so much of our time so they aren't so bothersome. We try not to worry about them and in this way we overcome the problem.

Interviewer: Could you give me an instance of this?

Miss H.: Well there is a subject that we do with little instruments and things, I am not certain what it is exactly, but we make a special point of being gracious about this kind of thing.

Interviewer: Humour them; huh? How about dress, Miss Hepplethwaite? It seems as though you people dress rather distinctively. Do you think that beards, long hair, black stockings, etc., have any particular significance?

Miss H.: Well, I think the stockings are a sign of insecurity, immaturity, perhaps a sort of disguise. Long hair and beards, I think, may be regarded as a sign of success. You may notice that students who affect them seem less frustrated, more adjusted than others. I myself noticed that they become especially prevalent at this time of the year. That's about all I can say without actually

committing myself too much.

Interviewer: Thank you Miss Hepplethwaite. You've been most helpful.

## CA2

SYDNEY TUNN. No doubt one of the best footballers Essendon missed recruiting this year. Syd's only fault is that he is a very talented art student. "Free kick for Syd."

SALLY DOWLEY. An immigrant from the Motherland. Learnt most of her tricks in Soho. Addicted to painting gigantic tomato sandwiches.

FRED (TERRY) HOEY. One of the Oakleigh boys. Is believed to make his drinking money during the football season selling dubious highest and lowest tickets. His only vice is singing Irish drinking ballads. Is believed to have spent a night in a rotunda.

BARBARA ROSS. Evidently believes she has something in common with Cleopatra—maybe a rose in her hair? Spends all her spare time at church camps with a good looking chap . . . Neil.

BARRY MILLS. Rumoured to have the longest brushback at C.T.C. His hobbies include doing unlikely impersonations, building guns, wearing shoulder holsters, and shooting . . . anything. There is a rumour around the art school that one of the girls is wearing a strapless bra—but there's nothing in it.

JUDY DONOVAN. "You rat Malcolm!"

DICK MATHEWS. Invented black P.V.A. for the use of commercial gimmickists. Congratulations Dick. His favourite subject: advertising.

ANNE MARIE SZELECZKY. Of Hungarian origin with a voracious thirst (?).

BRUCE STRACHAN. Came to Australia on the ten quid immigration plan. Has a great future ahead of him—as a public servant. Is also a Boris Karloff fan.

SOLVEIG FRASER. Too good to be true. Sculptors cats.

JUDITH JOHNSTON. About the same, but lately we're worried about her relationship with Ralph.

PETER DASH. We don't really know much about him because we haven't heard him speak yet.

JUDI DYSON. The Dyson fortune is in the wood business. Other sidelines are breeding queer animals, for example, Siamese dogs and Persian goldfish.

RON LIVINGSTON. Sacrificed a great deal to further his career in Melbourne—Swan Hill, his home, his friends, his family, his Lubra. . . .

ARTHUR HOLLAND. Another Swan Hillman. Arthur is pretty quiet when in agreement. But he stands up for what he believes.

HELEN "LEGS" SEPHTON. No more to be said! Helen makes a habit of . . . CENSORED BY THE OCCUPANTS OF THE S.R.C. OFFICE IN THE INTERESTS OF CLEANER LIVING.

GARRY TURNER. Firmly believes it is impossible to roll a Morris Oxford—not through lack of trying.

DEIDRE MASSEY: Rumour round the College lately that D. is going to commence an art course here.

KEN LEVESON. Has rather demented ideas about being a sailor. Ken hails from Frankston and persists in telling sick elephant jokes.

SYLVIA MEEK. A very well-known figure around the College. She has made unsuccessful attempts to join the St. Paul's Cathedral Choir.

TREVOR BURNETT. One of the less objectionable members of the mob.

CHRISTINE CHAMPION. Haven't seen Christine about for a while. Believe she's eloped with David. Her favourite subject Instrumental Drawing.

PHILIP CAREY. His subtle almost human qualities transcend mere physical beauty.

SHIRLEY BYDDER. The only girl in the form who admits to having children.

GILBERT MALLCOTT. We're not sure where Gilbert's future lies, but he would make a great rocker.

TINA FAUVEL. Tina's not gullible, much. Now she's got an Oliver Twist haircut. They tell us she's studying Dutch at night school.

JACKY KELLY. Drives a light blue Holden. Her contribution to humanity is a unique way to get out of speeding tickets . . . cry!

CHRIS DUFFY. A surfer from way back. Has even been seen doing it in the creek at Walhalla. Chris, too, likes rotundas.

PAUL SATCHELL. Blood member of Italian Aristocracy, Paul claims to be at his best while riding a loomaroo. His only other vice is sleeping in two-man tents. We think he'll get to like rotundas.

PETER MERRILL. We think he is wasting his time at an art school because his future really lies in camellia growing for Woolworths. His only vice is drinking baked beans. Pete hates rotundas.

MALCOLM RALTON. In loving memory of the beloved member of C.A.2 who sacrificed so much to write our form notes, who drove a two-door Victa motor mower and who won't ever speak to a strange horse again. A quiet service will be held at Doctor Mac's at 5.30 on Saturday. Wreaths to be sent to Judy.

#### ART D.A.4

Back Row: A. Lim, P. Noss, C. Mullin.

Front Row: I. Horn, S. Sanderson, M. Winters.



## SWIM CAUTEC

Early this year at the Malvern Baths tanned muscle-bound swimmers assembled so that the better swimmers could be selected to represent our College at the Inter-Technical School Swimming Sports.

The trials displayed the deep-seated rivalry that exists between the faculties. In endeavouring to place one's faculty in the front many superhuman performances were recorded; such is the quality of our swimmers. Special credit is given to J. Brown, who, through his four wins enabled the Mechanicals to tally the highest points score of 69. Following this was the combined Art, Chem., Commerce team that just managed to beat the Civil group; scores were 42 and 41 respectively. Lagging behind were the Electricals, who, it seems, left all their spark in the Laboratories; they tallied 25.

The Inter Technical Swimming Sports were conducted at Brunswick Baths; we were the host College.

Although we only scored one victory we came third in the Men's and fourth in the Women's Aggregate; this was due to a wonderful team effort. Jill Harvey is one from the team that displayed this spirit; she filled a gap in the diving squad although she had no previous experience in three metre diving.

The results were:—

MEN: (1) Swinburne, 77.5; (2) Gordon Institute, 68; (3) Caulfield, 30; (4) Footscray, 26.5; (5) R.M.I.T., 23; (6) Preston, 22.

WOMEN: (1) R.M.I.T., 27; (2) Swinburne, 13; (3) Gordon Institute, 12; (4) Caulfield, 4; (5) Footscray, 1; (6) Preston, 0.

Next year, with the prospect of student spectators, it is hoped that more students will be able to enjoy the pleasures that come from an afternoon at the Swimming Sports. Students act sensibly so that at future Swimming Sports spectators will be allowed.

—JOHN RUSSELL.

## SOCCER

The College soccer team had a very successful season and established itself as the outstanding team in the inter-tech. competition.

The first game was "away" to Preston and resulted in a 5-0 win to Caulfield. The remaining games were played on our home ground as the other colleges were unable to obtain grounds.

Footscray were expected to provide a strong team but they could field only ten players. The first goal was scored by Footscray but Caulfield soon got on top and we went on to win 5-1.

Our first hard game was against R.M.I.T. but staunch defence by Ralton and Warren in particular and brilliant goalkeeping by Martin Gibbs prevented the opposition from scoring. But our forwards were also unable to penetrate the Melbourne defence and the result was a 0-0 draw.

The pattern of earlier games was repeated in the match against the Gordon Institute. In the first half there was little between the two teams, but strong attacks by our forwards in the second half led to a 6-1 victory.

Only half the regular players were available for the trip to Ballarat and a scratch team did well to be beaten by only 5-3.

The team was back to full strength for the final match against Swinburne which we won 6-2.

The players in the team were: M. Gibbs, G. Warren, G. Khor, J. Middleton, M. Ralton, P. Noss, N. Blackburn, E. Lakusa, P. Kenny, P. Marinelli, J. Combos, A. Brouwer.

The top goalscorers were Brouwer, Combos and Marinelli.

Many thanks to Mr. Holborn to whom must go much of the credit for the performance of the soccer team this season.

—JOHN MIDDLETON.

## BASEBALL

For the third consecutive year and the fourth time in five years, Caulfield baseball team has succeeded in winning the combined-technical schools' shield. This was mainly brought about by the enthusiasm of both staff and players.

The year started with twelve keen players; including Peter McFarlane who, although only seventeen was selected to play with the Victorian Senior Baseball Team in the Claxton Shield Series at Brisbane. During the series he went fairly well, hitting a two-bagger on one occasion.

The season started with practice matches against Coburg, University High and Burwood Teachers' College, two of which we won. With the start of the actual inter-technical competition, the first match was against Footscray Technical College. We were successful in winning it 22 to 3. The hits for the match were obtained by: Jenkins 3, Tharle 3, Martin 2, Gilbert 2, McFarlane 1.

Next match we played Geelong and we defeated them 7 to 2. Hits were obtained by: Gilbert 2, Collinson 1, Parker 1, Martin 1, and Jenkins 1.

Melbourne and Preston were unable to field a team.

The year was high-lighted by the annual staff versus students match in which the over-confident staff was annihilated by the students, the final score being, Students 3, Staff 1. Students obtaining hits were Parker 1, McFarlane 1, Gilbert 1, Walter 1, and Jenkins 1. In a high class of baseball, the students were the eventual winners although without the fine pitching of A. Davies to D. Beanland, the result would not have been so conclusive. Also a fine batting display was put on by a member of the staff namely J. Brown with two hits out of three appearances at the batting plate.

In conclusion, the team would like to thank Mr. Beanland and Mr. Davies for their assistance in scoring and umpiring throughout the season. We would have been lost without them.

With probably only three of the members of this year's team leaving this year, Caulfield will still be able to field a fairly strong side next year, and should have no trouble in retaining the shield and maintaining Caulfield's undefeated record.





#### FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: D. Adams, C. Cainsel, J. Tivendale, G. Woff, J. Bush, J. Cullen, I. West, D. Casbolt, C. Coombes, G. Moffat, K. Lang, E. Gardos, T. Phyland, Mr. Marshall.  
Front Row: G. Champlin, K. Brown, J. Wootten, J. Cooke (capt.), P. Ager (v.-capt.), B. Freeman, A. Gray, I. Dale.

### FOOTBALL 1963

1963 was again a season of mixed fortunes for the football team, Caulfield winning two of their five Pennant Matches. This year the competition was unusually even with most schools being strongly represented. This was indicated by the results which showed two of Caulfield's losses being by margins of three points.

The Pennant Matches opened with a game against Preston at Preston. In this Caulfield were slow to get started, and when we finally did we wasted too many opportunities, and went down by three points.

For the second match we had to journey to Footscray to play Footscray Tech. Once again we were slow in starting and at half-time found ourselves five goals down, but after the break a more determined Caulfield team took the field and showing some fight came out winners by one point. (Contrary to rumours the fine goal umpiring of Doug Thompson had nothing to do with it.)

For the next match Caulfield played host to Geelong. Geelong, who were last year's premiers and looked like repeating the performance, handed us our worst defeat. In a high standard match they got away to win by four goals.

The next match was again at Caulfield, this time against Melbourne Tech. Matches against R.M.I.T. are always played hard and this was no exception. It was a very close game with the lead changing many times in the last quarter, but again Caulfield failed by three points.

The final competition match was against Swinburne at Swinburne. In this game Caulfield let themselves go and with exceptionally good teamwork came out easy winners by about seven goals.

During the season there were a couple of non-Pennant Games, one against Secondary Teachers' College, another against Ballarat School of Mines. Both of these were won by Caulfield, playing well within themselves.

Throughout the season the team was never disgraced and was unlucky not to have got closer to the flag.

Finally the team would like to thank Mr. Gowty and Mr. Marshall for their assistance and enthusiasm which helped to make the season a success.



#### CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: J. Griffin, A. Freshwater, B. Walters, A. Gray, C. Counsel.  
Front Row: L. Hyde, G. Moffat, R. Lord, B. Freeman, T. Anderson.

## CRICKET

On behalf of the C.T.C. cricket team I would like to commence by expressing my appreciation of the work and effort put in by Mr. Benjamin in organising the cricket team and arranging the matches for us. We really appreciate it.

Our first match for the season was against Footscray. Footscray won the toss and made Caulfield bat. Good knocks by Les Hyde (14), Barry Freeman (12), Gary Moffat (10), and John Lyons (10) allowed Caulfield to score a reasonable total of 6 for 85. Footscray then batted and were able to score the number of runs required to win in the last over of the day, even though Bob Lord bowled tirelessly to gain the excellent figures of 4/30 off 8 overs.

SCORES: Footscray 9/88 (R. Lord 4/30, C. Counsell 3/8) defeated Caulfield 6/85 (L. Hyde 14, G. Skinner 12 n.o., B. Greeman 12, G. Moffat 10, J. Lyons 10).

Caulfield's next match was against Melbourne who lost the toss and were forced to bat. A fine spell of bowling by B. Freeman, who captured 4/11 off three overs of well-directed spinners, kept Melbourne down to a moderate score of 74. Chasing this score the Caulfield batsmen set about the task very aggressively, and hammered the Melbourne pace attack all over the ground to pass their

score within forty-five minutes and knock up a total of 5 for 108.

SCORES: Caulfield 5/108 (Anderson 13 n.o., C. Counsell 3/8) defeated Caulfield 6/85 (L. Freeman 4/11).

Owing to the lack of a ground Caulfield's next match against Swinburne had to be cancelled. This cancellation may have been the reason for Caulfield's not winning the shield.

The last match of the season which Caulfield played was against Preston, the eventual winners of the shield. Good innings by Les Hyde, John Gilbert and Gordon Jones allowed Caulfield, who had begun badly, to knock up a total of 78. This total, although seeming low, proved to be sufficient as Caulfield, through the agency of Bob Lord who turned in another fine bowling spell and John Payne who together with the other ten members of the team fielded brilliantly kept Preston down to a losing score of 73 runs.

SCORES: Caulfield 78 (L. Hyde 33, G. Jones 21) defeated Preston 7/73 (R. Lord 3/29).

Summing up, Caulfield cricket team has had a fairly successful season in which, with a bit of luck the shield could have come to C.T.C. instead of Preston.

## JUDO

At Caulfield this year history was made when Judo as a sport was actively participated in. This, plus the fact that Judo made its debut in the 1964 Olympics, is an indication of the keen interest which is being shown in such an old sport.

Judo, contrary to general belief, is not the entry to membership of an ancient mystical killer organisation, whereby the person obtains great physical abilities, but rather, it is a well-planned, scientific sport where skill, quickness, and the ability to adapt oneself to varying conditions are the predominant factors.

Judo is excellent as a sport as it provides scope for the individualist, the specialist, and the team man. Most people begin training at Judo for self defence, but find themselves being drawn in closer for other reasons, be it for the sport, for the physical and mental development or for the comradeship.

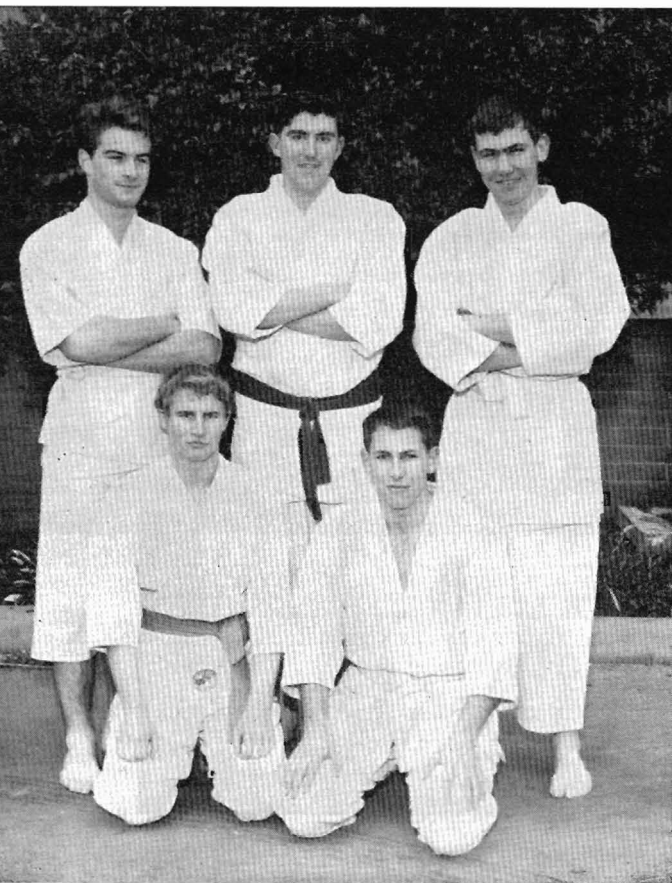
The history of Judo is virtually that of Prof. Gigora Kaw, the father of Ju-do (which when translated means "Gentle Way") who graduated from the Tokyo Imperial University in 1881. He began an intensive study of the traditional Samwrai arts of Kendo and Ju-Jitsu in the early years of his life. By the time he graduated he was already known as a great Ju-Jitsu exponent.

Ju-Jitsu, which is the art of fighting without weapons, had already fallen into disrepute because many of the exponents had used it callously.

By 1882 Kaw had been taught by the best remaining teachers and was able to pick the best ideas of the various schools and to weld them into a new and more effective art. In 1882 he began his school, the Kodokan. This school is still the most rightly regarded in the world, and over 1,000 people train there each day.

In Australia, the earliest records of Judo are very obscure, but the first official mention of Judo was in 1928 when Dr. A. J. Ross formed the Brisbane Judo Club. Today there are over 300 Judo clubs active in Australia.

Keen interest has been shown in Judo this year, and I hope that it will become a prominent sport in the college in the future.



JUDO TEAM

Front Row: M. Ruddock, J. Mitchell.

Back Row: B. Blair, N. Lester, J. Whammond.

## ROWING

"Thou shalt transmit many 'oarspower.'" T.T.

Rowing is a sport which requires the utmost in co-ordination and concentration between members of a crew. To win a race a crew needs speed, strength and stamina. All three are acquired by practice in the boat, however, strength and stamina are further increased by circuit training and distant running.

The College commenced its second season of rowing under the direction and guidance of Mr. Tyler — our "imported" rowing master. Many students have shown a keen interest in the sport this year, but lack of equipment and facilities have prevented many from participating. At the time of writing Mr. Tyler has negotiated the use of relatively new eight-oared racing shell and intends to purchase the latest shovel blades for use with this boat in 1964.

Early in the season rowing conditions at Albert Park Lake deteriorated due to weed growth and training was switched to the river. As boat storage at the river clubs was unavailable for more than one boat only one crew could be trained for the last of the 1962-63 season regattas. After a number of disappointments the crew shown above entered the Easter Regattas at Mildura and Wentworth.

At short notice our coach "Tim" had to substitute for one of our members who, due to circumstances beyond his control, was unable to make the journey to the venues at Easter.

On the Saturday at Mildura the crew had an easy win in their heat and went on to a convincing win in the final (1½ lengths).

At Wentworth on the Monday the crew won the heat by a canvas and were just beaten into second place in the final.

The Inter-Technical Colleges' regatta on the Barwon at Geelong resulted in the crew winning the "Gordon Fours" Trophy for the College.

It is hoped to win both the eight- and four-oared trophies in 1964.

Later in the year novice crews were formed and many a new member found rowing "wasn't as easy as it looked". Suddenly confronted by an apparently unnecessarily long and narrow boat oars and a nagging coxswain some did not make the grade. Those who overcame the initial shock gradually realized the sport had its own language . . . "light and bright" . . . "you're racing the slide" . . . "balance over your toes" . . . "catch" . . . "finish" . . . "rating 32" . . . "Bring it up for a dozen" . . . "row your blades in" . . . "Finish together" . . . "urghh" . . . ?!\*;!%\*!\* . . . "You can't do that in a race".

The two novice crews were to enter a couple of regattas before final examinations to get racing experience.

Thanks and appreciation are due to Mr. Tyler, our coach, for the time he has devoted to this sphere of sport at the College.

—R.E.



ROWING TEAM

R. Edgar, Coxswain; R. Haas, Stroke; M. Cole, 3; R. Easson, 2; P. Satchell, Bow.



## TENNIS REPORT

—J. GRIFFIN.

The school tennis team had a reasonable year in the interschool matches this year, and we ended up third on the premiership ladder.

We started off the year very poorly when we ventured out to Footscray on the 12/6/63. What a thrashing.

Footscray, 14 sets—88 games, defeated Caulfield 1 set—28 games.

The set was won by Bruce Hollaway and Noel Wootten 6-4.

The team throughout the year consisted of: Michael Hausseger, Bruce Holloway, Noel Wootten, Bruce Clifford, Alan Beeson, David Bucknell. Emergency, John Vroland.

In the next match we were a little bit more fortunate against our opponents who were R.M.I.T.

Scores: R.M.I.T., 10 sets—85 games; Caulfield, 5 sets—62 games. Singles won by Noel Wootten 8-5.

When Geelong came to town we even excelled ourselves, WE WON (Too Much).

Scores: Caulfield, 10 sets—72 games; Geelong, 5 sets—52 games.

Singles: HAUSSEGER, 6-0; WOOTTEN, 6-3; BUCKNELL, 6-3.

To finish off the season we really had a close finish with Swinburne.

Scores: Caulfield, 9 sets—66 games; Swinburne, 6 sets—64 games.

Singles: HOLL, 6-5; WOOTTEN, 6-4; BEESON.

## STAFF THRASH STUDENTS

In the closing stages of Term II when all was joyous abandon with the rest of the students, there were some who gave every sign of having been flattened by a steam-roller. Glazed of eye and wan of cheek they wandered about the College in a melancholic daze.

These were the members of the College tennis team who had been sufficiently imprudent to oppose the might of the staff. Rashly overconfident before the contest, they found their pride punctured by the speed, power, agility, craft, experience and flashing gut of the seasoned pedagogues.

Never mind, boys! You performed brilliantly in achieving what you did. It was no disgrace to go down to such a magnificent blend of grace, courage and skill.

Don't be discouraged. Train early for next year's contest. Start now!

Scores:

STAFF, 9 sets—73 games,

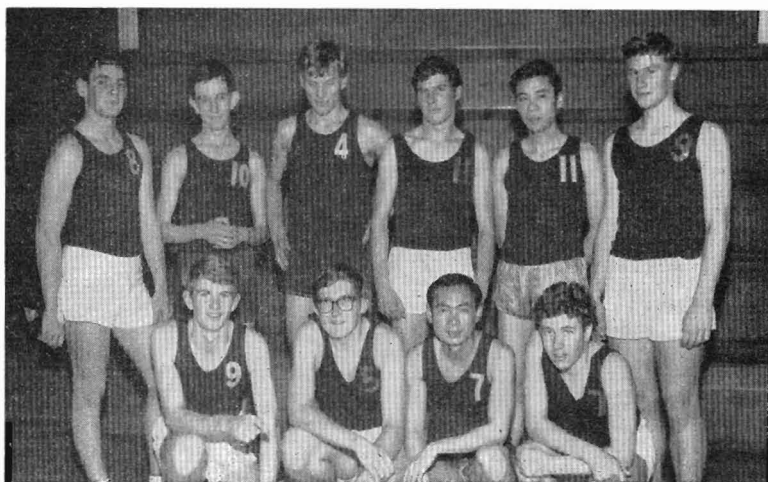
DEFEATED

STUDENTS, 5 sets—54 games.



#### SQUASH TEAM

Back Row: K. Beckham,  
D. Michell, Mrs. Newcombe,  
R. Bowring, S. Griffiths.  
Front Row: J. Millen,  
M. Jones, D. McLean,  
B. Naisbitt.



#### BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: A. Breasley,  
R. Wooten, P. Krulls,  
W. Power, H. Wong,  
B. Betts.  
Front Row:  
F. Frey, J. Raivers,  
E. Chu, R. Pearson.

## SQUASH

The school was represented by the following students in the various inter-college matches: A. GREY, K. CHATTO, P. GOODERHAM, B. NAISBITT, D. McLEAN, K. McCOLL, T. CROSSLEY, R. ARMSTRONG, N. FARREL, M. JONES, J. O'GRADY.

In the first match we fielded two teams but went down to Swinburne 5-3. There is a variety of excuses that could be found for this defeat but being good sports we kept these to ourselves. Revenge was sweet in the return match when, due to superior skill, we overwhelmed them 3-1, only one team playing from each side.

Against Footscray the match was evenly contested with the rubbers being equal, the games being equal, and Caulfield eventually winning by one point.

The game against Preston served only as a practice match as we outclassed them 4-0.

The meeting with Melbourne was typical of the majority of Melbourne-Caulfield clashes: Melbourne failed to put in an appearance.

The Geelong side also backed out on hearing of the class present in our line-up.

## BASKETBALL

Last year Caulfield had one team in the "B" Grade competition and came very close to winning the premiership.

This year we had enough players to enter a team in the "A" Grade competition as well as the "B" Grade. At the time of writing the "A" Grade team appear to have the potential to take off the premiership. Their strength is mainly due to the experience and accurate shooting of Dick Wooton, Paul Krulls and Harry Wong. Congratulations must go to Dick for being selected to represent Victoria in the State under eighteen team.

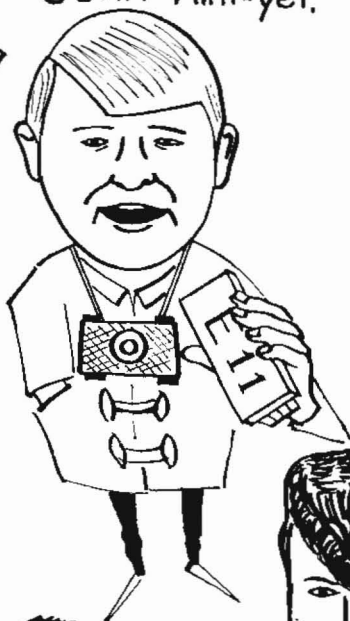
The "B" Grade team is handicapped by a lack of height and consistent scorers; however, their determination and drive could leave them well placed at the end of the season.

It is quite an achievement for Cautec to be able to enter two good teams in the competitions and for them to do so well. A large majority of other Senior Techs. and High Schools have coaches on the staff and basketball courts on the school premises. Caulfield has neither of these and the only chance our students get to play together is at the Wednesday afternoon competition. However, steps are being taken to have a court set out in the school quadrangle. This, if completed, will be a great boon to future basketball teams.

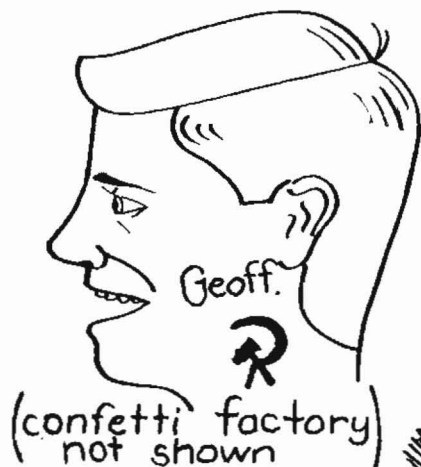
A word of thanks must go to John Raivers for the amount of time he has put into Cautec basketball this year. Also thanks to both teams for representing the College so ably.



John Aim-yet.



"The Reverend"



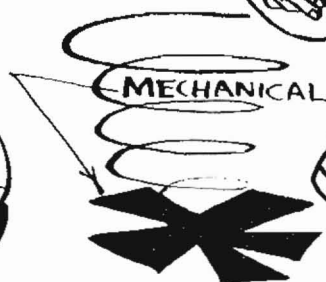
Ye artist (?)



"Wonga" & "Pasty"



"Finna"



TIM ANDERSON

r.a.C.I.  
("Lordie")



"Father" Flynn



L.H.K.B.  
(Henry)

"Knucklenut"  
(Pete)



Note:  
hair optional.



V8 (?)

TIM ANDERSON



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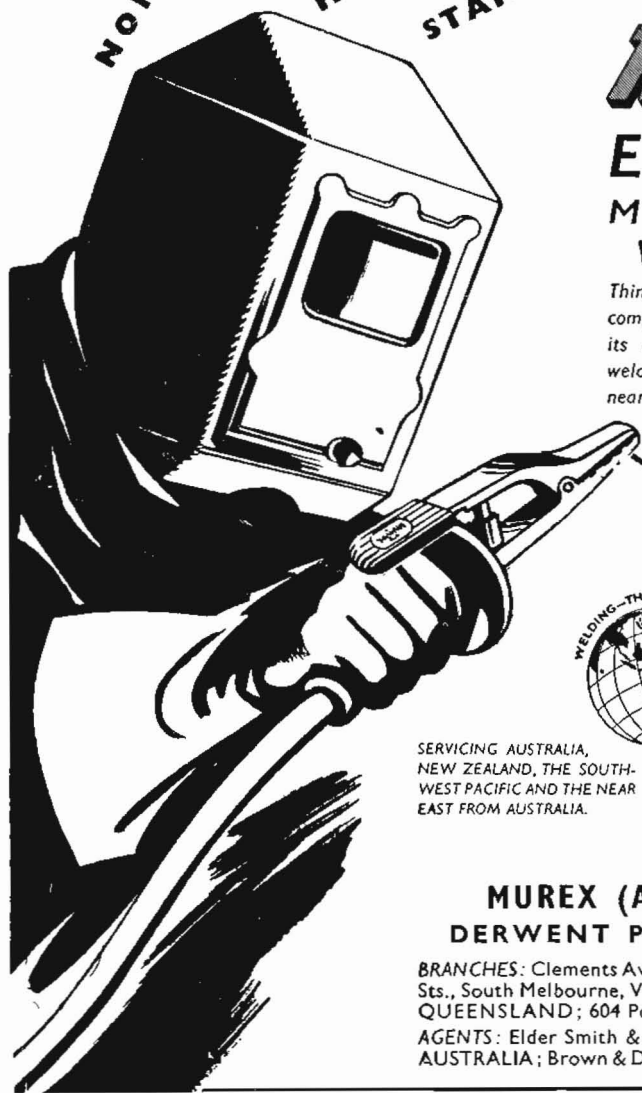
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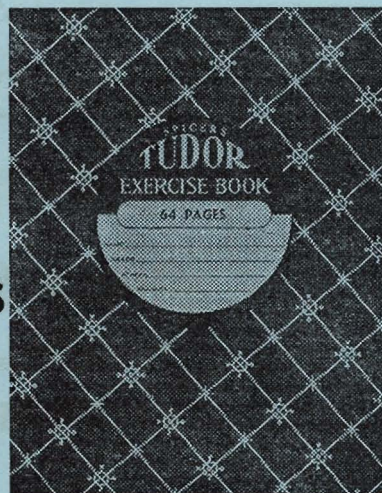
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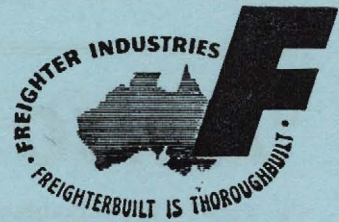
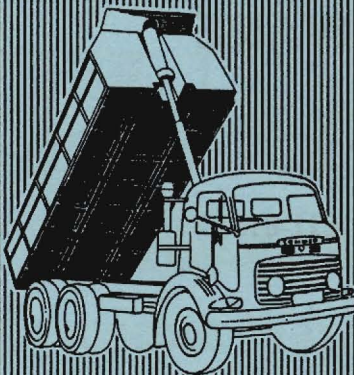
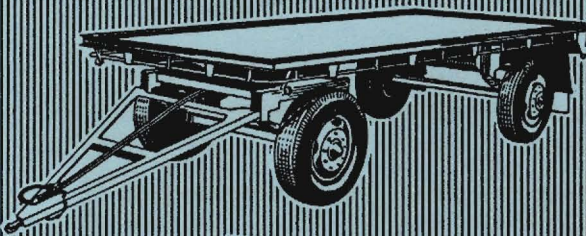
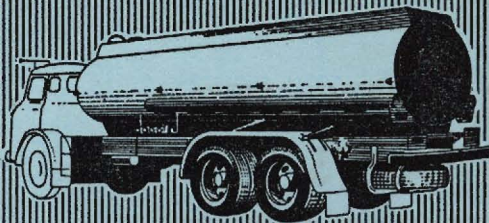
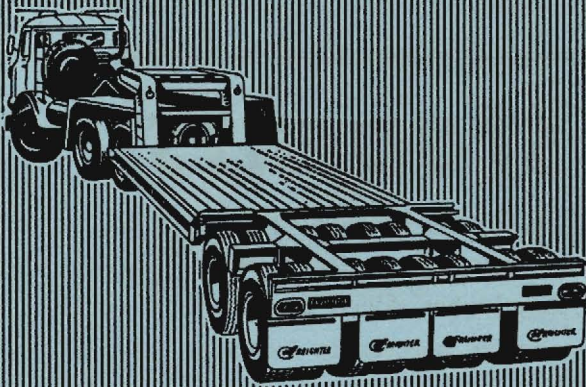
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