

*Hebert*



**ANNUAL MAGAZINE**  
**CAULFIELD TECHNICAL SCHOOL**

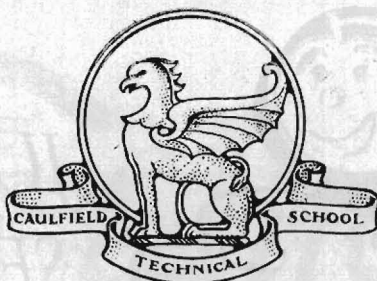
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Caulfield Technical School



*1st.*

ANNUAL  
MAGAZINE

1948

**MAGAZINE COMMITTEE**

Co-Editors: COLIN SMITH, ALAN WILSON.

MAX MANDER, HELEN HARVEY, JOHN MARSHALL,  
DOUG SHAW, LEN GOFFIN, GEOFF. UHLHORN,  
BRUCE APPLEBY, JOHN MORRISON.



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SENIOR !  
and  
DIPLOMA!  
Students*

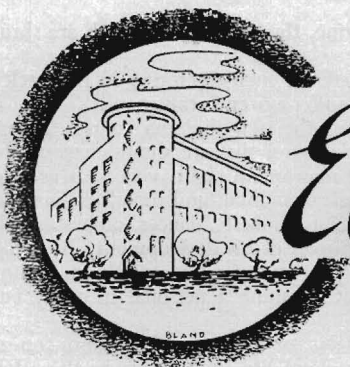
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# Editorial

IN THE LIGHT of present events it appears that the time is indeed opportune for the publication of the school's first annual magazine.

The world, recently emerged from the greatest conflict of all time, still labours in the throes of an uneasy peace. International conferences are being attended daily by the great Powers' leaders in an effort to obtain a peace that will free the world from the threat of future war and pestilence, a threat that pervades the atmosphere of even today.

If this peace is realised, can the citizens of tomorrow (that is, the students of today) successfully carry on the task that will fall to them as they take up the reins of citizenship and responsibility?

The educational training of the younger generation will eventually play a large roll in the peace and security of the future.

In any aspect of life they undertake, whether it be politics, religion, or industry, it is possible that students will be called on at some time or other to face an issue associated with matter of international, national, or even local, importance. If they can accept the issue and successfully apply their student training to the matter then the present system can be justified.

In the past, however, and to a large extent at present, emphasis has been placed on a swift academic curriculum, ignoring the fact that the student enters the industrial or professional world with a lack of social understanding and knowledge.

The outlook of many people (including teachers and parents) is that students attend school with the express idea of passing examinations only. Admittedly, examinations are very important, but a student who gains only academic honours during his school existence sacrifices pleasure and school fellowship by ignoring the sporting and social activities in his realm. He also escapes a valuable lesson that he will eventually meet later in life; that no matter what one expects from life they must be prepared to put something into it.

This is the basis of the world's future peace and security, and if the student can attain this knowledge in the course of his school life he will have travelled a great distance in his preparation for citizenship and responsibility.



# FOREWORD

By the PRINCIPAL

To be invited to write a preface to a magazine, the contents of which are shrouded in mystery is a somewhat doubtful privilege.

[I can only hope that the Editors have exercised such discretion in their selection of contributions that even the most sensitive reader will suffer no embarrassment.]

Since we have not yet completely developed the new diploma courses, it may be argued that the time is inopportune to produce a magazine, and that we should have waited at least another year. Under the new curriculum, a student may spend eight years with us in order to complete a diploma course. During that time his physical, mental, and moral welfare are our constant care, and participation in such socialising activities as concerts, dances, orchestras, choirs, discussion groups, excursions, or sporting fixtures must form part of his development. By recording these activities, a school magazine helps to develop a corporate spirit, and so enrich our communal life. It is for private circulation only, and may, therefore, assume a personal intimacy beyond the ken of the general public.

It may be contended that technical articles or pedantic discussions on social problems rather than the happy and carefree features of school life should occupy the attention of our contributors. These have been invited to record in their own manner our daily deliberations and our extra-curricula activities, emphasising the pleasant characteristics and omitting the shortcomings. Although some attempt has been made to chronicle the progress of the school, to dwell upon the enhanced technical status accorded by our diploma courses and to extol the school's contribution to the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme, it is felt that the full story of such achievements should be left to more mature and experienced minds than those of our contributors.

In this, and successive issues, will be presented a record of school anecdotes and activities to be treasured when our present students are Old Boys, and so help in the building up of the School tradition.

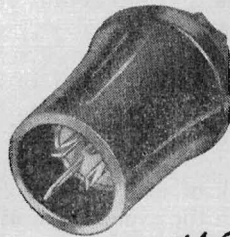
This magazine was spontaneously written, produced, and edited by students, and I must make no further encroachments on valuable space, except to offer my sincere congratulations on their enterprise.

J. L. KEPERT.

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# The Principal

Much of the credit for the successful publication of this — our first School Magazine — must be given to our Principal, Mr. J. L. Kepert. Acting on his suggestion given several months ago, the magazine committee was formed, and since then they have always found in Mr. Kepert a patient and understanding advisor ever ready to tender advice and constructive criticism. An Old Boy of Footscray Technical School, and a graduate of Melbourne University, his outstanding scholastic ability can be readily appreciated by reference to the school prospectus. After graduating from the University he began his professional career as an engineer with Melbourne Electric Supply, and later on he earned for himself a reputation as one of the State Electricity Commission's successful engineers. For-saking the industrial field for the educational world,



he made his debut as a teacher at the South Melbourne Technical School in 1930. In 1936 he returned to his old school, where he eventually became Vice-Principal. 1946 saw him promoted to the Principalship of Caulfield Technical School, where he immediately won the support and co-operation of the staff and a very real respect from the students.

Caulfield Technical School is very fortunate in having as its head a man of such undoubted ability who, faced with the immediate responsibility of developing our new Senior School and maintaining the prestige of the Junior School, cannot help but succeed in this truly important task. It can be confidently expected that under Mr. Kepert's inspiring leadership Caulfield Technical School will take its place as one of the foremost technical schools in the State.

## CAULFIELD TECHNICAL SCHOOL

### Parents' Guild

An essential adjunct to any school is that body of parents associated together to assist in the operation of the school for the welfare of the students. Such a body is the Parents' Guild at our School.

Most people are aware of the fact that the Education Department does not provide all the amenities so necessary for the efficient operation of the School. Libraries, tuck shops, sporting material, and the like, fall in this category, and it is the responsibility of the Guild to endeavour to make many of these amenities possible.

The social aspect is also important, for at gatherings of parents, opinions and ideas may be freely expressed, making for a better understanding of the problems met with by parents. The Guild also acts in a liaison capacity between parents and the School. Complaints and suggestions brought up at meetings, and which affect all students, are put before the Principal for his investigation.

At the present time the Guild is vitally interested in the new Tuck Shop, rapidly approaching completion, and had committed itself to the task of providing the best and most modern equipment, so that students may be assured of obtaining meals and food of a high standard at reasonable cost.

Regular card evenings, picture nights, and other functions are held for the purpose of raising the money to carry out this objective. The Guild members are very enthusiastic, but unfortunately all parents are not members. It is only by the majority of parents belonging to and supporting the Guild that rapid and useful progress may be made.

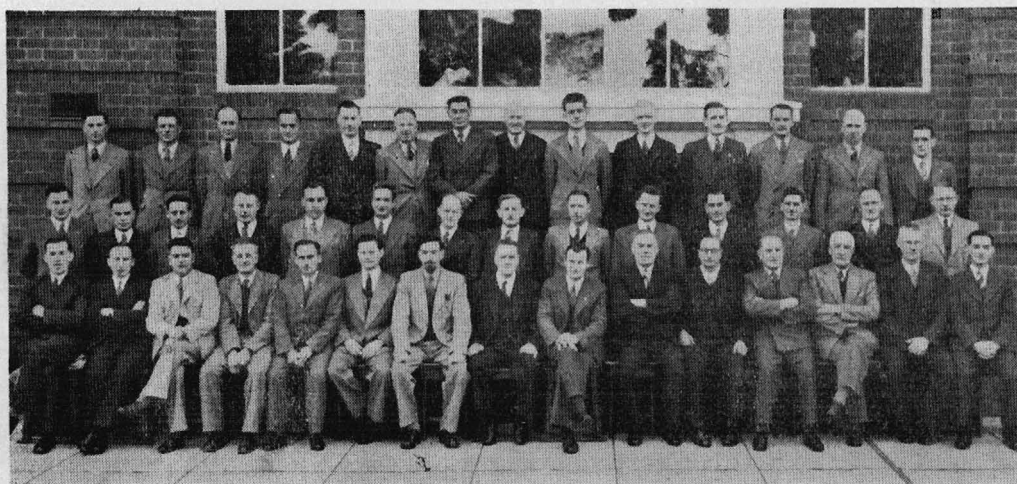
The annual subscription is 1/-, and a cordial invitation is extended to all parents to attend the regular monthly meetings, held at the School at 8 p.m. on the third Thursday of each month.

C. P. GIBSON, President.

R. J. NOTT, Hon. Secretary.



# The Staff 1948



**Front Row:** Messrs. G. Dubout, J. Barberis, A. Morrison, S. Brown, G. Edwards, L. Thompson, N. Weir, H. Buchanan (Headmaster), J. L. Kepert (Principal), A. Taunton, H. Courley, H. Stern, R. Mann, T. George, G. Hopwood.

**Second Row:** Messrs. K. Moylan, J. Holmes, E. Tonkin, N. Norton, A. Moore, H. Ellis, L. Ritter, A. Harrison, J. Millard, D. Incoll, E. Horsfall, J. Smyth, N. Tasker, H. Green.

**Back Row:** Messrs. R. Marten, A. Miller, J. Hall, R. Empey, C. Birch, H. David, T. Wasley, J. Paton, D. Boyd, J. Mullins, G. Marshall, C. Goyne, M. Flynn, D. Price.

**Absent:** Miss L. Dellar, Messrs. J. Brown, B. Crosskell, R. Kirkham, D. Lyon, E. Cormack, F. Masson, W. Welten.



## FOREWORD

By the HEADMASTER

Our first School Magazine is to be presented to the students, and a feeling of satisfaction goes with its publication. Not only have we a feeling of satisfaction, but we also have the hope that the Magazine will prove an important feature in the school life of the students, and be of interest to them while they are at the School, and also when they leave and become the "Old Boys."

The teachers never lose their interest in the "Old Boys," and it is a pity that we cannot always follow their careers. If the Magazine enables us to do this to a greater degree, it will have proved its value; for we expect it to be a bond, binding the "Old Boys" to each other and to their School.

I congratulate the students responsible for the production of the Magazine, I welcome it, and wish it every success.

H. BUCHANAN.



# Magazine Committee

## SMITH, Colin James.



With a jet-black shock of hair and a most disarming smile, Colin appeared last year on the doorstep of our benevolent institution, determined to "do" the Diploma. A former inmate of "Work'us," he escaped to the Navy and helped put Hitler in his place. Returning to study(?), he decided to give Caulfield a break, and is now working—like Hell! His interest in the fair sex must go unrecorded, for Colin has slipped his head in the bridal slipknot, and now is too busy to brood on his other troubles. Much of the success of the concert was due to him as compere, and the timely arrival of this magazine is largely due to his efforts as Editor. With a natural ability to gauge the correct amount of work necessary to carry out any particular job, a bright outlook in life, and a friendly personality, Colin will make a competent and co-operative engineer.

## WILSON, Alan Robert.

Co-Editor of the magazine, Alan spends much time on literary research, and may often be seen wandering around our cloisters, slide rule in hand and a well-chewed 2H behind his ear. He is really the answer to a teacher's prayer, as he politely listens in class and then kindly points out the inaccuracies. Alan is full of bright suggestions concerning school improvements, but in mathematics will shove in a few "g's" and minus signs to get the right answer. He is an authority on such diverse subjects as heraldry, metallurgy, technological libraries, and women. To him the Griffin is an historical myhtake. His ambition is to organise and administer everything and anything (two bob and your lunch). Although Alan has no interest in the fair sex, he has already been marked down by a designing female as a prospective husband.



## MANDER, Maxwell Frank.



Another of our tough ex-servicemen, Max is also a refugee from the "College." Although fairly successful at that institution, he now rusts on his laurels and devotes his energies to such important things as concerts and magazines. As Sub-Editor in charge of the Social Activities section, Max rivals Dorothy Dix in his tracking down of local scandals. He did a great job as ballet master for the concert, where his intimate knowledge of anatomy was evidenced in the restrained simulation of feminine curves. His costume certainly hung on tightly round the curves. Max is a steady lad and shows promise of settling down to a steady married life. He is at present investigating the yield point of a member of the Art class. Just platonic, of course. One who is always ready to be obliging, Max will not need our wish of good luck in his professional life.

## HARVEY, Helen Anne.

The sole representative of the Art School, Helen also has the distinction of being the only feminine representative on our magazine committee. She certainly exercises a restraining influence on the boys when things get heated at committee meetings, and urges the dissenting parties to try a little ardour. A very well-formed lady, it is obvious that nobody's going to pull the wool over her legs. Anyway, we all rave over her nylons. Mind you, only a woman can rave over a pair of nylons when they're empty. Helen's violently-striped sweater certainly pulls our eyes over the wool. Her practical outlook and lively personality will carry her far in her profession, and we wonder what efficient eminence she will attain. Her boy friend says she's got a gorgeous figure. She doesn't hold that against him.







**MARSHALL, John Richard.**

If you see a distinguished-looking chap urging all and sundry to do something about the magazine, that'll be John. All sporting contributions come under his censorious eye. Last year John topped the poll and gracefully carried off the Dux prize. An active participant in all school activities, we wonder how he gets time to swot. For him, first and second terms are merely periods of time to be filled in by playing tennis, cricket, football, etc., while the third term is spent flying through exams. John's early life was spent in the Junior School, where he found exams mere formalities, and often prefaced his paper with the warning, "Views expressed in this paper are my own and not necessarily those of the text book." He is always ready to help his less gifted colleagues with a tricky problem. It is obvious from the above that John is a very versatile chap.

**SHAW, Alan Douglas.**

The hearts of the weaker sex missed a beat as Doug arrived last year complete with motor-car and first year diploma from the rival Concentration Camp. He finds the examiners a stubborn lot, but is making the grade in a minimum amount of time, although age has somewhat decreased his modulus of mental elasticity. Doug is the photography expert, and as is here evident, has the happy knack of giving an intelligent look to even the dumbest of visages. He specialises in female portraiture, and guarantees that his subjects are well developed. Anyway, the State Electricity Commission has a claim on his services, and we look forward to a more generous ration of watts with a slightly better quality of amps when he spins the Yallourn generators. Doug's ability to "get stuck into it" will carry him far in the future—and his cheery manner will assure him of complete success in his profession.



**GOFFIN, Leonard Charles.**

Born in Melbourne in 1931, Len saw the light in 1943 when his shadow first darkened our portals. He was received with open arms by the chosen, and is now thoroughly acclimatised. His job in the magazine is to edit all scientific and technical contributions by untangling the learned jargon of the text books from which they are copied. With occasional bursts of industry and supreme faith in his persuasive powers, he faces the examiners with sang froid and mal de mer. Any rate, he never allows minor setbacks to get him down, and his keen interest in his work enables him to trick those purveyors of platitudes. To be an engineer requires brains and a slide rule, and Len has a nice slide rule. Furthermore, he has intestinal fortitude with a capital G.



**UHLHORN, Geoffrey.**

After a few hectic years in the Air Force, Geoff turned to a Diploma course to satisfy his craving for excitement. The owner of a large impressive motor-bike, with two carbys and a contributor, he is happily aware that the most important part is the nut that holds the handlebars. His progress has been marked with a few credits and things, while his extreme modesty is an assurance that he is here to be instructed rather than applauded. We are told that in the Electric Wiring classes, he joins many yards of wire to numerous terminals, closes the switch with closed eyes and bated breath, but still jumps when the main switch opens with a bang and a blast. The thorough and painstaking manner in which he tackles his work, combined with his friendly nature and shy smile, qualify him for success.





APPLEBY, Bruce Douglas.

First opened his eyes in 1933 and, after receiving his first spanking, quickly shut them again. Bairnsdale plays an important part in Bruce's early life, and he is still dazzled by the bright lights of our Institution. He freely admits they've got nothing like our office staff at Bairnsdale. Doomed to be a chemist, he has so far got through in one piece. At his age he should still be playing with Mecanno. Dux of the first year diploma while scarcely out of three-cornered pants, his examination record is unblemished. He has lived a sheltered life—didn't got out with girls till he was almost four. Bruce is a cheery soul, and we do like cheery souls. How he knows all he knows is a mystery. "And still they gazed and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all he knew."

MORRISON, Ernest John.

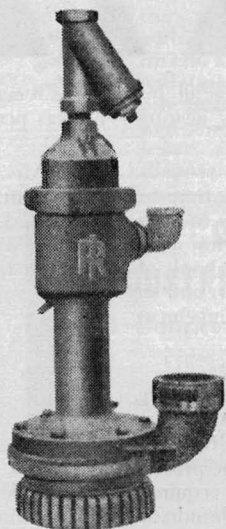
Our Junior School representative, John first saw the light of day 13 years ago when the stork crash-landed in Melbourne in 1935. After a primary education at Mentone, he moved to our seat of learning to be finished off. This we are gladly doing, and John is standing up to it well. Now rapidly approaching adolescence—that period in which children begin to question the answers—he is developing along the right lines, and we've put him on our Diploma cradle roll, that is, we placed his name on our wailing list. Although his parents want him to be a gentleman, John decided to become an engineer, or something. As he told them—



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# John Winkelman

## A TRIBUTE BY A FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE

It is most fitting that this, the first issue of the Magazine of Caulfield Technical School, should record in its pages the labours of the late Mr. John Winkelman, who, by his great organising ability and the unselfish service of the best years of his teaching life, brought into being the present thriving Art Department of the School, and made it the Education Department's largest Art School.

I am proud to be able to voice not only my own admiration and affection for John Winkelman, but also the deep affection and respect of all his colleagues and students, every one of whom he influenced for good. I know, also, that I voice the feelings of all the past students who cannot speak for themselves—who laid down their promising lives in war.

John Winkelman came to the school as Senior Art Instructor in February, 1930, and, when he came there was in existence no such things as a Senior Day Art School. When he resigned in September, 1946, to assume the Principalship of Prahran Technical School, over 60 Full Day Art Students were training at Caulfield, and the dream school, to which all his thoughts and planning were directed, was nearing completion.

To accomplish this feat, and at the same time to organise huge evening Art classes, as well as to train and qualify hundreds of Junior Teachers for work in the Primary and Secondary and Public Schools of the State, was a task which was truly great, and in his successful accomplishment John Winkelman proved himself great.

For two years he worked in the world of industry before coming to Caulfield, specialising in all the refinements of Art where it touched the building and furnishing of homes, and in this work he proved eminently outstanding, and the knowledge acquired during these two years was passed on to hundreds of students. To raise the standards of industrial design was a very keen desire with John Winkelman.



It was with great emotion that he left this school to assume yet greater tasks as a Principal, and the occasion of his departure, when, in the main Art Room, staff and students farewelled their department head, will never be forgotten by any who participated.

In conclusion, I desire to tabulate briefly and most sincerely the virtues and attributes for which he was justly celebrated. They prove, more than his fine qualifications and organising skill, what his loss meant to Caulfield. These were, a great sense of duty, kindness, justness, and tolerance. With such virtues no teacher can be mourned. He died on the 3rd March, 1948, in the plenitude

of his remarkable powers and in a position for which he was perfectly fitted.

To Mrs. Winkelman, his widow, and to Mr. and Mrs. John Winkelman, Junior, to his own father and sisters, we tender our most sincere sympathy, and the assurance that he will live forever in the hearts of his friends.

"Yet are thy pleasant voices,  
Thy nightingales awake,  
For Death, he taketh all away,  
But them he cannot take."

Charles C. McNamara.

Mrs. Winkelman has intimated her intention of perpetuating the memory of Mr. John Winkelman by giving annually a prize for Industrial Design at the School.

CHARLES C. McNAMARA

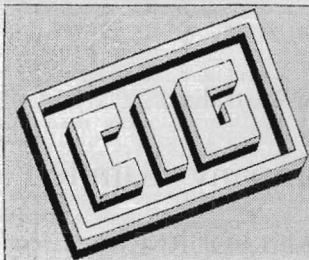


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GREEK CATHEDRAL AT HARBIN MANCHURIA

By some mischance the following letter to Dorothy Dix was delivered to me this week:

Dear Dorothy Dix,

"I am a member of the Merchant Marine and I have a cousin in the Labour Government. Neither of my parents works, as one has amnesia and the other arthritis, and they are totally dependent on the earnings of my two sisters in Brisbane, who took the wrong turning in life.

"My parents do not receive the old-age pension and my brothers cannot help, as one is serving a life sentence and the other is in an inebriates' home.

"I am in love with a Melbourne girl and we intend marrying as soon as my bigamy case, which is now before the courts, is finalised.

"Now, Dorothy, my problem is this: The girl does not know anything of my family background, and, in view of the fact that I love her and intend making her my wife, should I, or should I not, tell her that my cousin is in the Labour Government."

"Sailor Bill."

"I'd rather drive an engine than  
Be a little gentleman,  
I'd rather go shunting and hooting  
Than hunting and shooting."

## PERSONALITY PARADE, 1948.

With all apologies which may seem necessary to the French mannequins at present touring this fair land, we present without ado—The Parade of the Caulfield Tech. Art School Students.

Our first gown, which is modelled by attractive siren Maureen Grant, a firm believer in the new look which threatens to become even "newer," is a stunning floral smock of ample proportions—big enough to fit Miss Dottie Stuart—applied with large plaster "spotches," which gives it that fullness around the waist—so necessary nowadays. This outfit is suitably designed for modelling or bathing in plaster bins with carefree abandon.

Coming down from the balcony, we have Miss Viv. Wilson—the "Austrian Dame" (so called by lesser members of the Junior School)—literally weighed down with belts, bangles, throat chokers, and other ornaments. The shirt, which, by the way, is fitted so as not to hide the said trinkets, has the postal address, phone number, and any other details required, scrawled across the back in lamp black and yellow ochre. Such an outfit could be worn almost anywhere.

Sweeping across the quadrangle, Miss Riva Paykel cuts a dashing figure with high-laced boots and painted toe digits—lipstick to match by Max Factor and khaki shirt by Christian Dior! This is cut very low at the neck, revealing a charming pendant, which is in complete harmony with her bracelets. Miss Paykel sat on one of the Fine Arts student's palettes, and the effect is stunning to say the least of it.

And so the girls come and the models go:—

Miss Harvey in a terrible hurry—a new fashion to be seen quite a lot. Miss Leslie Robinson, in a state of utter nervousness over exam. fashions; and Miss Audrey Saligari in a jumper worn inside out.

But we must hurry now, as the parade draws to a close. We see the "femme fatale" in charge of these models—Miss Deller, majestically walking the stairs with her inimitable hat-box.

R.G.A.

## WOMEN.

Atomic Weight: 120 lbs.

Occurrences: Found wherever a man is found. Seldom in a free state.

Physical Properties: Generally rounded in form. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any moment. Melts when properly treated.

Chemical Properties: Very active. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stone. Violent reactions when left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of food. Turn green when placed beside a better looking specimen.

Electrical Properties: Unpredictable resistance. Varies from infinitely great to almost nil. May suddenly drop or reduce over a period.

Uses: Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits, etc. Equalises distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful income-reducer known.

Caution: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.



# TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF PROGRESS



Original School, 1922.

By A. Wilson

In 1915-16 the Mordialloc School Committee formed an organisation consisting of citizens representing the municipalities of Malvern, Caulfield, Moorabbin, Oakleigh, Mulgrave, and Dandenong, with the object of securing a technical school to provide for the large population at the "Gateway to Gippsland."

The site first suggested was at Cheltenham, but it was finally decided that the best position would be at Caulfield.

Deputations waited upon the Minister for Education, until in February, 1919, approval was granted for the erection of a school.

The Caulfield Technical School was officially opened on Wednesday, 26th January, 1922, with Mr. R. J. Dorey (Principal) and Mr. F. M. Wharlington (Headmaster), and 200 students. Many initial difficulties were encountered. For six months there was no equipment; students sat on the floor, teachers used painted plywood blackboards; the first night students were enrolled by candle light because the electric light was not connected. The original school, a two-storeyed building containing 12 large classrooms and eight smaller ones, of which the lighting was a special feature, cost £21,000. The Wheelwrights' and Blacksmiths' School—for it was intended that classes should specialise in farriery and construction of farming machinery—was set apart from the main building. The concrete ring outside the present blacksmithing shop is a relic of the Wheelwrights' School, when Rooms 32 and 35 were coach-building shops, connected by stairs inside the building—the outside stairs and Rooms 33 and 34 were additions of 1924.

The displacement of horse-drawn vehicles by motor traction modified the aim of the school to specialisation in the Diploma Course of Motor Engineering. With the Junior day school aiming to prepare boys for this, and other industrial trades, rapid progress was made. In 1923 extensions to the main building were proposed, and in September, 1924, the first annual sports were held in the presence of a large attendance of parents. In 1925, one hundred students had to be turned away owing to insufficient room. Temporary respite came in the completion of the main building by the addition of

a chemistry laboratory, Rooms 16 and 17, and a carpentry shop, Rooms 29 and 30. The total number of students studying science, engineering, art, trade, commerce, and household subjects then rose to 1,025, so again in June, 1935, a further request was made for extensions. Workshops were being used as classrooms, and a near by Sunday School hall was rented in order to accommodate existing extension in the land occupied by the drill hall. When completed, the new block was to house the plumbing, wood-working, and engineering shops, which were to be transferred from Rooms 27, 29 and 30, and 14 and 15, of the existing building. These would then be devoted to general classrooms.

Notwithstanding the shortage of accommodation, a new Senior art subject, dress designing and fashion drawing, was introduced, furthering the aim to make the school a technical-arts centre. To relieve pressure on accommodation—for some 1,400 students were then attending—the Education Department arranged in May, 1938, for Junior classes to be held at Hughesdale State School.

With the completion and opening of the new £8,000 Trade block on 21st September, 1939, the latest system of grouping allied subjects was introduced. Five years later a Senior School was proudly inaugurated. Classes were commenced for day Diploma course in mechanical and electrical engineering, but it was found that these Senior courses taxed accommodation so that recommendations were at once made for a new wing.

The following year was saddened by the death of one of the School's greatest benefactors—Professor Wilfred Kernot. In recognition of service done as a school councillor, permission was obtained from the Education Department to name the Engineering block the "Kernot Wing," and the new Senior library the "Kernot Library." In the meantime plans had been drawn up, and the new technical-art wing was commenced in December, 1945. This, and other extensions, had been championed by the Principal, Mr. R. J. Dorey, whose retirement on 3rd May, 1946, completed a notable record of 24 years. Under his guidance the school had grown from 250 students in 1922, with 14 instructors, to over 2,000 students, with 33 full-time and 33 part-time instructors.

With the new Principal, Mr. J. L. Kepert, came the task of establishing the complete Diploma course by gathering equipment for Senior laboratories. In the first term of this year, 150 students—including 50 ex-servicemen—were enrolled for Diploma courses. The opening of the new Heat Engines, Applied Mechanics, and Electrical laboratories assured the third year of the Diploma course, whilst new art subjects were taken to provide a nucleus for expansion in the new wing.

The new Diploma wing, estimated to cost between £50,000 and £80,000 when completed, will comprise seven main classrooms, three applied science laboratories, one Senior physics laboratory, and one Senior chemical laboratory; on the second floor will be arts and crafts, with a Senior reference library. At the present, electric wiring is the only subject in the third year Diploma not being undertaken at the school, because the new laboratory is not completed.

Enrolments continue to increase, necessitating the subdivision of classes, some Junior classes attending Carnegie State School, while night classes fully tax classrooms on all nights except Friday. Of a Saturday morning more than 100 student teachers attend manual art classes.

Yet another building, the new brick veneer cafeteria and dining hall, was commenced in March.

At the opening in 1922 who could have foreseen possibility of 1948—a senior technical college educating some 3,000 students? It is indeed the students that make a school. In the words of the Premier (Mr. Lawson), when opening the school in 1922: "The test of the school is the pupils it turns out. We are fighting," he said, "for commercial supremacy and we need technical knowledge. If we had the technical knowledge it would not be necessary to send for German experts."

#### SPENCER STREET POWER-HOUSE

Recently the members of 6B made an interesting excursion to the Spencer Street power-house.

We started off by seeing the skip-hoist for conveying the boiler fuel to the various bunkers at the rear of each boiler. In the boiler-room were a dozen or so boilers, each with its own auxiliary plant. These boilers produce the steam for supplying power to the turbo-generators. Following the process through, we were shown these large generators driven at a high speed by the steam from the boilers. These turbines are controlled by men in a small room, with many dials and gauges, which allow the performance of each plant to be checked at any time. A visit to this control-room concluded our afternoon at the power station.

R. BEAN (6B).

#### ANNOUNCING!

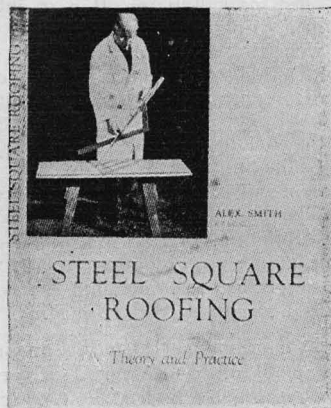
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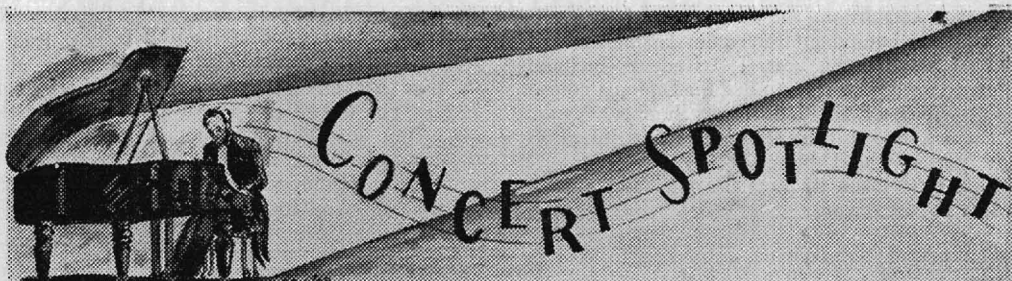


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On 24th June this year our first annual school concert made its debut at the Caulfield Town Hall. There is no need to tell you what a smashing success it was, because you know it already. But just in case your memory does not serve you well, here is what it was all about.

The programme opened with a rousing rendition of "Shenandoah" and "The Ash Grove," by the Junior Choir, under the capable baton of Mr. Brown, assisted by Roy Brenton and Ron Stevenson.

"The Children's Hour" gave us an insight into what doesn't go on during a radio programme. It was produced by the art students, with Geoff. Allingham playing the part of announcer, husband, and lover, all in one breath as it were. Vivienne Wilson popped in with such advertisements as "TAA the friendly way" and "Have you your radiator on? If so, turn it off!" Each of these left us with the impression that we had heard them somewhere before. Veni Stephens was the wife, and Maureen Grant the maid, in a luscious murder story "just for children." It is of interest to note that their script was entirely original. By the way, these were the only real girls in the whole show, though, mind you, Madame Mander's ballerinas were a very pleasant, if startling, substitute.

In the sketch, "If Men Played Cards as Women Do," Colin Smith made an excellent hostess. He even went out of the room so that his guests could gossip about him behind his back! We all admired Geoff. Uhlhorn's gorgeous new hat, and Don Head's fashion jumper was absolutely the last word in style. Brian simply had to bring along his electric razor in case his make-up needed retouching.

Issy Vinnacour and Alan Wilson provided much beauty in "Beauty and Magic." It is rumoured that the real reason for such a show of temper as they raced down the aisle with a bucket of paper was that one had said nasty things about the other's boy friend. The magician succeeded in baffling both himself and his audience with his deft handling of beer bottles.

"Here's Hokey" was excellently interpreted by Ian Fenwick as the announcer, Keith Barrow as Mr. Bones, who "was never so comfortable as when he was laid to rest in a Comfy Corpse Container"; and Max Officer, as little Jimmy Green, managed to

make a very rude noise into the microphone. Brian Coleman provided the necessary music, and the amazing news to girls everywhere, that "Shipwreck Soap is only a penny a cake!"

Bill Bond demonstrated his ability as a butcher when he operated on the unfortunate Eric Brown, in "Shadow Play." Akbar handed up numerous articles from under the table, from saws and axes to a string of sausages and portions of the patient's arm. Ron Stephenson provided appropriate music for this item with his excellent rendition of Chopin's Dead March.

The presentation of prizes was a masterpiece of conjuring, being disposed of in twenty minutes dead. The curtain rose on a scene of utter relaxation as the School Council nestled firmly into Heib's lounge furniture. Then, while our Principal, on the left, went into a huddle and murmured numerous names into the mike the said names made a bee-line from right to left, grasping a prize in one hand and a handshake in the other as they speeded past the official dias.

An effective finale was the presentation by the "Old Tech Company" of the fruity mellow-drama "Only a Mill Girl." A mass of stage furniture created a distinctive drawing-room setting (complete with whatnot), in to which the villain, Murgatroyde, played with gusto by John Marshall, and his equally villainous daughter Sybil (Max Officer), glided with as much grace as their black hearts would allow. John's heart was not the only part of him that was black, for the following morning it was still showing around his eyes. Bill Bond, as Sir Hubert, found it a problem to look grey around the edges, but a bit of powder in the right places successfully carried him through, although it stuck to his hair for the following week. His sagging moustache and slight totter were so convincing that we were prepared at any moment to rush out with a bathchair. But I simply cannot let this opportunity pass without a comment on little Pansy, who tore our hearts in twain with her pathetic declaration that "I never tooched his watch; how could I when his coat's been bootened oop all the evening?" She was really a bit of a cad because I distinctly saw her hanging on to the watch. Anyway, under the pretty dress, fair flowing tresses, bonnet, and rosy cheeks was Hugh Munro. Karl Haussegger was the handsome Hilary and Bill Bunnett the butler, Baggs.



1. "The Children's Hour."

3. Ballet Des Lis Demure.

5. Accompanist: Ron. Stephenson.

2. Ballet Des Lis Demure.

4. "If Men Played Cards as Women Do,"

6. "Only A Mill Girl,"



Interspersed among all these items were some very talented soloists. Ron Ritchie played a piano solo, "Gavotte," by Gluck, and "Hornpipe." He made a second appearance after the interval with his brother Barry to give us Moskowsky's "Valse Brillante." The two vocalists were Roy Brenton and Karl Bradbury. Roy sang the stirring "Wandering the King's Highway," while Karl chose, in different mood, "Mine Alone." With Brian Coleman and Max Officer they formed the quartet which appeared in boiler suits to present "Waltzing Matilda" and "Let the Rest of the World Go By."

John Morrison did a fine job in his ventriloquist act, particularly as his own doll was broken and the one he used was strange to him.

As solo instrumentalists, Brian Coleman gave us some lively tunes with his piano-accordion, and Don Paterson, playing very sweetly on his violin, "Serenata" and "Moment Musicale." Peter Nathan, who recently appeared with some success on Christy's radio auditions, combined forces with Eric Verity to exhibit some very clever piano playing in their "Piano Sketch," in which the professor, played by Don Paterson, finally discovers that there is something in this boogie-woogie business after all.

It was most regrettable that we had to drop two items towards the end of the evening. I am sure, however, that we all appreciate very much the efforts of the people concerned. We are putting the items in cool storage until next year, when, if they are still in good condition, you will see them in the next concert. The excessive length of the programme was one of its very few faults. All items proceeded according to plan and hitches were very few. The only one that occurred was successfully plugged by our capable compere, Colin Smith. Just as a point of interest, some time take your armchair to a safe distance and ask him to tell you the story of the pink elephants and the currant cake.

When the first meeting was called in May to discuss the possibilities of a concert, a committee was elected, but the amount of talent available in the school was apparently very small, and we wondered how we were going to scrape enough items together to fill up the programme. Serious sketches were considered to be unsuitable, as our acting abilities were very limited. We concentrated on the humorous "Here's Hokey" and "The Mill Girl" variety. The ballet was, of course, inevitable! Progress was a little slow at first, but soon the walls of Room 14 echoed to the strains of "Shenandoah" and "Let the Rest of the World Go By," while the models in Room 13 were in constant danger of being shattered as nine husky ballerinas pranced about to the tune of "Dance of the Hours."

The Thursday morning was devoted to preparing the Town Hall and collecting costumes from the city, during which process we were indebted to the Armstrongs for the use of their van. When the Junior Choir invaded the hall at lunch time

everything was ready for a complete afternoon's rehearsal. Opinions differ slightly, but some say that this "invasion" was the reason for the fatal blow that fell upon us from the "blue." All preparations had been made for finishing at five, but we were then told to be out by three-thirty. For a while people just wandered about with dazed expressions, wondering how on earth a three-hour programme could be squeezed into two. The problem is still unsolved.

Now, I must bring before your notice the unsung heroes of backstage, who, despite an almost complete absence of rehearsals, did the right things in the right places, and then drifted back into obscurity.

Firstly, Bill Armstrong, who sat at his amplifier in the wings throughout the entire performance controlling the noise being directed at our victims. When I saw him on Thursday afternoon he was wearing, among other things, a very harassed expression and mumbling something about noises coming out of the wrong end of his amplifier.

Secondly, Max Loy, Bruce Winship, and Paul Pearson, who manipulated the spotlight up in the balcony. John Marshall instructed them via field telephone from backstage as to where the artist would make his appearance, and if John said they would come out on the right, sure enough they came out on the left.

Thirdly, Brian Cula and Max Officer, who dabbled amongst the switches with the idea of making the lights go up or down. Amazing though it may seem, that is exactly what they did do!

Last, but not least, John Rogers and Don Gribble, who saw to it that the curtain went up at the beginning and down at the end without damage to anyone's pride.

Not quite as unsung, but equally heroic, were the efforts of stage directors John Marshall and Alan Wilson. Alan was stage manager, actress, stage hand, costume mistress, treasurer, and box-plan supervisor. He didn't do much, really! Len Goffin and John Rogers assisted with the bookings. And while I am throwing bouquets around, I must direct one at Ron Stephenson for making such a splendid job of the accompaniments.

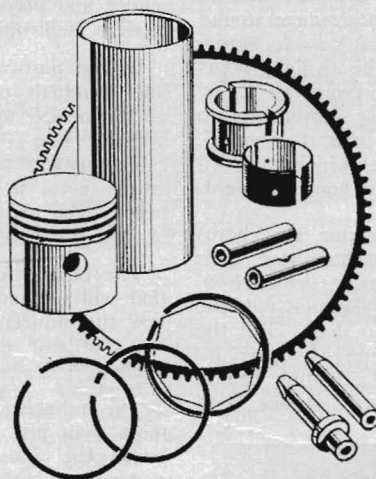
Our sincere thanks go to the girls of the art class for efficiently ushering the audience to their seats. Also to Doug. Shaw for popping up now and then and snapping the photographs seen in this magazine. Our only regret is that, owing to shortage of flash bulbs, he could not take as many as we would have liked.

Now, on parting, may I add a tribute to the producer, Colin Smith. Without his energetic organisation the concert may never have seen the light of day. Its success was largely due to his efforts in starting the ball rolling and keeping our noses to the grindstone.

(Madame) M. F. MANDER.



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## BALLET—"LE DANSE DES LIS DEMURE."

Direction . . . . . Max Mander  
 Music . . . . . Ponchielli  
 Choreography . . . . . Max Mander  
 Costumes . . . . . Max Mander  
 Animation: Max Mander, Dale Phillips, "Ike"  
 Vinacour, Bill Bunnnett, Bill Bond,  
 Ian Ricketts, Noel Shears, Kevin  
 Maher, Alan ("Bomber") Krause.

As the curtain rose to the lilting strains of the Dance of the Hours, the soft blue light crept forward and magically transformed the stage into a scene of incomparable beauty. *Mlle. Upanova*, solo ballerina, symbolising the dawn, summoned her *petite* dancers, the early hours, to dance in a series of graceful *arabesques*.

With many a *faux pas* these nymphs executed a delightful and fascinating *soixante quinze* around their ballerina. Then, to the music's *mode minor*, the *corps de ballet* interpreted the twilight hours with gay abandon, and the superb *pirouettes* of the troupe hinted of the enchanting movements to come. And it came, bringing with it a veiled, illusive mood of breathless desire, which heralded the sullen approach of the lustful hours of night.

In a magnificent *cherchez la femme*, the chorus leaped about and lifted their leader above their crowned heads in a gloriously swift *demi-nelson*. Then, as the shrouded shades of darkness fell, the flowers rested their weary heads in sleep. But the pugnacious villains, Wallflower and Mistletoe, infatuated by the vivacious and fascinating beauty of the early dawn, went in search of her, with

movements *a la au grand serieux*. She hypnotised her seekers until, in the "grand finale," the smashing tempo of the Dance of the Hours illustrated the transience of the night and the victory of the day, as her champions, in a *tout ensemble*, knelt in homage to their radiant leader, and with a spontaneous act of devotion, from an overpowering emotion, lifted their heads to their queen.

"IKE" VINACOUR.

## ART AND ARTISTS IN INDUSTRY

The chief object of this article is to give a clear account of the part that art plays in industry. At the same time, I hope that by doing this I will be able to show that the work being done by the gaily besmoked girls, whom you notice, and the chaps who follow in their wake whom, perhaps, you don't notice, is really quite closely connected with the work being done in other sections of the school, and plays quite as important a part in our modern industrial activity.

In the postwar industrial rejuvenation you will find hundreds of men and women designing in all branches of industry. From the artist's original idea the engineers, electricians, and cabinet-makers take over. From the factories the articles come to our city stores to be sold to the people who are the final judges as to the success of the product.

The housewife is not going to buy the mincer that will just mince meat efficiently, but she will buy the mincer that must certainly mince well, but that will also look attractive in her modern kitchen.

The industrial designer has to know a great deal more than just what looks attractive. He has to know the possibilities and limitations of the material and the machines which are to manufacture the design. He must know how to design a chair seat that will not give the sitter that "By gum, mum —'s numb" feeling. In short, his design must be practical as well as attractive.

Before the products are distributed the artist has another important task—advertising. In advertising, the product is presented to the public in an attractive, inviting manner.

In the packaging of goods the artist designs cartons—from electric jugs to toothpaste. In all these instances, and hundreds of others like them, the artist is thus a necessary link between factory and buyer.

Perhaps when you next see a group of art students wandering across the school yard you will realise that they, in their way, are being trained to take part in the very same fields of activity as you yourselves.

K. J. BURNS.



STAGE HANDS

Back row: M. Loy, J. Rogers, B. Cula.  
 Front row: B. Winship, A. Wilson, W. Armstrong,  
 D. Gribble, L. Goffin.



### EX-SERVICEMEN'S DANCE

On Friday, 25th September, the school was disturbed by great activity emanating from the vicinity of Rooms 29-30. As the dust slowly settled again there appeared a gradual transfiguration of the aforesaid rooms from an atmosphere of cold mathematics to a vision of warm invitation and beauty.

As the rooms approached completion volunteers were conscripted to transfer the "grand piano" from the "music room" to the embryo ballroom. The piano was transferred with a velocity that belied the laws of friction. The coefficient of friction "u" being calculated thus (you, you and you, grab this).

By nine o'clock the dance was merrily under way, a first-class band supplying first-class music for first-class people. The happy gathering consisted of about 70 to 80 people. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Keper and Mr. and Mrs. Masson. There was only one complaint from the men—there was only one female per male.

Paul Vail made an excellent M.C., with a beautifully cut pin-striped blue costume (sorry, suit) and Persil-washed shirt, his tie completely in harmony with his socks. He was a vision of graceful elegance with his display of what the well-dressed M.C. should wear.

Supper was also a feature of the evening. Beautiful coffee made from a secret recipe (so secret that the coffee-makers, Fred Taylor and Colin Smith knew nothing about it) was served deliciously hot—well, it was warm (you couldn't hold your finger in it for long; we tried it—F.T. and C.S.). Colin Smith, wearing the newest look in art class smocks, waited on the table (and tips) with a teapot full of coffee, which ran out owing to a hitch in the recipe. But beautiful vitamin containing cold milk eased the thirst of those present. I would like to thank, at this stage, the

art class students, and also Mrs. Tiffen and Mrs. Pearson, for their assistance in making the supper such a success. Mr. and Mrs. Keper adjudged "Mrs. Neville Byron" as Belle of the Evening. With old-world charm, she wore a gown of red satin over taffeta, featuring a berth neckline and bouffant skirt.

But all good things must come to an end, and it was voted a huge success by all, and promises to be a frequent feature in the future.

C. SMITH.

### NEWPORT WORKSHOPS

THE TOUR commenced by a visit to the coach-building shop, where the overland express was being fitted with large double-walled sealing carriage windows. The air space between the panes minimises fogging, enabling the passengers to have a clear view.

In the boiler-making shop the bending of the copper heater tubes was neatly accomplished with the aid of heated resin, while turret lathes turned and threaded boiler stays, which are riveted over with pneumatic hammers. The shears, rolls, and presses which work the copper and steel plates are opposite furnaces for convenience.

In the erecting shop the "Edward Henty," which hauls the famous "Spirit of Progress," was in for adjustments. Crankshaft grinding and wheel-turning provided an interesting and fascinating spectacle.

Although we had spent three hours at the works we had not seen more than one-half of them. We hope to complete the tour next year.

E. J. SWIFT.



# Warrandyte on the Yarra

DELIGHTFUL picnic weather—with clouded skies and threatening rain was to introduce us to Warrandyte.

Half an hour after scheduled starting, stragglers continued to arrive, with all necessities—Doug., complete with “Mrs.” Shaw; J.B., with canary windcheater, groundsheets, and provisions; R.L.S. and D.C.P., with gramophone and kitbag hamper; Roy (minus overcoat), resplendent in blue and khaki, accompanied by friend; and Bill Armstrong, very lonely without escort.

The van departed, collecting en route Don and Mrs. Head (we now know who wears the pants in the Head household), and “Young Geoff” and “Mrs.” Uhlhorn. As the van rolled along its merry road was treated to an unparalleled exhibition of the “genteel art of car-bashing,” expertly demonstrated by R.B. on friend (?)!

On arriving at Warrandyte everybody scattered into little family parties—some remaining to play cricket, others wandering into the bushland—it’s all right, we’re not going to tell tales!

Ron Stephenson, Dale Phillips, John Bartholomew, and myself formed one party—hurrying off towards the town (?). Here Bill was discovered in appropriate company—no longer lonely.

Proceeding across the Yarra and along the other bank, John suffered a redress when he addressed a passing female. We soon had a fire merrily smoking, accompanied by the surging overture to the Barber of Seville. River water secured, via a 1 in 1 incline, boiled in the remarkable time of half an hour, then conveniently tipped, extinguishing the smouldering fire. This process was repeated successfully whilst an endless stream of food and equipment was brought forth. The frankfurters and potatoes were cooked in the same water—the first time I’ve seen pink spuds, let alone “pink elephants.” Accompanied by “music” (!) from Spike Jones (Tut! Tut! Ron) this light repast was consumed in the record time of two hours.

During lunch, Roy, passing on the other bank, trailing his friend by several yards, appeared incapable of speech. Nearing the crest of a cliff, while dragging gramophone, bags, and ourselves, an amusing situation was presented in the form of a careering gramophone and kitbag, closely followed by R.L.S. and D.C.P., coming to rest balancing very neatly on the edge of a 50ft. drop. After several ascents and descents, when geological formations rendered it necessary, we came upon a “host of golden jonquils” unconvincedly arranged by some amateur horticulturist as a “garden.” These were stowed in Ron’s bag, before finally reaching the road by means of private backyards. Any suspicions of the householder were disquieted by John’s reassuring “red herrings”—a credit to any politician.

Then commenced the long trek back to Warrandyte, with Ron carrying the gramophone and I the kitbag. Outside the farthest confectioner we deposited our baggage, but being dissatisfied with the service (?) available we proceeded forthwith to the other extreme of the township. Upon vacating this worthy establishment I casually enquired of the kitbag. Examination of the store’s interior indicating its absence, it was expostulated by deductive reasoning that I (of all people) had carelessly left the bag decorating the pavement at the farther end of the metropolis. Upon returning and finding it, as forecast, I was “forced” to lead, carrying—er dragging—the contents. (Author.—Never take kitbags on hikes.) Then, as we neared our goal, it started—you guessed it—to rain!

When the few lost and strayed couples delaying departure returned, we were off, with the bus rolling along to the accompaniment of ballads both old and not so old. We were greatly perturbed at the silence of our tenor—sore throat? As we progressed homeward various parties alighted, the most notable being the leap of Mrs. (?) into the waiting arms of Mr. Uhlhorn. Here’s to the success of another such venture, and thanks to the organiser, Colin Smith.

ALAN WILSON.

## A GORY TALE

He plunged his deadly weapon deep,  
The blade was red with gore;  
He pulled it out with fiendish sweep,  
To plunge it in once more.  
And then he paused, his grim work done,  
And, as in doubt, looked round;  
“I beg your pardon, sir,” he said,  
“Did you say—half a pound?”

B. APPLEBY (6B2).



## PREFECTS

Standing: I. McDonald, D. Elliot, K. Sambell,  
B. Bernau.  
Sitting: K. Harriss, Mr. Birch, I. Prosser.

### C.R.T.S. REPORT

The year 1948 saw the formation, or rather re-birth, of an organisation designed to further the interests of trainees under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme. This was the Victorian Council of Reconstruction Trainees, representing professional and trade trainees throughout the State. A conference of delegates from Victorian training centres, in August, elected an executive and passed a number of resolutions directing the executive to campaign for improved conditions.

The number of ex-servicemen trainees at Caulfield is small (approximately 50), but nevertheless members, on being called together by Doug. Shaw, supported the idea of the V.C.R.T., and selected two delegates to attend the conference—Syd. Honeyman and Paul Vail. These two members were elected by the conference to the positions of vice-president of the V.C.R.T. executive and chairman of the professional trainees sub-committee, respectively.

The chief aims of the V.C.R.T., it might be mentioned, are an increase in living allowances to the basic wage level and free allowances for the full academic period of the course. Each trainee receives a living allowance for himself and dependants, if any, plus free tuition, books, and equipment. But, whilst the living allowances have altered very little (two increases of 5/- per week), the cost of living has risen, and is rising in leaps and bounds. On top of that, the trainee has to repay his own individual living allowance for years

subsequent to the third, and thus a fourth year saddles him with a debt of approximately £175.

At the same time as the election of delegates a C.R.T.S. committee was set up by Caulfield trainees to assist the V.R.C.T. campaign and to work for ex-servicemen trainees generally. This committee comprises: President, Syd. Honeyman; secretary, Les. Tiffen; committee members from first, second, and third years respectively—Paul Vail, Arthur Wallis, and Don. Head; treasurer, Doug. Shaw. This committee has actively espoused the V.C.R.T. cause by contacting people and organisations in a position to assist its aims. Paul Vail in particular, in his position as sub-committee chairman, has put in some good work in this direction.

A development of importance during the last few weeks was the formation of a social sub-committee. This sub-committee was formed primarily to organise functions to raise funds, and the first effort, a dance, was held at the school on 24th September. It is hoped that this aspect of trainees' activities will be successful, and that social functions of one form or other will become a regular feature.

It is desired to place on record our appreciation of the helpful attitude of all instructors in matters affecting ex-servicemen at the school. In particular, the enthusiasm and general guidance of the Principal, Mr. Kepert, is much appreciated, and in connection with the social side both Mr. Kepert and the Headmaster, Mr. Buchanan, have been of material assistance. SYD. L. HONEYMAN.

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## GEELONG TRIP

Wednesday, 21st July, was an eventful day. Not only did we escape a period of English, but on the same day we made a journey to Geelong. The trip, I am told, was designed primarily to play football against the Gordon Technical Institute. The tennis team, however, does not seem to agree on this point.

The fair city was reached via the Ford works, where many were so impressed by the quality of workmanship and materials used that we feel sure Henry Ford will not suffer any drop in future sales. Another striking feature of the Ford excursion was the rapidity with which C.T.S. was shunted through the works, and also the apparent relief when they sauntered out of the main entrance.

On reaching the Technical Institute the sportsmen were promptly rushed off to the domestic economy department as guests thereof. Whereupon it is led to believe they behaved themselves, despite the attractive waitresses, and enjoyed a hearty dinner. The "hangers-on," as J.K. termed us, were left to fend for ourselves. Everyone looked quite satisfied when they reached Kardinia Park.

Football began with a jolt for C.T.S., when Geelong kicked two goals in quick succession. However, the Red and Gold soon picked up, keeping level until the last quarter, when Geelong scored several goals to lead. Fair play was exhibited by both sides, and rumour states that the umpire was still alive when carried from the ground.

Geelong also scored a victory over our tennis team. The final score is best left dead and buried. Nevertheless our gallant team is looking forward to Geelong's return visit.

Six o'clock found the buses rolling (literally) on their way home, to the strain of Brian Coleman's accordion in the sports bus and Ian Deavin's mouth-organ in the other. Although defeated we all agreed the trip was well worth while.

RONALD L. STEPHENSON.

## MELBOURNE IRON AND STEEL

On the excursion to Melbourne Iron & Steel the main feature of interest was the 12-ton Heroult electric furnace, the largest of its kind in Australia. We were fortunate in seeing a melt through the killing and slagging periods and finally teemed into the ingot moulds. I am certain that all who attended now have a more general idea of the electric furnace and its operation.

The analysis of the melt for carbon content was interesting and rather rapid, taking approximately 10 minutes from the time the sample was taken. The rolling mills and methods of handling the red hot ingots were vastly different from what most of us had imagined, having previously seen the American film on steel production. But, nevertheless, they were interesting, and adequate to produce their comparatively small output of high-quality steels.

Thanks must go to the company for giving us the opportunity to see all departments.

A. WALLIS.

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## MUNITIONS SUPPLY LABORATORIES

AFTER FORTY MINUTES' meandering among Melbourne's north-west suburbs we were duly delivered to the Commonwealth Munitions Supply Laboratories, Maribyrnong. Brief examination of the technical reference library preceded a visit to the radiology department. Here, X-ray examination for defects in welds and castings was illustrated with photographs. This process is also used for checking assemblies, such as radio valves.

In the experimental foundry moulding sand was checked for moisture content in a carbide meter, which actually indicated the pressure of the gas liberated by the action of the moisture and the carbide. To obtain a qualitative indication of the gas content of various metals, a unique apparatus was demonstrated—a sample casting was poured and placed in an exhausting chamber. Gases were evacuated from the plastic metal, which, when solidified, was sectioned with a band saw, revealing gas bubbles. This German machine is the only one in the Commonwealth.

Gauge checking, thread projection, and dividing machines seen in the metrology department indicated the high accuracy necessary in gauges and machine tools. The high magnification trace of a surface finish machine indicated the comparative "roughness" of a lapped Diesel injector piston.

In the testing laboratory, equipment ranged from 50-ton universal testing machines to rubber hardness tester. Of great interest was rubber and plastic testing. Rubber specimens cut with a special die were tested in a pendulum tension tester, while a plate of perspex fastened in a metal

frame was placed in a refrigerator to simulate conditions experienced by aircraft at high altitudes—the contracting perspex tore at the rivet holes.

This brief tour showed students precision instruments and the technical research carried out by Australian engineers.

A. WILSON, L. GOFFIN.

## THE D.X. CLUB

ANSWERING the first call for members, some 15 congregated at the first meeting, although the circular "The Speaker" died on its maiden voyage.

Although radio opens up a great scope for enjoyment and relaxation, I am sure that there are many who have not thought of radio as a hobby. If you are interested, then, grab that old bit of wire that Dad has in his toolshed and start right away. Once you hear a sound out of your first primitive "wireless" the "bug" bites you. Many boys argue that "It costs too much," but this is one illusion I intend to dispel. I guarantee that you all have a friend or relative who is a radio maniac, and from whom you can obtain the very few parts needed to make a crystal set. From then on the going is smooth.

There are different sections in the radio world—the practical section, the amateur or "ham" radio section (of which I am an ardent enthusiast), and the theoretical section. Of course, there are all sorts of sidelines, but these are the most important. In radio there is one necessity—patience—a thing I often lose. Back to my subject, however. The club is there, with no membership fees, no rules—in fact, no nuffin! Although not yet very efficient, members will do their best to answer any radio questions put to them.

The club is very hard for a junior to handle, but I am doing my best, helped by John Hircot and Dave Mancy, who look after the practical side, whilst I look after the "ham" section.

For boys who are interested and would like to join the club, it would be a good idea to get a monthly magazine—"Radio and Hobbies" or "Radio World."

Anyone interested should contact John, Dave, or me. So be in it—join the Caulfield Tech. D.X. Club.

"Best 73's," J.E.M.

C.T.S.D.X.C.



JUNIOR CRICKET TEAM

Back row: H. Boyd, R. Colwell, N. Baker, D. Kirk.  
Sitting: R. Fynch, D. Newton, J. Mitchell, F. Barnes.  
Front: B. Mesley, H. Price.

*"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us!"*



# The Car Race to Footscray

AFTER SEEING the school sports we realised our mistake in not having a racing car event. Although the teachers seemed reluctant to risk scratching the duco on their modern automobiles, several entries were received from the boys, among them being the Blake steam car, the Bartholomew Electric Car, and several others driven by the more conventional infernal combustion engine.

The Blake steam car is the last (we hope) of a long line of steam cars going back to the first one invented by James Watt, which was drawn by four horses. But in those primitive days one-horse-power only equalled five Watts. James Watt was a familiar sight in his steam car as it choofed over the cobblestones of the old Bull and Bush Inn, while he urged on his horses with, "Gee up, you secret, black and midnight nags."

But what of the other cars? Brian's Wolseley Cornet, so called because of its cornet-like horn of very high pitch, is a veteran of many exciting tours, including a marathon trip to Kiewa, in which we proved Archimedes' principle, i.e., The dryness fraction is inversely proportional to the weight of water spouting through the hole in the floor when we struck a puddle, assuming velocity constant. The Brenton Special is not yet off the secret list, but the mysterious disappearance of the Lister engine from the heat engines lab. is viewed with a certain amount of suspicion. The Bartholomew Electric Car is the last word (of course John had the last word) in modern automobile design. A  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -horse power shunt motor is driven off a battery charged by the generator on a bicycle, mounted on rollers, and pedalled at 120 r.p.m. When travelling down hill the  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -horse motor acts as a generator, charging the battery, which delivers current to the cycle generator, which acts as a motor and rotates the pedals in the opposite direction, thus causing John to back-pedal.

After several weeks of tuning up the cars, especially the Wolseley, the horn of which would only blow in B flat, having a very serious effect on the morale of the driver, the great day of the race dawned. The whole school lined both sides of Dandenong Road to watch the start. The cars are lined up, and Eric Brown is stoking the fire of the Steam Car, while Maxie is watching the seconds tick by on the steam pressure-gauge. Roy is cranking furiously at his contraption, and the Wolseley is ticking over like a two-bob watch (the watch on the Rhine). John is pedalling furiously on the bike, while his offsider, Dale, collects the amps in John's pamps.

The crowd are on their toes as they anxiously await the starter's pistol. Bang! No, they're not off; the cars haven't left the post. After the smoke has abated we behold the remains of Roy's car, which has exploded, leaving Roy to view the big start suspended by his braces from a branch of the adjacent tree.

Bang again! And this time they are off, amid clouds of dust, smoke, steam, exhaust fumes, and the smell of burning rubber. The Electric Car is the first away, followed by the Wolseley Cornet, and a couple of lengths farther back is the Steamer; Maxie is piling the wood on the fire, assisted by Eric, his co-pile-it. The boiler is building up a terrific pressure. Stress on rivets in boiler S.B.Y.F.

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$$= 72.684 \text{ lbs./sq. in.; say } 200 \text{ lbs./sq. in.}$$

Now, as they dawdle along Dandenong Road, the Wolseley is doing fully 15 m.p.h., designated by a 6-amps. charge on the ammeter. The Electric Car, with John at the pedals, is second, and the Steam Car third. Maxie is making toast in front of the fire and Eric is cooking frankfurts in the steam condenser. After being passed by several trams, cars, bicycles, and pedestrians, our heroes approach Chapel Street. Maxie takes the lead and blows his whistle, but what a foolish thing to do. This causes such a drop in the steam pressure ( $\delta p \rightarrow 0$ ) that the car starts to go in reverse, and finishes up on the plantation wrapped around a tree. But does this deter Maxie and Eric? No, sir. They commandeer a steam roller, chop down the tree, chop it up again, put it on the fire, and set off in pursuit of the others.

Brian has now taken the lead by rolling down the hills, and judiciously hooking on behind a tram on the up-grades. But John and Dale are just behind, in a good position to make a quick analysis of his exhaust gases. This proved to be  $\text{CO}_2 = 10\%$ ,  $\text{N}_2 = 5\%$ ,  $\text{H}_2\text{S} = 70\%$  and a black residue of dead spiders = 15%. (Yes, they add up to 100.) On passing through the city John Bartholomew, in an argument with a policeman, by using his superior knowledge of clear thinking, convinced him that red was green, and that it was lunch-time anyway. This proved too much for the guardian of the law, who knocked off for lunch, leaving John wondering why his magical powers of persuasion had so little effect on the teachers of Caulfield Tech.

But, on with the race. The cars were now strung out along the road to Footscray, approaching the swing bridge; the Steam Car—er, sorry—roller in front, followed by the Wolseley and the Electric Car. But what's gone wrong with the Electric Car? It's swaying all over the road, this sway and that. As they approach the bridge it leaves the road (the car not the bridge) and plunges with all hands into the Maribyrnong River. John and Dale quickly launch the rubber dinghy, but the air is leaking from it, the car is sinking, the dinghy is sinking, and the lads have that sinking feeling in their stomachs. What fate awaits our heroes in the murky depths of this hungry river? What an inopportune time to kick the bucket. Meanwhile, the others, unaware of the mishap, are on the last lap. As they approach the school the Footscray railway gates start to close. With a burst of speed the two cars (?) charge at the slowly diminishing gap. Will they make it? Crash! Boom! We regret to inform our readers that they did not make it. But while they are extricating themselves from the wreckage let us see how John and Dale are faring.

The dinghy is still sinking, and in desperation John has stopped talking so that his last ounce of breath may be used in blowing up the rubber boat. But it is of no avail, and just as John and Dale are being subjected to the immersion process a rope is thrown from the shore and they are dragged out, wetter than usual, to mourn the loss of their fine machine.

And as the sun slowly sinks in the west and the Footscray stinks arise in the east, a bedraggled group of ex-racing motorists pause to wonder whether man has really achieved mastery over machine, or is it vice-versa?

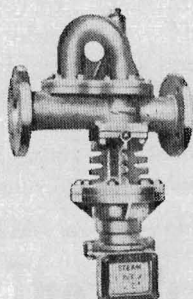
G. UHLHORN (7A).

### THE REAL THING

There was a sudden screaming of brakes as the sports car skidded round the corner, struck a lamp-post, careered across the pavement, turned back into the road, bumped into three cars, narrowly escaped knocking down a policeman, hit a wall and finally came to a stop.

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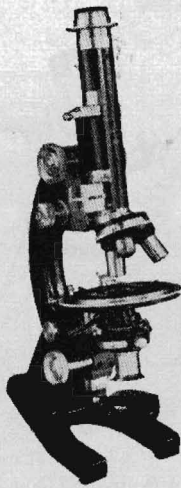
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UNDOUBTEDLY the most important social feature of a school is sport. Individual participation is therefore encouraged, not only for the obvious physical benefits, but also for the help one obtains in becoming a good loser, as well as a good winner.

Team spirit helps to mould a character which will be an asset to the community, whilst the understanding of an opponent's view both on and off the field, should be practised by all teams with the object of enhancing the school's name.

Despite these virtues, however, one must remember that sport must always be treated as a secondary consideration to study. Sport is an assistance to study, not study an assistance to sport, and this should always be borne in the mind of the student.

#### INTER-TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1948.

A big event in technical school athletics for 1948 was the inter-tech. meeting held on Friday, 8th October, at the Hawthorn Football Ground. The weather was perfect, the ground and layout was excellent, and the organisation likewise. This, added to really first-class competition, made the day one to be remembered.

Our senior team, captained by Arthur Willson, did a fine job in keeping the old school's name to the fore—Don Laycock deserving a hand clap for his record-breaking leap of 5ft. 6½in. when he won the under 19 high jump.

The junior team, under Mr. David, did an equally fine job. Barry Glenister deserves special mention for his win in the 75 yards sprint under 14—a grand effort!

Swinburne Technical School won the Senior A division, Caulfield Technical School being sixth. Richmond won the Junior B division, with Caulfield Technical School sixth.

#### ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS MEETING, 1948.

After a morning of excitement and preparation, the combined junior and senior athletic sports meeting took place in perfect weather, at 1 p.m. on Friday, 10th September.

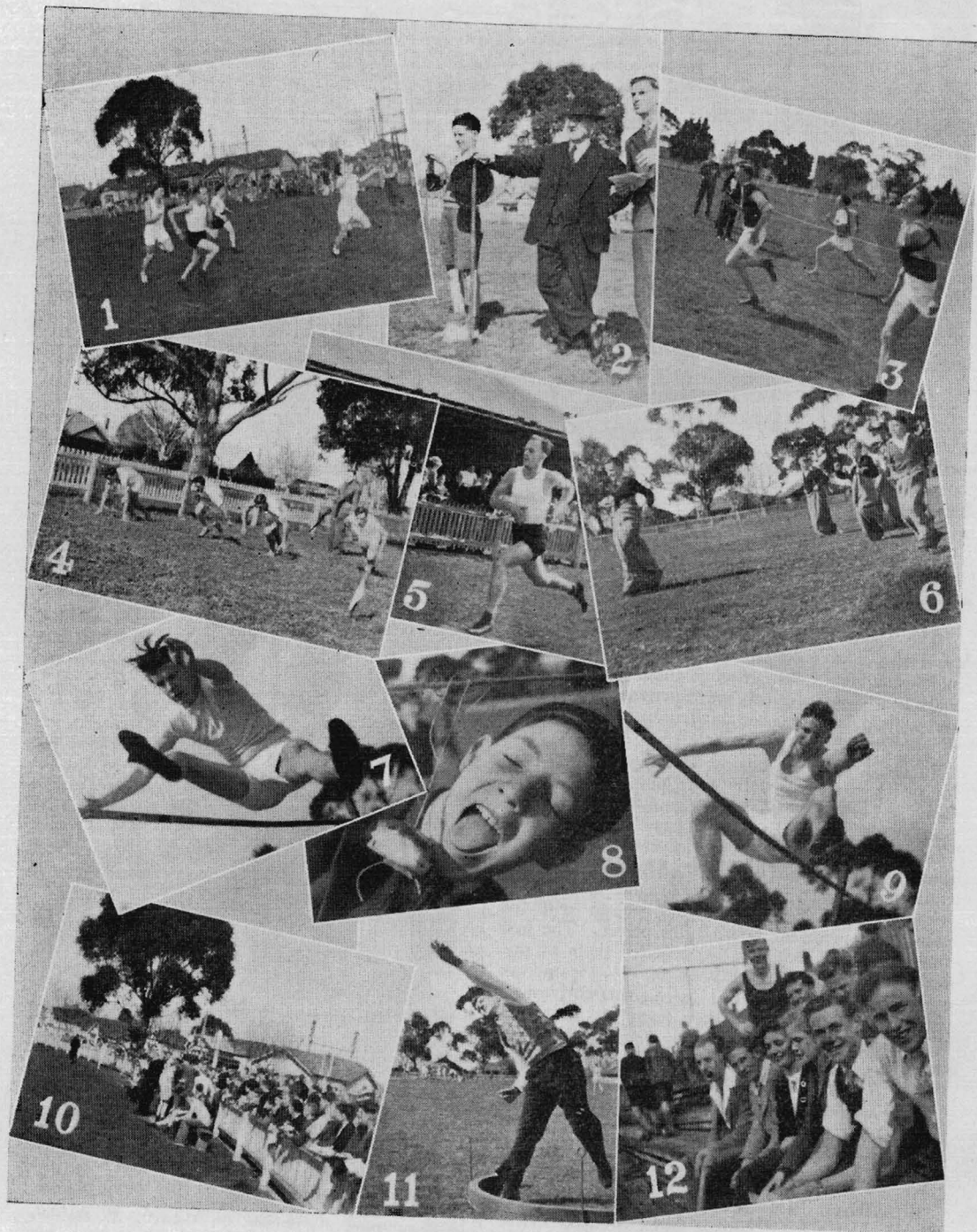
The meeting opened, on a heavy track, with the junior 75 and 100 yards house championships, producing fine running by Crowe, Glenister, Ambrose, and Baker. This was followed by the senior 100 and 220 yards sprints, which provided thrills, as Tonkin and Munro, Phillips and Verity, Willson and Swinden, in their respective age groups, staged close, hard-fought races. Always an interesting spectacle from the onlookers' point of view, the high jump events this year proved outstanding. In the junior events Pitcher and Thompson tied in the under 13, with Thorn, Ambrose, and Baker winning the other sections. In the seniors, Laycock, who brilliantly cleared the maximum height of 5ft. 5½in., together with Tonkin and Willson, took the honours.

The weight putt resulted in a meritorious win for R. Percy, after a particularly robust effort, mainly by the ex-servicemen, who enthusiastically entered into the spirit of the day. Providing plenty of fun, the bun-eating competition and sack race also gave the amateur photographers ample scope. Brian Judd and Colin Smith staged a great battle of tactics in the open mile to provide a fitting conclusion to a successful day. The Ferguson Cup for 1948 was won by Batman, a total aggregate of 32 points, with Lawson second 19 points, and Flinders and Forrest obtaining 16 and 13 points respectively.

On the performances at this meeting hopes for the success of our representative team at the combined technical schools' sports are very high.

—W.H.C.B.

# SCHOOL SPORTS





## Junior Football Team



Back: G. Tempany, K. Harriss, A. Ambrose, K. Campbell, D. Kirk.  
Centre: H. McColl, R. Mason, F. Barnes, L. Stenlake, B. Cooper, R. Stevens, Mr. C. Goyne.  
Front row: K. Sambell, J. Brown, N. Baker, H. Boyd, J. Mitchell, G. Thornell, N. Stokes.

### JUNIOR FOOTBALL

The Caulfield Technical School junior football team this season played 12 matches, winning four and losing eight, and, although these figures do not make any show of glory, we experienced bad luck, and should have finished higher up on the list.

In our first match against Collingwood we won, in an exciting finish, by four points, the scores being 11—9 to 10—11. Against Brighton we battled all day with "Big Harry" Sullivan, the "one man" in Brighton's "one-man side." The scores were 6—8 all, when "Big Harry" (now with Carlton) marked on the bell, and kicked the winning goal. Brighton went on to win the premiership with the help of this player. The first time we played Essendon we defeated them by one point, the scores being 12—16 to 12—15; and we were victorious against Box Hill on the worst mud-match possible. The other team we beat was Footscray, and we subsequently finished sixth on the list.

We would like to thank Mr. Goyne, who coached, arranged, and went with us to every match. The team, which obtained drive from powerful rucks and centre line, was:—

B.: Glover, Sambell, Thornell. H.B.: Mason, Harriss, McColl. C.: Stokes, Boyd, Stenlake. H.F.: Barnes, Tempany, Brown. F.: Wagener, Kirk,

Campbell. Followers: Ambrose, Baker, Mitchell.  
Emergencies: Patterson, Nicol, Hough, Duncan.

K. SAMBELL.



### JUNIOR BASEBALL TEAM

Back row: D. Kirk, D. Miller, R. Colwell, N. Baker, D. Anstee.  
Front row: R. Shields, P. Colwell, N. Matthews, E. O'Brien, R. Crook.

# Cricket

## SENIOR CRICKET

Perhaps it was the influence of Test cricket, Bradman's last home Test, and all that, which inspired enthusiasm into the playing of cricket this year. Whatever it was, we were all early at the nets, and with this eagerness I think it is logical to assume that the standard of play was raised.

## AMONG THE PLAYERS

Bruce Winship, as captain, set the example both on and off the field, with his brilliant playing and fine sportsmanship.

Kalman Haussegger (vice-captain) more than once broke the back of the opposition, so that dependable tail-end batsmen could clinch the game.

Hughie Munro, who was third selector, took wickets with Grimmett-like regularity, whilst Alan Krause swung the new ball with such speed that the batsmen were often bewildered as to its vicinity.

Bill Bunnnett, however, usually informed them with his rapid appealing to the umpires, for Bill is a keeper "par excellence" and a "beaux-esprits." (This, in my dictionary, means "man of wits," and Bill is at least half of this.)

Peter Hoxley showed us his amazing versatility with the bat on all wickets—good, bad, or turf—and on occasions he used a knife to good advantage.

Brian Squires was always a dependable opener, and he took to turf wickets like a "duck takes to water." (This has no double meaning whatsoever, as Brian finished fourth on the averages.)

Servicemen were generally considered too strong for the opposition, but against Melbourne High and Footscray Technical Schools Neville Byron, Alwyn Barnes, and Harry Alexander were employed to dispose of the resistance. Other participants in inter-school matches were Syd. Harriss, Brian Coleman, Ron Ritchie, Ron Brown, Len Goffin, Keith Frazer, and Hedley Baum.

All players wish to thank Mr. Empey for the manner in which he arranged our matches.

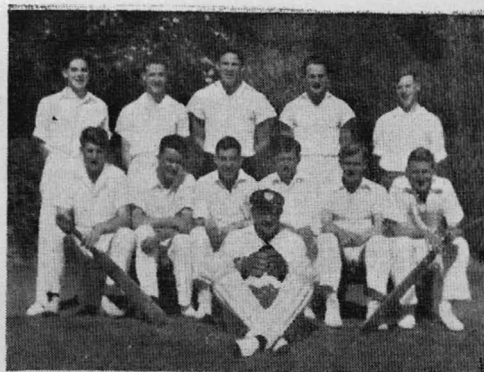
Of the matches, the scores are sufficient:—

March 3.—V. Dandenong High School. Caulfield Tech., 3 (comp. dec.) 125 (Haussegger 76, Winship 35); Dandenong High, 9/115 (Munro 5/34).

March 17.—V. Melbourne High School. Melbourne High, 58 (Byron 4/5); Caulfield Tech., 8/80 (Byron 17).

March 24.—V. Footscray Technical School. Footscray Tech., 93 (Byron 3/19, Munro, 4/26); Caulfield Tech., 67 (Harriss 28).

March 30.—V. Camberwell High School. Caulfield Tech., 153 and 1/24 (Winship 50, Brown



## SENIOR CRICKET TEAM

Back row: J. Marshall, B. Coleman, A. Krause, B. Squires, L. Goffin.

Sitting: P. Hoxley, S. Harriss, B. Winship, K. Haussegger, H. Munro, R. Ritchie, W. Bunnnett. Absent: N. Byron.

26); Camberwell High, 99 (Krause 3/15).

March 31.—V. De La Salle. De La Salle, 82 (Haussegger 6/19); Caulfield Tech., 9/106 (Winship 25, Haussegger 25).

April 10.—V. Mentone Grammar School. Caulfield Tech., 107 (Krause 37 n.o., Squires 23); Mentone Grammar, 90 (Haussegger 7/44).

—J.R.M.

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#### SENIOR TENNIS TEAM

Standing: E. Brown, R. Parker, M. Officer, M. Loy, J. Tonkin.

Sitting: K. Harrison, K. Barrow, K. Macfarlane, J. Marshall.



#### SENIOR TENNIS

1948 has been our first year in inter-school matches, and we have enjoyed a very happy debut in the Senior Technical Schools' competition.

The outstanding player of the year was Keith Harrison, but others to do well in the competition were Lindsay Anderson, Reg Parker, Keith Barrow, Max Loy, Jim Tonkin, Max Officer, John Marshall, and Eric Brown.

Finishing fifth in the competition, we were defeated by Footscray, Swinburne, and Geelong. Our best performance was, strangely, against the premiers (Melbourne), and although we lost by three sets we consider this as quite a triumph. Ballarat, unfortunately, gave us a walk-over.

Karl Haussegger, Hedley Baum, Barrie Ritchie, Rod Howell, and Bruce Appleby competed in non-competition matches with fair success.

We feel confident that next year we will improve on this year's effort and prove ourselves better than any team in the competition.

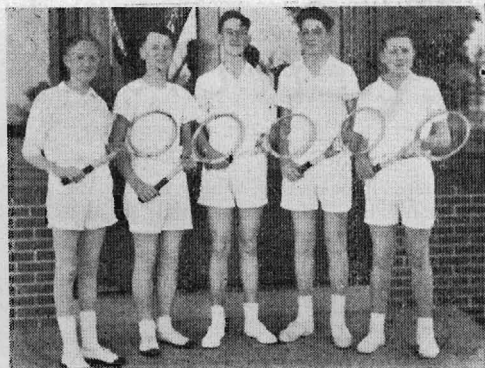
—W.R.McF.

(Mac, by the way, acted as captain throughout the year, and he was the right man in the right place.—Sports Ed.)

#### JUNIOR TENNIS

The Caulfield Technical School tennis team has had a very successful season, and at the time of writing we have lost only to Oakleigh and have won eight matches, including a walk-over from Swinburne.

We have been among the most successful of the schools competing, having been one of the first two teams in the "South of the Yarra" competition.



#### JUNIOR TENNIS TEAM

D. Anstee, I. Prosser, D. Cleverley, N. Hamilton, K. Sambell.

Although only four are needed, we have used a total of six players for all matches—Anstee, Sambell, Prosser, Hamilton, Roberts, and Atwell. Anstee and Roberts capably represented the school in the inter-technical schools singles, Anstee reaching the final and Roberts the semi-final.

In the first two matches of the final term we defeated South Melbourne three sets to one, and Prahran four sets to nil.

The pairing is Anstee-Prosser and Sambell-Hamilton. We especially thank Mr. Taunton (who succeeded Mr. Birch), his valuable time spent with us each Wednesday being much appreciated.

—K.S.



#### BASEBALL—1948.

The baseball team had a successful season, finishing up one point outside the final four. Our downfall, nearing the end of the season, was due to injuries sustained by several players. Around the diamond the positions of the players were: D. Miller on the mound, who was being caught by P. Mathews. On first base was R. Colwell, second D. Anstee, and on third R. Mathews. R. Crook played shortstop, while the outfielders were R. O'Brien, M. Shields, and J. Hocking. Others to play at various times of the season were K. Round, J. Craig, M. Lord, and J. Colwell. Most of the credit for the team's success must be given to the noted Prahran player, Mr. Jack Middleton. To him we extend our sincere thanks for the time he spent coaching us.

R. COLWELL.



#### SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Back: B. Winship, L. Martin, I. Vinacour, P. Vail, P. Hoxley, P. Dudgeon.  
 Second row: F. Ansell, R. Brown, K. Frazer, B. Squires, A. Krause, I. Ricketts,  
 B. Horsley, D. Laycock, J. Morgan, Mr. Empey.  
 Sitting: G. Long, B. Judd, H. Swinden, B. Bond, K. Haussegger, B. Coleman, B. Bunnett.  
 Front: H. Munro, N. Shears.  
 Absent: H. Barnes, L. Holland.



## Football

#### SENIOR FOOTBALL

THIS YEAR has been memorable for us in that it marked our debut into the Senior Technical Schools' competition. Apart from four competition matches we played in numerous practice matches with reasonable success.

#### RESULTS OF COMPETITION MATCHES.

Caulfield, 11—9, v. Footscray, 11—11.  
 Caulfield, 6—7, v. Melbourne, 12—8.  
 Caulfield, 9—8, v. Geelong, 11—7.  
 Caulfield, 11—7, v. Swinburne, 4—6.

#### AMONG THE PLAYERS

Although we did not have a competition for best and fairest, surely the winner, if we had, would have been our brilliant rover, Brian Judd. Brian, who, incidentally, won interstate selection with the Victorian amateur team, was always an inspiration to the rest of the side. Little behind him, however, would be our captain, Alwyn Barnes, who, apart from playing some sterling games at centre half-back, skippered the side capably throughout the year. Vice-captain Bill Bond was always a tower of strength in the ruck, his co-

operation with Brian Judd being a feature. Bill Bunnett, our sturdy full back, together with R. Brown, P. Hoxley, G. Dudgeon, and B. Squires, formed with A. Barnes a very dashing, yet solid defence. The centre position was shared throughout the season by "Blue" Holland and Don Laycock—and what fine exhibitions they gave. In Bruce Winship we have a wingman of real class, whilst Noel Shears, on the other wing, did not let his comparative lightness deter him from giving some very clever displays. Laurie Martin, although coming to us late in the season, showed us what we had been missing by some fine pieces of play at centre half-forward. He received excellent support from Barry Horsley and Keith Frazer on the flanks and from K.M.H. (?) in the forward pocket. If Alan Krause's kicking was in keeping with his grand high-marking, then I feel sure we would have had the best full-forward in the competition. Our trio of nippy rovers, Brian Judd, Howard Swinden, and G. Long, received excellent support from rucks Bill Bond, Paul Vail, Barry Sparkman, and Ian Ricketts—their (mis?)understanding being a feature.

Hugh Munro, Brian Coleman, I. Vinacour, and Frank Ansell also played on occasions, and each time they performed very creditably.

—K.M.H.

(He who comes late comes as a friend.—Sports Ed.)





# Swimming

## SENIOR SWIMMING.

This year few have ventured to bathe themselves in that temperate form of nature's own refrigerant—water. When things were finally settled, some four were to swim at Malvern City Baths and seven at Brighton Baths.

Down at Brighton, where the winds are cold and the sun never shines (not on Wednesdays, anyway), a few were inclined to say that they had "forgotten" their togs, while others were greatly attracted to the place. Finally it became too cold, and we were compelled to give it up.

During the winter one only attended the Melbourne City Baths to continue his exercises. The most common question was, "Does he really swim, or does he drop into the Public Library to read about Steam Cars?" He really did swim, and for his trouble he was 'flu-less throughout the winter.

We were not represented at the inter-technical schools' sports this year because underestimation of our strength. Many good swimmers are in the cricket and football teams—but we hope to have a team next year.



### JUNIOR BOXING TEAM

Back row: C. Young, I. Prosser, Mr. J. Millard, N. Stevens, W. Hamilton.  
Front row: R. Chugg, G. Millard, I. Richardson, J. Colwell, M. Peters.

Most people do not realise how beneficial swimming is to the physique. John Weissmuller, of film fame, was ordered to take it up because of his poor figure. So if you, too, want a physique like Tarzan, just accompany the icebergs on a Wednesday afternoon. You may then find that your muscles are slightly bigger after the icicles have been chipped off.

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# Informal Information



## 4D — FORM NOTES

We are the carpentry section of the Junior School. Proof of this is the new Tuck Shop, which would not be what it is but for 4D. We certainly lived up to our reputation of being "Wood Butchers."

**Personalities.**—We are very fortunate in having many important members taking part in the school activities.

**Defect.**—Alan MacDonald is a prefect.

**Cricket.**—George Thornell and Louis Tempamy are bowlers of great esteem in the cricket team.

**Football.**—Louis Tempamy and George Thornell are also 4D football representatives. Louis classes himself as a forward, while George is a dashing defender.

**Baseball.** — David Miller (pitcher), Peter Mathews (catcher), Don Anstee (2nd bag), and Bob O'Brien (left field) are our representatives in this field of sport.

**Tennis.**—We are very proud of having the captain of the tennis team, Donald (Duck) Anstee, in our section—our one and only. He was awarded a prize at the school concert as the outstanding tennis player of the Junior School.

**Brains.**—The Dux of sections 4C and 4D was Maxwell Patterson, with an average of 82.5. The next was Keith Staunton, who had an average of 80.

**Egg Appeal.** — Our section contributed the highest total of eggs for 1948, being 97! Everything taken into consideration, we regard ourselves as a very worthy section of the school. (Hum! Hum!) Thank you. —D.A., M.P., L.T., A.M.

Two taciturn Gippsland farmers had known each other all their lives, but their conversations were usually restricted to "Momin'" or "Nice day." One afternoon, however, the first farmer grew a bit more loquacious. "Hi, Luke," he asked, "what did you give your horse when he had the colic?"

"Turpentine," said Luke.

"Thanks," said his friend.

Two weeks later they met again. "Didn't you tell me, Luke, that you gave your horse turpentine when he had the colic?"

"Yup," said Luke.

"Well, I gave mine turpentine and he died."

"So did mine," said Luke. "Good day."

## 7A — FORM NOTES

At last that extra special article in yearly instalments, "The Misdemeanours of the Adventurous Form 7A1-2" (far too adventurous for many mem-

bers of the worthy staff) has come to the press.

It is not every form which can boast of the marriage of a fellow-student, or should I say class-mate? Anyhow, our only "Boy"—I am glad to say only—Don Head has tarnished his fine record by becoming entangled in the bonds of matrimony. Nevertheless, we all join in wishing him all happiness and prosperity in his future life.

Let us now to more pleasant deeds. Who could forget the time when "baritone-tenor" Roy Brenton amazed the class and himself, incidentally, by starting the Lister kerosene engine and spraying the walls, ceiling, and floor with finely divided carbon particles? Or who could forget the time when an ex-student, Joe Dames, broke the existing standing jump record when confronted with the exhaust of the Aster petrol engine?

At the mention of testing machines, why is it that our "Akbar" Alan Wilson does three back somersaults and rushes to the scene. The same may be said for our "Concert" pianist, Ron Stephenson, who gives anyone who will listen, a lecture on piano mechanisms.

Some wit, or was it a half-wit, suggested that this magazine should be called "Wilson's Wailer," or perhaps "Smith's Weakly," but somehow or other I fail to see the connection.

If one desires the relative merits of steam cars as compared with those of petrol cars, then it would be worth his while consulting Max Blake or Fred Reynolds. "What's that?" No, I said consulting, not insulting. It would be profitable for one to have a knowledge of flash boilers and mordiesel engines before entering into conversation with these two.

Our unfortunate electrical engineering instructor, Mr. Flynn, has his body and soul continually pestered by Ritchie and Macfarlane, who very adaptly illustrate the advantages of table tennis over any type of study—name anyone you like.

The trip to Warrandyte, as well as being an excellent trip, proved the statement that the servicemen's wives and sweethearts were as really prettier as they said they were. I wish, on behalf of the form, to thank the organisers of this trip, and the school concert, especially Colin Smith and Alan Wilson.

In concluding, I wish—I should say we all wish—to thank the teaching staff for their untiring efforts in trying to fill our minds with knowledge. It is like trying a fill a sieve with water. They have done a wonderful job.

—J.B.

My endeavour is to leave an indelible impression in your minds of the members of this class. I might remind you that any resemblance between intelligent people and those mentioned is purely coincidental.

Alf Albrecht might be explained as a photogenic type, over-exposed, under-developed, and fond of a dark room. The same might be said of Geoff Archer, a dark horse if ever there was one. At Airey's Inlet during the Easter vacation he was seen under a shady tree with a blonde, gazing carelessly from limb to limb.

Keith Barrow, in general, is a quiet fellow, doesn't smoke—you know what I mean. Plays a winning game of tennis, as we have seen. Neville Byron (bless his heart) is a married man (curse his fortune). Got very annoyed when we asked him if he was going to bring the woman he loves or his wife to the school dance.

Owen Cook (an inert fellow except for two motor-bikes) seems to derive great pleasure from Maths 2B. Uses all his moments on it.

A man with a great affinity for maths is Jack Gray. Tells us his ambition is to become a teacher in this beloved subject. Has been drawing child endowment since 9th July. Put those scissors down! It's only "Blue" Holland growing a mo! His real name is Lawrence (phew!); we call him "Blue" because he's got red hair (get it?).

Syd. Honeyman (curse him) often breaks our slumber during English by arguing with Mr. Tasker.

Don McLeod may be seen gazing intently into space during Mr. Flynn's blissful lectures, guaranteed to doze anyone off in one hard lesson.

Barry Ritchie, one of the renowned Ritchie brothers (Boogie pianists), likes playing Chycousky. (We're not sure about that.)

Another man who studies curves from all angles is Doug. Stobart, now a light horse since the school dance. Turned up with a blonde under one arm and a brunette under the other.

Next, we have the quiet boy of the form, Doug. Shaw, an all-round good fellow. Has forsaken good music for the classics, but sometimes slips on his ballet.

Robert Thoday has a large number of pens and pencils, and an idea that if he has a banana in one pocket he can suitably balance the stresses in the fibres of the coat by placing two ball points and a Platignum in the opposite pocket.

Fred Taylor, a typical married man, came to the school dance on his own (i.e., he brought the man he loved).

Arthur Wallis, last but not least, is the brains of the form; averages about 90 in everything. Also married, and recently presented for the first time.

Well, there you have my indelible impressions, some a little wet, but that's only to be expected.

BILL ARMSTRONG.

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## FORM 6B1.

Our form consists mostly of a number of characters of varied natures, who have been through the Junior School together, and are now still annoying each other. In addition to these chaps there are a few boys from other schools who have joined our merry throng. We have a few ex-servicemen with us for some of our subjects, and two of the art class members make up for some of lack of knowledge in the English periods.

We are not classed as very hard workers, and are generally found ambling around the school in groups, or holding up one of the school walls whilst waiting for the dreaded time of commencing work. Although in no hurry to start work, we are well known for our clock-watching activities when we have actually started. Speaking of work, we think that it would be a grand idea to have a short-hand course in conjunction with Metallurgy 1C.

If any member of our community is seen in class with his head buried in a text book it is probably only a camouflage for the latest book on motor-cycles or acting as a shield for his lunch, which is rapidly disappearing.

With the exception of a few tennis and football players, 6B1 is not very active in the sporting field, and there is a slight doubt as to what some of us do on Wednesday afternoons. This may be correct—and it may not be—but there always appears to be a large gathering of us at the sports or other meetings. It is the opinion of some people that the reason for this is that by attending these meetings we thereby miss the most of a period of maths. Our opinions differ slightly.

When the results of the June examinations were made known the idea of posting them to our parents was not welcomed by many of the students, and, judging by some of the results most of us could have, and should have, indulged in a little more of that familiar constant home revision. May be the instructors think that we don't work hard enough—and they are probably right—but, having settled down into the last stage of our work we are determined to show them what we can do when it comes to the final test.

—J. A. PAULE (6B1).

## FORM 6B2.

From the chem. room comes news of the chaotic disintegration of burettes, wash bottles, and test tubes. It is rumoured that "Ike" Kayman is under suspicion, but no drastic steps have been taken yet. Norm's greatest friend is "Dit" Duke, who, despite his "Cornel Wilde" haircut, is Australian under 16 skating champion. We are all very proud of his fine achievement. Len is very particular about his "hair-do," and several times a day he can be seen carefully combing the thick mass. By direct contrast to Len, however, is Don Bignell, who, if one's eyes are to be relied upon, does not even possess a comb.

This astute member of 6B2, who is famous for a prominent portion of his physiognomy, hails from

Ashburton—oops Aspendale—and is very proud of it. Dave Fischer is a quiet lad, but is suspected of being a "dark horse," as every time a discussion arises on any art class beauties his remark of "Oh, yes; she lives in such and such a street," makes us ponder on the extent of his knowledge. The only ex-serviceman, Alvin Barnes, is the life of the chem. class, and his learned lectures on the rare Mongolian Trottingate relieves the boredom of the lecture periods.

And so now, with cries of "Constant, steady revision," "Critical time of the year," "Work hard now," and "If you do not start now it will be too late," ringing in our ears we six hasten away to do a little of hurried "swot" before the exams. are upon us.

—B. APPLEBY (6B2).

## FORM NOTES—5A

"Never before have so many learnt so little in so long."

Thus spake some great sage of this modern era (slightly modified), and is a fitting introduction to this first testament of 5A.

Under the tyrannical rule of the staff, 1948 has progressed more or less quietly, punctuated occasionally by concerts, holidays, and Mr. T—'s jokes. Some of our number have fallen by the wayside, and more will probably join them after the exams. The rest, if lucky, may not have to repeat the year again. But, despite the fact that exams. draw nigh, and that we are expected to work, we can still find time for innocent fun, as shown by our mid-year results. But enough of this—let's have some gossip.

1. It has been rumoured that Len Boyd is soon to have a haircut, but the date has not yet been definitely fixed.

2. If any one wishes to die suddenly and painfully will they please contact Barry Sparkman, "Motor-bike Maniac," c/o C.T.S., Dandenong Road, Caulfield.

3. It seems that Jim Tonkin prefers bed to essays on Monday mornings, or perhaps the tennis team is being photographed again!

4. A certain section of the community seems to favour the substitution of "Forever Amber" for "Bull—by Milton" in the syllabus, but as yet, this has received no official recognition.

5. Would someone please explain to Mr. G—— that it is quality and not quantity that counts, and that our creations on the drawing-board take time to produce.

6. A visitor entered Room 5 one day and found Mr. M—— conducting a conversation with the blackboard. It was later revealed that the said Mr. M—— was only giving a maths. lesson.

By which they are known:—

Room 15: Systematic revision!

Room 5: I suppose we'd better stop at that!

Room 3: Key this down!

Any likeness to any living person is entirely deliberate and maliciously intentional. "Vincit omnia veritas" (Truth conquers all things).

—A. M. OFFICER.

#### FORM NOTES—4A.

Twenty intellectual wits and nitwits of 4A are now beginning to worry about their final exams. David (168-hr. wk.) Green had the honour of coming top of the section in the half-year exams, followed very closely by Frank Thomas, who, incidentally, is the champion light-fuser of our section.

Ours is a very sporty section indeed. Norm. Baker, Neil Stephens, Dicky Harriss, and Ken Sambell are our footballers. Ken Sambell, I. Prosser, and D. Cleverley are tennis team bashers, and Bob Colwell is our baseball representative.

The fourth year dance held several months ago was a great success, and memories still linger for some 4A chaps.

No doubt several of the teachers will be glad to see the last of some of us, but I feel sure it has been an excellent year for boys and teachers alike.

—J. PROSSER (4A).

#### SECTION 4B.

Great is the wealth of scholastic knowledge in this section, and much work (?) has been covered this year.

On exam. results, the best student is B. McKelvie, with an average of 70 per cent.

Our able form master is Mr. Stern, and A. Ambrose is the popular form captain.

The section is well represented in sport.—A. Ambrose, J. Mitchell, and A. Duncan in football, and J. Mitchell and A. Ambrose in cricket. N. Hamilton and R. Chappel are training for the school tennis team. For the inter-technical school sports, A. Ambrose has been selected for the school athletic team.

Interesting lectures have been given in class by B. Dew (Bushcraft), B. McKelvie (Clocks), N. Hamilton (Cadets), and R. Chappel (Model Planes).

An enjoyable evening was had by members of the fourth year forms, when they attended their school dance. The night was a great success.

#### FORM 3A

It has been noticed that Jones and Bresnahan remain in the science room during the physical training period, but instead of cleaning up they watch cadet parades.

#### FORM 3C

The form has been taking up "Food for Britain" money. In the past, takings have been small, but in the future we hope they will be a considerable amount larger. Max Paton, Bill Radford, Allen King, and Ken Rayment are in the School Cadets. John Churchill was "dux" of the form, and David Weeding was second. Russell Mathews represented the school in playing baseball.

J. YARNTON.

#### 3E—FORM NOTES

D. Kirk and J. Johnstone as Form Captains have done a good job and must be congratulated.

The rest of the school looks to the good example we set for others to follow. The form's Food for Britain Appeal revealed the sum of 20/3.

In the sporting field we were well represented.

In the school's teams were Kirk, Mason, McColl—football; Kirk—cricket; Lord, Mattson—baseball; Haber—swimming; and Haber—lacrosse.

The House athletic sports saw Mason and McColl contest a running event.

The result of the mid-year exams found five of our boys in the first twenty boys of Form 3.

3E also had the distinction of two boys (Haber and Mancy) being selected to operate the bike-sheds. These boys have done an excellent job, and are very rarely late in opening or shutting the sheds.

3E with all the other forms go to make this one of the best, if not the best technical school in Melbourne.

#### 2F—THE BEST FORM OF ALL

Well, we are a pretty good crowd taking us all round, with Mr. Incoll holding the wood on us, ably supported by Mr. Mann, Mr. Welten, Mr. Brown, Mr. Weir, and Mr. Norton, and all supervised by Mr. Buchanan. Quite a team, don't you think?

For most of the term I suppose "the team" finds us a mediocre crowd, but, of course, we have our moments, with very occasional bursts of brilliancy.

Do you know "little Tich"? They say swell goods come wrapped up in small parcels, whilst there is our re-Doughty-able morning enthusiast, and one Hamilton, who wields the gloves to some effect. I suppose you have all heard the cry during cricket practice—"All on the pitch for safety"—when Broughy holds the ball.

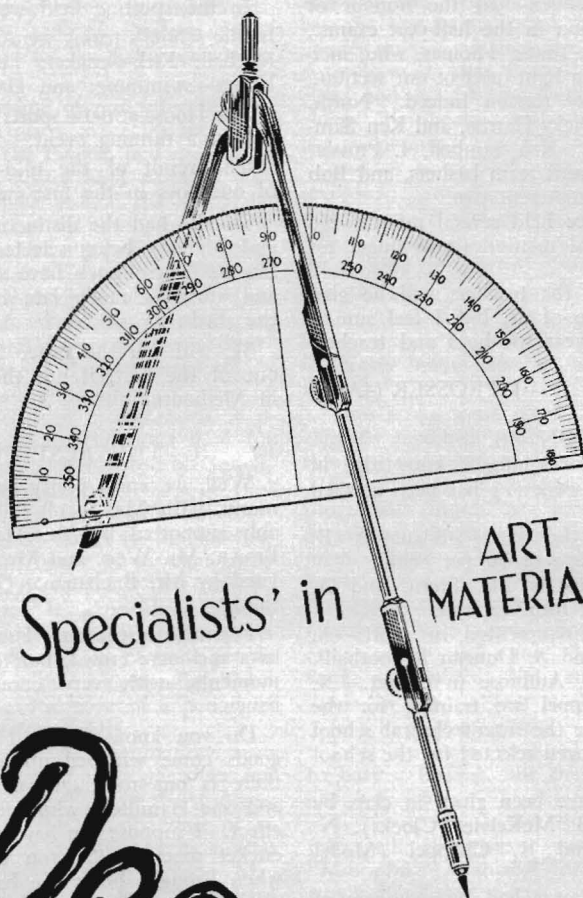
We have a few suggestions to make—for instance, what about a whip-round to buy a set of building blocks for Mr. Incoll for Christmas. If he gets on well he may even have a Meccano for Easter. We must not forget our music maestro—we suggest he forms a relay team of the boys who live down the bay to help him carry his records. Of course, to square things up we really should present a pair of gold-plated tinsnips to Mr. Edwards, a lucky horseshoe to Mr. Green, a really outsize T-square to Mr. Welten, and, to top off, a school cap, autographed by the whole form, to Mr. Buchanan.

Speaking seriously now, we really have one brickbat for the school Head: why does not every form hold its own form meeting in its own form room? Caulfield Technical School is supposed to be one of Melbourne's best, but it is really not as modern as some technical schools in country centres.

So how about it, School Fathers. To all of us, of course, C.T.S. is tops, but we hope for greater things for our school next year.

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COMMANDED by Captain Green since 1930, the Caulfield Technical School Cadets have developed into a highly efficient detachment.

During the year, cadets are instructed in the basic principles of Army routine by Sergeants Hamilton and Chappell, who were the "survivors" of the Summer Vacation Training School.

Each year there are three training schools. The first is for cadets who have been selected because of their ability, bearing and leadership. Cadets who receive a sufficiently high percentage may rise to the rank of corporal if a vacancy exists.

Syllabus of the N.C.O. refresher is similar, but the standard is higher. On graduation, the student may rise to the rank of warrant officer, second class.

During the third school, potential officers receive instruction in field craft, infantry minor tactics, application of fire, and also an informal period, "Christmas in the Officers' Mess."

At the completion of the course, the successful student qualifies to hold the rank of cadet lieutenant. Having passed the required examinations, the student eventually obtains his hard-earned rank.

The "dux" of the Potential Officers Wing was presented with a Sam Browne belt and cross strap by General Clowes.

The cadets who attended the school will all agree that it was successful, and have a much broader knowledge of army training.

During the Easter holidays, approximately fifty cadets attended the camp held at Balcombe. Many will remember the pincer movement by three infantry sections to capture the bridge at the bottom of the cutting; the bridge being guarded by a medium machine-gun and several riflemen.

The officers select future N.C.O.'s to attend the May Vacation Training School, which produces the specialist instructors. There are six divisions, namely: anti-tank, mortar, signals, machine-gun, medical and cookery.

During the last camp a day was spent at the range at the Flinders Naval Depot, and the resultant score of the school compared favourably with the many other detachments.

During the second term, range practices were held at Williamstown butts and the guard was trained for the "Guard Mounting" competition, held at the annual September camp.

Although some cadets do not realize the fact, it is the ordinary cadet that makes the Corps, and without his co-operation all the good instruction will not give satisfactory results.

And so, in 1949, let our Cadet Corps be much larger and equally efficient and our school will have something to be proud of.

—D.E.P.



# LITERARY



# NOTES

## MUSIC NOTES

ALTHOUGH MUSIC has not played a very large part in the activities of the school this year, we feel sure that it is worthy of a mention. The best contribution in this field was, undoubtedly, the school concert.

The first musical item was by the Junior School Choir. Each boy, with knees remarkably clean and hair neatly brushed, uttered forth sweet tones under the energetic direction of Mr. Brown and ably accompanied by Roy Stephenson at the piano.

The piano solo by Ron Ritchie was played with the dignity of a celebrity pianist, while Roy Brenton—our soprano-cum-baritone, went "Wandering the King's Highway" with easy assurance. No one in the audience appeared particularly anxious to join our friend on his road and be "free," but if you are interested the Editor will supply full information. Yes, Roy is particular about his travelling companions—he doesn't like people who talk too much.

Credit must be given to our accompanist, Ron Stephenson, who did a fine job throughout the concert. We heard that at one stage he tried turning the music over two pages at a time—but the vocalist didn't like it. Never mind, Ron, it was a new idea!

Brian Coleman on his piano-accordeon also helped the "show" along, especially in the incidental music, during plays. His solo item, rendered in the slightly bored manner of the professional, was also well played. The next item was provided by our violinist Don Paterson, who played well, despite some nervousness. Following interval there was a piano duet, with the Ritchie brothers, Ron and Barry. At times we thought that the piano would go through the stage, but, due to an apparently large safety factor, the platform was able to withstand the severe strain.

After the somewhat lengthy presentation of prizes, our quartet, consisting of Roy Brenton, Brian Coleman, Max Officer, and Karl Bradbury, gave us two rousing songs which would have been heard, without the aid of the microphone, in any part of the Town Hall (we might almost say, in any part of Caulfield).

Peter Nathan, Eric Verity, and Don Patterson, in their piano sketch, certainly made a colourful change, and the act was well appreciated by the younger members of the audience.

Bill Armstrong, our back-stage sound director, did an excellent job all through the concert. We heard that he was recommended for this position

by the proprietors of Uhlhorn's Dairy, Wilson's Testing Machines, and Smith's Hair Dressing Salon.

Most of our plans for the future are merely dreams, but we would like to start a music club early in the New Year, where students could gather to hear and discuss all types of music. It has been suggested that a musical evening be held early next year—or perhaps a purely entertainment night of music and short plays. We would like to have your ideas on this subject.

Last year, records for lunch-time concerts were kindly supplied by our one and only Doug. Shaw. Although the attendance was not as large as had had been expected (at least Doug. attended every concert) we were surprised at the way in which the attendance increased on cold or rainy days. We began to suspect that the elements had some effect on the emotions of our fellow-students.

Your musical critics, Ron Stephenson and Dale Phillips, hope for your enthusiastic support in any move that they make towards lunch-time concerts and similar activities, and they ask you to remember that the success of any movement must depend upon the support of its members.

DALE PHILLIPS. 7A.



An informal study of two of our charming Office Staff.

### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Everybody was on edge. A soft wind moaned about the walls. Something was going to happen. What? Nobody could tell.

Newry was a quiet town at the foot of the Mourne Mountains, but lots of unusual things could happen there, as they could anywhere in Ireland. Young John Hennessey was making his way as a butcher and had just taken over an old, very old, butcher's shop with his wife Mary. It was a stroke of luck that Johnny had obtained the shop—bad luck, he soon discovered. They had been told that two years previous to their coming a middle-aged man by the name of Sean Handcock, a drunkard, died in the shop in a fit of delirium tremens. During the two years weird noises had been heard by passers-by, but Johnny could not afford to listen to such tales. On his first night there, however, he was awakened to these facts by sounds of meat being chopped downstairs, of doors opening and shutting, and of numerous other uncanny noises.

John often had to go to market in a neighbouring village, but as a rule he was home before nightfall, when these strange happenings occurred. One day, however, there was other business to attend to, and he would not be able to return home that night, so, fearing for the safety of his wife, he asked my grandmother to stay with her the night. She agreed—she did not believe in "spooks"—and it was arranged that on market night she would keep Mary company. In the meanwhile everybody was preparing for Tom Moore, the well-known blind fiddler, who had arrived that night to fiddle for the villagers. Out came Grandma's precious cheeses, a barrel of cider and a large tin of biscuits. Everybody at this affair made merry, with old Tom playing a lively

tune on his trusty fiddle. As they were tired, the people wandered off home, some early, some late, but all happy.

Then came the eventful market day, with jostling and rushing to get ready. After the men had gone, the women settled down to their daily chores, but Mary was thinking of the coming night. Tea time came, and after a merry evening with Tom and his fiddle at Grandma's the two women left for the shop. It was late when they arrived to find the place wreathed in shadows. Without a word they ascended the stairs and went straight to bed.

Hours later they were awakened by a soft plop, as if the fanlight had been opened and a wet sack dropped to the floor. Hardly daring to move, the two women waited, but an eerie silence pervaded. Mary knew that this was different. This was the first time that they had heard anything upstairs. Soft footsteps now approached along the hall, and the door was flung open.

The women clutched each other terror-stricken as something cold fell upon them, holding them down. As suddenly as it had come, it left, and Grandma rushed to the open window and called for help. The window was crushed down on her shoulders and held fast, but this pressure was soon released, so grasping Mary by the hand they rushed out of the house. Down dark lanes they fled to Grandma's house. As they entered the house they both fainted.

To this day nobody knows what happened in the old butcher's shop, and it has always been boarded and shuttered, whilst nobody lingers before it at night.

Some believe this story—others don't.

What do you think?

—J.E.M.

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## "A SIMPLIFIED ALPHABET"

We are in complete accord with Mr. Tasker's campaign for a simplified alphabet. But instead of immediate drastic legislation, we advocate a modified plan.

In 1949, for example, we would urge the substituting of "s" for soft "c." Certainly students in all cities of the land would be receptive to this.

In 1950, the hard "c" would be replaced by "k" since both letters are pronounced identically. Not only would this clarify the confusion in the minds of spellers, but typewriters and linotypes could all be built with one less letter and all the manpower

and materials previously devoted to making "c's" could be used to raise the national standard of living.

In the subsequent blaze of publicity, it would be announced that the troublesome "ph" would henceforth be written "f". This would make words like "fonograf" 20 percent shorter in print.

By 1951, public interest in a fonetik alfabet can be expected to have reached a point where more radical procedures are indicated. We would urge at that time, the elimination of all double letters which have always been a nuisance and decided deterrent to accurate spelling.

### THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

Prospective engineers, artists and scientists cannot hope to carry all their professional teachings in their minds, hence they cannot consider themselves fully equipped if they do not know where to find necessary information. The purpose of the School Library is to impart this information.

Standard text-books offer concise information, but since they cannot keep abreast of modern technical development, technical periodicals are also required. It must not be taken, however, that the sole purpose of a library is reference, for it is through books that we may be educated in subjects outside our own sphere and may enjoy the adventure and humour of others.

To start the early development of young minds the Junior Library provides a wide choice of some 2,000 volumes. There are separate lending and reference days, simulating the Public Library of Victoria. On reference days readers have access to the many sets of encyclopaedias, and popular magazines.

To borrow books a student receives a card upon which is entered the number of the book borrowed, and is retained until return. A box is provided for submission of suggestions concerning new books.

When the new wing is completed there will be two libraries—a Senior Library on the second floor and the present Junior Library.

Following the design of the library at Brunswick Technical School, the Senior Library will utilize all available wall space for shelving, while at intervals under the windows will be reading ledges. Two long rectangular tables and one circular table, with comfortable staff and armchairs will provide seating accommodation for some 25 readers.

Administering the library will be a half-time librarian. In appreciation of Professor Kernot's work as a school councillor, the Senior Library will be named the "Kernot Library" and his bequest of £2,200 will ensure a very generous selection of books.

A. WILSON.

E. J. SWIFT.

We would all agree that the horrible mess of silent "c's" in our language is disgraceful. Therefore, in 1952, we could drop them and continue to read and write merely along as though we were in an atomic age of education. Since by this time it would be three years since anyone had used the letter "c," we would then suggest substituting "c" for "th."

Continuing this process year after year, we would eventually have a really sensible written language. By 1975, we venture to say we would be no more of these terrible troubles and difficulties. Even Mr. Tasker will believe we will be happy in the end with his dream finally come true.

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