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ANNUAL MAGAZINE
CAULFIELD TECHNICAL SCHOOL

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CAULFIELD TECHNICAL SCHOOL

Presents

THE SECOND

ANNUAL MAGAZINE

1 9 4 9

MAGAZINE
COMMITTEE

Co-Editors:

A. Wilson M. Mander

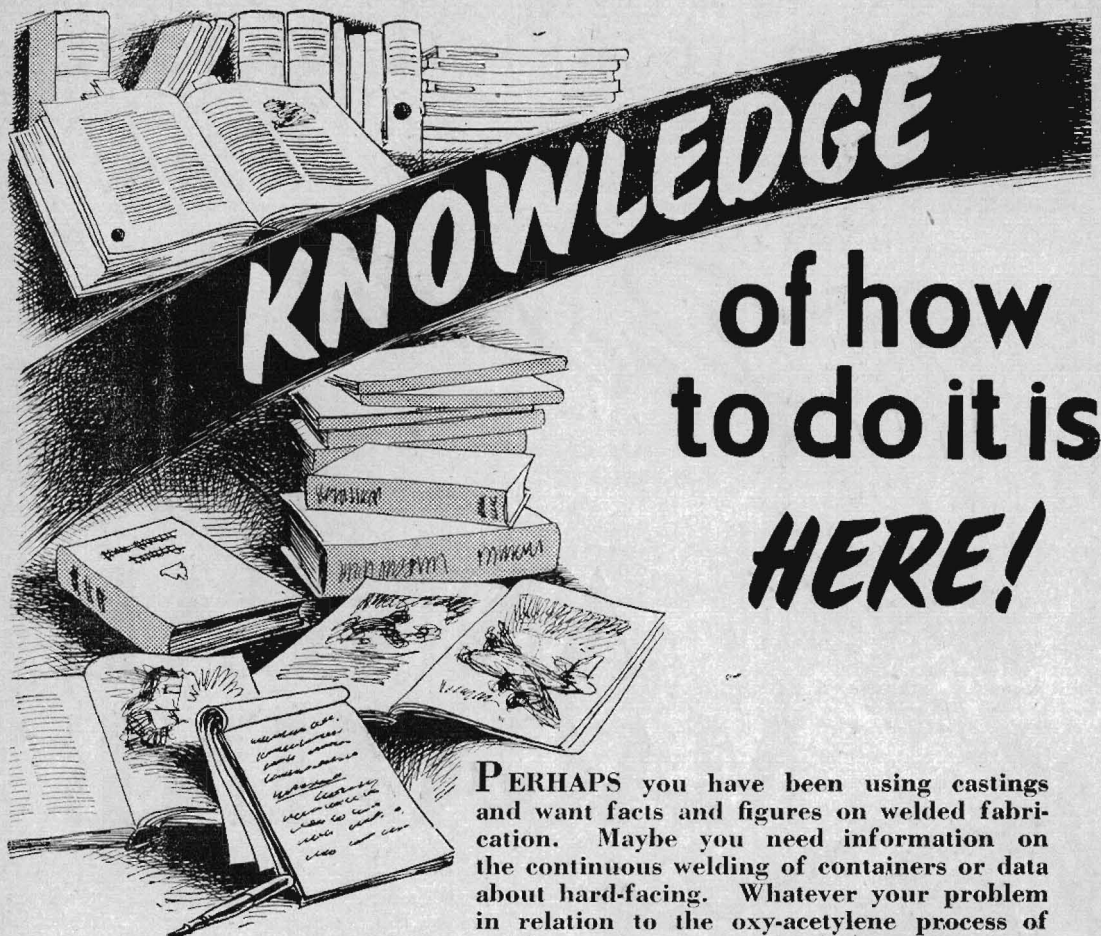
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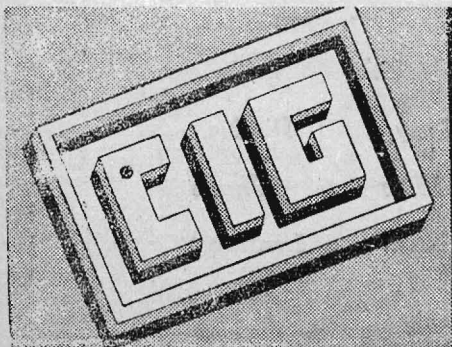
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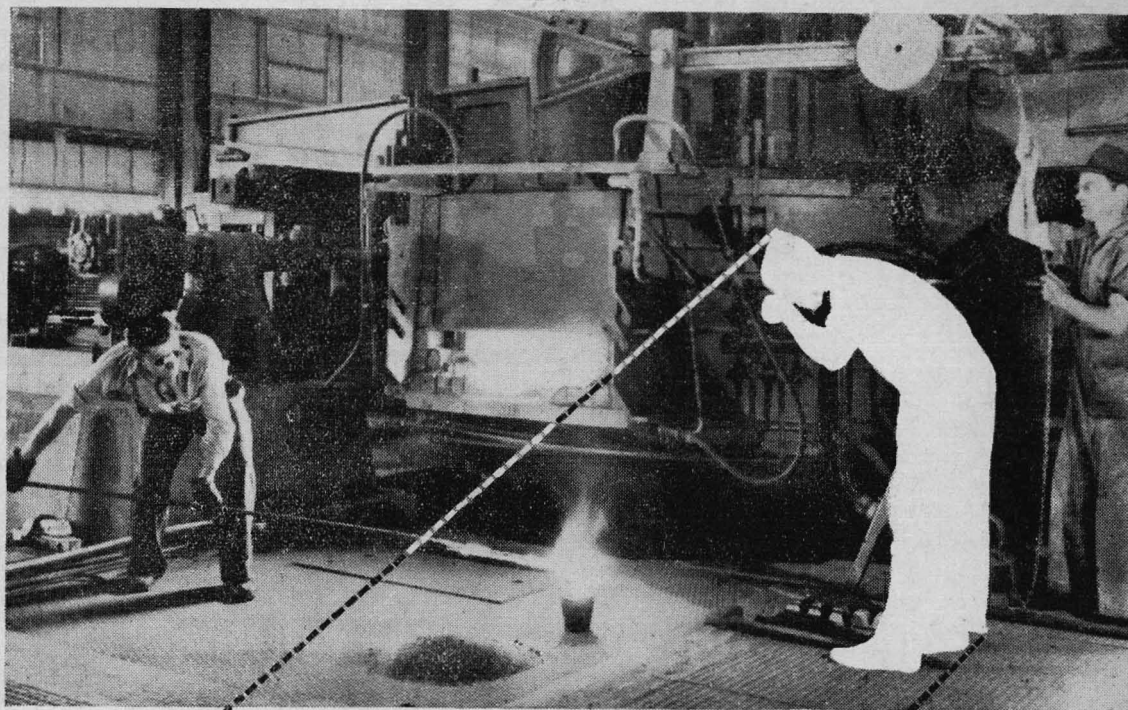
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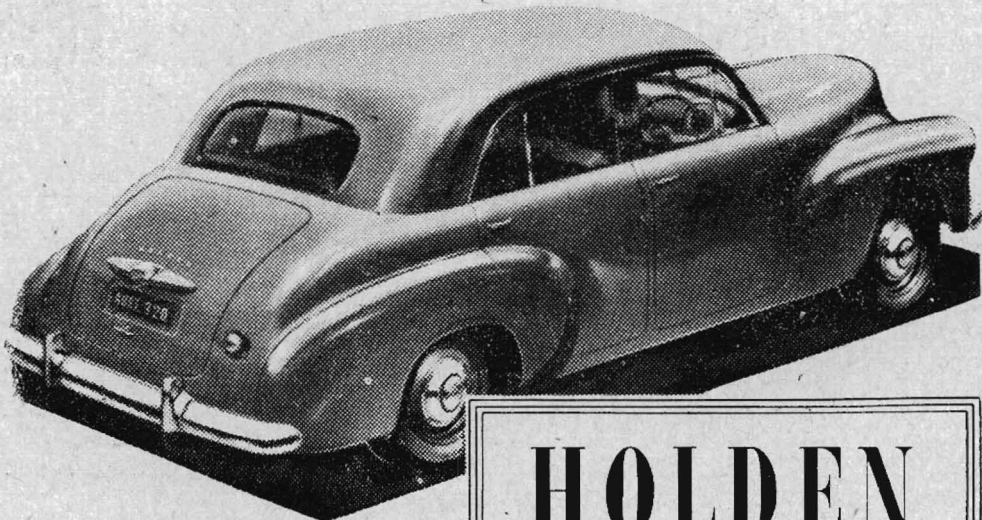
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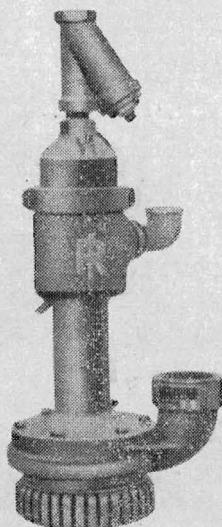
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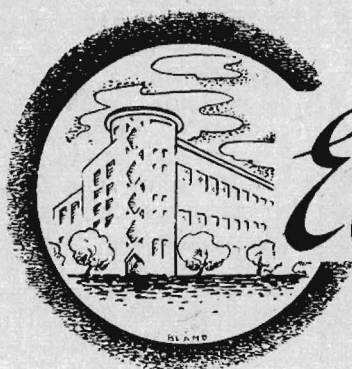
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Editorial

IN KEEPING with our policy of better and brighter magazines the editors have endeavoured to improve on the first edition of "Gryphon" by incorporating all its good features and excluding the bad. We have aimed at recording the activities of the whole school (both senior and junior), and at including articles of interest to all the students, so that none will fail to regard the magazine with a sense of pride, as being his own achievement as well as that of his fellow students.

We know that these aims have NOT been successful. Our contributions though of excellent quality, have been written by a small group of students nearly all of whom attend the Senior School. We do not understand why this is so, but most emphatically urge the remainder of the students, particularly those of the Junior School, to take an active interest in their magazine. It is a fact that many, through reasons best known to themselves, consider themselves incapable of contributing, but we would point out that their attempts are not expected to be great inspiring pieces of literature.

We could fill this page with caustic comments about the lack of co-operation from some sections of the School if we thought that it would do some good, but we consider that it would not make good reading anyway, and we will let the matter drop with one word of advice to those who will still be around when the next edition is going to print — Do not allow a few students to do all the work, even if they are willing to do it, for the success of a School Magazine must be the achievement of the School as a whole — not of any individual group of students. If that success is a source of satisfaction only to a few, then the magazine has not achieved its purpose.

We trust that when those students who are shortly to leave us, become Lord Mayors and Members of Parliament, they will scrape the dust from these pages and find that they are still proud of the part they played in making their school something more than a lot of desks and classrooms. We hope, too, that they will find between the covers some pleasant reminders of their stay at Caulfield, for they are the people who will value the Magazine the most.

Foreword

By the Principal

TO-DAY, Gryphon with the assurance of an old friend comes out to take the sunshine and makes its bow for 1949. I have again been invited to write a Foreword, although why an Editorial is not sufficient introduction to any magazine is beyond me. It is a great temptation to exercise privilege and use this Foreword as a vehicle of denunciation of apathy and lack of interest in school affairs as evidenced by a reluctance to submit contributions to the Magazine. The opportunity of withering with sarcasm, or speaking with a certain loftiness of idealism, neither of which may be sincere, is often too much for writers of Forewords.

The approval which smiled on the first issue of Gryphon was very gratifying to the magazine committee and it is hoped that this issue meets with a similar reception. This has been an important year in the history of the school. The establishment of the fourth year of the Diploma Courses entailed various obligations. The appointment of new, highly qualified Instructors and the purchase of special equipment and apparatus received the prompt attention of the Education Department.

FOREWORD

BY THE HEADMASTER

For many boys this will be their last year as day students; some will remain and commence a diploma course, but others must now enter into employment.

To the boys leaving, I would say that your education has been a preparation for the important step you must now take. This preparation has been going on during the years you have been at School, but still it is only a preparation and the success you achieve will depend largely on your own efforts.

Although you are leaving, you have not finished with your School. Those who become apprenticed will return for day training; the night classes will enable others to get further help with their studies.

I wish you every success.



New appointments to the teaching staff include Dr. B. Gerstmann, a graduate in Engineering from the University of Vienna, and Mr. D. F. Crocker who graduated from Adelaide University. These gentlemen have been appointed to take charge of the Electrical and Mechanical Engineering departments respectively. To establish the new senior library, Mr. L. Halpin, a trained librarian, has been appointed.

The Annual Concert and Prizegiving is now well established and forms an important part of our extra-curricular activities. The formation of a Senior Choir, the establishment of a Camera Club, the entry of senior teams to

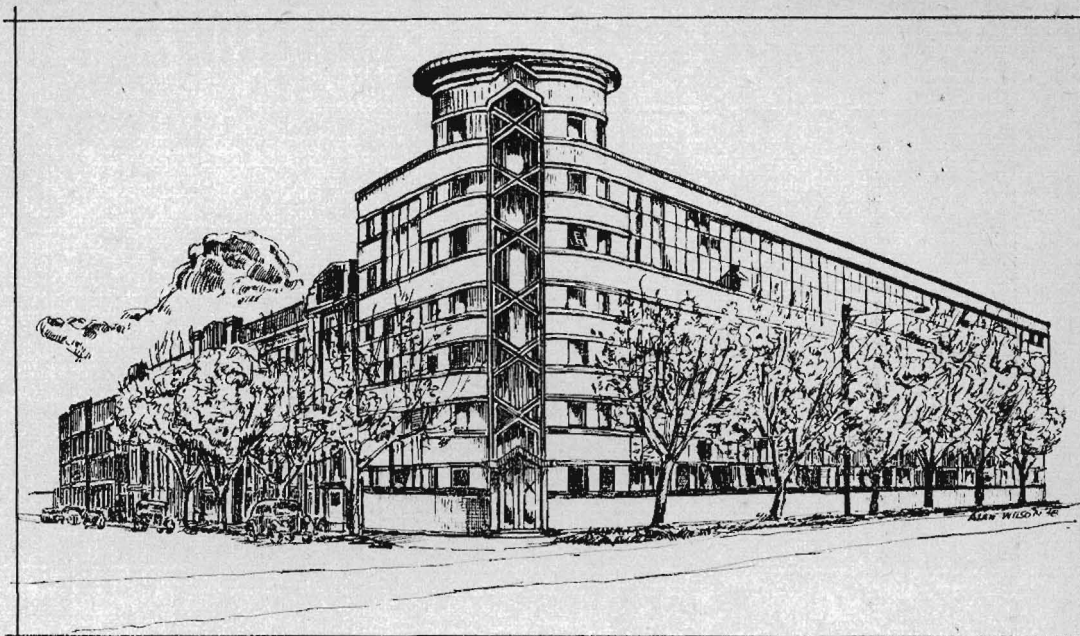
Cricket, Tennis, Football, Swimming and Athletic competitions are all indicative of our enhanced senior status. Such activities as these form a stimulating example of community spirit and help to enrich our communal life.

In conclusion let me congratulate the magazine committee on this issue and assure its members that their deep interest in the welfare of the school forms an inspiring example to younger students.

J. Kepert.



H. BUCHANAN.



Caulfield Technical School

Parents' Guild

The activities of the Guild have this year been directed almost entirely towards raising sufficient funds to equip the new cafeteria and dining room.

At the beginning of the year a special drive was made to increase the Guild's membership list. Every parent of Junior School students was sent a printed circular letter setting out the aims and objects of the Guild, and the co-operation of the parents was sought. This certainly resulted in an increase in membership, the total now being approximately one hundred, but unfortunately attendances at card evenings, meetings, and other functions have not increased, which naturally places the burden on a few enthusiastic members. These few are naturally quite happy and willing to do all in their power to further the interests of the school, but it should be remembered that all students benefit, and it seems only right that all parents should help as much as possible and so lessen the strain on the few.

The present tuck shop facilities are not only totally inadequate but are a disgrace to a school of the size and calibre of ours. That is why we are continually stressing the need for the rapid equipping of the new building. We are certain that very few of the parents are really fully acquainted with conditions as they exist at present, and we would suggest that they make it their business to pay a visit to the school, and inspect the present and future tuck shops. Parents who make this ten minute inspection cannot help but be impressed, and we are sure that they will immediately come forward to help us in our efforts to provide amenities worthy of our boys.

Once again the Guild was able to provide a number of prizes which were distributed at the Annual Concert and also two Scholarships were again awarded to first year students. This is another avenue which we are desirous of extending when conditions will permit.

Our Magazine Committee



"Nothing is ever accomplished by a committee unless it consists of three members, one who happens to be sick and the other absent."

—Hendrick van Loon.

The inaccuracy of this conclusion is evidenced by the appearance of this magazine more or less on time. As our photograph shows this was a working committee, who have nothing to offer but "blood and tears, sweat and toil". The picture could aptly be captioned, "Danger—Men Working". Collectively they're a happy bunch, but let's look closer and find out what makes them tick.

The bloke with the Mona Lisa smile at the head of the table is one of the Editors, Alan Wilson. Normally he wears a harassed expression, but the camera caught him off guard. In class Alan treats all the teacher's profundities with suspicion. You can't pull the bull over his eyes. He's terribly frank and burns the candour at both ends.

His right hand man and co-editor, Max Mander, is on his left. Max's chief claim to fame is as a producer of ballet. He pursues his studies diligently, but never successfully overtakes them. Although he looks a gentle soul, Max is really a tough guy with a lively sense of humor, a ready smile, and an affinity for deep rooted reasoning. His unruly coiffure

is not due to intense concentration, but to the attention of Barry Ritchie in the background. Barry's cigarette holder is for ornament only. He promised his mother he wouldn't smoke till he got a little holder. Barry is one of those blokes who buzzes around the school like a bee in a bottle but seems to be all there when the whips are cracking. He is determined to become a teacher, and to achieve this aim in a respectable and dignified manner. Wait till it's his turn to cast the pearls.

The chap with the Errol Flynn profile who is about to roll his own is Geoff Uhlhorn. We never forget a face, but we're willing to make an exception this time. Since appearing in last year's magazine, Geoff has given the Diploma the works, and will shortly be released to industry. A cautious man, Geoff turtles to school per motor bike at 20 m.p.h. The tyres are looking mighty tread bare; the air has begun to show through.

The learned gentleman on Geoff's left is Colin Smith, absorbed in a ponderous tome entitled "How to be Happy Though Married."

He is usually engaged in producing concerts and things. Even though married he manages to preserve that carefree happy expression. Colin has an uncanny habit of pleasing the examiners. He realizes that there are three things a man must do to achieve success, namely — work, work, work. The studious fellow on the opposite side of the table is one Max Officer. As an engineer he'll do well on the Tivoli — as proved by school concerts. A modest sort of a bloke, Max believes in his persuasive powers to confound the examiners. Tremendously willing and enthusiastic in all his undertakings, Max requires a strong minded woman to take charge of him. Will we like him when he gives up study? Of course we do.

The carefree looking gent, with the hat and borrowed cigarette is Doug. Shaw, photographer extraordinary. Many of the pictures in this magazine are due to his efforts. Way back in 1939, Doug, entered the Junior School and after getting his Intermediate, started to pep up the S.E.C. However the R.A.A.F. called, and he knocked off work to assist in its disorganization. His hobby is photography, sport being confined to "beer and skittles".

The intellectual looking bloke alongside is John Marshall. He seems to have the lot: "A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute." He drives a car that could be mistaken for a theatrical prop. Always ready to help the underdog, John advises all and sundry to try a little ardour. We think he'll go places in the engineering profession. Anyrate he's our tip for the Dux.

The man behind the gun is Jack Gray. He's from the R.A.N., where he developed Navyitis. Oh well, sailors don't care. He's now a married man and wears the coat and vest. Jack's never been troubled before and is no longer interested in other women. He's too fine, too decent, too old. His small daughter is a bit of a wet blanket, and frequently disturbs him in the wee small hours of the morning. Were sure he's booked for a long and successful life. Not that married men live longer than bachelors. It only seems longer.

The dishevelled looking guy in the rear is John Landvogt. He is a member of the noble teaching profession, and is doing manual arts. A refugee from Melbourne Tech., he finds our Institution a calm and peaceful rest home. He's got a good scholastic record and is now rusting on his laurels. His ambition is to do a post graduate course in Poker, and deal five aces without cheating.

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The Griffin

The Griffin, the badge of our School—what does it mean to the students? Do they value, or realise, the high ideals it symbolises?

In ancient Natural History the Griffin, (griffon, gryfin, gryphon) is the oldest of the fabulous monsters — the dragon, cockatrice, unicorn, wyvern, etc. These have been used throughout the ages in Heraldry, art and architectural ornament. It is described as a rapacious creature with the body and hind legs of a lion, while the forepart—beak, head, shoulders, and wings, represent an eagle. Although the forelegs generally represent an eagle, they may belong to the lion. It has also pointed ears which, with the long tuft under the beak, distinguish it from the eagle when the head alone is borne. In addition some writers describe the tail as a serpent. When depicted without wings it is described as a "male griffin" and is sometimes horned, with peculiar spikes growing over its body. If "male" is not mentioned then the monster is always equipped with wings.

Such was the animal which was supposed to watch over gold mines and hidden treasures, to be the enemy of the horse, and consecrated to the sun and fire.

The ancient painters represented the carriage of the sun as drawn by griffins, and it frequently appeared with candelabra on friezes. Said to inhabit Asiatic Scythia, where gold and precious stones abounded, the creature leapt upon strangers who approached to gather them—tearing them to pieces, thus chastising human avarice and greed. A differing impression is given in Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum"—"On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.



It was the griffin, which of old rear'd Zal, Rustum's great father, whom they left to die, a helpless babe, among the mountain rocks. Him that kind creature found, and rear'd, and lov'd." The seal referred to, is the sign of the griffin tattooed upon Sohrab's arm.

Since Greek and Syrian civilisations, the sign of the griffin has been frequently used in seals, badges, crests and emblems. Two griffins appear as supporters in the arms of the Cities of London and Caulfield.

As the badge of this school the Griffin was chosen because it was symbolic of the work of a technical school, since it symbolises wisdom, vigilance, intelligence, swiftness and strength. The school's first art master, Mr. W. Robotham, A.R.C.A. designed the Griffin, with heraldic colour bar or wreath of maroon, gold, and blue, after consultation with the Principal, Mr. R. J. Dorey, and the Headmaster, Mr. F. M. Wharington. The familiar upright seated position and gold colour of the griffin are technically described in Heraldry as "a griffin proper sejant, or" *

Thus the character of the griffin is not at variance with the ideals of Caulfield's Technical School. It is the badge of our school, and in this badge we have something to live up to, for was not the griffin renowned for wisdom and vigilance? In guarding this gold mine of education let us not be chastised for allowing material gains to dominate our ambition.

A. WILSON.

Joke—4

"Papa," said the doting mother, "Robert's teacher says he ought to have an encyclopædia."

"Encyclopædia, my eye," grumbled the father, "Let him walk to school like I did."

* "griffin proper, sejant, or."

"griffin proper" denotes a female winged griffin.

"sejant" is the name given in Heraldry to the upright attitude or pose.

"or" is the colour—gold in which the griffin is depicted.

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An Epilogue (1943-1949) R.I.P.

Exit from Caulfield Tech. after seven years! Even an honorary discharge with a Diploma of Mechanical Engineering (I hope) will be hardly enough compensation for being thrust from the walls of this institution.

Of course, it is not that it is an easy life; but after seven years you begin to learn how to dodge the exertion of the adolescent body.

A few incidents spring to mind—some quite trivial; others, just atmospheres. Like the day the Mordiesel got away, or the first time I burnt a model in "blackie." Staff vs. Students cricket matches, the day the new building was begun and the sore throats after sports trips and excursions.

And so on. One thing I must point out to the pre-J.T.C. chaps. Every year—contrary to the ignorant maxim—gets *better*. Oh the work may become a little more difficult, but that is neither here nor there; the important thing is that the surroundings become easier. The pedagogues seem to transform from teachers to people and believe-it-or-not you begin to look forward to school.

Another thing is the realisation of lecturers' idiosyncrasies. This, you will learn, is a boon to students. Not only does the quiet appreciation of some of their ridiculous movements close that agonising hour, but it is also an unrivalled point of discussion in one of those difficult conversations with "people—Mark II" (or femmes sole).

Not wishing to be unkind and hoping the magazine will be delayed in issue, I cannot facts concerning 8th form lecturers. let this occasion pass without mentioning a few

Mr. M. Flynn is a most patient, subtly humorous and intelligent teacher in about a dozen subjects. An all-round good fellow.

Highlight: Return trip from Yallourn.

Dr. Gerstman's infectious grin and intriguing accent spice his accurate lectures.

Highlight: The opinion concerning the design office: "some sort of a brain trust."

Mr. W. Pollock's descriptions of gadgets, etc., and his obvious link with the advertisers of Meccano Sets.

Highlight: His mental resignation after the half-year examinations.

Mr. F. Masson. Never in the field of mental conflict, has so much been crammed into such small capacities with such skill. Although a maths. teacher this Mr. Masson is a gentleman.

Highlights. Are the happy figures of him and his wife at school functions.

Mr. D. Crocker succeeded, despite scarlet fever, lack of coal, gas and, at times, lack of apparatus, in teaching us the rudiments of practical Heat Engines.

Highlights: Are the way he gets those bombs and things together.

Mr. R. White. Surveying this Welsh gentleman, you do not need any of those fool theodolites. To attend his lectures you need:

(i) a watch—to get there by 1 p.m.,

(ii) a pen—to doodle with,

(iii) cottonwool—to listen with.

Joking aside, Surveying is an interesting subject and is treated as such by Mr. White.

Highlight: His journey in the Dennis to Ashburton.

Mr. I. Scott. Here is a man who has earned the respect of all by his personality and infinite knowledge of Metallurgy. He knows his subject better than any other instructor I have experienced. And Mrs. Scott—forget those chain letters.

Mr. J. Keper is a principal whose principle is to be sociable and then be educated. He also states that to own a car makes one a capitalist, but this leaves us in the dark as to what he is himself (No offence to H. Ford). He leaves us in a whirl with turbines, but lubricates his lectures with rather funny remarks.

Highlights: Are the days he comes late.

Complaints are to be lodged with John R. Marshall.

Two inmates of the local asylum were sunning themselves on the porch when a farmer drove by with a wagon-load of manure. "Hey, farmer" called one of the unfortunates, "what ya gonna do with all that manure?"

"Put it on my strawberries," called back the farmer.

"Mmpff," said the inmate to his friend, "And they call us crazy."

Little Jerry came downstairs bellowing lustily. "What's the matter now?" said his mother. "Papa was hanging pictures and just hit his thumb with a hammer," said Jerry.

"That's not so serious," soothed his mother. "A big man like you shouldn't cry at a trifle like that. Why didn't you just laugh?"

"I did," sobbed Jerry.

Students' Representative Council

"Never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few."

HONEYSMAN, Sydney Louis.



Syd. is President of the S.R.C. as well as the Victorian Council of C.R.T. Students. In his youth he attended our Junior School and joined the Air Force in 1936. During his service overseas he had many interesting experiences—most of them true. Syd. is a married man and has learnt the secret of domestic bliss. It's very simple. His wife goes her way and Syd. goes hers. He reckons he tells his wife everything. A man who has no secrets from his wife either has no secrets or no wife. Syd. is a cautious man. The type that puts on his pants before he answers the telephone. Although rapidly approaching middle age, Syd. doesn't let it worry him. As soon as he feels too old to do a thing, he does it. He wields a mean axe and pushes a fair lawn mower. A solid, stable chap who rarely makes mistakes, Syd. will rapidly rise to the top in the Engineering profession.

MARSHALL, John Richard.

John is one of these useful fellows who can actively assist in all school activities and still pass examinations without effort. He seems to be automatically elected to our various committees. We expect him to proceed to the University and clean up a degree or two before making his mark in industry. John has little interest in the fair sex although he puts in a bit of quiet work at the dances. He finds that no matter how flat the conversation, his partner likes to have it flatter. There's a certain blonde fans his interest with her long eyelashes. Despite his scholastic successes John is no highbrow. With his extreme modesty and unselfish co-operation he will make an obliging and successful Engineer. John won't let up, as he believes that nothing recedes like success.



SMITH, Colin James.

In any record of school activities Colin always seems to be among those present. A very bright person, Colin has the happy knack of helping his less gifted colleagues without being patronizing. Part of his success is due to a previous incarceration at Footscray Technical School. There's such a lot of famous people came through that noble institution. During the recent blitz Colin wore bell bottomed trousers and paddled around in the Pacific as a member of the R.A.N. On being demobbed he returned to the Railways where he sorted out the different types of smoke for the locomotives. It's difficult to believe he's married. He's such a cheerful soul. There's something about a sailor that the girls can't resist. It appears that they want to marry sailors and rear admirals.



GOFFIN, Leonard Charles

First drew breath June, 1931, at ?; quickly breathed out again. Len is a natural thinker. Oh well! When you haven't had an education you've just got to use your brains. Len's education is just starting. There are three things he has always loved and never understood—thermodynamics, calculus and women. For the rudiments of education there is no way round. The multiplication table has got to be learned. They say that Einstein knows it all. Not that Len is slow to learn. Nevertheless he's had three years at Algebra and still doesn't know the difference between "a" and "b." However he does know that plus "b" is greater than minus "b." In his spare time he picked up a prize in Electric Wiring.



HEATH, Frederick Bayley.



Fred hails from South Melbourne Tech. where he functioned with eminent success, always holding a place amongst the first seven. The attendance, it is rumored, amounted to approximately seven. For the last three years he has made daily pilgrimage to our educational shrine. He believes that absence makes the course grow longer. His favourite subject is Heat Engines and he has the distinction of having found the efficiency of the steam engine as 110%. One of his laboratory records reads: "To remove a cylinder head, take a medium size, hand-operated wench." Is not really interested in wench. Fred has a good head on his shoulders — but it's a different one every night. He certainly likes a girl with a good head on his shoulder.

HOXLEY, Peter Harold.

The stork stalled and crash-landed in Brighton in 1931 and Peter parachuted to safety. After some quiet years at Brighton Technical School he saw the light and duly entered our cloistered institution. Believing in a short life and a merry one, he is training in Chemistry. Some of his solutions would make your hair curl. Like a true chemist he dispenses with accuracy and has a solution for every difficulty. In the Chemistry Lab. there are no fraternization restrictions, and Peter frequently analyses Barbara and Bessie in a calm dispassionate manner. He's got no interest in the fair sex. Is the sort of guy who'd marry Betty Grable for her money. Peter's hobbies in order of preference are football, cricket, tennis, reading and work.



BROMELL, Albert Henry.



Bert was born way back in 1916 and saw the light last year when he entered our portals. Joining the silent service in 1935 he saw service here, there and everywhere. It's dreadfully hush-hush. He's had some hair raising experiences. But he's still silent. All he tells us is "Praise the Lord, the Ammunition passed me." Exams are a mere formality, a record of his marks looking like a brewery dividend. In the mid-year exams his average was a mere 85%. A married man, Bert has had years of marital blitz with little time to brood on his other troubles. Released from the rigid discipline of our Institution — which he likens to Stalig—he makes straight for home where he's free to say anything he pleases because no one pays any attention. He is modest about his scholastic record but the Examiners have never turned him back.

HOWELL, Rodney Harding.

Rod came into this world in 1930 and ever since has been trying hard to stay here. He spent some years at Caulfield Grammar before our engines got him in. He finds with a little technical skill it is possible to get by with sheer illegibility of handwriting. Not that he doesn't work. He studies from late in the morning till early at night. His lecture notes are marvels of conciseness and illegibility although his abbreviations take some decoding; for example, "Mr L'y kr sr, the big blr." We don't know much about his interest in the weaker sex. He'll probably get married some day and live by the sweat of his frau. With his engaging smile — herein reproduced — Rod will remain unruffled even in the most trying times and should rapidly gain a prominent place in his chosen profession.



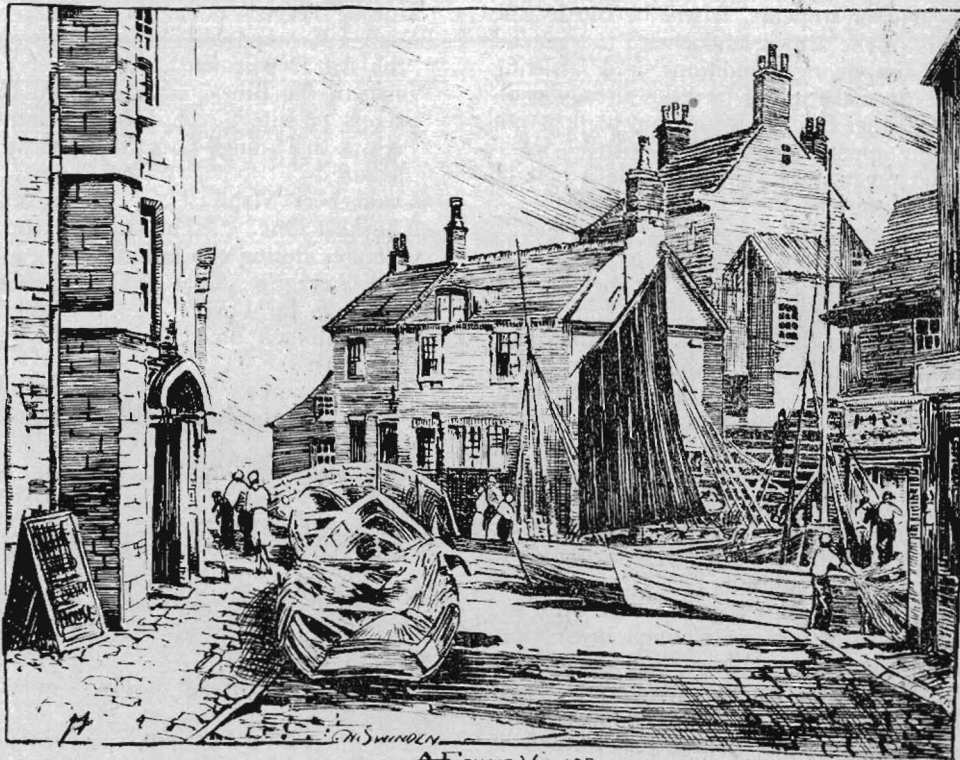
COOK, Kenneth William James.



Another of the ex-servicemen Ken represents the 1st Year Dips. He's another of those blokes whose examination results look like Bradman's batting figures. His mid-year average is 88%. Before joining the army he made a name for himself at M.B.H.S. He entered our Institution with an open mind; this has since been closed, and Ken has developed fixed ideas on various subjects, past, present and future, particularly the latter. There are three classes of students:-- The brilliant, the plodding, and the majority, and Ken's not in the majority. Even maths. doesn't worry him. He reckons it's the science that uses easy words for hard ideas. If he applies himself to the external world with the same determination with which he has battered down the examiners, we feel sure that he will meet with success.

ROWE, William Samuel.

Easily the youngest of our S.R.C. representatives Bill is tackling higher education at an age when most of us were playing with mecano. This lad's got six forward speeds. He began to take an interest in things animate in 1933. Forsaking civilization he went to Brighton Tech. until he received the call from the chosen at our venerable college. So far he's come through unscathed, but there's a long way to go. He certainly enjoys life! Whenever he feels an urge to study coming on he lies down until it passes over. In his laboratory researches he occasionally stumbles over the truth but always picks himself up and hurries on as if nothing has happened. Oh well, you can lead a boy to college but you cannot make him think. He'll make the grade all right.



A FISHING VILLAGE

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

At the instigation of the Principal, who is particularly keen to see some action in the matter, first steps towards the establishment of a Students' Representative Council have been taken.

A committee has been formed to draw up a constitution on which the formation of a Students' Representative Council (S.R.C.) may be based. This committee comprises representatives from the diploma forms, ex-servicemen students and the Art School, and a representative of the staff.

The committee has shown commendable enthusiasm for the task which is proving a little more long-winded than was thought would be the case. Up-to-date, however, much work has been done. A draft constitution has been drawn up and this should be completed by the end of the academic year, thus ensuring the formation of the Council early in 1950.

It will be hoped that the general body of students will support the S.R.C. in a way commensurate with the thought and attention that the constitution is receiving.

A Students' Representative Council is for the benefit of students. It will be run by the students of the senior school with the general aim of improving conditions and assisting students to make use of facilities already available and other facilities which are perhaps not so readily apparent but which, with co-operation and organisation, can be made a part of students' interests.

The interest and co-operation of all Senior School students are necessary to make any such organisation as the S.R.C. a success. The election of a committee is simple but it cannot be forgotten at that point. The Committee can only accomplish its work and maintain a lasting interest in it if it has solid backing.

The probable organisation will be along the following lines. A council is elected by the senior school, the students being formed into groups and each group electing a representative to the Council. The Council elects an executive, probably a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The Council meets frequently throughout the Academic year and the executive carries out Council instructions between Council meetings. Sub-Committees might be formed by the Council to foster various activities, or alternatively the Council would co-operate with committees formed by the general body of students.

The Council, for instance, could act as an organising nucleus for the school-magazine and the school concert. It would co-operate with the school staff and would be in a position to co-operate with other school S.R.C.'s to widen the field of interest for the students.

Last but not least it can form a very useful training ground in the subject of committee work. Most professional men will come up against the subject of committees in their sphere of life and the beginner is at a loss to know what to do and very often by-passes a profitable or interesting activity. The S.R.C. can provide students with the necessary basic training in committee work and debate.

So when the Students' Representative Council elections are to be held and your name is mentioned for a post, don't dismiss it lightly, but have a go at it. You will be helping both yourself and the School.

S. HONEYMAN.

C.T.S. FILM REVIEW

- "Pitfall" Final Exams.
- "Escape" Wednesday afternoon.
- "French Leave" That dentist's appointment.
- "So Well Remembered" .. What was *not* on the exam paper.
- "Uneasy Terms" Final terms.
- "Walk a Crooked Mile" .. Climbing up to the Art Department.
- "Birth of the Blues" Exam results.
- "Secrets of Life" Life drawing class.
- "Persons in Hiding" Students dodging lectures.
- "Undercover Man" The examiner.
- "The Lost One" .. The student who skips lectures during the last term.
- "Dark Passage" A Diploma Course.
- "No Time for Love" Exam week.
- "The Untamed Breed" Certain art students.
- "The Uninvited" The inspectors.
- "For Whom the Bell Tolls" .. The Junior School.
- "A Shadow of a Doubt" 50 out of 100
- "Emergency Squad" The students "selected" to carry the air cylinder upstairs.

—J. LANDVOGT.

"I prescribe absolute quiet for your husband," said the doctor. "Here's a sleeping powder."

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SOCIAL



ACTIVITIES

THE DANCES

Outstanding among the functions on the school social calendar during the year were the dances organised by the various departments, not usually for any definite financial objective but mainly to foster the social life of the school. Each dance was enthusiastically attended by crowds of happy students, indicating that this type of function was a definite success.

The ex-servicemen's dance, a financial success, thanks in great measure to the assistance of the young ladies in the Art Dept., was first followed by the footballers' and art students' functions respectively. Unlike the other two, the football dance was utilised as a means for raising funds to finance the visit by the sports teams from the Gordon Institute of Technology, Geelong. In this respect, it succeeded admirably, but here, special mention must be made to the very generous gesture of Mr. Loy in donating 8 dozen bottles of soft drinks to be sold at the dance. Bill Bunnett and his "Fabulous Bunnettlanders" certainly furnished the jitterbug enthusiasts, which included Reg. Parker and Bob Percy, with opportunities of displaying their talent in this direction to their fullest capacity.

Ian Brown, that notable Scotch personality from the Art Department, was the live wire behind the running of the third dance, which was held at the end of the second term. This dance was organised by the Art School, and held in the Caulfield Recreation Club Hall. With typical Scotchman-like thoroughness, Ian made sure that this gathering was well publicised throughout the school, and as a result the attendance rivalled even that at the ex-servicemen's dance. The supper prepared by the girls from the Art Department was nothing short of magnificent and congratulations must go to the Art Social Committee for their really splendid effort.

Before leaving the subject of the dances altogether, there is just one suggestion I would like to bring forward which I hope will be of some assistance to the various committees next year. It is that there should be a regular school dance held say every month or six weeks, organised by a special committee set up for the purpose. By this means I am sure that the tendency for the School to exist as separate and distinct units will be largely overcome and that members of the Staff, Art students, and the Engineering students will combine to create a congenial atmosphere from which one will find it hard to leave. Even now I know it is going to be hard for me.

K. M. H.

A TRIP TO THE SNOW

Early one Sunday morning two large removal vans accommodating about fifty students left the school for a trip to the snow, the destination being Mt. Donna Buang.

Throughout the journey we were entertained by several members of the art class, the comedian being a rather tall chap with long hair, answering to the name of "Verity." Finally, after about three hours we arrived at our destination, and were surprised at the immense crowd that had gathered there.

As the recent heavy snowfalls made the road to the Turntable slippery for heavy traffic, we were compelled to walk from Cement Creek to the Turntable and finally on to the summit. Though most of the picnickers travelled vigorously at first, several were making slow progress as the party neared the top.

On arrival at the summit the atmosphere became increasingly cold. However we were rewarded with a light snowstorm and a thick blanket of snow covering the road. As Old Father Time was catching up on us we were soon compelled to start on the return journey to the vans.

H. G. HEALY.

THE CAMERA CLUB

Early in the year a number of photography enthusiasts decided to form a Camera Club. The first few meetings were well attended, but after many ups and downs the club dwindled to 5 steady members.

Every Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock the club meets at the dark room to dabble in the art of photography, under the expert tuition of Mr. Broadfoot. At these meetings a great deal of interesting information and experience can be obtained.

Some of the photos in this magazine are the results of the efforts of members.

The former staff room was allotted to the club and is now fully equipped with cubicles, cupboards and equipment for enlarging and copying.

It is hoped that in the future more photographers will be interested in the development of this club.

A. KEPERT.

THE SENIOR CHOIR

With the approach of the Annual Concert it was felt that the Art Department might be able to supply a concerted item of some kind in order that the Art students should be well represented. To this end a choir was suggested. It was found however, that insufficient male voices were available and so the Diploma students were invited to participate in the venture. This move was heartily endorsed by Mr. Kepert, who has always advocated a closer social relationship between the various departments of the school.

From these two bodies of students, therefore, was formed the Senior Choir.

Rehearsals were attended with regularity and enthusiasm, the choristers electing to forgo much of their lunch-hour on Wednesdays in order to participate. The Principal very kindly allowed Diploma students time off to attend. In the early stages Mr. Buchanan wandered around in pessimistic despair as he heard the initial practising of individual parts; but by the time the concert date arrived, the two items for presentation were being sung well, and on the big night these were presented in true professional style, with unqualified success.

Choir members showed such enthusiasm over the venture that the choir has now been placed on a permanent basis. The school authorities have purchased music, and rehearsals are now held every Friday afternoon from 4 to 5, the Principal allowing Diploma students the necessary time off.

The only qualifications necessary for students to become members are—keenness, and enjoyment of music. Ability to read music is not necessary: you learn as you go. There is no age limit, upper or lower. Anyone may join. If you are interested in becoming a member, see the conductor (J. P. Curlis) the accompanist (R. Stephenson), the secretary (I. Brown) or any member of the choir in the Art or Diploma school.

(Conductor's note: I should like to take this opportunity to thank all members of the choir who assisted so ably at the Concert. Ron Stephenson, our accompanist, who did such a grand job, is especially deserving of thanks. In particular, we owe a great debt of gratitude to our secretary, Ian Brown, without whose unflagging effort and untiring zeal this choir might never have come into existence.)

J. P. CURLIS.

GOLF-STAFF VERSUS STUDENTS

Armed with an impressive array of earth-moving equipment, including Mr. Kepert's 2 wood, which was originally used by William the Conqueror, 13 misguided students and teachers descended on Brighton Golf Links to decide the first of a series of ball pushing contests. There was an air of confidence on the 1st tee which was strangely lacking on the 18th. After almost obliterating the said 1st tee, to the chagrin of the management, the various parties moved onto the course to the accompaniment of oaths, murmurings and the sound of flying turf.

The trophy for the most courageous player went to Mr. Armitage for his grand display of bunker work on the 11th. Believe me, by the time Mr. A. had holed out, we had to shovel the sand off the green to enable the next party to play on.

However, to make a short story long, when the returning warriors were removed from their strait jackets on the 18th and the cards deciphered, it was found that the teachers had won by a short nose. The stars in the respective teams were Mr. Empey with a nett 75 and Don Lindsay with a nett 73.

(It is hardly necessary to point out that Mr. E. will not be asked to participate in future tournaments).

The older members of the party then retired to the 19th hole where a good time was had by all.

I am happy to announce that the author's blood pressure is now slowly dropping and that he will be at home to prospective purchasers of a set of clubs.

A. C. A.

Industrial Tours

THE BRIQUETTE FACTORY AT YALLOURN

As the Caulfield Tech. buses approached Yallourn all eyes were turned to a large building which billowed forth great clouds of brown and white vapour. Inquiry revealed this to be the briquette factory, through which we were to pass during the course of our tour. This is the only factory of its kind in Victoria, manufacturing 1,300 tons of briquettes daily.

The excursion began from the open cut. Here we saw bulk coal from the dredges being conveyed on a very long belt up to the screening house.

This section of the process is called the wet preparation, as the raw coal has a moisture content of 65%. Crushing is the first operation followed by screening. Any coarse particles of coal left are used in the furnace within the building, while the rest is fed into a large hopper.

From these hoppers the finely ground coal passes into driers. A drier consists of a hollow steel drum 12 feet in diameter and 20 feet long with many internal tubes running from end to end. The whole is tilted slightly so that the coal on entering the high end gradually moves down the drum, drying as it goes. Heat is supplied by steam which circulates inside the drum.

After being dried, the coal is conveyed to the top of the cooling house where it gravitates through cooling louvres on to another conveyor, which feeds the hoppers above the pressing machines. And now to the final stage—pressing. The original presses are worked by steam, but later editions are powered by electric induction motors.

Fundamentally a press consists of a mould into which is poured a measured quantity of coal, and a plunger capable of exerting 250lb. per square inch.

The coal emerges as a hard shining briquette! As the briquette is pushed out it forces all those in front along a launder till it arrives at a waiting railway truck. From this point the briquettes may travel to all parts of the State. Even to C.T.S., where Heat Engines students have become quite familiar with their use.

R. L. STEPHENSON.

A VISIT TO GENERAL MOTORS- HOLDENS LIMITED

On August 17th a group of diploma students visited General Motors-Holdens plant at Fishermen's Bend to see the production of the new Australian car.

We started by inspecting the mechanised foundry. Here a conveyor rack runs the length of the foundry floor with moulding machines arranged on one side and core shelves on the other. The completed moulds pass to the pouring section, where metal melted in a Heroult electric arc furnace is poured into portable ladles and is carried by an over-head track girder to the conveyor. When pouring, the temperature is frequently checked by means of an optical pyrometer, and once poured, the castings are subjected to an artificial ageing process, which enables them to be stripped from their moulds whilst they are still at a dull red heat! After cleaning and testing, the castings are ready for machining.

In the machine shop, we saw large multi-spindle automatic lathes turning up gear blanks for the adjacent gear-cutting section. Here hobbing machines produce stub-tooth gears, ten at a time, at amazing rates. Further on we saw cylinder block castings being machined on a giant plano-mill. A really marvellous sight was the multiple spindle drilling machine; drilling 37 holes at different angles, in one operation.

At the engine assembly lines the engines begin as bare cylinder blocks and are completed as they move down the lines. The assembled engines are then tested and dispatched for building into complete cars.

In Plant 1, final assembly of the cars takes place. In accordance with modern automobile practice, the body and chassis are built integrally. The bodies are spray painted, and pass down the assembly lines until they are completed. Apart from a run on rollers and a final check up the finished cars are ready for delivery.

Probably the most impressive feature of the tour was the cleanliness and order of the works, the foundry being an excellent example. We found the visit most educational and enjoyable; and our only regrets are that we were not given any sample to take home!

E. J. SWIFT.



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C.T.S. EX-SERVICEMEN



C.R.T.S. REPORT

These few notes deal particularly with the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme Students' Committee which was initiated in July, 1948, as a means of co-operating with other C.R.T.S. students in a State-wide organisation, the Victorian Council for Reconstruction Trainees (V.C.R.T.) for mutual benefit.

The present Caulfield C.R.T.S. Students' Committee was elected in March and comprises the following numbers:

President—Syd. Honeyman, 7th Form.

Secretary—Les. Tiffen, 6th Form.

Treasurer—Paul Vail, 6th Form.

Don. Head, 8th Form.

Gordon Hall, 7th Form.

Ron Manson, 5th Form.

V.C.R.T. Delegate—Bob Percy, 6th Form.

The V.C.R.T. held two conferences during the year. The first was in March at which I was delegate and from which I emerged as President of the executive. The second conference was held in August at which Bob Percy was delegate, although I was also present in my executive position. Bob Percy did a good job at this Conference; in fact so good that he was elected a member of the Executive.

I was re-elected President and hence Caulfield is well represented in an organisation that has the backing of several thousand students.

On the social side our funds obtained quite

a satisfactory lift from a very successful dance compered by our Organiser Paul Vail, during the first term. The two dances we have held have both been really good shows as much from the social angle as from any other, and I am sure all those who attended would like more of them. From their funds the Committee made a donation to the V.C.R.T., a donation of £5 to the school Tuck-shop Fund, and £1 to the Committee organising the formation of a Students' Representative Council. This latter gift was made on the suggestion of Alby Bromell, C.R.T.S. representative on the S.R.C. committee, and was made to cover the minor expenses incurred by the Committee in correspondence and such like.

At the school concert this year, our Principal, Mr. Kepert, made some complimentary remarks about C.R.T.S. students and we are trying very hard to live up to them. Mr. Kepert's interest and co-operative spirit have been of considerable help to us. We invited him to one of our general meetings to answer some questions. He accepted the invitation and one of the results is the very convenient array of coat hooks in the new wing.

Thanks are due to the keenness of the Committee members in giving up their lunch periods for meetings and to the general body of C.R.T.S. students for their support of the Committee which is, I feel, doing useful work not only in its own sphere but in the general field of school activities. S. HONEYMAN.

This 'ere Geology Business

"Geology excursions!" Please don't mention those dreaded words. They are synonymous with sprained ankles, broken legs, torn clothes and worst of all—a TEN PAGE REPORT.

We were first introduced to these educational (?) ramblings, did I say ramblings—well I meant walking sprints and don't tell me it's impossible to sprint while walking. Mr. White did it admirably when we visited the Coburg area.

On passing the Pentridge Stockade, Gordon Hall had a trying time explaining that he wasn't an escaped convict, while John Beckwith explained, with a strange light in his eyes and in many technical terms the formulae for a solvent for basalt to a derelict looking old rogue.

On reaching the creek Frank Ansell, in his thoughtless way, casually slipped into the creek and splashed us all. Later on, while viewing *Macropus* fossils (the prehistoric giant flying kangaroo) of Quaternary age, we discovered Paul Vail had slid into our midst—two hours late—wanted to know why we didn't wait. While passing some Chinese market gardens the report of a saltpetre gun rang out. It is rumored that Len Boyd took his tea off the mantelpiece for the following week.

It was when we went to Studley Park that we discovered to our intense dismay that Mr. White must have been in the Commandos during the war. He crept into inaccessible places and then bolted off at a supersonic speed, savagely unheeding our pleas of mercy and requests for a walkable speed. During this enjoyable (?) excursion Paul wistfully remarked he could eat a horse. However, when Len pointed out an excellent quadruped, Paul had apparently lost his appetite and mumbled something about Dinosaurs. Some of us think it significant that Mr. White lost his lunch.

It wasn't until we visited the Bulla-Sydenham area that we discovered to our delight that Mr. White hadn't been in the Commandos after all. The party this time went by cars. In the Lishman A40 Austin special supercharged hot rod, travelled Roy, John and Len. On arriving at Spencer Street the driver (?) tried to turn right in a very unorthodox manner and was very promptly pulled up and brought down a peg or two by a cop., curse him! The driver went on again very hot under

the collar and didn't utter another word until arriving at Bulla.

Meanwhile Gordon and his hunk a junk with its precious cargo (very doubtful) of Mr. White, Paul and Frank had many breakdowns, and surprisingly enough arrived—an hour late. We then climbed through barbed fences—(hence torn clothes) and came to a creek. Again seizing the opportunity, Frank plopped in and splashed us. We took off shoes and socks and waded precariously across, all slipping in excepting the wary White.

On arriving at some metamorphosed Pleistocene Obligiocenized granodiorite of Jurassic origin, we climbed across the rocky surface with a fifty foot drop below into the whirling torrents. Alas! Mr. White was stuck. A most unfortunate disaster for one so skilled in mountaineering, and dressed for the purpose with rope and all. And there was Roy, with rifle in hand, running around in full control, advising the stranded master and pulling his legs to the merriment of those below. After being stuck for a good hour and narrowly missing a drenching, he was dragged out with the help of a rope and a good push. The boys went on and again, what's that, missed the boss, we finally found him stuck again within ten yards. After another furious struggle he was extricated. When asked about a piece of stone, Mr. White said, "Geology be blowed" (Blowed?) "let's get to the Dickens? out of here." It certainly was a black day for the Whites. We bet he doesn't go near Bulla again.

E. J. L.

ELEGY TO GEOLOGY

The party onward plods its weary way.

(Devoid of all apologies to Gray).

'Twas he sat on a Rock to pen his verse,

To us all Rocks are little but a curse,

We've Fossils, Faults and Sandstones close to home,

Yet Geology demands that we must roam.

The sun beats stronger as the day wears on,

Our heads are strong—methinks our soles are gone.

The passer-by looks on and shakes his head,

We feel the same, but shake our steps instead,

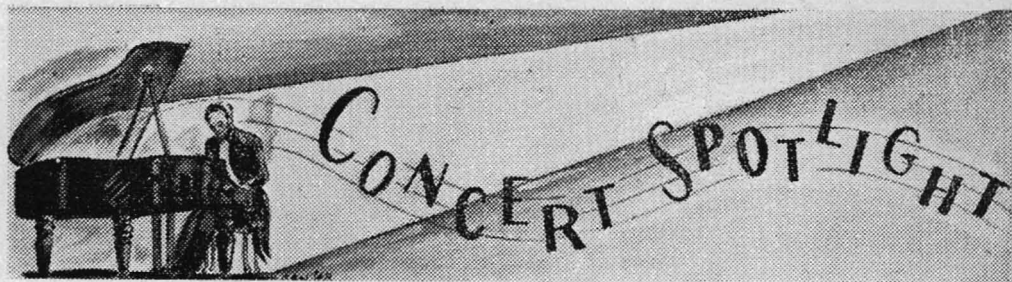
Bowed down with specimens and rocks galore,

Ten million millions old and evermore.

But when the curfew screams the time of day,

The carefree herd winds quickly o'er the lea!

—G.N.H.



*'T WAS THE EVENING of the twelfth of May and
the school's annual concert was well under way.*

The overture, conducted by that well known maestro Professor Doug. Shaw had jolted the audience from their apathy with its wonderful precision in keeping time with the recording of "Sleeping Princess Overture." The Junior Choir under Mr. Brown then followed with "Come to the Fair" and "Road to the Isles" with such obvious enjoyment and gusto that they completely raised the roof at least six inches. Following was our pocket edition pianist, John Greenwood, who gave such a remarkable rendition of two Chopin waltzes that the audience demanded an encore.

The appearance of a fearsome figure on the stage somewhat overawed the more nervous members of the audience. However he was quite a jovial old joker with the world's oldest trouble—women. (They didn't trouble him—joke) so he took the audience back to the harem of "Al Rashid," where there were women and trouble. Typical women, they almost turned green with envy when Caliph Doug. Stobart ordered Neomeh, Kevin Maher, to perform the Dance of the Seven Veils. The dance ended in an uproar, with slaves and women mixed and entwined around the stage, just showing what trouble women can cause!

Our whispering baritone, Roy Brenton, followed with "Drake's Drum." Then with much tooting, John "pappa" Marshall, complete with son, Karl Haussegger, and Chauffeur Peter Hoxley arrived on stage on their way to Caulfield Technical School. Karl's brilliant calculations from the Caunt Calculus that they could travel anywhere and anyhow for "one pound, nineteen and elevenpence, Pappa!", failed to impress anyone even in these times of petrol rationing. Eventually as they were unable to produce their dog licence or wireless licence they were "all locked oop" by P.C. Ian Brown.

"I'm Shy Mary Ellen, I'm Shy" by Max Officer, brought the house down. His appearance reduced most of the audience to hysterics and the remainder to the floor. Roy Brenton, Gordon Bail and Joe. Currey completed the quartet to give the audience "Pedro the Fisherman" in a whistling manner.

Suave and sophisticated Fred Taylor was the complete salesman in "Buying a Hat." Don Head's "little hunting cap" was a classic. Modelled on the lines of a landing barge, it left much to the imagination, whilst Colin Smith's bowler suited him down to the ground. Geoff. Uhlhorn was determined to obtain "the cute little Silver Mist" by fair means or foul and he resorted to very foul tactics indeed.

"It Pays to be Ignorant" gave the audience a glimpse of everyday technical school life. Max Lov is still trying to work out "In what city do the Sydney trams run?" whilst Hughie Munro is wearing out the teachers and his fellow students with his ceaseless "That's right" to every question and answer. Bill Bond has decided to buy a calendar to tell the time and Colin Smith has bought a packet of headache powders. Announcer Max Officer wishes all and sundry to know that "Slather Soap" really does all it claims to do. Ron and Barry Ritchie provided us with their usual brilliant and polished performance, this time with "allous Vite."

The Senior Choir, a new addition to the school, provided us with some delightful, magnificent and cultured singing. Their singing was a tribute to the work and patience of their capable and energetic conductor, Pat Curlis, who devoted a considerable amount of time and hard work to its foundation.

The magician, Colin Smith, was a bit bewildered by "voice" Keith Barrow, who turned cigarettes into cards and vice versa.

"IN WHAT CITY DO PEOPLE RIDE IN THE SYDNEY TRAMS?"



"THERE WAS A CALIPH OF BAGDAD"



CONCERT



"ATTENDED BY DANCING GIRLS OF UNSURPASSED BEAUTY"



"I - AM THE GENI OF THE LAMP"

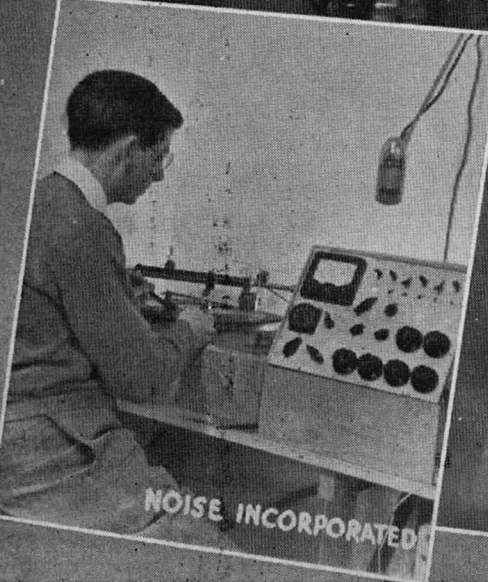
"GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN"



SPOT!



"STOP! I WANT YOUR NAME AND YOUR NUMBER"



NOISE INCORPORATED



OVER THERE, OVER THERE!



LIGHTS....?

AME MANDER
AKES UP



"LET CINDERS TRY
THE SLIPPER ON"



"MY HAT I DOFF"

CANDIDS



AULFIELD
TECH
PRESENTS



"NOW CINDERS,
DON'T TAKE ON"



"AND LO! A GLITTERING COACH AND FOUR"



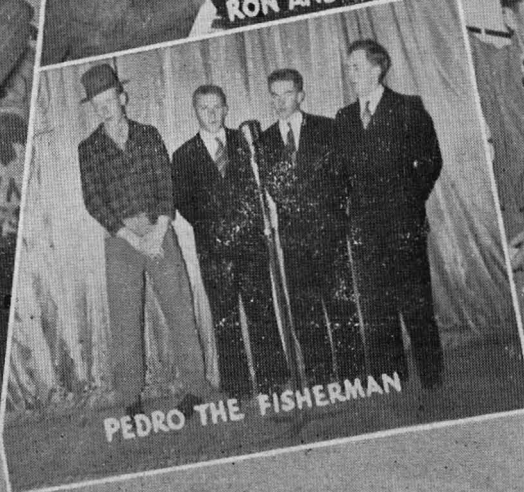
"MARGE"



"IT'S JUST THE THING, COLIN"



RON AND BARRY



PEDRO THE FISHERMAN



GOING UP

Instrumentalists Marilyn Norman, Bill Bunnett, Ian Ricketts and Colin Smith accompanied by Dale Phillips and Ron. Stephenson at the piano succeeded in deafening the audience and themselves with "Their Happiness" and "Margie."

Presented amidst a blaze of technicolour and magnificent scenery, the finale "Cinderella" took the audience back to the good old days of stage burlesque. Typical was the shrill squeaking of unoiled pulleys for the ups and downs of backdrops and scenery. John Marshall and Keith Barrow gave a very polished performance as the two spokesmen. Helen "Cinderella" Harvey played her part with pathos and feeling of a veteran, wringing the

audiences' heart like a washing machine. The two ugly Sisters, Gordon Bail and Ray Greenwood, were very convincing. Apart from their sex they appeared naturally in the part. "Baron Ian Samuel Brown" supplied the accent and the kilts as the parent, whilst Hughie "Buttons" Munro brought tears to the eyes of the softer hearted section of the audience with his devotion to Cinders. "Queen Joseph Currey" fluttered in and off the stage producing coaches and horses from pumpkins and mice, while Demon King, Doug. Shaw, did his best to gate-crash but was forcibly ejected. As the handsome, gay, dashing Prince Charming—Well, dashing at least—Karl Haussegger must have shaken the hearts of the female audience, whilst Moira Corboy as the transformed Cinders acted her natural and charming self to win the acclaim of the audience.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

Let us now go behind the scenes where the gallant backstage hands struggled against overpowering odds. Firstly with the Town Hall equipment that was as old as the Town Hall itself. Lighthearted and full of confidence they began their tasks and heaved on the necessary ropes and whatnots. Imagine their consternation when for every rope and backdrop they hauled into place another two fell down. Nothing daunted they obtained ladders, etc., and repaired the damage. Next day the performance was repeated; nothing would remain suspended and at five o'clock with no rehearsal accomplished the hall keeper somehow obtained the bright idea that we were squatters and practically had to forcibly eject the company.

At seven o'clock everyone was back on the job and with fervent prayers all worked as the clock raced towards eight. By eight everything was O.K., that is until the sound was tested and it didn't sound. After a period of agonising waiting it

was finally pronounced O.K. So on with the show. John, stage director, Marshall, signalled for the spot. They signalled back that there was no spot. However, the situation was over come and the concert commenced.

Throughout this display of brilliance and splendour, no mention has been made or much seen of those shy stalwart unsung heroes of the concert, the backstage and effects men. And what men!—Max Blake, Syd. Harriss, performed incredible feats of stage manipulation with scenery, pianos, etc., whilst Bill Armstrong, serene and intelligent amidst reels of wires and cords and a mass of sound equipment gave an equally magnificent performance as was proved by the sounds from the speaker. Without the Armstrong influence and car it is doubtful whether there would have been a concert.

Max Officer and Barry Sparkman dabbled and doubled with the lights, shutting their eyes when in doubt. I wondered why they had their eyes closed all the time.

Let me here pay a tribute to our accompanist, Ron Stephenson. Without Ron at the piano the concert would have been like corn beef without cabbage. His willingness to play at any time and any place made the path of the concert much easier to travel.

Our gallant spotlight operators, Max Loy and Bruce Winship, manipulated the spotlight via field telephone from the stage. Completely ignoring the stage directors' instructions, they had great fun guessing from which side the artists would appear. Apparently the artists appeared from the correct side each time. Don Gribble and John Rogers swung the lead and their weight onto the curtains with such fine precision as can only be accomplished by "mechanical men."

John Marshall, co-stage director, was one of the concert's outstanding organisers. Working in perfect co-operation with sound, lights, sound and artists and by himself at times he performed feats of endurance, patience and self control.

As we gradually wend our way through the host of "silent" workers we come to Alan Wilson and Max Mander. To Max and Alan goes the credit for the magnificent scenery that helped to make the concert such a success. Hours of painstaking labour (both in and

out of school hours) were devoted to the construction of stage properties; the Cinderella coach and ballet scenery being worthy of special mention. Their efforts as co-wardrobe mistresses cannot pass unmentioned and whilst Alan was co-stage director, treasurer and any other-odd-job man, Max proved quite a capable ballet instructress. —C. Smith.

Colin Smith produced and compered the concert and devoted much valuable time and energy to its organisation.—Editor.

THE PHILADYMPHONY!

About two months before the concert, the committee decided that an orchestra might add a little more "atmosphere" to the ballet. The orchestra had to be a fake, because there were very few musicians at our school who knew anything more than "Rebop," and all musical instruments which could not be borrowed had to be manufactured.

The timpany was merely a calico covered copper, with drum sticks made of doweling with ping-pong balls nailed on the ends. The Bassoon and Double Bass were constructed chiefly of painted cardboard, but the Harp was of wooden construction, built up with modelling clay. It was unfortunate that the clay later shrunk, and left large cracks all over the instrument. All the stringed instruments had to be silenced, by replacing their strings with ordinary "string." Barry Ritchie's Euphonium was so battered, that it might have seen service in the Boer War as a howitzer; however he kept it well polished on the side which faced audience.

The music was supplied by Bill Armstrong's ballet recordings, and a complicated timing system, known only to Bill and Doug. Shaw, the conductor, ensured that the music started as soon as the orchestra did.

During the performance there were many mistakes. The amplifiers did not function properly during the opening stages, the Brass section could be heard blowing through their instruments from four rows back, and the bridge fell off the Double Bass so that Eric Szekfy spent the rest of the performance on his hands and knees looking for it.

In spite of all this, there were still a few people who were "had."

F. B. HEATH.



(Extract from "Age," 10/9/49)
"DEMONS SIGN JUNIOR STAR

Melbourne has secured the services of star junior footballer John Beckwith of Black Rock. Beckwith signed a League form four for Melbourne on Thursday night and will seek a permit next year.

More interest has been shown in Beckwith than in John Coleman. Beckwith is only 16, but is already a polished centre man. He led Black Rock to the premiership in the under 18 section of the Federal District League this season and won the best and fairest award.

He is the son of the President of the Victorian Athletic League (Mr. J. W. Beckwith) who was a sound player with Fitzroy.

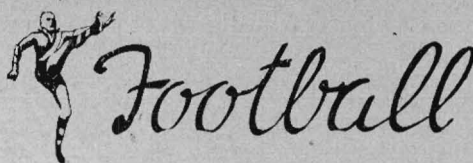
Melbourne officials went to Beckwith's home on Thursday night when they heard other offers were being made.

They assured Beckwith of a position, irrespective of his football future, and obtained his signature."

A second year Civil Engineer, John Beckwith is a credit to the School's name.

CAULFIELD BOYS ON INTERSTATE TOUR

In the Victorian under 16 Lacrosse team, which played Sturt, a South Australian team, in Adelaide on September 24th, our school was well represented. Garnet Trainor of Form 3D, our vice-captain, was chosen as captain of the visiting team, and the following Caulfield boys also took part in the game:—K. Toogood 3C, I. Oliver 3B, D. Imlach 2C, P. Parsons 1F, B. Maggs 2A, P. Brown 2A. This speaks well for the standard of the game at the school.



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Considering that it was only our 2nd year in the Senior Technical Schools' Competition, Caulfield has done particularly well, finishing 2nd on the ladder with Melbourne and Geelong. Footscray were the undefeated premiers, but nevertheless we are proud of the fact that we were the only team to defeat them during the year. On that occasion, however, it was only a practice match.

Scores in Competition Matches.

Footscray, 14-3, d. Caulfield, 6-11.

Caulfield, 15-10, d. Ballarat, 4-6.

Caulfield, 10-10, d. Melbourne, 6-9.

Geelong, 8-9, d. Caulfield, 7-7.

Caulfield, 17-13, d. Swinburne, 0-4.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GAMES

V. Footscray.

Caulfield's atrocious kicking for goal contrasting with Footscray's phenomenal accuracy—excellent defensive play by Bill Bunnett—Hughie Munro's unfortunate injury—the interesting duels between Warren Judd, an ex-Caulfield captain and John Beckwith, our champion centre-half forward.

V. Ballarat:

Bob Brown's magnificent roving—the splendid co-operation between John Beckwith and Brian Judd—the brilliant high marking of Alan Krause when resting at full forward—Bill Bond's clever knockouts to rover Bob Brown—Alan Bowles' consistent play at half-back flank.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Back: F. Ansell, F. Bryce, A. Willson, B. Sparkman, N. Charman, P. Vaill, A. Krause.
 Centre: B. Brown, L. Holland, B. Squires, W. Bunnett, P. Hoxley, J. Beckwith, B. Winship.
 Seated: B. Horsely, A. Bowles, W. Bound (Capt.), K. Haussegger (V.Capt.), G. Long.
 Front: R. Greenwood, G. Bail, B. Judd, N. Shears. Absent: R. Brown, P. Jones, I. McNeilage.

V. Melbourne:

The great drive from the centre given by Brian Judd and Bruce Winship—the accurate kicking of new full-forward, Ian McNeilage—Bill Bond's strong ruck work and accurate kicking out—the effective roving of Graham Long—the magnificent display of back-pocket play by Ron Brown.

V. Geelong:

The grand display at centre-half forward by Peter Hoxley—the excellent defence by both half back flankers, Gordon Bail and Barry Horsley—the auspicious debut of Peter Jones, playing at full-back—Bill Bunnett's clever play at half-forward flank—the fatal miss by our forward-pocket-player (K.M.H.) in the last quarter that virtually lost the game.

V. Swinburne:

The fact that several Caulfield players were donning their school guernseys for the last time—Caulfield's phenomenal first quarter effort, mainly owing to the excellent work of Bill Bunnett at centre-half-forward—Arthur Willson's amazing "Bob Pratt" mark. Frank Ansell's excellent display for the opposition when playing half-back in the first half—the last of Bill Bunnett's six fine goals—a beautiful 55 yard drop kick.

Other Matches:

Our torrid struggle with C.B.C., St. Kilda, Caulfield eventually winning by 3 points. Art Students, Ex-servicemen v. Engineering students (which incidentally was won by the former side)—our annihilation by the strong, systematic Melbourne High School team—our comfortable win over the smaller and much lighter Mentone Grammar School team.

THE TEAM

Captain Bill (Chesty) Bond was a fine leader both on and off the field, as well as being an inspiring player. Brian Judd, as was the case last year, was again one of our most brilliant players, whilst Bob Brown roved magnificently throughout the year. John Beckwith, winner of the best and fairest in the Junior Federal League, showed us by his brilliant displays that he richly deserved the award.

Lack of space does not permit a complete coverage of all players; to individualise further would only mean being unfair to someone. Suffice it to say that all players always gave of their best, and, after all, nobody can do more than that.

K.M.H.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Back: T. Ludwick, K. Rodgers, A. George, B. Glenister, L., Buckley.

Centre: B. Thorn, D. Younger, R. Bell, G. Carkeek, R. Shields, C. Clarke, J. Yarnon.

Seated: F. Barnes, R. Allan, R. Bigelow, J. Johnstone (capt.), J. Kift, R. Scales.

Front: W. Malone, R. Kerrigan, W. Hamilton, G. Millard B. Foster, R. Jackson.

Our Junior Football team has not had great success this season, but every boy in the team entered into the spirit of team-play and enjoyed the matches thoroughly. Mr. Norton has very kindly trained us and travelled with us to all the matches. Although sometimes coming home very exasperated he did not let us down once. For this we express to him our sincere gratitude.

We defeated Box Hill by two points in a very tight finish on our home ground. The match was witnessed by the whole Junior School who provided very hearty barracking throughout the first two quarters. We won't mention some other matches.

All the team was very sorry to miss the inspiring ruck play of Don. Raymond half-way through the season. He had to leave because of the sad loss of his father. The team, when settled, was as follows: B., Allen, Brough, Bigelow; H.B., Buckley, Shields, Ludwick; C., Thome, George, Kift; H.F., Scales, Younger, Barnes, F., Kerrigan, Clark, Millard; Rucks-Bell, Carkeek, Glenister; Rover-Johnstone. Other players were: Foster, Hall, Yarnon.

Allen George at centre and Peter Brough our vice-captain at full-back were perhaps the best players for the season, while Captain Jim Johnstone roved well and was right on

the ball, giving plenty of drive to the forwards.
R. Bigelow, 4A.



Back: N. Mesley, J. Johnstone, C. Love, G. Hyde.

Middle: E. J. Colwell, W. Squires, R. Shields, B. Coouer, — Edwards.

Front: G. Houghton, L. Buckley, F. Barnes, C. Clarke, R. Jackson.



Back: B. Squires, P. Hoxley, N. Charman, A. Krause, W. Bunnett.
Front: K. Haussegger, J. Marshall, B. Winship (Capt.), A. Bowles, H. Munro.
Absent: D. Laycock, J. Beckwith, A. Wyatt, E. Routley.



Cricket

SENIOR CRICKET

Full of confidence, though sometimes lacking in practice, Caulfield this year attacked all opposition maintaining our good reputation by "romping" home with five victories out of six matches played. Some were cut a little fine perhaps, but we still got there, thanks to the splendid captaincy of Bruce Winship whose determination and ever-present goodwill was a spur whenever the game was close.

Of the stalwarts, outstanding were Don Laycock and Alan Krause; our opening bowlers with turns of speed unequalled in the competition. They were ably supported by Alan Bowles—who incidentally topped the bowling averages (including the "hat-trick")—and Hugh Munro our "spinner" of noteworthy ability.

Our "knights of the 'Flashing Willow'" were reliable Karl Haussegger and vigorous John Beckwith who often paved the way to victory with their forceful stroke-making and then leaving it to the ever-ready Brain Squires and Peter Hoxley to help clinch the game.

Behind the wickets was William (Bill) Bunnett, our keeper, guaranteed to make an "appealing" sight on all wickets—the good or

the turf. Other players included John Marshall, Neil Charman, Alan Wyatt and Keith Routley who all pulled their weight in making the season most successful.

Thanks must be extended to Mr. Empey for the competent way in which he handled all our fixtures.

In outline the scores were:

Feb. 16—v. Dandenong High.

D.H.S. 10/56 (comp. dec.) Bowles 4/15.
(hat trick)

C.T.S. 8/58 (comp. dec.) Hoxley 25 n.o.

March 2nd—v. Melbourne High—

M.H.S. 5/56 (comp. dec.) Krause 2/16.

C.T.S. 6/94 (comp. dec.) Squires 25.

March 14th—v. Camberwell High—

C.H.S. 70, Munro 5/7.

C.T.S. 8/159 (comp. dec.), Haussegger 49.

March 23rd—v. Footscray Tech—

F.T.S. 5/69 (comp. dec.), Haussegger 2/24.

C.T.S. 7/65 (comp. dec.), Haussegger 17.

April 6th—v. De La Salle College—

C.T.S. 5/169 (dec.), Squires 29, Winship 23.

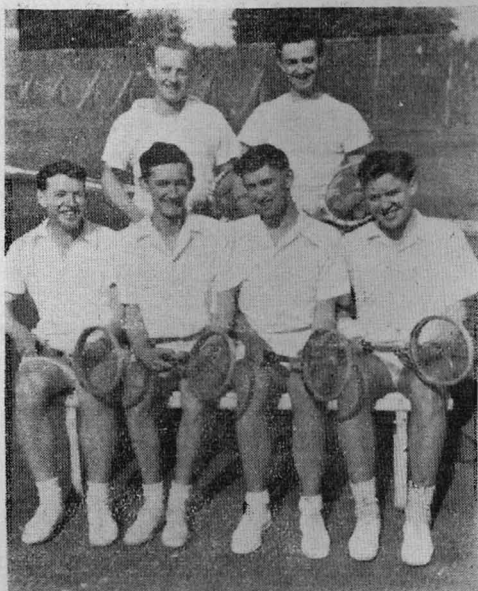
D.L.S.C. 5/117 (comp. dec.).

April 9th—v. Mentone Grammar School—

C.T.S. 8/249 (dec.) Winship 89, Munro 57, Haussegger 57.

M.G.S. 150 and 5/98, Haussegger 5/17.

P.H.H.



SENIOR TENNIS TEAM

Back: K. Harrison, R. Parker.

Front: A. Banfield, R. MacFarlane, M. Loy, K. Sambell.

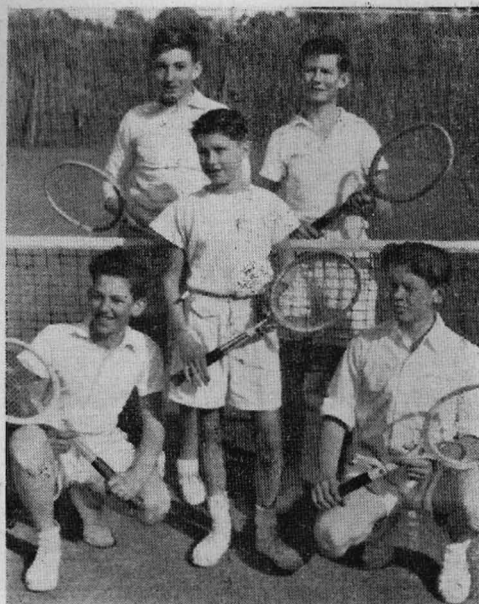


SENIOR TENNIS

During 1949 the tennis team has met with a great deal more success than in previous years — winning 7 out of 12 matches, and finishing equal 2nd (on matches) in the Inter-Technical Schools' Competition.

Unfortunately, the school's No. 1 Player, Keith Harrison, was injured in an accident at the beginning of the season and could only play in the last two matches. Had this not happened, it is probable that Caulfield would have been premiers this year. In competition matches Caulfield's best win was against Geelong, defeating that team by 11 sets to 4. The team also won a very exciting match at Ballarat, defeating that side by 8 sets to 7. In the final match of the year Caulfield had another exciting and hard fought match, defeating Swinburne by 8 sets to 7. This win enabled the team to finish equal 2nd with Swinburne and Melbourne. In other matches Caulfield defeated Footscray, Swinburne (twice) and Camberwell High School.

The team for competition matches comprised the following:—Keith Harrison, Reg.



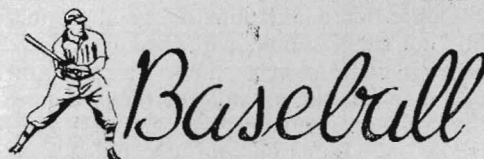
JUNIOR TENNIS TEAM

Back: B. Patterson, C. Evans.

Front: C. Clarke, K. Clarke, R. Cooper.

Parker, Hedley Baum, Max Loy, Alan Banfield, Ken Sambell and Robin MacFarlane, while in other matches Eric Brown, Karl Haussegger and Ray Sunderland played.

Most of the team will be leaving this year and would like to take this opportunity to wish future teams every success in the years that follow.
W. R. McF.



The baseball team enjoyed a successful season this year. Making a late start without practice, we were defeated in the first match against Essendon, but this was followed by three wins against Richmond, Brunswick and South Melbourne. At this stage we had a setback as our pitcher, Russell Matthews left school. In the following three weeks we lost to Sunshine, Brighton and Preston. It was then discovered that a quiet young man named Bill Squires was really a very good pitcher, and with him playing in this position we won our last two matches against Oakleigh and Footscray. With five wins and four defeats we just missed being in the final four.

John Colwell was captain, and played second bag. He played good baseball through-

out the season, and justified his position by showing leadership and good sportsmanship.

Barry Cooper, the vice-captain, inspired the team with his aggressive batting and capable play on first bag. We congratulate him on his selection for the interstate team.

Russell Matthews pitched well but unfortunately we lost him early in the season.

Les Paterson, our catcher, played this difficult position remarkably well, and will probably be the best catcher in the competition next year.

Bill Squires played a sound game in third bag, and brought new life to the team when he took up pitching. We will have trouble replacing him next year.

One of the keenest players in the side was short stop Keith Round. His fielding and batting were both of high standard.

The outfield play was shared by Ray Sharpe, Haber, Robert Moss, Lawrie Lee and Garry Hyde.

A special mention must be made of Lindsay Morris and Robert Foster.

Although they did not get a game this year they proved themselves good and loyal supporters.

A pleasing feature was the good sportsmanship shown by the whole team. When victorious they always showed respect for the feelings of their opponents, and when defeated they cheerfully acknowledged the greater skill of the opposing side. These things, though not noticed by the young players themselves, could be appreciated very much by one who watched them play week after week, and such conduct is in the best tradition of school sportsmanship.



BASEBALL TEAM

Back: R. Foster, B. Cooper, W. Squires, L. Morris, R. Moss, K. Round. Front: L. Haber, Mr. Flynn, R. Sharpe, G. Brown.

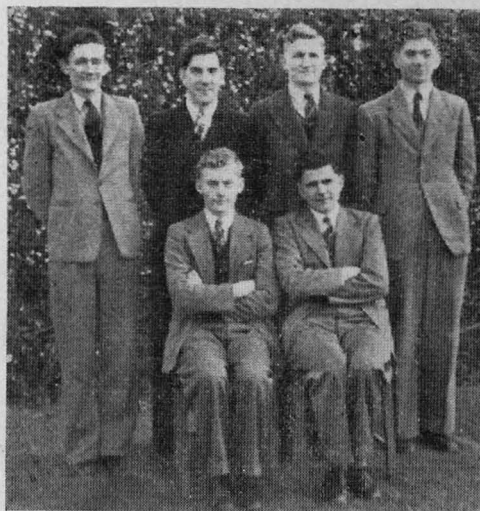


TABLE TENNIS TEAM

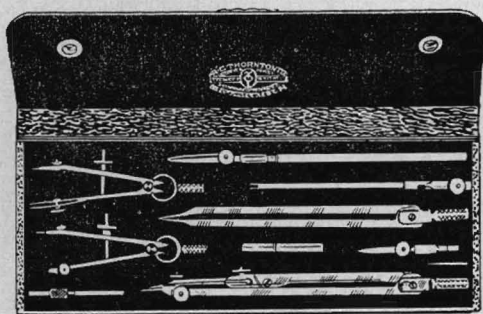
Back: R. Macfarlane, B. Winship, R. Ritchie, F. Reynolds. Front: N. Shears, K. Haussegger.

This year saw the foundation of the Table Tennis Club (Head Office) somewhere in the school. Capital: about $2/1\frac{1}{2}$. Assets: Couple of Sand-paper bats, some third-hand rubber bats, a few balls, more like footballs in shape than anything, etc.

The most important event was the affiliation of the club with the Oakleigh and District Table Tennis Association. The team, which plays on a Monday night, has had considerable success in this competition as shown by the School's name heading the Premiership list. The captain, Robin Macfarlane, has always played consistently—except for the back-hand smash which *does* accidentally go in sometimes. Karl Haussegger, while being a good player in the absence of local attraction still prefers to play such teams as Ormond. Other members of the team are Bruce Winship, Noel Shears (perhaps the most improved player for the season.) Fred (Penholder) Reynolds and Ronald Ritchie.

The team has also played a match with the teachers. The result showed the boys the folly of giving the opposing team too many games at the start of a match "to make it interesting." Winners of matches were Hugh Munro who scored against Mr. Landy and Ron Ritchie who was successful against Mr. Masson and Mr. David. Max Loy also played in this game. A return match on the student's tables should again establish them as the Table Tennis champions of the school. R. G. R.

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CADET NOTES



Great disappointment was caused by the postponement of the Annual Senior Cadet Camp, as a precaution against the spread of polio. Although this decision did not directly affect cadets at this school, most were none the less sorry to hear that cadets who did not attend the May camp were to be denied that great annual "get together" to which we all look forward so much.

As far as our own unit is concerned, Caulfield Students may well look back with pleasant memories of the bivouacs, camps and rifle practices in which the majority participated with great enthusiasm. There will be especially pleasant recollections of the unit bivouac held at Mt. Martha during the Easter vacation. At this bivouac cadets participated in range practices, swimming, visual training, tactical exercises, unarmed combat and weapon training. Weapons fired included Vickers and Bren machine guns, Austen sub-machine gun, and the .303 service rifle. It is hoped that further bivouacs will be held during third term.

Training efficiency suffered for a time because of the withdrawal of certain stores during the industrial troubles, but these have now been returned to units.

Within recent months cadets have been issued with pullovers, and additional issues are expected in the near future. It is pleasing to note that the authorities are endeavouring to ensure that training is carried out with a greater degree of comfort.

Cadets are being selected for the Summer Vacation Training School to be held at Balcombe. Specialist courses at this School will include Anti-Tank (6-pdr.), Signals, Medical,

and Vickers M.M.G. There are also general courses for potential officers and non-commissioned officers.

At these courses of training, cadets are helped to improve themselves physically, mentally and morally, thus ensuring that they will be better citizens of our Commonwealth.



Form 3A. Oddities

One of the smallest boys in the form, Terry Wold, is a miniature racing cyclist. He comes to school on the tiniest bicycle we have ever seen; it is only two feet high. Our only musician, Barry Fiddes, plays the best musical instrument in the world—the bagpipes!

Since our last issue we regret to record the death of two members of the Staff:)
Mr. N. Weir, who died suddenly on 31st January; Mr. J. F. Brown, who died suddenly on 1st November.

Members of the Council, Staff and students extend their sincere sympathy to the relatives.

Informal



Information

FORM 8A.

We have been led to believe that this is our last year at this School, so we have endeavoured to leave a permanent impression—physically on the School, and mentally on the teachers.

Table tennis was introduced at the beginning of the year by the one and only Fred Reynolds, who formed a club. Playing under cramped conditions, they have impressed mostly with broken windows. The team has shown good form in competition matches. Incidentally, Hugh D. Munro has given away Tuesday morning Engineering Drawing to catch up on some spine bashing as he usually “burns the midnight oil” at table tennis on Monday nights.

Our Ackbar (Alan Wilson) celebrated Jack-of-all-trades, later on in the year played the part of the chief of the “back room boys” in the concert. Working to all hours of the night and weekend, and sometimes accused of boarding at the School, he painted backdrops and made furniture, so he truly made the concert a success. Our slave girls of the concert, Ian Ricketts, Noel Shears, John Rogers and Bill Bond, all proved to be advocates of “keeping that schoolgirl complexion all over.”

The steam was on in the Heat Engines Lab, for the first time, this year, and what punishment that boiler took! Who could forget when E.S. had water spouting from the steam safety valve?

At last the secret is out. We now know that Karl Haussegger is late every morning because he stays home to hear the gripping adventures of “Aunt Jenny’s Real Life Stories” and at lunch time “Polyanna” is his thriller. John Marshall and Karl are the Casanovas of the section. We are all wondering which girls they will bring to the next School dance. H.D.M. suggested that these notes should be called “Love Me Marshall” by Izzy Close, but that would be libellous. Karl is our champion wax borer; he keeps us awake in Metallurgy and Works Management.

Max Loy, a real swot, reckons his favourite subject is Metallurgy iiiC (Oh yeah).

Eric Brown and Bill Woodward are Jazz fiends. They like the music (?) of Graham Bell, Bessie Smith and Mugsy Screwdriver (or Spanner).

Our “Butch” (Keith Frazer) does not like cats. He keeps pet lizards which are easily mauled by these vermin: hence his dislike.

Surveying was introduced to us this year. We encountered such formula as “think of a number, add 50%, divide by 3, multiply by X, subtract 30%, and the answer is a versine (near enough to 1 in this case.)—“Er, you’ll find this in Clarke.”

The strictly hush-hush Szekfy go-bike is not off the secret list as production has been halted. (The feller who knows the joker who works in a foundry is on strike.)

And so some say farewell to the land of laziness, loafing, and laughing as they go out into the cold hard world, after four years of tuition from all too considerate teachers, who, we hope, next year will have peace and rest.

M. B.

FORM 8B

Well most illustrious readers (the whole two of you) “I have,” as the boring dinner speaker said, “much pleasure in presenting to you the ‘what fors’ and ‘where ofs’ of the would-be Electrical Engineers.”

At last, good friends, we have shaken off those mechanical engineers (note no capital letters), steam car drivers and surveyors, and filled our depleted ranks with good hardy stock from the one horse Wangaratta by such students as Freddie Bryce whose theme song is “Cigarettes and whisky and Wild, Wild Women”! and the international cyclist, Norman Edney, who just recently rode from Melbourne via Rubicon to Benalla not by motor cycle but by “shear” push bike.

The Electrical Engineering laboratory is our happy hunting ground. The amazing firework and illumination effect produced by R. Greenwood on the shorting of the 240v. D.C. wires led that eminent student G. Ughorn, no Uhlhorn to emulate him by the shorting of the 400v. A.C. lines. Another interesting experiment allegedly carried out by R. Macfarlane is the operation of D.C. motors without field excitation and noting the final R. P. M. obtained. It is stated here for the benefit of experimenters that it is not advisable to carry this experiment to completion.

Our class is a *problem class*.

Edney's Problem: How to swot 25 hours a day.

Pearson's Problem: How to achieve a fuel consumption of 40 miles to the gallon (Ah, fooled you, you thought it would be gallons to the mile) by running cars on water.

Bunnett's Problem: To play in tune with the other members of his band for school dances.

Baxter's Problem: To obtain lounge desks for more comfortable dozing.

Deavin's Problem: Why doesn't the floating battery sink?

Now with the reminder to let "sleeping dogs" lie, I close the Chronicles of the Cranks.
J. B.

FORM 7A

A number of bronzed ex-servicemen (the bronze is fading a little now, as we struggle through our third year) and three of the brighter third year lads (to keep the ex's from reverting to their wartime practice of spine bashing) comprise this form.

In our ranks we have such notable characters as Alf A. who despairing at the cruelty of the mid-year examiners, tore his hair out in great handfuls and now goes about with a naked upper lip. Talking of hair, that stranger who attends once a month is only Geoff. A. come out from behind his beard. Don't judge Geoff. too harshly though, even Syd. H. appears in disguise a times. Even so we're proud of Syd., who has the honor of being President of the state wide Reconstruction Trainees' Council. Syd. hasn't been looking well since he took his mid-year report home; we wonder what his two children had to say about it. Fred T's family is of equal strength but still in the cradle stage. Fred still hurls Adair and Catherine to sleep singing "Humouresque" (practises on us at lunch time, instead of attending to the bridge score.)

Another proud father and reasonable bridge player is Arthur W. who has a bonny son Raymond—still argues with Fred about dummies. Another Daddy is an ex-Jack Tar, a reserved type. You have to drag it out of him that he has a daughter, Susan, 9lb. 6oz. at birth, has just started to walk, calls him daddy, just got her umpteenth tooth. Nev. (Baron von) B. who did exceptionally well at the mid-year exams attributes his success to his bonny wife and her dexterity with certain articles of kitchen ware. We assume it's Evelyn's prowess at cooking he refers to, but wonder when he talks of designing a circular house.

Doug. S. is such a sweet kid they've taken to calling him "Sugar." Doug. now takes to peaches and cream with great gusto. Keith McK. spends most of his weekends running in short pants leading a wolf cub pack. Keith was himself a wolf cub for many years, now he's grown up to a —!!! Barry R., along with Doug. and Keith is approaching manhood rapidly, now displaying a magnificent crop of thistledown on his chin. Ever since Bluey received a shock while having an electric perm to put the sine waves in his hair, he's had a marked aversion to electricity, which explains the pathetic look he assumes on Wednesdays and Fridays. Max M. has the power of the scissors over this manuscript, so any cutting remarks of mine about Max will receive similar treatment.

(I did cut some out, Max.)

Finally I wish to refute the rumour going around that I've filled two bottles with ink borrowed from my cobbers. It's a lie. I've only filled one bottle.

Don. McL.

COULD YOU IMAGINE:—

Vivian Wilson....without her bangles?
Mr. Ellis....without his phone?
Brian Will....without his camera?
Pat Curlis....without his bow tie?
Jack Murphy....without his pipe?
Bob Brown....without his leather jacket?
Ian Brown....without his accent?
Eric Verity....with a clean shave?
John Clark....with straight hair?
Peter Jones....standing up straight?
Carl Thurkle....saying nice things to people?
John Landvogt....being optimistic?
Lorelei Hughes....working?
Ann Richards....not working?

—J. L.

FORM 7B

To quote Dr. Gerstmann, "It is like this," those of us who were too proud to go into 7A have been getting along in an harmonious state of discord, noise and argument in 7B. Our chief occupations consist of keeping up attendances and passing last year's subjects, particularly maths.

Although we abhor writing up laboratory books, practical work is regarded as a source of interest and humour. Take, for example, the Lister kerosene engine in the Heat Engines laboratory. At one lesson, after long and vigorous cranking, the engine decided to run—backwards, much to the discomfort of the student on the starting handle. When finally encouraged to run forwards, it spitefully sprayed mixture on a student who was standing in front of the carburettor.

Our political agitator, Red—sorry E. J. Swift has come out in four sweaters and a lumber-jacket of the same lightweight texture as a horse blanket in sympathy with the Russians—it's cold in Siberia. Les Banner the pro-American has lately confined his activities in this direction to enthusiastically reading the "Saturday Evening Post."

That dust-coat worn by our S.R.C. representative Fred Heath is of a distinctive colour if nothing else. John Paule and Ron Bean having examined the Ford V8 engine in the H.E.L. for the last three weeks, have finally succeeded in charging the battery and starting it with the self starter (after much vigorous cranking). We congratulate them on their achievement. That noise without is probably Edward J. Lishman on his "new"? motorbike. Does Kev. Healy really use all those tools he takes out to Footscray? Kev. Maher will be arriving in his shorts unless he learns to corner slowly on that Bantam.

Alan "Colonel" Cox shows a decided disinclination to allowing his score in the students versus teachers golf tournament to be published in these chronicles. That we see even less of our ex-Chronicler Bill Armstrong now than we used to is due to the fact that he has left (Officially). Did you see what Ken Hacket brought to the concert? Brian Waters: mudguards dented, tyres changed, and blowouts mended, for a reasonable fee. Maths. 3A, class average 26, Phil. Dudgeon 78, nuff sed. Ross Galbraith must have a persuasive line at sales talk, they tell me he sold his Indian!

So there you have us; this year's 7B, next year's Form 8 (we hope) E. J. S. and R. T.

FORM 6A.

A few words for posterity re a gang of "no-hopers" collectively called Form 6A.

Firstly there are three who only recently have been given another month to feed, these miracle men are Alan Johnston, Roy Fagg, and John Mills—congrats. blokes! Do you think you can beat Jnr. to a diploma?

Laurie Martin and Roy Fagg have been noticed arriving late for afternoon classes; some say they are pretty good at Snooker—next door to McNamara's they tell me!

Alby Bromell and Harry Pearson are our star scholars, and with Les Tiffen and Clive Mahoney they did some clever talking one early morning after a "good" night with the boys. It appears the law found them reciting their "working stress" tables too loudly—Clive—tut tut!

Bill Vickers was seen staggering home with tins of paint a few weeks ago. "Painting Kitchen", says Bill. I bet slide rule ran hot computing no. of strokes per sq. ft. H.P. needed, etc.

Brian Judd—the muscle man, found that even his eating raw carrots didn't help his mid-year Eng. Princ. exam; perhaps it was the K.O. he received on the footie field that made him forgetful. Might have been I——s. (long low whistle at this stage.)

Paul Vail's idea of a geology excursion is sitting in a car all day with the wireless on, we wonder who learnt the most—he or the mountaineers.

Arthur Willson seems to think he can learn more about Eng. Princ. working on his "hurdie-gurdie" as the Principal puts it.

Len Boyd and Rodney Howell were all set to show the athletic world some really fancy running, they had been galloping round the local oval for many weeks before the sports were cancelled. Better luck next year blokes!

Frank Ansell is finding it hard to believe that Oakleigh is out of the grand final.

Now for our celebrity—John Beckwith, a strong determined fellow is John and one of Melbourne's most promising footballers; many League clubs are seeking him, and I offered him my stamp collection if he joined South Melbourne, but the tastiest bait must have been slung by Melbourne, for John is now on their training list—Darn the Red Legs!

In conclusion, we, us and Co. of the 6th form say "Wait till we're in the 7th Form—just wait," that incidentally will not be until 1956. A. W.

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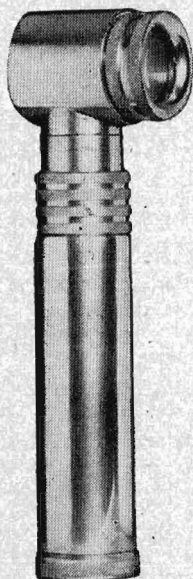


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FORM 5B

Our form consists of a mixed set of boys, drawn from a wide variety of schools, and we feel that it is the despair of all teachers concerned. Though not of the "sporty" type, it is represented in the tennis team by Alan Banfield (who does well at exams., too), and on the cricket field by Alan Wyatt and Keith Routley. Keith is also a keen Rugby enthusiast.

The form is pestered by two model maniacs who talk and think nothing else, and by "Dreamy" Dunlop who is usually to be found in the library reading "Radio and Hobbies," filling that magnificent brain of his with wireless and electronics.

Amusement is amply provided by Phillip Romeril, with his astounding interest in the Art Department, and also by J. Anderson and T. Webster (whose voice has rather more power than sweetness).

Other quiet, efficient members include B. Blair, J. W. Anderson and J. Trevenen.

We have had a pleasant, interesting year and are looking forward to attaining the dignity and standing of Sixth formers in 1950.

FORM 6B.

6B is in the limelight, class average very keen, the girls of course keep that well up while we just sit and dream. Yes people we're not brilliant, the menfolk of 6B, but we sure have a lot of fun, as you will clearly see, if you walk in upon our class when we are all combined, to drive some poor instructor completely off his mind. In 35 we often see an all-in verbal fight, twix Mr. P. and Peter Hox., in corners red and white, and 36, Bob Underwood with theories not the best, keeps Mr. Tasker's head awhirl and gives us all a rest. But you will win no girl Bob, unless you perm your hair, which will bamboose the half back scrum and give the fans a scare. A toast to absent members seems the order of the day, on Fridays, in English, with a precis on the way. Also to fallen comrades our thoughts are ever turned, B. Sparkman will fall too hard, unless he now had learned to ride his Bantam beesa, from Mr. Kepert, quote, "He leads a short but merry life," which strikes a morbid note. Unhappy is our Ian Runge, for the end of the strike he longs, there is nothing like a good gas flame for heating curling tongs.

He keeps well clear of women. After girls he is no mooner, but I think he really likes the blondes, cause they get dirty sooner. Peter Hein is a little above us, on classical music

he thrives, he also writes all his essays which makes three of them wasting their lives.

Barry Ryan is one of the chemists, when he has time to pause, he follows Mr. Lyon about and shuts the blinkin' doors. Peter Hoxley also does Chem., and mostly in English we fear, but he would rather be playing some sport or pounding some innocent's car. Robert Percy is usually seen telling Bessie and Barbara lies, but I think his moustache affects the girls, like Mr. Percy's ties.

Neil Charman is a dark horse, he likes to play and frolic, he came to 2B early once and staggered Mr. Pollock. And in Applied Mechanics our Bessie he adores, while Mr. Flynn talks to the class accompanied by soft snores. That queer chap acting troppo., knocking pucks to left and right, is Alan Crawford practising for the game on Friday night.

Max Officer is an actor, he acts upon the stage, he also acts in English and jabbars like a sage. His shadow is Joe Currey, he is always on the run, he is Mr. Flynn's works manager and advisor rolled in one.

Peter Georgeson's our other member, but I've had enough to say, please ignore the changing metre.—Yours truly,

ROY BARCLAY.

FORM 4A.

We are well represented by four prefects, four of whom are in the school football and tennis teams, and I may mention that the prefects have done good work in making the school a more pleasant place in which to work. During the second term the prefects, with representatives from 4a and 4b clubbed together under the direction of Mr. Birch, and organised a most successful school dance. The highlight of this function was Peter Matson's attempt to drag a body around Spencer's "flawless polished floor."

By-the-way, if anyone wishes to buy a very luxurious car, in rattling good condition, he should contact Mr. Landy, care of 4A.

E. CORNWELL.

FORM 3A

Caulfield Technical School is a great school, and Form 3A does its best to maintain its traditions. In the half-yearly examination one of our members, K. Sack, was dux of the Third Forms. One of the School's capable prefects, G. Livingston, is also to be found in 3A. Our form is well represented in all sporting activities. On the battlefield (football ground) we have P. Brough, R. Allen and S. Waterfall, while J. Edwards shines at cricket. David Haber is a noted baseballer, and Colin Evans our tennis champion.

—A. Cunningham.

FORM 3F.

All but four of us entered the School this year, wondering what lay ahead of us. However, we soon settled into our stride and have made our presence felt in various school activities. We congratulate David Turner and Peter Stennett (our "waterbaby") on finishing in the first twenty at the half-year, and thus raising our flag on the academic side of the school life.

In the sporting ring, our "Lone Star," Don Younger, has shown brilliance on the football field and Graham Browne has done well over the Baseball diamond. Peter Stennett also won laurels in the school swimming sports.

We have our share of notorious characters—the "foreigner," Geoff. Rattle, who insists on wearing his Oakleigh Tech. guernsey; the voracious bookworm, Kev. Griffin; far from least our live punching bag, Jack Long; and our giant Barrie Papps who gives our teachers a few anxious moments after talking to him—have they symptoms of polio, or just a stiff neck?

With the "finals" looming in the near future, we are "girding our loins" determined to make our mark on the school records—a lasting one.

FORM 2A.

This is a really first-class form which works hard under the able guidance of Mr. Tonkin, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Martin. We are proud to have R. Allen, who topped the scales at the Half Yearly examination. Scholarships have been awarded to F. Duke, R. Allen, B. Reid, N. Kay, G. Wallace, P. Lloyd and J. Thomson. The form is proud to have contributed a total of £1/5/- toward the Food for Britain Appeal.

FORM 2C.

THE CHAMPIONS AT NOTHING AND EVERYTHING

May we first remind you that any resemblance between intelligent people and those mentioned below is purely coincidental.

This form of wits and nitwits is led by Kevin Clark, with the assistance of Kevin Borland.

In athletics the sporting champions are Crowe, Imlach and Armstrong. Love, Cahill and Grieves also claim to be experts. Armstrong, Crowe, Clark and Nelson shine at football, the last-named picturing himself as a second John Coleman. Our tennis representatives are Borland and Simmonds. Maybe Joe Louis would have retired much earlier had he seen Form 2C's Bill Enders in action.

Dick ("Moaner") McPhail always finds time to make rulers and pencils disappear during sheetmetal periods. Sir Laurence Olivier has a genuine rival in our brilliant actor, "Lanky" Morris.

With all our troubles, it has been a champion year, thanks to our section master, Mr. Tonkin, whose periods somehow finish too soon. Some other periods do not finish soon enough.

FORM 2D.

Mr. Martin, our energetic maths master, also looks after the welfare of our form. Speaking of maths., "Alfred" Nott almost knows his "twice times table" up to $6 \times 2 = 18$, at least. J. Williams is our popular form captain, with C. Lea as his deputy. J. Colewell, R. Moss and K. Round play baseball to a certain extent.

—L. W.

FORM 1A.

Johns are most popular in our Form and two of these, Hannan, as form captain and Gillespie as roll monitor have done excellent jobs. We all hope Peter Pallot soon learns to master his violin so that his hair will be in keeping with it. We managed to collect quite a few "prizes."

FORM 1B.

Comprises a happy crowd except for Max Marshall who usually has a complaint, but Bill Mason makes up for him. We can boast of star footballer and cricketer, our Form Captain Neil Crompton, and further our golfer and walking dictionary Bob Nicholls. Mr. Welton, our Solid Geom. Teacher, has very good aim with the Teesquare. We hope that next year will be as good as this one.

FORM 1C.

This being our first year, we really have not had time yet to prove ourselves the best form. Our play-producer, Bartley Pridmore, when away from his comics, organises things well. Form captain Don Kitto and his vice, Ron Thomas, are also doing fine jobs. It's remarkable how Tonics have aided our spelling.

FORM 1D.

Reviewing half yearly results we did well and we can always rely on our star, Bob May in Solid. Martin is a good all-rounder and White and Brain are there to bolster our Sporting activities. Neil Campbell can always manage to raise a laugh but at Solid he's not nearly so fortunate.

FORM IE.

Hullo everybody! This is Form IE calling. Our highly respected form captain this year is Byron Barnes. This is a very important form for many reasons. We have quite an accomplished mouth organist in Robin Waters. Mervyn Moore is the form's best long distance runner, though he is only a little chap—about four feet six inches high and thirteen years of age. We regret to say that Ian Jackson, our Scotch boy, left us for Yalourn Technical School during the year. Allan Davies, our humorist, is not only a good runner, but does well at cricket and football. Spencer, whose elbow was dislocated when some hefty person fell on it, is now well again, though he does not play release any more.

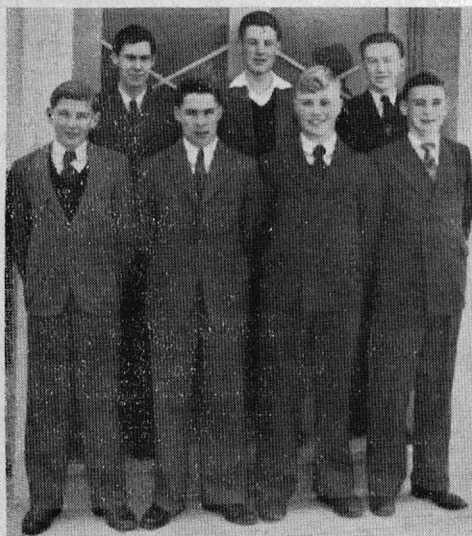
C. BULL.

FORM IF.

IF is a first year form. Our boys are good sports at school and at play. Our champion footballer of the form is Robert Kerrigan. Robert is the only first year boy in the school football team. Of course we are not all good sportsmen like Robert, but we try.

Keith Hamilton is a very intelligent boy who does neat work and has a good brain. He topped our form in examinations.

Mr. Kirkham is very popular with the boys of our form. He took us on one occasion to a lovely Orchestral concert in the Melbourne Town Hall, and we behaved very well.



PREFECTS, 1949

Back: John Paul, Graeme Livingston, Ron. Seales.
Front: Peter Hall, James Johnstone, Robert Bigelow, John Kift.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

Dear Students,

Just a few words of appreciation and thanks for your kindness to my grandmother, aged 78 years. She lives alone and your parcel was a welcome gift which she warmly appreciated.

She says it was a pleasing sight to see so much food and so many smiling faces this morning in the Middlesborough Road School Room where the parcels were given out at the old people's tea.

We are on the receiving end now, but some day we may be able to return your kindness. Now we can only say thank you and God bless you all.

Yours sincerely,

To receive a letter like this—one among the forty or fifty to arrive this year—makes us feel that our "Food for Britain" contributions have been worth while. In pennies and ha'pennies the money has been coming in all the time until, at the end of Second Term, over £21 has been collected. Twenty-one pounds out of your occasional pennies! It is hard to credit the fund of happiness and gratitude such little gifts have built in the hearts of the elderly folk of Grangetown and South Bank, England, where our parcels have been distributed.

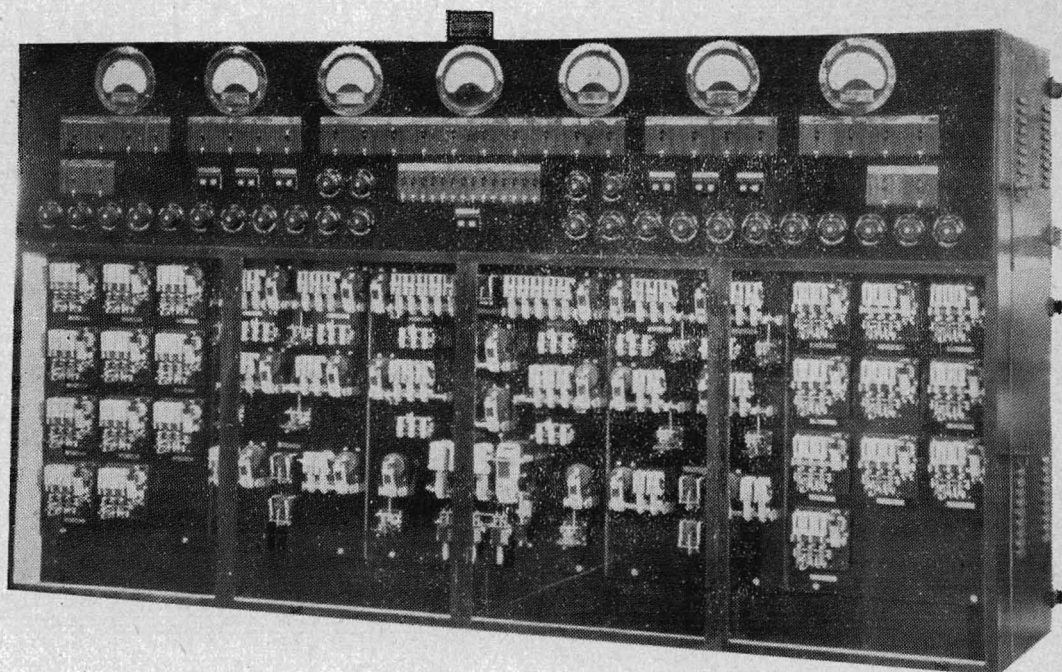
We have sent two consignments this year and have money ready for a third. This third one will probably be in the form of individual Christmas parcels, but our usual plan is to send the food in bulk. The British Ministry of Food pays freight on goods sent in this way, and local food authorities distribute the food in Grangetown at a gathering where the old age pensioners have a cup of tea and a gossip.

Here are just a few extracts from letters; they may encourage the boys to keep up their good work:

A typical comment: "I can assure the students of Caulfield that their efforts are much appreciated. To old age pensioners like myself the parcels are like a gift from Heaven."

An old gentleman writes: "It would warm your hearts to see the look on the faces of the old people as they receive your gifts."

The feeling of all these elderly people we have been fortunate enough to help is summed up in the letter of a 73-year-old war pensioner: "To express one's thoughts at such a gift from so far away is difficult. We are very thankful to all our friends in Australia. May every rich blessing be for ever with your students."



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THE GRADUATION



FOURTH YEAR MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

*"For 'tis the sport to have the Engineer
Hoist with his own petard."*

Hamlet.

Our engineers are coming off the assembly line at last. The above models, disguised as earnest students, are actually the first diplomates in accordance with specification C.T.S. No. 46 1949. These are really only "demo" models and will doubtless be returned to the factory for various adjustments. Before being released to an unsuspecting industry they are subject to a last rigorous examination called the "Finals." This is a rigid test and will show up certain mathematical and thermodynamical imperfections which must be rectified before the approval for release is obtained. The acceptance test for these models after the re-adjustment is called the "Supps."

As is seen from the photographs the models are characterised by a certain lack of uniformity in design giving rise to various physical and structural abnormalities. The internal mechanisms are modified to produce four separated types. These are (a) Interested, (b) Clueless, (c) Bored, (d) Leisured.

In the final stages of their production a number of setbacks occurred. These were probably due to the human element sabotaging the mechanised processes. Mishaps included the burning out of galvanometers, short circuits on screwdrivers, unparalleling of alternators and the production of sizzling blue arcs. The various Production Managers subjected the units to routine tests during manufacture as required by the specifications. Mr. F. tested them for toughness, hardness and fatigue, Dr. G. for resistance to learning and susceptibility to feminine lure, Mr. C. for engine performance and fuel analysis, Mr. M. for acceleration and Mr. G. for retardation. As Mr. M. so nicely puts it, "Their strength is as the strength of ten, because their maths is pure."

Before being consigned C.H.W.* let's look at them from the consumer's angle. The dictionary defines an Engineer as "one who applies mathematical principles to the control of natural forces for the benefit of mankind." How can our diplomates function "for the benefit of mankind?" They must study social

CLASSES - 1949



FOURTH YEAR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

conditions, learn to control social forces and learn to express ideas clearly and fearlessly. The training of the engineer is so crowded and technically specialised that his outlook on graduation is somewhat narrow. He has during his training little time to study social and cultural problems.

"Until a man grows unto the age of 23," says a State document of the reign of Elizabeth, "he is not grown unto the full knowledge of the art that he professes." With the progress of science he must today be prepared to devote his whole life to the study of his profession. Mental development is a continuous process. True learning breeds humility for it is "when the brain stops growing that the head starts to swell." When a man imagines even after years of striving that he has attained perfection, his decline begins.

Now, may I address to our finished products a few final charges?

You have been a swell class. In lectures you always covered your mouths when you yawned. At times you found your teachers very dull—which is exactly the way they found you.

If you ever climb to the top of the ladder be awfully nice to everyone, because you're going to meet them all again, coming down. Be charitable in thought and deed, particularly to your less fortunate fellows. A man never shows his character so plainly as by the way he portrays others.

Be honest with yourself. An intelligent man does not pose. He leaves that for the man who wants to be thought intelligent.

You will find that true happiness comes from service. It is like coke—something you get as a by-product in the process of making something else. Happiness is not a destination but a mode of travelling.

Your welfare is completely dependent upon the welfare of your neighbour. And now, Farewell! Retain your school friendships by joining the Ex-Students Association and so foster the precious memories of your most impressionable years.

"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

(Hamlet).

*Cold Hard World.

TO OLD STUDENTS

Past, Present and Yet to be.

The end of this year sees the first big exodus of students from the Senior School and I suggest that now is the time to start thinking about tying some threads between the old students and their school. To many of us the thought of a sudden severing of contact with all our friends, particularly those who have pioneered the way through the new Diploma School, is not a happy one.

Therefore I present these few words in favour of the formation of an Old Students Society, whose main functions would be that of maintaining contact with the school, and of taking an active interest in the School's social functions. Such a society could arrange for its members to be notified of school dances, if the organisers of such dances desire to swell their numbers and their pockets (as presumably they do). Anyway, what about a Graduation Ball! And if the members of the next Concert Committee are decent types, perhaps they'll allow us to put on an Old Boys (and girls) item at the future School Concerts. Then, of course, you'll all like a regular copy of our super magazine, so we'll arrange that too! All we'll need from you is a few pence for cost of the magazine, postage and stationery. So there is a little food for your thoughts.

Now if there are any old students of either the Junior or Senior School, (including members of the former Old Boys Society) who wish to be notified of any activity in the directions mentioned we will be glad to hear from them if they will contact Mr. Tucker, C/- C.T.S. Ed.

OLD BOYS I HAVE MET

Prior to embarking on our Diploma course many a worthy Caulfield student was finished off at Footscray Tech. which was in those days an exclusive Institution.

Among the first D.P.'s was:

Stuart Patullo who left here in 1938 and did the Mechanical Diploma. He now operates a successful diesel maintenance business at Leongatha.

Stanley James Horney completed his diploma in 1941. He is now chief draughtsman at Thompson Combustion Co., and is largely responsible for the boiler installations at Newport power house.

Leonard Arthus Irwin hit Footscray in 1942. He is now a B. Mech. E. or something and is a design engineer in a machine tool factory.

William John Richardson left his mark at Caulfield before seeking fame abroad. He's at the S.E.C. shunting the right amount of juice into the various feeders.

Patrick John Mahon claims to have been a product of Caulfield. We are emphatic that the credit goes to Footscray. After getting a diploma or two he joined S.E.C. and is busy flowing fuses at Yarraville laboratory. There are such a lot of Old Boys lost without trace, some even married. Some day the school will bring the records up to date and we'll finger print the lot. Meantime the co-operation between Caulfield and Footscray continues. We even swap instructors.

ATTENTION CIVIL ENGINEERS!

One of our popular rehab. students, budding Civil Engineer Ken Meekcoms, left us last May to try his luck in the cruel world as Assistant to the Shire Engineer, Maryborough. Ken's letters indicate his satisfaction with conditions generally and a firm conviction that those wishing to pursue Municipal Qualifications should do so by entering a Shire or Borough under the Pupilage System—particularly if there is a Technical School handy. He does not wish to entice Mr. Kepert's brood from the nest but offers to lay bare the pitfalls and give the clues to those with the idea in mind if they care to contact him at Maryborough Town Hall. He gives a very interesting item on Maryborough and I quote him:—"This town offers plenty of scope for potential Engineers as it is a rapidly developing industrial area on the threshold of cityhood. Plans are in hand for increased water supply, sewerage and new street construction necessary for the population increases. The State Rivers and Water Supply Commission is at present building a weir on the Loddon River at Cairn Curran, about 12 miles out, and surveying is taking place for another at Rodborough, about 5 miles out. The C.R.B. is constructing new and heavier roads into and through the town, while the S.E.C. is duplicating its transmission lines in anticipation of the greater demands from new industries expected to be built. The population is 6,300. The town is 750ft. above sea level and has such attractions as the Olympic Swimming Pool, Artificial lake, gardens, etc." Ken sends his regards to one and all and wishes us all luck. We in turn wish him luck in his venture and look forward to a visit from him sometime.

G. N. H.

LITERARY



NOTES

— THE WINDMILL —

With head on high and arms outstretched,
I cast my eyes and see,
In field below the
Yearly crop which soon
Will be for me.

For then my sails will catch the wind,
And then I'll be set free
To grind the corn,
To feed the folk,
Who all look up to me.

F. DUKE, 2A.

THE LIBRARY

What is a library? A collection of books, pamphlets, magazines neatly arranged on shelves? No! It is far more than that. It is a collection of books, etc., certainly, but books which are arranged in such a way that their contents became readily available to the reader with the least delay. In order to achieve this desirable state, it is necessary to use a well-developed and well-proved basis of classification. The scheme which we have adopted is that of Melville Dewey and known as "The Dewey Decimal Classification." It is in use in the Reference and Lending Sections of the Public Library of Victoria, and at the Melbourne University Library, to mention but two of many. The classification divides knowledge into ten main groups. 1. Philosophy, 2. Religion, 3. Social Sciences, 4. Language, 5. Science, 6. Useful Arts, 7. Fine Arts, 8. Literature, 9. History, 10. Generalia. It then uses a decimal notation to permit of the further subdivision of each of the main classes.

The first duty of the librarian then is to arrange the books on the shelves in accordance with a definite and clearly defined system of classification. His second duty is to make the books so arranged readily available to the reader. To do this a dictionary card catalogue is prepared, containing an alphabetic arrangement of all authors, an alphabetic arrangement of all titles, and finally an alphabetic arrangement of cross references. This cataloguing and classification of books applies not only to the Senior or Kernot Lib-

rary, but also to the Junior Library, and to the 16 Branch Libraries in the school.

In these days when such vast advances are being made in the development of scientific and technical knowledge, it can truly be said that any nation, state, university or school lacking in good library facilities for teaching and research is on the way out.

L. H.

AN ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF THE PACIFIC WAR

This article is the combined contribution of several authors, none of whom will accept the responsibility, and they all defy you to find PROVE that there are any spelling mistakes in it.

The inspiration comes from the two escaped boongs who are in our midst and who are always nattering away to some of our semi-boongs.

I refer to "Blue" Holland and "Dolly" Gray.

Now by the kind permission of "Blue" we tell the tale of the war as it is told in his homeland.

"One fella time plarnty moon 'e all di pinis Masta belong Australia 'e stop along place belong boy. Yapan man 'e some along balus, along sip along soda water, Australia Masta 'e go back along Australia quicktime. Yapan man 'im 'e talk along all boy along rifle. Orait you workim plarnty plarnty strong, you no work orait you di pinis quicktime. Boy 'im 'e work plarnty strong 'e catchim lik lik kai-kai. Yapan man 'im 'e number ten. Behind time Masta belong Australia 'im 'e come back along New Guinea, 'e fightim Yapan man 'im 'e die pinis quicktime. Masta belong Australia 'im 'e talk along all boy, orait you workim you catchim plarnty kai-kai. Masta belong Australia 'im 'e plarnty plarnty good 'im 'e number one. Now Masta 'im 'e stop along place belong boy all time."

If any one desires a translation he or she can see Mr. Fargher or any Matric. English student doing the history of the modern language.



THROUGHOUT THE HISTORY of the theatre there has been none so famous as "Shakespeare's Globe." It was here that the great bard's immortal plays were first acted. In order to possess a full understanding of these plays a knowledge of the Elizabethan Theatre is necessary. To further this end many conjectural reconstructions have been made (for little evidence remains to completely specify any of the theatres.) The following is the result of such research.

The Globe, erected in 1599 was situated on Bankside in the town of "Southwarke" outside London. It was an octagonal three storey building built around an inner yard and was capable of housing 3,000. A sign of Hercules shouldering the Globe (hence the name) hung over the main entrance. Here stood the doorkeeper holding a box into which everyone dropped a penny. Playgoers could then pass

into the benchless and unroofed "yarde" and remain with their fellow groundlings throughout the performance.

The three levels of the Globe were available for theatre-goers seeking better accommodation. For these patrons the penny surrendered at the door was merely the first of a series of payments varying from one penny to half-a-crown.

The stage projected to the middle of the yard and was of a size rarely equalled at the present day. Palings screened activities in the "hell" beneath, while a low balustrade prevented invasion by groundlings during some exciting moment of the play. From the "hell" devils and so on could appear through trap-doors.

The largest trap, located at the middle of the platform, was provided with mechanical means for raising and lowering. Stage directions often called for a pair of dragons, a chariot drawn by devils, and groups of actors numbering as many as eight to descend together. Accompanying such appearances were "Thunder and Lightning," "Smoke and Fire," "hellish musick" or "falling chains," which had the practical value of concealing the noise made by the trap mechanism.

In the curtained inner stage a scene could be prepared while another was in progress before the closed curtain. The curtain was then drawn and the play proceeded on the inner stage. A trap in the floor lent itself to open graves, river banks, and subterranean vaults.

Above the inner stage was a balcony used to represent battlements or castle walls. Behind was a curtained "upper stage." Above this in the middle portion of the third level was the music gallery in which the playhouse orchestra performed. Windows at either side in the storage lofts were occasionally used to represent a turret, or masthead overlooking the outer stage below.

The Globe "heavens" were composed of three parts: the huts, the stage cover or "shadow," and a turret supporting the flag-pole. A large trap in the huts enabled the spectacular appearances of chariots and clouds, often carrying as many as four gods or spirits. Also in the huts stood the trumpeter who "sounded" thrice before the play began. For the purpose of pyrotechnic displays (in which the Elizabethans were highly skilled) a small opening was provided in the hut for the appearance of comets, moons and stars. This opening also found use in stage directions calling for snow or rain—"From above a dish of water." The cannon was located here. When used to announce the arrival of the King at the Cardinal's Palace in "Henry VIII." "Drums and Trumpet, chambers discharged" this discharge on the afternoon of June 29, 1613, a "day of sunshine weather" brought about the complete destruction of the Globe by fire.

A. WILSON.

OUR ALBERT AT CAUTEC

Being the result of too intensive a study of the "History of the English Language"! You've 'eard as 'ow yoong Albert Ramsbottom,

Got 'et by t'Lion at Zoo,
Said 'Moother, "Yon 'abit's un'calthy;
Let's find t'lad soomthing to do."

Now Pa 'e were technical minded,
Right 'andy with 'ammer and rule,
'E suddenly got bright idea:
"We'll send lad to 'Technical School."

When Mother broached soobject to Albert
The lad felt all foony and weak;
Said father: "Don't fret lad, you'll like it,
You're startin' at Caulfield next week."

When Albert arriveded on Moonday,
'E entered thru new wooden door;
But then 'e sat down on 'is backside,
'Cause someone 'ad polished t'floor.

They took 'im t'see Mr. Kepert,
Who welcomed t'lad and then said,
"We'll teach thee to be Engineer,
And try to fill space in tha head."

Now Albert went into t'maths. class
T'grapple with Calculus deep,
But after an hour of our "Weary,"
'E ended oop going' t'sleep.

When Albert arrived in machine shop,
They showed t'lad ow t'push file,
And gave 'im a big choonk o' metal
Sayin', "'Ere, push at that for a while!"

But when t'instroocter were absent
Our lad thought machines 'e would try.
'E drilled 'oles in Pop's shiny spanners
And got bit of metal in eye.

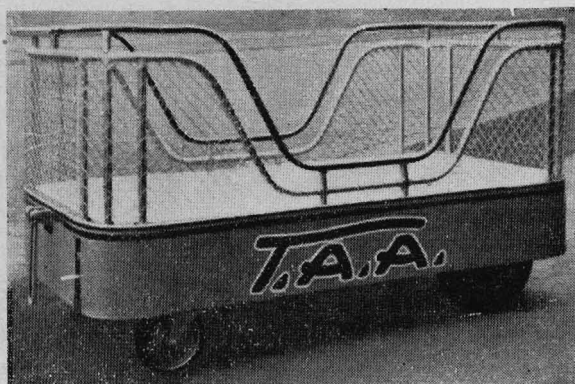
They told Albert ow t'start Lister,
And 'ow t'make boiler raise steam.
'E learnt 'ow t'use 5-ton Avery,
And 'ow t'watch "Falling of Beam."

T'Doctor showed Albert t'switchboard
And pointed out knobs, black and red.
Our Albert stook fingers across them—
Y' should 'ave 'eard what t' lad said!

By Friday, when Staff were exhausted
And Albert 'ad vanished from view,
They posted a note to 'is moother:
"Kindly sent lad back to Zoo!"

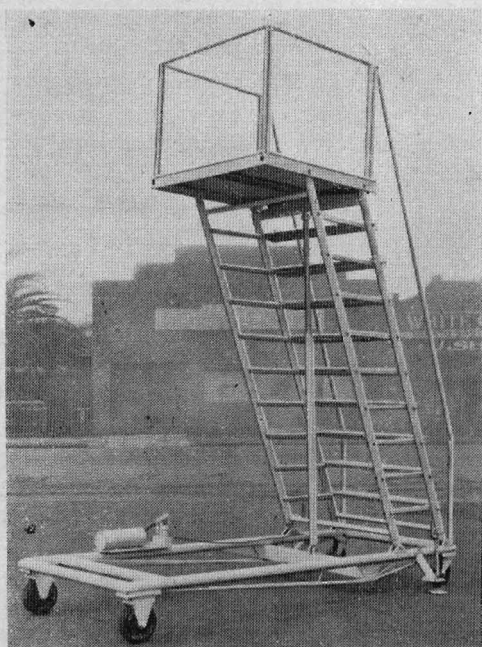
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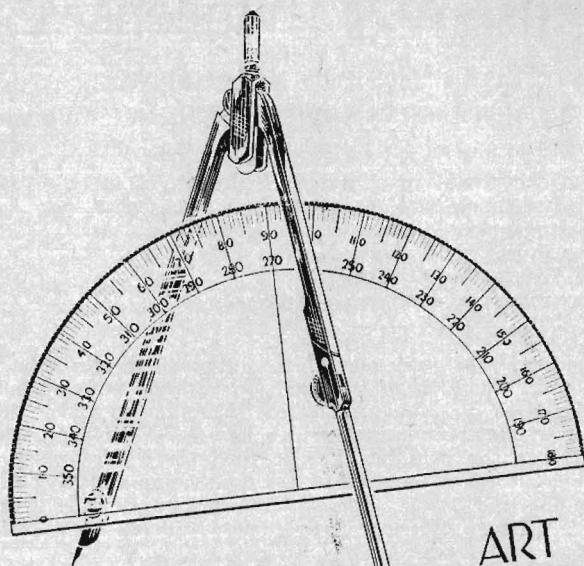
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