



GRYPHON '61

GRYPHON

CAULFIELD TECHNICAL COLLEGE

1961

14th ANNUAL MAGAZINE



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K. MANIE

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Sports Editor:

G. CARROLL

Committee:

D. BROWN
Miss S. SWAN
JOHN RAIVERS

FOREWORD

BY THE PRINCIPAL

Recently the Education Department arranged a conference of Principals to launch a Safety Programme for Technical Schools. The conference was opened by the Minister and addressed by the Director of Education, and several senior representatives of large industrial organizations took part. These facts indicate the importance of the project in the eyes of the administration.

The schools have two major tasks. The first is the obvious one of guarding against accidents in the schools. The second is more far-reaching—the task of training students so that they will carry safe working with them when they leave the schools.

Statistics shows that we are killing and maiming ourselves at an alarming rate by failing to take adequate care on the roads, in the factories, and in our homes. Unfortunately, statistics also show that you young people are much more vulnerable than I am—and the community can do without me much better than it can do without you: it will be losing me fairly soon anyway!

You are probably aware that young people round about the 20-year-old group have by far the highest accident rate on the roads. This in spite of the advantages of fast reactions and good physical condition which should give young people a better chance of escaping from danger in an emergency. In industry, new employees generally have a higher accident rate than experienced workers.

These higher accident rates may be due in part to lack of experience and consequent failure to anticipate all the hazards that may arise.

Perhaps they are partly due to the survival of the fittest—the elimination of some of the accident-prone before they contaminate the older age group! However, I suspect that an important factor is the attitude of mind of young people—a willingness to take risks and a confidence that “it can’t happen to me”. If we are quite honest with ourselves, we may have to admit that willingness to take risks is sometimes tied up with a very dangerous tendency to show off or to prove our courage, a tendency

which, in its worst form, leads to games of the “chicken” type.

Perhaps it is necessary to emphasise the difference between such foolhardiness and a willingness to undertake really worthwhile projects in spite of some unavoidable dangers. An excellent example of this attitude is to be found in Dr. P. G. Law, who has done so much in Australian Antarctic exploration. Nobody could suspect him of any lack of courage, but he points proudly to the safety record of the Antarctic Division, thanks to meticulous planning, careful training, and a constant awareness of danger. He suggested that they have made the Antarctic safer than Melbourne streets—much safer than Dandenong Road, no doubt. Another example may be found in the Dupont organization, which manufactures explosives. It has adopted the slogan:—“If we cannot manufacture a product safely, we will not manufacture it at all.”

How are the schools to go about teaching safety? In the first place, there are certain specific hazards which are not obvious and must be explained to students—for example, dangers from poisons and explosives in the Chemistry Laboratory. However, there are very many hazards which can be readily appreciated with nothing more than commonsense and an awareness of danger. Probably the most important task of the school in its safety programme is to develop the habit of constant alertness, of thinking always of what might go wrong, of looking before you leap.

Success in this task depends almost entirely on the interest of students. If you are not interested, there is little that the school can do; if you are interested, there is little that the school need do. I hope that you will make the programme a success, and that you will take away with you a determination to do all you can to work safely yourselves and to see that others work safely—for many of you, in a few years, will occupy positions in which you must accept responsibility for the actions of other people.

EDITORIAL . . .

In presenting this issue of the "Gryphon" we hope that we have upheld the high standard that the college has been accustomed to.

May we express our sincere thanks to all those who made this issue possible. May we specially show our appreciation to Mr. Tamagno, the head of the English Department, for his expert assistance and to the Commercial students, who typed a stack of scraggy-hand scribed notes into the finished article. Thanks are also due to Mr. Senior, last year's English head, now inspector, for his advice and guidance.

Compiling a magazine is not, by any means, an easy task. One is quite frequently stopped in corridors by a sly character who says:

"Have you heard this one about . . ."

"That's great, Bill! But hardly suitable for printing."

On the other extreme, however, we find the type that wants to devote six or seven pages to "THE EFFECT OF CHROMIUM ON TTT CURVES". By censoring funnies to a point of near respectability, and forgetting about chromium, a magazine slowly precipitates out of a state of argument, bickering and all out brawling.

The committee, you will note, is quite small when compared with other years. Some say: "Many hands make light work." We say: "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

The magazine this year has been designed for all students and possibly the general public (depending on how general they are).

We, the editorial cooks, now take pleasure in presenting you with the main course — The 14th Annual Gryphon (served hot).



● ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

If, during the examinations, you had a supervisor who was barely visible behind an enormous stack of papers, then by all probabilities, your supervisor was no less than Mr. Tomagno wading through reams of galley proofs. The Committee would like to thank Mr. Tomagno for the huge part he played in producing this year's Gryphon.

Our thanks are also extended to Mr. Wishart of Oakleigh Studios for the excellent photographs and to Patterson Shugg Pty. Ltd. for their blocks. First rate jobs.

The Magazine Committee wishes to thank all the contributors, for after all is said and done, it is really these people who make the Gryphon possible. Thanks also to the students' friend, Mr. R. H. Keller, for the rude magazine he lent us for some ideas. Sorry R.H. but the printer refused point blank.

The typing this year was done by the fair damsels from Room 26 (Commerce Girls) who, under the keen eye of Mrs. Newcombe, transcribed the reams of scribble into readable notes.

THE STAFF

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

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

Headmaster: Mr. A. Lawson.

Trade Supervisor: Mr. T. Wasley.

● ART

H. J. Ellis, A.T.C.
W. H. Pace, A.T.C., A.T.Dip.
C. L. Smith, A.T.C., A.T.Dip.
K. W. Jack, A.T.C., A.T.Dip.
J. G. Broadfoot, Dip.Art.
G. Jones, Dip.Art.
Mrs. A. Date.
Mr. R. F. Smith, Dip.Adv.Art., T.T.C.M.A.
Miss E. E. Jackson, Dip.N'craft.
Mrs. E. M. Tullock, N'craft.
Miss P. Foard, Dip.Art.
Miss L. Wilkinson, Dip.Art. (left).
Miss L. Wilkinson, Dip.Art. (left).
B. McM. Bates, Dip.Art.
W. Armstrong.
D. J. Cameron, Dip.Art.
A. G. Thomas, Dip.App.Art.
Miss D. Boyle.
Miss J. Gorman, Cert.Art.

● BLACKSMITHING & WELDING

H. E. Green.

● CHEMISTRY & GEOLOGY

J. J. Ryan, B.Sc., B.Ed., A.R.A.C.I.
W. H. O. Billing, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
I. G. O'Brien, Dip.App.Chem.
I. G. O'Brien, Dip.App.Chem.
A. T. Davies, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
C. Gordon.

● COMMERCE

W. Clemens, A.A.S.A., L.C.A., Reg. Tax
Agent.
Mrs. H. Newcombe, S.T.D.
Mr. D. Werblow.

● CIVIL ENGINEERING

J. T. D. Prescott, B.C.E., Dip.Ed.,
A.M.I.E.(Aust.).
D. A. Roach, B.C.E., Dip.C.E.
E. B. Barry, Dip.C.E., T.T.T.C.

● ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

B. Gerstmann, Dr.Eng.Sc.(Vienna), B.E.E.
(Vienna), A.M.I.E.(Aust.), A.A.I.E.E.
D. R. Mills, B.E.E., Dip.E.E., Dip.Mech.E.
R. H. Chandler, Dip.E.E.
R. Wright, B.Sc.(Eng.).
M. Winthrop, B.Mech.E.(Poland).
E. T. Davey, T.T.I.C.
H. M. Vivian.
L. D. Smith, T.T.I.C.
L. O. Taylor.

● MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

E. Middleton, B.Mech.E., Dip.Mech.E.,
Dip.E.E., Dip.Ed., Grad.I.E.(Aust.).
J. B. Ritchie, B.Mech.E., Dip.Ed.,
Dip.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.(Aust.).
R. W. Holborn, Dip.Mech.E.
F. Forti, Dip.E.E.(Italy).
K. O. Deutscher, B.Mech.E., Dip.Mech.E.
D. Hagers, Dip.Mech.E., Dip.Sugar(Eng.).
D. Boyd.
K. Sambell, B.Mech.E., Dip.Mech.E.

● ENGLISH & REPORT WRITING

I. F. Tamagno, D.F.C. & Bar, B.A., Dip.Ed.
H. Davis, B.A., T.P.T.C.
J. D. Bydder, B.A., T.P.T.C.
B. K. Oakley, B.A., Dip.Ed.
N. A. Battye, B.A., Dip.Ed.
B. Kiernan, B.A., Dip.Ed.
D. Coupe.
D. Duke, B.A., Dip.Ed.
C. G. O'Brien, B.A., T.P.T.C.
K. Walker, B.A., Dip.Ed.

● INSTRUMENTAL DRAWING

L. Hogg.
W. G. Welton.

● LIBRARY

Miss M. O'Shannassy, B.A., T.P.T.C.
Mrs. P. Forbes.

● MACHINE SHOP

V. P. Underwood.
E. R. Hill.
L. Lovick.
R. Prebble.
W. J. Gowty.
B. A. Baxter.

● MATHEMATICS

F. C. Masson, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
J. W. Nethercote, B.Sc., B.Ed.
M. Coote, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
G. Pratt, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
A. J. Jones, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
B. Benjamin, B.Sc.
A. S. Devenish, B.A., Dip.Ed.

● METALLURGY

R. H. Keller, A.I.M.(London), F.R.M.T.C.
(Met.Eng.).
J. Thomas, A.I.M.(London), A.S.T.C.
(Met.).

● PHYSICS

A. D. Marshall, B.Sc., B.Ed., Grad.Inst.P.
E. N. Schonfelder, Dip.App.Phys., T.T.T.C.
A. J. Jones, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
G. A. Richards, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
J. R. Hunter, T.S.T.C.

● PHYSICAL EDUCATION

K. Graham, Dip.Phys.Ed.

● PLUMBING

J. N. Knapp.
E. Lascelles.
F. I. Lawrence.
W. M. Dempsey.
D. Bradfield.

● SCIENCE

W. H. Porter, B.Sc.
G. A. Comber, B.Sc.
J. E. Humphrey, A.G.Inst.Tech.

● WOODWORK

W. E. Ross.
S. Hannah.
N. E. Gardener.
A. Harrison.
R. G. Jones.
K. N. Smith.

● MURRUMBEENA ANNEXE

W. J. H. Smith (Asst. in Charge)
B. McM. Bates
J. C. Braun
J. C. Crocks
P. J. Hallenstein
A. E. D. Smith
W. H. Pace

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S. M. Hutton.
S. Moore.
Mrs. B. Sutterby.
Mrs. P. Collier.
Mrs. J. Glanville.
Miss L. Fletcher.
Miss G. Heron.
Miss L. Brookman.
Miss J. Ager.

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

● CAFETERIA

Mrs. Binot.
Mrs. Davidson.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

"A Committee is a group of the unfit appointed by the unwilling to do the unnecessary. It keeps minutes and wastes hours."



BOB BOOTH (Co-Editor)

"There is one God, the State Electricity Commission, and Booth is its Prophet." Bob hails from Chadstone, and, between calculating the time the Chaddy Candle will go out and collecting scandal for the school paper, is studying to be a student. It is said by many who know this lad that he is the President of the "Under the Thumb" Club. Bob will soon find the truth in the saying "Join the S.E.C. and see Victoria". His main reason for being on this celebrated committee is to get a photo for Ronda, so she can think of him when he's crawling around some transformer at Yallourn.

KEVIN MANIE (Co-Editor)

A die-hard fanatic. He talks all day about three things—TC's, Beethoven, and Units. He wants the engineering world to adopt his Metric Ton, Fathom, Geophysical Year Unit. Asked why, he replies "Why not? It's almost as mad as the rest!" If you're asked by him anything to do with classical music, just answer "The Fifth Symphony", that will suffice. Now beware students! There is a fiend in this school who goes around arranging dates for engineering students with Commerce girls. Ask Graeme Carroll. He'll tell you who it is. To sum up Kevin's sports car philosophy: "If you run over a penny, and you can't tell whether it's heads or tails up, you're not driving a sports car."

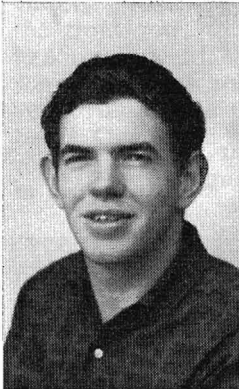


GRAEME CARROLL

Graeme served his apprenticeship under Mr. Senior and was a worthy member to have on this year's Magazine Committee. Graeme arranged the photographs, so, the rest of the committee are not to blame. A favourite subject of his is the Sports Committee, and the S.R.C. Dinner. (Graeme is the Sports Committee.) With these two subjects at his disposal Graeme could talk for hours. We would also like to point out that he was the one who got the Commerce girls to type the magazine (this boy's really got it. Just ask the girls.)

SUE SWAN

It is fitting that Sue Swan fits in here. Sue is on the committee because Graeme said she was. (Add a bit of colour, you know.) When we find out what else Sue does, but add colour, we will let you know. Sue went to the S.R.C. Dinner escorted by "you know who". We think the escorts face was redder than Sue's. To sum up, if Sue is the irresistible force then the thing that's got to give is the immovable object (G.C.).

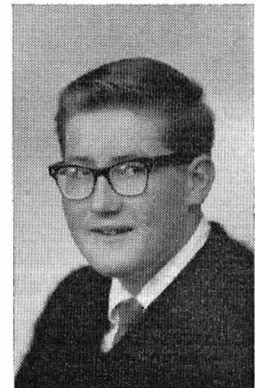


DON BROWN

Don is a poet. One of his finest efforts has been "Down by the Power Station", a portrait of electrical might dedicated to Bob Booth. Don is a statistician also. He believes that the chance of getting one good car is not so good as getting "n" cars, wrecking them, putting the good bits back to build the one car, and driving same. The probability is now p^n ("H'mm, something's wrong mate!") For the concert Don decided to do some female impersonations. "There's two down in front," said Don at one stage during his act, and he didn't mean empty seats!

JOHN RAIVERS

John moved on to the scene when all the correcting and editing had to be done. (Evil grins from rest of committee.) He's the only non-final student on the committee and is being "taught the trade" (the hard way). Nothing much is known about him except that he likes rock and roll and hot rods. Other than this he's quite a good bloke.



ANNUAL PRESENTATION OF AWARDS, 1961

CERTIFICATES

● ART

BOWEN, Judith Anne
CAMERON, Ronald Edward
CARNAHAN, Daryl John
CHRISTOU, Arthur George
COGAN, Daniel
COWELL, Judith
COX, Linda Joyce
DAYBLE, Peter Francis
DODD, Lindsay Rooney
GARNER, Anne
HANNA, Pamela Anne
HARGRAVE, Ian
HELLIER, Dermott
JONES, Robert Harold
LEE, William Siew Choon
LOVELL, Roy
MALE, Janice Shirley
MASSEY, Lynette Gay
MORTENSEN, Harold James William
McINTOSH, Eileen
ORR, David Robert William
PEEL, Dianne Myrna
WICKS, Ian David

● MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

BENSON, Francis Thomas
CHAPPELL, Robert John
LAVEN, Anthony Albert

● ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

DONALDSON, Thomas Malcolm
STUMBRIS, Edgar
WHITFORD, Richard Alan

DIPLOMAS

● ART

RUMBOLD, Raymond James
VAN VEEN, William Jan

● MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

CONNOR, Arthur William
CONNORS, Thomas James
CRAZE, Kenneth
DREW, Raymund Edward
DUKE, Kevin Thomas
ECCLESTON, Wallace Dudley
FUNDER, Graeme Wallace
GRIFFITHS, Keith Charles
HACK, Harold George
HOSKIN, Alan Stanley

LEWIS, David Graham
LONG, Graham Curnick
NORRISH, Rex Michael
ROBISON, Alan Archibald
SMEATON, Thomas
STICKLAND, Frederick Thomas
WESTWOOD, Roger Stan
YOUNG, Alan Kenneth

● ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

ADLER, John Maxwell
ANDERSON, Keith John
BROWNLOW, Charles Edward
CATT, Ian Harry
CROSHER, Edward Thomas
HANSFORD, Alan Edward
KELLY, Ian William
LEWIS, David Graham
MATHIESON, James Stewart
MELFORD, Norman James
MIDDLETON, Alan Ray
McLEAN, Donald Ray
NATHAN, Ronald Lyle
PEARCE, Craig Morton
PITTAM, Ronald Arthur
POLLARD, Ronald George
RANDALL, John Leslie
SEERS, Roderick Murray
SNELL, Keith Eddy

● CIVIL ENGINEERING

ANDERSON, Nils Fridtjof
BASSFD, Bruce MacLaren
BOARD, Ivan Keith
BUTLER, Norman Richard
COOPER, Robert James
ILBERRY, Maxwell Ernest
SAVAGE, Glenard Clifford
SHENFIELD, Richard Charles
WATSON, Norman Alfred
MALTZAHN, John Louis
RICHARDSON, Geoffrey Wyndham

CERTIFICATES FOR POST-DIPLOMA COURSES

BEST, Stanley Morris, Dip.Mech.Eng.
CROSS, Geoffrey Richard, Dip.Mech.Eng.
NORWOOD, Thomas Daniel, Dip.Mech.
Eng.
PARKER, Keith Linton, Dip.Mech.Eng.
WILSON, Alan Robert, Dip.Mech.Eng.
LEWIS, David Graham, Dip.Mech. and
Elec. Eng.
McGOWN, Ian Maxwell, Dip.Elec.Eng.

PASSING PARADE

It is in the use of time that men differ.
It serves some men; other men serve it.
Having neither beginning nor end
It glides by with noiseless tread
And some, failing to observe its presence,
Let it slip by unheeded and unimproved.

Can it be true? Can it really be true that, after so many years, some of the sheltered individuals whom we see grinning out at us from these pages are really being persuaded to move out into the cold hard world? Admittedly, some of them will be visible around the College for a number of years to come as they wrestle with Chem. 1 or Report Writing, but no longer will they be sweating it out for five long days a week.

Now, take a close look at what Caulfield Tech. has produced. Firstly, the Civil Engineers. Apart from the blase individual in the front row, they certainly seem to be looking forward to wielding a shovel on some mammoth road construction job next year. What nice shy looking lads at the back! One would never guess that this short row has some of the greatest noise makers in the group.

Notice that this year there are two groups of Mechanicals. Oddly enough 8M3 look quite gentlemanly, but there are two who just could not take their eyes from the Art girls while the photo was being shot. What a pity it is that those on the right-hand side of 8M $\frac{1}{2}$ were so busy as they mentally designed an effective door stopper so that next time they would not have to stand in a draft. From the look of their photo, it must have been most miserable just to the right of centre.

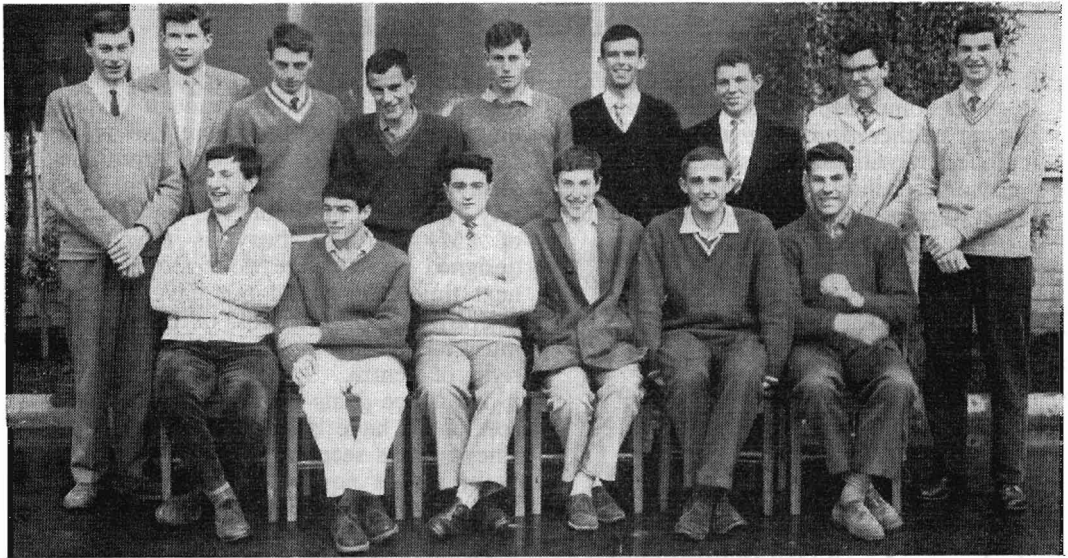
The three gents in the centre of the front row of 8E have been in final year for ages. They always seem to study so hard but the exam results never come out right. Better luck this time, boys!

All of these students are moving out into a troubled world which is full of tensions and uncertainty about the future. The world can already be destroyed if one or perhaps two men decide to press a certain button---what hope have we got now that these people are being released? During their lifetime they will all make mistakes, but then look at the mess which has been created by the last generation. Let us hope



FORMS 8M $\frac{1}{2}$

Back Row: Geoffry Marshal, Robert Lamb, Thomas Gyles, Barry Chitts.
Middle Row: Brian Kiely, Peter Shaw, Keith Reeves, John Cox, Ian Munce, Graeme Carroll, Barry Morton, Keith Blake.
Front Row: Kenneth Day, Alfred Rerden, Peter Moss, Mr. K. O. Deutcher, Kevin Manic, Barry Cady, John Ashford.
Absent: Peter Juchitzer, Alexander Freer.



FORMS 8M½

Back Row: Howard Steer, Andrejs Janitis, C. Murphy, John Daff, David Ford, John Carroll, David Hoffman, Leonard Wheelan, R. Stuart.

Front Row: Ian Fitcher, Erroll Croll, Brian Cahill, Edward Sentry, Brian Niel, Y Putnins

Absent:



FORMS 8C½

Back Row: Jan Watson, Kenneth Hendricks, Malcolm Middleton, John Brazenor.

Middle Row: Alan Johnson, David Hughes, Lyle Geffert, John Reberchi, Maxwell May, Russel Andrew, Robert Evans, Jim Hill, Donald Kennedy, Lester Sawyer, Douglas Moore.

Front Row: Paul Blair, Donald Bolt, Geoffry Dobell, John Jordon, Michael Adler, Gary Scott.

Absent: Slavik Ramchen.



FORMS 8C3

Back Row: Kean N. G., Raymond Boyd, Neil Dixon, Maxwell May, William Kay.

Front Row: Kim Tan, Alan Turnbull, Peter Michaels, William Hodgins, Michael Hargreaves, Leslie Bickerton.

that the world will treat them kindly, because, after all, the tortoise only makes progress when he sticks his neck out.

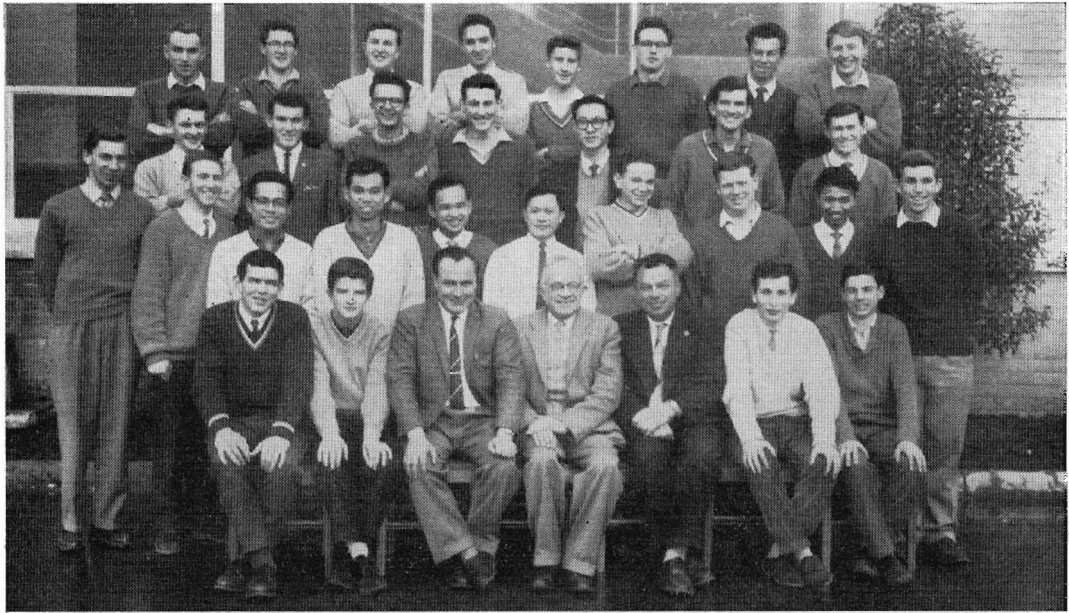
Technical progress, for good or ill, is becoming so rapid that, within a very few years, much of what was laboriously learned at the College will be out of date. Plastics, jet aircraft, automatic controls, electronics and atomic power were almost unknown when many of these students began to study in a technical school, and it was less than eight years ago that we were reading scientific articles, "proving" that space travel was impossible. More than ever before, it is imperative that we realise that learning has not finished when school days are over. In these last few years at Caulfield, these students have been learning how to learn. It is to be hoped that they do not forget that lesson quickly.

As well as the ability to keep on learning and applying what has been learned, we should all consciously make some attempt to leave the world a little better because we have been through it. It has been well said that there are two main types of people, those who are part of the problem and those who are part of the answer. Those who

think only of themselves and what they can get are part of the problem, but those who are concerned with how much they can put in and what they can give are part of the answer. Those in the latter group usually find that happiness is a worthwhile by-product.

It is interesting to speculate where these graduates will be and what they will be doing in ten years' time—of course, Civil Engineers often move into sewerage and are best forgotten. Those who continue to learn and apply, and are willing to give just that little bit more to their jobs, may follow many others of our past students to the fields of glory as factory and sales managers, or design and consulting engineers in France, New Guinea, Greece, Canada, England, or even Australia. Others will potter around learning little, and doing just what is required of them and no more. The following rhyme quite aptly describes these unfortunate people who are always about to do something worthwhile "One Day".

When day is done, the reason why
My joy in thin air melts is:
I always find when day is done,
So very little else is.



FORMS 8E½

Back Row: Ian Pooley, Jim Walker, Alan Phipps, Alec Palamarczuk, Kenneth Reeves, George Skarbek, Graeme Farmer, John Amiet.

3rd Row: David Juggins, Anthony Sims, Graeme Coates, John Paterson, Nai Chea, Ian Wilson, Barry Alderson.

2nd Row: Wilfred Moll, Robert Booth, Dunstan Lee, Che Meng Lee, Peter Leong, Kenneth Moey, Warren Kidd, Bruce Gilbert, Hari Soeharjono, Denis Brockenshire.

Front Row: Donald Brown, Robert Jackson, Mr. D. Mills, Mr. B. Gerstmann, Mr. R. Brookman, Ronald Zmood, Brian Brimmel.

Absent: Peter Lukins, William McDowell, Russel Forue.



COMMERCE 5F1 (GIRLS)

Back Row: Sandra Wilkinson, Agnes McKibben, Sandra Dubberlin, Jennifer Rowley, Susan Swan, Marion Smith, Christine Deeks, Kathleen Neary, Maree Jacob, Elaine Plaxton, Merryl Crabtree.

Front Row: Coral Griffin, Deidre Massey, Carolyn Button, Mrs. H. Newcombe, Valerie Roberts, Lois Faulkner, Joy Matheison.

Absent: Lorraine Mason, Maree Oakes.

College Excursions

● SNOWY RIVER ROLL (MECHANICAL STYLE)

And did we ever!

The first division of the Umpteenth Annual Snowy Mountain Excursion commenced on Sunday, the 14th May, and consisted of some 30 students, mostly of 8M½.

The group, excepting one, being practical jokers, contrived to assemble half an hour early, making the remaining one (me) appear to be extremely late on arrival outside the school where we all boarded the bus. (We did, however, not have the full group as Howard Steer got on at Drouin.)

More or less uneventfully we reached Lakes Entrance and nearly everyone lunched at the same cafe, where you declared how much you had to spend and then took "pot luck" on what you got.

As we left Lakes Entrance, the bitumen road, and consequently the smooth ride, ended abruptly. This did not deter the driver, who drove as though nothing had changed, and it was fortunate that we met no one coming the other way round some of the bends for we all might have appeared unexpectedly on T.V. (Nightwatch or something similar).

A large group assembled in the rear of the bus for a tutorial in Statistical methods whilst others began serious revision of Fluid Mechanics; the remainder read car magazines. Gradually the rear of the bus was vacated as the members therein formed a long queue with the Fluid Mech. boys to the door of the bus; each one was a delicate shade of green except Erroll, who, normally green, had gone yellow.

Some hours later it became apparent that the bus was not stopping until we reached Cooma. This led to a new sport developed by Brien. It was, however, only for those with a good sense of balance.

When we reached Cooma it appeared as though a mistake a-la-faux-pas had been made, since for about an hour we had nowhere to go and could find no one to direct us to it.

Eventually we were directed to the Monaro Hostel to stay the night. After unpacking (some of us had come prepared for a month), we went off to explore the town, which turned out to be rather dead . . . or had they heard us coming. That night Barry (the Chelsea one) and the bus driver held

a session! . . . of jokes and experiences they had had. The others listened while they said their prayers (for Barry and the bus driver).

The morning brought the S.M.A. guide, complete with own bus and driver and various leaflets (propaganda) about the scheme, which he handed out to everyone, and a programme which informed us of the itinerary for the tour.

The tour started that morning with a tour of the Engineering Laboratories, where all the chaps who have a flair for making sand castles work. It is here that models of the various projects are made to determine the possibility of various dams (already built) and equipment (in use) failing. After watching films of the project and viewing the various models and charts of the area we left Cooma for Island Bend.

We might add here that the S.M.A. appeared to have nothing to do with the construction of dams and powerhouses, etc., it is a tourist organization.

At Island Bend we were amazed to find that the waitresses carried our meals to the tables for us, not for the reason some of us thought, but to thwart those hilarious people who have a habit of dropping their dinner down someone's neck. Outside the mess various idiots fell for the bird (crow) selling souvenirs and came away with all manner of maps, books, postcards and embossed note paper.

The country started to get very rugged around this area and we saw our first (and last) snow at Guthega, where the power station was run by three men, which is not bad considering about a hundred tourists were crawling all over the place, including us, who bailed up one chap for about half an hour with various smart questions.

A long trip brought us out at Eucumbene, where we spent the night.

During the evening's compulsory films we were interrupted by a very perturbed gentleman who had been informed by the security police that ". . . some young lads had been frequenting the wet canteen (pub)". Cries of "disgusting" and "young delinquents" allayed his fears as we all turned around and glared at some "young lads" from some interstate grammar school.

Barry showed his appreciation by falling asleep across three seats during the film.

That night Brien and Barry consolidated their revenue in the "Pontoon Plaza", whilst

the others, less wealthy, passed their pennies around at poker.

On Tuesday we inspected the gigantic earth and rock fill Eucumbene dam and viewed from the observation point the lake with 170 miles of shoreline which it had formed. Kevin and Barry made friends with a kangaroo in a small zoo there, while some others viewed an immense Rocker, whose sole job appeared to be to wash down the kangaroo enclosure.

We cruised on the lake for a while and some students conceived a new type of "floating pontoon". The boat took us past the old site of the Adaminaby township, where the main road ends at the water's edge (just the place for an evening's drive). The launch linked up with the bus further round the lake and we were off to "Providence Portal", which sounded as though it would be very impressive but it turned out to be a hole in the side of a hill with water gushing out of it, very neatly done, though, with concrete edging, and fencing, etc.

After a picnic lunch (you had to be quick to get anything) we went to look at the Tantangara (can you pronounce it?) Reservoir. Several students, by the ingenious study of falling stones and application of equations of motion, determined the dam to be exactly 100 feet short of the height it was supposed to be. The guide then barred stone throwing for safety reasons; this was a relief since several people nearly dislocated their shoulders trying to better Steer's mighty throw which cleared the other side of the dam.

The Tantangara Dam also featured what must be the most elaborate public convenience in Australia; miles from anywhere, it had carpets and all mod. cons.

For the rest of the day the bus rarely got into high gear as we travelled through the mountains to the "Tumut 1" underground power station, which has been generating power for some time. The interior was something like a hospital, everything was so neat and clean, one gentleman in a dustcoat was seen cleaning the excitor of a generator with a vacuum cleaner!

A quick look at the "Tumut 2" dam finished the day and we stayed at Cabramurra, some miles distant, that night.

At Cabramurra, just as we were settling in, a contingent (flash word for Herd) of girls from Ivanhoe Grammar arrived. Peter Shaw excelled himself by carrying one of the bags to one of their rooms, which were across the corridor from our rooms.

Keith amazed everyone by declaring, and proving, that he knew everyone of them, thus spoiling the whole lot for us.

In the confusion the guide had come across the fact that we were a room short! after an hour of rounding up everyone, counting and recounting rooms and students, it was discovered that someone had to travel about a mile distant to another vacant room.

A lottery was held to find the lucky person, and Brien drew the straw but refused to be moved as his religious beliefs did not allow him to be implicated in "games of chance". Dave Ford eventually saved the now embarrassing situation by volunteering to be moved to "Siberia".

The evening's entertainment consisted of the usual films followed by the usual monetary exchange, and flow measurement. Brien was reported to have drunk himself under someone's bed on lemonade (whose bed!), and someone else discovered that certain signs on doors could be removed and swapped over, thus producing some amusing scenes in the morning.

On Wednesday, travelling to the Tooma Dam, Geoffery, our soshul drynkah, came out of the coma, a hangover from the golf do he was supposed to have been in, and remarked . . . "My parents don't mind me drinking, they don't mind even if I get a little high, but last Saturday night I got plain silly". (Definitely a candidate for A.A.)

The Tooma Dam and Tumut Pond Dam were "just another two dams". We were now feeling the effects of the trip and "high" life and they did not stir much interest. The trip to the "Tumut 2" underground power station in the afternoon was, however, the most interesting part of the tour, since it was still under construction.

For this we were equipped with fibreglass helmets and, as we were crowding around one of the generators, some idiot sent his helmet clattering into the depths below and, red-faced, descended down many steps to retrieve it.

One of the guides insisted that two at a time we all inspected some part of the turbine (we could not see anything) from a small inspection port, thus effectively absorbing about half an hour of the time.

We then set out for Cooma, stopping at the Upper Tumut switching station, where it is possible to remotely control the Tumut underground power station.

Back at the Monaro Hostel, we were determined to finish off the trip with a mara-

thon card extravaganza, the poker players declaring that they would outlast the pontoon players.

A third group meanwhile, being religious, went off to see some Cardinal Puff chap they had met up with. Geoffery, after a long session with him, was literally seen to be pumping air into his shoes at a garage to get that walking on air feeling, while Brien was comparatively unaffected. Alec returned to the hostel and fell asleep immediately he hit the sheets. His bed was near the poker game, and if you wonder whether Alec carries out his normal daytime antics asleep, I can inform you that he does.

At about three in the morning the pontoon players gave in and the poker players finished about three-thirty.

As a result of the last evening at Cooma several resolutions regarding "Alcoholic Beverages" and "Games of Chance" were made by students, who, at the time, had suffered some ill effects because of their indiscretions.

The next morning we elected to return via Tumut and the Hume Highway, as the S.M.A. bus driver told us we could make a slight detour on the way to the Yarrangobilly Caves; this was acceptable to our bus driver and everyone else except Brien, who declared his disinterest in the caves in no uncertain terms. Having made the detour, we found the caves were closed. We had wasted about half an hour, but Brien reminded us of it for the rest of the day.

We lunched at Tumut and continued homeward until Albury, where we stopped for tea, while Kevin ransacked the bus, looking for his wallet but could not find it and assumed he lost it at Tumut.

The next stop was at Wangaratta to drop off John, who had been the biggest campaigner for returning home this way. The reason was now self-evident.

The remainder got out in the city, and at various places on the way to the driver's house, and thanks must go to him for going out of his way at places, and for the record time in which he got us home from Cooma.

Thanks also go to Mr. Middleton for making the necessary arrangements and suggesting the bus, which was the cheapest method of transport (in previous years several cars have been damaged or written off and some people went by plane, which was most expensive). Thanks also to Mr. B. Devenish for his efforts to control us within reasonable limits.

The S.M.A. must be thanked for organizing a highly successful tour, and the guide, Mr. Gyles, and his bus driver for the excellent way they conducted the tour.

● 8C's TRIP TO THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

In the very early hours of Wednesday, August 30th, a group of sleepy-eyed Civil Engineers gathered around piles of baggage and clattered into the bus to depart Caulfield at 7.30.

After the fight to see who gained a place in the rack for his luggage, had subsided, all was relatively quiet. Quiet, that is except for cries of "Get 'em round", "Solo", and so on. At 10.00 we stopped at Morwell.

The pub in Marwell promptly sold out a week's supply of refreshments, and many Engineers were noticed sneaking back to the bus with paper bags tucked protectively under-arm. After much conjecture and a few swigging sounds it became apparent that these paper bags were not all full of bananas.

We journeyed to Lakes Entrance for lunch, where sobriety tests were conducted, the test consisted of walking a twelve foot long, six inch wide plank over ten feet of water.

Many hours and miles of winding road later, we disembarked in Bombala, just over the border in N.S.W. After questioning the locals we found that they spoke Australian and meals could be had at 8.00 at night.

At about 11.00 we arrived in Cooma, and found our accommodation. Most of us thereupon deemed it prudent to hit the hay.

Thursday morning we visited the Authority's laboratories in Cooma and were given a general summary of the Scheme's functions.

In the afternoon we travelled to Island Bend. Here we discovered a new element called snow, and it was found that pleasure could be gained from hurling a well compacted snowball in the face of the enemy. It was also found that snow can be very cold when lowered down one's neck.

We spent the night at Eucumbene, where a good time was had by all. In the morning many dead marines and numerous bleary-eyed boys could be found.

Friday morning saw us take a launch trip across the expanse of Lake Eucumbene. In the afternoon we visited the immense Tumut 1 underground power station Tumut 2 diversion dam.

At Cabramurra the boys were again found with a kindred spirit. Some fellows were even seen fraternising with women!

On Saturday morning we saw Tumut 2 underground Power Station, which is still under construction. Because of this fact, many interesting features, later to be covered up, were seen and this was generally voted the high point of the tour.

During the afternoon we saw the great outflow of water into Lake Eucumbene from Providence Portal. After this we returned to Cooma.

In Cooma most of the group visited the movie theatre for a most uplifting viewing. After this some of the more financial members adjourned to a night club, where it is alleged a performer winked at one lad in a most unusual manner.

Sunday was spent in returning home to Caulfield. After leaving Cooma at the ridiculous hour of 8.00 we arrived in Caulfield at the equally ridiculous hour of 11.30 (at night!).

General opinions were:

1. The whole tour was a wonderful success.
2. Jack Hoadley is beyond temptation.
3. Money spent on liquid refreshment was a small fortune.
4. It would be prudent not to mention names, So I will not sign this.
5. Much valuable work has been done in the field of fluid mechanics.
6. Lost voices are not quickly found.
8. Singing ability is universally proportional to the state of sobriety of the singer.

● ELECTRICAL'S SNOWY TRIP

On the week before the May holidays, 27 members of 8E, toured over the Snowy Mountain scheme.

At the start of the year having decided that we would, if possible make an excursion over this area it was left to Mr. Mills to make the arrangements. We heard very little about it, till the first week in May. In walked Mr. Mills and said, "The Snowy trip is on next week, who is going?" As usual there was an uproar in the room at such short notice.

Plans were soon worked out as those who had cars, who were willing to take them, calculated mileages and petrol costs.

Next day a meeting was held. Here we received the terrible news, that no cars would

be allowed. We would have to travel as a group, either by bus, train, or even if some were rich enough, by plane. We finally decided to hire a bus.

The hiring of the bus was left to Mr. Mills, and Bob Booth was left to extract the fares from those who intended to go. This took up quite a deal of time, argument and persuasion.

The bus was hired, and it quoted the cheapest rate for the shortest distance, up and back via the Princes Highway to Orbost and over the hills to Cooma. Here another problem arose. The country boys from Wangaratta wanted the bus to come back through Wangaratta as the term holidays started when the tour ended. After consulting the bus lines, we were able to come back through Wangaratta at a little extra cost.

We were to leave outside the school on Tuesday, 16th May, at 7 o'clock, and arrive in Cooma at about 9 o'clock the same day. Moans of protest went up. Everyone wanted everyone else to come around and wake them up, but we couldn't do much else except agree to the times, although it did effect our beauty sleep.

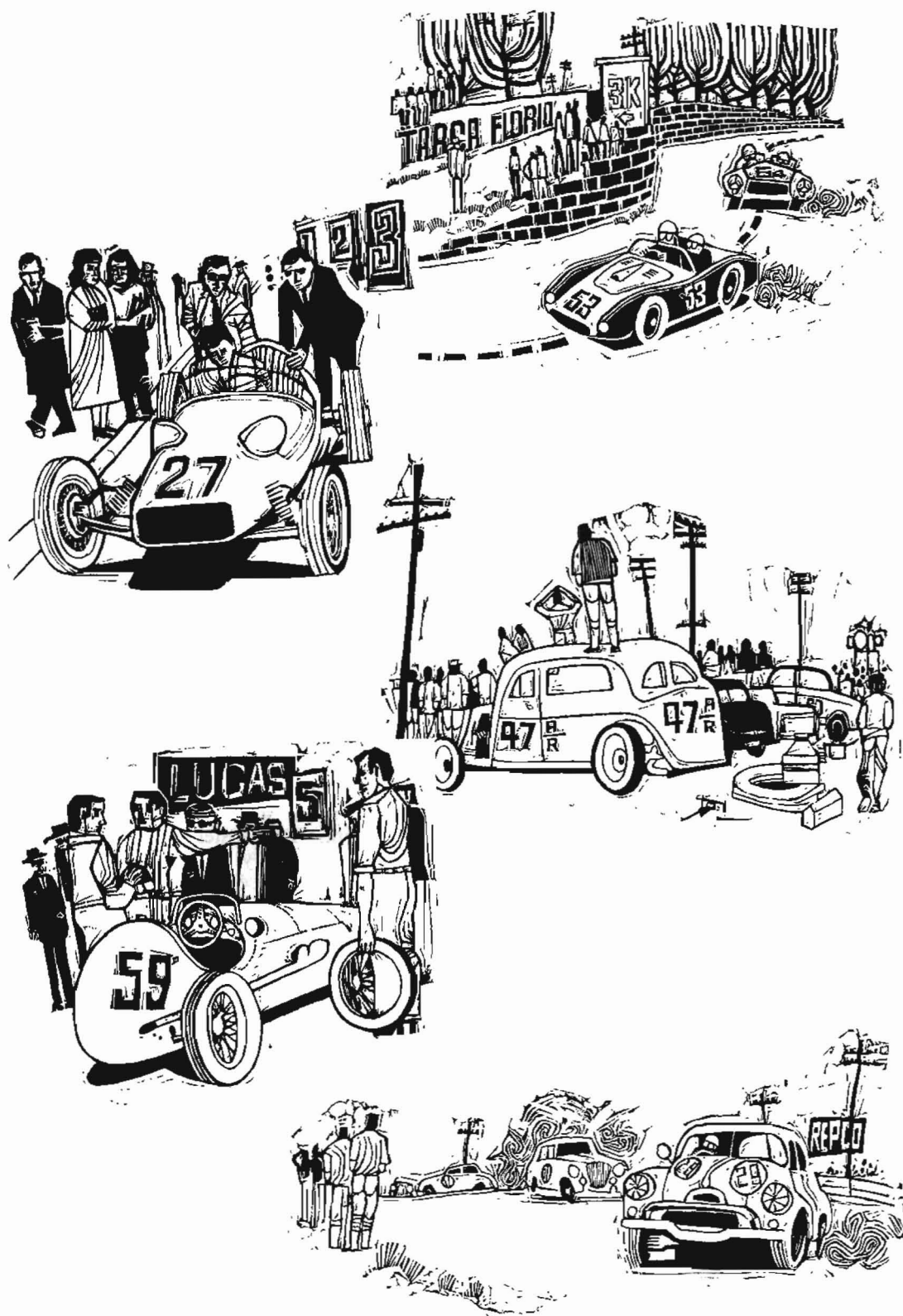
The teacher to supervise the trip was Mr. Davies.

Tuesday, the 16th, at 7 o'clock saw most of us outside the school in the early gloom awaiting the bus. A rough count was taken and it was found by subtracting the number present from the theoretical value of those who should have been present that there were several members absent.

Out of the gloom a blue bus of the 'Thompson' roadlines appeared. There was a rush for the best seats as it pulled up. After we had secured our seats, we had to wait awhile for the late-comers who were greeted as usual with, "Why are you late?"

We were just going to pull away when we sighted the last member of the group running down from the direction of the station. Much advice was given to this lad. He fell aboard the bus, picked himself up from the floor clambered into a seat and we were away.

Everybody was bright and cheerful, we even started to sing songs after the bus got under way. This went on for about the first 20 miles and then certain members of the group decided it was time for refreshments. Open came the cases of Warren Kidd, Bruce Gilbert, Tony Sims, and Don Brown. This



continued while the road remained flat and smooth.

At Moe the bus pulled up to check its tyres and all the boys raced round behind the garage and inspected the property. Five minutes later we were under way again.

Dinner time saw us at Lakes Entrance. It was decided to have an hour for lunch. Thirty hungry souls descended on the small township. Everything was dearer up there and the shop holders were soon told so. After some lunch it was decided that we should look over the local talent? and scenery. We climbed the look out, and visited the "local" until the melodious sounds of the bus horn reminded us of the fact that we should get under way again.

We boarded the bus and inspected the souvenirs. Bob Jackson had quite a large amount of one of the hanging bamboo doors of one cafe. Various other small items turned up.

Ian Wilson found a pack of cards and quickly a group was formed who played 500. This went on while the road kept even. We soon came into Orbost, and then the fun started. What a road, all bends and bridges, all the way from Orbost to Cooma. A few of our early bright birds had quietened down appreciably; a couple of them even took to prettying up the side of the bus with special decorations.

Finally, after arriving at Cooma, about 9 p.m. we were directed to the Monaro School Hostel where we stayed the night. The party split up into two groups. There was a rush for bunks, and after we had deposited our luggage we went sight-seeing in Cooma. We tramped the main streets, looking at the shops and some of the local talent. We got back to the hostel about 10.30 p.m. and started to prepare to turn in, but, alas, a pillow fight!

The boys in the smaller room, under the leadership? of Brockenshire and Kidd, who had for some unknown reason become bosom friends, started to lead an attack on the larger dormitory. The first attack was met solidly and repelled. A short retirement preceded the next onslaught, but as the raiding party was crossing the common room, they were intercepted by the matron dressed in her night attire. Quietness then descended except for the occasional thump of pillow hitting bedding and body interspersed with muttering under the breath.

Wednesday morning saw us awake early and mis-guided missiles were soon flying.

After breakfast our baggage was gathered up and transferred into a pioneer coach.

We were introduced to our guide. A nice young bloke, who didn't know what he was in for.

The first stop was at the Engineering labs, where we were dumped outside the building and told to wait. Someone located a piece of wood and we soon had a game of cricket underway against the shed wall using stokes.

After a visit to the theatrette where we saw some films on the Snowy scheme we inspected the laboratories and were shown how some of the problems that arise were solved.

The bus then took us to Cabramurra for dinner. It was soon noticed that there were a few other bus loads of tourists also in the area, especially one bus load of the fairer sex. The organizer of the trips must have been a wary old bloke, because our paths didn't cross very often.

After lunch we visited the Tumut pond dam, the Tooma dam and the Tumut No. 1 underground power station. The Tumut No. 1 station is hewn out of solid rock about 1,200 ft. below the surface. The interior of the station is finished off like a luxury liner with not a speck of dust anywhere. Two men control the station. Bob Booth, the S.E.C.'s representative? at our school soon had the poor fellow tied up in knots. Ron Zinoss gave Bob valuable assistance in this respect.

We had tea and stayed the night at Cabramurra. The hostel we stayed at was about a hundred yards in length, with a corridor down the centre and rooms on each side. Every so often there are sitting rooms with open fires. We had to travel the whole length of the building to reach the theatrette, much to some people's disgust.

After watching a couple of films we decided to inspect the town. The party was soon spread out. Various members were looking for the other bus load of females, others were merely sight-seeing, and some even went back to the recreation room to play — and have some refreshment.

Some returned early to the hostel and started up a game of cards in Alec Palamarcyuk's room. A group of six. Palamarcyuk, Walker, Pooley, Scharbeck, Wilson and that foreigner and intruder who couldn't fit in with his own mob, a mechanical called Giles. 'Zuk' lying on his bed decided to stand up. He rose to his feet, took a step

backwards and walked into the lamp over the bed, breaking the shade. It was hastily repaired and placed gingerly back into position.

Throughout the night raids were carried out by certain industrious lads on other unfortunate groups. Various ways of entering the rooms were devised. Brokenshire and Kidd still associated, seemed to be the main front, and were often warned by Mr. Davies to retire quietly. About 2 a.m. they finally settled down.

Thursday morning after breakfast at Cabramurra we visited an auxiliary diesel power station and inspected a 66KV switch yard.

We then travelled to the Upper Tumut Switching Yard where they were testing air blast circuit breakers. From there we went to the underground Tumut No. 2 power station. A pile of tin hats that had been discovered in the back of the bus were soon commandeered and some were soon well decorated. Don Brown especially went to a lot of trouble in decorating his. Other members soon achieved high positions according to the names on their hats.

We split into four groups and looked over the half completed station. A few weeks before hand two men were about 50 - 100 yards up a sloping surge tunnel painting it with tar when the tar pot exploded and started to burn. The men after sliding all the way down the tunnel on their hands and behinds spent quite a few days in hospital recovering.

After lunch we were to visit the outlet from the Tangalara reservoir but when we boarded the bus it refused to start. All out again. While the driver tried to find the trouble, the rest of the party busied themselves with some target practice at a 44 gallon drum. After we had thrown our arms out, and the bus still hadn't started, we decided to push it. It started and blew black smoke everywhere.

We crossed Lake Eucumbene by launch. The card players soon set up table again. Some of the lads tried to climb out on top of the boat, but were soon reprimanded by the Captain?

We got to Eucumbene just on nightfall and piled aboard a waiting bus, but to our dismay we found it was for another group. All out again. We climbed up on top of the wall of the dam. Booth, Kidd, Pooley and a few others found an old road sign so a game of cricket started again. As darkness

fell we started to walk to the township and met the bus coming out again.

Here 'Zuk' made the best comment of the trip. Standing up and holding on to the hand bars above his head and during a quiet period announced, "Look boys Bus Bars!" This short trip was quite rowdy. Some real community singing was heard.

The night was spent in the hostel at Eucumbene. Card players were soon together again.

Each room had two people to it. The pairs soon came too. Kidd and Brokenshire, acting as if they needed each other, Booth and Gilbert, Jackson and Patterson, Zinosd and Pooley, Walker and Palamarcyuk, etc.

Raiding parties soon began. Bob Booth was soon asleep, but he had left the door ajar for "Butch" to return. This was soon found, as light feet entered, then, crash, bang, wallop and Bob came up for air.

Next morning somebody "borrowed" Warren Kidd's trousers. Warren was walking the corridor wrapped in a sheet complaining loudly.

Just before breakfast they were taken outside and hung from the flag pole, but Warren rescued them in time for breakfast.

After breakfast we inspected the dam wall from various positions. At Eucumbene certain members of the party made friends with some pet kangaroos.

We then travelled to Island Bend for lunch. On the way a piece of rubber on one of the rear tyres came loose. This was inspected by all and we decided it would last to Island Bend where it could be changed. After lunch we travelled to Guthega dam, inspected the Guthega power station and returned to Cooma.

After tea at the hostel we went down into the township and went to the pictures. After the pictures while making our way back to the hostel a suspension bridge was located. It was suitably loaded and tested for simple harmonic motion by the action of a live load. When the amplitude became too large it was decided that it was time to leave.

We arrived back to find our beds tampered with. Since we were fairly tired not much fighting took place. A few individual fights took place, quite a lot of talking under breaths took place, and at a fairly early hour peace reigned.

An early start on the trip home was achieved next morning. The bus developed a petrol block after about 20 miles. This was soon cleared by the "mechanical expert?" — Giles.

We stopped at Tumut for petrol and something to eat. An hour was spent at Albury, while the bus driver visited some relations. While leaving Albury a white post was levelled out when we rounded a corner.

A major stop was experienced at Barnawartha where one member of the party got off. Ian Pooley left the group at this point amidst great laughs at the size of the local bank.

A stop was made at Wangaratta where Walker, Palamarcyuk and Brockenshire left.

The bus arrived back in Melbourne about 9 o'clock Saturday evening.

We would like to thank Mr. Davies for putting up with us on the trip, the Snowy Mountains Authority for the accommodation provided, Thompsons Roadlines for the bus and driver, and Mr. Mills for organizing the trip.

● NINTH N.S.W. TOUR PORT KEMBLA DISTRICT

This year the group was unlucky in some of the factory visits. Blast furnaces broke down, open hearths refused to tap at the correct time, some rolling mills shut down, and when they heard of the intended visit, the miners at Nebo Colliery went on strike.

The effects of the credit squeeze in Port Kembla were painfully obvious. Furnaces had shut down, hundreds of men had been sacked from some of the factories visited, and one flow line which had been built for three shifts seven days a week was operating only 1½ days.

The group, led by Mr. Keller and Mr. Prebble, boarded the 10 a.m. plane for Sydney on Sunday, 3rd September. An excellent view of Sydney was obtained, but clouds blotted out much of the journey. At the 'drome, the group was met by a bus for a scenic tour to Vacluse, Coogee, the Gap, King's Cross, Circular Quay, the Pylon Lookout (what a climb that is!), and then back through the city to Central Station. Here we boarded the "Wollongong Flyer", which only took 2¼ hours to travel 50 miles. There was great excitement at the Normandie when eight of the noisiest boys found them-

selves sleeping in the T.V. room on the top floor, and others found double beds in their rooms.

On Monday we visited the A.I.S. No. 2 steelworks. A double decker bus equipped with a microphone and speakers saved the guide's voice and our legs as we drove around the coke ovens, inner and outer harbours, blast furnace, sinter plant, and open hearth furnaces. An excellent lunch was provided at Karingal Hostel, where some members, claiming starvation rations at breakfast, gobbled three helpings of sweets.

In the afternoon the A.I.S. Flat Products division was seen in full operation. Here ingots were being rolled to produce flat strips in a most impressive half mile long plant. The day's visits concluded with a new film, which showed in detail the operations which had been inspected earlier in the day.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. Keller was starting to wilt through having to put the T.V. room boys back into bed several times on Monday night. Poor Henry was claiming that sleeping was difficult in that room because of the noise of people eating peanuts. This morning was spent at the A.I.S. No. 1 steelworks, followed by another excellent lunch at the Hostel.

After some table tennis we visited Lysaght's excellent factory, but, unfortunately, cameras were forbidden. Perhaps this was to stop one of the groups from photographing their guide and handing the result to the manager—they claimed (rather loudly) that they knew far more than he did about the processes.

Wednesday saw us three miles underground at Nebo Colliery. The miners were not really missed, because we were able to crawl around the machines to see how they operated, without being smothered in too much dust. The guides did an excellent job, and we even felt and looked like miners with our helmets and lamps.

After a tasty picnic lunch, our bus took us to Mount Kiera lookout for the view of Port Kembla, then to the new Commonwealth Steel Co. factory, which precision rolls stainless steel. Samples of this steel were obtained and, during the trip up Bulli Pass, the work-hardening properties of stainless steel and of various people's fingers were studied. A new use for this metal was found at Sublime Point—with a little bit of trouble it can be made to work some of the 6d. in the slot telescopes. John was the only member of the group who was bitterly

disappointed with Sublime Point — he was unable to find a tadpole.

On Wednesday night the group split up. Several of the boys admired the scenery from the penthouse apartment opposite (this sounds to be written in code — editor), while most of the others went to the pictures. Lyle and John had the right idea. They were seen putting some girl friends into the theatre queue to buy their own tickets.

Thursday morning saw us at Lysaght's Commonwealth Rolling Mill watching steel being made for car bodies. From here the bus drove to Nowra, firstly allowing time for a picnic lunch at the Kiama Blowhole (which refused to blow). At Nowra the army "boarded" H.M.A.S. Albatross, where we were shown through hangars, jet planes, helicopters, and the latest developments in survival equipment.

One of the thrills of the tour was the special flying display by Gannets and Sea Venoms. Unfortunately, the planes moved so fast that many of our camera friends were tied in knots.

On the long return journey to Wollongong, card games and very husky voices were in evidence. By the time the bus reached Wollongong, the songsters were in really excellent form. During a five minute stop in the centre of the city the camera brigade hunted for camera shops, while the remainder entertained local inhabitants, who even queued up around the bus to have their photos taken while asking the choir to sing their favourite songs.

Friday morning was taken up with a very interesting tour of Electrolytic Refining and Smelting Co. watching the production and casting of copper. Another picnic lunch was eaten at the nearby beach, much to the delight of hordes of seagulls, crabs and ants. The final visit was to Metal Manufactures, where no one was able to sneak off with enough copper tube to make an exhaust pipe.

On the final evening in Wollongong a number of the group were seen at the local "Rock" dance. They were rather surprised at the roughness of some of the local girls, and were left vibrating with a frequency of 2,000 cycles/sec. in resonance with the band.

After a sumptuous morning tea at the Normandie, and a touching farewell by some of the local girls at the station, it was

back to the Tarleton Hotel in Bondi for the night — well, part of it anyway. In a number of cases, money had now run short, so on Sunday, while some people were actually driving around in hire cars, a large number had to climb two fences to be able to spend the day at Taronga Park Zoo. That evening the long, dreary train journey back to Melbourne was commenced, and it was 34 weary people who arrived home on the Monday morning.

On behalf of all who were lucky enough to be able to attend, we would like to thank Mr. Keller and Mr. Prebble for their organisation and supervision. The tour was certainly a success, and of great benefit to us all.

ROBERT KNAPP.
IAN BARRY.



● WANTED

The following criminal is at large whose main vice is peering over walls. Five thousand microfarads will be paid for the capture of Hopalong Capacity who escaped from a primary cell last night. He is armed with a carbon rod and is wanted for the inductance of an 106 turn coil who was found burnt out just outside the oscillatory circuit. If captured, will offer great resistance, which must be neutralised. The potential difference between him and other criminals is that he always returns to the screen of oscillation in a complete circuit. The electromotive force has been looking for him for several ampere hours in surrounding magnetic fields. When last seen he was riding a tricycle. Charges against him are under Coulomb's law.

STUDENTS REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

● PRESIDENT'S REPORT

For several years the Students' Representative Council has been striving for a responsible position in the College. I feel that this year we have come close to achieving this goal, due in no small part to a completely revised constitution.

In previous years the College administration has not always seen eye to eye with what the S.R.C. has considered to be legitimate demands. However, during this past year we have had the added weight of the student newspaper, through which we can publicize any changes that we deem necessary for student welfare.

In order to fulfil another of our aims, the S.R.C. Disciplinary Committee was formed and a constitution for this committee was drawn up by Paul Blair. I believe that this disciplinary committee is a good idea because it will give most students a sense of responsibility which is so necessary for future engineers and leaders in the community.

I also hope that it will relieve lecturers of the abhorrent task of punishment, against which the student has no right of appeal.

Throughout this year there has been much discussion concerning the projected new building along the Dandenong Road frontage.

Architecturally and aesthetically it will be excellent, the classrooms will be designed along modern lines; the laboratories will contain the best scientific apparatus available; but in no way in the entire project have the students been thought of in the way of additional amenities. It seems to me that the Education Department regards this College as just another place to churn out engineers at the end of four years of intensive study.

How these engineers will be able to fit into the outside community at the end of their study is beyond me, for I believe that it is through these extra-curricula activities that a free thinking, democratically minded individual is formed. It is therefore absolutely essential that the coming S.R.C. should campaign vigorously for the inclusion of rooms, for the use of student organizations, in the new building.

Through lack of foresight the Bowling Club was able to take over some of the College land, thus hindering development. We cannot also allow lack of foresight on

our part to rob the students of future years.

In recent days it has come to my attention that most of the candidates for the S.R.C. of 1962 are from one particular faculty. I cannot see anything particularly wrong with this, but the future members should keep one thing uppermost in mind, and that is that the S.R.C. strives for the benefit of the College as a whole, and not for any minority group which holds a concentration of power.

In closing I would like to thank all members of the S.R.C. for their unfailing support throughout the year, and in particular Mr. R. Keller for the wisdom he showed in helping us make our decisions.

I would also like to thank Mr. Lambert, Mr. Danielson and the office staff for their assistance.

J. A. DOBELL,

President, Students' Representative Council.

● SECRETARY'S REPORT

This year's S.R.C. has probably been the most enthusiastic group ever to take office in the Student Council's short history. Due to constitutional changes made last year, general elections were held for the first time to select office-bearers, and only the most interested appeared to have been elected.

The first meeting of the Council was held a week before school started and enabled the Council to organize itself for the oncoming year. A Social Committee and Revue Committee were set up in the first week of the school year and the elections of representatives for the new students were conducted in the first month.

The Revue, which was staged at the end of the first term, was an outstanding success, and all thanks are due to Mr. Noel Battye, the cast, the technicians and other helpers. It is indeed unfortunate that Mr. Battye will not be at the College to help the Revue Committee of 1962. We wish him success in his future studies at the University.

The Social Committee organized several dances, a snow trip and the Annual Ball held at the "Dorchester". The dances did not draw as large a crowd as was expected, however they were most enjoyable (perhaps girls are shy of engineers rather than engineers being girl shy). The Social Committee's activities were a financial as well as a social successes.

On a more serious note, the S.R.C. drafted the constitution of a Disciplinary Committee,



S.R.C.

Back Row: William Hughes, Kevin Manie, Michael Hasset, Donald Brown.

Middle Row: Graeme Carroll, Paul Blair, Anthony Sims, Robert Booth, Jim Hill, John Castleman, Douglas Moore (Treasurer).

Front Row: Miss Beverly Long, Anthony Wilson, Peter Shaw (Secretary), Mr. R. H. Keller, Esq. (Staff), Geoffrey Dobell (President), Deidre Massie.

which it is hoped may have a deterrent effect on that small element of the student body who persist in making a nuisance of themselves at inter-technical college sporting fixtures. An unfortunate consequence of this ungentlemanly behaviour at the Swimming Sports was the cancellation of the Athletic Sports.

A group of students mainly from the eighth form published a paper called the "Caulfield Chronic". Edited by hard-working Bob Booth and financed by the S.R.C., four issues of "Chronic" were published. Much credit must be given to the Editor and his staff for the tremendous success of the venture. It is a boon to the College as it greatly assists the S.R.C. to make its views known, advises students of coming events, helps consolidate student opinion and, in its "Letter to the Editor" column, allows students to express their own opinions.

Another activity of the S.R.C. this year was the obtaining of badges of office for S.R.C. representatives. This was thought necessary as many younger members of the student body have little idea who is on the Council.

The S.R.C. owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. R. Keller, our staff representative, for his "inside" information and guidance, and

to A. Castleman, last year's President; also to the Commerce Students who did our typing.

In closing, I must extend my thanks to Mr. Jeff Dobell, our President, for his hard work and interest, and to the Executive for a job well done.

PETER SHAW.

● SPORT COMMITTEE REPORT

Once again this year, as in the previous two years, the baseball and golf teams won their respective shields. It is an outstanding achievement for both teams, as they both have been undefeated for the past three years. Our two cricket teams, under the guiding hand of Mr. Benjamin, were runners-up to the strong Footscray team this year.

However, the story and the record in other sports was a dismal one for 1961. This meant that not nearly as much was achieved in sport this year as might have been expected with the proper support. The keenness that had been lacking in the cricket of previous years suddenly returned this year, but the lack of support by the students in the

other teams such as football, tennis, swimming, basketball, rowing and squash reached an all time low.

The Staff, on the other hand, were not much more enthusiastic than the students, and the lack of Staff support in many of the sports such as golf, baseball, soccer, squash, rowing and basketball was greatly missed by all the students who participated in those sports throughout the year. Three teachers, namely, Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Jones, Mr. Schonfelder and Mr. Marshall gave the cricket, tennis, swimming and football teams respectively a great deal of their spare time helping immensely in organizing the sports.

The lack of support by the Staff is partly due to the use of Wednesday afternoons for part-time classes, and as a result of this the rowing and baseball teams dearly suffered, the baseball team losing their ace coach. Once again this year the S.R.C. promised to lend a hand in the organization of a Sports Committee but as usual lived up to their reputation in this field and did nothing, and therefore there was no Sports Committee. So once again it was left to Mr. Richards and the three members of Staff already mentioned and two students to carry sport for the year.

Another thing disappointing the students is the failure of the College to realize that a trophy cupboard is badly needed in the front hall of the school to house the various awards and shields lying uselessly around the College. A suggestion was made by me about two years ago to the Principal of the College, Mr. Lambert, suggesting that a sport trophy cupboard was needed in the College, but as yet nothing further has happened. The library is not a place to house school sport shields.

Once again this year Mr. Richards devoted a large portion of his free time to sport activities and to him go our thanks of all the SPORT LOVING students of this College. We were sorry to see the athletic sports cancelled, as Mr. Richards had gone to a lot of trouble to ensure their success.

As I am leaving this year, may I take this opportunity to wish the best of luck to all sporting teams representing this College in the future, and I sincerely hope that student as well as Staff support improves. If and when this happens, Caulfield Technical College will be a true force to be reckoned with.

G. CARROLL,

S.R.C. Sport Committee Chairman, 1960-61.

● SPORT MEDALLION WINNERS

The following students will be presented with their sport medallions at the annual presentation night next year.

Cricket: R. Booth, I. Watson, J. Jorden, I. Rofe, G. Carroll.

Football: A. Johnson, D. Kennedy, A. Phipps.

St. Kilda Football Club Best and Fairest Award: J. Jorden.

Baseball: R. Booth, I. Rofe, R. Tharle (best junior schoolboy baseballer in Australia).

Golf: D. Reiter, H. Eichorn.

Tennis: J. Poulton, M. Haussegger.

Swimming: B. Leepin, Phuah Bah Sing.

● NEWSPAPER REPORT

After constant endeavour over the past few years, the 1961 S.R.C. voted to proceed with the idea of issuing a Student Newspaper. This was a rather formidable task as, fresh in our memory was the abject failure of the Caulfield Courier, run by the English Department of a few years ago.

Bearing this in mind, and because the S.R.C. considered that the paper would be better run as a Student Paper, a committee consisting of Bob Booth, Bill Hughes and Tony Wilson was formed, these hardy gentlemen occupying the positions of Editor and Sub-Editors respectively.

After much consideration, the awesome name of the "CHRONIC" was selected and the even more momentous decision to distribute it free was made. The committee then proceeded to sail into the publication of the first issue. It was soon discovered that it was not an easy job and required a good deal of time. But thanks to a few people who continually supported us with a steady inflow of original articles, we were able to overcome the teething troubles, and settle into a steady routine.

Some of these people who deserve mentioning are Don Brown, Bill Power and also the School Authorities.

The paper was intended to be slightly controversial and we created quite a stir with a couple of the articles published, but we hoped that in doing so, we would arouse enough interest to ensure the success of the paper.

We were rewarded, for we soon had to expand the paper from four pages to six, and we could even reject the articles which were not suitable. Our fame had evidently



NEWSPAPER COMMITTEE
Robert Booth, Anthony Wilson, William Hughes.

travelled, as we received a request from Footscray Tech to supply them with the methods that we had used to set the idea on its feet.

We who had a hand in running the paper this year intended that we should only give it a start, and to that end we have solved many of the problems which initially confronted us and we hope that those who will carry on next year, will find that the way has already been cleared.

May we thank the body of the S.R.C. for the help that we received and to all who contributed in any way to the success that we like to consider the CHRONIC enjoyed.

BOB BOOTH

● PAST STUDENTS' ARTICLE

At the Annual General Meeting held on 3rd March, 1961, Don Begbie was elected President for 1961, Dick Gower and Carol Henderson, Vice-Presidents, Bob Watson, Secretary, and Alan Wilson, Treasurer.

The social functions of the Past Students' Association have again proved most successful. The Annual Dinner assumed a new identity as the girls decided to have a Doe's turn, while the boys held their annual evening of freedom under the table.

The first car trial for 1961 was held on the wettest day of the year and the past-students did not make it so. The Mornington Peninsula had to put up that day with continuous rain and the C.T.C.P.S.A. car trial. Many cars failed to ford the creek at the lunch spot and had to be towed out by some 20 man power. One who should have known better realized, too late, that even a Rover's brakes do not hold a car on wet grass. The tree however sustained no serious damage.

At the Revue, the past students contributed their dubious share to the programme. They probably received more than their share at the party afterwards. All agreed, especially those who arrived home early Saturday morning, that it was a Revue up to the standards of the old days.

The Ball! Oh my head, where was I, Oh yes—the Ball. What a Ball! Everyone enjoyed themselves we've been told. It was held somewhere inside the Gables in Caulfield and everyone had a marvellous time. There will be another ball next year so come along and be in it.

On the side of progress we must record the marriage of Miss Bobbie Inglis and Bob Watson. Our congratulations to them both. Congratulations to last year's treasurer, Rowan Weatherhead, who was married this year.

The P.S.A. this year conferred honorary membership on Mr. Keper and we are pleased to see him about again.

We wish to remind all present students that P.S.A. membership is open to them. Why not come along to next year's Annual General Meeting when it is held early next year?

● THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

It must have been a very difficult year for the organizers of our social functions as it wore down two social committees and Tony Wilson. The first social committee was formed early in the year and it ran two very successful dances in the capable hands of the president, Barry Cooper, Max May, Tony Austin, Anne Basenquet and several others. Then, by mutual dissent it seemed, the committee became non-functional and it was left to Tony Wilson to run what was perhaps the most successful dance of the year, the "Revue Recovery" dance. Tony then found that he could not spare the time to organize any other social events and so the S.R.C. appointed a new social committee, consisting of Don Brown (president), Peter Shaw (secretary), John Castleman (treasurer), Mike Hassett, Bill Hughes and Deidre Massey. Soon after, Irene Blinstrubas was co-opted and our committee was brought up to its full strength of seven. To this list must be added the names of John Grace, Ian Baxter and Wayne Eifferman, who, although not officially on the committee, always turned up when there was work to be done. This small but enthusiastic



SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Left to Right: Michael Hasset, Peter Shaw, William Hughes, Miss Deidre Massie, Donald Brown, John Castleman.

band then proceeded to run more dances. the snow trip, and the ball, all of which were, if not financial, at least social successes.

It seems that there is a definite cycle as far as attendances at dances go, for even in '59 it was recorded that the first few dances were very successful and then gradually tapered off to such a stage that it was considered pointless to continue with them.

I am sure that many explanations could be offered for this and possibly all of them would contain some element of truth. However, one thing that does remain a fact is that each person who worked to set up the various activities gained a lot of satisfaction out of helping, and everyone who attended these functions came away, not with a sense of having fulfilled a patriotic obligation, but of having thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Finally, I would like to thank everybody who patronized these functions and made all our efforts worthwhile.

DONALD BROWN.

● DANCES

This year the Social Committee has made great endeavours to interest the students in our College dances. We have held them on warm nights, windy nights, hot nights, cold and rainy nights, and even all night, but unfortunately there still remains a large body of students who seem to like missing out on fun.

Those who do attend our dances thoroughly enjoy themselves, and keep coming back for more.

The two outstanding dances of the year would, I feel, be the first dance and the Revue Recovery dance. The first dance was well attended and, no doubt, gave many a young man his opportunity to win one of those nice young distractions we see around the corridors. However, this was not to last,

for the Art, Commercial and S.A.C. girls learnt too fast what some of the Cautec lads were really like, and many of them, for some reason, refused to grace the following dances with their presence. The Revue Recovery (or Relapse?) dance was a great social success due to the presence of so many of our high-spirited Revue stars. At the time when most dances draw to a close, the cast was just getting warmed up. You could probably hear those Revue songs (and others) as far away as the Town Hall itself — sorry if we gave the Town Hall keeper nightmares. Most people left while it was still dark but some energetic lads were seen making for the highways with a coffin upon their shoulders, while others contented themselves by decorating the College with other Revue props. No one knows just how or when that eventful night ended, but the following Monday morning it looked as though it had somehow.

Although our dances could have been more profitable, we who have participated in them feel that they were still highly successful.

● THE ANNUAL BALL, 1961

What a turn!

Take one hundred and fifty young moderns, confine them in the Regal Room, Dorchester, and excite with food, wine, music, song, and tin whistles and the result is the second annual ball.

Apart from one small group who found the floor a bit hard and sat in a corner and proceeded to get sore elbows and painful heads, the majority, it was good to see, simply preferred to dance and carry on.

Lion-hearted Gaynor Bunning could hardly be heard over the din that ensued when the noisemakers and novelties were discovered; however, when things quietened down to a steady roar she made her presence heard and was well received by an appreciative audience, including Mr. Keller. Dear Gaynor, we don't know how you managed, but thank you sincerely for persevering as you did.

It was remarked afterwards that this was the first ball that anyone had ever been to where all the balloons were not wrecked; probably because they were inscribed with words suited to the occasion, such as "Welcome to the S.R.C. Ball", etc. The children must have been overcome with sentiment.

The ball finished at one a.m. at the Dorchester but was continued at several private residences to the early hours of the morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert were among the official guests who were prominent members of student bodies of institutions similar to Caulfield.

The Social Committee is in the debt of Mr. J. Leggo, whose step by step instructions used to organize last year's ball enabled this year's effort to be methodically prepared. They were quite staggered when things began to function as smoothly as planned. The management of the Dorchester were most helpful and their know-how was certainly a boon. The food, music and service they provided were excellent.

Well, as it was predicted last year, the Cautec ball has come to stay and will probably go on to greater things in the future, if it is possible.

Congratulations to the Social Committee for a job well done. PETER J. SHAW.

● ANNUAL REVUE

"Psicko" came and went, a long time in coming and a short time in venting, but a lot of fun was had in between.

We regret that our producer/director, Mr. Noel Battye, is leaving us this year after three Revues, an unlucky number for the College, for he has been the main driving force behind each of these Revues.

Costuming and scenery were really lavish this year, as the treasurer will bear out, but the items were well in keeping, in quality and execution.

We were very happy this year to have the Asian students of the College presenting an item in the Revue and we hope this will continue and spread to our other social activities.

First night nervousness was eliminated somewhat this year in an evening full dress rehearsal, a help to stage hands as well as actors.

It is hard to say which items were best as they are too numerous to mention, but credit must be given to the fine acting in the brilliant production of L'il Abner Macbeth, our Shakespeare Spectacular.

Many of our leading actors will be leaving this year, but the new S.A.C.S. show great talent, which makes the 1962 Revue something to look forward to, but they will have a lot of trouble beating the '61 show because we who were in it think it was the best ever.

A.S.



REVUE COMMITTEE

Left to Right: Warren Kidd, Miss Susan Guest, Donald Brown, Ronald Zmood, Anthony Sims, Miss Beverly Long, Peter Shaw.

● SNOW TRIP

On about Sunday, 27th August, at approximately half-past eight in the morning, three bus-loads of gleeful students departed from the dark sinful shadows of Cautec, en-route for Table Mountain.

The snow trip went off without a hitch, and for this the Social Committee deserves the highest praise.

For the first time the snow trip was to Lake Mountain instead of Mt. Donna Buang, and after 70-odd grinding groaning miles (mostly at negligible velocity), the buses laboured to a stop at Lake Mountain.

Everyone had a marvellous time except for the small and unimportant fact that there was no snow! But who goes to see the snow?

On the return journey the occupants of the buses showed a keen interest in the scenery outside until some sadistic moron decided to try out the flashlight in his camera. This resulted in a chorus of abuse from the gentry who were conscious enough to notice it; however, the buses having meanwhile arrived at Cautec unloaded their cargo of tired but happy students from the best would-be snow trip yet.

M.V.H. & J.R.C., M.C.T.C. 13 S.R.C.S.C.

● THE QUESTION OF ALL QUESTIONS

In a world of great questions, what is the supreme one? What is the all-important one that precedes all others? Without doubt it is that old-time question of five small, simple, yet sublime words,

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

But wait, do not flick over the page on reading this. Pause, and let us look at something you may not have considered before —

Said Dr. Alexander Whyte, "There is no other possible question that so taxes and so tests the whole soul of every man as just this question — what he thinks of Christ".

But why should a simple question such as this so tax and test the soul of every man?

Because every man is sinful by nature, and needs a Saviour for his soul. For this very purpose Jesus Christ came into the world — "TO SAVE SINNERS". He declared this Himself — "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was LOST".

What does he mean by "LOST"?

Lost to God because of his sin; separated from God by his guilt — his disobedience and defiance. For this reason the Bible said, "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3: 23). All means all — NO EXCEPTIONS. All means every man, and includes you and me reading friend, and all dear to us. Listen! "The Scripture hath concluded ALL UNDER SIN, that the promises by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe."

Because of this "lost state" of mankind, "God sent forth His Son", born of a woman, to redeem mankind; to pay the price of sin, to bridge the gulf of separation, to destroy the division of disobedience, and to reconcile every believer unto Himself. Hence CHRIST IS THE ONLY WAY TO GOD. He said so Himself: "I AM THE WAY, the truth and the life; no man cometh to the Father, BUT BY ME." Now, see why this question so taxes and tests the soul of every man.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?
WHOSE SON IS HE?

One champion of Christ once put it:-

God the Father is putting the question to the world today: "What do you think of Jesus Christ? Is He My Son whom I sent to redeem the world and save the souls of sinful men?"

That issue is mighty and determining enough. Heaven and Hell depend not upon what you DO, but what you THINK, yes upon what you think about Christ. If you think of Him as God thinks and as God has clearly revealed His thought in the Bible; if you confess and make known your thought, even though you were the blackest sinner out of Hell, you are saved. If you do not think of Him as God thinks of Him and has commanded all men everywhere to think of Him; even though you are the whitest soul on earth you are lost now, and

if you do not repent will be damned and lost forever.

Those solemn words have strong support from Scripture, where God has declared "AS A MAN THINKETH IN HIS HEART, SO IS HE".

Your opinion of Christ is the most important — to you. Other people's opinions may be very interesting but it is what you believe that counts.

In His mercy, God gives us an opportunity to seek forgiveness through Christ Jesus.

Believe that He is the Son of God and that His death on Calvary paid the price for YOUR sin and "THOU SHALT BE SAVED".

The Choice is Yours, depending on: "What think ye of Christ?"

This is the message that the CAUTEC CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP seeks to make known to the young people of today. This year we have met together each week to hear a variety of speakers from many fields of Christian service — all testifying of the new Life they have found in Jesus Christ. Our programmes have also included films, Bible studies and interesting discussions.

This year we have begun to have prayer meetings again and also an informal poster evening was held at the home of Robert Jones.

You are welcome to come to any of the weekly meetings, where you will have a profitable time in a warm friendly atmosphere.



THE CHARGE OF THE WHITE BRIGADE

● THE WHITE BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league, till the bridge is seen.
Down the Mighty Yarra,
Sailed the valiant fifteen.
"Forward to the bridge," they cried,
"Hold hard that tiller, Chitts."
Behind the Melbourne craft it dies
Smashed by yon accurate hits.
And so the Melbourne raft did try
Their's not to reason why
Their's but to do, now die
And end their plight on the river high,
Caulfield now assaulting the bridge are seen
Ploughing through a sawdust screen,
Oh! Most valiant fifteen!
A flour bomb to the left of them,
An apple to the right,
Through a wall of flour see,
But, Oh Hell! What a sight!
Now stormed at with shot and shell
Tomato mixed with Yarra smell
But boldly they sailed, and well,
Mighty fifteen.

Now flashed all their flour bombs bare,
Flashed as they sailed through air,
Flouring the Melbourne scum up there,
Charging under the bridge they broke
Covered o'er in flour smoke
But the rabble on the bridge were smote
Now shattered and broken seen,
But not our fifteen!
A flour bomb to the left of them,
An apple to the right.
Behind a small raft, it fell.
O'er come by shot and shell,
But they that fought so well,
Emerged victorious from the mouth of hell
Victorious and conquerors seen
Glorious fifteen.
Whenever can their glory fade?
Oh! That valiant charge they made!
So all the world may see
The honour of that mighty raid,
The honour of the white brigade,
Noble fifteen.

K. MANIE,

(With apologies to Lord Tennyson.)

"A flour bomb to the left of them."



Variations on a Theme: Monday Morning

(a) *M. Thompson (5A)*

It always seems to be an easy, if not pleasant, awakening, even though the sun's rays, filtering through the large rusty fly-screen, reflect dazzlingly the refrigerator's cream-white door and blind me momentarily.

I usually prepare my breakfast a little time after the other members of my family have begun to stir. They awaken to the rattle of spoons in china bowls and the hurried rustling of Cornflakes in the packet. Little Sarah comes rushing in, still clinging affectionately to a bedraggled yellow teddy-bear, which, she declares, is "extra hungry" this morning and therefore requires more than the average amount of "Weeties".

When Jill arrives on the scene of the breakfast table, however, she always, no matter how late we may be, has an air of sleepiness dominating her affected "get-a-move-on" attitude. She hates to be called "childish" so she drives everyone on, goading us in her own "grown-up" manner.

Tony, of course, is the last to appear. He is the Great Pretender of the family and uses any plausible excuse to escape from such rigours of life as washing up and depositing the rubbish in the can. He scuffs his slippers on the floor with unnecessary deliberation and then declares to the irate father standing in the doorway that he was "only walking".

Eventually, everyone is seated and crunching noisily on wheat flakes and charred toast. Tony is working the toaster and is so preoccupied with seeing how much noise and rattle he can make when opening or closing the toaster doors, that he only begins to realize there is still some toast in there when he perceives clouds of black smoke rising and spoiling his view of the glowing element.

When the washing up has been attended to, everyone becomes busily engaged in preparing for school. Sarah is hunting around everywhere for her case, which, she says, has "very 'portant things" in it and must be found at all costs.

Jill is calmly sitting at her dressing-table doing last night's homework while Dad makes her bed. Only after much fuss and bother is everybody ready to leave the house in the care of the dog. The doors are locked and we troop off to the back gate leaving Laddie gazing pathetically at us from near the clothes hoist.

(b) *Ian Court (5A)*

Monday morning at my home does not vary one week to the next. It invariably starts when Dad's alarm clock wakes the whole household from a sound sleep at six o'clock. About ten minutes after this unmerciful arousing, Mum's voice can be heard urging my father to rise. In the following peacefulness the remainder of the household dozes off to sleep again, while Dad can be heard preparing his breakfast.

The next person required to rise is my brother, who sleeps in the same room as myself. Dad tiptoes into our room and gently taps my brother as the early morning breeze slams the bedroom door shut. With a grunt and a groan a recumbent form stirs to reveal the unshaven face of my brother, who then rolls out of bed, uttering not a sound as his head hits the table separating our beds. After quietly slamming cupboard doors, and softly falling over my bed as he gropes for the door, my brother quietly staggers down the hall and I can doze off to sleep again.

Thump! Thump! Thump! "Ken-its-almost-seven-thirty!" These are the sounds which rudely awaken our boarder. It is my mother pounding on his door at seven-fifteen. Mother always exaggerates about the time, hoping to get Ken and myself to eat our breakfast early so that we have plenty of time to wash the dishes. I say "we" because I am the next victim of my mother's penetrating methods of awakening light sleepers.

Five minutes after Mum calls Ken at seven-fifteen, the bedroom door bursts open, the blinds open, my bed-clothes are suddenly missing, and Mother informs me that it is almost seven-forty-five and that this is Monday morning and I have to go to school. I am hardened to this attack now and I just mumble "Good-morning" and roll over.

However, at seven-thirty I am ready for breakfast. This is a mere formality for me as I am too busy reading the paper to think of food, but nevertheless I feel quite bloated as I excuse myself from washing the dishes on the grounds that I am late, and begin my walk to the station, quite prepared for the week's school-work ahead.

SENIOR SPORT



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: Andrew Stevens, Jim Walker, Ian Pooley, William Hodgins, Raymond Boyd, Donald Kennedy, David Ford, Michael Hassett, Ian Bull.

Front Row: Ian Watson, Anthony Wilson, Robert Booth (Capt.), Graeme Carroll (Vice-Capt.), Ian Rofe, John Jorden, John Gilbert.

Absent: Neil Dixon, Peter Michaels, M. Middleton.

● CRICKET

The Senior Cricket team this year must go down in the books as being the unluckiest team of all time. After a series of years where the teams from our College were just not good enough to pull off the premiership, our team this year came within one run of victory.

After defeating both Melbourne and Swinburne Technical Colleges we met Footscray Tech. to play out the premiership. After a really even match, a terrific finish resulted in a draw, making a replay necessary. We unfortunately ran into a bad day and had to be content with second place.

The match against Melbourne was rather an easy one for Caulfield with Melbourne managing 7/76 (Marshall 2-3, Ford 2-2) to which Caulfield replied with 2-100 (Booth 53 n.o., Jordan 36).

The match against Swinburne was a very close one with Caulfield scraping home by

two runs. Swinburne 5/105 and Caulfield 9/107 (Jordan 49, Booth 27).

The final match was the one that we very nearly pulled off. Due to a very fine effort by our bowlers we kept Footscray down to 73 runs (Watson 4/29, Carroll 3/39, Rofe 2/0).

Our bats, however, could not cope with the Footscray attack and the last man was run out within one yard of completing the winning run. The match ended in a draw with 73 runs each.

In the replay, however, Caulfield could only manage 22 in reply to Footscray's 72 (Rofe 3/13, Carroll 2/12, Watson 2/25). One Footscray bowler took 8/10 in our innings.

Of the players, several showed out with consistently good performances and enthusiasm was very high in the team.

John Jordan proved a very valuable player with some very consistent batting displays

as well as taking the keeper's job in the last match.

A very effective left hand bowler was found in Ian Watson, who proved to be the backbone of our attack in most of the games.

Vice-Captain Graeme Carrol again showed his value with some fine bowling efforts as well as some very effective batting displays.

Perhaps the unluckiest member of the team was Ian Rofe. Unfortunately in the one day games, the new balls prevented leg-spinner Ian from doing too much bowling. His figures show what a damaging bowler he is.

Dave Ford was another left hander who caused the batsmen a great deal of bother. He also turned in some very good performances.

Tony Wilson, John Gilbert and Ian Bull all showed that they are going to be a force in the team next year.

Bill Hodgens, Ian Pooley, Don Kennedy and Geoff Marshall all proved to be very valuable players at one time or another.

Much credit for the team's success must go to Mr. Benjamin for his unfailing encouragement and advice all through the season. All the team appreciated his willingness to give up his time for practice and the matches, and his help to captain Bob Booth was very much appreciated.

● BASEBALL

Caulfield has created something of a record over the years for the fine baseballers it has produced. This year's team was no exception, for we were untroubled to win the premiership for the third successive time.

Although not overburdened with players, the team developed through the season and, towards the end, played some of the best schoolboy baseball seen for years.

Not content with taking off the Technical School Premiership, the team played the best of the High Schools, and added them to its list of victories.

The match scores were as follows:—

V. Melbourne High: Won 4—1.

V. Coburg High: Won 9—5 (Carrol 2 hits).

V. Melbourne Tech.: Won 5—1.

V. Footscray Tech.: Won 12—1 (Rofe 3 hits, Carrol 2 hits).

V. Geelong Tech.: Won 12—0 (Booth 2, Rofe 2, Carrol 2, Helmer 2).

V. Swinburne Tech.: Drew 2—2 (Helmer 2).



BASEBALL TEAM

Standing: John Gilbert, Lyle Willsher, Robert Booth (Capt.), Alan Lyne, Graeme Carrol (Vice-Capt.), Ian Rofe, Harold Helmer.
Kneeling: Andrew Stevens, Ross Tharle.
Absent: Peter Vaile

V. Melbourne Tech.: Won 8—3 (Tharle 4).

John Gilbert pitched throughout the season for us, and proved to be one of the best pitchers in the competition. He was ably caught by Peter Voile, who rounded off a good season by being selected in the Victorian Schoolboys' Team. With such a fine battery it was no wonder that opposing teams had difficulty in obtaining hits.

Alan Lyne took first base again this year and continued to improve as the season went on. Alan makes very few errors and, with his batting, will be a force again next year.

Graeme Carrol was vice-captain and second bag. Graeme had a particularly good season with the bat as well as holding down second base well.

Bob Booth played short-stop and also captained the side.

Ross Tharle proved to be a very capable third bag indeed. With some brilliant glove-work and sound batting, it was no wonder that Ross, too, was selected in the Victorian Schoolboys' Team. Congratulations are due to Ross for winning the award for the Best

Baseballer in the Interstate Series, a rare honour indeed.

Ian Rofe strengthened both our batting and our infield play when he returned this year. His experience was a big factor in the team's performance.

Harold Helmer played some particularly good games both at bat and in the outfield. His hitting sparked off two match-winning rallies in the last few games.

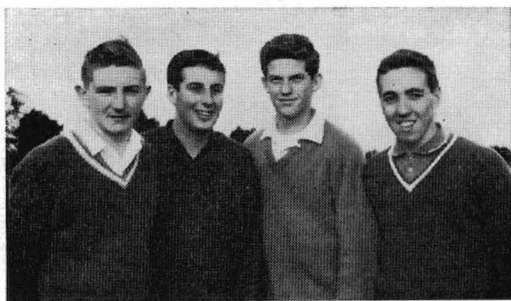
Lyle Willsher and Andrew Stevens, both first year players, soon fitted into the team and turned in some valuable games during the year.

With only three of the above players leaving this year, the team should be a very strong one next year. We hope that they, too, will be able to enjoy the success of the 1961 team.

● GOLF

1961 proved to be another successful year for the Caulfield Technical College golf team, consisting of John Braizner, David Wilson, Don Reiter and Noel Eichham.

For the third time in succession Caulfield won the Golf Foundation's (Vic.) inter-school shield, which will now be kept permanently at the school.



GOLF TEAM

Donald Reiter, John Brazenor, Alan Wilson, Noel Eichhorn.

● TENNIS

Due to the unfortunate loss of all previous players from the College, Caulfield was forced to field a completely new team.

Under the captaincy of John Poulton, the team (the youngest on record), although a little unlucky not to have won more matches, managed a fine win on the trip to Swinburne in the battle for the wooden spoon.

Although defeated by Melbourne, Footscray and Geelong, the team gained much experience and next year it should be a



TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: John Poulton, Michael Haussegger, R. Long, B. Holloway.

Front Row: T. Edwards, A. Masson.

strong contender for the coveted trophy which has eluded this College for the last three years.

The team consisted of John Poulton, Michael Haussegger, Terry Edwards, Roger Long, Bruce Holloway and Alan Masson, all of whom battled hard against their older and more experienced opponents. Congratulations, fellas, on your efforts and court demeanour which never faltered.

Many thanks are due for the help and encouragement of Mr. Jones, who always seemed to be around with some cheerful comment when things were not going our way.

J.P.

● STUDENTS DOWN STAFF

The annual staff versus students tennis match this year resulted in another win for the students. Although the winning margin was only two sets, the students were never really troubled throughout the match.

From the very beginning it was evident that only the Schonfelder-Sambell combination would be able to break the students' pride. However this was not to be, as all members of the students' team combined together to force a decisive win.

The stars of the match were J. Poulton and M. Haussegger for the students and Mr. Schonfelder and Mr. Sambell for the staff.

The students team consisting of J. Poulton (Capt.), M. Haussegger, T. Edwards, R. Long, B. Holloway, A. Masson, N. Wooten and J. Pamplin defeated the staff team comprising Messrs. Schonfelder, Sambell, Barry, Jones, Pratt, Jones, Benjamin and Wright.

Results of the match: Students 9 sets 74 games, defeated staff 7 sets 56 games.

J.P.

● SQUASH

Squash has been played during the year at Caulfield Squash Courts. The initial success of the venture was great, but as the year progressed numbers steadily declined. However, those left formed the strength of the teams that competed inter-school. There

were two games with Melbourne High School and one with Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology. Against Melbourne High we were narrowly defeated on both occasions, making up for this by soundly beating R.M.I.T. on our home ground.

All faculties were represented during most afternoons, including Commerce and Commercial Art (Noelene and Barbara, our two stalwarts). We were very pleased to see Asian students playing with us this year, and all of us got nasty shocks when we realised how agile they were.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Jack Godby (an old Cautec boy) and his wife, Morag, for their kindness and attention to our needs during the year.

PAUL BLAIR.



SQUASH TEAM

Back Row: Robin Andrew, Peter Shaw, Paul Blair.

Front Row: Ian Vakis, Alan Grey, Kevin Manie, Bruce Kemp, Keith Reeves, Barry Chitts, Robert Booth.

● FOOTBALL

The football this year was disappointing in that we won one game only. It was the same old story of not being able to find enough willing starters each week. This is shown by the fact that there were only eight people who played every match.

The one game that we did win was against Melbourne Tech. and a good win it was too. We eventually found a partner for "Tige" in a certain Hawks man and together they "murdered" the opposition.

Although we had many players this year, special mention should be given to Kennedy, Phipps, Rooley, Salmar, Rocknee, Broden-shire, Rudd, Hill and Hughes.

Next I would like to thank Mr. Marshall, Mr. Benjamin and Graeme Carrol for their assistance during the year.

Finally I would like to pass a vote of thanks on to Jim (desert boots) Walker who acted as our President, Secretary, Committee, Coach, Trainer, Boundary and Goal Umpire and sole supporter for each game, not to mention his sterling effort out at Glenferrie.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: Jim Walker, Ian Pooley, William Hodgens, Raymond Boyd, Donald Kennedy, Alan Phipps, David Hughs, Peter Rudd.

Front Row: Ian Watson, Anthony Wilson, Donald Bolt, D. Brockenshire, Alan Johnson (Capt.), John Jordan (Vice-Capt.), Jim Hill, Raymond Lewis.

Absent: Peter Michaels, Neil Dixon, M. Middleton, Robin Andrew, Russie Andrew.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: Phliah Bah Seng, H. Hood, Brian Kiely, Geoffry Raymond, Peter Moss.

Front Row: Brian Worsey, Bruno Leepin (Capt.), Vivian Johns, Leola Loft, Ruth Marriott, Jennifer Stevens, Anthony Knight, Russel Nicholson.

Topical names in the news during the season included:—

Don Bolt: who broke his nose trying to bite an opponent.

Jim Walker: who, sporting the latest low back line and ripple soled shoes kept us in the game against Swinburne.

Ian Watson: who left the team due to an attraction at Jeffrey Street.

Don Kennedy: who intends to return all the footballs he swiped from the games together with his jumper when he passes all his subjects.

Scott and Andrew: who left to play squash, or just to play.

Although we were certainly not the best football team in Melbourne we were certainly the best looking team.

● JULIUS SEES HER

Girls, incriminated and unfortunates, lend me your spades.

I come to bury McInnes not to praise the idiot.

The evil that Long does lives after him
And his deeds will ne'er be interred with his bones.

So let it be with Masson. The ignoble Bruno Hath told you Byrne was ambitious:

If it is so, it is a grievous muddle,
And grievously hath Byrne continued.

Here, under Andrew's bulk and fearful eye
Come I to speak in Grey's funeral.

Barlow was my friend, a source of inspiration to me.

But Vakis said he was ambitious
And Vakis is a dishonourable man.

Flood hath bought many females home from Rome,

Whose pleasures could no ransom buy:

Did this in Flood seem ambitious?

When that Court has pried, Flood hath wept.
Ambition should be made of hotter stuff!

Yet Brouwer says he was ambitious

And Brouwer is a dishonourable man.

You all did see that on April Fool's Day
I thrice presented Souter with a chemical equation

Which he did thrice refuse: was this sleepiness?



BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: William Hughes, Ian Pooley, John Cox, Alec Palamarczuk, John Jorden.

Front Row: J. Walker, William Power, D. Brockenshire.

Absent: Thomas Gyles.

Yet Bartlett says he wasn't sleepy,
And Barlett is a dishonourable man.
I speak only to disprove what Baxter said;
And here I am to speak my speech through
Miles' hair.

You all did love Counsell once, not with cause:

What cause withholds you then, to slaughter him?

O Judgement! Thou art all chemical wrecks!
And Beckett has lost too much water.

Bear with me or I will drown.

My stomach is in the tuckshop with Bawden,
And I must pause 'til they stock up.

—Smoke—

Yesterday the word of Bayley might have
bulled all the world.

Now lies Atkins at home

And none so brave to negotiate the tobacco
smoke.

O unfortunates, if I were disposed to stir
Your minds and hearts to jealousy and
seductive thinking

I should do Purches wrong and Coward
wrong,

Who, you all know, are dishonourable men.
I will do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong the misguided
and helpless

Than I will wrong such truly amazing
perserverance as Mister Billings displays.

—Finis—

SENIOR FORM NOTES

The following contributions were received from persons, infamous or otherwise, who agreed to do so because they were:

- (a) Badgered, pushed or "dobbed in" by the remainder of the form.
- (b) Anxious to "dob in" the remainder of the form.
- (c) Nuts.

It is not the policy nor is it healthy for the magazine committee to accept responsibility for the truth or otherwise of statements made in this section.

Antagonistic persons should seek out the source of their misfortune if it can be found.

● 8 M. 1 + 2

Top form in the school.

Definitely the highest.

No one could possibly get any higher.

And it is without word of a lie, untruth, or falsification that we have achieved this exalted position through the untiring efforts of our deeper, Eric-the-Good. For nothing is too much of a problem for him, be it vocational, educational or matrimonial.

A "Gay Lothario" in the truest sense, he was once seen feting the office females to morning teas in a local shop, no-doubt in order to obtain some urgent duplicated notes for his pupils.

But what of the group he commands.

Firstly we have KEVIN MANIE, general spokesman about anything which may enter his head or on any subject on which he feels we all require enlightenment.

Kevin owns an M.G. TC type sportscar. He likes it.

For an evening's entertainment I can thoroughly recommend anyone with the available time to drop in on him or, failing this, a phone call to his home.

You will receive a complete history of the car, its virtues, features, possibilities and modifications, and, if it is not yet dark, a view from beneath the bonnet.

If you asked me what occurred between Kevin and Anne, Margaret, Pauline, or any of the others when out in the car, it would need no hesitation to answer.

His other great fascination is Metallurgy and its purveyor, Rolly Keller or, with more distinction, R.H.K.

R.H.K. has passed on many useful tips to his students during the year; he has recommended a trip through the river caves as the best way to get the idea of the continuous furnace, for you get the warm-up, followed by full heat, and then the cooling off period.

He also talks of a curious "imbedability property" and has of late become the strong-arm teacher of the school with his threats on late reports.

Then we have/had JOHN TANDY, a sometime thing.

John found quite early in the year that it was becoming increasingly difficult for him to build cars, enter trials and races at the island, sleep and eat and catch up on past subjects while trying to complete this year's course, so he did the only sensible thing.

We have not seen him since.

Also fond of "The Sport" is JOHN COX.

John is a native of Wangaratta.

We never forget it.

He is never afraid to speak his mind on anything and many people are in debt to him for his kindly words about them, in particular Geoff Marshall and Ian Munce, who was feeling rather dejected one day as someone had declared his car as being unfit for even pigs to travel in.

John immediately replied that he had seen the car and that it was quite fit for pigs to travel in.

A true friend.

Until recently, when they had a gentlemanly disagreement over a card game, John had two inseparable friends, Alec Freer and Peter Juchter.

PETER JUCHTZER comes from Germany.

May he someday return.

He is already sold out to, a temperance union, the education department, and a girl known as Francis. The wedding is on the 6th January, 1962, and I should imagine we will all be there to throw confetti, rice, poison ivy or anything.

ALEC FREER changes his cars as he changes his socks.

His first venture was a Morris, which met with an unfortunate accident, totally destroying its priceless fibreglass body.

The second, an M.G. of some obscure type and performance, became the object of Alec's vehement temper, so he released it to the public and replaced it with an Austin A40.

Other rumours have it that Alec has removed at least one truck from the public danger by promising the police not to drive it again.

Also in the used car trade is ALF RERDIN.

Alfie is tied to the Department of Supply and next year goes to Salisbury W.D.R. and then on to Woomera Rocket Range, where the possibility of more travel is even greater.

Alfie commenced where Alec left off, with an Austin, which was almost immediately written off, as we expected

Alfie lived as we expected him not to, but went further towards it by acquiring a Holden with the insurance money. The Holden developed a whine in the diff, which became so loud that you got a headache travelling in it, so Alfie sold it to his father.

Graduating nearer to certain death, he then purchased an M.G. TA, which came complete with spare engine, electrical and other parts except transmission parts.

The diff. collapsed the next day, meanwhile the Holden continued to run.

The majority of the form, however, are one-only car owners, thus leaving their pockets and time available for more exciting passions.

We have BARRY CHITTS driving a side-valve Minor.

Be it ever so humble.

This car is driven with utter frugality, it never travels faster than 30 m.p.h. and constantly returns better than 40 m.p.g.

All this and his father owns a service station. I wonder if Leonie ever pushes it or walks to save petrol.

Then you have IAN MUNCE's Minor, the quality of which was previously intimated. This car is incapable of exceeding the speed limit and does about 75 to the pint of oil.

Ian is committed to the Board of Works, sewers and all that — interesting job for the right man.

Further down the scale is BARRY MORTON in the sole Renault of the form, a noisy car driven by a quiet person, or so we think.

During the half year's a half mad supervisor asked Barry to move his seat. Barry replied "No", sat down and nothing more was said.

What a personality.

At rock bottom we have KEITH REEVES in a very hot Ford.

It stands in the sun all day.

Keith is breaking his neck to get to England to see all the sights with Tom Gyles - - Nuclear explosions over Berlin.

The unemployed receiving the dole.

View of London's gaols for marching with Lord Russel.

TOM GYLES, once a sensible lad, has taken recently to sneaking into the Met. Lab. cupboard when R.H.K. is out to find the answer to his Met. Prac. problems.

On one occasion he had spent three weeks and many sleepless nights on one of these problems before resorting to this underhand procedure.

There was no answer.

This shows the value of being honest, as the rest of us would have immediately dismissed the problem as being too difficult.

The All-Australian Boy is BRIEN KIELY, who does not subscribe to the E.M. rule that "If you haven't got where you are going by 10 o'clock you had better go home".

They go home instead, on foot.

Brien, better known as King Kiely, gives such good lectures that Mr. Kiernan asked him whether he would kindly repeat it.

A scene — "Sir, do you recognise Exhibit A?"

"Yes, it is my car."

This is how we visualise KEN DAY trying to recover his car, which was involved in a swindle involving his car, another car, changed engine bodies and number plates, and the Yarra River.

That is to say he was the victim not the instigator of the swindle.

A poem —

"Mirror mirror on the wall,
who is the smartest of us all?"
"To find the answer quite impartial,
have a talk with GEOFFREY
MARSHALL."

Geoff drives a big red bull,
about which he talks us full.
And when he announces his bride-to-be,
We're sure it will be a T.R. Three.
We heard it coming week by week,

and now it's here, is he some creep.
 Alec asked for a ride first day,
 for the petrol Geoffrey made him pay.
 Ninety-five up Dandy Road,
 Alec said the speedo showed.
 I'd be careful, Geoff, I would,
 Daddy might lock it up for good.
 Seriously though, the car's quite trim,
 although a truck removed its brim.
 And although the nasty boys poke fun,
 It wins the girls at four-three-one.

A joke — PETER MOSS, is to become a teacher.

Not for my kids, mate!

A worker — PETER SHAW, who is S.R.C. secretary, revue secretary, social committee, convenor of meetings, and general organiser. Peter's car is pretty hot; it was heard that he once burnt off Kevin. (Kevin was riding his bike.)

Our Asian friends —

CHOM DE... Have you
 ALBERT SOON
 RICHARD SOON
 MON SOON
 HOW SOON
 TOO SOON
 and SEE YA SOON.

The sports committee, B.H.P. and Petroleum are Mr. B.H.P. man topics of conversation. Mr. B.H.P.? Graeme Carrol, of course! Graeme handed Mr. Tamagno an 1000000000000000000 word report. Mr. Tamagno told him, "You're joking!" Graeme divided the number of words by 10^6 and it was accepted.

NOTICE: If anything has to be organised, no matter what, Graeme's the bloke to see. Graeme maintains he doesn't concern himself with women. Every time we see him he's generally conversing with Commerce students, "getting their form notes" says Graeme. Conclusion: must be a lot of Commerce forms.

Aim: To study the performance of one known as BARRY CADY.

Apparatus: Snowy trips, Yatch (as Eric spells it), with deck removed, Fiat car, symphony orchestra, Brian Kiely.

Method:

- (1) Place specimen at Snowy, observe results.
- (2) Give him yacht and car, note effects.
- (3) Place specimen in town hall, place also into foresaid one giant size symphony orchestra.
- (4) Place Brian Kiely alongside object

under examination and stand back (out of earshot).

Conclusion:

- (1) Snowy trip prone to movements after dark between bed and door at end of dormitory.
- (2) Enthusiastically worked on yacht but showed less interest in car (none).
- (3) Had symphony orchestra playing "Rock Me Daddy" after two minutes.
- (4) Censored (Editor).

Keith Blake:

Hobby: Drafting office.

Aim in life: To be an engineer in a drafting office.

Pet aversion: Department of Navy drafting offices.

If X is the unknown quantity, let X = ROBERT LAMB.

If $Y = F(x)$

Then Y = IAN MUNCE.

Bob sits next to Ian and:—

Works when he's supposed to.

Says "Yes" when he's supposed to.

Always agrees with the lecturer, even Eric, and generally backs up everything Ian says.

Bob doesn't own a car, knows where all the best shows and dances are. Doesn't involve himself with statistic lessons on Snowy trips.

dy

When $\frac{dy}{dx} = 0$ and $\frac{d^2y}{dx^2}$ is negative you

can bet it's exam. time. (Maximum effort.)

Last and least is JOHN ASHFORD. (He wrote most of these notes.) John is President of the Side-Valve Motor Club. John is also an ace salesman. He's so good he could even sell that Commer of his. He's really sold John Cox on the idea of buying a complete collection of photographs of the Snowy scheme. But John Cox is taking his time about the whole deal.

His hobby: Keeping fish tanks and air pump, etc.

His ambition: To sell his Commer.

Pet aversion: Photographs and Manie's theories on symbols unit system, etc.

Probable fate: To die at the hands of Geoff Marshall after the magazine comes out.

Brian Kiely is a keen surfer, with an interest in the beaches of the world. To further his knowledge, he asked Challeng

Chomdahava if you get any sharks in Bangkok. Chom promptly replied, "Look, you can get anything in Bangkok if you've got the money".

A talkative fellow named Gyles
Is out-talking Marshall by miles
His persistent natter
Incessant back chatter
His teachers now constantly riles.

● 8M $\frac{3}{4}$

In our form, fanatics, car or otherwise, are unknown. This year wide fields of interests have been developed due mainly to the efforts of our lecturers, whose assistance and understanding has been greatly appreciated.

HOWARD STEER - Commonly known as "Big Chief". He is a country lad who likes to visit the big smoke once in a while. We hear he is quite hep on this Cardinal Puff Stuff.

GEOFF RAYMOND - This gent has delusions about many things, including a good time in Surfers Paradise at Christmas. We hope that Peter's and David's Psychology lessons will be of some help towards this event.

DAVID HOFFMAN - We would be interested to hear a tape recording of the building of this fellow's air-conditioner, as the range of his vocabulary is boundless. Congratulations are due because of the arrival of "Little Hoff".

PETER HALL - The man with many problems. Virginia and his trombone are fire, wind and moisture to this chap. Misses his Mom and Dad.

ERROL CROLL and TED SENTRY - Commonly known as the "Cooma lads" since their last night effort to make up for bottle restrictions enforced by the S.M.A. Ted, on the same night, found some difficulty in mounting the double bunk.

LOW HENG LIAT - This Malayan lad tends to get in the way of motor cars when riding his motor scooter, a broken tail-light frequently resulting.

RICHARD SOON and K. Y. YONG - These two chaps drop in for an occasional visit so all we can do is wish them luck.

BRIAN NEIL - Brian is a chap who is quite removed. A delayed action type with ability as yet undefined.

ROGER STUART - Dear Rog, we wish you the best, because if you get to New Guinea with Ford and Fitcher, who is to tell if you will ever escape from the lubras up there.

JOHN DOFF - Should be known as "Fangio the second" because of an epic drive from St. Kilda to Moorabbin. This boy should really go places, up or down?

JAVIS PUTINS - Proud owner of a rather temperamental Vauxhall. He "Vaulks" all the way there and he "Vaulks" all the way back.

IAN WHELAN - The owner of an heirloom Bradford. Social life of this chap is of unknown proportions, but it is known that Thursday night is billiard night.

ANDRE JANITS - He is our country boy, also quiet and very coy. But he had better watch his "thermals".

BRIAN CAHIL - We are sure that Brian's ability to complete the morning paper's crossword puzzle in half an hour will be of great advantage to him in the V.R.

DOUG BREWER and PHIL WORCHESTER - These two chaps seem to be "in conference" 24 hours a day. They alternatively sit solemnly in council for each other. Little is known of their activities except we think Doug is a little too enthusiastic about using the new Geelong road.

NORMAN WEE - A good talker on many subjects. An Asian in Australia to work, even if it is only to shift his luggage, with Len's help, from one place to another.

DAVID FORD - The "Man from Snowy River", but he has difficulty in catching his horse. Seems to work hard but doesn't. His pet aversion is Hilary, an art student, who loves him just as much as he loves her. This chap has a sense of humour that brings out the worst in him.

COLIN MURPHY - As this chap spends most of the time listening to the radio in Tom Kent's Riley, we cannot say anything about him.

IAN FITCHER - The proud owner of a dashing Vauxhall with a potent floor gear-shift and a raucous exhaust system; it never manages to get him to school before 9.15 p.m. Makes frequent visits to the city to ensure his mate's girl friend is in good health.

● 8C $\frac{1}{2}$

In writing these notes it has become apparent to this scribe that much rubbishing could be done. Volumes of lyrical prose could also have been written on the chaps. However, literature has been spared this contribution and comments condensed and

arranged in order. I regret that copies of these notes, with objectionable character references blotted out, are not available, as this would reduce the page to a blank.

Proceeding with our rogues' gallery in alphabetical order we have:
Michael Adler.

Seems to spend most of his time eating Halvah (pronounced with a gargle) and working, Working! On the Snowy trip he showed his staying powers and proved a worthy opponent for Salvik.
Russ Andrew.

Next year Russ will be in New Guinea, where Australian girls are reputed to be scarce. The change from shot gun pellets to arrows could be interesting for Russ.
Paul Blair.

Paul is our "vice"-president. Would be one of the sophisticates of this college. None other could co-pilot a Sprite with such assurance, nerve, and style. Paul apparently values his Daks, because he didn't come on the Snowy trip.
Don Bolt.

Don has learnt to keep his head down when near Onga's elbow. He hides his vices well, so little garbage can be found to be written about him.
John Brazenor.

John's chief delights seem to be niggling teachers and thrashing a Holden — both interests which stamp him as a future teacher. Not being one to boast, his golf scores are John's secret. He was another lad who preferred to remain a tenor and did not go on the Cooma trip.
Jeff Dobell.

In such a gang of workers a few pikers must be found. Jeff is not one of these; in fact, his general attitude has earned him the affectionate title of "Dobber Jeff". Surely the primitive urge must catch up soon and Jeff will find himself married.
Bob Evans.

Bob is our Traditional Jazz authority. His well known cry of "Get 'em round" was often heard during the lighter moments. He is also very proud of the fact that he once got "Solo" with two trumps in his hand. A good boy on the whole.
Ken Hendrick.

Here is a voice which will surely be remembered by giggle fans for years to come. Ken has proved that V-W's can be induced to climb cliffs — chiefly in the direction of down. The angular momentum produced is an interesting side effect.

Repetition of such excursions is not recommended.

Jim Hill.

This "Man of the World" is a definite attraction for women — from the age of six onwards. When in anger he is liable to burst forth with "I'll wrap this round your ——— head". This lad from Scoresby claims to be the owner of an immaculate Riley similar to cars in Boardview's car yard. It must be ancient, since no one has ever seen it.
Dave Hughes.

Dave has often demonstrated his formula for gaining late entry to a class to the boys. Apparently a combination of the words "Country Train" and "Nar-Nar-Goon" in a suitable basso profundo dispels forbidding looks of any lecturer. Dave has also shown ability in fronting up to the snow.
Lyle Jeffrey.

A quiet lad from the outback (Shepparton). Lyle is the proud owner of a T.D., has a happy-go-lucky attitude to school work and enjoys himself immensely on his home trips.
Alan Johnson.

Alan is the only married lad in our mob. The boys look forward to bestowing the title of "Daddy" on him, but apparently studies have kept him fully occupied to date.
John "Tiger" Jordan.

A New South Welshman! Since meeting up with Tiger we have learned to our surprise that they play Aussie Rules up there. A great racing fan, Tiger often has a hot tip for Saturday.
Don Kennedy.

He assures us that J.F.K. got the job solely because of his surname. Don has also shown the old saying, "Three's a crowd", to be false. Two leaves little room for action in a Fiat 600.
"Lummy" Lum.

Rumour has it that this chap was seen in his car with one of the opposite sex whilst in a stationary position. The car, that is. Looks like the first quarter of his married life is settled already.
Malcolm Middleton.

"Mid" is KING. He proved most adept at filling tins (three) and patiently teaching heathens to sing "Mentone Tigers". His voice box went on the blink later, possibly as a result of his singing efforts. Even he finds it hard, however, to maintain steady flow conditions whilst cornering.
Doug Moore.

Doug spends his time either with Cindy, a P-type which hasn't been sighted recently,

flaked, or knuckling John B. However, at heart Doug is a real gentleman, and we don't mind having breakfast half an hour late if he gets his beauty sleep.

Slavik Ramchen.

Since his arrival, this upholder of the downtrodden has struggled to liberate his fellow students from teacher oppressors. He believes in all-day holidays all year round. John Rebecchi.

John possesses the best under the shower tenor voice in the group. His great exhibition of repartee in the wee small hours on the Snowy trip was not, however, greeted with wide approval. John also owns many reference books for singers.

Peter "Onga" Rudd.

The big event of the year was when this lad changed chariots. He no longer drives a cloud of blue smoke, but pilots an F.J. with foxtail flying. His well known punctuality makes him a fine prospective V.R. commissioner.

Lester Sawyer.

Lester's periodic longing for the green hills of home takes him back to Samaria frequently. Perhaps he has some interest up there; because everybody needs some excitement in his life.

Gary Scott.

The silent one. He has been seen recently conning commercial students. Arranging a typist for your report writing, Gary?

Ian Watson.

Off the football field and away from Sue, Ian is very quiet. So quiet that little can be said against him except that he once went to Melbourne High.

● 8C3

LES BICKERTON - A quiet unassuming lad who really can let loose on certain trips. Les is still mourning the loss of his surveyor's hearse, but hopes to be the proud owner of a Goliath next year. They are good cars he says.

RAY BOYD Ray has looked happy since the start of the year (ask Bill). His heart throb also goes under the name of Boyd. Don't know if they are married or not. Ray had quite a time at the ball this year collecting glasses and whistles - has enough to store a shop.

TED COLE (TOOFA) - His latest mania is a lightning TC, or is it a TD or —? He seems to be trying to keep its identity hidden by a very dense smoke screen. Who was the snappy female seen riding with him down Riverside Road?

NEIL DIXON - Neil is a regular player in the Ormond Under 19's. He and Mick have an understanding that first one in grabs the couch. Neil also plays a fair slice at golf. Neil has become known for his early arrival at school each morning - for the second period.

MARTIN HARGREAVES - Marty is the folk singer of 8C3 as he proved on the Snowy trip. All the fan-mail can be forwarded to Max. He is a quiet, unassuming, handsome, well-groomed, modest, studious young man who considers himself the best-behaved in the form - guess who composed this sentence. Marty quite often leaves cars at certain females' residences.

BILL HODGENS - Bill left Wangaratta to come to Caulfield - we don't know why. Who says there are no "wild white rabbits" roaming Hawthorn streets at night. Bill, with King Malcolm, proved his worth on the Snowy trip. On behalf of the boys I would like to congratulate you, Bill, on

BILL KAY - Bill rents a bachelor's flat in Caulfield. As yet we don't know what goes on there but investigations are being carried out. He is also the driver of a TC, which is very original.

ALAN MACKENZIE - The caveman of the group - we wonder whether he's wearing anything under that hair. Alan is a sailor and a keen footballer for the "mighty scouts". He enjoyed the Snowy trip a lot, just ask the head girl. We don't know if he's still relying on those safety pins.

PETER MICHAEL - Saucy's latest catch - Peter plays many ball games, a member of the Ormond Amateurs, just ask him about the grand final. "Beetle Boy" Peter gets around in a white crash helmet and a set of falsies.

KEAN HUN NG - "Nuggets" comes from Malaya. A hard worker, he proved to be a regular card sharp on the Snowy trip. An individualist at heart, "Nuggets" is the only boy in the form to sport a moustache. And "Nuggets" says, "The only sensible person I've met in Australia is GEORGE."

MAX G. MAY - So much could be said about him that we've decided to say nothing.

BARRY RAWLINSON - Rodwell is destined to break the Australian land speed record in the next few years. Barry also triumphed on the Snowy trip, we won't say at what. Also a speed boat enthusiast, he hails from Burleigh Heads. Whoosh! there he goes at 80 m.p.h.

TAN KIM HONG— Kim also hails from Malaya. We have seen him change from a quiet scholar to a ———. Quick to learn the Australian way of life, he soon followed Jim's example. Who was that you were chasing down the corridor at Cabramurra?

ALAN TURNBULL— Alan has been known to hide his vices well but failed to conceal them on the Snowy trip. Once a keen tennis player, he has taken up the game of cricket. Who ever saw a straighter bat.

BRIAN THOMPSON— Brian comes down from Shepparton every now and then to see us. His efforts so far this year have made a great favourite of Mr. Devenish.

To our teachers, Messrs. Prescott, Roach, Hoadley, Barry, and others, we are truly grateful, and feel sure you will be in December. Our special thanks go to Mr. Hoadley, whose good fortune it was to take such a fine well-mannered teetotal bunch of Australia's future Civil Engineers on the Snowy trip.

● DOSSIER A LA 8E

"What am I offered for this form of illustrious Electricals? This, the only steam driven eighth form to be certified free from frogs. Do I hear an offer? Never mind, sonny, keep your sixpence and we will get down to more mundane matters." Apart from the credit squeeze, the lack of taken was due to the following thirty reasons:—
ALDERSON.

A hardened enthusiast of radio controlled model aircraft flying and a dare-devil Renault driver.
AMIET.

Has been having a lot of trouble with his camera lately and consequently the income from his blackmailing business has fallen considerably.
BOOTH.

Editor of the Chronic, member of the S.R.C., and the magazine committee, and is also captain of the baseball and cricket teams. He still manages to find time for such things as Rhonda, his Morris Minor and schoolwork. If the S.E.C. are willing, Bob's next step will be the University. There is no doubt that Bob will soon earn his place at the top of the pole with the best of them.
BRIMMEL.

A living, breathing combination of the three wise monkeys. Apart from this disadvantage he still gets on well with anyone that happens to notice him.

BROCKENSHIRE.

One of the "Wang" boys but he will probably make good in spite of it. "Brock" is forever arguing with "Zuck" over the various merits and de-merits of Volkswagens and Vanguards.

BROWN.

Co General Manager of the Revue, President of the Social Committee, member of the S.R.C. and the magazine committee; also, as rumour has it, an intimate acquaintance of Modame De Nod. Once an "A Model" owner but now enjoys the dubious privileges of Vauxhall motoring. Don says he plans to return next year as the first stage in his career as a professional student.

COATES.

Another shutter bug. Graeme is one of those few people who seem to manage to get the hang of everything. Was definitely outclassed by John Patterson in the form punch on.

ECKHARDT.

Bill has not had a very good year this year and he is another one with intentions of coming back next year. Whenever you look at him he seems to be far away. Penny for your thoughts, Bill.

FARMER.

An Elec. Wiring man from way back, Graham is ever quick to deliver a lecture on his beloved Pyrotanex.

FORGE.

Russel came on the Snowy trip with us and completely stumped our guide with the question "What would happen if they dropped an atomic bomb on it?" He is one of the last people in our form that travels by a two-wheeled unmotorized convenience.

GILBERT.

Bruce is an Austin "A40" owner and he boards at the Y.M.C.A. during the week. The combination of these two factors seems to have a peculiar effect on him as he manages to pass examinations. He appeared to be quite happily married to Jenny, until after a recent holiday at Warburton, when the name Sheena began creeping into the conversation. Prefers it to be forgotten that he was the Revue Committee Treasurer.

JACKSON.

Bob and his crew of intrepid explorers put to sea on the Yarra at the first annual raft race and were not seen for some time after. This experience seems to have so shaken him that he has settled down considerably and his only crime appears to be coming late occasionally.



Mothers' Club



Floating Pontoon



May we leave the room?



Room for Shaw



Now, vye vere you late?



Someone's mum just doesn't know



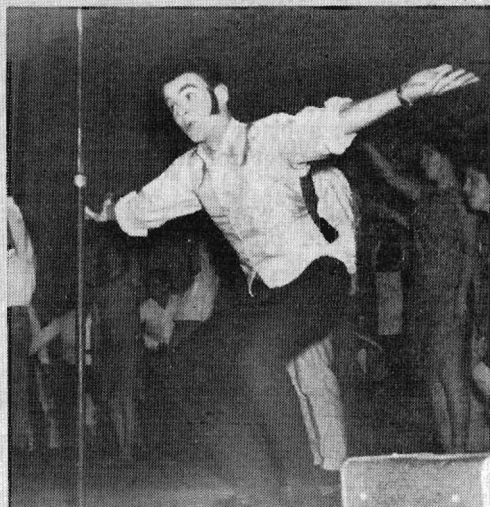
**Let me in,
Little Pig**



**You've nothing to lose
but your**



Done!



Up, Up and Away



All at Sea



Tea Break



Lawman



Anything but the whip.



**It looks better
spelt 'Laddies'**



Playtime

JUGGINS.

Dave, an inseparable pal of John Amiet, drives a black and red Prefect, which may well account for it.

KIDD.

Warren wraps his pink "beetle" around him and proceeds up to Warburton most week-ends. Several reports of his doings up there have filtered back, and we are beginning to disbelieve his claim that all he does up there is to help pay for the "Alpine". He is one of the dwindling members of 8E that likes to "bash in a few sherberts".

LEE.

Dunston is a typical quick Asian student, and apart from a miraculous effort in getting in some Electronics experiments, little is known of him.

LEE.

Another Asian student who, if some rumours can be believed, is not the quick boy that he appears to be. One current rumour is that his blood has a substantial alky-line content. Come to think of it, exactly where do he and Dunston disappear to on some occasions.

LUKINS.

One of the "Wang" mob that descended on us this year. Isn't that so, Ehh?

McDOWELL.

Bill's father is a publican up in "Shep.", and that could perhaps be the reason that Bill has so many friends amongst the travelling members of 8E.

MOEY.

Keng built himself a T.V. set, which is supposed to work, and he was also a member of Bob Jackson's crew.

MOLL.

Wilfried is one of the quiet unobtrusive members of the form but is occasionally called on to translate some of Doc's lectures.

NORMAN.

Brian is a boy who is rarely seen in our form due to his timetable. When he is not fiddling with a radio he studies Hypnotherapy, which he one day hopes to practise.

PALAMARCZUCK.

If you ever have fears of a Russian invasion you are too late they're here. "Zuck" invaded us via Wangaratta Tech., and is still managing to avoid deportation. He spends most of his time at home trying to put a Volkswagen into orbit.

PATTERSON.

John is forever fighting with Ron Zmood for the title of "most accomplished late-comer".

PHIPPS.

It is rumoured that Allan is engaged to a teacher at "Wang". There is also another rumour concerning the reason for it.

POOLEY.

"Puddles" is his nickname but the reason for it is not very clear. Perhaps it is a reflection on his rural origin.

REEVES.

Ken was at last persuaded to put on the gloves and have a "proper go" with his sworn foe, Barry Alderson. The result was pretty inconclusive, and I expect that they will be back at it again shortly.

SIMS.

General Manager of the Revue and a member of the S.R.C. Tony is an ardent exponent of the art of "A modelling". He is so enthusiastic that he drove all the way up to Wycheproof just to watch the trains going up the main street (so he says). He came to school to obtain a little knowledge, but all he seems to have gained so far is something that can best be described as female, dark and (not physically) Long.

SKARBEEK.

George used to work for Emmanuel Car Sales in his spare time but didn't seem to gain anything from it as his Austin "A40" gave him trouble from the day it was bought. He also devised an ingenious scheme to supply himself with free electricity, but unfortunately he did not take into account the old scientific principle that you can't get something for nothing.

SOEHARSOND.

Hari is another very quick character and consequently is regarded with deep suspicion.

WALKER.

Jim takes a great delight in confusing Doc. during his lectures. He is the last of the "Wang" types to come down here, and the Elec. Eng. teacher up there was probably very relieved when Jim left.

WILSON.

A lad with a very clever racket. He smashed his car up and his insurance company wrote it off and paid him the money. He then bought the wreck off them for a small consideration and used half the money to fix it up. He now has a car and some money.

ZMOOD.

There is only one of these in the school, and we are fortunate in having it. Seriously though, Ron is one of the "important ones" and another of these people who seem to know what is going on. He has held the

title of "Last on the Roll" for many years now, and he says that he has no intentions of relinquishing his position for a while yet.

After this little peep into their private lives the majority of the form have decided that the only decent thing to do is to leave school at the end of the year. On our behalf I would like to thank the members of the staff who tolerated us and patiently guided us during these difficult yet wonderful years of our life. I am sure that every student that is leaving this year will retain many memories and impressions gained during his stay here, but this will not deter most of them from leading a normal happy life. For the first time we cannot write "so long till next year". We are forced to use goodbye.

● 7D

For the past year, Jack (i.e., Mr. J. J. Ryan, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., A.R.A.C.I., NaCl, H₂SO₄, etc.) has endeavoured to drum into the skulls of 12 \pm Wong the subject of Organic Chemistry. Similarly, the Obe (i.e., Mr. Ian O'Brien, E.D.T.A., table tennis champion of room 19) has failed in his task of teaching Chemistry II to Chemistry III students. Don't be downhearted, Mr. O'Brien, teaching first grade won't be too bad, and look at the room for advancement. "Spider" Weble was the chap in charge of Hun One, average attendance was about 40% (Blutig böse Wartung!). This year gave us three social science instructors. They were:—

1. Mr. Keith Walker (poor chap couldn't get a word in edgeways, but a big hit with the commercial girls).

2. Mr. "Charlie" Caplin (disappeared without a trace one day and wasn't seen again—our deepest sympathy).

3. Mr. Werblow—affectionately known as the "Yank" (O.K. fellers, take five—Go Home, Yank).

To the above chaps go our sincere apologies. As for the stomach ulcers, ask your family chemist, he knows!

Now for the Chemists themselves.
Graeme xxx Roseman.

Boy, what couldn't be said about Gra! Life (and death) of the party. We have incriminating evidence of his snow trip follies. Graeme is a tri-weakly, he graduated from the try weakly class last September, and from the try anything class since Easter. Keep this following verse in mind, Gra.

Semel Rex Sempel rex

Semel Rex Sempel Rex

Sed semel noctre satis est.

What Graeme doesn't know about Rosebud could be written on a postage stamp. Responsible for driving Mr. Walker up the wall. Legally owns his driving licence and a share in the family Peugeot (i.e., he can look at it if he is allowed). Often uses Tom's V.W. for various transportation purposes—mainly between Chadstone and Mordialloc on hot nights, in the company of a female—natch. Graeme is worried! Why? We wonder. It was during Maths. 2D that Graeme found that traffic statistics showed that 40% of all people were caused by accidents.

Philip "Fearless" Smith.

A great change has come over Phil since Easter at Rosebud with Roseman. Stimulated his outlook toward the opposite sex (women). T'was at 'bud that Phil broke the four minute mile while being chased along the beach at 2 a.m. by the very angry father of a young female. Such language. Please, Philip, ease off. Rome wasn't built in a day! (Or a night!)

Colin (Colleen?) Shingleton.

Trains them young. Bonbeach bod. Chelsea Yacht Club member. Actually determines M.P.'s, accurately (and truthfully). Col once saw a seagull buy a car; it left a deposit on a new Buick—Ugh.

Originated from a squatters' settlement called Tatura. All-round sportsman, race caller, tipster, footballer, gambler and Hawthorn supporter. Tells of the Taturian father that couldn't keep his hands off his wife—so he fired them.

Winston "Winnie" Board.

Graeme "Gnasher" Rutherford.

These two Taturians have baffled us. Can't find a thing to say 'bout them.

Roger "Rocker" Bailey.

Bails is a noble lad, like He, Pt and Au, inert and dead. Well known down Brighton Cop Shop. Why? 'Cos of countless attempts to obtain his driver's licence from the aforesaid place. All unsuccessful. Better luck next time. Seen on locker door: "Roger Bailey, the first and last—thank heaven."

Geoff "Pamela" Beaumont.

It has been calculated by statistics that the chances of "Goff" arriving early to any class are 100 : 1. Owns driver's licence; is there another on the way?

Bob "Scabby" Northausen.

The piano at Hall 1 has never had it so good. How often does such music as Peter Gunn, Asia Minor, and various Charlestons issue forth from this establishment? Why, every Thursday morn. The lad with the characteristic walk.

Gary "Dead" Devenish.

Dev. is a quiet lad (compared with others). Amazes us with his ability to work (negligible). "Hey, Graeme, what do you reckon this sample is?" Would be in strife if tables of M.P.'s were not given in Mann and Saunders. Tells us of the night-worker who threw himself into his work.

Frank "Brutus" Piele.

Sadly failed in his task of converting Roger. Mr. Ryan annoys him, and vice versa. Unopposed S.R.C. rep. Brutus tells us that his girl friend always pays when they go to the drive-in.

Ken "Wally" Wallace.

Especially had 3-speed gears fitted to his bicycle so as to save wear and tear on the family Ranch Wagon by driving it to school. Quiet — too quiet.

Kwai Wong.

Actually seen at school two days running. Says he has given up women, but intends to make up for lost time at Christmas.

Days that should be remembered.

1. The day the chemists beat the teachers in volleyball.
2. The day scabby got the haircut.
3. The day the blonde sunbaked in the bikini.
4. The day Geoff arrived early.
5. The day Wong arrived.
6. The day the muffle furnace arrived.
7. The day the blackboard was piloted around the hall.
8. The day school ended.
9. The night school ended.

Motto: "Exams may come, and exams may go, but I . . . !"

● 7E2

Undoubtedly the greatest collection of raw talent ever to congregate in one form. 7E has been a clear asset to the teaching staff at Caulfield. Although they are "not quite sure" of passing the exams, the staff assures them that "it is all right".

Graeme Andrews.

Got a Wolsley for his eighteenth birthday. Has not yet reached a high enough intellectual standard to attend Elec. Wiring 1 and 2. Favourite subject — Graphics. Hobby — Graphics. Claims that the best

way to stay out of gaol is to stay away from women.

Alan Brockett.

Still recovering from his elephant ride through the Caulfield Supermarket. He is wrapped in Vivien, Dianne, peanuts, Vivien, and malteds.

Joe Cappadona.

Still resides in the depths of Dande., and related Mechanisms thereof. Haircut frequency — 2/year, amplitude 1 in. Favourite football team — Richmond. Favourite pastime — Watching the Flintstones.

John Castleman.

Was elected Electrical Faculty Rep. on the S.R.C. — made all the arrangements himself. Similarly became Social Committee Treasurer, and has been spending the money on postage stamps ever since. Other interests — Marian, Vauxhalls, Jan (unknown to Marian) and Dianne (unknown to both Marian and Jan).

Denis Cooney.

Affectionately known as Den. A member of the Den, Len and Steve trio — seasoned teetotallers. Various attributes of the above trio are:—

1. Non-smoking.
2. Love of Elec. Wiring.
3. Religion — Carlton & United.

Gordon Davies (Woolley, Anne).

Runs around in a ball of orange wool, usually chasing Anne. He's going to get a new axe so he can start shaving again. Favourite pastime lately — Telling everyone that the form notes are no good. Serves ya right, Woolley.

John Grace (Grass).

The only thing that doesn't make John want to "chunda" is the new "E" type Jag. Ambition — To be excused while he chundas, and to test drive the new "E" type.

John Gray (Butts — Jarn, Maynard).

Is thinking of getting time off from C.M.F. camp so he can come along to the final exams. Plans to drive his Land Rover to Darwin. Anything between here and Darwin resembling either a girl or a 'roo (or both) is in Grayve danger.

P.S.: "Good on ya, JARN!"

Ken Gray (Hello Ken).

Built a stereo amplifier to amplify the exhaust note of his Fiat "592.2". Ken says anything is possible in a Fiat, and he should know, but we still can't believe it. Favourite saying — "Jump over me!" Next time he

says it to John's girl, let's hope she tries.
Ian Handley

Only thing he does apart from working up a sweat in Elec. Wiring is to go home for lunch (SO HE SAYS). Sometimes takes his Riley 9 out for exercise.
Mick Hassett.

The Returning Officer must have done well out of those S.R.C. elections, because Mick managed to be elected as 7th year rep. Also put forward many quite impossible suggestions as a member of Social Committee. Since the Snow trip Helen has — you might say — taken a back seat as far as Mick is concerned. Whenever he's late, we know a certain blonde was on the train and he missed the station.

Harry Helmer.

We are pretty lucky to have Harry in our happy group. After all, he has a student-ship, wide knuckles, a voice of several megabel capacity and he starred in the Revue — at least he grovelled around on the floor screaming about bodies and cemeteries. Spends Saturday night studying (?).
Steve Jakymczuk.

His name (YAKIMCHUK) has confused every teacher except Doc. (and who could confuse Doc?). Never argues with teachers — why? — it takes two to make an argument.

Kon Fook.

Kon is extremely noteworthy for his disappearing ability as well as his ability to KONVERGE.

Allan Lyne (Sleepy).

The sleepy Beatnik from Oakleigh. Man — like those glasses. Regularly retamps the rear springs of his Hillman. In the words of our Form Poet.

There was a fella called Lyne,
To sleep would just suit him fine,
In the back of his car,
He once went too far —
And slept till a quarter to nine!

John McCabe.

Training very hard to beat Handley to College but last seen disappearing into a hole in the park.

Ross Marshall (Randy).

Drives his Prefect in the latest production of Gray Arthur Yank Film Inc. in the very natural role of disposing of unwanted pedestrians. Is paid by the P.M.G. (a dead loss). Goes to Matric English just to see his heart throb.

Michael Piggot.

Collects miniature whisky bottles, the contents of which are always mysteriously

disappearing. Shortly after he left Tasmania there was a new addition to his family; this resulted in him shifting to Alice Springs to escape publicity.

Russell Trew.

His social life has caused his average to drop to about 95. Russell has recently discovered that life-saving at Elwood is not the only way to sustain the population.

Len Waters.

Another Carlton man. Now the proud owner of a Vanguard, complete with a large scratch along the outside. Len came from Wonthaggi, where they only drink Richmond. This, no doubt, accounts for his split personality.

Tony Wilson.

Has deduced some amazing blackmailing scheme by means of which he extracts money from the S.R.C., or is it the S.R.C. "Clearly" this lad is a natural.

● 7E3

Our form is 7E3 and we're proud of it. At the beginning of 1961 they sorted out all the no-hopers from the prospective 7th form Electricals and this made up 7E½; the rest are us — 7E3 — the whole eleven of us. "It might be worth having a look at us in some detail" (quote from Mr. "M").

Neville Farrall, the wild colonial boy, stands about ten feet high and weighs about a ton. Came here from Stawell Tech., borrows his father's rocking wagon, appreciates fine music, attends parties and balls, and propels an immaculate cycle to school. Falls out with many teachers (especially Mr. "Mc") mainly for being late or "ignorant". Neville seems to get great delight in getting reports in on time and doing Maths. IIA problems.

Laurie Smart — sometimes called Captain Flynn — had his yearly haircut only two or three months ago, and so is quite recognizable. Attends parties and dances, and learns boxing. Bought a car for a fiver, and is now in the process of wrecking and selling. His vices — you name it, he's got it.

Ken Cummings propels an amazing cycle with tractor treads. Sometimes smokes (when he can bott something to smoke). Knows anything you want to know (or don't know). Ken's another one who enjoys handing in reports.

Brian Walters — recently proud owner of a '39 Hillman. Disagreement arises between him and Mr. "C." concerning work done/unit time. Always ready and willing for an

argument and always wins (usually by foul means, such as expertly changing the subject, etc.). Hobbies include cars, dances, parties, dances and all.

Bob Newton paddles a boat and catches yabbies, etc. — spear fishes and all. Sometimes has to swim for it from the dining-room table since he lives on (almost) the Seaford Creek. People sometimes take his front yard for a caravan park. Bob's favourite saying (for him) is "Howegoin".

Otto Eppinger — continually expounding mechanical and other principles pertaining to the motor car — especially the immortal T.C. Critically inspects all machines and always gives sound advice to the unneedy. Pilots his father's spoon for most of his transport, but cycles quite often. Otto's rebuilding his T.C. and hopes to win many races and hillclimbs (with its help) by Christmas.

Lyn Smith — where there's Lyn there's his dog or Otto. Keeps an *Angel*, attempts an average of 50% attendance for most subjects. Has revolutionized the three meal system. For transport — either walks, botts a ride with Otto, or borrows a car — dreams of the future when he will procure his own Sprite. Hobbies — fits of work (and corresponding lax periods), sunbaking, weightlifting, balls, dances, parties and Ginge. Lyn's favourite saying (he lives up to it) — "Get with it, man".

Colin Gissing (Gus) lives in a 1½-storey mansion and drives a Jowett (was and still is his mother's on Fridays). Keen on water skiing and speed boats; also interested in radio control of models (female?). Lives up Huntingdale way and doesn't ride a bike. Colin gets along to a few dances and parties, but his main love seems to be the outdoor life.

Reg. Stewart propels his A7 anywhere and everywhere — averaged about 100 m.p.h. up the snow (calculated later on the basis of a 200% error in his speedo). This car is very reliable, but many factors "depend on the weather". Second favourite saying — "If you're lucky".

Graeme Shields (Tonga) — Suffering from blood in his alcohol system, but still seems healthy and boisterous as usual. His father runs Mordi. cop-shop, loans Graeme his A40 ute., and tells him he should toil and maybe even pass exams. Has the only laugh of its kind, and can crack a pretty good funny. Hobbies includes stacking his father's

car, women, dances, beaches, women, parties, women and driving.

Ken Sumsion has as his topic of conversation Renaults and Margaret. The question is, which one will wear out first? About Ken's adventure at Lake Mountain, we still don't know whether missing that bus was intentional or not, but we do know for sure that Ken wouldn't get cold. Sometimes bright, sometimes exhibits expressions varying from dazed dumbfoundedness to uninhibited idiocy, but — "dat's love". Ken is really quite an affable and likeable fellow who seldom crosses anyone's path — leaving Mr. Forti stranded in the rain was a genuine mutual misunderstanding. Ken is probably our only legitimate "conch" (not to be taken literally) and passed all subjects in the half year. The probable fate of this fellow is to be laid out wall-paper-wise on Dandenong Road by the same truck in whose slipstream he feverishly attempts to remain while on his way to school in the morning.

After reading that, you think we're a pretty weird mob, but an even weirder mob are the teachers; I mean:

Mr. "Mc." — Always arrives at lectures on time to constantly bewilder us students concerning the principles of heat.

Mr. "C." warns us not to bring books in the Maths. IIA lectures since this increases the risk of work being done.

Mr. "W." — "Is all right, is all right" — very easy going and wanders about amongst us while we consider doing design.

Mr. "H." can rave very well — the more he raves, the further we get behind, and the more he blames us for being lazy. The subject we learn sometimes is Applied Mech. IIB.

Mr. "S." — "Slip away now, boys", "Turn orf ya cubical lights". The subject is Elec. Wiring Prac. and he really helps us along, as does Mr. "D.", who teaches theory.

Mr. "T." speaks, we write — that's how it goes day in day out in Met. IIC.

Mr. "Du." sits and reads a book while we sit and read *different* books.

Mr. "M." — to whom we are grateful — he is our guardian angel — he also teaches us Elec. Eng. II, not without referring to some "writing on the wall".

Mr. "F." — "Last in cleans the board", "Thou shalt not write on my board", "Any line if produced correctly will cut my line at the desired point".

I think that's everyone. I apologise for anyone missed (the lucky ones).

● 7M & 7C

It appears that these form notes were not handed in. If they were they were lost before typing and we must apologise.



ART DA4

Michael Nott, Max Thomas, Anthony Austin and Bruno Leepin in front.

● 6A

Usually, when writing notes of this nature, the writers must exercise extreme caution lest they offend the dignity, prestige and feelings of the readers. However, as no one other than the authors have any dignity, prestige or feelings, we will "Carry on regardless".

By far the most prominent yarn spinner would undoubtedly be "Big Mick". Mick's future career, we are sure, will be in a drawing office as he has accomplished the remarkable feat of completing one drawing for the year.

Our sharp shooter, Mark Kelleher, with his faithful old pop-gun, spends much time pursuing and shooting (so he claims) bunyips and gryphons. As he has not as yet brought along a bunyip hide to verify his claims, we believe all he could knock off would be 1,302 cans.

The occasion should not pass without mentioning Mr. McNamara, who resides opposite Caulfield Post Office and is a mutual friend of Steve ("the hairy one") Cirotas, "Honest" John Gilber, David Price and "Lil' Will", who visit him during most English classes.

On the Metallurgy trip to Port Kembla, Johnny Gilvert, "Will" and Alan Anderson, amongst visiting blast furnaces and coal mines, found plenty of time to consume "LIGHT" refreshments and rumor also has it that the Sydney gals sure treated them well.

The most sport-minded member of the form is John Poulton (Poly-Charlie-Chaser), who seems to spend more time at sport than anyone else. Could this be due to the attraction of all those short skirts that play tennis? We think so!

Haven't seen much of "Schonfy" (our form master) since the staff versus students tennis match. Maybe Polly and his team hurt his pride too much by thrashing his team.

We have three overseas visitors in 6A who manage to visit us about once a week. Namely, Henry, Lee and Jimmy. One has to be on one's guard when Jimmy is around lest one should be hypnotised, since he has studied psychology. Henry and Lee both have cars and drive them as if they were driving Chinese oxen in a rice field.

John ("Kookie") Cooke seems to spend most of his week-ends at the drive-in. We wonder what he does between the time the show finishes and 5 a.m. the following morning when he arrives home. We would sure like to know!

The revue party must have been a profound gass, judging by the condition of Noel Holt, Ross Phillips, Brian Kempton and "Will" the following morning.

We have the Mavericks 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th among us. They are Peter Hedrick, Pete Bournes, Peter Cooper, Dick "Brabham" Culpin and Terry "O'Meally" Murphy, who are always found at lunch playing cards.

What are the odds that "Murph" will be a good boy for the next six months. Perhaps he will be more careful from now that he doesn't run out of petrol again!

We have heard that Dick Culpin, who drives a "Twirlwind" Go-Kart, is hoping that at the next meeting to improve his position to *second* last.

Noel Eichorn and John Marriot, on outward appearances, seem quiet, reserved and hard-working fellas, but on closer inspection it can be found that they do as little work and are just as much hooligans as any of us.

As the appearances of George Cairns have been obvious by their absence, it is feared that he has either stacked his beaten-up Holden, finally been caught by the "bulls" (about time, too, Geo.), got married (bit quick, aye!) or joined the workers. (The latter being the most unlikely.)

At last we have come to dear Danny Boy. We all luv 'im! i.e., Don Rita. He knows much more than any of the teachers but, unfortunately, what he knows is never

correct. He is a constant source of annoyance to the teachers and his arguments with same prove most amusing to the students.

As we, the authors, have not as yet indicated our identity, we feel we must enlighten the boys as to who we are. We feel sure that by saying we are the most likeable, hard-working, socially inclined, intelligent and the most likely to become the best engineers (and they all sang — "Wifa lil' bit o' bloomin' luk!"), all will know us!

● 6B

It was written in the stars, it was prophesied by the prophet Jepson . . . and 6B was formed. Here, beneath the heavenly bodies (and others), were grouped the C-R-E-M-E of Cautech's undergrad. . . . er . . . underworld . . . er; well, they commenced the season with a flying start, and all hopes for a successful year were a good double. However, the unfit (???) s-l-i-d, and the overall hopes dwindled 'pon mid-year "X-HAMS".

Two aims were deduced (and subsequently reduced — to one):—

1. To complete a successful year in the Diploma Course.
2. To have fun doing it.

Owing to the fulfilment of the first aim, aim one was subsequently dropped — but we had fun doing it.

But, on with the race:—

The SHERIFF was in the MARSHALL-ing yards: the gun went: first away to the rails was "bandi-COOTE", followed closely by "TOMMY AGNO". Next was "FRANK-ee-ee", ridden by R. Lane. Coming up the rear was the rear-admirable-rare-ADMIRAL. ROL'S drinks were selling well in the members'. T-HOM'S ASS was doing well on the outside, and the POULTER-ry was dressed well for the occasion. The course detective, BOYD, Q.C., looked worried as the wanderers were becoming a little troublesome in the Drawing-Room. However, NEED-A-COAT saved the day with a stitch in time before the NINER got knocked off. But up the outside with a daring pace came WINTHROB. And Winthrob wins. A few words with WINTHROB'S trainer brought these remarks: "It vas not weally vewy divvicult considering the equi-valent time vas vewy sewious in the circuit."

Here is the gruesome ordeal provided for the teachers:—

1. Beebe — The Reverend R. S. ("S" is for Silas).
2. Bingham — One of the "Alki-Twins".

3. Blackburn — Made a new year's resolution: been going in circles since.

4. Bromley — Joe the fish merchant.

5. Chipendale — Pronounced Chip'n'dale. Friend of Donald Duck.

6. Chu — The "Sentimental Bloke".

7. Culley — Mind's in a whirl over his girl.

8. Donohue — Woman "KILLER".

9. De Helin — The "G" man.

10. Harrison — "DOUG THE THUG".

11. Howard — Scooter Bug.

12. Lassel -- Lord righteous from "Dandy".

13. Knapp — Generally known as "nappy"; Schnapper — the "8-50" bug.

14. Lacco — 6B's lucky No. Queen's Jester — Frank's friend.

15. Ling — P.C.-49. He sticks like glue.

16. May — Two-stroke punchman.

17. McColl — The other "TWIN". Bingham's mate.

18. Nicholas — "Seal Bark": We recommend Philip Morris.

19. O'Connor — Brother to Renault.

20. Rickerby — Frank 40's Fiancee.

21. Stubblety — Interested in art (we know differently) STUDENTS.

22. Taylor — The little "G-R-U-B".

23. Turner — "Quiet Conchie".

24. Wilsher — The laddie with the "'61 Sloper".

25. Wilson — "Good on yer, D-A-V-E-E".

A substantial number of the boys from the form participated in the ninth N.S.W. tour, under the supervision of Messrs. Keller and Prebble. The education in the field of steel production was of the best form possible, and first-class guides were supplied by most centres.

The entertainment side of the trip was excellent, and I am sure we left an everlasting impression on the city of Wollongong, especially the GIRLS, hotel residents, and camera shops.

We sincerely thank Messrs. Keller and Prebble for their arranging and supervision of the trip, as the "Tour de Wales" will remain in our memories forever.

LYLE WILSHER,
PAUL BLACKBURN,
Co-editors.

● GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF FORM 6C

K. Barnhill — *ozoa*.

Is obviously a secondary fossil mistakenly placed in a tertiary institution.

D. Bucknell — *apodia*.

A Cranbourneian specimen found only in grease pits or libraries.

I. Bull — *ontoya*.

As the name indicates, this fossil can be recognized by the long, mishapen tongue.

D. Casbolt — *yite*.

A non-conforming specimen, can be identified by the unusual fungus growth, probably due to driving at "hair-raising" speeds.

G. Champlain — *eta*.

A common fossil, found under tables at the Green Oaks (namely hiding). This specimen has a great affinity for another clapped fossil, the Holden-ontite.

S. S. Chung.

As the Grand Marshal declares with feeling: "The lost specimen, could be the missing link."

D. Cox — *idapodia*.

Must necessarily belong to the vampire species, as his recreation time is taken up looking for road accident victims.

K. Dunning — *dodis (andat)*.

Originated in the old beds at Caulfield Grammar School, uplifted and deposited at Caute. Is usually associated with a powerful green and silver Anglia.

I. Donald — *uckia*.

Can be observed best at night trying to keep his throat from becoming parched.

P. Hatton — *diditsir*.

A fossil worthy to be classified with the beatniks of the lower jazz age; due to his unkempt, raggy, decrepit hair he can be seen very easily in a snow-storm or bush-fire.

B. Hughes — *apiker*.

Can be classified into the Phylum of A. E. Neumonian. Has dipping beds (180° strike) installed in a white Essex Super Six . . . or is it Sex?

G. Jackson — *ancrapson*.

Unspecified, last seen on Channel B.U.D.-2 pretending to be a penguin looking for a long lost mate.

D. Jones — *onian*.

Found in the Wonthaggi coal beds, also under the granitic intrusions at Cape Woolamai.

K. Jones — *odear*.

Not to be confused with the former fossil, this one is minute and cannot be seen with the naked eye. However, if you have a normal eye he can be seen running in terror from Red Lead Fred.

N. Kruse — *onregardless*.

One of the few flying species in these parts. Liable to get his feathers ruffled if locked in a locker for more than four hours.

B. S. Lim — *bonian*.

A fossil obviously of the Eastern type.

K. K. Lim — *boffia*.

Classified as above.

J. Pamplin — *dmeasmoke*.

A prominent hillside creep, outcropping at Oakleigh; "very good for botting off" . . . Dunning.

T. Phylland — *ho*.

A fossil with great knowledge of the Australian language and all its picturesque idioms.

R. Parker — *ovathere*.

Can be found overlying the siliceous sands of Bon Beach.

J. Raivars — *on*.

A Frankston fossil with a colossal talking ability. Can be identified by the slimy, green covering claimed to be a duffle coat. Usually found botting anything from hair-clips to under-daks.

G. Ride — *a cockhorse*.

Found in the Cheltenhamian Sandstones.

R. Shipton — *anfelloff*.

One of the axolotleonian species discovered in the Parkdale beds.

M. Stalmer — *my*.

Found reporting to Shipton every high-noon. The shape of the head indicates pre-cambrian age.

K. S. Tan — *gent*.

The simplest way to find a Tan is to look closely for a Sine.

A. Tyndall — *pulltogether*.

Could be still trapped on Lake Mountain if it were not for two eager geologists (B.H. and K.D.), who expertly placed him in a glass case, and transported him back to civilization for all the world to look upon him and wonder.

W. Wealands — *onhishead*.

Usually found in the Koo-Wee-Rup swamp. Intermixed with a variety of fish, frogs, beer cans, slide rules and the furshluggingers who compiled this (EECH) survey.

J. Middleton — *atype*.

The only species in 6C. with any apparent brainpower. Could do much better if he didn't eat his lunch in class.

N. Russell — *upabeer*.

Found under the older-bassalt lava flows of Essendon. He probably emerged from a dip, slip, dip, fall, drop fault.

B.H. and J.R.

● 6D1

At the start of this year, seven would-be Chemists started their second year of trials and hardships.

The other half (part) of 6D is comprised of dirty, horrible Engineers, who lowered our standards and morals far below normal. They say a Chemist tries a hand at anything and everything, so we decided to take a hand in the swimming sports. But we soon tired of this (who wouldn't, throwing flour and fruit for two and a half hours?) and left the swimmers to take over.

Four of our boys formed a Card Club, playing 500 till they looked like cards.

The mid-year exams caused quite a stir, well, for a week anyway. Two of our boys ignored all ancient customs and passed the whole lot, while the others obeyed all customs.

Here, now, is a personal coverage of the successful seven.

Neil (Ned) Beachervaise.

Ned is the only one of us who is mobilized, as he acquired a DKW motor-bike (49 c.c.). As this is his first year at this school we do not know much of his past life. During his short stay he has cast many impressions, but they are not printable.

John Herman.

This boy would be the pride and joy of any class, but we think he is degrading, as he lifts our morals too high. Other notable points are that he does not drink, smoke or play cards; all of which are essential for a good chemist. John does not wait for the staff to make a move, so he teaches himself. Johnny (Rocker) Hurrey.

And I thought some of the art girls had long hair, well this kid takes the cake. One day he went for a haircut but the barber didn't have an anaesthetic so needless to say John did not have the haircut. Johnny is Mr. J. Ryan's pet student, they love each other like cyanide. He just loves getting the staff's milk at 11 o'clock.

John (The Hungry One) Millen.

This boy loves nothing better than a pint of milk and a dozen doughnuts for morning tea. Most people don't eat between meals; the only time John stops is to buy more. John is Mr. D. Duke's favourite pet.

Andy (Motor-Bike) Stevens.

Andy is a great motor-bike fanatic and in August rode in the races at the Williams-town Rifle Range. But Andy is not licenced for road travel. Andy always strikes the trains that get flat tyres and punctures

between stations that causes him to be late for school.

Ross (Yankee) Tharle.

The Yankee referred to here has nothing to do with Americans. Ross is a base-baller. During the September holidays Ross journeyed with the schoolboys to Adelaide to play his sacred game. Ross is Andy's bosom pal, they both live in Dandenong. I hear that down there the train driver has to fight off primitive savages.

Len (Hairy) White.

At the start of the year Len seemed to be a total loss, but bit by bit we reformed him. Not only does he swear and play cards but now he throws all sorts of objects and is starting to hate school. Len, like Johnny, has long hair, which makes it hard to see his face (not that you want to).

Now that you have read all about the second year chemists, you know immediately that Australia has (everything) not a thing to worry about.

ONE OF THE SEVEN.

● (6E MEMOIRS)

Everybody knows wot skool is supposed to be like. As TRUTH hav not published a expos on Caulfield yet nobode really kno about the dirty biz. It is up to the brave noble fearless, etc., such as i to tell you about headmaster's kornes, the skool tuck shop, etc., chiz chiz!

Masters: masters are the biggest setback to educashun and the curse of Caulfield. Take english masters—they set weedy essays, i.e.,

“wot i did on my hols”,

“how can students improve themselves?”,

“my favrite varse”, etc.

None but a fule like archer or lancaster (alias uncle) would rite a essay on any of these. lester (slim) or barnes or moore might.

The second biggest set bak are classes. They are a total waste of time. Maths. LIB. They are a total waste of time. Maths. LIB.

mr. devenish: as you kno $F = m \dots$ (reaches for kane) wot do you think you're doing, kent?

kent: s'non yer biz (he see kane and snekes bak to desk in terror).

mr. devenish: as i was saing $F = \dots$ sit down kline \dots ma \dots stop talking krone \dots and the units are \dots get bak in youre seat roberts \dots in \dots let's have a bit of quiet \dots foot coulombs.

cole: sir i dont quite understand.

mr. devenish: wot?

cole: its just a jumble of letters sir i mean i know i couldn't care less whether i get it right or not and i . . . would you go over it again sir please?

mr. devenish: gives up in dispare and turns to drink.

The biggest asset the skool has is mr. winthrope who holds stronne, casson, and smith in brethless ore. As i look up from my drawing of a wizard H bomb explosion i notice the diligent xpressions on there lovely faces. Henry put up hand and sa: sir are the circuit in series?

mr. winthrope: you mena serious, anywe they are in parraralel.

everbode: yah, boo, hiss, etc.

mr. winthrope (shouting above battle): i think sombode will hav to go out.

everbode: chuck anderson out sir xpell anderson.

As i sit their a grate thort strikes me. All these oiks tuoughs wets bulies snekes cadts dolts and knoves. Wot will become of them? Will harison and lord rite stories for skool girls' own? This is probable as they are both uterly wet and weeds and they run out into quad holding hand wif grif (fin) and jean saing hullo sky and pla skippy.

Bone mite get his general's stars if he save enouff box tops. Pascoe is cert to become president of oval-teenies. And wot of eifermann (floogie) biggs cooke echartd day incoll and yench? Will they ever get married and have children? and give them the middle name schonfelder (ugh!) after the famous fisicks teechnur? Or will they go to the looney bin where they belong. i hate to think. it require too much exershun. However life is a gamble. Wot you get out of it depend on wot you put into it.

bill power.

● 5A

There's a whisper on the field at eleven thirty-nine.

When the first quarter's nearly due to start Saying, Andrew, where is Andrew, has he gone right off the handle;

We must find him or the match can't start. All the jacks and all the queens and black, black Aces,

Are nothing but a trifle of a gamble For Bryue and Gray and Masson and all the stupid ramble

Of McInnes's and Long's snug passes.

Apps is selling budgies at thirty for ten shillings,

And Burns remains as unperturbed as ever. Then Counsell will appear and saunter to the rear:

He contends that Chelsea's going to beat them all.

Beckett goes to skating and has even stood the rating

That he cannot do without a well-placed cushion.

Baxter feigns a break when it's only a mistake:

The battery ran out long, long ago.

Souter stares enraptured at the fly that has been captured

By the wily spider's web above the door.

But Miles is only thinking of the girly he sees winking

With a twinkle and a purpose in her eye.

Purches has his nose studying a pose

In one of his unlawful magazines,

But Bayley stays away and joins in with the fray

Of those that try to study for chlorine (?)

Coward is no coward if it is diesel powered;

For him it's nothing but a serious hobby.

But Vakis sees more light when the squash ball is in flight

And when the girls assemble nearby in the lobby.

Bartlett sits with Brauwer in Mister Billings' class,

Thinking of new ways to mend the seat

And Bawden writes with vigour of the now corrected figure

For the volume of a gas at S.T.P.

De Vries has told Marie how many times he'd see

Her if he could get out of chemistry.

But Barlow's moral code does not all that road

To be taken by such inexperienced beings.

Only Flood and Court remain for me to rudely name

In my narrative of shame and despair.

But such is their attitude that you'd think it very rude

If I mentioned any more than what is there. Great Lord! I nearly forgot, that sect of

bunk and rot

That constitutes the teachers in the school.

Mister Pratt will have a fit if I don't put just a bit

Of his efforts to supress the laughs and coos.

Mister Billings might get sore if I do not remember more

Of how he conquered (?) Chemistry and Byrne.

But seriously now, you must consider how

He has been right when remarking on our form.

Great Caesar's Ghost! I hope that's all for me to say;

I'm glad I'm not included in the rag!

It's your problem now if you disagree,

I wash my hands of all these helpless wags.

● 5B

After a slow start 5B gradually gained momentum and has developed into a hardened team of "hard-working" students, under the "leadership" of MR. COOTE. The form has 29 regular students; 8 architects, 7 mechanicals, 6 electricals, 4 civils, 3 buildings, and 1 metallurgy.

During term holidays and on Wednesday afternoons the popular relaxations are skating and bowling. Just before the half-year examinations we lost one of our students — NOEL JUDKINS, who took a position in a bank. (He always said he needed the money.) MICHAEL BURKE, NORMAN CORRIE and IAN DALE will possibly have a tense struggle at the end of the year. They were top of the form at the half-year examinations.

At last we know what happens when your parents are too far away to sign a card (say, in Borneo); you simply sign it sideways in Chinese as our friend, PAUL KUEK, did. RICHARD GEORGE and VALDEMAR CIMDINS love cars. They spend most of the lunch times in the car yards around Caulfield (in hopeful anticipation!). We do not know for sure, but we feel that CARL HEYMA and BRUCE HOLLOWAY could make good chemists; that is if they are still with us.

Rumour has it that a certain PETER JONES spent several hours one Friday night waiting for a phantom driver; unfortunately, he spent those hours in vain. Heard during a geometry class early in August: "MR. PWATT — Where is the Loci of a plane?" DITZ — "In between the pilot and the hostess, maybe." Apart from his stentorian voice, extended middle (love of food) and occasional desire to indulge in acts of an annoying and disrupting nature, THOMAS DITZ is not really such a bad lad.

Is it that RODNEY HOW, BRUCE HOLLOWAY and several others do not like engineering drawing, or do they have important engagements elsewhere? It would seem that LEONARD KINGSLEY has a chilly disposition, as on entering a room,

regardless of the temperature, he proceeds to close every window and door.

IAN DALE assures us that he was the "crash hot" sergeant of the 3 in. mortar (drain pipe) not so many years ago. IAN RANDS also is one to reminisce about his cadet days at Oakleigh Tech.

Contrary to popular belief, that large blue bag that MALCOLM COLE carries to class under his arm does not contain books, but his lunch. JOHN EDGAR and WAYNE SHERRIFF have little to say except when spoken to; is this good manners or just that they have nothing to say? LINDSAY JACKSON and DAVID JAMES always sit near the door in English — could be why they are missing at the conclusion of the period. MICHAEL HAUSSEGER, JOHN GIULIERI and MARTIN GIBBS are often found around the card table.

We are all curious to know how MICHAEL BURKE manages to get on so well with one of the junior school teachers who, we all agree, is usually quite . . . BYRON CONDILIS, MICHAEL DUNSMORE and MARTIN GIBBS are in the spotlight when soccer is mentioned — they are all fairly new Aussies and love the game. TERRY EDWARDS' favourite saying during the Test series was "Up the Aussies". I rather feel he doesn't favour the English. PAUL HENSHALL must be short of money as he spends all his time looking for a "Value for Money" milk bar. ASHLEY BIRRELL is no relation to Dr. Birrell the police surgeon, or so he says.

KELVIN HUGHES invested in a motorized chariot of the Singer variety during the early part of the year. ROBERT ASH and IAN DALE also have their own transport. Our spies tell us that TERENCE HERBERT may invite the form to his father's cake shop for a Christmas break-up party (our spies are usually not very well informed).

In conclusion we would like to thank all the teachers who helped us to navigate the first year of the course (successfully?).

● 5C

"Never before have so many boys done so little for so long" sums up our year's work, but don't fret, friends, you can come back next year and be in 6A.

Bend your ear, friend, and hear the latest scandal from 5C.

The Rip Van Winkles of Form 5C are J. Payne, Maslen and Edward B.

In keeping with the mood of the opening paragraph, one James McMahon — "The original optimist" condescends to honour us with his presence (occasionally). Favourite saying — "I never pass the half-year exams, but I always pass the final".

From calling out in class Stewart can't refrain, and in "Annie's" he creates quite a pain.

Lang — Always caught with the duster in his hand. "I was just going to clean the board for you, Sir."

Trevor Lowe on a rainy day
Is often inclined to stay away.

Spencer — A man of plain ungarnished speech, exhorting us ever to avoid the sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.

Smythe has done so little work this year,
That attempts to do less would fail I fear.

Did Stanley break his wrist trying to prove that all play and no work makes Jack a successful man, providing she is the boss's daughter?

Greg Kidman, I'm sure,
Would find Chem. prac. more thrilling
If only Miss Ferguson
Was a little more willing
(To help him with the experiments).
Was it artist or an artiste who painted the eagle on Barry May's dust-coat?

Ron McKinne, a man to hail,
Has two one-track minds
(One for each rail).

Who was it who decided to investigate the rafters of room 32 to see if there were any flaws in the ceiling?

"Two beautiful black eyes,

Oh! What a surprise . . .

(Casey! We didn't even know you had a girl friend.)

Tony Knight and Roger Payne. A disgrace to the form. Fancy coming 1st and 2nd in the form.

Piccinis — commonly known as "Frantic", commonly known as "(sorry, censored)" — steadfastly maintains he got his broken nose in a car accident.

Who is it that makes us one cut above the peasantry in the streets by sporting a hyphenated surname?

A man of good stature is my friend Gus
Who, with his side-kick "Hic",
Creates quite a fuss.

Roger McKie — A man who believes that cat-gut is more useful in a tennis racquet than in a cat.

Glynn Kay — A man who considers

parallel-ban demonstrations a necessary part of Engineering drawing.

Who is that tall, dark stranger there?

Alan Syle is the name.

Blazing a trail through Phys. and Chem.

Martin's his companion

Smoking is his game.

Moffat — A man after my own heart — believes in free speech, but the teachers disagree, especially in their periods.

Form Master's comment:—

"Why can't you all come 2nd top?"

"Why can't you all come 2nd top?"

(Don't answer that one.)

● 5D

In 5D we have quite a speed-boating authority in Dave "Laurels" Hardie and his "associates", John Ferguson — or Floppy as he is better known — and Alan Gissing; also there are a number of Asian students studying with us in the person of Eddie Chu, and Kwok Fu Yeun, who are two Hong Kongites; then Eddie Sakusa, an ex-Indonesian Army man, and finally that wild man from Borneo, Leong Wong. All of these very likeable boys have been teaching (?) us short sentences of Chinese, of somewhat doubtful propriety, as each time someone says one, these boys almost split their sides laughing (probably our pronunciation).

Then, situated around the class, we find a pessimistic Englishman in Warren McIlwraith, who is quite certain that without him and all the other Englishmen in Australia, Australia would collapse. Then with him we have Peter Capon, his offside, and "Smiley" Swole, truly a walking ad. for Pepsodent. Down the front of the class we have an ardent Austin 7 Club fan in Bob Tate — how he could fold himself into an "Ocka" no one can quite make out. Next to him is Peter Kilvert, the only confederate McIlwraith has in the class. In Bod Saird, Bruce Bengough and Max Whamond you see three hard-working young Engineers. Then we come on to Bob Eno, that refugee from R.M.T.C., whose favourite haven it has been whispered is a certain dance up at a city hospital where he sits (I think) and listens to a smooth Trad. Band. If you want a good argument just come and say to either Leslie Gamel or Jeff Garmsten that an engineer is better than a chemist — and you'll have a beaut, believe me. In fact, any of the chemists will have an argument with an engineer, as they're a belligerent lot. The way he goes on, one would think that

Rex Hirst lives only for his Austin 7 ("What Austin 7?" is Laurel Hardie's question), with the army and Basin Street instead of study, and there is no need to worry, that escapee from a good haircut, Peter Warne, is slowly coming around to civilized ways, even to liking some jazz, or, as he says, "Oh, I only like light rock!" We are all wondering whether Lloyd Harrison will ever beat Hirst and Warne at being just 10 minutes late of a morning. One thing is certain — and that is that those buses had better try to be on time once in a while — at least that's what "Tab" and a few others think. Last but not least, Geoff Pearce, who is, I'm sure, trying to find out in the shortest time possible how many Marlboro you have to smoke to get cancer. Either that, or he's got shares in Philip Morris.

REX HIRST.

● 5E

Bonjour, from 5E, the form of the criminals, hoods, wreckers (have you seen room 33 lately?) and gamblers.

LATEST NEWS

Here is a news flash giving the situation with 5E as it stands at present.

Hampton Hood Minihan, apprehended for swearing (watch your language, Brian).

Bikini artist Wilkinson censored for his rude drawings.

The latest on the nasal front is the enlarged edition of "Nasser" Cummins. Boy, he nose a lot about the hanky trade.

5E is on the shift again with Physics encouragement. Certain "Gentlemen" recently went from the back to the front, from the front to the back, and in the cases of Stern, Cummins and Dalton a complete exit was enforced. "Shifty kid" Doherty is suing teacher for cost of shoe leather.

Although we work for the S.E.C. we do not loaf as much as the inferior forms, our high averages give proof to this statement (so what if we only do five subjects?).

After coming together for the first time this year we soon welded ourselves into an efficient, teacher-annoying group. May made the acquaintance of the Principal very early in the year, and he is now trying to learn how to throw dusters straight (without breaking windows). With the coming of the term holidays many of the kids feel unhappy at the finish of school for a short period. Some are so grief-stricken that they cannot attend classes.

During English periods our unfortunate class master Mr. Oakley tried to arrange debates, but these usually developed into a shouting match between "Fog Horn" Stern and "Baby-face" Moore, who were not debaters but professional interjectors.

5E is by far the most united class in the whole college. We all try not to do the same five subjects.

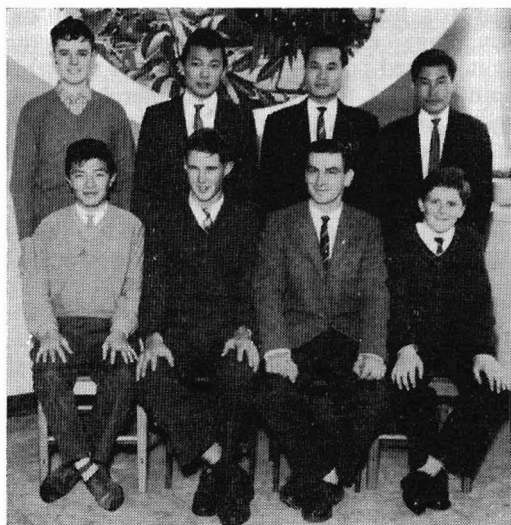
Remembering quality is better than quantity, we shall finish on this note. For electrical appliances and briquette services come to the Electrical Supply Department in Flinders Street. Remember, electricity is better than gas (hot air?).

● 5F

This brilliant form comprised the first and probably the last year of the Commerce section. The unfortunate teachers in charge of this form were: Mrs. H. Newcombe, who was quite convinced that none of us would pass, and Mr. W. Clemens, about whom we shall say no more.

The form consisted of the following bright sparks: Marion and Val, who should belong to the Melbourne Walking Club, as they are continuously seen prowling through Caulfield on hunting expeditions. The smaller members of the form consist of Merryll, Coral, Lois and Joy, who should take more notice of the milk commercials on T.V. Lois and Joy have been turning their attention towards a couple of guitar-playing brothers who attend the highly distinguished Moorabbin Tech. It seems that our supposed "walking dictionary", Elaine, has seen the film "The High and the Mighty", and we wish she would distribute her goodwill (?) elsewhere. Jennifer, another Jane of All Trades, Mistress of None, arrives punctually at 9.10 every day. Blondie (Surfers Paradise) Neary, leads a social life that would make Zsa Zsa Gabor look like a homely schoolgirl. Lorraine, the fifth form representative on the S.R.C., practises her shorthand with Deidre, the Commerce representative and member of the Social Committee, at the fortnightly meetings. Likeable Carolyn, being the deep, dark, mysterious type, keeps her social life a secret. Sue, an original member of the Social Committee along with Val, was an enthusiast of amateur football. Maree, from the backward city of Sydney, feels the pinch of our frosty winter mornings. She is one of our more clever students, who should do well if she is not influenced by other people.

Why does Sandra arrive each day looking so tired? Could it be a steady outside interest? Maree and Sandra, during the year, starred with the Mentone Maulers in a football match against the Carrum Crashers. They were also noticed to become rather interested in Adelaide and sports cars. Our well-travelled Irish lass, Agnes (our wild Irish rose), finds it difficult to adjust herself to the strange creatures seen at Caulfield Tech. An infrequent visitor to our form, Christine is hardly noticed when she makes her appearances. Who is it who's hair style would be about the weirdest in Melbourne?



COMMERCE 5F2 (BOYS)

Back Row: Ian Jones, Hsu Mai Chi, Chan Sing Mau, Lai Kim Loon.

Front Row: Phuan Bah Seng, Roy Holbrook, Mr. W. Clemens, Graeme Charles.

The rest of the form are an insignificant group of boys. Basil (Nut), one of our Asian students, starred in the Annual Inter-Tech. Swimming Sports. Roy (the Thin Man) has a reputation for being an outstanding reader in our English classes, closely followed by Ian, who is doing his best to out-read him. Our cool-cat, Mitch, is very attached to his dark sunglasses—both in winter and summer. Graeme is another of our early birds, as he turns up punctually at 9.30 every morning. Eddy is the only member of our form fortunate enough to own a car, and it seems that Chan is taking advantage of this fact.

This ends the summary of the form which has caused so much discussion amongst the rest of the school during 1961.

● STOP! FEMALES MUST NOT READ BELOW THIS LINE

But you are reading, or you wouldn't have your eyes on these words. Well, as you've disobeyed the above instruction and have read this far, you may as well know that the only "Catch" in all this is that you're not getting anywhere.

You're reading about nothing.

Nothing is to be said, and you're silly to go on reading. So why go on?

Well, why go on? Why persist in continuing to read when you've been told it will get you nowhere?

STOP! Now.

Do you call this stopping? Letting your eyes sneak down to see what this paragraph contains? You can rest assured that it contains nothing of greater importance than the paragraph above. Utter drivel, save for that one eminently sensible note: Stop Reading.

You're not starting another paragraph? You're incorrigible. Look, this whole piece, from the top line to the bottom, is about NOTHING. Can't you understand that.

NOTHING.

It's pointless continuing to tell you to stop reading. Sheer gibberish will serve just as well. Ulka mulka. Abra Kadabra. Enne, meene, minne and mo.

Well, this is the last paragraph. Do the right thing by YOUR EYES. Leave off now and retain the last scraps of respect for your own mentality. Are you a man (sorry—girl) or a mouse (mousette)? You've nothing to lose by stopping now.

NOTHIN' . . . NOTHING!

Yet here you are at the finish, having got yourself exactly nowhere.

WAIT: You have got something out of this after all. The assurance that you lack character and willpower, and that you are nothing but a wet weed.

ANNUAL MECHANICALS & ELECTRICALS CRICKET MATCH

● THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CRICKET MATCH

Early one Tuesday morning there was an uneasy stirring amongst the lower forms of life in the College and from their greasy nest in the bowels of our establishment—yea, from the very sewers themselves it seemed—emerged the most sordid rabble it has ever been our School's unfortunate duty to attempt to educate as mechanicals. In their typical moronic fashion they proceeded to post a set of inscriptions which had obviously been studiously copied from the most questionable sources. The context of these childish expressions was to challenge the gentlemen of the illustrious Electrical Engineering Faculty to a game of cricket. Fully appreciating the fact that this was a kind of perverted masochism, the Electricals still decided that they had been far too lenient in the past and it was time to squash this malignant growth before it progressed too far. Meanwhile, with the behaviour that is quite common among animals, the greasers had squabbled amongst themselves and certain of their species had removed the aforesaid offending poster, retreating amidst hoots of derision from their betters. To indulge these simple folk the good natured Electricals then proceeded, with the ingenuity and daring which has always been one of their main traits, to erect a notice of acceptance, which, had it not been for an Act of God, would have defied all attempts at removal by the now thoroughly deflated greasers. The challenge was accepted and the date for the complete annihilation of the greasers had been set. This day arrived and the sports-minded Electricals arrived, fully prepared and equipped to play cricket. Without any inkling of the approaching foul play the Electricals filed over to the playing fields in an orderly fashion and were just drawing straws to see who would throw the first ball at Graeme when, without even showing the cowman courtesy of declaring war, the Mechanicals proceeded to indiscriminately bombard friend and foe alike. Unperturbed, the quick thinking Electricals mobilized their defences and rapidly distri-

buted the contents of their stockpile, which had been prepared for just such an underhand and sneaky attack as this. Handicapped because they chose to "fight clean" in the manner of the true gentlemen that they are, whilst the uncouth greasers employed such outlawed weapons as rotten duck eggs and briquette dust bombs, the highly organized Electricals, having such a flair for matters military, soon gained the advantage and proceeded to drive the demoralized greasers back. Just at this point one of the Electricals' merchantmen, hastily pressed into service as a tank carrier, arrived on the scene and it was obvious that the complete capitulation of the greasers was only minutes away. In an effort to avert this ignominious defeat at the hands of the vastly superior Electricals, one of them performed the lowest, most dastardly trick in the book and enlisted the help of the local constabulary. The law-abiding Electricals, always ready to accept good advice and especially from the minions of the law, desisted immediately and gathered around to listen. Unfortunately, these gentlemen were not satisfied with the standards of engineering achieved in the Electricals' weapon of war (this is not surprising, seeing that it was probably designed by an incompetent mechanical engineer) and they posted a yellow sticker on the windscreen of the aforesaid vehicle to signify their disapproval. Undaunted, the indignant Electricals were now thoroughly determined to trounce their cowardly opposition at cricket. The opposition, however, had sustained so many injuries that apparently they appealed to the "powers that be" and these powers cancelled the cricket match and sent everyone away to lick their wounds. The triumphant Electricals then re-grouped in the Electronics lab. to discuss their successes whilst the lowly greasers slunk off for places unknown.

The "King Johnne Memorial Shield" remained the possession of the Electricals by default and once again the supremacy of the Electricals was proved.

"Viva la ampère."

AN UNBIASED SPECTATOR.

ANNUAL ? MECHANICAL vs.
ELECTRICAL ? ENGINEER'S
CRICKET ? MATCH

Due to circumstances beyond our (MECHANICAL'S) control, we were unable to play the annual cricket match (the Electricals were participating in a brawl with the VICTORIAN POLICE FORCE). SHAME!

● SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE

Series 1 --- SCIENCE, LOVE AND RELIGION

Good evening. You may ask, "What is Science doing about Love?" Perhaps you have not heard of Michael J. McSwiveltop, the noted American Composologist, better known as the Mumbling Mike, the pioneer in this field. He was the first to realize the wealth of lyric lucidity that lurks in the laboratory. After years of patient research he has given the world that great collection of scientific rhapsodies entitled, "Love in the Lab.", or "Gems from the Test Tubes". Consider the song of the rejected laboratory assistant which begins with the pathetic lines:

*"What atomic device can melt the ice
Around your cold, cold heart!"*

or that stirring scientific love-call:

*"I'd blow up the world for you
With your eyes of litmus blue",*

or again the lilting bench serenade:

*"Pipette, pipette, you are my pet pipette,
Pipette."*

Brief mention should also be made of the bubble chorus from the musicale "The Rollicking Retort":

*"B'p, B'p, B'p, B'p, B'p, B'p, B'p, B'p,
B'p"*

and the rather sad aria from the Scientific Opera, "The Fervent Fluoride":

*"My toothbrush has rotted away,
My bones are full of decay,
But my teeth are O.K."*

Even the hymnologist has been stirred to recast the old outmoded hymn books in a more up-to-date form. In the latest collection of Hymns of Praise, Scientific and Technical, Modern and More Modern, many of the old favourites will be recognized in their revised form — No. 258, for instance, begins with these dramatic lines:

"Christian, dost thou see them

In the electronscope?

How the wicked neutrons

Spoil the isotope!"

In the religious field, Science is making great progress. For instance, there are

McNutt's electronic preachers. McNutt is the celebrated Scottish scientific divine. He has perfected and experimentally tested an electronic device which will preach an indefinite number of sermons on any text you like. You simply feed the text into the machine and out come the sermons. Unfortunately, McNutt overlooked a stopping device, and for a while his laboratory was untenable. However, he is working at the problem and soon no up-to-date Church will be without its electronic preacher.

An interesting technical point here arises as to whether these preachers will be ordained or not. My own view is that this is unlikely to happen until electronic Bishops have been evolved. In an era of push-button religion we can be quite sure that Science will not long leave this problem unsolved.

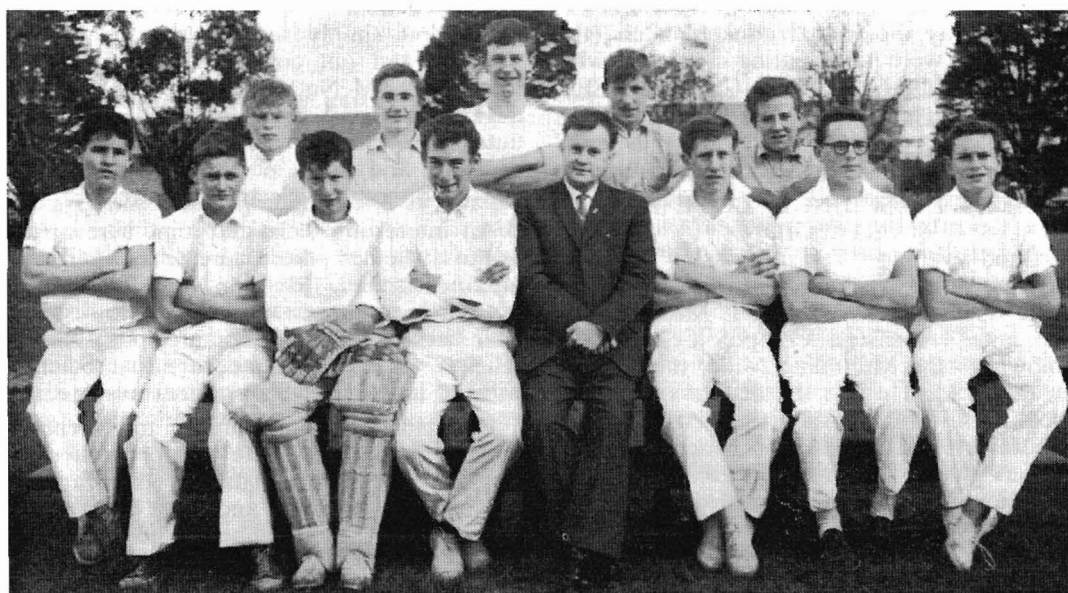
Donkelblatz's contribution to scientific religion is to investigate the properties of blessedness. Donkelblatz is the famous German investigatorist and, with characteristic German thoroughness, he obtained several monkeys, one of which immediately bit him. These monkeys were kept in Donkelblatz's laboratory under varying conditions of blessedness. Donkelblatz proceeded to record voluminous data. He found difficulty, however, in establishing a satisfactory norm on which to evaluate blessedness. One monkey appeared to be very contented with a life whose horizon was bounded by chocolate almonds. Another seemed to need occasional handfuls of Donkelblatz's hair. Yet a third seemed to be most blessed when it was asleep — which it was most of the time.

C. K. Dagnitz was very scornful of the whole experiment and shocked the scientific world by proclaiming that Donkelblatz was a sliboid, pimpular, avuncalate. These terms, of course, cannot be translated into a language that a layman would understand. Only an advanced scientist would know how extremely personal and abusive they were.

Donkelblatz was so incensed that he forgot about his monkeys which escaped and played havoc in his lab. The resulting explosion was spectacular, and all Donkelblatz's carefully compiled data on blessedness was utterly destroyed. So were the monkeys.

Dagnitz was jubilant, regarding the explosion as a lucky chance in accord with his well known theory of re-organizing the whole of society with a series of tremendous explosions.

JUNIOR SPORT



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: M. Grabert (Vice-Capt.), B. Hodgson, G. Watson (Capt.), R. Christie, W. Mills.
Front Row: G. Griffiths, C. King, C. Fitchers, J. Smith, Mr. J. Bydder, G. Scott, R. Ellis, P. McNally.

● CRICKET TEAM 1961 PREMIERS

The cricket team began the season quite well with a convincing win over Dandenong, and the outstanding performances of Max Grabert (81 not out) and Geordy Griffiths (20) were noteworthy. Our second match was played against Oakleigh, which produced an excellent opening partnership of 106; Graeme Watson 70. The following game was scheduled to be played against Moorabbin, but was washed out by heavy rain. The next week we played Noble Park and, after a bad start, we were lifted by a fine hand from John (Swivell) Smith (40) and also some fine bowling by Graeme Watson, who took 6/24. On the following Wednesday, the game against Sandringham produced excellent batting from Watson (63), Smith (29 not out) and McNally (16), with an excellent bowling performance from Mick Ellis (4/17).

Our section semi-final produced some fine cricket from both sides and, after dis-

missing Moorabbin for 96, we were given an excellent opening partnership of 86, with Watson making 74 not out.

We now entered the metropolitan semi-final and played Preston at Caulfield. After an excellent bowling performance from Mick Ellis (7/9), we saw some fine fielding from all members of the team. We dismissed Preston for 21. Our openers then made the necessary runs without the loss of a wicket.

We then entered the final, and played Williamstown on the Richmond Cricket Ground. Our captain won the toss and decided to bowl on a slightly damp wicket, and after 32 overs we dismissed Williamstown for 104. During this period we saw some fine wicketkeeping by Colin Fitches and fine fielding from Cristie, Griffiths, Hodgson, Mills and Simcox. After an excellent opening partnership by Grabert and Watson, which yielded 82, we gained the necessary runs to pass Williamstown's score and win the match without further loss of a wicket.

The team would like to thank Mr. Bydder

for the time and energy he has put into every game. The school will be disappointed in losing as great and as inspiring a coach as Mr. Bydder.

SCORES

Caulfield (2/110) defeated Dandenong (3/80).

Caulfield (9/154) defeated Oakleigh (7/44).

Caulfield (3/76) drew with Moorabbin (rain).

Caulfield (7/119) defeated Noble Park (103).

Caulfield (9/135) defeated Sandringham (113).

Section Final:

Caulfield (2/102) defeated Moorabbin (7/95).

Metropolitan Semi-Final:

Caulfield (0/34) defeated Preston (21).

Final:

Caulfield (1/116) defeated Williamstown (104).

AVERAGES

Batting: Watson 81.5, Grabert 37.2, Smith 34.5.

Bowling: Ellis (26 wickets) 8.6, Watson (20 wickets) 10.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: H. Athanaleas, N. Helsdon, G. Van Derheyden, D. Harris, J. Smith, D. Grace.
Middle Row: W. Steer, C. Fitches, R. Evans, G. Watson (Capt), Mr. Graham, B. Hodgson, G. Scott, K. Chung.
Front Row: J. Ashley, B. Williams, G. Griffiths, C. King, S. Griffin, R. Christie, N. Ryan, M. Grabert.

● FOOTBALL

This year the school football team acquitted themselves extremely well.

After losing the first game to Swinburne, the school won the remaining nine matches to win their section. All of these games were won by a wide margin except the return game against Swinburne, which, after a great tussle, the school won by four points.

In the semi-final Caulfield were drawn against Oakleigh. In a game of fluctuating fortunes in which the lead changed several times, Caulfield were in front at the final bell and won by five points.

The final was played on the Albert Ground against Essendon. Caulfield,

weakened by injuries, were no match for Essendon, who won the game and went on to win the premiership.

Scores for the season:—

Caulfield 4.6, defeated by Swinburne 9.8.

Caulfield 19.21, defeated Syndal 4.4.

Caulfield 6.18, defeated Box Hill 1.7.

Caulfield 14.15, defeated Burwood 4.3.

Caulfield 9.7, defeated Jordanville 3.7.

Caulfield 2.6, defeated Swinburne 1.8.

Caulfield 15.8, defeated Syndal 4.5.

Caulfield 6.10, defeated Box Hill 3.1.

Caulfield 12.19, defeated Burwood 3.9.

Caulfield 12.7, defeated Jordanville 7.7.

Semi-Final:

Caulfield 8.8, defeated Oakleigh 8.3.

Final:

Caulfield 4.5, defeated by Essendon 11.14.

● ATHLETICS

This year the House Sports were won by Batman House. Rain marred this day and 10 events had to be decided the following week.

In the Combined Sports we had very little success, and on the day we had only two winners. They were Bruce Field in the Hop, Step and Jump and Colin Fitches in the 100 yds. Hurdles.

Although we drop down to "B" Grade next year, Caulfield acquitted themselves quite well, but were no match for the much larger schools they competed against. In "B" Grade it is felt that we can do much better.

● BASEBALL

Many of our baseballers this year were newcomers to the game, although we had a few veterans, including our captain, Norm Burne, who was also our star pitcher, our vice-captain, Geoff Shaw, who played first base, John Connell (catcher), Graeme Beary (third base) and Don Hall (outside).

The newcomers included A. Brookman, D. Bell, N. Carpenter, P. Cross, R. Horne, A. Roberts, A. Turner, our official scorer R. Carpenter, and our "coach", who had never played baseball before.

We began the season quite confidently, but some of the bigger and more experienced

teams proved too much for us to handle, and won their games fairly easily.

Nevertheless, I believe that the team quite enjoyed the season and, even though we did not have many successes, the experience should stand us in good stead for next year's competition.

G. A. COMBER, "Coach".

● SOCCER

This year the soccer team acquitted itself well. The big improvement over last year's results was probably due to boys who had played house soccer previously in second form coming up into the third form. Next year we can expect greater success still, with more experienced players coming up from the lower forms and consequently more competition for places.

Under the supervision of Mr. Jones, who gave much of his time, we were able to practise every week. Our captain was D. Yervantian, who, with V. Biro, formed the backbone of the team. Biro, Boyd, Crouch, Pratt and Chapple were our "forwards", the "backs" were Yervantian, Knighton, Tsros, Mavreas and Erdos, with Needham as goalie.

Only two games were lost in the competition, which gave the team second place.

PETER KNIGHTON, Vice-Captain.



SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: J. Brown, J. Clarke, D. Yervantian, Mr. Jones, P. Knighton, P. Pratt, I. Clusker.

Front Row: P. Tsros, S. Mavreas, R. Erdos, S. Chapple, K. Needham, V. Crouch, V. Biro, R. Boyd.



ATHLETICS

Back Row: J. Zach, H. Athanaleas, P. Satchel, J. Pallin, G. Watson, G. Turner, B. Simcox, P. Riley, R. Ellis, W. Mills.
 Middle Row: P. Biggs, P. Field, R. Arundal, P. Valley, S. Griffin, R. Evans, Mr. Graham, E. Dowsey, D. Harris, P. Scurrah, D. Grace, M. Kemp, J. Smith, B. Cooney.
 Front Row: L. Davey, D. Carmody, R. Aspinall, A. Benbow, W. Bricknall, D. Murray, D. Thompson, J. Phillips, D. Burke, R. Biggart, B. Warner, N. Marsh, C. Fitches.



BASEBALL TEAM

Back Row: A. Turner, A. Roberts, N. Bruce (Capt.), Mr. Comber, G. Shaw (Vice-Capt.), D. Hall, P. Cross.
 Front Row: A. Brookman, J. Connell, N. Carpenter, I. Bell.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: J. Connell, R. Evans, P. Greenall, Mr. Graham, Mr. J. Bydder, R. Christie, E. Dowsey, A. Horn.

Front Row: P. Satchel, S. Griffin, N. Smyth, J. Ashley, G. Macaliece, S. Ashley, G. McPhee, D. Murray, J. Zach.

● SWIMMING

The House Swimming Sports this year were marred by rain. However, in 23 events 11 records were broken.

The records were:—

Under 12 50 Metres Freestyle: N. Wittchell, 42.0 secs.

Under 12 50 Metres Backstroke: N. Wittchell, 56.9 secs.

Under 12 50 Metres Breaststroke: N. Wittchell, 57.9 secs.

Under 12 50 Metres Relay: Flinders, 3 mins. 36.7 secs.

Under 13 50 Metres Backstroke: G. McPhie, 48.9 secs.

Under 14 50 Metres Breaststroke: E. Dowsey, 46.1 secs.

Under 15 50 Metres Backstroke: J. Pallin, 40.5 secs.

Open 100 Metres Freestyle: P. Greenall, 64.4 secs.

Open 50 Metres Butterfly: P. Greenall, 30.7 secs.

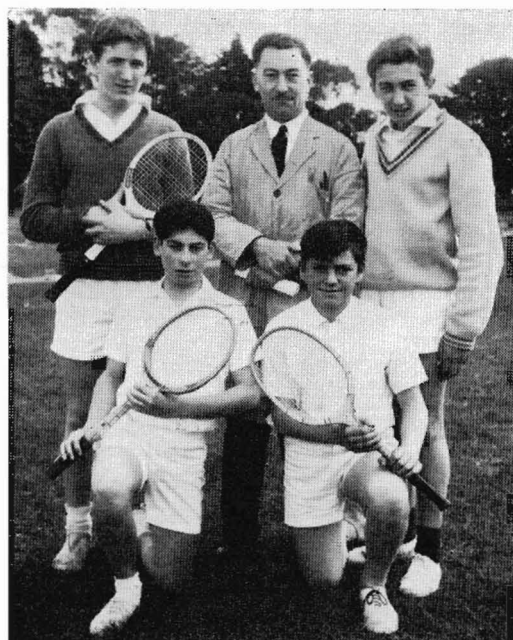
Open 50 Metres Backstroke: P. Greenall, 35.4 secs.

Open Relay: Batman, 2 mins. 20.3 secs.

The House sports were won by Batman House.

In the Combined Sports very stiff competition was met. Our most notable performer was Victorian representative Phillip Greenall,

who broke the records for the Under 15 Freestyle in 28.2 secs. and the Open Butterfly in 29.1 secs.



TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: D. Grace, Mr. R. Prebble, F. Gionis.

Front Row: R. Arundell, S. Ashley.

JUNIOR SCHOOL FORM NOTES



PREFECTS

Back Row: P. Grenall, K. Chung, G. Scott, Mr. L. Hogg, H. Athenaeas, J. Pollin, D. Satchell.
Front Row: A. Hunter, R. George, P. Sargeant, A. Brookman, P. Lamb, J. Zach, R. Weber.

● PREFECTS' NOTES

The Prefects of 1961 bid you welcome to their column. The Prefects are 13 noble and able bodied young men, who have the impossible task of keeping the boys of the junior school in order. The teacher who is in charge of the Prefects is the GRAND-daddy of them all, Mr. L. Hogg. Amongst the collection of odds and sods are: G. Scott, who is the Head Prefect; H. Athenaeas, the Vice-Head Prefect; K. Chung and J. Pollin, who like their late duty. P. Satchell and J. Zach are the street patrol enthusiasts, A. Hunt and D. Lamb are keen on Tuck-Shop duty, B. Weaver, who would like to become a policeman, P. Greenall, the swimmer, and last but not least A. Brookman, R. George and P. Sargeant, the handsome ones.

(Signed) SIXPENCE.

● 4A

THE DOUBTFUL MISFORTUNE OF MR. BYDDER Produced by 4A.

... The most outstanding school-going production of the century. Filmed in glorious Smellorama in the gloomy depths of room 30. Directed by Mr. Bydder. The film that shocked moviegoers the world over! The reason for Television's sudden popularity ... The Saturday Evening Post ... "appalling, better to go back to the Dark Ages than this" ... The Times ... "This picture Reeks" ... Teenagers' Weekly ... "The most since the last most, whenever that was."

The picture was shot (and did it need shooting) with a vast international cast; Harry Athenaeas from Greece (The Land of Mobiloil); Thompson from England;

Chung from Hong Kong (the land of terylene shirts and cheap transistor radios); and 20 other individuals called Australians. (We tried to find Australia on the map but got lost in Europe.)

On the musical side we feel this is what would have happened if Mr. Coupe had been in charge. "After we threw the suggested 'Beethovens' out of the window we turned to the odour track."

We felt the only two specialists in this field were Mr. Porter (stinks, teacher) and "Doc" (the chain cigar smoker). Every time Mr. Davis takes out his cigar we listen anxiously for the sound of fire bells. His favourite saying on Friday afternoons is: "I don't know, the boys of today have got no courage; why, when I was a boy . . ." We finally decided that in the scene where the school burns down, Mr. Davis would stand over in the park and represent the burning school.

(N.B.: Mr. Davis finds chain smoking easier because scrap metal is so cheap now.)

Footnote: Use Roul Merton (nobody else will).

● 4B

Here come the 4B's (no comments, please).

Percy Archer—less said about him the better. John Ashley returned this year for the teacher's sake; he also made the school football team, along with Max Gravert and John Smith. What could be said about Peter Hillyer, John Hamilton and David Bell just isn't put on paper. But they are really radio minded. Don Humphreys lacks physical strength, but is strong in other ways. Michael Kenner and Ken May both have a good eye for snazzy bodies, not cars. Terry Thompson threatened us about this note, but we'll say he's our girl expert. Terry Horsely seems to be the one white sheep amongst us black ones. Rodney Gant is quiet but listens with big ears. John Hohnston has a physique to be proud of, and Aleck Hunter, my what big boots he has. Ian Cartledge is a quiet boy, and our other Iain is Iain Anderson from the bonny shores of Scotland. Greg Mathews is repeating this year and is a good friend of Ashley. Bob Weaver is one of our easily fooled prefects. Sixteen tons (not quite) and who do you get—Peter Smith. Ron Schilling is worth just a bit more than his name. Last but not least the boy with a manly haircut—Ken Lees.

For insane reasons the writers remain anonymous (thanks for the comments).

● 4C

Like Hi! Good Buddies, this is the swingiest form in the school. The stars who put things into orbit (not satellites) are Norm (Moan) Marsh and Elvin Humphrey.

Kerry Bond left us to join 4E, because he became too "tied-up" in affairs with this form.

John (Lomi) Lomas, one of our scholars, has improved his standard of dreaming in Techdrag. Then we have Neal Carpenter, our star basketballer. Oh! sorry Neal. Baseballer Cliff King is always going round saying "Where did you get that head?" We hope he finds a good one because that one he's got is very weak in character. Divad "Vitabrits" Ritabrits plays for the Polish Arabians in soccer.

Neil (Go-Kart) Mathews has a great saying, "Just a thought"—you couldn't expect anything more. Ronald "Chisel Chin" Phillips. The big question is why didn't he go in the woodwork trade class? He would have come in handy.

Next we have Johnny Johnston, who lives on a reputation which isn't a bad one. Barry (Hal Todd) Hodgson is our top scholar and a natural at Tech. Drag; he plays football and cricket for the school. Russell Davey is our star Rocker and a good student at times.

Next is Professor (Flip) Cross; he could be our top brain but is always giving what he knows away.

David (Basher) Grace is always on to some poor old soul (he is a confirmed bachelor, but wait till he gets to about 21).

Norm Burns is the captain of the baseball team and has a mighty record of homers, totalling 0—well, maybe one.

Max Gilbert, our jack expert—he knows everything on them—has gone to 4E with Les Davidson, who has to sit in the front of the room because he's too small to see.

Glen Moir and "Helicopter" Norton are usually in attendance all day but, unfortunately, it takes them seven periods to wake up.

Ronald Menzies, no relation to Bob Menzies, but Doc Davies would like him to be.

Exclusive Scoop—

Graham Scott, the champion football "star" goalkicker, is paid to kick goals. He is also Head Prefect. (So what?)

● 4D EPITAPH

Written for the sole purpose of praising and criticising members of our form 4D, the pride of the Junior school, so much so that Mr. Lawson has permanent seating in his office for us.

Our form consists of many would-be members of political parties: Master Burt, the Nazi Party's new fuehrer; Master Horn, the D.L.P. Delegate; and myself, Mr. Bill Edwards, a firm advocate of the A.L.P.

We also have a dedicated sportsman in Mr. Ellis, who so loves golf that it is part of his weekly itinerary to miss school sport to play it. Mr. Yeruantian is our star (?) soccer captain, while Master Gary Turner is the captain of Flinders fighting footballers. Gionis also likes fisticuffs - the result, a broken jaw.

In the art line, we have Mr. Leydon, always being told not to draw boats or cartoons. Also we have slimmy Sid, who all those in the form know.

Our well loved (?) teachers consist of Uncle Jack, J. B. Mister D., and our mate, Zorro (the newly married one). 4D's form master is Mr. D. Cameron, noted (?) for his renderings.

The current mystery at 4D is who helped the two first form spectators into the Malvern baths during our House Sports? Our Maths. lessons are not as rowdy and riotous now, due to the action of a certain correction body. A special greeting is sent to Jimmy Durante, better known as Brian Simcox.

Your critics and scribes have been Messrs. Edwards and Leydon.

● 4E

This is the bright boys from 4E bringing you the latest in form notes, covering the most enjoyable slack in all their lives.

It could not have been possible without the care and understanding of our famed solid and tech. drag teacher, Mr. Backlash (Whiplash Hanna).

ABSOLEM --- One of the brains.

ATKINS --- The gentle giant.

BOAG --- The chip-eater (sometimes has a drink).

BONO --- The boy lout (and tennis star).

DAVY --- King of the little kids.

DAVETSON --- One of the little kids.

FITCHES --- Fast in sport but slow to work.

GILBERT --- One of the big boys (very tough).

HALKINS --- The little talking termite (one of Darby's fans).

HILLS --- The boy that never stops working.

HORN --- Peg leg Len (once a star).

LANG --- Lightning with the comb (and fists).

NIGHTINGALE --- The bird and girl watcher.

OAKLEY --- Will sell you anything (mostly junk).

PARKIN --- Visits school occasionally.

POVLTER --- One of the brains.

PHILIPSON --- Built for the 880 (maybe).

ROBINSON --- The lollie boy (boss of tuck shop).

REILY --- The long hair and lady killer (so he says).

SMITHE --- The private life of Suzy Smith.

WATTS --- Dreams of a navy blue uniform.

● 3A

Mr. Comber is our form master; he teaches us Science and gives us good reports (?). Stephen Biggs came first at the half-year exams with a very high average. Our prefects are Robert George and Phillip Greenall. Phil went to Queensland with the Victorian swimming team but did not get a placing.

R. Arundell and B. Clifford are in the school tennis team. The radio technicians of the class are P. Pratt and R. Jones. G. Thompson is the ballistics expert, and P. Scurrah (he only thinks he is, the real one is Eadie) is the Romeo. P. Michael and B. Field are the artists of the class. Hongi Brentwood is in the South Caulfield footy club, but even with his help they have not yet won a game. N. Helsdon is in the school footy team.

Others in the form are:—

T. Bilston and T. Clamp --- Ear specialists.

D. Beebe and S. Biggs --- Chemists.

L. Downey and P. Scurrah --- Bike shed monitors.

R. Erdos --- Bell monitor.

Also Paul Fullard, Bruce Henshall, Peter Tsiros and Leigh Phillips.

● 3B

In 3B there are 22 kids to talk about for the form notes.

The first is PETER ROWE, who topped 3B in the mid-year exams.

GOOFY TAYLOR and COLIN TURNBULL, who are both whacky about trains.

GRAEME PARKER and MELVYN TAYLOR all knock around together to make the Perfect Quartet.

In the school football team we have GEORGE VANDER HEYDAN, DANNY HARRIS and BILL STEER.

Our friendly type prefects are ALISTER BROOKMAN (who plays baseball) and DENNIS SARGEANT.

PETER ROBERTS, PHILIP MERRICK and CRASH COONEY are Rockers, real gone about cars and motor bikes.

GLEN MacALIECE, a mathematical genius, is poles apart from STAN ASHLEY.

The Astronauts are WAYNE GUILFOYLE and GRAEME COLLINS.

Some more of the fella's are "knowledgeable": VALLE, LUCKY BOY JENNINGS, SUPER SOMETHING O'DONNELL, ALISTER LEE ARCHER (The Crazy Mixed Up Type).

And, lastly, the Boy from the Greens and Sand Traps, TED STIRLING.

● 3C

Once again we have great pleasure presenting 3C to you (no obligation).

It has been an eventful year, with honours going to R. Christie and Gabo Evans (football); and to battlers (?) T. Brown, V. Biro, V. Crouch, S. Chapple, Hamish Von Cluck and R. Boyd, M.B.E. P. Balstrup, L. Bailey and Eyssens are the brains (?) of the form.

We must not forget our own Mr. Trevorrow (may he rest in peace), who gave valuable help in Solid Geometry. This is said in all honesty despite opposition from various form members. Our favourite teachers, however, are Mr. Humphries, the scientist, and Mr. Whight, chief joke teller and part-time Maths. teacher. The smallest member is R. Davis (alias Tich), who makes up for it by talking. This is J. Brownlee (c.), I. Clusker, and R. Boyd (v.-c.) signing off.

● 3D

This is 3D, the "out of this world" kids who are always annoying Jack, Allioop and the corny joke cracker, the Doctor.

We are brains at science, and with the scientific genius Jackson for a teacher how could we go wrong? Even with a class average of 47% for this subject!

In our form are many sportsmen, and if there were jobs to be got at football,

lacrosse, golf and other sports, we would scoop the pool.

In our form we have some good footballers. They are Steven "Bear" Griffin, George "Joddie" Griffiths, Lindsay Jowett, Barry "Leatheries" Leverett, Ross "Bones" Jones and, last but not least, "Sad Sack" Neal Kay. Our lacrosse player is Maurice Kemp, who is also sports recorder.

The dead end lads are Des Fullarton, Henry Humphrey, Donald "Quack Quack Duck" Hall, Peter "Absent-minded" Johnston, Harry Garfinkel, Graham "Duane Eddy" Law, with his offside Lefty "Muscleman" Hally, not forgetting Graham "Tubby" Inness and his sidekick, Derek Hatley. David "Long and Lanky" Larkin is always with "The Scottish Soldier" David Hyland.

Our two geniuses are Kim "Sparks" Graton and "Mr. Solid" Robert How. We have a star basketballer in big "Bluey" Hamilton, who trained with the Australian teams - so he says. Words of hope and wisdom come from Billy Graham, the P.E. teacher, and Miss Ford, who takes us for art.

Mr. Bates tells us to eat plenty of vegetables and grow big and strong. We nearly forgot Barry Kelly, but don't let that worry you. Last of all is Brian Groat, who does nothing but follow Lindsay Jowett around.

This is 3D signing off at last for 1961.

D. KEMP, Form Captain.

● 3E

This is 3E signing on under the careful guidance of Mr. Davies, our ever so popular woodwork teacher.

If there were any brains in the form they would belong to T. Moorfield, P. McEwan and D. Murray, who specialises in rockets. Some other brains are L. Marden and K. Mathews, who is a good worker at most subjects.

In direct contrast we have R. Ross, who likes to annoy teachers, and one of his accomplices, G. McPhie, who gets dragged into everything that happens. The sportsmen of the form are W. (Barney) Mills, who's ever so keen on football, A. (Baseball) Roberts, J. (Golfer) Potter (the golfing budgerigar); also K. Needham and P. Naish. The I.C.I. building of the form is John Sarkics, who is about 5 ft.; also we have P. Salkowski, who is our Rothmans boy. J. Newcombe and T. (Mary) Maro are always trying to see who has the best haircut, but G. Male really takes the cake.

Our form captain is C. Russell, the boy with the short haircut.

The rest of us eager scholars in the form are D. Morrison, R. Orpin, J. (Squirt) Reid and K. Rowe. Of course no form would be complete without a small eater like B. (Pud) Rogan, and so with these few words we come to the end of the 3E form notes for 1961.

● 3F

3F, the form that is loved by all teachers (?).

In this form there are Somerville, Shirvington, White, Sheean, Tomlinson, Tait, R., and Mooney, who are always admiring the girls. M. Wallace just loves his Doug in 3E, and our once a week boy Teers. N. Turner loves sailing, and Simester is in hospital loving the nurses up. Tate and Tank (alias Billy) are the best of friends. Barry Wishart is always talking about his girl friend, mickle nut, and A. Turner, D. Williams and S. Mavreas are our sport boys. Scott, Wild, Sykes and Vliek are the small boys of the class, and I. Whatley is the professor of the form. Our favourite teachers are Mr. Bates (alias Superman) and Mr. Duke, with whom we get along quite well (?).

● 2A

This is it. Time 9.15. Date 17/8/61. The occasion — 2A form notes. Here is a run-down on our list of vandals.

BALL — Teacher says he's dropping off in his behaviour. (I wonder why?)

BELLOTI — Last year's dux, but this year — well, let's go to the next vandal.

BIGGART — Alias the Garter. Got a head like something oriental.

BUCHLER — Pity the world when he advances in knowledge (rockets are his occupation).

BURKE — I had to mention him, so I have.

CAMPBELL — Alias the Owl (hoot-hoot). He even looks like one.

DALY — His coco-pops have seemed to have taken an effect on his head (poor boy).

DOBRICH — Rembrandt's drawings seem like a kindergarten class compared with his.

GEORGE — Georgie-Porgy — a quiet lad.

GRABERT — Once a goody-goody, now a racketeer named Fred.

HARWOOD — Tich, a fair-headed half brain. I don't know what the other half is.

HOWARTH — Bill (the wild one).

LOGAN — You've got nothing to lose but your lungs, LOGEY, so change to "Phillip Morris".

LOUGHRON — Lock up with LOUGHRON (Lockwood) and be sure of being robbed.

MORTIMER — One of our tough nuts.

MOUNT — He's been away so long he must have tried to climb one and fallen off.

MOIR — Specializes in firing pellets in Mr. Beard's lessons.

NESBIT — Shouldn't be seen or heard.

SEDGMAN — Tries to take after his namesake. (Brother! He tries!)

SHIPP — Another sharp-shooter.

THORNE — Prickle (the silent type).

WARNER — Bugsey. The something he's got is a disgrace to a Bunny Wabbit. (He'll murder me for this.)

Last but not least, our form master, Mr. Bates, who's done a good job.

Well, there they are, so until next year, Au Revoir. (Dig that French, eh?)

● 2B

This is Geoff "Joffa" Thomas bringing you the annual 2B notes.

Form captain, yours truly, ably assisted by a real cool vice in Brian "Cat" Canty.

Our form master is Mr. Dempsey (Sheet-metals).

Now for a few more of the 2B-ites.

First there's O'Donnel ("Pod"), who, with Bill Johnston (or, as he likes to be called, "Johno"), forms the infamous "James Brothers". Then there's Pattison: he's the bloke with the joke, ably assisted by Davy and "Vicious" Renolds. Wyatt, who's never quiet, accompanied by his friends, Wiess and Vink, the soccer champs. Next is Millard ("Billdog"); well, there's nothing to say about him, except he's 11½d. short of 1/-. Then there's Charlie Giblin: he's the talking camera, H.S.V.7 fan. Then comes Carter. He's the "Ghostess with the Mostess". Aiken, the artist, Pinchin and "Lofty" Lofthouse are always fighting "Spanky" G. Sargeant, who's been going on a diet since he was born. Stout and Boyle are fans of "Casey Jones". Aspinall's a good kid, although "rather large". Then comes Griffin and Kay, pellet firing experts, and last, but believe me not least, Toohey, who's motto is "Light it, you'll like it".

Well that's all for another year from 2B.

● 2C

Here is form 2C bringing you our form notes for this year. Our form master is Mr. Welten, who takes us for "solid", and we are led by a "real cool" form captain in "the kid", J. Carey.

The first to get the axe is Mr. Bradfield, S.M. L. Beasley is better known as the beast "Gorgo". H. Bensen claims he went to America and back in two days — great story teller this boy. J. Bogoskie, of the 2C Louts Pty. Ltd., took a month off before the term holidays. C. Chalinor, Professor of 2C, is our "lacker band" expert. S. Clasker mined gold in "1788" and is still prospecting up in the hills today without much success.

Calle hangs around Hollings and Hollings just loves this boy — a great pair, these two. Next we have B. "Bucky" Connel, who enjoys school life better from a distance. D. Duffy is as good as Daffy Duck and a member of the 2C louts. I. Duda — another lout — has composed his own song. B. Eadie is a dedicated St. Kilda follower. R. Edgar is the senior partner of the Edgar-Darke partnership. D. Cruthfield is 6 feet 2 inches tall and is one of our stronger men. R. Ellis and P. Allis, of the alley cats, are in the town band. B. Cook is the manager of Kooksen, Kooksen, Kooksen and Swap, the "lacker band" firm. M. Shulman is an outcast from North Altona, and he came first in English. J. Elrington is the boy with the ballet mind.

M. Linforth is an American export from St. Bede's. B. Jones is another lad who came here after being exiled from South Melbourne, and finally P. J. Cincatta (true identity Alfred E. Neuman), who attempted to write these form notes.

● 2D

Our form master is Mr. Bradfield, who takes us for Sheet Metal; our form captain is John Hanney; vice-captain is Doug Gooch.

The results for the mid-year exams were rather good considering the conditions prevailing. We have certain characters in our form:—

D. "Herman" Hendrick is always worried about an upside-down mop claims it's his hair.

K. "Pommy" Lyall is always playing hand tennis.

D. Gooch is the motor bike enthusiast.

B. "Lucky" Lucey is always talking about Hoods.

D. "Gearbox" Guerin is a real bookworm. J. Hanney leads the Church Hall Chimney Smokers.

Our hobbies range from model aeroplanes to butterfly collections.

● 2E

2E becomes self-governed (at last).

Here are the revolting leaders.

First there is Peter (Rembrandt) Rae, ably assisted by David (Alchy) Davidson; McCarthy (alias Elvis); MacDonald, mad reader's greatest fan; McIntosh, the golfer (caddy); Markham, long, lanky, skinny and cranky; Miller, hopes to be a hairdresser; Milnes (nickname "Monkey"); Mitchell; Price, motto "you grow it, we mow it" — LW 6089; Moir, the mighty midget; Moorhouse and Penfold, kindergarten playtime fans; Morrison (motto, "light it, you'll like it"); Mounter (nickname "Mounter Nik"); Nash — always making powder bombs; Norris, mathematical genius; Rebecca, always late; Upson, always down in the dumps; Reynolds — Sydneysider; Cuthbertson — form sick; Potter — leader of tow truck gang wars.

● 2F

This is 2F calling you to look at our yearly notes.

We start our notes by congratulating the boys who came top of the class, in various subjects, at the half-year.

First, we have G. Rogers, who came top in woodwork. J. Reeves obtained the highest average of all. The sporting boys are J. Strickland, P. Stagolf and J. Robinson. Our form captain is A. Thorpe, and our form master is Mr. Smith, who takes us for woodwork. The other good workers are R. Thomas, who was quite good at art, but now has left, and C. Wiseman, who is also quite good at solid geometry. The only days we are at Caulfield are Thursday after lunch and Friday all day. All the other days we are at the Murrumbidgee section.

This is 2F closing for another year. (AMEN.)

● 1B

There are 18 boys in Form 1B. Their ages range from twelve to fifteen years. Most of the boys who came near the top of the whole form in the mid-year exams were in our form. The tops were D. Cooke, spare time.

D. Carmody, R. Collins and N. Cusworth.

Our form master is Mr. Lawrence, who takes us for sheetmetal, and we all think he's a good teacher.

Our star footballer is John Cortex, who is also handy with judo.

We have no form captain, so if there's anything we are going to do we take a vote on it.

The tough nuts are John Cortex, K. Chruchshank.

In football we haven't lost a game this year.

Neil Cusworth likes reading war comics during class. K. Chruchshank is the talkative type. Robert Collins is mad on social studies (?). Don Carmody came top in Maths. and English. D. J. Clarke is the studious type (sometimes). Larry Clarke kept losing his set squares until they were tied to him.

We are behind in sheetmetal because most of our holidays are on that day (Monday).

The rest of the form are: Broadberry, Berk Byres: not all here, Grant Calway, known as "Skruft", Trevor Campbell, Don Carmody, W. Catlin, Chapple, Alan Chapman, known as Chicky, the three Clarks, L., T., and D. J., Robert Collins, called "Coly Pog", M. Connell, and W. Cusworth, known as "Custard Tart" or "Custard".

● 1C

Hi Ya, this is 1C calling. This is our first year at Tech. and we think it's O.K. It won't be our fault if some future cycling champ does not develop from our form because we are kept in good practice every week cycling between Murrumbidgee and Caulfield. We have plenty of it and, as it keeps us fit and stretches our legs, we don't mind. Darnell is our form captain: Garrat, or Carrot, is the one to get Mr. Hellenstein riled up. Then there is Dorward, he likes to annoy everyone. Eastman never has a pen to call his own, but fortunately G. Ellis is a lad with a big box of pens! Dunkley will be a big boy when he grows up. R. Ellis should have been called Dennis when he comes to sheetmetal class. Eterovic is the adorable little pet of Mr.

White. Gerrard was present when the brains were given out and he got his share.

We have some others, some cheeky, some mischievous, some otherwise, but they'll learn.

Before signing off, all the boys of Form 1C join me in thanking our teachers, our form master, Mr. Braune, in particular, for their patience and tolerance, and we hope we are less trouble as we gain more sense. That's all from 1C. This is Peter Davidson signing off with this year's notes.

● 1E

This is Form 1E with its form notes for the annual school magazine. Our form master is Mr. Cocks, who teaches us English. Next is our form captain, Ian King, who is always talking about greyhounds. Our form has had a very good year, because we beat 1F in the form football match. Peter Sammok topped our form in the half-year exams.

Then we have Helmut Lide (always firing his cap gun), Alan McInnes, Des Ladbroke, Nicky Lake, and many more. I don't think I can think of anything else, so this is 1E signing off for the year 1961.

See you!

● 1F

This is GRAEME MURRAY and RAYMOND PARAVICINI bringing you the 1F form notes for 1961.

First of all there is JIMMIE MORRIS, a quiet type of boy who tries talking like a ventriloquist but doesn't often succeed.

Secondly, there is BILL MERLO. He is a rowdy type, but once you get to know him he's all right.

Thirdly, there is JIMMIE MORGAN, our vice-captain for 1961. He tries hard at everything he does and it is a credit to him.

Next we have GRAEME MILLER — he is a real character, and makes most of the form laugh.

Now we have JAMES NOLAN, a very funny boy, and as you get to know him the more you grow fonder of him.

Next is LAURIE LEVY, the clown of the form. He likes to talk and often gets caught.

DARREL O'NEIL is the next, he is a good worker and a good cricketer.

ROBIN MACKY is another good talker, but he, too, often gets caught.

Next is KEVIN PARNELL, the tallest boy in the form, who likes playing cricket and football. He is liked by most of the boys in the form.

GRAEME MURRAY is our form captain for 1961.

KEVIN MOORE is very keen on shooting his air rifle in his spare time.

ROSS MYERSCOUGH came top in the Solid Geometry class.

BRIAN MONTELINE, the strongest boy in the form, likes boxing.

NEVILLE PATERSON is a good footballer and cricketer and tries hard at his work.

TASI PARASKEVA is a very unlucky boy in many respects. He had to stay away from school for a month because of appendicitis.

Our form master is MR. LASCELLES.

Until next year this is 1F saying so long.

● 1G

Seams, Bierce, Short and Simmons are not the clever boys, but Romeril, Rose and Sukkel pull 1G's average up in the exams. Schroeder, Rout and Ross are the class rascals. "Sarge" Taylor gets around. K. A. Smith and Simon are the mighty combination at football. They're always doing their best, as is Rout, who is not always successful. Sykes, Sarkies and Tattersall are the inseparable idiots, and Tattersall and Sukkel will, no doubt, save (?) the world with their somewhat odd inventions. Romeril (top of the first form) builds models and plays (?) the piano.

● 1H

This form is a typical mixture of children; there is always the bad one and the class clown. Of course, we have the child that is seen and not heard, a small fellow that gets on well with everyone. I think that every class has a bully: ours loves getting muddy and wet in the good old game of football. There is his exact opposite, the very brainy boy who plays an instrument and loves classical music; he, too, gets on well with the people around him.

In our group we have a "Kookie" fan who is forever combing his hair, styled after his idol's, and also a boy who is always singing the latest rock songs, and wears an Elvis cut. The bright boy of the class is the most favourite child, and some of the less bright boys consider him to be "teacher's pet", and don't think very highly of him. You mostly find him with his head buried in a book.

The chatterbox is found everywhere; the one we have you wouldn't find with his mouth shut, in fact, most of us think he talks for practice in his sleep.

As we are all jammed into halls, most of the week, the popular sport is the game of ball we play during recess. This game has so gone to one boy's head that all he thinks about is a brick wall at which he can throw a ball.

Then we have the boy that is different, so the boys call him a nut, idiot, or egghead, and these names embarrass him at times. Then you come upon the funny man, who is always joking or laughing. He's the one that won't get far because his exam marks weren't so hot.

So you can see that, as I said in the beginning, our form is a typical mixture of children. Even with the bad ones we get along very well, and in some subjects we have come top or second of Form I. The form captain is an average lad, neither top nor bottom, and our form master is firm but proud to lead our group and shares the fun of winning a game.

LAUDEAMUS IGITUR RULUM SLIDENDUM

The Engineer of Student days
Gives very little thought,
Except on just how much he pays
To books and things he's bought.
That slide-rule drained a pretty sum,
Its use was much in doubt
Till twelve months proved the outlook glum
If it were done without.
That instrument is praised, we know,
By every Engineer
Who's found a right result below
The cursor line so clear.
The slide is moved to calculate,
Say two by seventeen;
The answer --- thirty-three point eight ---
Upon Scale "D" is seen.
With all its scales in such demand
The "guessing stick" provides
For Engineers a true right hand
Which work by four divides.
So if you, after chance success,
Say "Look what brains will do!"
Your brain dimensions --- could you guess?
Are: --- twelve by half by two.

---SCALE "C".

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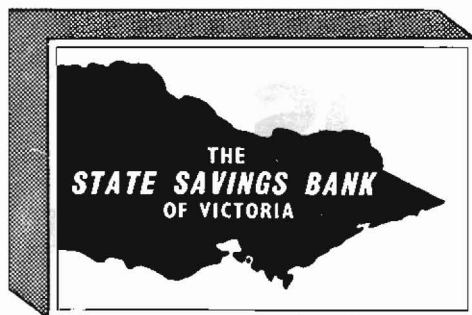
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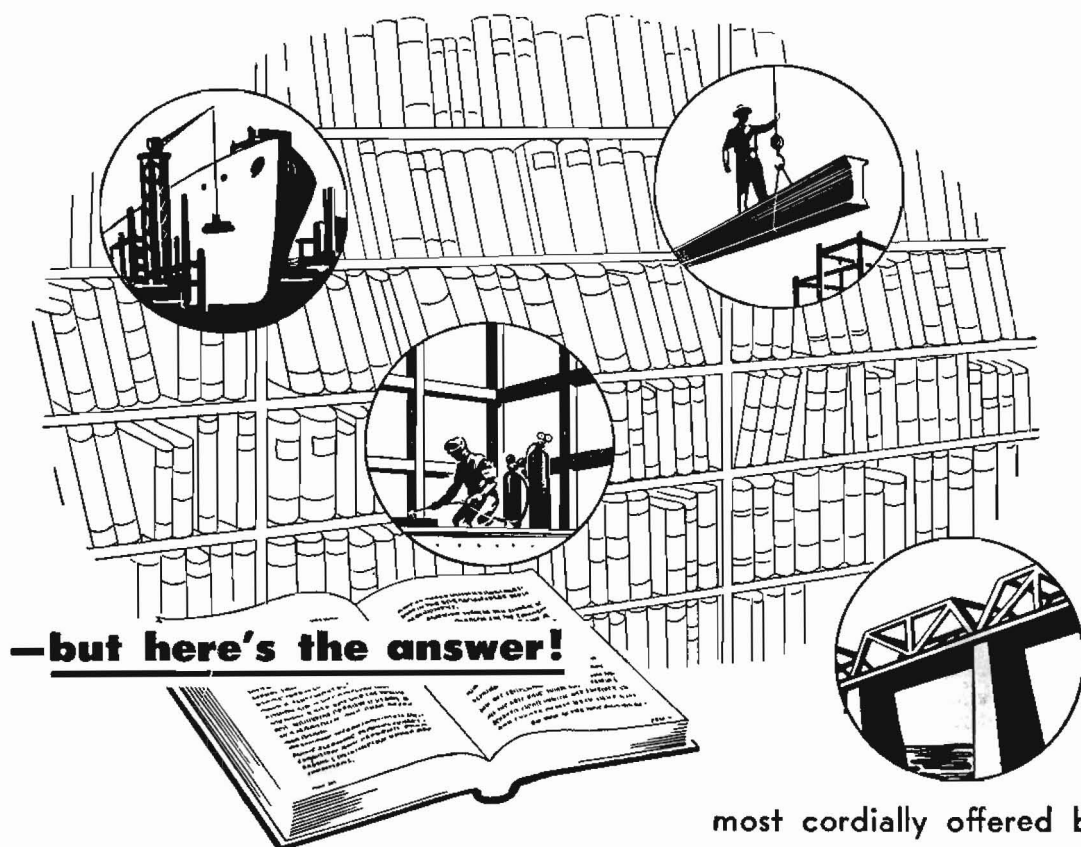
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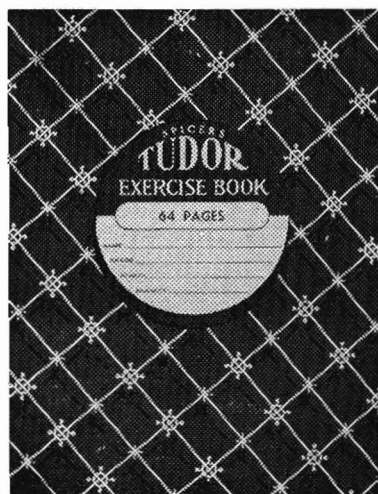
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