

GRYPHON '62





GRYPHON

CAULFIELD TECHNICAL COLLEGE

15th ANNUAL MAGAZINE

Graeme Carroll *Editor*

Don Brown *Sub-Editor*

Dan Cogan *Art Editor*

John Murray *Sports Editor*

Ray Beebe

Sue Guest

Bev. Long

Cover Design Ron Cameron.





Mr. A. E. Lambert.

FOREWORD

BY THE PRINCIPAL

Melbourne has recently had a rare experience—the failure of a major engineering structure. There are lessons to be learnt from a consideration of this event. There are technical lessons, of course, but I am concerned here with broader questions.

In the first place, the failure emphasises the heavy responsibility which rests on those who carry out the design and construction of large works. The very rarity of failure may lead us to take for granted the high standards of professional competence and reliability which have been achieved.

Another important lesson is that mathematical analysis and established theory alone are not sufficient for the solution of engineering problems. We are still awaiting the findings of the Royal Commission on the exact causes of failure of the King Street Bridge, but it will be surprising if the mathematical analysis was at fault. Mathematics is a powerful aid in determining the consequences which follow from given hypotheses; but establishment of valid hypotheses is the core of the engineer's problem, and it demands the exercise of all his skill and judgement. It is not always easy for a student to appreciate this situation fully, as the bulk of the time in his academic training must be devoted to giving him an understanding of basic theory and mathematical analysis. These are essential tools, but they must be applied with engineering judgement developed through years of experience.

Next, I want to consider the question of the attitude we should adopt if the Royal Commission finds that an honest error has been made by people who were conscientiously carrying out their duties.

Should we be just a little pleased at their discomfiture? Should we be wise after the event and feel that we should never have made similar mistakes in similar circumstances?

Or should we feel genuine sympathy for men who have carried out difficult tasks to the best of their ability but have made some errors of judgement?

Should we, in all humility, realize that we ourselves shall be extremely fortunate if we go through our careers without making any serious mistakes, or if all our mistakes are corrected by our colleagues before being translated into action?

I leave you to answer these questions, but hasten to add that I am not suggesting that we should condone any deliberate malpractice, or negligence, or gross incompetence, if the Commission should find that this has occurred.

As I write this, the Royal Commission has not yet made its investigation, but papers and articles published before the failure make it clear that those responsible knew that a problem existed and believed that they had found a solution. In spite of the difficulties, they were willing to attempt something new. All progress depends upon such enterprise, and even careful preliminary investigation will not always ensure accurate prediction of what will happen in the field. Let us be proud that most of our progress is achieved without disaster, and let us not place too much emphasis on absolute safety if it must be at the cost of stagnation.

Let us, then, await the findings of the Royal Commission with a genuine and humble desire to learn all we can from past mistakes and a determination to apply this and other lessons in an effort to avoid making mistakes ourselves in any tasks that may be entrusted to us in the future.

And let us not be too severe in condemnation of any error of judgement that may have occurred in spite of serious attempts to make the best use of modern techniques rather than follow old methods too slavishly.

EDITORIAL

"What you have to say I will with patience hear, and find a time both meet to hear and answer such high things. Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this." -Shakespeare.

During the complex processes of transforming reams of illegible scrawl into a magazine worthy of bearing the name "Gryphon", we have often had occasion to refer to previous issues to see how our "predecessors" had overcome some of the problems that arise. As a by-product of our research we have gained a considerable insight into the history of the magazine.

It appears that back in 1947 a group of eager young chroniclers proceeded to record for posterity accounts of all the characters, events, incidents, occasions, and achievements that constituted life at a small Technical School—which was, at that time, still nursing its first Senior Students through to Diploma standard. Since then the Gryphon has proceeded to capture and preserve, in its own modest fashion, some of the echoes from the sounds of each passing year. It continues to alter, expand, and progress as the College it serves alters, expands, and progresses, but its purpose remains, and will forever remain entirely unchanged.

The Gryphon is produced solely to provide for you a permanent record of your sojourn at Caulfield. In it we endeavour to imbue a general cross-section of the students and their thoughts, for this magazine is not intended to be read and then discarded, but rather to be read then put aside for future reference—for, like wine, its value increases with age. If, in some years hence, you come across this musty old magazine in the back corner of a cupboard, and it manages to stir up the smallest nostalgic memory, then we shall consider that the time we spent beating our heads against the wall was well justified.

But let's "go on with the show" as the old saying goes, and so, with only a short pause to thank Mr. Richards of the English staff for his painstaking and invaluable assistance, Mrs. Newcombe for the wonderful job done in typing all our copies, and the usual small number of people who do the usual enormous amount of work, we blow out all the candles on the cake and present you with the Fifteenth Annual Edition of the Gryphon.

- Graeme Carroll, Don Brown.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

If for some unknown reason, Mr. Richards (of the English Dept.), was unable to correct your revision papers then it is almost certain that he was correcting, and perhaps even rewriting, material for this year's Gryphon. If during the exams you saw someone peek out from behind a stack of galley proofs, then you can bet your bottom dollar it was Mr. Richards. Thanks once again.

Mr. Wishart, our photographer, is another person deserving of our thanks as, once again this year, he has gone out of his way to take excellent photographs of the college organizations. Our thanks are also extended to Hughes and Son Pty. Ltd. for the blocks and to Tooronga Press for the printing. Fine jobs.

Thanks also to the editor's friends, the contributors, those people who saw fit to take some of the burden off our shoulders. Without you there would be no magazine.

For the second year in succession we, the editors, wish to thank Mrs. Newcombe and her commerce girls (a different lot this year) for volunteering to type out the magazine. Thanks to these fair maidens of room 26 who, under the astute leadership of Mrs. Newcombe, managed to translate the reams of illegible manuscripts into readable and logical English.

THE STAFF

Principal

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

Vice-Principal

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

Headmaster: Mr. A. Lawson.

Trade Supervisor: Mr. T. Wasley.

Assistant in Charge, Murrumbidgee: Mr. J. Lundy.

ART:

Mr. H. J. Ellis, A.T.C.

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

Mr. C. L. Smith, A.T.C., A.T. Dip.

Mr. K. W. Jack, A.T.C., A.T. Dip.

Mr. G. Jones, Dip. Art.

Mrs. A. Date, A.S.T.C.

Mr. R. F. Smith, Dip. Adv. Art, T.T.C.M.A.

Miss E. E. Jackson, Dip. Needlecraft.

Mrs. E. M. Tullock, Needlecraft.

Miss P. Foard, Dip. Art.

Mrs. R. Pitt.

Mr. W. Armstrong.

Mr. D. J. Cameron, Dip. Art.

Mr. A. G. Thomas, Dip. App. Art.

Miss K. Boyle.

Miss J. Gorman, Cert. Art.

Mr. C. H. Tindale, A.T.C.

Mr. M. Clark, R.B.A., A.R.C.A.

Mr. G. Swinnerton.

Mr. N. Hamer, Dip. Art.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION:

Mr. Scott.

H. E. Dixon.

BLACKSMITHING & WELDING:

Mr. H. E. Green.

CHEMISTRY & GEOLOGY:

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

Mr. W. H. O. Billing, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mr. I. G. O'Brien, Dip. App. Ed.

Mr. A. T. Davies, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., A.R.A.C.I.

Mr. K. Chynoweth, T.S.T.C.

Mr. C. Gordon.

COMMERCE:

Mr. W. Clemens, A.A.S.A., L.C.A., Reg. Tax. Agent.

Mrs. H. Newcombe, S.T.D.

CIVIL ENGINEERING:

Mr. J. T. D. Pescott, B.C.E., Dip. Ed., A.M.I.E. (Aust.).

Mr. D. A. Roach, B.C.E., Dip. C.E.

Mr. E. B. Barry, Dip. C.E., T.T.T.C.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING:

Dr. B. Gerstmann, Dr. Eng. Sc. (Vienna), B.E.E. (Vienna), A.M.I.E. (Aust.), A.M.I.E.E.

Mr. D. R. Mills, B.E.E., Dip. E.E., Dip. Mech. E., A.M.I.E. (Aust.).

Mr. R. H. Chandler, Dip. E.E.

Mr. M. Winthrope, B. Mech. E. (Poland).

Mr. B. Neyland, B.E.E., Dip. E.E.

ELECTRICAL WIRING:

Mr. D. T. Davey, T.T.I.C.

Mr. H. M. Vivian.

Mr. L. D. Smith, T.T.I.C.

Mr. L. O. Taylor.

Mr. A. Winn.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING:

Mr. E. Middleton, B. Mech. E., Dip. Mech. E.

Dip. E.E., Dip. Ed., Grad. I.E. (Aust.).

Mr. K. O. Deutscher, B. Mech. E., Dip. Mech. E.

Mr. D. Hagers, Dip. Mech. E., Dip. Sugar (Eng.).

Dip. Ac. Eng.

Mr. H. Jones, B. Mech. E.

Mr. R. W. Holborn, Dip. Mech. E.

Mr. R. Forti, Dip. E. E. (Italy).

Mr. Tyler, H.N.D., Grad. M.I.Mech.E.

ENGLISH AND REPORT WRITING:

Mr. N. Richards, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mr. L. Halpin, B. Com., Dip. Ed.

Mr. C. Fairbank, B.A., B. Ed.

Mr. H. Davis, B.A., T.P.T.C.

Mr. B. Kiernon, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mr. D. Duke, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mr. C. G. O'Brien, B.A., T.P.T.C.

Mr. D. Coupe.

Mr. P. J. Hallenstein.

M. L. Moore, B.A., Dip. Ed., A.Mus.A.

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Mr. N. E. Gardiner.

Mr. W. G. Welton.

LIBRARY:

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

Mrs. P. Forbes.

MACHINE SHOP:

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Mr. E. R. Hill.

Mr. L. Lovick.

Mr. R. Prebble.

Mr. W. Gowty.

Mr. J. Manders.

Mr. H. E. Taylor.

Mr. W. K. Bontoft.

MATHEMATICS:

Mr. F. C. Masson, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mr. H. K. Baker, M.A.

Mr. M. Coote, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mr. C. Pratt, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mr. A. J. Jones, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mr. B. Benjamin, B.Sc.

Mr. J. E. Humphrey, A.G. Inst. Tech.

Mr. A. D. White, Ass. Dip. E.E.

Mr. S. Stolle.

Mr. Kyddle.

Mr. S. Wright.



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

Mr. D. J. McLeod, A.R.M.I.T.

PHYSICS:

Mr. A. D. Marshall, B.Sc., B.Ed., Grad. Inst. P.

Mr. E. N. Schonfelder, Dip. App. Phys., T.T.T.C.

Mr. A. J. Jones, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mr. G. A. Richards, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION:

Mr. R. Saweck.

PLUMBING:

Mr. J. N. Knapp.

Mr. E. Lascelles.

Mr. F. I. Lawrence.

Mr. F. Hayes.

Mr. W. Evers.

SCIENCE:

Mr. W. H. Porter, B.Sc.

Mr. K. Williams.

Mr. J. C. Braun.

WOODWORK:

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Mr. S. Hannah.

Mr. A. Harrison.

Mr. R. G. Jones.

Mr. A. Joslin.

SURVEYING:

Mr. J. Hoadley, B.Surv., Dip. Ed.

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Mr. S. M. Hutton.

Mr. S. Moore.

Mrs. J. Willison.

Mr. R. Carter.

Mrs. J. Glanville.

Mrs. P. Collier.

Miss L. Brookman.

Miss C. Heron.

Miss J. Ager.

Miss G. Cameron.

MAINTENANCE STAFF:

Mr. F. McKenna.

Mr. W. Blackwell.

Mr. R. Brookman.

Mr. W. Ennor.

Mr. B. Farrelly.

Mr. T. Heron.

Mr. W. Peter.

Mr. F. Rodgers.

Mr. J. Bruce.

CAFETERIA:

Mrs. Bindt.

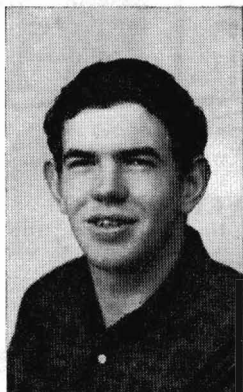
Mrs. Davidson.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



GRAEME CARROLL (Editor):

Graeme graduated to this position this year after holding down the job of sports editor for the previous two years. He is well known throughout the college for his ability to maintain staff student relationships at their highest level. This year he voluntarily went to the Ball but was bitterly disappointed during the night because Tchaikovsky's Ballet, Swan Lake, was not played, at all. Instead, the band answered with Alexander's Rag Time Band. Dear, dear me, what is the world coming to?



DON BROWN (Sub-Editor):

Don is one of the foundation members of 9E as well as being editor in chief of the college newspaper. He may be frequently seen on bended knees pleading with students and staff alike for articles for that wretched paper. One day the light will dawn and he, too, will arrange for a fee to be paid for the best article submitted. That way you're certain to be recompensed for all that work. Don. Or else the editor's delight, Mr. Keller, may unearth some scandal for you. Don liked Granny so much that he played the part of Granny Hotchkiss in the Revue.



DAN COGAN (Art Editor):

For the first time ever we are proud to introduce to you Mr. Smith's right-hand man and our art editor, Mr. Daniel Cogan. Dan can be found frequently engaged in some activity in either the Life Room (trespassers prosecuted) or in room 35, usually placing a canvas, oops, sorry, paper over some of the finer things of life. Dan also was responsible for those wrought iron stage props (you know), the collapsible job in Coole's Quiz.

SUE GUEST:

Unlike the Sue of last year's magazine committee, Miss Guest is not on the committee because G.C. said so. Together with Bev, Sue is responsible for the first ever S.A.C. Notes. Three cheers. Sue had a leading hand in the production of this year's Revue, and was seen to advantage in Midnight in Moscow. Unfortunately, Sue will not be with us next year, and with her go the Engineering-S.A.C. relationships. However, Sue was not responsible for M.H.'s behaviour at the ball.



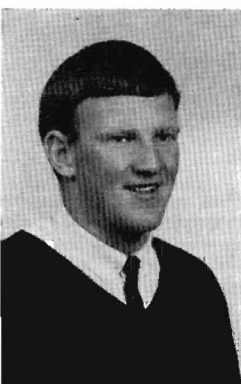
BEV. LONG:

Bev is Sue's partner in crime and writes out most of the S.R.C. Minutes at our meetings. A gay, friendly person is Bev, who recently moved to an address at a location closer to the college so that she won't have to ask for a lift home in antiquated and draughty Vauxhall after S.R.C. meetings. Bev was also in charge of the black tights brigade at this year's Revue. The next Revue can't come too soon for mine.



JOHN MURRAY (Sports Editor):

John is perhaps the greatest character that has or ever will come to us from Preston. For without John's lighthearted gay manner many a student would find C.T.C. a very dull and uninteresting place, all the time instead of most of the time. Jenny, who is often on John's lips, was introduced to the clan at this year's ball. John's one ambition is to become old enough to obtain a driving licence so as he will be able to visit the Drive Ins. In passing, if you should see a stray bag lying around the college, pick it up and give it to John for it is almost certain to be his.



RAY BEEBE

Ray was our esteemed (we made a profit) Revue treasurer and also one of the few mechanical engineers on the S.R.C. Thinking that the treasurer had little work to do, Ray sat back and enjoyed the Revue only to find that six months later he was still receiving bills for revue equipment. Ray is also the proud owner of a large Dodge, and his services were hired on one Wednesday afternoon for magazine photo work. Unfortunately, Ray is rather the quiet type thereby adding to the brevity of this article, as his activities do not lead to any scandal, unlike other members of this committee.



ANNUAL PRESENTATION OF AWARDS

CERTIFICATES

ART

Alexander, Judy Lacey
Brown, Allen Milbourne
Hall, Dorothy Jean
Hewison, Noeline Marjorie
Horn, Ian Albert
Hough, Joan Cowan
Howard, John Bruce
Leaver, Relton Murry Richard
Lee, Po Wong
Lees, Graham John
Leyshon, Barbara Lesley
Lim, Andrew Tin Huen
Lumley, Mary Georgina
Manning, Graeme William
Merry, Shane Michael
Mullin, Colin Keith
Noss, Peter Robert
Pederson, Neil
Pudney, David William
Radion, Olga
Sack, Stewart
Sanderson, Sandra Gaye
Satchell, Dianne Susan
Spanos, George
Stover, John Michael
Vertue, Glenda Roslyn
Wheeler, Graeme
Winters, Michael John

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Bricker, Robert Albert
Gleeson, Kevin John
Gray, William
Kindermann, John Kelvin
Moroney, Francis John
Saunderson, Douglas Frederick

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Campbell, Colin John

ACCOUNTANCY

Ramma, Herbert

DIPLOMAS

ART

La Gerche, Geoffrey Frederick

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Ash, Graham Barry
Abbott, Geoffrey John
Bailey, Frank Peter
Beckett, Ronald Charles
Bell, John Boyd
Bishop, Ronald
Clarke, Donald Francis
Collyer, David Russell
Culley, Kingsley Grant
Curtis, Neville Michael

Eckhardt, Robert Laurence
Edelmaier, Heinz
Fenelon, Robert John
Fiddes, Barry
Hankinson, David
Hill, Norman Smibert
Hilton, Jess Ronald
Hocking, Geoffrey Brian
Horn, Norman Barry
Jones, Robert Howard
Leggo, John Harold Edward
Matchett, William George
Mate, Jeno George
McLelland, John B.
Mercer, Gerald Alexander
Pocknee, Graeme Charles
Sharples, John Carlisle
Vickers, John Coventry
Webster, Kenneth William
Wong Hee, Norman Charles
Wonnacott, Barry William
Wright, Colin Victor Merell

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Alderson, Robert John
Begbie, Donald George
Carter, Douglas Edwin
Castleman, Alan James
Clark, Richard Norman Charles
Clark, Victor Harold
Edelmaier, Heinz
Ellis, Graham Eric Richard
Fankhauser, Boyd Graham
Hughes, Julian Geoffroi Allan
Jeffers, Leonard John
Jones, Robert Howard
Kepert, John Louis
McGuinness, Clifford
Norton, Brian Raymond
Taplin, Laurence John
Witty, Ian George

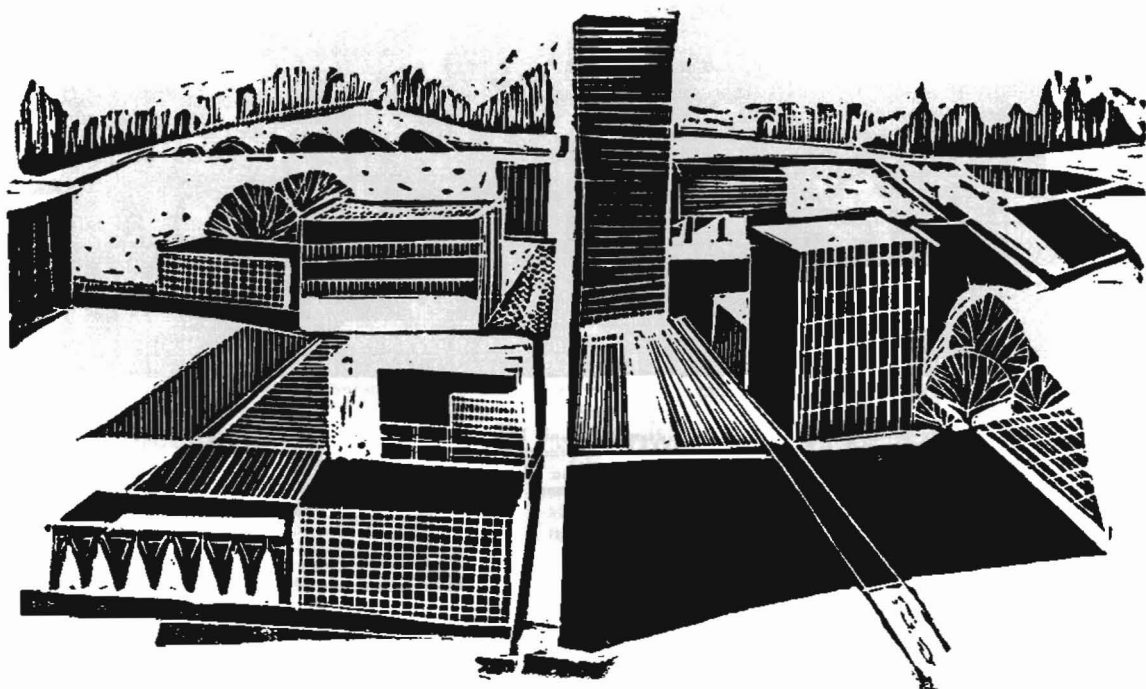
CIVIL ENGINEERING

Anders, Ian Thomas
Boston, John Leonard
Chamberlain, David Paul
Crook, Norman Leslie
Dobell, Jeffrey Albert
Ellis, Richard Gordon
Levey, Keith Richard
McRae, Donald John
Seward, John Lester
Storey, Kenneth John Arthur
Urquhart, Allan R.
Wilkinson, Rodney John
Youens, David Henry

POST-DIPLOMA CERTIFICATE IN

INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS

Cramond, John
Rankin, David



PASSING PARADE

*"Better is a poor man who walks in his integrity,
Than a man who is perverse in speech and is a
fool.*

*It is not good for a man to be without knowledge
And he who makes haste with his feet misses the
way."*

Prov. 19: 1-2.

Once again it is my privilege to comment on the "Passing Parade". For many years now, these students, who can be seen glaring at the cold hard world from the following pages, have been plodding their way through various schools. They must have often asked themselves whether the struggle was worth while.

Quite certainly, the general public does not realise just how hard it has all been. When your girl friend has more money than you; your mates who started work years ago have a car that does not need to be pushed; you have had to forgo the week-end snow trips or tennis parties because your design is not yet finished; and you can't join the youth club because it is held mid-week when you have to study—these things are all cause for concern to the active, developing teen-ager. No one can blame him for his occasional discouragement. And now, now that the end is in sight, he is being told that this is only a beginning. He has only been learning how to study, and further study at night school is desirable. Well! Has it been worth the effort?

To begin with, there are some obvious material rewards. Since the introduction of the Engineers' Award there is the guaranteed minimum salary of £2,200 p.a. within a few years. Then, should there be a recession or depression at any time, the trained person is more likely to remain in a job than is the untrained or only partly trained.

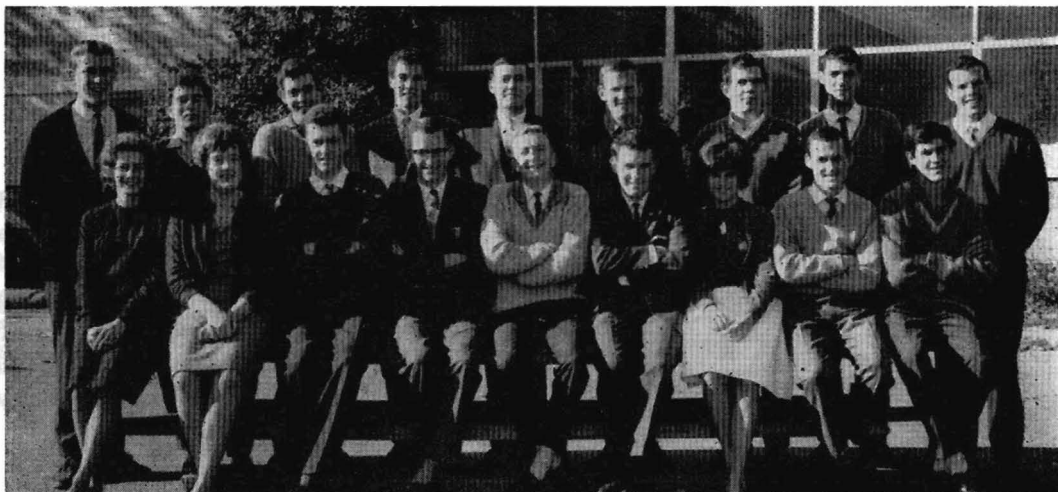
Secondly, there is the satisfaction which is to be gained from a job well done. The artist and the engineer are both creators. The engineer makes or controls the making of bridges, cars, safety pins and rockets, and the artist helps with the design or sales of the part. Students from this College will be helping to develop our civilisation—some quite obviously and others not so obviously. Some of these students will become teachers. There is no more rewarding job than that of working with and helping to mould the development of other people.

Now, a final word of advice. Don't stagnate. Continue studying, join clubs—political, social or reform. Make your voice heard. You and people like you are the future hope of Australia, but because you have a diploma, don't carry an exaggerated idea of yourself—

*"Let another praise you, and not your own
mouth,*

A stranger, and not with your own lips."

R. H. KELLER.



S.R.C.

Back row: Ray Beebe, Harry Helmer, Mike Hassett, Frank Peile, Iaa Dale, John Murray, Don Brown, Barry Cooper, Graeme Carroll.

Front row: Sue Hutchinson, Sue Guest, John Castleman (Secretary), Mr. Keller (Staff), Tony Wilson (President), Tony Sims, Beverly Long, John Grace, Bill Hughes.

S.R.C. NOTES

The Students' Representative Council has become an integral part in the smooth functioning of Caulfield Technical College. Each year this elected body of students attempts larger undertakings, and succeeds.

The names listed below are those of the members for 1962, of whom the College should be justly proud.

Mr. TONY WILSON (Electrical)

Tony is the President of the S.R.C. and an executive member of V.F.T.S. He is a very capable gentleman, but we do hear he uses some sneaky methods for "getting around" the Principal and other such people.

After a meeting of the Parents' Association, which Tony attended, one of the Mothers wished she was not already married; at least we cannot accuse Tony of being a "cradle-snatcher".

Mr. TONY SIMS (Electrical)

Tony is Vice-President of the S.R.C. and President of the Social Committee. He wears the disguise of an Engineer—suit and hat—and drives a N.S.W. car to cover up his bad driving.

Mr. JOHN CASTLEMAN (Electrical)

John holds the legal reins of the Council; the meetings would be shorter without John's amendments to motions and claims of "breach of the constitution". John also finds time to be Secretary and have valuable contacts with the Office Staff (female, of course).

Mr. BARRY COOPER (Civil)

He is our Treasurer, and his books seem to balance. He has just sold his Holden; hope the money was not used to replace embezzled funds.

Miss BEV. LONG (S.A.C.)

Bev. is our Minutes Secretary. We sometimes have to censor the minutes, because she is so efficient and does not realise what the Students don't know won't hurt them.

Miss SUE GUEST (S.A.C.)

Sue is the "Dorothy Dix" of the College. She, very warm-heartedly, tries to solve the Engineer/S.A.C. romance problems. She did an excellent job with the choreography for the Revue. She does some good social work outside the College, too.

Miss SUE HUTCHINSON (Commercial)

Sue represents the Commercial girls. She represents them well; just sits quietly trying to lure engineers away from S.A.C.'s. Sue is also a member of the Social Committee.

Mr. DON BROWN (Electrical)

Editor of Chronic, Co-Editor of Gryphon, S.R.C. representative of the Past Students, and past students' representative of the S.R.C. Revue star, and an inside man at the local "Clinic and Dispensary". What more could one wish for?

Mr. BILL POWER (Electrical)

Bill is the Student Fire Officer. He also plays a guitar and sings folk songs (won 3 gongs on 3UZ). He may end up playing his guitar as Caulfield Technical College burns.

Mr. HARRY HELMER

Harry has a phobia for having his photo taken. Not content with having been star of "Ben Caulfield", he wanted to be in every Form and Committee photo for this magazine. Eventually, he had one taken on his own, but it was too obscene to be shown in public.

Mr. JOHN GRACE (Electrical)

One of the older and more mature members of the council. John does a good job as Treasurer of the Social Committee and did valuable back-stage work for the Revue.

Mr. WAYNE EIFERMAN (Electrical)

Secretary of the Social Committee and one of the Revue Communication boys. He does a good deal of hard work around the College, and there's nothing much bad about him except that he founded the "Eiferman Expression".

Mr. GRAEME CARROLL (Electrical)

Magazine co-editor who also works hard at other College activities, but seems to pass exams — an amazing combination. Graeme manages to extract money from the College.

Mr. RAY BEEBE (Mechanical)

Ray feels downtrodden because he is one of the few non-electrical members, and so is one of the quieter set; being Revue Treasurer may have something to do with it too.

Mr. MICK HASSETT (Electrical)

Mick's main hobby at S.R.C. meetings is seconding motions. This seems to contradict his Revue

casting as a "dramatic actor". Mick is also a member of the Office Committee.

Mr. DAVE MOORE (Art)

Dave represents the Artists; one can tell just by looking at him. He is responsible for most of our advertising posters, but we don't hold this against him.

Mr. JOHN MURRAY (Electrical)

John had the hardest fight to become a member of the Council, but we think it was worth it. His only weakness is volley-ball.

Mr. IAN DALE (Mechanical)

Ian is chairman of the Sports Committee and an ardent sport organizer and participant—a quality unfortunately lacking in most College members. Keep it up, Ian.

Mr. ROWLAND KELLER (Staff)

We are not sure whether Rolly is the Staff spy on the S.R.C. or the S.R.C. spy on the Staff. He also writes articles for Chronic using the pen-name "Anonymous". Recently had a son and named him after the President and Vice-President of the Council.

May the next Council be as good as we were.

S.R.C. PRESIDENT'S REPORT

This year marks the end of an era at Caulfield Technical College. For the first time the Senior section of the College will be separated from the Junior section geographically, if not administratively.

This means that the S.R.C. will be able to work towards gaining for the senior students facilities equitable with those available to other tertiary students. Initial steps have already been taken by the S.R.C. to obtain these necessary facilities. Meetings that I, on behalf of the S.R.C., have had with the College Council and the Parents' Guild augur well for future students at the College.

Although the College Council is hampered by financial restrictions, it is sympathetic to our requests. The Parents' Guild has already acted upon our requests by planning changes to the canteen. Tables and chairs will be provided and students will be able to lunch in some semblance of comfortable conditions.

There are still many things lacking at our College, however. The library and studying facilities at the College are sadly lacking. Even though it is proposed to move the library to rooms 32-33 next year, this will still be nothing more than a storage for books, and not a library in the sense required for a tertiary educational institute. There is no facility for the student to do private study, a necessary part of any tertiary education.

The S.R.C. has continually fought for adequate toilet facilities for the male students. For about 700 students the only facility available is a toilet block, without washroom, which is situated away from the main buildings. This situation is deplor-

able and we hope that it will be amended in the near future. I am sure that the health department would condemn them if they came under their jurisdiction. Certainly no self-respecting employee would work with only these facilities nor would Government regulations permit him.

The S.R.C. at the beginning of the year requested the Principal to write to the Education Department asking them to create a position for an Employment Officer to give vocational guidance to the students. All other Senior Technical Colleges except Footscray have this service and it was felt that our students were competing against organisations for their employment opportunities. This request was passed on to the Department but was refused.

In 1962 the S.R.C. continued with the newspaper, "The Caulfield Chronic". This has received widespread acclaim throughout tertiary educational institutes as a highly successful means of communication with students. It provides an excellent opportunity for the S.R.C. and the general student body to air their grievances, and in most cases it has helped towards a solution by bringing a particular problem to the attention of the people concerned.

The Disciplinary Committee, which was conceived by the 13th S.R.C., was formed as a functional body with a governing constitution early this year. As of the moment, few students have needed its services, but it is intended primarily as a deterrent against over-exuberance in student pranks. The S.R.C. hopes that it will never need

to use this committee as its use implies that students have no respect for public or private property.

This S.R.C. has been a well-balanced one. With a nucleus of members of past S.R.C.'s and a good balance of new members with fresh ideas, important motions have been discussed at length with a great deal of thought going into each member's opinion.

Foremost amongst those who have done a great deal of work is John Castleman, the S.R.C. Secretary. He has been a true right hand, always available for advice or assistance with difficult decisions. Bev. Long has done a remarkably good job of looking after the minutes, while Tony Sims has been of great assistance in organising the Social Committee, and other bodies. Barry Cooper has kept the books with precision throughout the year and has always been available for advice on matters affecting S.R.C. finance.

Others worthy of mention for jobs well done include Don Brown, editor of *Chronic*, Wayne

Eifermann, V.F.T.S. representative, John Grace, Ray Beebe, Mick Hassett, Bill Power and the ever-reliable Sue Guest, all of whom cannot receive too much praise for an excellent year's work on the S.R.C.

Every member is worthy of praise but time and space are limited. To the rest of the S.R.C., thank you for a job well done.

My thanks also go to Mr. Keller, who is indeed the S.R.C. President's best friend. His advice and assistance are of inestimable value to the S.R.C. Mr. Lambert and Mr. Danielson also have been most helpful and co-operative throughout the year. Mrs. Newcombe has been very helpful with urgent typing requirements, and I thank her on behalf of the S.R.C.

I wish the 15th S.R.C. all the best, and, as for the President, if he only has as willing a bunch of workers as I had behind me, then he must do a successful and praiseworthy job.

Tony Wilson, S.R.C. President.

S.R.C. SECRETARY'S REPORT

Students and others often ask what is the function of the Students' Representative Council. After considering the various tasks which the Council has been called upon to undertake during its term of office, I should say that the Council's function is to attend to the numerous matters which arise concerning the students. The Council must be large enough to represent the full student body and yet small enough to act efficiently. Although there may be only a few large tasks undertaken by the Council, there are innumerable small ones which must be attended to.

The large tasks consist of issuing lockers, fighting for improved amenities, organising the Revue, publishing a newspaper, organising social functions, and this year has included establishing an office. Most of these tasks are done by sub-committees which are organised, controlled and financed by the Council. The Revue was a great success this year despite the difficulty of finding a producer. I thank Mr. Richards for his invaluable assistance and regret his modesty in concealing his producing talents from us for so long. Social functions have been most successful, although more widespread support from students would be gratifying. It was pleasing to see Mr. Lambert and Mr. Danielson at the S.R.C. Annual Ball. "*Chronic*" has been published with a view to expressing student opinion and advertising council functions. It is my hope that in future students will do more to justify the expense of "*Chronic*" by contributing more articles of interest and value to students

and the community. The committees who have worked on these activities are to be commended for the excellent work they have done.

However, most of the Council's time has been taken up with smaller matters. Among these are keeping in communication with other bodies such as the College Council, Staff, Parents' Guild and S.R.C.'s of other tertiary institutions. The various letters, petitions and donations received through the suggestion box have been greatly appreciated and given consideration. Likewise, the innumerable verbal suggestions and requests made to the Council were dealt with to the best of our ability. Unfortunately, many of the improvements in amenities which are within our financial resources are held up by red tape and obscure plans for future buildings.

The Office Construction Committee has been able to convert the old cadet store building into a reasonably comfortable office. This has centralised Council activities, and not only does it enable Council members to do their tasks much more easily, but students looking for representatives, or making bookings for social functions must notice the greater convenience.

The Fourteenth Students' Representative Council has had an active year of office, and there will be dividends resulting from their work which will benefit future students. I should like to thank all the members of this year's Council, and in particular the President, Mr. Tony Wilson, for his enthusiastic and capable leadership.



SPORTS COMMITTEE

Back row: Robin Brett, Carolyn Bardsley, John Bush.

Front row: Graeme Carroll, Ian Dale (Chairman), Mr. Gowty, Ross Tharle, Tony Knight (Secretary), John Murray.

S.R.C. SPORTS COMMITTEE REPORT

The S.R.C. Sports Committee was formed at the start of the first term. This committee was made up of representatives of all sports played at the College. These members did an excellent job in promoting their individual sports.

It seems a pity that the majority of students at the College did not participate in any form of sport during 1962. It is hoped that in future years the students will realise the importance of sport and sportsmanship in education.

The inter-faculty swimming sports were held at the Malvern Baths and resulted in a win for the Civils. It was again unfortunate that the student support was very low and because of this only the competitors were allowed time-off to attend the Inter-College sports at the Brunswick Baths. Gordon Institute of Technology, Geelong, were the winners of the swimming shield for 1962.

The inter-faculty athletics, held on the oval opposite the College, resulted in another win for the Civils. We would like to thank all students who competed and special thanks to all staff and students who helped to make this day the success that it was.

Caulfield had the responsibility of organising the inter-college athletics at Olympic Park. This was done, very capably, by Mr. Gowty and members of staff and students of other colleges. Once again it was unfortunate that so many students did not support their colleges. If they had they would have seen a very exciting climax with Geelong and Caulfield separated by two points with only two events to be decided. Geelong went ahead to win with Caulfield a close second.

Two trips were held during the year, one to Ballarat for a rowing regatta, and the other to Geelong. We feel sure that all competitors and spectators who attended enjoyed the day's sport.

Finally, we would like to thank all students who participated in College sport during 1962. A special thanks to Mr. Gowty for all the work he has done in taking over the responsible position of sportsmaster at the start of the year.

We look forward to more student activity in sport during 1963.

Ian Dale, Chairman.



SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Back Row: Don Brown, Rosalind Pond, Bob Lewis.
Middle Row: Harry Helmer, Tony Sims (President), Beverly Long, Wayne Eifermann, John Grace.
Front Row: Bill Power, Neale Jackson, John Raivers, Malcolm Ralton. ABSENT—Sue Hutchinson.

—SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT

When we began the school year, the Social Committee numbered only five persons. However, within two months, it had doubled in size, to the relief of the original members who found that organising dances was a bigger task than at first appeared.

With its increased numbers a car treasure hunt was organised which proved to be most enjoyable for all who went along.

Although fewer dances were held this year, they followed the trend of the preceding years. That is, the first dance was a great success, but attendances dropped off steadily at the later dances. Nevertheless, those who attended thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

THIRD ANNUAL BALL

The ball this year was held at Ormond Hall on Friday, 21st September, this location being preferred to Dorchester because of its extra room and cheaper overall expense.

The 250-odd that turned up, without exception had a very enjoyable evening. But for the usual carrying's on, nothing unusual happened all night.

Early in the morning Flood arrived in a very merry state, followed by Steve, who after finding their table proceeded to bring in the entire Carlton and United reserves for the next ten minutes or so. Then it happened. Steve decided to kiss every girl in the place, so he started on his rounds. Everything went smoothly until he reached Randy and Mary-Beth. From this moment on Randy and Mary-Beth were rarely off the dance floor.

Later Marion arrived; with Harry. Up to this stage nothing had happened and those there sat round and chatted. By this time most of 8A had arrived as well as Ray Henry, Mike Hassett and company.

John Grace was the busy man in black who, with Wayne, was doing a wonderful job showing the guests to the wrong tables.

The night gradually settled down to a very noisy affair with Steve giving everyone a shake upon the dance floor. Rosemary Powell gave some delightful renditions of two or three songs and then, un-



NEWSPAPER COMMITTEE

L. to R.: Mike Hassett, Beverly Long, Don Brown (Editor), Bill Hughes.

This year the Snowy Trip had an added advantage over previous trips for Lake Mountain had just received a fall of snow. Although the snow delayed a few people getting back to the bus, one young lady had no claim to this excuse. However, everyone arrived safely back in Melbourne and in fine spirits.

The Ball ended this year's social activities, with a wild throng gathered at Ormond Hall. Even a non-drinking Mechanical-Electrical stooped so low as to sample the "stuff".

To finish this report, I would like to thank the whole social committee, and Wayne Eifermann in particular, for their great work throughout the year.

John Grace.

fortunately, had to leave. It broke Steve's heart so to see her go without even so much as a parting word.

The drink tasters of table 22 had now commenced sampling all available concoctions within their reach. With Mike, Ray, Steve and Len in a stupor, the ball could be said to be a success.

The dancing (?) that followed was as good as a riot with everyone pushing and bumping into one another. About this time the Principal and Vice-Principal popped in and out, and once again the riot began.

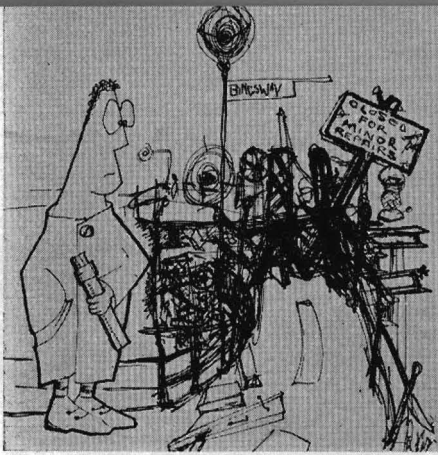
Food, glorious food at LAST, was the cry from some when soup was served at about midnight.

During this period Len Waters staged one of his great balancing acts, taking two plates of soup from the waitress and walking with them to his table ten feet away. If ever ten people were lucky not to have hot soup poured down their necks, it was now.

After the main course was served a few wars broke out in various sections of the hall, the people on the intermediate tables receiving more than their share of the backwash.

At this stage of the morning very few people felt like eating and the dancing was resumed.

The end of the experiment came for most at about 3 o'clock.



YOU ARE NOT AN ENGINEER

You are not an engineer because you own a slide-rule!

You are not an artist because you wear a beard!
You are not an expert on electronics if you have a Television licence!

And you are not a Christian because you conform to an outward Religious Form or Ceremony.

You are not a Chinaman because you eat with chopsticks.

You are not a Scotsman because you wear a kilt.
You do not become a horse by being born in a Stable.

And you are not a Christian because you have been born in a so-called Christian country.

How then do you become a true Christian?

The things mentioned above are outward characteristics. It is possible to imitate, to dress up and to copy certain national characteristics, but to be a Chinaman, you must be born of Chinese parents, to be a true Scotsman you must be born of Scotch parents, and so on and to be a true Christian, you must be born again by the Spirit of God.

The Lord Jesus Christ said:

"Very, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God . . . Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." (John 3: 3-7.)

Nothing less than new birth, a spiritual experience whereby you are born again into the family of God, makes you a child of God, therefore, a true Christian.

It is possible to be outwardly very religious and to do all the things that you are supposed to do, and yet remain unconverted. It is possible to be very ungodly, indifferent and careless in your manner of life and to be in exactly the same position, that is, unconverted.

There were many who prided themselves on their ancestry, their religious background and on their conformity to certain outward religious practices and standards and even claimed to have one Father, even God, but because they had not experienced a change of heart and were not prepared to ask God for this change, Jesus said to them, "Ye are of your father the devil".

To be a true Christian you must be born again. To be born again you must be prepared to acknowledge your need and receive the Lord Jesus Christ, who now offers you a full and free pardon from your sin and a new life by His Holy Spirit.

Are you prepared to receive Him?

He challenged the people of His day, even as

He challenges you now.

"He was in the world and the world was made by Him and the world knew Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He the power or the right to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name, which were born not of the blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man but of God." (John 1: 10-13.)

The penalty for sin has been paid by Christ in His death upon the Cross. This is a fact of history. It can become a very definite fact of experience in your own heart and life if you are prepared to do as Christ Himself invites you to do: "Verily, verily, I say unto you he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life". To be a true Christian, you have to believe, that is commit yourself to Christ, thanking Him for His death for you personally, inviting Him to come into your heart and life and henceforth, trusting Him and Him alone for your salvation now and forever. This is Life eternal, that you might know the true God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent.

Jesus said: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. no man cometh unto the Father but by Me".

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Are you prepared to come to Jesus Christ right now, receiving Him into your own heart and life, believing that He can and will do all that He has promised, both for time and eternity? There is no life to be compared with the true Christian Life. Only the foolish pass this by. There is no way other than that indicated in the Bible, which has been quoted in the passages above. Act now. Prove for yourself the joy and certainty of the true and only Christian life, which is, Christ in you.

Many students of this College have found Life with a capital "L" through trusting Christ as their Saviour and living for Him. Through the Cautec Christian Fellowship we have sought to make known this new life to people, young and old. Weekly meetings have included informal Bible studies, films and a variety of Speakers, centred on the Christian life. We have been privileged through the year to hear Nationals from Indonesia and India; and have discussed vital Social issues from Communism to Marriage relationships.

During August a successful house-party was held at Macedon . . . down from the top of the mountain may remain painfully in the memory of some.

Altogether we have had a lot of fun and a great deal of fellowship together; we are hoping you will make a point of meeting with the C.C.F. next year as we are planning 1963 with you in mind.

Peter Sumner.



A COMPLETELY BIASED, PREJUDICED AND COLOURED REPORT ON THE REVUE OMITTING ALL IMPORTANT FACTS, MUCH OF IT BEING MADE UP

Early March saw the formation of a Revue Committee and Geoff Richards running all over Melbourne in search of someone worthy enough to produce the Cautec Revue. He eventually turned up with a solid little man with becoming eyes and a red jumper.

A meeting of script writers was hastily called and many excellent ideas were brought forward (including Harry Helmer's now famous theory on the use of Greek myths in Revues). These were duly assessed, recorded, tabulated and thrown out. As a result of this inspiring meeting a great number of excruciatingly funny and clever, satirical scripts were painstakingly written and rewritten and handed to the guy in the red jumper. (He appears in Melbourne's Social Register as Maurice Lurie . . . people have been known to actually refer to him by that name.) As was the custom, the scripts were thrown out. Quite unabashed, the gallant script writers got off to work and came up with scripts that were brilliantly witty and even funnier than the first lot. These were also thrown out. In desperation Maurice wrote some scripts of his own. None of these were thrown out . . . only changed drastically every week. (Yes! Like the time-table.) But at the same time, however, everybody was won over to the producer through his brilliant scripts and his warped sense of humour.

We settled down to Rehearsals and Ross Phillips and Brian Kimpton went out and bought dozens of properties, jars of paint, etc., for which Ray Beebe reluctantly handed out the money.

Rehearsals were somewhat depressing as Maurice could only tell us (his vocabulary was rather limited) that everything was "lousy" . . . "including that guy over there." (guy: neutral gender.) These words of constructive criticism so frequently uttered would be interpreted differently by Geoff and Bob Lukies. It was most confusing.

Then it was decided to make a film. Oh, Brother! the film. Several people wrote scripts and presented ideas. Inevitably these were thrown out. However, on Anzac Day the cast, adorned with togas, daggers and machine guns, assembled on the steps of the Caulfield Town Hall and Maurice exhibited his talent for spontaneous creation and invented a plot on location. Nobody ever found out what the film was about, but everybody thought it was hilarious with the exception of Bob Easson and Co. Bob and his sound engineers developed some quite novel complexes whilst spending seven hours dubbing the sound track.

By this time some extremely alert students in the College were asking, "What's this we hear about a Revue?" Meanwhile, back at the gym, Maurice was telling us, "I've got about twenty scripts; we need forty altogether, so I want an-



REVUE ENGINEERS

Back row: Ian Handley, Alan Lyne, Colin Kline, Hilary Savage, Bob Lewis, Neil Jackson, Len Verashaika, John Carter, John Middleton.
 2nd back: Brian Walters, Colin Gissing, Mike Piggott, Ross Marshall, Wayne Eifermann, John Fischer, Jan Graham, Tina Fauvel.
 3rd row: Graeme Shields, Brian Kimpton, Bob Easson, Ray Beebe, Marion McMillan, Ross Phillips, Ingo Kleinert, Jo Morcom, Berenice Cooper.
 Front row: Graeme Carroll, Graeme Andrews, Ken Gray, John Gray, Tony Wilson, Bev. Long (Sitting on Tony's Knee), Helen Granden, Leonie Godridge, John Grace, Mike Abb.

other three thousand because I'll have to chuck out two thousand, nine hundred and eighty . . . and by the way the acting is still lousy." At this the cast would chuckle light-heartedly. As the response for more scripts was rather poor, the little man in the red jumper wrote the other twenty himself. They couldn't have been better.

One week before the revue even greater numbers of students were asking, "What's all this about a revue?" Most of the cast had suffered their third very nervous breakdown, Sue Guest and Sylvia Thomas, bitterly disillusioned, on the verge of their tenth, and tickets sellers were now confirmed pessimists.

Nevertheless some remained undaunted. Bob had found space for all £3,500's worth of sound and was only mildly worried about numerous earth loops and mysterious hums, unmatched impedances, etc. Sixteen miles of telephone cable had been

successfully sorted out by Wayne Eifermann whose sole concern was that the telephones still didn't work. Graham Andrews at last found at which switch to operate the lights and Tony Wilson was managing the stage very efficiently.

The show ran for three nights and everyone was happy.

The revue party was a mild success and a convoy of a number of cars, augmented occasionally by persons unknown made its way to an inconspicuous country retreat. (The location of which was a dark secret known only to a select few.) After all the lollies and hundreds and thousands had been consumed a recital was then given by that well-known baritone, Mr. G. A. Richards, who entertained us with some delightful folksongs of the Nunawading Plateau and East Carlton.

To quote: "What a lovely party".

B.P.

REVUE COMMITTEE

Back row, L. to R.: John Castleman, Brian Kimpton, Sue Guest, Sylvia Thomas, Ross Phillips, Marion McMillan, Dan Cogan, Ross Marshall.
 Front row: Graeme Andrews, Bob Easson, Ray Beebe, Tony Wilson, Ingo Kleihert, John Grace.





REVUE CAST

Back row: Robert Jenyns, Den Cummings, Roger Brideson, John Stoke, Malcolm Ralton, Ken Levesan, Peter Warne, Malcolm Apps.
 2nd row: Martin Gibbs, Len Waters, John Castleman, Herry Helmer, Mike Piggott, Don Brown, Bill Power, Steve Jakymczuk, Andrew Thistlewaite, Jeff Warne, Russell Nicholson, Kevin McInnes.
 3rd row: Mike Hassett, Pauline Spencer, Carla Marsh, Carol Pickering, Fay Newland, Helen Day, Laurel Waugh, Rosalind Pond, Sylvia Thomas.
 Front row: Fred Matyear, Dianne Bird, Carol Hunichen, Nanette Slattery, Sue Guest, John Raivers, Hilary Savage, Sylvia Meek, Annemarie Szeleczyk, Marlene Jenkins, Bob Northausen.

THE DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM

Having confessed to Mother that the filling has fallen from my teeth and my tongue has developed a tender spot from probing at the cavity, with all the reluctance of Shakespeare's schoolboy, I walk through the outer office, read the notice which says "Please enter and wait", and pass to the dentist's waiting room beyond.

Although it is already time for my appointment there are three people waiting; the business-man, the painter, and the housewife. Patients they are and patient they must be. Time passes; the business-man consults with increasing regularity the watch at the end of the gold chain which spans his broad expanse of waistcoat. His every action seems to say, "This would not be good enough for my clients; service I give and service I expect". The painter, nursing his jaw, feels more akin to the housewife and they console each other; he tells her of the difficulty of getting just half an hour off from work for his urgent treatment and she, with broken dentures in her hand, mumbles, "I do hope Johnny is being good for Mrs. Next-Door. I said I would be only half an hour". Time ticks on; the business-man thinks of the client whose valued custom he must by now have lost; the painter, of his depleted pay envelope; and the woman hears, in her imagination, "What, 6 o'clock and still no tea!"

I choose a magazine from a disarranged pile on the rickety wicker table. The single, incandescent globe away up near the ceiling gives a poor light, but this does not matter because the magazine is too old to be of any real interest to anyone except, perhaps, an antiquary. Maybe my

dentist is in cohorts with the optician down the street and refers to him those patients who complain of lack of light. Perhaps my dentist is not on business terms with the newsagent up the street.

From the magazines my eye strays to the wall opposite. There hangs his licence to practise. I cannot help wondering if that is there because his wife will not let him place it over their mantelpiece, or whether he has hung it so prominently to convince those patients he has previously treated that he is really qualified. Then there is the notice which says, in effect, that immediate payment is required. How professional practice has changed! I am sure that in grandfather's day such a notice would have breached professional etiquette. Lastly there is the long, typed advice about school-children's appointments. I read it in the faint hope that mother has sent me by mistake and that I may escape to the football field, but a little thought precludes a hasty retreat, for I have an appointment and unkept appointments are chargeable.

From the surgery there is a sound, but not of revelry. A patient, his mouth distended by a cotton pad, is assisted to the remaining vacant chair where he sits to compose himself. The business-man enters the surgery; the painter looks closely at the previous patient; his face pales and becomes barely distinguishable from his white overalls; the housewife looks at her watch and again hearing the voice demanding tea, clutches her dentures and departs. I sit and wait and resolve to write a book on how to arrange appointments; after all, I will have plenty of time to write it as I sit in the dentist's waiting room.

LORD OF THE FLIES

Life is sacred; to kill is evil: this is a natural instinct in all of us. We are carnivorous animals, hence we must kill to appease our lust for meat. These two instincts must, as is normally the case, assume their correct proportions in each man's mind for it is dangerous to the preservation of the human race if they do not.

The act of causing the destruction of a living creature is abhorrent to our nature, we are filled with shame if on taking a life we think of the act. Only he who resorts to camouflage may by-pass shame. The first blood drawn is the hardest, for the mind learns to live with the conscience.

The war-paint, mask of the savage, is an example of camouflage. He may tear a beast to pieces yet feel no sin, for he blames the mask, not the soul. The tribal dance, the re-enactment of the crime, relieves any pressure on the conscience, the mind is overpowered by hysteria. However, deep down within the mind guilt will continue to exist.

The mind is terrorised by the mysteries of darkness. It feels itself under the observation of an unknown being which can easily destroy it. During daylight the "beast" is hunted down, but to no avail. Only darkness reveals its quarry but the hunters lose their courage and run. With daylight their courage returns. Their lust for the destruction of the immortal beast soon dies and in its place a respect for their foe develops. The beast is set up as a "God", and a part of their

"Kills" is left as an offering to satisfy the beast, a sacrifice.

What is the beast? No material being, it is a part of all of us. It is the cause of the hidden guilt, the fear that a part of us is evil. Anyone who tries to stop the fear is cut down by the beast. Once human blood is spilt others will fall, the beast will crave for more blood, devising excuses to kill or torture; nothing may stand in its way. The civilised become barbarians turning on any opposers or non-followers, unmercifully hunting them down and exterminating them.

Many civilizations have been destroyed in the history of our world. Our society, too, is not invincible, and, as with the past, its destruction will be due to itself. In times of crises, with the scientific weapons now under our command, we could easily destroy not only ourselves but also all other existing life on our planet.

These points are, I believe, what William Golding in his book, "Lord of the Flies", is trying to make. These points are contained within the story about a group of schoolboys aged from six to twelve years who are the only survivors of an aeroplane crash on a coral island. At first they treat the situation with enthusiasm, trying to act as they think adults would in the same situation; however, their inner natures get the better of them. The decline of the civilised to the savage is depicted vividly before our eyes, a situation which may in the future be applied to our own society.

G. Ride, 7C.

KAOS IN CE KLASRUM

You must often have thought English spelling is unnecessarily difficult. Just look at words like cough, plough, rough, through and thorough. The great writer, Bernard Shaw, wanted us to change our alphabet, and someone worked out this way of doing it.

In the first year, for example, we would suggest using 's' instead of soft 'c'. Certainly all students in all sities of the land would receive this news with joy. Then the hard 'c' would be replaced by 'k', sinse both letters are pronounced alike. Not only would this klear up the konfusion in the minds of spellers, but typewriters could be all built with one less letter.

There would be great exsitement when it was at last announced that the troublesome 'ph' would henseforth be written 'f'. This would make words like Fotograf twenty per sent shorter in print.

In the third year publik interest in a new

alfabet kan be expekted to have reatshead a point where more komplikated changes are necessary. We would suggest removing double letters whitsh have always ben a nuisanse and a deterrent to akurate speling.

We would al agre that the horrible mes of silent "e's" in our language is disgraseful. Therfor, we kould drop thes and kontinu to read and writ merily along as though we wer in an atomik age of edukation. Sins by this time it would be four years sins anywun had used the leter 'c', we would then suggest substituting 'c' for 'th'.

Kontinuing cis proses year after year, we would eventuali have a reale sensibl written languag. After twenti years we ventyur tu sa cer wud bi no mor uv ces teribl trublsum difikultis. Even mr yaw wi beliv wud be hupi in ce noleg cat his drims finali kam tru.

From 'Astounding Stories', by Dolton Edwards.

THE M.F.I.'s TOUR DE SNOWY

There was movement at the College,
For the word had passed around,
That the coach from Thomsons Tours,
Had gone astray,
Headed for the Snowy Ranges,
It was worth a good eight pound,
The crack scholars all had gathered for the
fray.

Amid cries of "ten no-trumps" and "pass the opened pack", that gallant bunch headed for the hills. What about the women? We didn't have time.

The trusty coach headed for Cooma, via Lakes Entrance, Orbost, and Bombala. The trip was a very sociable one, acquaintances being made with the inhabitants of the quaint little towns along the route.

Don B. exercised his great skill of a well-mastered art, and dazzled the chap on the OTHER side.

Our arrival in Cooma brought a day to a close. Meanwhile (under cover of darkness)

—A resonance test was being carried out on a little swing bridge (they'll make soldiers out of that lot yet, I tell you).

—Acoustics were excellent in the sound shell. John! You'll make the Tivoli some day.

—Reports of strange, ghost-like, figure draped in many feet of white scarf and peering at disturbed matron of hotel—believed human.

—The Motel Rates rose £1. GOTCHA!

Tuesday found us donning bright yellow skid lids, big boots and saying morning to our Coach Captain, Allan Kennedy, the P.R.O., Eric Chasney, and our comrade—engineer Ray McDermott.

We were led into a theatrette and given information about outputs, capacities, closing hours,

girls' schools in the area, etc. (Unfortunately, the latter was confirmed to be negative.)

Our trek took us firstly to Cabramurra, the highest town in Aust. They pile a list of stuff high up there.

The day's training of how to pack a snowball hard and hurl it harder paid off when, at dinner-time, we became entrenched in the coach under a rain of snowballs from Sydney Uni. We soon showed them who was who. Still got the lump. Kind thanks to S.M.A. for tin hats.

Wednesday took us through turbines, over dams and across lakes with the ten no-trumps being shot and Maynard throwing paper darts at albino kangaroos from the poop deck. Dinner was served at Eucumbene after our 5 o'clock football training run.

Next, up and over—the Alpine Way. Cold?—Man! It was cold—just ask Tonga. Lucky he's got hairy legs. Photos £250/print.

At the top, our coach (next time I'll fly) thundered off the road. Luckily, our two-way radio gave Geehi plenty of time to put dinner on the ice.

Geehi saw our last hours with the S.M.A. after found wonderful days. We almost lost Harry and Grass, they didn't hear the breakfast bell for the click of billiard balls.

The trip back to Melbourne was undecidedly unmentionable and, besides, G.C. won't allow me any more space.

On a serious note, I, on behalf of my colleagues, wish to thank the S.M.A. for their hospitality. I'm sure that everyone would agree that three grander blokes could not have been chosen to guide us over the area, than Ray, Eric and Allan.

Many thanks also to our C.O., Mr. Neyland.

Mike Piggott, S.E.

LIVING IN A HEATWAVE

Almost every summer we experience several consecutive days of abnormal temperature which cause extreme discomfort. Each exhausting day is followed by a hot and restless night, making us completely fatigued both mentally and physically.

One cannot always manage to escape from a heat wave, due to various reasons: job, family commitments, or just plain lethargy brought on by the heat. Therefore one must "stay put" and, if careless, run the risk of suffering from heat exhaustion, sunstroke, dehydration or serious sunburn.

When we are aware of corrections to upsets of the bodily functions which heatwaves cause we can live comfortably through any summer.

Adjustments to diet are most important in promoting summertime health. Regular light meals, salads, collations of cold meats, and the eating of fresh fruit can provide a perfect summer diet. Planned meals of variety and interest can lift the heat-jaded appetite. Keeping down the intake of carbohydrates, (sugar and starchy foods) as these cause natural heat to be generated within the body, can aid the system. Salt lost from the body

during perspiration should be replaced either indirectly in the diet or by taking salt tablets obtainable from all chemists. Avoid the drinking of too much liquid, as the body, perspiring freely, quickly uses the salt and causes heat-collapse and lassitude.

It is surprising to see numbers of people wearing either too much or too little clothing during heatwaves. Dress comfortably in light, airy clothes, of pale coloured materials which are all provided by the knowledge and techniques of the modern textile industry. If we remove all clothing it doesn't make us any cooler and can lead to severe sunburn over a larger area. When out-of-doors the head should be protected by a large shady hat. Protect the eyes with a pair of smart fashionable, sun glasses.

Finally, before completing my advice to help you through the next heat-wave I wish to make one suggestion—don't let the heat get you down. Stay active and the heat is soon forgot. Flop in a chair and sweat. You'll soon wish to God it weren't so hot.

John Butler. CA2.



ART 1962

1962 ART

This issue of Gryphon contains for the first time articles on art and many more reproductions of art work than in any previous copy.

That so little art work was printed (only four were reproduced in the last Gryphon, one being placed upside down) and that no article on art has ever appeared, is a disgrace not only to the art department of this school, which includes the art staff and students, but it is a disgrace to the school itself.

The art department is responsible for many things which have given a good name to the school. For one thing it was chosen as the basic centre in the training of art teachers from all over Victoria, and for another, the quality of art work is equal to the highest in Victoria. Students from the school in three consecutive years have won the coveted Sun Art bursary and won a very high recommendation this year. This is no small honour as students compete against most senior art students of Melbourne Tech.

It is for these reasons that art should occupy a prominent position in this magazine, as it does in the school.

Past magazine committees are not to be blamed for the lack of art content. In fact I congratulate last year's committee on managing to print even the four works.

The blame lies entirely with art students themselves. They appear to sit in the proverbial ivory tower and let the rest of the world float by. This could be excused on the ground they are completely involved with art and self-expression in the purest form. It could be excused if they were fine artists. But the vast majority, no matter what they may think, are not. They are at this school to learn the practical applications of art, some in the art education and some in industrial work in the form of advertising art.

Practical art may be as exciting and as rewarding as any fine art field if the student has applied himself properly.

In the field of applied art he forms a gap between the lay public and the artist. This role is not as great as the artist's one, but it is an important one if the applied artist has any love at all for art.

Daniel Cogan, D.A.A.



ART-EDUCATION AND YOU

Mrs. A. DATE.

* Biologically man is essentially the same creature as he was 2,000 years ago.

Emotionally and biologically man is still a primitive—that is *you* and *I* are primitives. *Birth*, Man's physical and intellectual development take approximately the same time to reach maturity as they did with primitive man. "The average science student today knows more than Aristotle but I doubt if his intelligence is superior". (Mayer—"The Schools".) Man then is a Primitive in an Intellectual age. Total knowledge, the result of centuries of primitive trial and error of collective judgment is formidable. Can he survive as a primitive in such conditions?

The fact not well appreciated in a modern education is that man learns basically at the same rate and in the same manner as his distant forbears—by trial and error and selective judgement. How he forms his judgements is not well understood, resulting in strange constrictions and breakdown in contemporary educative processes. Memory and rote are not enough. Can we remedy the situation? First let us examine it.

Science today forbids natural experiment through trial and error because the consequence of "too much" could be fatal. Primitive experiment involved perhaps one man or his immediate and narrow circle, the burnt finger or forest fire, and allowed survival of the main mass. Today error can involve the whole of mankind — atomic destruction.

How then can man form his judgements from a priori thinking and great "mass information"? More than ever is it necessary to be more selective and surer in judgement than before.

No single man could in one lifetime be in full possession of all the facts and findings of collective data or master of one subject; in fact, it is doubtful if one lifetime would allow the mere collection of such material, let alone selection from it.

If scientific examination by trial and error is no longer "safe" for man, how can he then train his mind in selective thinking and arrive at confident personal judgement. One of the fundamental manifestations of man's ability to perform with trial and error and then proceed to final judgement has been throughout the ages, his Art.

One can see the development of man, his concepts, his techniques, his whole being manifested in the art he leaves behind him. Animals leave their footprints in the sands of time but man—through his Art leaves his "soul prints". All men have this capacity, if allowed, in childhood to express their innermost self with their arts — music, painting, etc. Art is irrational — in spite of all change it persists in time with all men no matter what their race and creed. In fact it is part of the eternal nature of man and a means of his development.

Scientific examination being no longer safe, it would seem desirable that the techniques of the arts of man be employed as a means of his thinking, acting and forming judgements, testing his



selective capacity without harm to himself and others. The result would be sharpening his mind and aesthetic sensibilities in a highly desirable manner. I venture to say that art experience for all men in their early educative years will be the one safe means left to preserve the sanity and intellectual integrity of the species. This does not mean that all men will be professional artists. Professionalism is an obsessive drive towards perfection, but it means man will find power to think and judge through his own creative exploration and be critical of the result.

There are many ways and means, or, if you like, techniques to this end — music, dancing, painting, sculpture. If allowed free exploration, it is all basic thinking whatever the technique. However, of these techniques, three-dimensional experience — such as sculpture or modelling is of paramount importance, of even greater importance than the two-dimensional experience of painting — the world of optical illusion. According to Montessori, most of our concepts before we are four are formed by our tactile experience. All our adjustments to life are perfected by our sense of touch — optics are illusory and imperfect — heat, cold, balance, proximity and distance, softness, hardness, volume and a myriad of other necessary adjustments to reality are effected by our sense of touch. The "whole" thing, its real content, volume, shape and dimension, its true nature, is known only by our sense of touch. We can be blind and compensate, we can be dumb and compensate, but if we lose our sense of touch we feel neither pain nor reality and are doomed to move in mortal danger.

Today through early literacy, concepts formed on a two-dimensional plane with illusion by abstract signs and terms — writing symbols and figures, our young are having their true concepts spoiled or left imperfect before they are fully formed. Primitive man learnt measure and arith-

metic through his hands in touching actual objects and making actual adjustment. Not so today. So serious are these matters that new techniques of learning, e.g. Cuisenaire Block System, are being studied to improve imperfect concepts in mathematics.

Try this experiment. Draw what you think to be an animal or insect, then try to model it in clay — how big is it — how many legs has it and where do they come from — where does head end and body begin? You will soon find that if you have not been allowed to "model" in clay as a child you have a very imperfect knowledge of reality of the "whole" thing. Also important are our tactile senses — all children love "to touch" things. More touching and less smoking will soothe the nerves of man and woman in a more satisfactory manner.

The aesthetic life of man has always responded to beautiful shapes; his beautiful boats, his graceful spears, his fine sculptures, gods and implements have shown that man is happy when making shapes that please his sensibilities. The best of engineering looks good; it has economy and grace, as in Maillart's bridge. There is something poverty-stricken in a country lacking in sculpture or in consciousness of good shapes.

These fine perceptions and rich delights of man — his sense of beauty and wonder are alerted early in life by his artistic creativeness. In later life and maturity these perceptions now sharpened and sensitive make him a better and wiser judge of situations and people — a more perceptive and sensitive leader, less of a machine, less of a bewildered fool, more resourceful, with courage to think, act and be responsible for his own judgements — a full human being, that is, an "educated" rather than a learned man. There has been too much learning and too little educative thinking. To all men — let every craftsman be an artist and every artist a craftsman.

THE SECOND RENAISSANCE

Room 14 of our great College is the proud possessor of plaster casts as fine as any to be found in Melbourne. However, the fact that they were permitted to remain on their lofty perches had always been a matter of great wonder to me — for had not Miss Aarons often said, "The Renaissance . . . ah, pooh!"

The reason behind these eloquent outbursts was undoubtedly the fact that in her own student days she had been forced to copy similar casts. Her disapproval further manifested itself in the complete emotional freedom which we were permitted — "You may do anything you like, as long as it's good". We had all taken advantage of this and each happily went his own way with only one outstanding incident — the time Miss Aarons asked for something evocative, one boy thought she said provocative, and set to work with an exceedingly evil grin on his face. The end result of his endeavours was proudly displayed in the Principal's office until it was discovered that the form was not quite as abstract as it seemed.

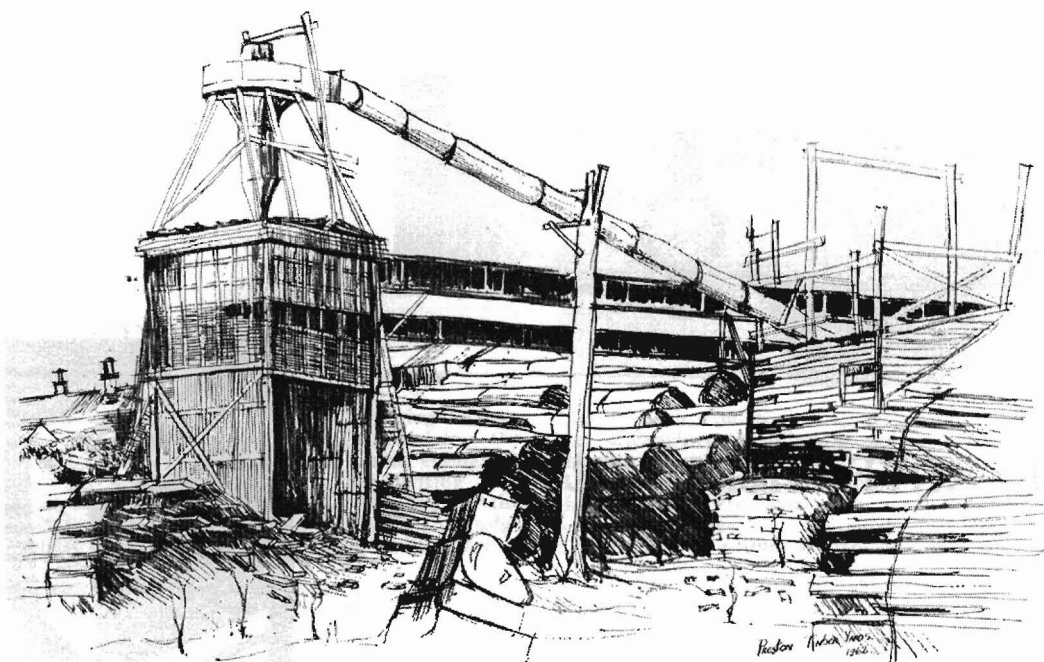
But at the start of this year we observed certain ominous portents. Such things as "Ye Olde Illustrated Anatomy Book" and "What every art

student should know", made their appearance in the office, and the plaster casts were removed from their high pedestals and placed at a more convenient height for measurement and close observation. Even the old skeleton was brought out of its case and, grinning from ear to ear, was set up so that its dimensions could be studied, and a grand total of about 100 wire replicas covered with plasticine flesh could be manufactured.

I became a little suspicious. What of the old teachings — the power of self-expression, the greatness of the Bauhaus? Had she forgotten? "Of course not," she had replied. "This study of anatomy will enable their work to hold more conviction, even in its most abstract form".

Very relieved to find that Miss Aarons had not sold her soul to the publishers of "Ye Olde Anatomy Book", I decided to visit "Anita's Studio" again. The room had returned almost to normal, the plaster casts had been replaced and the skeleton, not quite as happy now owing to the loss of an arm as well as his toe, was replaced in the case. The room looks as before, and yet I wonder, could there possibly have been a second Renaissance?

Tunder.



ARTISTS CONTRIBUTION

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 JOHN MACMAHON

A HAPPY SONG BROUGHT TO A CYNICAL HALT

For seventeen years
 The cicada
 Lives beneath the ground
 Never sees a thing
 Never makes a sound
 He never feels
 The Winter's gloom
 One Summer's day
 He rises
 From his tomb
 The Sun is bright
 In sky above
 He loudly sings a song of love
 He finds a mate
 That afternoon
 They spend a pleasant honeymoon
 "And then he dies".

John Butler, CA2.



ON ADVERTISING ART

Advertising —By Mr. R. Smith.

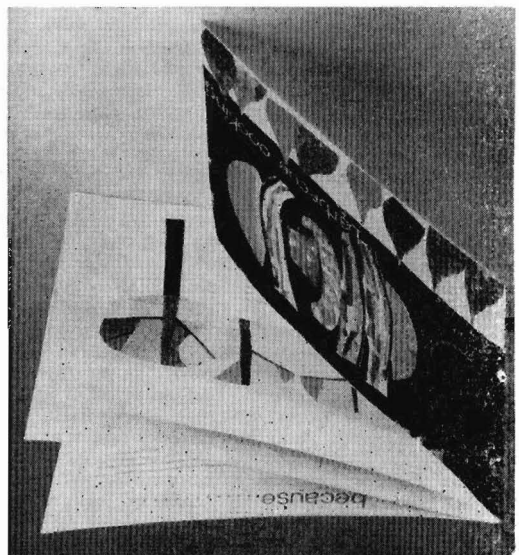
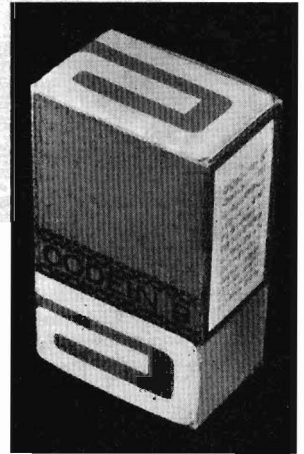
The profession of communication, undeveloped and with many growing pains, is demonstrating how it can be efficient, effective, entertaining and actually in demand. Newspapers, radio, magazines, TV, etc., are all advertising media, give high quality and free information "on the backs of" advertisements (that 3d. you pay for the paper is merely for delivery charges).

But graphic advertising is generally not of a high standard — yet. Basically the aims of the advertising artist are to present a client's service well and honestly, to complement the setting of the advertisement and to win acceptance of the ad. from the public. Certainly all these ideals are rarely present in an ad, but this is not the fault of the true artist. Cheap, dishonest clients, and incompetent ad. men and quacks in the advertising profession (as there are in every profession) unfortunately are to the fore and give advertising a bad name.

People like good advertising. Twelve years ago film credits were the undesirable portion one had to endure before the entertainment. One artist, Saul Bass, awakened everybody to the fact that, in this, there is a medium for graphic expression. In films such as "Around the World in 80 Days", "Some Like It Hot", "Walk on the Wild Side", "Calvin and the Colonel", etc., the artistry in the credits is of such a high standard as to eclipse the film itself.

And why can't this creativity, which is so much enjoyed, be applied in posters, magazine ads? Actually there are no *real* restrictions. The young designers of today have these crude bases for exciting, challenging, developmental expression.

One day you will be living with the most exciting gallery of packages and magazine ads.





CO-ED. N.B.G.

Now let's face it! This story is being written for one sole purpose, MONEY. In actual fact the immense sum of FIVE POUNDS, almost enough to turn one's stomach and take up writing love novels for "Women's Weekly". Depending on the reader's value of £5 he or she will be able to judge entirely the true value of this epic in literature.

It starts like this: -

Once upon a time, as I was meandering through the decrepit building affectionately known to us as "OUR COLLEGE", I just happened to gaze upon a truly great piece of art. With an immense taxing of my imagination I managed to decipher a crudely worded message amongst the infantile scribbles thereon.

Briefly it read: "STONEFACE HOP, FRIDAY THE SO AND SO. CLUB A TART AND GET THERE."

After a brief interval of shock that such things typical of the outside appearance of the building actually occurred inside of it, I recomposed myself and decided to investigate this iniquitous set-up further . . . (Somedaze later.)

As I crept quietly through the still night air towards "OUR COLLEGE" I suddenly became aware of a horrible indescribable, agonizing, ear-piercing, stomach-rumbling type noise. Upon approaching the finely constructed tin shed which I presume to have been the venue of this foul event, I was almost blown over by a gigantic gush of air? emitted from this disgusting tin shed when a little man in a big beard opened a big green door and collapsed in a disgruntled heap on the asphalt.

One quick movement and I was in!!

HORROR ! ! ! !

The sight that bombarded my eyes was sheer the less be described that way!! **HORROR!**

Three score and ten (+ or -100) bearded, longhaired, bloody-eyed, weirdly clad, unkempt bodies gesticulating in a fashion that even I could not explain, violently jerking their bodies to this **HORROR!**—indescribable in terms of words but for the sake of this 'pityful' story, it shall never horrible, indescribable, agonizing, ear-piercing, stomach-rumbling type noise previously detected by myself some 5 miles down the street. **HORROR!**

This horrible, indescribable, agonizing, ear-piercing, stomach-rumbling type noise (hence forth referred to as HUAEPSRTN — pronounced HUAEPSRTN) was apparently being emitted from about six derelicts blasting on what appeared to be various pieces of antiquated plumbing from a position above a little room which I was later informed was allegedly the "Fountain of Youth". Apparently this was a fact because after a comparison between bodies going in and bodies going out one could readily detect the "renewed vigour" contained in these bodies after "sampling the waters" of the Fountain.

It was time to commence my fraternising with the participants in this stone-age orgy. What better way than to coin a phrase on that beastly notice, "CLUB A TART" and start dancing. Through the smoky haze I bumped into something with long hair, about 66 ins. tall and with pointed shoes and politely enquired as to whether "it" would indulge with me. Favour granted.

Almost immediately the HUAEPSRTN commenced, all hell broke loose, and I moved in a manner that would equal the efforts of any warrior of any tribe in any country. The seconds flew like hours, the minutes like centuries and the minute and a half like a century and an hour put together.

Never being one to miss out on an opportunity, the thought came into my head that I should invite her out once again to further continue my "studies" (You rotten lot, I know what you are thinking. Please read to the end). In order to pursue this endeavour I had to find out her name, so, being a master of psychology at all times, I engaged "it" or her to be more polite in conversation. "She" told me she was an art student. Finally the opportune moment arrived.

"Oh, by the way, what is your name?"

"—Cyril —"

Incidentally, I am writing this from the North Pole. For those who are interested, I am on a one-man sit-down strike condemning co-education at ALL Tertiary Institutions!

MORAL OF THIS STORY: -You can't even trust a polar bear.

THAILAND

"The Land of Freedom"

Thailand, the only country in South East Asia which has never been colonized, has a population of 25 million people, and a area of 198,247 square miles (about the size of France or twice the size of New Zealand). The climate is tropical with a summer's (March-May) temperature of 85°-90°F., and rainy season (June-October) of 75°-90°F., and Winter (November-February) of 50°-80°F.

The capital of Thailand, BANGKOK, is a city which is brought to life by two and a half millions of easy-going people with a most friendly attitude to foreigners. She is built with a mixture of ancient Siamese Temples, houses and modern buildings. This city is commonly known as "Venice of the East" because of the rivers around the city area. People who have been to Thailand will not only be impressed by the culture and the beauty of the country, but will be impressed by the intimate friendliness of the Thais. Here is an extract from an article written by a writer who visited Thailand recently,

"and I've learnt quickly to like it (Bangkok), as a hot, happy city of two and a half million easy-going, easy-to-get-on-with people. . . . Thailanders have a most valuable tourist attraction, i.e., their warm friendly nature; the natural impression is a warm, white-toothed smile."

The unique art of self-defence which is now often practised in Thailand is the Thai boxing.

Apart from being a traditional sport which is popular with every section of the population, it is a most effective form of self-defence. In this boxing, apart from the fist, the knee, elbow, feet and heel can be used on any part of the opponent's body. He is however, forbidden to wrestle, throw, or butt. Before each fight the boxers perform an elaborate obeisance followed by stylised shadow boxing. The homage is dedicated to all the teachers and trainers. This shadow boxing is, of course, also meant to tune up for the fight. Apart from the excitement of using every available weapon on hands and feet, Thai boxing is generally accompanied by traditional music which is provided by a flute and drums. This is meant to give encouragement and rhythm to the boxers.

Other than this, there are many interesting things which are rarely seen outside of Thailand, e.g., Thai classical dance, which is the most delicate and impressive dance, the marriage ceremony, religious rites and other ancient customs for different occasions.

Although most of the young Thais are modern minded, we are also fiercely proud of our ancient culture and history. We shall learn all we can of modern ways in order to be able to survive in the future. But this cloak of modernity is not to be assumed at the sacrifice of the past history of Thailand - The Land of Freedom.

PIAMTHIPMANUS.

SOME FACTS ABOUT MALAYA

CHENG.

My country, Malaya, with territory of about fifty thousand square miles, is situated at the southern end of Kra Peninsula, which is bounded by Thailand on the north and almost surrounded by the South China Sea.

Among a population of seven millions, the races are distributed into 45% of Malays, 40% of Chinese, 10% of Indians and 5% of Europeans and others.

The climate is tropical, characterised by high humidity. The average temperature varies between approximately 70°F. and 90°F. The rainfall is about 90 inches, distributed fairly evenly throughout the year.

Malaya is the most economically and politically stable country in South-East Asia. It is also the nearest Commonwealth member-nation to Australia except New Zealand. Politically, Malaya is a federation, consisting of eleven states. It is a monarchy country and ruled by Yang di-Pertuan Agong (Supreme Head) who is elected among the Sultans (rulers) of eleven states in a conference held every five years. It is trying to adopt the British Parliamentary System with two Houses.

There are three religions widely followed by the people. Buddhism is very popular among the Chinese community while the Malays and some of the Indians are Moslem or Hindu. Christianity is growing rapidly among those people who are well in contact with western cultures.

Each race develops its own colourful traditional culture or way of living. So different calendars

are observed and each celebrates its own festivals. Among the Chinese community eight different dialects are widely spoken. By old traditions, Chinese are a bit conservative, but have a very tight bond in the family circle. So the moral standards are high and they are very industrious and thrifty.

Up to secondary education level, four types of schools are available, i.e., Chinese, English, Malayan and Indian. Malay, being a national language, is compulsory along with the individual mother tongue in each school. English is quite a common language to learn. One of the obstructions to the path of democracy, illiteracy, is decreasing owing to the gradual growth of popular education.

Among the new developments, the Hydro-Electric project in the Cameron Highlands is our largest engineering feat. Our national economy is heavily dependent on the international markets of tin and rubber. Many national resources is one of the greatest prospects in our secondary industry. Like here, there are many interesting holiday resorts to offer tourists.

In conclusion, I would like to draw your attention to our country which has a high potential in tourism and industry. You are very welcome to visit our country and see for yourself. Please don't just sit down and try to understand a country and know her people by a talk, a book or some articles.

Finally, I hope you will include Malaya in the itinerary on your next overseas trip.

SENIOR SPORT

BASEBALL

For the second time in a row, and the third time in four years, Caulfield has succeeded in winning the baseball shield. Caulfield has been undefeated during this period and now has won the shield as many times as Geelong.

This year we were fortunate in having a large number of players from which to choose. As the season progressed we moulded into a powerful combination. Before the Inter-Tech. matches commenced two practice games were arranged.

The first match was against Coburg High School; in what proved to be a game of injured third basemen and many fielding errors. Caulfield just managed to come out on top. The one feature of this match was Caulfield's never-say-die spirit which enabled them to come from behind and win.

Caulfield 200,342, (11) defeated Coburg 200,340, (9).

Hits: G. Carroll 2 (including home run); L. Moore, I. Bull, D. Collinson, R. Somerville, R. Tharle.

The second practice match was against University High School and in the no-error game that followed Caulfield proved far too strong for their inexperienced opponents. Daring base stealing, together with greater steadiness and experience won the day for Caulfield.

Caulfield 101,110,10 (5) defeated University 001,100,000 (1).

Hits: G. Carroll, R. Tharle, J. Gilbert, R. Somerville, I. Preston, P. Litchfield.

The first inter-tech. match was against Footscray at Caulfield Park. Caulfield started off very poorly in a game that was marred by the errors of both sides.

At the end of the sixth innings Footscray led 3-1. However in the seventh innings Caulfield started the short game and by good bunting and infield errors by Footscray scored 6 runs so recap-

turing the lead. From this point on it was all Caulfield and they ran out easy winners 12-3.

Caulfield 100,000,065, (12) defeated Footscray 002,100,000, (3).

Hits: G. Taylor 3, M. Parker 2, D. Collinson 2, J. Gilbert 2, G. Carroll 1, A. Lyne.

The trip to Geelong brought up the second Inter-Tech. match, which, like the previous match, was spoilt by a multitude of mistakes from both sides. Caulfield's experienced players were able to hold the inexperienced and less talented Geelong side to score an easy win.

Caulfield 341,010,04 (13) defeated Geelong 100,001,00 (2).

Hits: G. Taylor 2, J. Gilbert 2, M. Parker 2, G. Carroll, R. Tharle, P. Litchfield, R. Somerville and A. Lyne.

At this stage of the season Caulfield were unfortunate to lose Bob Somerville and Graeme Taylor through a misunderstanding with Melbourne Teachers' College. To both these players Caulfield wish the best of luck in the future.

The following game against Swinburne was thought to be our toughest game, but, as usual, many bad errors by both sides produced another sub-standard game. Again it was Caulfield's steadiness and experience that won out in the end.

Caulfield 102,220,012, (10) defeated Swinburne 400,000,011, (6).

Hits: G. Carroll 2, A. Lyne 2, J. Gilbert, R. Tharle, K. Levenson, M. Parker, P. Litchfield.

The final match against Melbourne was never played as they could not field a side during the year.

This gave Caulfield the shield for the third time in four years.

Once again John Gilbert pitched for us and this year proved he was still the best pitcher in the competition. Vice-captain this year was Ross Tharle who, during the year mostly caught to

John. His fast accurate throws across to second base were a delight to see.

First Base was again occupied by that immovable force, Alan Lyne, who at long last found his batting strength in school matches. The record shows that Alan has had very few errors accorded to him in his four years of baseball at the College.

A fine effort, Alan.

Graeme Carroll occupied second base again this year and was fortunate enough to be elected as captain of this team.

Mauri Parker played short stop and, for a first year player performed very well, making few errors during the season.

For most of the year Bob Somerville played third, his good all round strength adding bite to the infield.

By far our best bat was left-handed Graeme Taylor, who, together with his good fielding at centrefield was an inspiration to all the players around him.

David Collinson and Ken Leveson were our emergency pitchers and during the year ably supported John Gilbert. They also performed well in the outfield.

Also in the outfield was Peter Litchfield, who, with his consistent batting and good fielding, added strength to the side.

For keenness and enthusiasm Ivor Preston was unsurpassed. It was a pleasure to have him in our side and the players as a whole benefited from his presence. Ivor is a good outfielder and bat.

In conclusion, I would like to thank Mr. Davies for his assistance in scoring and umpiring throughout the season. We would have been lost without him.

With probably only three of the above players leaving this year Caulfield will still be able to field a strong side next year, and should have no trouble in retaining the shield and maintaining Caulfield's undefeated record.



BASEBALL TEAM

Standing: Mauri Parker, David Collinson, Ross Tharle (Vice-Captain), Graeme Carroll (Captain), Alan Lyne, Ken Leveson.
Kneeling: Ivor Preston, Peter Litchfield, John Gilbert.

FOOTBALL

This year was reasonably successful for the football team. We won two matches and lost three.

The season opened with a practice match against Burwood Teachers' College played at Burwood. After a poor first quarter we started to function and at the break trailed by three goals. The last half was practically all Caulfield but owing to shockingly inaccurate kicking we went down by three points.

Best: Mackenzie, Michael, Bush, Wills, Hyde, Petherbridge, Dixon, Moore.

In the opening pennant match for the season we played Footscray at home. After a fairly even first half Footscray, playing with much better teamwork forged ahead in the second half and ran out comfortable winners by some eight goals.

Best: M. Adams, Dixon, Mackenzie, Sill, Council, Michael, Andrew, Moffat.

Preston at home was the next match and here we regained some of the confidence lost after the

"drubbing" against Footscray. Playing with more purpose and better teamwork than Preston we ran out victors by three goals.

Best: Michael, Cook, Parkes, Mackenzie, Addison, Petherbridge, D. Adams, Dixon, Moffat, Bush.

For the next match we journeyed to Geelong where we played the "Gordon" at Kardinia Park. (Geelong beat Melbourne the week before at Melbourne by twenty goals.) After a high standard first half there was little in the scores at the break. Geelong's overall fitness showed in the final stages of the match and they slowly forged ahead to win by nine points.

Best: Cook, Watson, Moffat, Mackenzie, Parkes, Ager, Bush, Zach, Hyde, Faulkner.

Swinburne were our next opponents, the match being played at Caulfield. Faster to the ball, stronger in the air, and with a more determined backline, we ran out winners by nearly three goals.

Best: Dixon, Mackenzie, Andrew, Moffat, D. Adams, Petherbridge, Boyd, Cook, Bush.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back row: David Ritterman, Neil Dixon, Alan McKenzie, Robin Andrew, Graeme Addison, Geoff Petheridge, Peter Ager, John Bush, Bruce Kemp.
Front row: Stuart Moore, Gary Moffatt, Ray Boyd, Darral Adams, Peter Michaels (Captain), John Cooke, Les Hyde.

The final pennant match was quite interesting. After journeying out to Royal Park to play Melbourne Tech. twenty eager players bounded from the bus and we bid it goodbye till four o'clock, then—the inevitable happened. Melbourne strangely enough had a team, but no ground—it was being used by another school. The result was no match and postponement for a fortnight. Much later it was a very happy bunch of chaps that journeyed back to Caulfield in the bus. We got our two bobs back.

Two weeks later we played Melbourne at Caulfield. We expected a very easy match but found we were mistaken. In the first quarter we were unable to capitalize on the advantage of the breeze, our forwards fumbling many opportunities and kicking many points—nine in all to Melbourne's one goal one. After even second and third quarters Melbourne, with a certain big chap playing well, peppered the goal in the last quarter and ran out victors by seven points. The final scores were Melbourne 6 goals 10 pts., Caulfield 4 goals 15 pts.

Best: Boyd, Mackenzie, Faulkner, Dixon, Agar, Cook, Bush, Moffat, D. Adams.

Apart from the Footscray match the team was never disgraced when beaten, every match being fought out to the finish in typical Caulfield style.

During the season we unfortunately lost the services of Captain Peter Michael through a knee injury received in the Geelong match.

The team would like to sincerely thank Mr. Marshall for his assistance and enthusiasm in helping make the season a success.

CRICKET

The senior cricket team had a season of mixed fortunes this year defeating Preston, Melbourne and Footscray Techs, only to be beaten by Swinburne. Fortunately, Swinburne also lost one game for the season, that being to Preston, so in the third term Caulfield proposes to play off with Swinburne for the Cricket Shield.

This match should be very interesting as the last time the two sides met, Caulfield were unable to produce their best form owing to bad running between wickets. All in all we should have no trouble in defeating Swinburne next term, and so obtain the Cricket Shield.

The first match this year was against Footscray. At the end of time Caulfield had a commanding position having made 4 for 110 and dismissed 7 Footscray wickets for only 65 runs. This avenged Caulfield's defeat last year at the hands of Footscray

for the Cricket Shield. For Caulfield Tony Wilson retired at 26, a meritorious innings by Tony as he had only recovered from Hepatitis the week prior to this match. Graeme Watson blasted 36 runs (7 fours) and Ian Bull took 4 for 13.

Swinburne were Caulfield's next opponents, the match taking place at the Glenferrie Oval. Unfortunately Caulfield were bundled out on a very fast wicket by the poor Swinburne attack for 54 runs. In reply Swinburne were 4 for 67 at stumps.

The R.M.I.T. (Melbourne Tech.) as usual gave us little trouble. Caulfield's opening bowler Neil Dixon was the main wrecker taking 7 wickets for 14 runs, R.M.I.T. being dismissed for 31. In reply Caulfield were 8 for 109 at stumps. After Neil Dixon's extremely good bowling performance Phil Smith (24) and John Gilbert (28) gave the batting some stability.

The final game was played against Preston, who were having their first year in the competition, and once again Caulfield (the home side) had little trouble in defeating their opponents. With some good bowling by Colin Counsell (3 for 5), Graeme Watson (2 for 11) and Neil Dixon (2 for 17) Caulfield dismissed Preston for 57 runs. Les Hyde, 28, and Tony Wilson gave solid batting performances enabling Caulfield to reach 7/76 at the end of time.

With regard to the match against the staff, the less said the better. But for the brilliant batting performance of Les Hyde (50), the students would never have reached 50. As it was they were 90 runs, not enough to defeat the staff. The chief wreckers for the staff were Mr. Gowty 4/17, Mr. Davis 2/25, and Mr. Roach 2/11.

In reply the staff were 6/92 when the game was called to a halt. Best scores were Mr. Roach 20, Mr. Williams 19, and Mr. Marshall 18.

With respect to this match, the students suspect the staff of some skulduggery as they held all the trump cards, including an out-of-shape ball (pressed out of shape the morning of the match).

Of the players the following stood out during the year. Les Hyde proved to be our best bat and first-year player. His forceful opening batting enabled Caulfield to build up reasonable totals on numerous occasions.

Able supporting Les was Tony Wilson who, with his solid batting, proved to be a very good partner.

Graeme Watson, our recruit of the year, proved his worth with some dynamic batting during the season. He also bowled extremely well, and his fielding left nothing to be desired.



CRICKET TEAM

Standing: Ian Bull, Neil Dixon, Tony Wilson, Mr. Benjamin, Graeme Carroll (Capt.), Phil Smith, John Gilber (V-Capt.).
Kneeling: Les Hyde, Colin Counsell, Andrew Stevens, Graeme Watson, Gary Moffatt. ABSENT: John Bush.

John Gilbert, our Vice-Captain this year, combined his all-round talents of wicket-keeping and batting capably during the season.

Phil Smith was another batsman who performed well during the season.

Also to stand out with the bat was John Bush and Gary Moffatt.

Our bowling line-up was headed by Neil Dixon who had our opponents guessing on many occasions. Congratulations, Neil, on a good season.

For support Neil was backed up by Colin Counsell and Andrew Stevens, their medium-pacers giving opponents a lot of trouble.

The best all-rounder of the side was Ian Bull. Ian turned in fine batting, fielding and bowling performances in all the matches. The team would have been lost without his valuable fielding.

Captain of the team this year was Graeme Carroll, who is indebted to Mr. Benjamin for his valuable assistance.

In concluding, the team would like to thank Mr. Benjamin for all his help and assistance during

the year; without him we would have been lost.

G. CARROLL.

SQUASH

Squash was played again this year at the Caulfield Squash Courts. The number of students who played squash at the beginning of first term was great and remained fairly good throughout the year. It was pleasing to see some of the Commercial girls and two members of the staff playing squash regularly, namely Mrs. H. Newcombe and Mr. J. Ryan. A match was arranged between the staff and the students and this resulted in a convincing win for the students.

Inter-school matches were arranged with Preston Tech, Melbourne High School and a teachers' college (name not known). We easily defeated Preston and in a close finish lost to M.H.S. by one game. As for the teachers' college, they underestimated our squash ability and sent only one team member to oppose us. We won.

We must again this year thank Mr. and Mrs. Godby for the help given to us throughout the year.

SQUASH

Back row: Tony Crossley, Jack Issacs, Ian Dale, Malcolm Smith, Bob Armstrong, Frank Peile, Brian Logan.
Front row: Peter Knighton, Ian Bawdon, Neil McKinnon, Peter McNalley, Alan Bell.





ROWING TEAM

ROWING

The newly reformed rowing squad started off with considerable enthusiasm, and the members helped to make the venture a great success.

First day at sea—er, on the lake, was quite an experience to us, the inexperienced, and many of us found out what it was like to be sitting waist deep in water with our feet tied to the bottom of the boat. On other occasions however many got wet feet while still in the boat.

Apart from the sensations of sea-sickness, complete soakings, cramps, bruised shins, skulls and backs, nagging coxswain, nagging crews, complete exhaustion, cold feet and nagging coxswain, we discovered that this was indeed a most enjoyable sport.

We scored little success at our first regatta at Ballarat despite the fact that we were turned to blocks of ice. But our great success was encountered when we got hold of the coach's transistorized megaphone and we used it on young lovers, slacking council workers and speeding motorists. No success was encountered in the "Mac Rob." girls' school area.

Attempts to drown the coxswain were unsuccessful although the splashes of water from some well-aimed bad rowing stakes made things a little grim.

Sincere appreciation is extended by all members of the rowing team to Mr. Tyler, who, as our coach, has done everything humanly possible to boost the ego of the team. Mr. Tyler, who has had a good deal of experience in coastal rowing in England, had no trouble in guiding us through the treacherous weather conditions which sometimes befell us on the Albert Park Lake.

Talk was going around, about the designing of a boat which we hope to build. Optional extras we hope will include hand and foot warmers; wind canopies; rear-vision mirrors; back rests; sun visors; umbrellas; transistor radios an intercom system (not linked to the cox); and, of course, vitamin pills.

The suggestion of a small outboard motor was rejected as we agreed that it would make the crew into a lot of softies as well as being degrading to this rugged sport.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Tyler will continue his excellent work as coach next year. With the aid of strong, enthusiastic members, Mr. Tyler will undoubtedly raise a crew which will be feared by all other noteworthy crews of Melbourne.

SOCCER

Caulfield Tech. senior school soccer started off a short season (3 matches) with a rushed-up team when we learnt we were to play Footscray Tech. on our own ground. We did as well as could have been expected but lost 4-2 to a very strong Footscray team.

The second game, versus the Gordon Institute of Technology, was played at Geelong, and we had a considerably stronger team. After a hard and close battle we came out the victors beating Gordon by 4-2.

The return match against Footscray was played at J.U.S.T.'s ground not far from Footscray Tech. Caulfield won the toss and kicked with a very strong wind. At half time we were leading by only 2-0 and we prepared ourselves for an all-out Footscray attack. But our forwards started to function and with good co-operation from the backs we were able to score another 3 to their 1.

Final score 5-1 for Caulfield.

Goal scorers: Brouwer 3, Sack 1, Lakusa 1. Marty Gibbs played extremely well in goal, and Alby Brouwer was a very forceful forward.

The deciding match against Melbourne Tech. was not played because at the last minute R.M.I.T. "chickened out".

The boys in the soccer team are:—Kilvert (capt.), Noss (U.C.); Gibbs, Ralton, Blackburn, Middleton, Lakusa, Sack, Kanakis and Gombos; and we would like to thank Mr. Gowty for his efforts throughout the season.

PETER KILVERT (Capt.)



ATHLETICS

Back row: Barry Munroe, John Bush, Graeme Addison (Captain), Robin Andrew.

Middle row: Robin Brett, Leonie Godridge, John Murray.

Front row: David Ritterman, Graeme Carroll, Russel Nicholson, Murray Adams, Daryl Adams, Gary Moffat, Alan Waugh.

ATHLETICS

This year we were host school for the Inter-Technical School Athletic Sports at Olympic Park during April. After a discouraging Inter-Faculty Athletic meeting, Caulfield entered what was thought to be a very mediocre team for the later Technical School Sports. This statement was soon to be disproved before the conclusion of the Athletic meeting.

Caulfield created five of the nine new records made at the Sports, this being a great effort on the part of those concerned. We had remarkable performances in the field events; records going to Alan Waugh with a 144 ft. 3 in. throw in the open discus (senior discus) beating the previous record by nearly 40 ft. He was ably assisted by John Murray, who threw a record 142 ft. 7 in. in the Under 19 discus throw, together with Robin Andrew in the Under 17 shot putt with a record throw of 50 ft. 1 in. (8 lb.). Other winners in the field events were John Murray in the Under 19 weight putt (12 lb.) (40 ft. 8 ins.), Graeme Watson Under 17 high jump (5 ft. 4 ins.).

Our Under 19 team was brilliant, being headed by Daryl Adams, who broke the existing 220 yd. Under 19 record with a run of 23.6 seconds, and, together with John Bush, Gary Moffatt and Barry Munroe, formed the record-breaking 4 x 110 yds. relay team, their time being 46.2 seconds. Daryl Adams also won the Under 19 100 yds. (11.0 secs.), and the Under 19 long jump (22 ft. 6 ins.).

The outstanding individual performance was turned in by Daryl Adams who, after winning three events, was also a member of the winning relay team. He was closely followed by John Murray, who won two events.

Despite those brilliant performances, and the able assistance given by all other competitors, Geelong managed to snatch the lead in the second-last event, and hold it after it had see-sawed all day between Geelong and Caulfield.

The Women's events were not so keenly contested, and they also resulted in a win for Geelong, our girls tying with Footscray for second place.

The final scores: Men—Geelong 85, Caulfield 71, Melbourne 65, Ballarat 36, Footscray 35, Swinburne 26, Bendigo 24, Preston 18.

Women—Geelong 17, Caulfield 9, Footscray 9, Melbourne 6.

On behalf of the Athletic team I wish to congratulate both of the Geelong teams on their splendid performances which enabled them to win the shield.

I wish to extend our sincere thanks to our recorder, Mrs. Newcombe; announcer, Mr. Halpin; starter, Mr. Christiansen, and all other members of staff from Caulfield and associated technical schools who acted as officials, etc., throughout the sports. Without their help and that of the students present these sports would not have been the outstanding success they were.

A special mention should be made of the vast amount of time and effort contributed by Mr. Gowty to make the success of our own athletic sports together with the Inter-Technical School Sports.

G. CARROLL.

SWIMMING

Is it because the thrill of representing our college in swimming has gone that we allow ourselves to be subjected to ridicule by our opponents, or is it just laziness on the part of us students? When we come to think it out, have we the right to undo all the good that has been done by our predecessors in establishing a Cautec Swimming Squad? In 1957, Cautec were runners-up to the "Shield"; the following year, through sheer determination and great "esprit de corps" Caulfield ran out victoriously. From then on . . . Well! What happened, Caulfield?

This may sound distressing to those patriots who did represent their college and did do their level best to uphold the School's Name in our swimming world. It is obvious, I hope, that the criticism is not directed toward them, but to the big majority of the uninterested.

I feel sure that the absence of spectators at a very important event such as this has a detrimental effect on the morale of the swimmers, and I would like to see the "ban" lifted. How about it, Mr. Lambert?



SWIMMING TEAM

Last but not least the efforts of the teachers, especially Mr. Schonfelder, in officiating and organizing at the school swimming sports, did not go unnoticed and were much appreciated.

ANTHONY F. KNIGHT.

GOLF

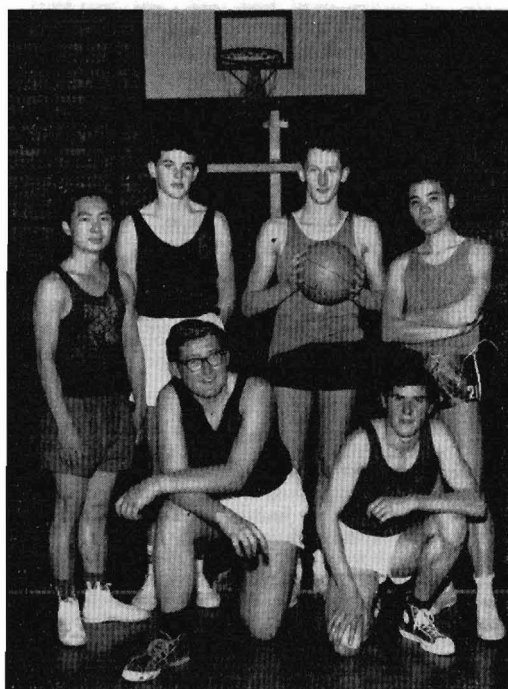
This year's team consisted of two senior and two junior Technical College members, who were Dennis Sergeant, Ian Roper, Ted Sterling and Don Reiter, a State junior representative.

These students were to defend our three-year reign, but Caulfield Tech. failed to qualify, and thus it was a dismal end to our long domination in the field of golf.

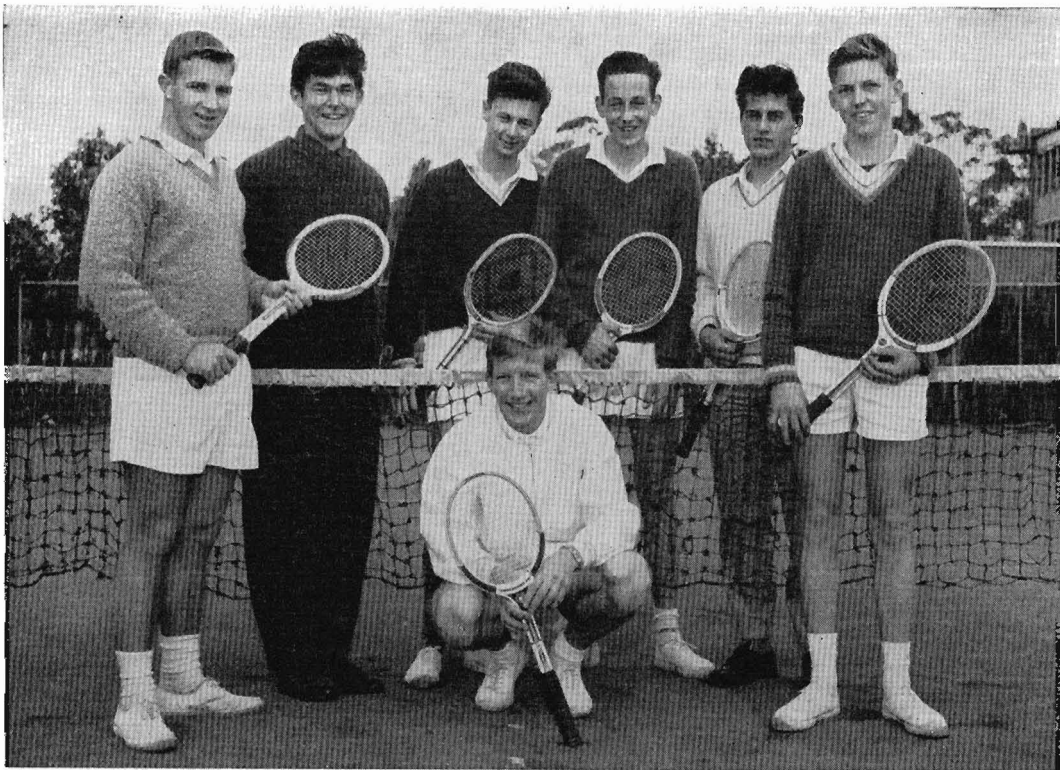
Last year, because of our win, the members of the team were sent on a trip to Sydney on behalf of the Golf Foundation of Australia. They stayed at an Educational camp where leading Australian professionals were actually staying and helping each and every one of the team as well as one hundred other boys from various parts of New South Wales.

Although our superiority in the field of golf at the school does not look bright, we are hoping for the enrolment of some keen golfers in the new year.

D. REITER.



BASKETBALL TEAM



TENNIS:

STUDENTS THRASH STAFF

The annual staff-versus-students tennis match this year once again resulted in a very convincing win for the students.

Before the match the staff were supremely confident that this would be their year to revenge the defeats inflicted upon them in previous years. However, this was not to be as all members of the students' team applied the pressure right from the start and ran out convincing winners by a record number of thirteen sets.

Due to some miracle, after many sets of slaughter, it came to pass that the staff did eventually manage to win one set. This was due, however, only to the sympathetic nature of Noel Wootten and Alan Beeson who could not bear to see the staff become any more disheartened.

Outstanding players for the students were John Poulton and Michael Haussegger who between them conceded only seven games to the staff out of five sets. All the other members of the students' team also played well and their good play was rewarded with a fine win. For the staff all players battled hard but found that their craft and experience were not the answer to the strength and speed of the students. The only staff combination to win a set was that of Schonfelder and Richards.

The Students' team consisted of John Poulton (capt.), Michael Haussegger, Bruce Holloway, Roger Long, Noel Wootten, and Alan Beeson, while the staff fielded Mrs. Newcombe and Messrs. Schonfelder, Richards, Jones, Pratt and Barry.

RESULTS:

Students: 14 sets 88 games
defeated
Staff: 1 set 32 games.

This year Caulfield set out under the captaincy of John Poulton with high hopes of capturing the tennis shield which has eluded its old home for several years. Several new players and improved form by some of last year's players added great strength to the team.

The season started badly when we were severely thrashed by last year's premiers, Footscray. A good start to a brilliant comeback. This, however, only made us more determined to succeed and when we visited Geelong several weeks later we just sneaked home in a thrilling match. The matches against Preston, Swinburne and Melbourne were all won on walk-overs, which, although proving successful for us, was most disappointing because it meant that we only played two matches for the season.

In social matches Caulfield defeated Melbourne High School and were defeated by Melbourne Teachers' College.

The team was composed of John Poulton (captain), Michael Haussegger, Bruce Holloway, Roger Long and Alan Masson, all of whom represented us last year, and who this year are vastly improved players. Newcomers to the team are Garth Brackett, Brian Walters, Noel Wootten and Graeme Baker, all of whom are very capable players and have helped to strengthen the team quite a lot.

The team has high hopes of carrying off the premiership next year. Many thanks are due to Mr. Jones for his help and interest throughout the year.



THE BIRTHDAY WATCHDOG

It was Dad's birthday next week and you wanted to give him a wonderful surprise to make the occasion. You were only six at the time and consequently you had no money with which to buy him a present.

You searched your mind ceaselessly for an idea of some gift which would make a suitable impression. Perhaps you could return the pipe—suitably gift-wrapped—borrowed from the bureau drawer one afternoon. Dad didn't seem to have noticed its disappearance. But no. Besides, even if he didn't remember the features of his old smoky friend there would be questions to answer. Such as "Where did you get the money?" and "How did you know this is my favourite brand of pipe?" Questions which could not be answered by merely shrugging your shoulders or stating that "It must be your favourite brand. You bought it once."

The problem was difficult in the extreme.

On the afternoon of Dad's Birthday came a furry solution to what had now become a very hazy dilemma. It took the form of a very battered and disreputable looking dog which met up with you while you were moping home from school. Its body was grotesque, covered with evil-smelling matted hair, that is, apart from a large, grey, hairless scar on the left foreleg—which had obviously been broken at some stage—a nose scarred to baldness by much fighting and a whitened, blind eye which caused the animal to keep its head cocked to one side. You said, "Here, boy!", made an unsuccessful six-year-old attempt at clicking your fingers and instantly won a friend for life. Not that you yourself wanted a dog more than anything else in the world. You were taking this dog, mistreated and misunderstood by humans and canines alike to judge from the scars, home for Dad's Birthday Present.

Mum didn't understand. Soon after the argument the dog was sent howling down the street and you were sent howling to bed to, "wait till your Father gets home".

The dog cringed back later in the evening and Mum relented under the stare from its one sad

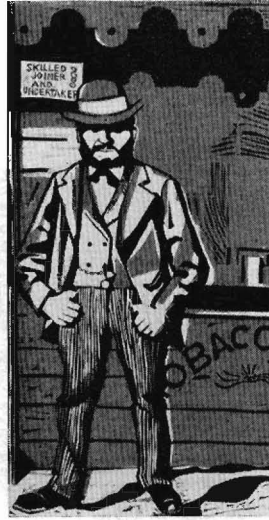
eye, got you up out of bed and you watched as she fed it a couple of left-over chops—which were consumed hungrily. As it ate a small thrill of hope burst through your heart as she said compassionately, "Poor hungry beast; he's nearly starved". You almost said, "You bet", as she wondered aloud whether he'd be a good watchdog.

She immediately sensed—and squashed the feeling of hopeful joy by adding, "Of course, the decision is up to your Father to make."

Half-past ten. You had been asleep for about an hour. Suddenly lights were being switched on—Dad was yelling, a dog was yowling and Mum was shaking you back from dreams of running through endless green fields with a doggy companion. By the time you were fully aware of the situation, Dad, white-faced and shaking; was seated in the most comfortable chair drinking a rattling cup on a vibrating saucer of tea, vividly re-enacting and trying to explain a most vicious attack. "Oh! Look what it did to my leg—look at my trousers—both torn to pieces." A dog! It was lying by the back door growling when I came in. I said, "Garn! Get out of it! Next thing it's got me by the leg. I welted it a couple of times with the broom and threw the mongrel over the back gate. It comes to something when a man can't get into his own home."

"I'd like to know whose dog it was and what it was doing in my yard!" When the reason for its presence was explained, the dog became an unmentionable word in the house, that is; until the morning Mrs. Edward's house up the street was broken into. Dad's point of view changed as from that moment. "You know, that might have been a first-class watchdog I threw over the fence. Tell you what," said Dad, "I'll give you ten bob if you can find that dog again."

You spent every night after school searching the streets and although Dad brought home a young fox terrier pup in his pocket one evening as a sort of consolation, you always wondered what happened to the watchdog that you gave to Dad for his Birthday.



NORTH BORNEO — The Country I Come From

By Wong Yuk Leong

North Borneo is a British Colony on the north of the large Borneo Island lying on the south of Malaya and with the Equator running almost across the middle. We therefore expect a hot and wet climate all the year round; under such conditions, many great dense jungles and swamps spread across the country and this provides great hindrance to quick modern development.

However, most of the coastal plains have been and are still being cleared for cultivation. Among these places up spring the main towns. Though, at the present stage, they are by no means large and busy in comparison with Singapore or Tokyo, yet they give an impression of wide, clean and tree-lined streets with modern shops, flats and offices with an atmosphere of quiet prosperity and orderliness. Often, in between these towns, there are large and flat paddy fields divided into squares in which the buffaloes and the farmers toil. Most of these towns are usually linked by roads and railways, while others of far distance are linked by sea and air.

Though the whole population of the country is only about half a million, yet it is made up of a great number of races speaking a variety of different languages. However, it is most fortunate that through mutual understanding and through the popularity of the Malay market tongue among the people, they all succeed in living together in a harmonious way. Of these the Kadazans, one of the aborigines, form the majority and next come the Chinese.

The Kadazans, generally inhabiting the West Coast, are the most advanced tribe of the aborigines. They still are the prosperous agricultural people planting paddy (rice) and rearing pigs and cattle, though quite a great number of them have taken up jobs in Government Departments as clerks and teachers. On the East Coast, we find the sea-faring Bajaus who are the descendants of the notorious pirates who terrorised the surrounding waters until the nineteenth century.

Nowadays they mostly contribute their energy to fishing, though some have taken to cattle farming and paddy-planting.

The Chinese are mainly spread across these two coasts. Though some of them are engaged in farming as are the natives, many dominate the commercial fields as business-men, holders of rubber estates or of coconut plantations and of timber, while others work as clerks or technicians employed by the Government Department or the commercial firms. Above all, they are usually hard-working and thrifty and control most of the economy in the country.

Among other natives, the Muruts, living mostly in the interior and other mountainous places, were the last to forsake the practice of head-hunting. Formerly and traditionally, before he was married, every young man of them should hunt a head as a dowry for his bride; otherwise, he was regarded as a coward not fit to have a family! Though, nowadays, many have become rubber-tappers and hill-paddy growers, some still roam among the jungles, hunt wild animals with their spears and their deadly blow-pipes with poisonous darts, or collect the jungle products.

North Borneo schools offer primary education in three languages, Malay, English and Chinese. However, the Chinese education provides another six years to reach the Senior Middle level. In English we have six years of primary education followed by either three or five years in the secondary. The three-year course leads to the North Borneo Junior Certificate and the other to the Cambridge Overseas School Certificate. Post-School Certificate is provided at the Sabah College, mainly in science subjects.

On the whole, the country is a peaceful place to live in, and she is not as backward as she is known to the outside world. Though she may lack some of the glamour of large cities she can supply her people the basic needs for everyday life. Generally, the people are hard-working and try their best to work on the way leading to the independence of the country, so that she may, one day, raise her head magnificently unto the world.

SARAWAK



MY HOME TOWN

Kupang—Indonesia is the place where I come from. Kupang is a small town on the coast of Kupang Bay in Indonesia Timor. The land is hilly and rocky and has a tropical climate. The population, including those who live inland is about 100,000 people.

In contrast to other parts of Indonesia there are no rice fields in Timor. It is because the land is rocky and also because it has only a small amount of rain during the year. It is not a prosperous land, but I am proud of it. I am proud of its people who are very friendly and always mind their own business.

In recent years, Indonesia has experienced so many rebellions in Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes and the Moluccas, but so far one has not occurred in Timor. This is because the people are very understanding, patient and they have experienced the bitterness of war.

E. Lakusa 6B.

The largest island in the East Indies is Borneo. The basin of the rivers of this island that empty into South China Sea is Sarawak. Other countries occupying Borneo are Brunei and British North Borneo to the north east, Indonesian Borneo to the south.

Once Sarawak was under the rule of many sultans and there was much fighting. In 1841, an Englishman, James Brooke, helped one of the sultans to fight a rebellion and was made Rajah of Sarawak; of course, then, Sarawak was only a small fraction of its present area.

The Brookes ruled Sarawak just over a hundred years; the other Brookes were Charles and Vyner. In 1888 Sarawak became a British Protectorate and in 1946 she became a British Colony. Now she is a State of Malaysia.

The peoples of Sarawak are Sea Dayaks, Land Dayaks, Malays, Melanaus, Kayans, Kenyaks, Muruts, Kelabits, Chinese, Indians and Europeans. All but the last three mentioned are aborigines (original inhabitants). The three dominant peoples in descending order of their numbers are Sea Dayaks, Chinese and Malays. The main religions in Sarawak are Buddhism, Moslemism and Christianity; we are tolerant in religion, one of the few countries where Moslem children go to Christian schools and many Moslems celebrate Christmas.

Though 88 per cent. of our 700,000 people live off the land, about nine-tenths of the land is still under impenetrable jungle. Of the other 12 per cent., 2 per cent. are fishermen, the remaining 10 per cent. being made up of shopkeepers, businessmen, public servants and others. Small as Sarawak is, she plays her part in the world of trade. We export oil to Britain, Singapore and Australia (Shell); rubber to Britain, U.S.A. and Europe; sago to India and Europe; jelutong (for chewing gum) to U.S.A.; timber to Australia, Britain and Hong Kong. We also export cutch (bark for tanning nets), copra, rattans and damar (tar for caulking boats). In return we buy from them rice, sugar, tea, coffee, milk, cloth, clothing, tobacco and machinery.

Sarawak has only two seasons a year, wet and dry. The monsoon comes from October to March; the north-west monsoon brings us an average of twenty-two rainy days a month during the wet season and in January we often have up to twenty-six rainy days. The driest month is July; in this month fourteen days we can expect showers. Our average annual rainfall is about 140 inches. The humidity is high, about 60 per cent., but we have a rather uniform temperature of about 82°F. throughout the year. The season temperature varies by about five degrees, but day and night temperatures may differ by about fifteen degrees at times.

Sarawak is a peaceful and friendly place; she is forgotten by the hungry politicians of this decade. For the poet there are murmuring brooks, songs of the carefree wild birds and swaying coconut palms. For the daring there are trophies of wild pigs weighing up to five hundred pounds, bears and gorillas up to five feet high. There are crocodiles on the muddy banks of the brown rivers, and in the ever dull light of the dangerous mangrove forests.

P. TING.

SENIOR FORM NOTES



S.W.A. S.M.B.

Back row: Anne Basanquette, Barbara Gow, Liz Auer, Elaine Fiedler, Val Driver, Diane Alcock, Val Grose, Pam Barrett, Vij Ermanoskvis, Helen Bullock.

Middle row: Irene Brown, Pam Churcher, Beverly Anderson, Berenice Cooper, Helen Crunden, Leonie Godridge, Jan Bligh, Jan Graham, Marilyn Dickeson.

Front row: Brian Worsey, Brent Moncrieff, Jim Strain, Peter Sumner, Barry Satchell, John Stokes, Greg Wain.

S.A.C.S.

S.A.C.s played a "real nice" game of footy one day.
First on the field was Batty, I'd say.
Then there was Bird waiting to play.
Of course, there was Bruno determined to slay.
When Stewart appeared, the crowds made way,
All had come to see the match of the day.

The match had begun
And so had the fun.
Coming to the match in his beer can car
Maynard arrived after detour to bar.
Of course, by his side
"Be careful," Leigh cried.

Helen, John, Ingo, Marlene
Quickly, of course, did depart from the scene.
Peter Sumner rushed on with his banner held high,
And no one did hear—he gave up with a sigh.

"Rex, you're the best," cried Michael Croft.
"Hit him one, Graham," replied Leslie Loft.
"Just 'cos Pedie ain't playing," said Jane with a yell,
"I think I'll go back and work for a spell."
Then suddenly Laurel jumped up from her seat.
As Trevor a blow from John Stokes did meet.
"Be careful, Brian," mumbled Toothless Greg.
For Alan was doing an arabesque on one leg.
"Very fine play", came a cry from the crowd.
Thinking it meant him, Fred Wieland bowed,
O'Connell already had Satchell in hand,
And Les Kossatz by Glen Fullerton was beautifully tanned.
Up came Buck with his head in the air,
"You naughty boy, Glen, I do declare."
But umpire Eastwood, with laughter in eyes,
Said, "Ian, now pick on someone your size."
Out came Cobain, with fists up to fight,
Somerville he attacked with a left and a right.



SWC SMB

Back Row: Mick Croft, Fred Whelan, Rex Keogh, John Harford, Geoff Eastwood, Don Batty, Fred Matyear, Bob Somerville, Ros Pond, Rosemary Veal, John Fischer, Judy Sandwell, Ingo Klinert, Fay Newland, Alan Waugh, Terry Bird
 Middle Row: Margaret Skelow, Karen Shoesmith, Pauline Turner, Margaret Thompson, Hilary Savige, Laurel Waugh, Judy Bye, Sylvia Thomas, Jenny Stevens, Helene Lewinski.
 Front Row: Hilary Waller, Jo Morcom, Carol Pickering, Jan Graham, Leonie Godridge, Marlene Jenkins, Bob Lukeis, Helen Crunden, Berenice Cooper, Steve Jakymczuk.

"To the Hospital I'll take you, five bob a ride,"
 Diane and Bev Anderson with gusto cried.
 Roger bawled out, "I'll take you for free."
 Jim yelled, "If too many, the rest come with me."
 In the middle of this, Geoff Edwards lashed out,
 It was poor old Brent Moncrieff he was about
 to clout.

John Harford remarked that a (Melbourne
 Teachers' College trainee teacher) should
 not . . .

Interrupted by David Harwood, who exclaimed,
 "What rot!"

Seconded by Churcher, his very best pal.

Jan Bligh screamed out, "You can all go to . . .
 well!"

Hilary waller-ed and sang with glee,
 As she hit Helen Bullock on the knee.
 Viv and Pam dashed in to help,
 When suddenly Miss Turner let out with a yelp.
 Quick to her rescue came Rosemary Veal,
 Followed by Helene, dashing on with much zeal.
 A little group huddled by the gate,
 Thomson and Shoesmith for Fred Matyear did
 wait.

But Fred we noticed at a glance
 Was being taught by Claire how to dance.
 Sandwell and Stielow were keeping score,
 With them at the goals, we'd win for sure.
 Judy and Alison, all tanned from the snow,
 Were there with vigour and lots of go.
 In Val Grose's car a trio we found,
 Anne Basanquette and Joan Strickland the sirens
 did sound.

The cheering squad was led by Brown and Gow
 Chanted. "Come on the S.A.C's, you'll win like
 wow!"

But Marilyn strongly opposed this move,
 For she thinks engineer Barry is right in the
 groove.

Now we come to the singing Auer,
 Elaine chorusing as if in the shower.
 "Can you hear us?" sang Berry and Steve.
 I'm afraid we could not, as a blow they received.
 "Who made that loud Blair," Ross mumbled.
 Sylvia replied, "'Tis the way the Kremlin
 crumbled."

Kay Peace and Sandra half-time did sound,
 And Jo Morcom with refreshments, rushed on to
 the ground.

Marian and Sue danced Gracefully so
 To the tune of "Midnight in (Lousy) Moscow."
 They all joined Bev and sang with high glee,
 "Ma, he's making eyes at me."

"S-A-C SAC's," Marg Hamilton sang,
 Just as the bell for half-time rang.
 Late to the scene came Joy and Pam,
 They'd been caught with Graham in a traffic jam.
 Late also were Carol and Fay,
 They'd been down at Mac's "making hay"?
 Lorraine and Hilary, savage at all,
 Stopped the play by running off with the ball.
 Quick to the rescue was dashing Irene,
 With ranting and Ran-ing she could hardly be
 seen.

So ended upon this memorable day

S.W.B. S.M.A.

Back row: Bruno Leli, Michael Croft, Rex Keogh, Geoff Edwards, John Harford, Bob Somerville, Graham Taylor, Don Batty, Ingo Kleinert, Jan Graham, Leonie Godridge, John Fischer, Fred Matyear, Trevor Norton, Glen Fullerton.
 Middle row: Fay Newland, Carol Pickering, Jo Morcom, Leola Loft, Jane Murray, Lorraine Le Plasterier, Irene Blin-strubus, Jo Hupfield, Marlene Jenkins.
 Front row: Claire Herman, Marg Hamilton, Sue Guest, Beverly Long, Marian McMillan, Kay Peace, Sandra McPherson, Pam Kubiel.





Back row: Graeme Foster, Linsay Smith, Peter Faulkner, John Middleton, Les Moore, Neale Jackson, Bill Isbister, John Kennedy, Neil Pollock, Bill Dennis.
 Middle row: Lins Sauter, Mick Flavell, Ray Potter, Geoff Hall, Mr. E. Middleton, Bob Sharpe, Bill Davis, Geoff Pile.
 Front row: Terry Salmon, Seng Ong, Geoff Watson, Linden Sampson, Chris Eldridge, Peter Turner, Yan Hong. ABSENT - Bruce Kemp, Stuart King, Lindsay Juniper.

A great footy match, "Oh, wasn't it gay!"
 But what they really meant to say
 Was
 "If we don't stop foolin', we won't get no pay."

THE MATING CALL OF THE BLUE-CRESTED GLURK

The sun streams in through the window,
 And warms the backs of our necks.
 The odd glass of ale on the table.
 SM1 all gathered around
 Talking of fact and of fable.

Hairs Watson skolls in abandon,
 And says he must have a haircut.
 In order to find his head
 Amongst that mass of catgut.

Neale Jackson of A7 renown,
 Bores everyone at that gathering
 With theories of crankshaft and piston.
 The glass on the table a-lathering.

The sun streams in through the window,
 And warms the backs of our necks.
 SM1 I fear is divided,
 In favour of drinking or no.
 The former ignored and derided,
 The latter of little I know --
 Their minds with engines filled,
 Their conversation just as stilled.

The sun streams in through the window,
 And warms the backs of our necks,
 The teachers are a hardy lot,
 Middleton, Deutcher and Keller.
 And it's almost impossible to tell
 Who gets the most of yon pillow.

The man from Mac's they call him,
 And he really makes you rollick.
 With cynic and sick that no-one would know
 That really his name was Pollock.

The sun streams in through the window,
 And warms the backs of our necks.
 The school I really went for,
 The school my mind is lent for,

The school my money's spent for,
 The school I gave up lent for,
 The school that I repent for,
 Is the school that heaven sent for me. eggb.
 (Sung to the tune of "She's My Girl".)

Sampson the man that figures.
 He figures his time away.
 But he's cheerful enough and says "Howdy".
 To all who pass his way.

Terry was never one to quibble.
 Threepence a cup, a penny a biscuit.
 He made money did Terry the Salmon.
 His afternoon tea parties were just thing and a bit.

The sun streams in through the window,
 And warms the backs of our necks.
 Now that we're leaving Cautec,
 We breathe a sigh of nostalgia,
 And think of the days that have passed,
 Both happy and sad they came.
 And we think of the time
 Mr. Trok
 Got his head caught in that coffee grinder old and
 greasy,
 And we made cappicinno hot and steamy.

The man in the shoeshop dreads him --
 He dives to the depths of those dusty shelves
 As Middleton John approaches,
 And asks with a hopeful look on his face --
 "Size fourteen?"

The sun streams in through the window,
 And warms the backs of our necks.
 "Rule Britannia" is the cry!
 On the beaches we will fight.
 Menzies and MacMillan quiver
 At Potter's admonishments of right.

The sun streams in through the window,
 And warms the backs of our necks.
 If anyone here has been left out
 Of this completely revolting parable.
 Just keep on drinking, and drinking, and drinking
 As you're sure to end up under the table.

—NIGEL SPON.

8M2

This year 8M2 has been crowned "form of the year" by our enthusiastic instructors. They are worried in case we strain ourselves by doing too much work at home. These men are listed below:

MR. MIDDLETON. Takes us for Design, Applied Mechanics, and general lectures. Usually about how much we will fail by. Known as "ERIC THE GOOD".

MR. BAKER. Mathematical teacher who shows promise. Admits that he knows less about the subject than we do or so he claims. He has a recipe for everything.

MR. NETHERCOTE. Takes us for Statistics — but we already know all about figures. No one has figured out what we are doing yet.

MR. KELLER. Makes out he knows all about Met. but often shocks hardened form with his off-colour statements. Has six more students than seats in his room 16—hence is the only member of staff to have students running to his classes.

MR. DEUTSCHER. Ex-student turned Heat Engines teacher. Only teacher who can take a joke when it turns against him. Refuses to eat cardboard chocolate.

MR. HALPIN. "FATHER LEO." Holds form spell-bound with his tales of the stock market and life in general. Even gets around to teaching us Report Writing and Works.

MR. KIERNAN. Our other Report Writing teacher. Few students attend his class. He has red hair.

MR. TYLER. Takes us on excursions. Always late for appointments. Drives an oversize, battered but o-so-fast Humber Snipe.

Now to a brief run through our form members, in which we will reveal all personal secrets.

BOWDEN-BOB. Wealthy man of the form. Proud possessor of a Hillman, speed boat, go-cart and a woman. Alternates between Rye and Chadstone every week-end with his mysterious lady friend. He is the oldest member of the form, but never admits it. Only member of the form who has actually removed twin carburettors from his car. Locks his car wireless in with a huge hunk of lavatory chain.

Motto—"How would you be, Ann?"

DAVIS-ALLAN. Spends all his time repairing his Renault 750 . . . but when it goes it really hammers. Has astounded the form with his gear changes. Comes to school every day in the train from Dandenong so that he can watch all the scenery.

Motto—Please don't talk about Barbara.

DENNIS-BILL. Recently traded his teeth in on a set of new ones. All we know about him is his hobbies which seem to include bowling, table tennis, football, chess and photography. When does he do his school work, we wonder? Feels that Magpies are a bunch of clods. Actually prefers horses to cars . . . we can't quite understand him.

Motto—Up the Magpies!

ELDRIDGE-CHRIS. Quite a lad on the surface, but . . . ? Main ambition in life seems to be to sell hundreds of T.V. aerials, and press half a ton of aluminium per day. Is the disgusted owner of a Singer.

Motto—Never own a Slimy.

FLAVELL-MIKE. His Foster's Lager-powered F.J. holds the record for the longest sideways slide

around the Racecourse Pub corner. He has found out the hard way that Holdens just can't out-corner V.W.'s. The car is a perfect example of a hot heap which uses special beer cans for air cleaners. Who emptied the cans, Mike? Believe he got a special birthday present.

Heard most—Soon thrash you off.

FOSTER-CRAEME. Rocker of the form—our only lone wolf. Proud possessor of an immaculate Vauxhall, which also doubles as a portable smoke-screen. Some times borrows his father's F.X. for Excursions. Claims to have an unlimited supply of women, but keeps them well hidden. Is a trainee teacher, so take warning and send your children to a High School.

Motto—What will you have, the money or the Vaux?

HALL-GEOFF. The "MATCHLESS" Man. Only twit in the form to own a hucka cycle. Dismounts bike in the Le Mans fashion—rather spectacular, but not recommended for those unskilled in the art. Wears a leather motor-cycle jacket with rather rude things written on the back. Has lately developed into a rocker as he sometimes drives his brother's Hot Rod.

Heard most—Where are all the women?

ISSBISTER-BILL. Our main baseball follower and player. Recently obtained his driver's licence—the boys at Brighton must be getting slack these days. Has all the vices as he smokes, drinks and keeps company with bad women. Sometimes comes on a Monday with two heads instead of one.

Motto—Good beer is good for you.

KENT-TOM. Owns a red Riley with a blue door. Was a startled passenger when a clod hit his car in the side. Naturally, a Riley can withstand more than a mere Zephyr. Says that everyone in the form should have their car front-end overhauled, make a car trip to Alice Springs, and drink more beer. Keeps his private life private. Fond of bathroom quartets.

Motto—Come for a thrash around Toorak.

MOORE-LES. Our most recent arrival from Wang. Claims to have a brother who has been to the Uni. Spends most of his time at Pent House, after which he takes a girl home on his motor scooter. Warning to all girls, he is an expert who knows all the methods — of life saving. Mouth to mouth resuscitation a speciality.

Motto—Did a bit of good for myself last night.

KENNEDY-JOHN. Should have been mentioned early, but we forgot him. Turns all his passengers to drink after a short drive in his car. This year has turned over a new leaf as he now drives his own car. Most "booked" member of the form. Drives a Grand Prix, portable, tourist bureau with a flip-top box.

Motto—My middle name does start with "F".

PILE-GEOFF. Claims that all Minor 803's should have been scrapped at birth. Has recently joined the clan of proud Morris 1000 part owners. Spends his spare time searching the town for hub caps. Refuses to disclose reasons for sleeping in a double bed. Holds wild parties which are often interrupted by power failures.

Always saying—"My Minor . . ."

POLLOCK-NEIL (ROLLY POLLY). General brain. Has distinction of being first man in the form to a prang this year. Spends all his time restoring his Renault 750. Lives at Mac's, so he often returns to school after a long recess reeking

of brown ale. Says the form notes stink -- you probably agree with him. Follows current trend of "Roll your own".

Motto -- 'There must be a formula.

ROCHMAN-ROCKY. Proud driver of a Minor which badly needs a polish. He may be the oldest member of the form, but won't admit it. Is fond of parking in off-beat places. Dislikes bucket seats, but then most of us do. Keeps his private life to himself. Also likes bathroom quartets.

Aim in life -- To own a full size, foam rubber model of Bridgett Bardot.

SEARLE-JOHN. Proud owner of a huge 1939 Chev. which he treats like a baby. Some of his spare time is spent playing with Public-Address systems. Has the distinction of actually having a job waiting for him next year. Otherwise he isn't a bad type.

Motto -- Haven't spent a penny on it since I bought it.

SHARP-ROBIN. D.I.I.T. F.H.B. Owns a Ford Anglia Tourer, but can't understand why. Started the year off by smashing two gear-boxes, three crown wheels and losing his heart to Toni. He is very keen on this girl from Canberra -- can't wait for the holidays. We wonder why? Has worn out five postmen.

Motto -- Who'll take me to Canberra?

SMITH-LINDSAY. Is a one-woman, one-car fanatic. Claims that his V.W. will outcorner an 850. Spends all his time arguing with Turner. Although he is a non-smoker, he says that everyone should smoke Australian tobacco. He is practically engaged and has been forced to invite all the form to the wedding.

Motto -- Lee and V.W.'s for ever.

TURNER-PETER. Believes in the principle of a small man in a small car. Claims that a Morris 850 will out-corner a V.W. Spends all his time arguing with Smith. Can always be found around Lake Wendouree when he makes frequent trips to Ballarat. He has developed a hatred of artificial legs. Lives with Amy.

Motto -- Come away with me, Lucille.

Thus ends the long list of brilliant young men of the future. These form notes took six engineers, each typing with one finger, and working in three-hour shifts, a mere ten days to type out.

Over the years we have spent at the school, we Mechanical Engineers have been locked in mortal combat with the electrical mob. Our many decisive victories have been remembered by all those concerned. We would ask all fair-minded students to disregard the foul lies these low types tell about us -- the top faculty of the school.

In conclusion, we would like to thank all the teachers who have somehow managed to withstand us over the years.

"Their burden was a large one, but they carried it well, and complained never."

8C

We of the 8C are a happy collection of odd characters, united as a diligent, conscientious and fun-loving family. This article is dedicated to those who -- willingly or unwillingly -- contributed to this happy relationship. It is a shame really that I feel like describing only one normal school-week and not a whole year, in order to tell the reader of the experiences that brought us together. Maybe it's just as well for some blokes.

School starts just like a Monday should start: at 8.55, with the most strenuous subject of them all -- surveying.

The somewhat sacred atmosphere about the whole subject doesn't allow any nonsense. Since nobody dares to sleep we stay awake by trying to keep up with the information handed down to us. Even Murray follows suit, but every now and then he reminds himself aloud not to forget to ask Sill later what he did over the week-end while Sill decides on what he can tell Murray. At 10.02 Wiseman, Woollard and Murray ask their inevitable questions. The spell is finally broken at 10.05 when we are asked to hand in problems while everyone dashes out to catch a fag. Meanwhile the "hydrollics" roll is being called. Only Al is absent.

The change that now has come over the class is fantastic -- the atmosphere is as different as Monroe at school and Monroe at dances. There is a constant humming and buzzing all over the room. Murray asks Sill about the week-end and Sill tells him; Woollard gets a "Keep quiet" for asking "I don't understand it, sir"; Hogg is just reacting a pimp he saw; Murray now asks about Screw's week-end and Screw tells him that he is going to a ball that night, Wiseman gets a red face over trying to figure out, read, write and understand what's written on the board while trying to listen to everyone else at the same time; Murray looks surprised because he has been told to shut up; Della has gone to sleep; Pether enquires across the room about form notes; Powell gets annoyed because paragraphs don't fit; Murray now asks Screw whether he is still going with the same girl, Spaulding still can't remember where the reverse gear fell out of the gear box; Smith wants to know who is going to be treasurer, so Cooper tries to make up a little speech but then informs Smith simply that he may be treasurer. Smith blushes. Murray now turns his attention to Spaulding. Taylor is reading up on cars while his paper bag containing broken diff. parts goes round the class. Hogg and Carr are now playing cowboys and indians -- Hogg has just been scalped, Eric is solving a crossword; Thomson is just starting to eat the fourth orange. Brian Mac. asks Eric whether he met the doll again on the way to school, to which Eric replies that he blew her a kiss from behind a tree, Kinder is just having a second drummer's fit. All in all it is very fortunate that the period is just long enough to exchange all the news, so everyone is content during the next two HE periods -- but by no means happy, except Woollard, that is. Somehow he has discovered the secret of reading steam tables. In addition to some pre-class reading he finds great delight in making everyone feel so inferior.

Lunchtime from 1-2 has become a gathering of the athletes. Instead of playing volley ball for once a handful of us went out to kick a football. Here Powell proved himself as undisputed champion in spoiling marks. Carr was allowed some practice in high-altitude-no-distance-shots. Hogg enlightened everyone by his ability to keep the ball from his immaculate exterior. Powell again showed all the consideration a newcomer to the art expects by not kicking the ball too far -- he always kicked a little dirt with it. Karl demonstrated the principle of kicking the ball away from the players. The psychological reason for this behaviour is of course the next period -- Maths.

The more elated we feel during lunchtime the more inferior we feel during Maths, except Taylor, who thinks that nobody can teach him anything. He somehow hasn't learnt to bear inferiority bravely, and often expresses wisdom such as "Don't

ask yourselves IF you can do it; ask yourselves WHY can I do it".

The same sort of doom hangs over the EE period on Tuesday morning, but here at least we show some struggle. It's amazing, all the things we should have learnt during EE, Grade 1. To make up for their deficiencies some actually dare to ask questions (guess who). Even Della starts a discussion frequently, whereas Karl never fails to make a fool of himself with his ignorance. During all this Thompson has eaten a couple of oranges and Screw some bananas and as a token of friendship they exchange the peels. Also Howie has just thrown a fit, and Eric's note book with it, across the room because Screw has tickled him behind the ear; Eric doesn't even look up from his cross-word. Carr must have said or done something peculiar because Hogg gets a laughing fit, spreading his cold over the blokes in front of him. After a while he decides he has had enough and stabs himself with his slide rule. Hogg collapses followed by Dell and his seat. Out of blue Taylor sings out that Woollard done it and Woollard wants to know what. Al never looks up from his paper. It's a happy gathering, but one of make-belief because it has been mentioned often enough that we haven't got a chance. But we never give up, even during HE.

HE mainly continues on a straight path because of Swales' ink supply. If we were at least told that we are to get the HE and EE diplomas as well it would make it so much easier. During a sentimental moment a genuine sympathy toward the mechanicals and electricals overcomes me. How can they possibly build good cars or TV sets with so many efficiencies and power factors? Wednesday's stats. is reserved for Thomson. His confirming "That's right, that's what I get" tells us that we can accept whatever has been said. If it wasn't for Taylor the whole class would be a perfect example of a united front; only he wants to try the problems by himself first. Pether remains neutral, he doesn't want to break with Taylor. Screw in between has been to another ball and is telling Murray all about it. So Murray decides to ask Sill to help him look for a girlfriend. All Sill wants is a green biro.

With Thursday arrives the climax for this particular half of the class. It's survey Prac. day. Early before 9.00 we gather outside room 20, everyone with his own little problems—creating an expectant atmosphere. Versatile Hogg—the first there—is practising a new impression, at the same time having a shoot out with Karl, who is approaching from the other end of the corridor. Screw arrives, dumps his bag and goes in search of a date. Howie comes crawling along on hands and knees, he had to walk from the station. Smith and Brindle (his biro all ready tucked behind his ear) follow five steps behind, they don't want to walk with Don. While Wiseman is answering politely all the "how did you do it?" Hogg has a full-dress rehearsal in front of Carr, who approves of the show. Woollard's first question concerning Al's presence is not answered. Spaulding can't ask for Al because he is out of breath—he had to drag his car into a kerb due to lack of a gearbox. Addison openly prays for rain so that Russel will help him on some computations. Cooper comes down after he realized he was on the wrong floor wondering if snow has fallen on the racecourse. Meanwhile Macwell has arrived on crutches; after

a viscous struggle lasting two minutes he surrenders them. Hogg's only comment "They never built choppers like that 30 years ago". Murray hasn't remembered yet where he has hidden the computer; Powell is determined to get some work done during Prac. Shortly before 9.00 Al arrives. Woollard consequently collapses, wiping his forehead, Hogg exclaims "That's the end of my day". Only Spaulding shows presence of mind by chaining Al down. Poor Al, he has never been the same since his lack of attendance was pointed out to him.

Finally, in the afternoon, the tension is released. Mac who till recently had everyone believe that he had a hairy chest exposes his collar of hair, drops to the ground and dreams of the girl he saw on the way to school; Monroe cooks up another ointment for Eric. On the other end of the ground the filming of a western makes good progress. Walt Disney Hogg is explaining to bullet-perforated Carr how to fall off a ranging pole used as a horse while Karl tries desperately to get a film into the theodolite. Powell, moaning behind the stage, "Come on, you guys". Addison is working.

The week concludes almost the same way as it starts. Hyd. and then Surv'y. The procedure is almost the same. Della is marked present even though he will be 10 mins. late. Murray's enquiries about the activities during the coming week-end are the only changes from Monday's procedure.

THE YEAR'S VICTORIES

- Inter-faculty swimming sports.
- Inter-faculty athletic sports.
- Civils against the Rest football match.
- Yarra raft race.
- Many civil engineering diplomas.

RAFT RACE IN DETAIL

Horried at the school's preparations for the challenge race between R.M.I.T. and C.T.C., the eight form civils set about to build their own raft.

The civil raft manned by 12 civils defeated a huge raft from R.M.I.T. manned by 50 gremlins and an outboard motor and a cumbersome raft manned (supported) by hundreds of swimming C.T.C. electrical college students. Some highlights of the race are listed below:—

- (a) Civils wait half an hour for rest of rafts to line up. Due to bad design the R.M.I.T. outboard engine refuses to work under water.
- (b) Caulfield students take command of first bridge, allow civil raft to pass them, pour refuse on R.M.I.T. raft causing a temporary but hurried abandonment.
- (c) A utility full of R.M.I.T. ammunition is put to good use by the C.T.C. ground crew.
- (d) R.M.I.T. students relieved of green paint which is also put to good use. (R.M.I.T. gremlins turn green.)
- (e) An attempt by R.M.I.T. to catch up by using a car on the bank to tow them.
- (f) After winning, the civil raft launches a lightning attack on a police boat (heavily armed).
- (g) Victors and vanquished join in a bath in the Southgate fountain. (While bathing it was noticed that the fountain had a definite tendency to vibrate under the action of many jumping bodies.)

(h) Return to the rafts via a "new" pedestrian crossing over St. Kilda road.

FOOTNOTE:

While watching television that night, it was amazing how soon the film of the race stopped when the camera was hit with an apple from a red-headed civil lad.

THE CIVIL TEACHERS

The men responsible for guiding, threatening and overworking the eighth form civil students during the year:—

Mr. P. PESCOTT: Unfortunately suffers from a conviction that school clocks are ten minutes fast. Very frightened of "arguments".

Mr. D. ROACH: Two aims:—

(1) to frighten us to work by telling us that we are weeks behind the syllabus and that our next assignment must be handed in a week earlier than stated;

(2) a hope that somebody (anybody) will wash his Humber.

Mr. J. HOADLEY: Also has trouble reading the clock but his main claim to fame is the business-like way he runs the Surveying Storeroom at a profit by charging students exorbitant amounts for paper, lost and damaged equipment.

The Country Yokels

ROSS CURRIE: Gets upset at the sight of a flipped V.W. Mr. Pescott, "How is it done, Ross?" BARRY COOPER: Kept warm in the winter by his love, long johns, and a small flat. "HOP" BADEWHOP: His motor-cycle is opposed to wet weather and trucks.

ERIC BRADSHAW: Loves all vices but drowns most of them! Hic! "ROO" MACILLTREE: More hair on his chest than hair on his head. BRIAN WILLS: Has put grog and girls aside for his interest in Hillman cars. BRIAN THOMPSON: A used car type farmer. Spends too much time in a Monash Hostel.

The Artists

JOHN HOGG: Immaculate clothes made him 8C's pin-up. A burning hate for a Maths. teacher. BOB CARR: Reads too many books with brown paper covers.

The Long Ones

"Long John" HOWIE: His legs are used for storing beer. GRAEME ADDISON: 33½% longer than "Long John". A poor judge of girl guides and brownies.

Miscellaneous Freds

GAVIN SWALES: Bird man from Alcatraz. KEN POWELL: Most people get married (not worried).



8.C.4

Back row: Barry Cooper, Barry Munroe, Neil Dixon, Bob Taylor, Bob Carr, Graeme Addison, Don Howie, Bob Lewis, Geoff Petherbridge, Eric Bradshaw.

Middle row: David Brindle, Ken Powell, Gavin Swales, Alan Hardstone, Mr. J. Hoadley, Frank Wiseman, Murray Adams, Harry Smith, Ray Maxwell, Brian McIlree.

Front row: Ross Currie, John Hogg, Bruce Woollard, Bob Sill, Michael Spaulding, Brian Thompson, Don Kinder, Peter Michael, Brian Wills.

THE STUDENTS

All information was gathered by foul means.

The Surfers

GEOFF. PETHERBRIDGE: An expert on unheard of cars. Cracks waves when there is no one to witness. "MAC" ADAMS: Ask Mr. Pescott. Snow trip comment, "Stop it Joy, or I'll kiss you." Strictly a Rum and Coke boy. BOB SILL: Developed a taste for country girls since playing country football. Been neglecting his Chelsea rounds. Removes glass when he giggles. "SPIKE" SPAULDING: Recent convert to jazz. Will start keyless cars:—One bare wire = one burnt hand. "SCREW" LEWIS: No such thing as S + S + S, at Woolamai beach. Hikes not a pint but a gallon. FRANK WISEMAN: The form's Dorothy Dix. "Yes, Sir, Mr. Halpin". He has a vast collection of jumpers, sports coats and red faces.

BARRY MUNROE: This year he has found use for grog and girls. ALAN HARDSTONE: Never seen him. Helps reduce overcrowding of classrooms. BRUCE WOOLLARD: I do impressions, you know? Plays a mean guitar and likes a nice girl. "MACK" MAXWELL: Received a broken leg while running to the little house. "HACK" SMITH: Persists in rowing outside the boat. Once a treasurer, never again. ROBERT TAYLOR: Jaguars and Austin Sevens rate higher than girls. ALAN MACKENZIE: What's under that hair? PETER MICHAEL: Wants to include picking football teams in the Maths. syllabus. "RUSTY" "DICK" DIXON brings his "wife" in the train to keep him warm?

BRINDLE: An abnormal dislike for doubtful jokes and discussions on girls. KEN RUSSELL: The mouse that ate a heat engines teacher. LIEW: He had better return my notes or! DON KINDER:

Jazz man. Confused about the Symphony Orchestra and Elijah's Chosen Six. BRIAN DELLA-PIETRA: Every morning—"Tho' thorry, I'm late".

8D

Therein is the epitaph of twelve brilliant young men, the cream of the College, the elite, the upper crust of the Cautec Intelligentsia, the nuclei of all bright, witty and intellectual thought, the 8D Chemists. Throughout this year of grace one thousand nine hundred and sixty-two the aforementioned chemists belligerently strove for and obtained knowledge in all the important sciences.

Under the brilliant (?) jurisprudence and leadership of Mr. John Ryan, they attacked with fervent vigour and boundless energy the deep and interesting subject of Organic Chemistry. Although the practical classes (reminiscent to some of Australia's iron oxide industries) began officially at the unearthly hour of 8.00 a.m., the class stalwarts, Graham Roseman and Phillip Smith, often managed to arrive before its conclusion at 11.00 a.m., the Department of Supply and the Education Department, respectively, are obtaining two very valuable assets in these lads.

Perseverance, and iron will and V.W. allowed Mr. Allan Davies to divulge a few of the seemingly well-kept secrets of Physical Chemistry and Tech. Chemistry A to us this year. Initially, Mr. Davies' ambition was to have all Phys. Chem. experiments in on time, he has since modified this intention and now asserts that they should be handed in.

The capable hands of Mr. Geoff. Richards not only produced a first-class Revue this year but guided us through the many mysteries of contemporary physics. As a result it is feared that while Winston Board is attempting to disrupt the Atomic Energy Commission and hence negotiate the banning of the bomb, other less ethical class members are in the process of isolating enough of the appropriate Alranium isotope to manufacture what has been called "a current popular size nuclear device".

It has been Mr. Harvey Billing's unfortunate duty to instruct us in the various technological aspects of fats, oils and waxes. Very interesting, indeed, Mr. Billing.

We're told that the Pavilion housed Science German classes on Friday afternoon with a Mrs. Segal. We're sorry we didn't know about them earlier, ma'am. This may have assured some attendance.

Enumerating the chemists themselves in a little more detail, we have:

Roger F. Bailey, a chemist of some calibre and a tennis champion of equal standing. Earlier in the year, during a moment of brilliant inspiration Roger expressed his distaste for the new interior decor of the Chemistry Lab. by permanently changing the ceiling above his bench. Charleston, Phys. Chem. exams. Organic Preps. and the wave nature of golf balls are his other interests.

Next we have Geoff. Beaumont; Geoff. has a Morris, Geoff. has a Pamela, Geoff. has more thoughts of Pamela than he does of Chemistry. I wonder if the time he spends between and before classes is actually used in nutting up Physics experiments.

A little has already been said of Winston Boord, a lot more could be said, but we must think of defamation of character and all that. Winston is violently anti-American and would sit on the steps of the U.S. Consulate all night to prove it. It has been thought that he possesses an obsession for alcohol—gin-squashes without any soda-water or lemon. He had a small bar built into his flying suit and a large one into his Morgan.

It's no wonder Tatura rid themselves of Bob Miranda. You could base the scripts for a whole series of the "Untouchables" solely on his escapades. Seriously, though, he has no more vices than any normal person: Race horses, holding a book on dogs, trots, football, sword fighting . . . you name it, he'll bet on it; he has a few other weak points like smoking, drinking, women, and driving his father's Holden.

During the time that "Scab" (Bob Northausen) was not being subjugated by Mr. Marshall, he managed to hold the 1962 Revue audience spell-bound. Bob, dear boy, they weren't amazed at your talented piano playing but your haircut.

The first semester provided us with but few fleeting glimpses of Tom O'Brien and his new Hillman. However, as fate would have it, he returned to our midst for the second half, minus one cartilage and plus one pipe.

What becomes of metho-drinkers and Xaverians is now popular knowledge among the chemists; they become S.R.C. reps., or Cautec Chemists, the bad ones like Frank Piele end up as both. Brutus, as he is affectionately referred to, has a serious problem but He's paid us too much to print it.

Graham Roseman could say much about the handling of a particular B.M.C. automobile over long distances, but his strength of character prevents him from using profanity. Graham followed Richmond, right up until the time Carlton and United bought them out.

Graham Rutherford's father owns an orchard, but several of the chemists have grounds to suspect that in his absence Graham turns it into a women ranch. Oh! this lecherous life of debauchery.

Colin Shingleton has taken on his shoulders the tremendous task of maintaining Austro-American relations. Mainly because of his ability to get out of the sticky situations in which he ominously finds himself, he has chosen to enter the adhesive field.

Phillip Smith: the normal dominating, flamboyant, turgid Phillips; this year he saw the light, he has dropped many of his leftist tendencies, what say you Smythe . . . "to hell with the Proletariat".

By virtue of his initials (and his position in yacht races), Ken Wallace rates last place in this, our epitaph. Ken, in partnership with his father, sails an Atunga—a class of catamaran, and during the 61-63 season proposes to skipper it through many a fleet, maybe even J.J.'s. To the bitter consternation of his fellow students, Ken is an excellent scholar.

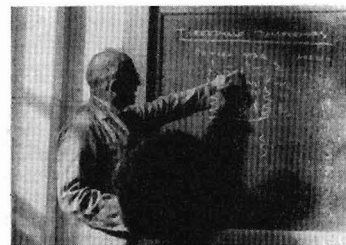
So ends the story of the first chemists to fulfil the requirements of a Chemistry Diploma in the precincts of Cautec. May their names be preserved eternally in the archives of our glorious College.



"SEE! BABIES DO COME IN CABBAGES!"



THAT KRUSHEN FEELING.



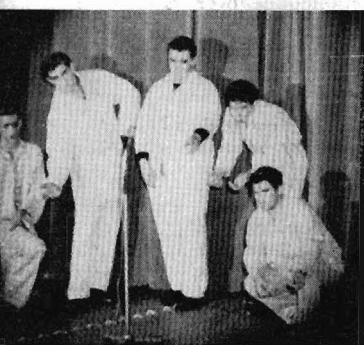
"AND ZE OTHER BATTALION
VILL ATTACK FROM 'ERE."



"DID YOU HAVE TO WEAR THOSE?"



MEETING OF THE BRETHREN.



"WOULD A NICE YOUNG LADY . . ."



JAMES! JAMES! HOLD THE LADDER
STEADY.



"IT'S A PLANE! IT'S A BIRD! IT'S
SUPERMAN! NO! IT'S A BIRD!"



LEFT--
SEATO NAVAL MANOEUVERS.



ELEC. ENG. WITH DOC.



"ON BEHALF OF THE HOUSEWIVES' ASSOCIATION . . ."



"CHAPS . . . I WOULD LIKE YOU TO MEET MY DAUGHTER."



THE HONEY OR THE BOX?



S.R.C. MEETING.



"THANK GOODNESS IT WASN'T SUPERMAN."



"THERE MUST BE ANOTHER BEAN THERE SOMEWHERE?"



WHIP YOUR BODIES.



NO TIME TO PUMP NOW.



IMPASSIVE RESISTANCE.



8D.

Back row: Colin Shingleton, Bob Miranda, Winstan Boord, Graeme Roseman, Geoff Beaumont.

Front row: Philip Smith, Graeme Rutherford, Frank Piele, Mr. J. Ryan, Roger Bailey, Bob Northausen, Ken Wallace

POSTSCRIPTUM

We felt that a few pertinent remarks concerning Mr. John Ryan are essential for the sake of completeness and for the sake of clearing our consciences. Four long years has he been oppressed, his authority questioned, continually has he been subjected to the incessant ebullition of our inquisitive minds. Is it any wonder that his health has deteriorated, his hair greyed, his back stooped. Yet he managed to do away with Craven A's; I wonder is it because '62 is drawing to a close and we're departing, or is it for some more subtle reason. Ah! well, one can't escape the matrimonial bonds forever.

DA4.

4th year Diploma of Art has, in past years, contained only two or three students. This year has seen a large increase in students as well as in the quality of work.



DA.4

Back row: Clive Reynolds, Ian Wicks, Pam Hannah, Lindsay Dodd, Bill Mortenson.

Front row: Dave Orr, Ron Cameron, Dave Moore, Leon Porriison, Dan Cogan.

This illustrious form will, under the guidance of our form master, Mr. Douglas Ronald Mills, eventually complete an Electrical Engineering Diploma some time (we hope) in the not too distant future.

Mr. Mills is ably assisted by Dr. B. (Doc) Gertsman, the father of our form.

The form is made up of the following lunkheads with apologies to no one.

GRAEME ANDREWS: Known as Gas to his friends. Unlike other students Gas has to go interstate for his girlfriends, N.S.W. occupying most of this term holidays. During the Revue some girls managed to see him while he was in charge of "lighting" and so a fellow electrocuted himself but fortunately no permanent damage was done apart from third degree burns, permanent shock and loss of memory. Owns a Wolseley 1800 which runs when Gas remembers to turn on his secret fuel line tap. Recently painted it a chunderous iridescent blue.

ALAN BROCKETT: Otherwise known as Brophy or Garth(?). A poor excuse for his nickname but a champion on a tennis court. Plays with the school team. Has been fiddling all year with the Analogue Computer and much to his joy was allowed to operate it during Education Week. Hates Harry for pulling his reports to bits. Always working in electronics lab. with Ken Gray.

JOHN CASTLEMAN: Always found sneaking around the office and talking to June. Uses the excuse that it is S.R.C. business as he is the Secretary this year. Wears a suit most times to make other members look like bums or to compete with dashing Dim Sims. Owns a vintage Vauxhall (absorption Dynamometer) and is reigning hopscotch champion.

JOE CAPPADONA: Lives with the wilds of the Dandenongs and always raves about the Tigers' potential. Can always be found in some room trying to prove $x + y = z$. Has bees in his bonnet and is forever raving about them. A good lad.

GRAEME CARROLL: Known affectionately as "tracksuit". Loves baseball, cricket and is Editor of Gryphon, is the Sports-Committee, etc. Graduated from the Greasers last year. Will more than likely come back to finish Civil next year.

KEN CUMMINGS: This lad is still pedalling his cycle from WILD St. Kilda. Always raves about motor cars, Elec. Eng., Electronics, etc., etc., etc. Joined 8A but found the rate of consumption too savage and expensive. Found drinking so expensive he rationed razor blades for months. Acquitted himself quite well in the Revue.

CORDON DAVIES: This lad never sheds his orange mohair jumper and is thus known as WOOLLY, only time he changed jumpers was when he had his orange one dyed black. Chipped his axe to bits with his beard so now uses file. Drives a luxurious clapped up Rover from Albert Park to the College. It's not Anne any more, but Malvina. The Cad.

COLIN GISSING: Another of the gentry with enough money to run his own bomb. Col or Gus as he is better known is interested in radio and radio-control of models. Always has a camera on hand to take pics. Now owns 3 cars, including a vintage Ford Consul.

JOHN GRACE: Or more commonly Grass, but from September, now known as Lightning or Boatman. Loves boating (SKOLL). A member of the S.R.C. and stage manager during the revue (CRASH) "Actors are clumsy". To him everything is chunderous except Carole P. and Peugeot. Loves armature winding. Can sit and watch Fatty doing it all day.

KEN GRAY: This lad is the Wiz of electronics prac. Has managed to finish that stereo amplifier this year and now has an automatic garage door mechanism in mind. Electronic, naturally. How he manages to fold up into his Fiat 0.025 we'll never know. Has a sister referred to as Pip at the college this year but strangely there were no introductions. Latest acquisition is Carol. You bad type, Ken.

JOHN GRAY: Butts of Maynard as he is known, believes in everything but school work. Prominent in the C.M.F., he took two weeks from school to go on a bivouac. Recently produced a miner's right but prospecting wasn't so good (all the girls turned him down, too). There isn't much Butts doesn't know about rifles and army vehicles. Has a marvellous way of producing cigarettes out of his pocket one by one. It would baffle the best of magicians. Averages 2½ school days a week.

IAN HANDLEY: This lad is just the quietest. Believe he is a keen archer and plays Robin Hood but we have never heard of a Maid Marion. He is inseparable from Mac.

MIKE HASSET: Another member of the S.R.C. who has all his fingers in the pie. His main trouble recently has been a blonde (not a NORDIS MALE) on some train. He has even forsaken his recently bought Consul for her. Known to be Woolly's friend but has not yet bought a new one for him. Was quite good in the revue.

HARRY HELMER: This lad is always telling us about his wild week-ends but blushes when you ask him about Lucy. He is a member of the S.R.C. and a fairly prominent member of 8A. Starred in the revue as Ceaser and certain other famous Roman 'contempriarians'. He is a keen baseballer, drinker and woman chaser. With Education Department to finish as teacher. (Not for my kids, mate.)

RAY HENRY: He invaded us half-way through the year from Yallourn because he didn't have enough work there. Hah! Hah!! Drives a beat-up Holden and is working with the Railways. Hord. Can be often found at Piggy's flat having a drop when he isn't working.

STEVE JAKYMCZUK: This lad would be lost if he didn't have Harry to call as Fatty. Has a boisterous (?) laugh and is a stubborn cuss. Played Frank Thring in the revue and behaved like him at the Revue Party by stripping to his pink polka-dot bloomers. Has just purchased a Volks-wagen and will argue with anyone about its merits. If he can't be found at school he is always bound to be at Macs with Len. Talks with Doc about anything, but never the syllabus. Will be tossed out of the Railways if he isn't careful.

ALAN LYNE: Sleepy could not be a more fitting name for this lad. Heard that while helping Randy with prop during revue he was found sleeping in some corner. His parents have just moved to S.A. and Sleepy's eyes are becoming blurrier than usual and from sleep (HIC). A very close friend of Randy's.

BOB LUKEIS: This lad came to us this year from the shop to learn. Well, his fluid consumption has certainly risen. Owns a Holden, tennis racquet and used to own Helen. Was the Stage Director of the Revue and many thanks must be given to Bob for the Revue's success. How did you get that P.M.G. cadetship, Bob?

ROSS MARSHALL: Better known as Randy and is another one of the infamous P.M.G. cadets. He was also property manager during the revue and likes girls who live in far away places. Prefers to go to drive-ins out at Essendon, Crovdon or sometimes Mildura and North Albury. Also is a great believer in dancing in the dark and has the roving eye of Errol Flynn. Drives a beat-up Prefect which has yet to be perfected and was one of the main instigators for the raft race this year. Particularly enjoyed his bath in the Southgate Fountain.

LAURIE SMART? No, he's not. You name the vices — he's got them. Regularly has a haircut every six months. We are really not sure if he is a member of 8E but he certainly rated a mention; as a member of 8A.

LYN SMITH: This one is a Wiz of a Magician. Can disappear before, during and after periods. Usual excuse, "I've got to go to the dentist." If he is not in class just look where the Commerce girls are and you'll find Lyn. Got picked up very recently for thrashing a Minny. Thought the police siren was a whine in his gearbox.

REG. STEWART: Drives around in a Fiat 500 which his girlfriend painted pink just for him. Cute. We would still like to know how to negotiate a 150° corner but taking 520° to get around it. A boating enthusiast, Reg. is interested in anything that floats on water, girls included.



Back row: Graeme Carroll, Colin Gissing, Graeme Andrews, Neville Farrell, Russell Trew, Alan Lyne, Mike Piggott, Gerry Flynn, Harry Helmer, Len Verashaika, Ken Cummings, Ken Gray, John Gray, Ian Handley, John Grace, Len Waters.
Middle row: John Castleman, Tony Wilson, Mr. D. Mills, Dr. B. Gerstmann, Mr. E. Davey, Bob Newton, Tony Sims, Don Brown.
Front row: Ken Sumson, Lyn Smith, Graeme Shields, Alan Brockett, Gordon Davies, Ross Marshall, Joe Cappadona, John McCabe, Mike Hassett.

JOHN MCCABE: This lad is a natural. We would all like to be like him. Quiet, and unassuming and fairly dedicated to his work. Favourite hobby is Archery and hence is Ian's good mate. **GOOD ON YA, SON.**

BOB NEWTON: This lad lives on the edge of the Seaford creek and thus has the rare privilege of being able to swim, canoe, spear fish, without moving out of the house. At school is modest with no known vices except a clapped up heap known as the Tank.

MICHAEL PIGGOTT: Well known as Piggy. Has a large set of miniature whisky bottles which he says he doesn't HIC touch. Moved into a flat near school at start of year and has been suffering from hangovers ever since. Goes to Alice Springs over the school holidays because his father runs a Pub there. Has a cadetship with the Dept. of Supply.

GRAEME SHIELDS: This bloke is a humdinger for falling asleep at Revue party. This year it was the same story. Known around the school as Tonga, and never forgotten once you have heard that laugh. Plays football Saturdays and has wild week-ends. Nothing worries this bloke, not even the boss of the Mordialloc Cop Shop (Tonga's father, no less).

KEN SUMSION: Where there's a Ken there is bound to be a Margaret. Apart from this he spends quite a bit of time pulling the engine of his Citroen apart. Has the idea of putting a V.W. gearbox in this car, but may come across some reason to prevent this. Has a flair for jazz (he is a good pianist). Margaret, Citroen, Margaret, Balls, Margaret.

RUSSELL TREW: The brain of the form who believes that it is cheaper in effort and cost to pedal his bike to the College rather than walk or use public transport. Hence Bikey. Gets paid to go to school by the S.E.C. and is bound to end up a Big Wig. Congratulations for topping all 7th formers last year.

LEN VERASHAKA: A scouting enthusiast, Len is a prominent member of the UKRANIAN SCOUTS in Victoria. We also know that he is a proud owner of a Vee-Wee.

LEN WATERS: Known by the elite of 8A as Flood. And, boy, can this lad swallow a flood. Beer's not in it. Moved into flat with Piggy and a greaser at start of the year and is the ruler. (He is the biggest). Occasionally goes to Wonthaggi when he has no drinking money to see his family. Len is sure to succeed as a red-nosed

Railway engineer by inventing trains which will run on beer.

TONY WILSON: This lad is the unmodest genius of our form and is also the President of the S.R.C. and recently elected as Vice-President of V.A.T.C. Tony, like his counterpart, Bob L., has not led a good year with the goils. He always meets Len W. at dances, etc., when he is conning strongly. This makes him pack up and go home. Tony is a keen cricketer and footballer, and drives around in an FE Holden. Also a keen golfer during revision periods.

NEVILLE FARRELL: Neville is a specialist in the field of car rolling. How his Cowley suffered. He is a wild one this one, being a member of 8A. Believe on his twenty-first he was that blind he could not see Jane or perhaps she did not want to see him. Heard about the fella, after a certain Revue Party, who didn't turn into Spring Street out of Bourke Street and ended up on the steps leading to Parliament House. Never know—we might be voting for him some day.

Last but not least is---

DOC. GERTSMANN: The oldest member of Form 8E (he has been in the class for well over 12 years). Even though he has graduated with Degrees he feels that he is too old to change his



SAGITTARIUS

ways. Has a never-ending supply of anecdotes from the past (The Ye Olde Dayes). The only thing different about him from other students is that he receives pay for being a teacher.

Our apologies go to no one above, but we do apologise to the Asian students in the form whom we have left out because of the lack of knowledge about them.

7C1

In trying to persuade the author of these notes to write nice things about the members of this form, much money changed hands, much to the delight of the author; nevertheless the truth will be told and the author will skip the country with his haul.

DAN BAKER: Dan may frequently seen racing up stairs screaming "Charge!" He informs us that he is impersonating an actor, who in turn is taking off President Roosevelt in the film, "Arsenic and Old Lace". You can't kid us, though, Dan, we'll give you the portrait of President Roosevelt for Christmas.

ALAN BEESON: Alan appears to look upon Dan with wonderment, but we realize he hopes that the stairs will collapse, thus allowing him to pass rubbishing comments on the designing of the stairs. It may be that *he* will, one day, design stairs for Dan's feats.

IAN BULL: He is thought to hold up the honour of 7C1 since he is our representative in the College Cricket Team. He is currently Mr. Roach's star pupil. Mr. Roach even gives him credit for knowing three words, "I don't know". Hobby: Crushing cockROACHes with his cricket boots.

DAVID COX: This lad continually tells us of his St. John Ambulance training, and of the gory accidents he sees. Unfortunately, David, we saw you on "Nightwatch" the other day, sitting on the gutter with your head between your knees to keep from fainting.

KEITH DUNNING: As may be expected this lad has a great future as a sewerage engineer. Keith has the worthy ambition of re-arranging Melbourne's sewerage so he can drive a small green Anglia, at breakneck speed, around Melbourne's underground.

DAVID JONES, that exile from Phillip Island, has now convinced us that the San Remo suspension bridge is not statically determinated. He introduces two theories, (1) the bridge has been weakened by penguins marching across in step, or (2) that the allowable load was exceeded when Allan Tyndall walked across, loaded with liquid refreshment, on the way to his week-end shack.

JOHN MIDDLETON: John is endeavouring to emulate the feats of Newton, Stanley Matthews, Kirchoff and any other such eminent people and soccer players. We think he is mad, but they say 10% of students are touched and 10% of lunatics are geniuses, so his chances are 1 in 100 and he likes that last figure at exam time. Incidentally, John paid me enough to say nice things.

JEFF "FUNGUS FACE" PAMPLIN: This quiet, unassuming lad is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Jeff is a known capitalist (as are all student teachers) yet he is trying to pass as Fidel Castro. He is invariably attempting to incite rebellion against the low teacher's wages. Don't mistake him for Father Christmas when he comes down your chimney.

JOHN RUSSELL: John is a firm believer in papers like "The Guardian" and "Truth"; he probably doubts the integrity of the author of these notes. He continually hopes that Mr. P. will get carried away in one of his pipeline problems. Obviously he will rebuild Shepparton's—or is it Moscow's—nightspots for his own enjoyment.

WARREN WEAKLANDS: Evidently the swamp dwellers have now reached the outside world. This one comes from deep in the heart of the Koo-wee-rup swamp. He intends to build a swamp in the Caulfield area so that he may survive. He has already built a contemporary one in Huntingdale.

ALAN WHITE: When Sydneysiders nicknamed King's Bridge King Sway Bridge. Alan had an irrepressible desire to destroy their Harbour Bridge. You must realize, Alan, that you are supposed to design bridges, not destroy them. But, seriously, we hope he achieves his desires.

ROBERT SHIPTON: Bob is another potential cancer patient. An Optimum Nicotine Content Test was carried out on him. recently, by Mr. Barry, who was armed with a very formidable proctor needle. Result: Mr. Barry is now on the verge of taking up smoking.

7C2

This form has had a reasonable year. Apart from the fact that we have to put up with 7C1 practically all day, every day. These young lads from 7C1, namely Pamplin, Bull, Dunning, Shipton and White, seem to be always the ones to be giving 7C2 (the great form) a rough go.

I will now attempt to run through this marvelous form. Firstly, David BUCKNELL, the young man from somewhere. Oh, yes! I nearly forgot, it's that little outback town called Kraneborn, or is it Cranbourne, any rate, it doesn't matter where he comes from, he is still a good kid. Spends more time in a train than at school. David is also a fanatic with cars (good at wrecking them).

Next comes the "yawning" champion of the school. I would lay a bet £100 to nothing that if this boy became a teacher (if that is) he would be a "sleep" teacher. He is a wizard at this art. You want to know his name then, well here it is, Graham (Duane Eddy) COBB. Graham is a master of the electric guitar. Must play this to keep him awake. A grand kid, despite this, he is also an outstanding member of C.C.F.

Following closely behind is that man from the Shepparton penitentiary, ERIC G. F. PERRIN.

One of a number of boys who have battled their way down from a little technical school up in the mulga. This boy must sleep at school, I assure you, because he is at school at about $\frac{1}{4}$ past 8 every morning. A keen student.

LIM Boon Song is next and is our only Asian representative. This lad must be training for a marathon because he walks to and from school, which certainly adds up the miles seeing as he is staying a considerable distance away. Lim is also a very hard worker. (He has a good battle with Mr. W.)

Bouncing along after Lim is Alan (pull me together) TYNDALL. This boy is the pal of all teachers. Referred to by Mr. N. as the "village" idiot. This lad (all 16+ stone of him) started off the year all right until he had to give a talk on Birth Control. This must have really knocked him, because it turned out to be an amazing talk, surprising everyone, even Mr. D. D., who had to read it for him. The only other thing that I can say about him is just that he is a fantastic kid.

There has to be a kid with brains in any form and we're not missing out. John VROLAND fills that spot. I don't think he got under 75 per cent. in any of his mid-year subjects. He comes rattling to school in his ancient 1941 Sunbeam Talbot. It's really not a bad car (I had to say that because he has got my arm twisted up my back). Mr. Buller would be his second home, this is where they call him the "Lady Killer". With all his charm he could impress anybody.

After J.V. comes J. Grantham WOFF (another one from the outback). This boy comes from "Salt"—excuse me, I think it must be Sale. (No offence meant.) He is the star footballer of the class, and he plays for Carlton "firds". Position, centre half-back. Also Grant, as he is popularly called, is a motor-bike demon and an excellent Spanish guitar player, he plays this with exquisite style.

Bringing up the rear is that great friend of M. W. Noel WOOTTEN. It is rumoured that he spends most of his money on Tatts tickets in the name of 850 (Morris). I think he might want a car. Is a conscientious student, heat engines being his strongest subject. Is occasionally picked for the School Tennis Team, but when he is picked the opposing team doesn't turn up (must be luck). We have found it hard putting up with our sister form, 7C1, who are just a pack of chalk throwing, duster snatching, stool stealing students. They are also, !!! (Ow!!) Don't hit me. I don't think I am allowed to say any more.



VIRGO

7C3

Usually when I write notes of this nature I try my utmost to avoid hurting the dignity, prestige and feelings of the readers. However, as it is a known fact that nobody besides the author has any dignity, prestige or feelings, I shall carry on with the history of 7C3.

By far the most prominent talker in the form would be Geoff. "Champ" Champlin. Geoff. can be heard long before he is seen. His main topics of discussion seem to be Geelong Football Club, and Holdens, and if anybody disagrees with his views they are promptly told to "belt up".

Amongst our ranks are two country bumpkins; namely, Doug. "Sheppo" Thompson from the back lanes of Shepparton, and "Mildu" Billington from sunny Mildura.

Sport is not very popular with the members of this form as only six chaps participate in school teams. These are Mick Stahmer, John Raivers and Ken Barnhill, who attempt to throw goals at basketball; Peter Ager (Pete) and John "Kookie" Cooke, who are keen footballers; and John "Polly" Poulton, who is captain of the tennis team, but who many claim only plays because of the attraction of those short skirts that play tennis.

Both Pete and Kookie are firm friends and both have trouble keeping out of Mr. Hoadley's way lest he should find out that both are doing several subjects they should not be doing.

Our hairy-faced monster, Don Casbolt, together with Terry Phyland, Ivor Preston and Doug. Thompson, are owners of those four-wheeled machines they claim are cars. Don believes his beard improves his looks, but everybody knows different.

On outward appearances, Ivor Preston and Jim Tutt, Keith Brown and Graeme Ride, all appear

quiet, conscientious and hard-working fellows, but on closer inspection it is found that apart from being quiet they do as little work as any of us.

When on the odd occasion that John Raivers finds time to attend our beloved Mr. Coates, the day is always brightened. What with John and Mr. C. throwing sarcastic remarks at each other and the form rolling with laughter, it is no wonder Mr. C. believes it will take us fourteen years to pass Maths 2A.

No occasion such as this could pass without mentioning a very close friend of Mick "Smiley" Labb and John Raivers. This friend is Mr. McNamara, whose business is located opposite Caulfield Post Office and with whom Mick and John seem to spend most of their maths classes.

The honourable, or is it dishonourable, Ngo Hong Hack, esq., is the only overseas visitor to our form this year. Hong is known by a notorious and infamous name, but, this I am afraid our editor will not print.

Our smallest but most hardworking member of the form is Kevin Jones. Jonesy has been a great friend of our form-master, Jack Hoadley, ever since he knocked over and damaged a staff in Surveying.

Phillip Hatton, who is more commonly known as "Pilli", spends most of his time dreaming about Diane or consuming one of those never-ending lunches he brings to school each day.

Our old friend "Mildu" seems to have popped up last here as he does everywhere else. That old motor bike (?) of his seems to get slower each day. Mildu is a great friend of Messrs. Pescott and Coate (?) because he knows much more than either of these 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 interesting and amusing to the students.

I think I have run out of bodies to talk about. If I have missed anybody, I apologize to those lucky people.

7D

The story you are about to read is true, the names have not been changed to protect the guilty. This year 7D is comprised of the ten most wanted Chemists (By the Police), who under the tender care of the Calcium Kid (I.G.O1B.) stormed Cautec with the greatest confidence and enthusiasm. These great qualities were soon smashed as J.J.R. could not stand the sound of "Six hearts, Seven no trumps, Eight diamonds and You Cheating —." Then W.H.O.B. would not conduct the Maths class in the park where the local scenery flourished. Some of the staff started to complain when they had to ascend a mountain of cans in an effort to find the ever Boozing students.

Through the help of the ever-popular Chemists who manned the bridges along the Yarra, during the first term, with drums of rotten peaches and the likes, Cautec retained the title "Head of the River".

This year saw an increase in the number of female (entertainers) students at Cautec which met with our approval. Three of our boys (R.T., J.M. and A.S.). I was forced to use initials as Ross did not want his name linked with any scandal.) The girls took our innocent lads for every penny (minute) they had; after being annihilated the boys retreated to the Cautec Casino, which is run by the Cautec Christian Fellowship.

One hour a week the class received gardening lessons from one of the staff but, for certain (degrading) reasons he wishes to remain anonymous.

During a survey at MacNamara's Hostelry the section of the form known as B.A. (Boozers Anonymous) decided that they would rather have a twenty ounce pot than the super-small seven ounce. The only thing in favour of the seven ounce is that it is easily souvenired.

Just before the time-wasting mid-year exams, old Jack handed out pep talks like a beaut, but alas, these were of no avail.

This personal coverage you are now about to read was written on board a ship which was travelling through the heads; you see I have been (deported).

NEIL (M. Minor) BESCHERVAISE: Neil, a member of B.A., is now going through his second Morris for the year, while most of us can't even get ONE. We only see Neil a few hours a week, which is quite a relief after last year; the rest of the week he spends handing out corruption at Caulfield Grammar. To name some of his friends (vices) would be rather embarrassing.

IAN (Bachelor) CLACK: A strangulated hernia midway through the year did little to curtail this lad's activities. Ian took a twelve-month smoko from school last year and is still trying to shake off his smoker's cough. Knows three languages, good, bad and indifferent, the second being used in conjunction with the other two. Actually very little can be found to incriminate Ian with, but a page from his diary may give some idea . . .

SORRY, CENSORED.—Ed.

GARY (Dig that Disc) DEVENISH. You should hear the stories Gary tells us on Monday mornings about his week-end. Johnny Birt did this, Jack Clark did that, Geoff. Leek did this, you see his week-end consists of nothing but football (Essendon). Gary is forever skipping classes to see sexy films in town. If he is not doing this he is trying to get you to join some record club, as he seems to profit by this.

JOHN (Conch) HERMAN: Poor Old Herm', always doing the wrong subject at the wrong time, says that he is behind, in fact he is so far behind in his work that he is two years ahead of the class. John is rarely seen at school before 9.30 a.m. John seems to make a habit of crossing lines with Mr. Billings and Mr. Kiernan.

"But, Mr. B., I study maths at home."

"I got held up at Carnegie, Mr. K."

DENIS (Jazz) McLEAN: Last year Denis also took twelve months holiday from this illustrious institution to display his talents at Taubmans. They were so pleased with efforts that in no time at all he was third in charge of the Chem. Lab. The owner of a Holden, Denis's hobbies include collecting women, jazz records (Miles Davis and the "wayout" stuff), organizing jazz dances (Storyville) and escorting (???) unsuspecting women home from the same. Amen.

JOHN (Lady Killer) MILLEN. His favourite song is "Hit the Road Jack", who wouldn't with his garlic breath—his favourite teacher, "Jack". Avid St. Kilda (Marilyn) fan, follows them everywhere. John went on his driest and snowiest

snow trip, plenty of snow and no booze, he is a prominent member of Boozers Anonymous. Organised a party during the year but found Ned too fast. Keeps the all Australian Baseball star in practice (off errors), taught him all he knows (about sex).

ANDREW (Boozer) STEVENS. Old boozer has been sick lately, got some blood in his alcohol stream. He never told us that he was a chronic alcoholic, but we found out—one day he came to school SOBER. We then elected him president, secretary, treasurer, and head member of the Boozers Anonymous. You can't help feeling sorry for Andy in spite of his habits, because between Jack Ryan and Geoff. Richards he doesn't get any rest, always on his back about coming to a few classes. The way he is going he will bet a Pinch, if he is careful.

ROSS (Yes, Mrs. D., One a.m. tonight) THARLE: Apart from being another member of B.A. Ross plays baseball for North Balwyn on Saturdays, but for some unknown reason he stays there all week-end, could it be Lyn. Every Friday Ross tries to preserve his innards by pickling them in grog. Can be seen illegally piloting a VW around Dandy.

LEN (I need a haircut) WHITE: Len would outdo most of the girls with his long hair, only gets it cut when he trips over it. Talk about vulgar—he will, without any hesitation, tell you to shut up. We would not let him join B.A. because he drinks too much. Len has the peculiar habits of attending all the classes, and arriving early for social science (for next week, anyway).

KWAI (Suzie) WONG: Kwai goes to an endless amount of toil to cover up his late night capers. Hailing from somewhere in Asia he is faced with deportation if his Physics III attendance figures do not improve. Hobbies are collecting records, evasion of study and to arrive late for lectures. In closing Kwai requests that no letters be sent to him regarding the whereabouts of Suzie as they are not related (Yet).

7M

A preview of our mob I now will give
Their habits and the way they like to live,
We'll start with the rep. of the S.R.C.
Who hides his views well, is named Ray Beebe.

He drives an old Dodge, but not very fast,
He saves on the petrol and wants it to last.
He is always quite willing a party to hold,
But if you bring any liquor, he then will you scold.

We next do come to the great Ron Howard,
Who, when it comes to motor scooting, is not a
coward,
He drives it like he's a Bull on a B - S - A.
And says it races Pontiacs and Chevrolet.

A Shepparton native is "Ali" Barber
Who rides in Jeans' Chev. (which couldn't be
driven harder).

He can be recognised every morning early
In front of the college watching the girlie
Of the Art Department and Commercial land
So he can get some of them lined.

I am told Les Jeans gets his Chev. nearly into the
air
As back from Swinburne with Howey he'll tear.
This happens on Friday at roundabout noon
Through red lights and railways gates they want
to zoom.

Bob Armstrong a Mickey Minor drives
It's a wonder the poor little thing survives,
I suppose the only reason why it still speeds
Is because of all the petrol to it he feeds.

John Kent is a wonderful mate of Big Dave's
Dave sits him in front when he misbehaves,
If Kent keeps misbehaving after that
Dave gives him a big bang in the daks.

John also goes up to the snow
His ski-ing proficiency to show.
The girls of Bulla, they love him so
When he falls flat on his face in the snow.

John Chippendal is a Vee Wee man
Which doesn't say much for his probable life span.
He usually drives at a steady pace
Till Peter Bromley comes looking for a race,
Then he becomes a racing demon.
Won't stop at red lights or children's crossings,
even.

There is a queer lad from China,
His Australian expressions couldn't be finer,
His Elec. Eng. is so bad
He drives us all mad
By connecting a shunt parallel with a rheostat.

Doc tells of a town named Shepparton
And from it not a normal person has come.
He was promptly asked by a chap named Ron
If that is the town where he hails from.

Doc says Sheppartonians are queer
But that does not explain all the queers that are
here.
There are two that come all the way from this
town,
One is named adequately Sandy Provan.

The ? has asked Sandy for his first term report.
And Sandy replies, "I have yet written nought,
Remember Rome wasn't built in a day that's sure,
Surely you can give me another term more."

Laurie Bingham is also one of the seventh formers
Who we anticipate will thrash the Caddy round
corners,
He has become used to racing a yacht,
How can one expect him not to race a car that's
hot.

Ken McColl is next on the list
To write a bit of trash about I cannot resist.
But I cannot find much about him to say,
Because he said to me, "If you do you will pay".

He is one of the few in the 7.M. class
Who is quite proficient at sailing a raft.
He is also a health man that's for sure
And cannot get enough milk, he always wants
more,
In fact every hours he has to spare,
He says, "Come, let's have a pint down at the
bar".

P. C. Ling is the wonder of the form,
Most of us wonder if he is norm.
In a graphies lesson we have fun
When Ling tries to find a vector sum.

In our form there is one named Bert,
It's not well known, but he's a flirt,
He drives his Holden with a steady foot
Except for intersections where he forgets to look,
The top speed of this car is round about fifty,
Reached at the crossing of High and Glenferrie.

Alan Rickerby we know as a football lad,
Comes to school on Sunday morning in his footy
clothes clad,
He has been at the club house having a beer
And he doesn't know Hagers from his Sunday
school teacher.

Phil Turner hides his views well,
Leaving me little about him to tell.
But I'll make up something just the same,
That's sure to make him feel some shame.

He is renowned for his calculations for design
In order to make a crane work fine.
He says that pressure on area is force
But Dave marks him wrong so he feels remorse.

We now come to a chap named Loggie
Who drives a car which belong to a foggy.
He drives it like the highway patrol,
It runs on alki, not on petrol.

The car is a Prefect,
It hasn't a fault slight,
Except for a front seat
That will not stay upright.

John D'Helen is well known as a merry mate,
The sherry he always tries to expatriate.
He loves a girl we know for sure,
Is this the reason he is leaving for foreign shore?
I speak for us all when I luck to him wish
When he arrives at the land belonging to the
English.

Ron Donohue a hot Harley rides
With a compression ratio in the fives,
When asked what marvellous speed he's done,
"Sixty, but without the sidecar, it'd be a ton."

His theory on removing the homework load
Is to do it at his girl friend's abode.
I have a better suggestion, though,
Why not do it at the Drive-In show.

"Grumph" Taylor, a Tasmanian trip did go,
We know he didn't play hockey, though,
He returned to tell us about the girls
And fizzy drinks that put his head in whirls.

About "Doug" Wade I can't find much
Trash to write; he keeps it hush.
I'm not even sure he is a 7.M. chap,
He sits so quiet down the back.

Bob Knapp is author of this corny ballad,
Many will say I'm on the verge of malad.
What worries me more than that fact being
When this is published I'll be forced into fleeing.
I'm sorry if anyone was missed in this scandal here.
Don't be mad, you'll have a turn next year.



PISCES

A PROTEST FROM 7E3

We're sick of writing form notes. Never in the history of the Gryphon have form notes been any more than a lot of garbage, which is why nobody bothers to read them. I may as well fill up a column with a lot of ballyhoo. Bob Eason, Albie Day, Doug Cole, Wayne Eifermann, Bob Yench, John Archer, John Moore, Harvey Pascoe. There you are I got away with writing just a lot of trash. And who's going to notice? Nobody! Not a single goldurned critter! Why down in Dallas where ah comes from . . . You're not still reading? Look, I tell you it's nothing but garbage. Nobody, but Nobody reads the form notes. If you read the form notes you're regarded as some sort of nut. Now I suggest you be sensible and turn to something else. There's never anything in the form notes. They generally just tell a lot of lies about everybody in the form and if they don't . . . well, the truth is just as uninteresting. That's why we're protesting against form notes. Down with form notes! You don't have to have form notes. You could fill up the space with photographs of the Junior School marbles team or something. There's absolutely no necessity for them. So as a form of protest we're not going to write any form notes and on behalf of 7E3 I humbly submit nothing.

BILL POWER.

AN EPITAH OF 6a

Mal (Malcolm Apps):

Favourite Saying: "Got me bike to go."
Ambition: To get a driving licence.
Probable Fate: To be classed as unfit to hold a licence.

Pet Aversion: Pepsodent.

Rocker (Ian Blundell):

Favourite Saying: "What's wrong with Rock?"
Ambition: To be a second Johnny O'Keefe.
Probable Fate: To be a second Sue Thompson.
Pet Aversion: Moses.

Dutch (Albert Brouwer):

Favourite Saying: "I only play Soccer for the money."
Ambition: To get £100 a week playing Soccer.
Probable Fate: To get 2/- a week as a linesman.
Pet Aversion: Work.

Bristles (Bryan):

Favourite Saying: "Aw, shaddup."
Ambition: To leave Caulfield.
Probable Fate: To get kicked out of Caulfield.
Pet Aversion: Doc's pipe.

Moses (Ken Burns):

Favourite Saying: "Dirty Rockers."
Ambition: To see how many lectures he can miss.
Probable Fate: Missing them all.
Pet Aversion: Soap and Barbers.

Father (Cambell):

Favourite Saying: "I played for Oakleigh."
Ambition: To play for Oakleigh again.
Probable Fate: To play for the Back-yard Juniors.
Pet Aversion: Football.

Percy (Bruce Carter):

Favourite Saying: "Tell me another one".
Ambition: To tell an original joke.
Probable Fate: "Did I tell you the joke about Speedy Gonzales?"
Pet Aversion: Maths 1A.

Malcolm Cole:

Favourite Saying: "Kick him out, Sir."
Ambition: To chuck the noisy ones out of 6A.
Probable Fate: To be amongst them.
Pet Aversion: 6A.

Tony Crossley:

Favourite Saying: "If you don't, I will."
Ambition: To sling Warne out of the class.
Probable Fate: To sling Warne out.
Pet Aversion: 6A.

Dick (Richard Culpin):

Favourite Saying: "I kicked eight goals last Saturday."
Ambition: To eat his lunch before 5 past 9.
Probable Fate: To choke himself to death.

John Edgar:

Favourite Saying: "Shhhh . . ."
Ambition: To make a lot of noise.
Probable Fate: Losing his voice.
Pet Aversion: Cars.

Big Bob (Robert Eno):

Favourite Saying: "Who played that tripe?"
Ambition: To be a second Paul Desmond.
Probable Fate: To lose his sax.
Pet Aversion: Rockers and Rum.

Gibbo (Gibbs):

Favourite Saying "Hey, have you got a fag?"
Ambition: To have long hair.
Probable Fate: To get a Pineapple Cut.
Pet Aversion: Reddan.

Huggies (Kelvin Hughes):

Favourite Saying: "Quiet, I'm trying to think."
Ambition: To own the Humber he drives.
Probable Fate: To prang the Humber he drives.
Pet Aversion: Giving Talks.

Syd (David James):

Favourite Saying: "Cut it out, Purches."
Ambition: To lose weight.
Probable Fate: To lose more than weight.
Pet Aversion: Purches and Mann.

Greig Kidman:

Favourite Saying: "What did you get?"
Ambition: To pass all the 1st year subjects.
Probable Fate: To pass all the 2nd year but not 1st year subjects.
Pet Aversion: Chemistry.

Mann: Favou.

Favourite Saying: "Cop this."
Ambition: To hit Syd James.
Probable Fate: To get hit back.
Pet Aversion: Getting hit.

Shanus (Tony Martin):

Favourite Saying: "How about a game of cards?"
Ambition: To get married.
Probable Fate: Forced to get married.
Pet Aversion: Warne.

Mac (John McSweeney):

Favourite Saying: "Dave's a good kid."
Ambition: To get his degree.
Probable Fate: To get a Leaving Certificate.
Pet Aversion: Non-conformists.

Dave (David Masslin):

Favourite Saying: "Gee, I hate him."
Ambition: To live in Caulfield.
Probable Fate: To still live in Sommerville.
Pet Aversion: Farms.

Doc. (Dan O'Connor):

Favourite Saying: "It wasn't me."
Ambition: To smoke a pipe properly.
Probable Fate: To smoke reefers.
Pet Aversion: Getting to class on time.

John Payne:

Favourite Saying: "Gonna play football, Roy?"
Ambition: To be like Murray Weideman.
Probable Fate: To be like "Lightning".
Pet Aversion: Playing football.

Terry Payne:

Favourite Saying: "I did all right."
Ambition: To drive to school everyday.
Probable Fate: Hitch-hiking to school.
Pet Aversion: Holdens.

Ray Purchess:

Favourite Saying: "How you going?"
Ambition: To be a second Don Bradman.
Probable Fate: To be a cleaner at the MCG.
Pet Aversion: James.

Reddan:

Favourite Saying: "I did better than that."
Ambition: To be a poser.
Probable Fate: To be a well Known poser.
Pet Aversion: School.

Norm (Ray Spencer):

Favourite Saying: "Yeah? . . . Fair Dinkum?"
Ambition: To buy a car.
Probable Fate: To buy a push-bike.
Pet Aversion: Football.

Bouncy (Warren):

Favourite Saying: "I'm a professional student."
Ambition: To get every subject.
Probable Fate: To lose his cadetship.

Teenage Idol (Idol) (Peter Warne):

Favourite Saying: "I don't think that's very funny."

Ambition: To remain a rocker.
 Probable Fate: To be converted to Jazz by Dianne Bird.
 Pet Aversion: Botters.
Le Roy (Ray Young):
 Favourite Saying: "Don't call me Le Roy."
 Ambition: To beat Dick Culp in goal kicking.
 Probable Fate: To play full back.
 Pet Aversion: Tall people.
 Grantly (Grant Smythe):
 Favourite Saying: "Son, what do you want---a medal?"
 Ambition: To be the first to drive a Holden Premier.
 Probable Fate: To be the last to drive an FJ Holden.
 Pet Aversion: Tow trucks.
 Compiled by M. P. Gibbs.
 Scrutinized and Censored by P. J. Warne.

6B

After starting the year as disorganised rabble, we gradually shaped into a group of confident (?) 'interlectuals'. As an example of the confidence we have in ourselves, it was unanimously decided, after much arm twisting, that the form notes be written by THREE conscientious mechanicals, with the result that the notes are three times as bad as they would usually be.

We will attempt to describe the members of our mob in chronological order.

B. ASH: The unlicensed dragster. He had a bit of trouble during the year, he broke an axle on his Vauxhall. Another trouble spot for Bob is Thursday mornings. He is usually seen in room 48 hanging out of windows or dangling from the ceiling looking for his drawing instruments.

W. BARLOW: Another of our many motorized members. He is considered to be a very generous type because he invites half the form over to his A40 for lunch. No one seems to know the reason for this strange phenomena, but it is our belief that he is getting used to driving with large numbers for later in life.

J. BARTLETT: Jeff has often told us between puffs and wheezes on his peace pipe, of his two cars, both Hillmans. There isn't much to tell.

L. BECKETT: Les is often heard in lecture time cursing various aspects of college life. Maybe the extent of his vocabulary is due to the fact that he plays for McKinnon Football Club which, according to Les is a better team than Frankston.

R. BENNS: Benzy is the form's Go-kart enthusiast. He probably stays up all night working on his kart, because he's never seen until 9.30 the morning after.

I. BAWDEN: This bloke knows everything about scouting, especially camps at Tidal River. Ian is destined to a bad fate. He is going to be a teacher; we thought he would have learnt his lesson by now.

I. DALE: Reams of paper could be used to write about this particular gent, but due to lack of ink, we will attempt to outline some of his activities (during college hours). Ian is an active member of the S.R.C. He says he is a champion squash player and he owns an FJ which has played a major part in his social life. One morning in July, Ian woke us all up, when he said he'd announced his engagement to Val. Congratulations, mate. As far as we know he is the only

bloke in the form to take the first step towards holy wedlock (padlock).

B. DeVRIES: After carefully examining the end panel of Bruno's bag, it was inferred that he belongs to the Port Melbourne Yacht Club. This chap possesses the rare ability of being able to design yachts, learn physics and sleep, all in the one hour.

M. DUNSMORE: Apart from girls his interests seem to centre around Ford Zephyrs, but he can be found indulging in the wonders of education, with the aim of getting the non-existent, well paid, leisurely job.

A. GISSING: Was mortally wounded while skating. He broke his wrist (the right hand). It was rumoured that he paid his doctor a couple of quid to keep the plaster on while the Mid-Year exams were on.

P. HENSHALL: One of our mobile members. He can be seen pedalling a T model bike between Chaddy and Caulfield. This machine, including the power unit, sounds as if it is destined to the same fate as the King Street Bridge. Hensh may be also seen at the Gasworks and the Penthouse.

B. HOLLOWAY: Hails from Mentone. Bruce has an intense dislike of English, Metallurgy, Maths. IIA and anything else to do with work. He also plays tennis and uses two rackets. On the whole this fellow is quite a chappie.

P. JONES: Pete owns a hot Commer ute, which he uses to drive his harem around. He spends 99.9% of his time under the bonnet of his car, the other 0.1% of his time is spent studying. Pete spends most of his time at school talking, dreaming, thinking and breathing M.G.A.'s.

A (for Tony) KNIGHT: Due to an incident in Rolly's metallurgy class in July this man was bestowed with the title of "Class Idiot", 1962. Tony has also had the honour of rowing for Caulfield at Ballarat. Tony also strongly believes in free speech and is a fighter for the cause of justice.

B. KIMPTON: Due to the Revue and a hundred and one other things, little has been seen of Brian, therefore little can be written about him.

P. LACCO: A mention may be made here about Paul Lacco, who, with his infrequent visits, has lowered our extremely high standards.

E. LAKUSA: Ed is one of our Asian friends. He caused a bit of an upheaval when he invested in a leather jacket.

K. LANG, of the C.M.F. Knows everything about lead shelters, fallout and anything else about H Bomb wars. Favourite expression is "You're wrong" which is frequently heard in Maths. B.

B. MAY: The man with the lucky legs. Barry is another bloke who believes in free speech. The only outstanding point about this bloke is that he only has one meal a day. All day.

G. MASON is occasionally seen in the vicinity of Cautec, but that is as close as he generally gets to lectures.

R. McKINNA and S. O'CONNOR. A great veil of secrecy envelopes these two blokes, they both work so hard, that nothing is ever heard from their direction.

S. McKENZIE: An extremely quiet boy who never ceases to talk. If you want to broaden your knowledge of anything from Maths. IIA to Peugeot cars, this is the bloke to see.

D. SOUTER: Dennis in the second half of the year, became known as Sam and will be known as Sam for evermore. He is one of the more quiet, hardworking members of the form.

I. STANLEY: Stan lives at Frankston. He is also the star footballer of the Frankston Juniors. So he says. He also works well when the weather's right.

J. STEVENSON: Is never seen without McKenzie. Stevo is another man on wheels. He is a devoted owner of one of those not-much-room-for-action cars, namely, a Morris 850.

M. WHAMOND: Due to lack of information about this lad, we went to him in desperation and asked him what he would like us to write about him. There was a long silence. Then he finally said that he was helping another build a car. So that's all we know.

L. WONG: Being last is by no means an indication of this bloke's mental capacity; he is undoubtedly our brains trust. When he goes back to Sarawak they'll probably make him president.

6C

At G.T.C., as all agree,
The greatest form is none but we,
Yea, 6C doth reign supreme,
Throughout the school, or so 't would seem,
For all the teachers like to dream,
Of teaching that incomparable team--6C.
So you don't believe it? Well, here's proof.



SCORPIO

IAN MILLAR: Ambition—to outdo Gooderham in his number of study hours. Destiny—to fall asleep during Heat Engines due to overwork(?).

JOHN PRENTICE: His pants are pegged so tight he has to be given a hand down the stairs.

IAN STENT: Man, those sexy legs!

ROY MCCARTNEY: Favourite hobby — counter lunches and what goes with them.

MARTIN JONES: Continuously driving it home has worn Phoebe out. Her chassis is not what it used to be. Favourite saying: "Anyone want a car for sixty quid?"

JOHN STEWART: Tall, dark, handsome, intelligent. (You can stop twisting my arm, now, John.)

KEN McINNES: A real rocker. Quote: "My father's got a rock collection and his piece of conglomerate is nothing like this."

TERRY HERBERT:

Herbie is a horseman,

But it's really quite a farce,

For Herbie doesn't even know

The front end from the rear end.

ROBIN ANDREW: Ambition—To crush a shot-put to lead pellets. Destiny—to join the Boy Scouts and help old ladies across the street.

MORRIS PARKER: Ambition—to stop Smith smoking his pipe. Destiny—if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

MICHAEL THOMPSON: Has so far avoided all the efforts of fellow students to have him deported.

GEOFF. FISHER: Should have been an electrical engineer. Some of the pictures he draws are "shocking".

GREG. ORCHARD: Monday is not in his school week. He's always still recovering from Saturday night.

KEITH LOWE: His only reason for staying at school is to qualify for the "Schoolboys' Cycling Championship".

ALAN RAILTON: He's not nicknamed "Hunky" because of his slim figure.

JOHN SHERRARD: An excellent example of "BEFORE he used Brylcream".

RUSSEL NICHOLSON: Keeps his sanity by going to C.C.F. meetings.

PAUL GODDERHAM: Votes that all lunchtimes should be spent doing extra study.

IAN ROPER: Is a GOOD fellow.

BRUCE NAISBITT: The navy blue colour of his eyeballs makes a good background for the white Carlton Football monogram.

BRUCE HARRIS: Ambition—to teach Gooderham how to play tennis. Destiny—to learn how to play it himself.

TIM WILLIAMS: Ambition—marriage. Destiny—marriage.

ALAN CURTIS: Ambition—to smoke a packet of Smith's Temple Bar—all at once. Destiny—to become chief stoker of the Caulfield incinerator.

NEIL SMITH:

And as when in the desk I lies,

With vacant stare and drooby mood,

I thinks about that pipe, and sighs,

And feels ashamed for what I do'd;

For ere I left it in the street,

I went, and squashed it with me feet.

TED HAMILTON: Fairly quiet, mainly because every time he opens his mouth, Lowe blocks it with a well placed fist or a convenient kit bag, etc.

JOHN GIULIERI: Has an excellent scholastic record. He was awarded a Koala stamp for his Nature Study book in the third grade.

6D

Form 6D (1962) will go down in the history of Caulfield Technical College as the form that proved that chemists are not mad; they are stupid. Comprised of 24 second-year chemistry students and guided by form-master Mr. Davies, we seemed to be the most popular form in the school (probably because 3 of our number were young ladies).

DARREN ADAMS and JOHN BUSH (sometimes known as 'scrub') are enthusiastic footballers as well as being enthusiastic chemists. John is on the sports committee.

MAURIE CROOKE is also a footballer and a bit of an umpire in his spare time (he's one-eyed, too).

JOHN WILLIAMS: He's a rocker and delights in fighting with MAURIE.

STUART MOORE could be mistaken for Maynard of television fame. Whether it's a beard he has or whether it's a place he always forgets when shaving, we don't know.

NORM PARKES (The Lang Lang Flier) comes from out Lang Lang way. He's a footballer also. His favourite pastime is making home-brewed beer and such.

Another "country bumpkin" is Gus Tivendale. He comes from Officer.

ANNE BERGMAN is a talkative one if there ever was one. One person in this form believes she flies to school every day on her broomstick. You've heard of the "Absent-Minded Professor", well, Anne is the "Absent-Minded Schoolgirl". (Choice remarks supplied by "Mac".)

"Our Miss Brooks", namely JOY BROOKS, is another girl attempting a chemistry course, and going quite well, too. Sometimes known as "hay-stack head" for obvious reasons. Also reads books at the back of the Tech. Chem. class.

Miss JENNIE LIN, our oriental beauty, is the "lady of the form". She's five foot nothing and got everything.

PETE KILVERT is a real-gone jazzman and all he has is a musical ear for a certain physics prac. experiment. Also captain of the school soccer team. Do you remember the time the pavilion clock struck 114 times?

WARREN McILWRAITH, Cheshire salt miner, is the form's glamour boy (so he tells us). He's a footballer and also a juvenile rocker.

Very friendly with Warren is MIKE (Michelle) SWALE. This lad has great talent as a rock singer and is a great fan of Elvis. As well as doing a Chem. course, he does a course with Bambi Smith. Hope you have more luck in Miss Teenage competition next year, Mikel!

A young man who is interested in storm water drains, and things like that, is LES GAMEL. Must like Civil Engineering as well as chemistry.

JEFF GARMSTON is a very quiet and conscientious student. The only thing we know about him is that he excels in the skin-diving sport.

BILL HICKS is another rocker, but he is also a hard worker (sometimes). Constantly telling us developments in his love life. Charmaine must be some girl. Remember the one-string guitar episode in phys. prac, Bill?

PETER D. MITCHELL really loves chemistry, and he's up a chemistry set at home. Honesty is the best policy, Pete.

PETER J. MITCHELL is the other half of the Mitchell pair and do they get the office in some strife about names. He's a chess player.

IAN AHON (The Short One) is an intellectual chess player and is a good advert for the Australian Record Club. Remember the time Mr. Billing couldn't get into room 10 because of the faulty lock?

LINDSEY CRAWFORD is the brains of the form. He is also a chess player.

BARRY FETTES—alias Frank Nittes, alias Buster Fiddes, is another character. He comes from "Hell's Kitchen" (England), and, he has the queerest head of hair you've ever seen.

TOM SLOAN is the form's chemistry expert.

HARRY HO is seldom seen and never heard.

Last but not least (because he's about 6ft. 3in. and must weigh at least 14 stone) is PETER CAPON, a modern-day Fred. Flintstone, who delights in making sarcastic comments.

6D would like to thank all those poor teachers who have had the pleasure of our company throughout the year. Thanks!

ASSOCIATED WITH INSTITUTE OF 6E YOBS

T is for torque used in Physics we think.

H is for "Hancock", the kid with the kink.

E signifies Electricity, our future career.

E could also mean English at which we all sneer.

L is for "Long", always busy at his lathe.

E is for Enthalpy on which we've all heard the rave.

C is for "Coote", who is never on time.

T is for too much that's "Daves" usual crime.

R stands for Ron, Mr. Forti's great mate.

I is for In your boot "Flood", we'll send him by freight.

C may be for Counsil, a criminal at heart.

A could mean anything which isn't too smart.

L is for love at which we all play.

S is for the sex we get every day.

S is also for Saunders who's up the creek with his Greek.

I is for all the Ian's who are all pretty weak.

X is for extra "Merrit" and a bit more.

E is the letter which has become quite a bore.

If you want to know where such original poetry came from, it was made up from THE ELECTRICALS SIX E. You might then ask yourself why make so much fuss? The answer is that we are good, and our outstanding exam results prove it. Anyhow, who ever heard of an electrical engineer being DUMB.

The personalities of this group are of the "types" listed below. Our most outstanding comic is "Hancock" (Christian name ought to be Tony) who never comes early, especially to Met., gallops to school every day on the back of his pet bull.

He also takes pleasure in putting cows (little yellow ones) on the road for Physics teachers to hit. His mate is Ken Johnson, he, however, is slightly more mobilized and pushes a pedal instead of bashing a bull.

Ricky S. S. H. Hubbard, better known as "dicky" is real hot stuff in Physics. The other mad Physicists are Neil Clough and Ian Johnston, who don't seem to get anywhere in Physics Prac. Neil being slightly like the Yanks missiles, misguided under test.

The two highly interlectual monsters of the mid-year exams were Colin North and Chris Pemberton. Chris is also one of the lunch-time Maverick boys who hang out in saloon 23 along with Hughies, Kay and Long.

North is mainly seen with Parris who should have gone south long ago; he has got four eyes and now needs two more ears to keep up the balance. Both spend a lot of their time fighting Kay.

Mason and Counsil are never seen apart, and although they have different sporting interests we sometimes wonder about those boys. Flood got his lingo from too much jazz, but he doesn't change his expression to Boot to Boat as he's a rower.

Another famous two are Gilbert and Collinson. Dave says he's got a point there, and John never doubts him. Brown's got a dog with the rabies, and a fellow named Little John hasn't perfected his Robot yet. Thistlethwaite plays his guitar for revue only.

Another person worthy of mention is Ivan (Scavinsky) Huie, who is a fowl fiend, keeps prize bantams down the back of his yard, and has had much success in local shows lately. Lots of luck in the Royal Melb. Ive. Our form master is none other than that lovable gentleman, Mr. Forti. He's mentioned near the end not because we don't like him, but we didn't want to embarrass him by associating his name with the rubbish at the start. The writer of this conglomeration, initials C.R., doesn't think he will live long after the publication, and gives himself a mention for his dancing, electronic apparatus and clean jokes, just in case.

6F CLASS NOTES — 1962

BRUCE ADDISON: Nobody really knows what he looks like due to his height but can be readily identified by his unceasing verbal commentary. Comes in handy for retrieving misfired spit balls from the ceiling.

COLIN BAXTER: It seems his only pastimes are contradicting people and making explosions in cigarettes for Benson.

IAN BENSON: Spends most of his time making friends (staff and pupils), and therefore acts as intermediary for the class and staff.

BARRY BROMFIELD: Appears to be a quiet fellow when not imitating masters. Disappears at lunchtime with Hicky and a couple of wenches where he may not be so quiet.

DAVE CLELAND: Alias Cleo, Cloe, Godiva, Bear, hey you — and various others. Hobbies—throwing his weight around, spending time in bed, getting belted and wingeing about it. Perhaps

he'll get in that boat (a product of Mal. Moore) and be never seen again.

KEVIN CROUCH: Not a very squat fellow but seems to know a lot about everything except getting along with "Shank".

ALLAN CRUIKSHANK: Chunkies interests appear to be only a Lotus Elite, his yacht, Sandra and winning Tatts to finance the three.

IAN DALE: Another of the silent types — tells all his woes to Tom and yodels.

BILL DAVIES: Drives a TR as if his life depended on it. At time of writing, car and Ew were in one piece. Stop Press (the deceased failed to pull out in time and leaves a wife and son, little Willy).

RICHARD EWE: Known as Yodels. How the hell should I know why? Despite this affliction he is never incapable of expressing his opinion.

GRAEME FAY: Poor Fuzzy believes that an FJ is the best car on the road. He could not be found in the smoke screen surrounding the vehicle but he could be heard singing the hits, swearing at Blundell and laughing at Ew from somewhere in there.

PAUL FULLARTON: Known as the Reverend. Has been known to be completely lost in contemplation in class. Hobby — visits his parishioners on a power treadle.

GARY HAWKINS: An authority on cars — supplier for class of automotive magazines — spends most of his time arguing with Barry.

MAX HANNA: Max does not spend much time in class. He always leaves early or arrives late. (5 min. after start or before finish, respectively.) Spends remaining time discussing women with Merv.

TERRY GARROD: Should have been Carrot. Very little known about his activities and no women would volunteer any information—ominous.

COLIN GEER: It suffices to say that he is an A40 owner. It is not known whether this or the law causes him to come to Cautec. by Tredly.

RUSSELL HICKENBOTHAM: This upstanding lad appears noisily at classtime uttering the cry —trains; trains and disappearing up the line towards Dandenong at lunch hour in coupling with Bromfield and some rolling stock from the Commercial yards.

JOHN TRUMAN: Peers at everybody through a large pair of glasses. Holds earnest conversations with Sellenger.

BARRY WALMSLEY: Another of the A40 boys. Hawkin's arguing partner and also a pal of a certain Falcon owner.

IAN VIZARD: Most eligible bachelor in class. Performs duty of class spokesman.

MERV. THOMAS: Makes a lot of noise for his size. Plays Menzies cowboys with Ken one night a week, plays with girls the other six.

6G

At the start of the '62 academic year the 6th Form engineers were divided as follows—

Lower class, rowdy, troublemaking touts, touts, and urgers—6A, 6B, 6D, 6E.

Upper class, quiet, well-behaved, intelligent refined boys—6G, 6C.

These notes mainly concern the 6G (Civil Engineering) boys, but don't think this makes me at all prejudiced.

WARWICK (Wee Will) BAYLEY, the "Tyable Rocker", ex-Frankston Tech., ex-5A C.T.C., strict teetotaler, non-gambler, etc., is the quiet boy of the Form (there are one or two)—sometimes. Noted for fruit-picking and having "most enjoyable" times at (Ugh!) rock dances.

ROGER PAYNE (the Drain) is a paragon of virtue (believe it or not), but nevertheless a bit of a dark horse. "Still waters run deep" and all that rot.

ALAN SYLE drives his father's car and also runs a few girls as a sideline. Noted for his Monday morning tiredness (Hello! Hello!) and Thursday night spruceness. Frequents such places as Penthouse on Saturday nights.

GARY MOFFAT (Muffet) is the red-haired ruffian that played football for Footscray 2nds. He likes a "wee Drappie" and loves end-of-term. Noted for Crib Point week-ends. (What happens down there, Gary?)

GORDON JONES is rarely seen without Bruce and vice versa. Hmm! Both Caulfield Tech. boys from way back and look like being fossilized here.

BRUCE BENHOUGH is mostly associated with Gordon and knows more about some things than he lets on. He concentrates on growing sideboards until the barber gets hold of them.

ROGER BYRNE gets on well with all teachers, except Mr. D., etc., etc. Noted for early conning of Carla (but too expensive. Cheltenham!) and frequenting of Penthouse and numerous parties. Hopes to become the proud owner of a sail-boat one day.

ALAN GREY is reputed to have signed on with Byrne as crew. Alan is quite forward and has an opinion to air in most subjects. However, the teachers sometimes hear them, too. Church dances hold an attraction for Alan. It's a pity no one knows her name.

RAY (Big Will) MILES is noted for his tidy, clean-shaven, sober appearance. (You're joking.) Noted for making profits on the sale of yachts, owning an antiquated car, and using his girl-

friend's father's car. (A man after my own heart.) Plays poker, blackjack, etc., and smokes Marlboro. Also keeps the tidiest set of notes in the Form, an example of which is a set of notes taken after seeing Mr. MacNamara.

IAN S. COURT prefers to be known as Ian S. A noted lover of Geology and teacher?). Utterly refuses to take on vices (again) and is known to operate a girl with a car.

(Bashful) BOB LAIR is a Scotchman and Roy's co-driver until Roy gets his licence. Bob does English 1 with the Commercial girls and is never late to that class. Noted for his conversion to Jazz—now he parts his hair. He is now another Penthouse patron.

EDDIE CHU is the sharpest, coolest cat amongst us. Noted for his appreciation of the Australian language and Chinese women. Eddie is another boy who is always tired on Mondays — and Tuesdays, Wednesday, Thursdays and Fridays. I think Eddie has great potential as a card sharp and a Quiz Master (Wha dis?).

JOHN LAMB is rarely seen by the Form as he has engagements elsewhere. Carries a wallet full of money and girls' addresses, we think. He knows what he is talking about, which is more than most of us can say.

ROGER MCKIE is John's sidekick and is never seen without a piece of fruit, just ask Mr. Nethercote. Reads current affairs bulletins and girlie magazines (what a mixture). He seems to worry about nothing (lucky boy).

TONY YUEN has a great sense of humour and a friendly smile. He knows more than he lets on and won't inform any of those desperately needing information.

DON REITER is a nomad. He spends his day wandering from 6G to a 7th form, but must be treated as one of the family. Noted for extreme luck in gambling and ability in golfing. Mr. N. thinks a lot of Don; he always asks him if he agrees; in fact it is hard to know who is teaching who sometimes.

Speaking of teachers. I must mention some of those kindly people that help us through the year, and thank them all for their effort. Mr. Davies should hang a weather beacon round his neck to inform us of his changing moods. (Boy can they get one into trouble.) Then there is Mr. Pescott, who despairs of his ambition to make us Civil Engineers, a breed resembling a cross between a gentleman, an Englishman, Mr. Warner (V.R.) and a Civil Engineer.

I.S.C.



TAURUS

5A

"We will not pass" is 5A's motto, held by the following —

DAVE AXFORD: Rides to school with his Uncle Charley.

RUSS BOWRING: Also rides to school (on the Bowring special).

ALAN BELL: Is still a squash(ed) player. His main aim in life is to squash Peter McNally.

LEIGH CORNISH: A trying student.

JOHN CLARKE (geologist): Has fond hopes of finding oil and coal in Glenhuntly. He finds much of interest in cemeteries, roads, etc., and has discovered a large source of coal crystals near the Glenhuntly railway sidings (where there are long steel crystals laid on the shorter wood crystals! So he says.).

JOHN CLAYTON and LEONARD FOLLET: Two birds of a feather that "floc" together.

GEORGE FISHER: An avid Renault fan, who does much to cool things.

PETER LAMB: Is another car fan. Meshes with George White a bit, and is a proud Austin L owner.

ROGER HAAS: A quiet boy (when being threatened), who sits next to John Clarke in chem. prac., and probably knows all about the pre-Cambrian era by now.

LES HYDE: Brought great fame upon himself in chem. prac. by making thumb sulphate (Th SO4) by the exclusive Hyde process — brilliant, in a word.

BRIAN HARWOOD: Arrives regularly five minutes later than the teacher (who is ten minutes late), furtively scanning his timepiece as if there must be some mistake.

PETER KNIGHTON: I was the sucker who was loaded with this job, by —

BRIAN LOGAN: Who very thoughtfully said he "would let me have the privilege".

JOHN LYONS: A keen supporter of the "ban week-days" movement.

DON MacDOWALL and JOHN MELCHERS: Are nearly always found in a flocculated condition in all parts of the school, deflocculation occurring only at five o'clock.

PETER McNALLY: Says he finds it difficult to spare the time for school in between his many outings with friends. (?)

MIKE MORSE: Still claims his granpappy discovered the Morse Code (I have never heard of it), and becomes quite fanatical until threatened.

BILL SIZELAND: Would, like other members of this form, ban everything. (He doesn't know it yet.)

KEN SHINGLETON: A future practiser of the Black Art?

PETER SATCHELL: Sinks boats on Albert Park Lake for a hobby.

STEVEN THEK: Wondered where his books went (just like the yellow). He later found that they went out a top-storey window (fortunately on a thin string).

BARRY WELLS: Quite a bouncy character.

RICHARD WOOTTON: A mathematical genu-ousness.

HARRY WONG: No comment (he is bigger than me).

KEVIN OAKLEY: Quiet, rides a motorbike (alone, he says).

ALAN REIDY: Wears jumpers like dresses.

NEIL WILSON: The curly headed buoy (all at sea), who rides to school on the infamous Wilso-cycle.

PIAM THIPMANUS: Best pronounced "Sam".

PETER GWYNE: A brilliant (Okay! switch off the current now, boys) practiser of the Blackest Art—namely, Chemistry, which is taught by the imminent (he always is) Doctor Billings, who is, on paper, our form-master, trying to teach us what to do.

For example —

5A's favourite pastime is emptying the waste-paper tins on unwary pedestrians from the top storey, and sending darts to the other side of Dandenong Road.

Of course, I have been threatened, so I cannot reveal the truth about 5A—the beer parties, pipe-smoking before classes, etc.

However, I can say this: "teachers are the biggest setbac too educayshun", and "classes are a wayst of jollie good tyme", and "I'm glad these noates are phinished".

5B1

Welcome to the 5B1 Gossip Column. Have you ever seen a more innocent gathering of students (well, I am not quite sure they are students) than those that are in 5B1? The Form consists of Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineers, the overall population is one to each square desk, a total of 14.

TOM ALLEGOS, alias "Big Tom", hails from Prahran Tech., where he says, the girls are bolder. Poor Tom, he always has a habit of using the English language outside the Queen's English, in Mr. Chenoweth's Chem. class. Tom had a very embarrassing incident before the May Vacation. He has an interest in a "tart" in a certain cake shop. Tom also thinks that Malvern Town Hall and Elvis are tops.

TERRY COGDEN has a number of vices but I can't mention them here. He thinks that Chem. pract. is fantastic because he likes making money the easy way. Terry thinks that Maria is something that should be studied in geometry. To quote: "She has more curves and angles than Apollonius ever figured out." He is also fed up supplying Watson with smokes.

IAN CARTLEDGE has a great liking for other things bar school. We did not know whether Ian was going to return after the half-year exams, but he still turns up regularly to one period a day. We don't know much about Ian's vices except about the hot chick he took to the Revue.

ROY GILBERT, commonly known as "Gil", thinks that women, drink and blue T.C.'s are all a man requires. Before the May vacation Roy's left eye looked glassy as his right. I wonder why? Roy says that there is no better life than to live in a cave down at "Y"-River and become a Beach-Comber. Well, one thing Roy, you will be a highly educated one at that. He also maintains that his bag can hold two dozen small cans. Ron says that the girls he picks up at Penthouse are "scrumptious".

ROD ADAMS tried his hand at working last year and says that school life is too hard, and he might go back to work again. Rod always has a choice comment to add to the conversation about anybody's girlfriend. He also has a never-ending supply of BLUE jokes and songs.

GEOFF. SHAW, otherwise known as Big George, is a one-eyed Carlton supporter who thinks that John Nicholls is just IT and would like to follow in his footsteps. He says that he hasn't much time for girls but we all know better than that. He likes to know about everybody else's "heart-throbs" so he can make gossip. His best remark up to date was when he was attending a Physics lecture. He was accused of being away when he did not know an answer, and George replied, and I quote: "I have not missed a period for the past five months."

KEITH NADENBAUSCH, who answers to the name "Jungle", thinks that school life is the life for him. He drives a '51 Consul which looks like a barber's pole because of the many different duco on it, but I quote: "She goes like a dream". Jungle had a budding Frank Thring beard but Jude must have had something to say because it disappeared during one week-end. It is quite an education listening to Jungle tell his life story. He also owns a motor bike which sounds like a squadron of jets taking off. The Revue Party must have been a gas judging by Keith's long absence from school.

DUG CONNELL is Rod Adams's terrible twin and he also went to work last year and agrees with Rod. Dug had a nice chick at the revue and we are told that he is still going around with her. We don't know much about Dug because he won't tell us anything.

JOHN ZACH maintains that 'where would the world be without "nice little fair lassies"?' and I am inclined to agree with him. He always has a nice word or two to say about any girl who is brought into a conversation.

PETE JACKWAY always hangs around with Ray Gilbert and John Zach. Pete says that with having two sisters it puts you completely off girls. He also says that Chem. is a useless subject because he won't need it. I am inclined to agree with you, Pete, because a Night Man does not require any knowledge of Chemistry.

JOHN PALLIN is an optimistic Essendon supporter who thinks that Geoff. Leek could flatten M. Weideman. John and Big George are always seen around together. He says that he is the better golfer of the two and I think he is right. John also says that dancing is just for mugs and that he could walk straight into the Caulfield-Brighton side. Good luck, John.

MIKE MARSHALL, our wee one of the Form, always has great difficulty on the net when playing volley-ball. There is a bit of talk going around that Mike has been mixed up with four mysterious blondes. George is Mike's partner in Physics Prac. and it is the long and short of it.

ROY GARDINAR has a pride and joy at the moment in the form of a moustache. Roy owns a cut-down Singer Sports which goes with a mighty roar. He is always trying to sell you the most useless things and buy useful things much below their right price. We are not sure whether he goes out to his girl-friend's place to see her or for the entertainment provided by her father. Roy is our budding Chemist and hitches a ride in Jungle's car to school.

IAN ANDERSON is our migrant from Scotland. He is a typical Scotsman and even saves the graphite powder which he rubs off his pencil when he is sharpening it in Eng. Drag. He has always got his nose stuck in a book.

We would like to apologize to our Form Master for the Stomach Ulcers and undue worry. We know you will accept it. Thanks, Sir.

The writer of this delicate piece of work desires to remain anonymous for certain reasons.

At last I have the chance I have been waiting for, "to write", to express my feelings towards my "fellow" pupils. This is Aghis Canakis introducing the true 5.B2. to the eyes of the world. After some terrific mid-year results the year is slowly rolling by towards our failing end. But I must say that our class has quietened down considerably. This form "usually" consists of such brilliant architects as K. CHUNG, our well-dressed table-tennis champion. (I wish he would stop raving about his bank account.)

M. KAJTAR is one of our very "few" angels, in spite of his over-developed American accent.

G. WATSON, being our ringleader, often comes up with such destructive ideas as pouring wheat down a fellow pupil's back or just causing confusion by hiding books, etc.

R. BARCLAY is our blond lover boy, he made plans with this gorgeous doll (we.. take his word for it), to run away to Sydney, but his eloping plans were shattered when he stopped to say good-bye to his father.

D. BARKER: "I wish he would put that stiletto away".

J. ISACS: He is the one with the smart ideas and the ?? singing voice. His way of making teachers mad has made him popular.

S. ANDREPOF: Who is that kid, any way? I don't think I can remember him?

Well, here I must sign off this year's news and views of the 5.B2. scholars.

5C

Although seriously handicapped by the presence of the first year S.E.C. students—one of whose nuisance value is further enhanced by his being an S.R.C. member, Form 5C has progressed in the normal First Year Diploma style, with the usual high number of fails and low number of passes.

Form 5C is generally a rather quiet and peaceful class, and apart from a few holes blown in the Chemistry Lab. (for which, unfortunately, the S.E.C. boys could not be blamed), nothing of any real consequence has happened (i.e. no illegal marriages, imprisonments or deaths, etc.).

During the Mid-year Examinations two of our teachers left to take up other positions. When we received our results, we understood exactly why they had left. Since then we have had a complete swap around of teachers in several subjects—much to the confusion of teachers and pupils alike.

The Examinations came as a nasty shock to the large majority of form members going by the expressions on their faces at any rate, and there has been a sharp increase in the amount of work being done and an equally sharp decrease in the amount of fooling around being done, although this could be assisted by the departure of several rather playful members of form on the commencement of the examinations.

It is generally considered by everyone personally that by means of a vigorous system of exerting pressure on his well disguised potentialities he will be able to come through the exams at the end of



CANCER

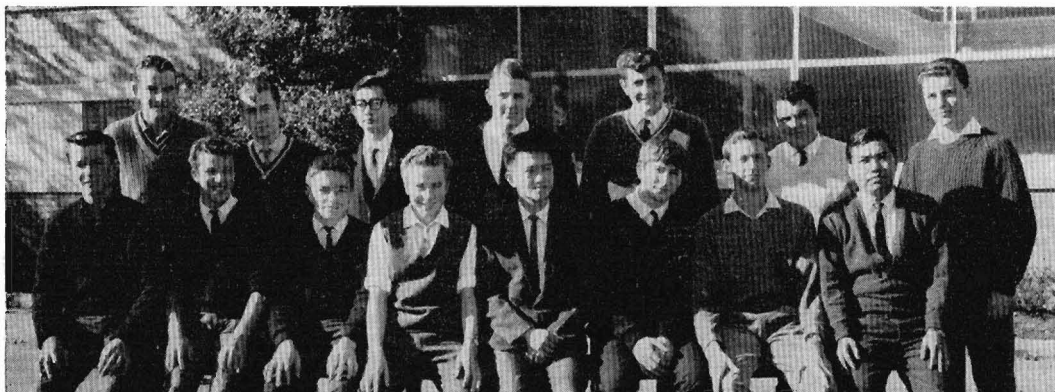
the year with flying colours, thereby proving to his despairing teachers and parents, and to himself and classmates, that he actually does have it in him—when and if he feels like doing it. The trouble, of course, with that, is that everyone then expects him to do it all the time. Well, there may be something in that idea, too.

This year, we, the boys from the S.E.C., numbered only eight, and were, because of this, intermingled with seventeen other students to form 5C.

We have in our midst the S.R.C. representative who was elected after an all-out campaign, in which yards of drafting tape were used, against a member of the fairer sex from the commerce class.

Different people have their idiosyncrasies and our class not being exempt has its share. One is an external bag carrier, so much so it appears as though he is doomed by fate to carry it around until he marries one. Another is a one-car boy who surely should have been called Vincent for then his initials would have been appropriate (V.W.). The last has a pet saying, one of those "see what I mean" types, except he uses "the best one ever" at the beginning of each sentence. The most intelligent student of our section seems only to be such in a classroom, for he had much difficulty in understanding a ball bearing which after hitting certain triggers recorded a score.

The year has run fairly smoothly so far except for one incident, a demonstration of stress and



COMMERCE BOYS

Standing: Ashley Mison, Philip Chiffey, Ho Chang Ban, Robert Illman, David Ritterman, Greg Mathews, Jacob Choczner.
Sitting: Bob Goddard, Ian Douglas, Pat Hutchinson, Les Larks, Yeo Yan, John Rozenblum, Roger Brideson, Liu Wah Cheong.

strain in which one of the participants had his neck partially paralysed by the other who is of a typical Smithy's build.

I have by now mentioned everyone except one bod whom I will not mention, for what can I say about myself and remain modest.

Here I leave you to join my friends (I hope they will remain that way) in a fury of paper and biro, studying furiously so that they will not find out where the boot fits neatly.

5D1

Not being educated in the art of writing notes with a funny introduction, we decided to tell a funny (HA-HA) joke.

A teacher visiting a State Mental Hospital was strolling about the grounds, when he came upon an inmate sprawled restfully under the shade of a tree. After a word of greeting, the man sat up and eyed the visitor with interest.

"What do you do for a living?" he finally asked.

"I'm a teacher."

"Teacher, hah? I used to be a teacher. D — hard work."

"Sure is," agreed the visitor.

"Ever try being crazy?"

"Why, no," the shocked teacher replied.

"You ought to try it sometime," declared the inmate. So he again relaxed on the cool grass, "Beats teaching."

This so-called funny joke is typical of the attitude of the weirds of 5D1 toward school. For instance we have Ritterman (Polish Barbarian), who thinks he is a clown, he thrives on annoying teachers. "Man, he's the nuttiest."

There was Brideson, who found school work too easy due to a swelled ego, so he left us and found himself a job.

Next we come to a gigantic muscle man named Skilbeck, but alas his brain is weak, and therefore he is not responsible for his actions. With his immediate followers, Mison, who has just recently

broken away from the group. Chiffey is also slowly swaying away.

The Form's rabble rouser, Cimdins, is always located where an argument exists. He is also noted for not agreeing with the teachers, who in turn do not agree with him.

We also have Rynderman, the Form's simple-minded idiot (they wouldn't let us write any more).

Mathews and Douglas are usually at work, however they are not angels, and the latter is reputed to be a Don Juan with the women.

The Hutchinson twins enjoy causing confusion among the teachers.

Larke takes a great thrill in annoying everyone and especially Goddard, who by nature is a very quiet chappy.

Next we come to Ilkman, sorry, Illman, who is proposing to start his own Klu Klux Klan, so he can exterminate people like Rozenblum.

The reason being that John (Commo) Rozenblum is an Extreme Left Winger, who is often heard denouncing the Capitalistic System.

The only well-behaved students in the Form are the Overseas Visitors, Liu Wah Cheong, Ho Cheng Ban and Yan Yeo, the reason being they just haven't the clues.

THIS FORM WAS CLAIMED BY THE TEACHERS AS BEING THE BIGGEST COLLECTION OF RATBAGS EVER ASSEMBLED IN ONE FORM SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE CAULFIELD TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

HOWEVER, OUR OPINION OF THE TEACHERS HAS BEEN CENSORED.

DEFINITION

A Lecture

A process by which the contents of the textbook of the instructor are transferred to the notebook of the student without passing through the heads of either party.



COMMERCE GIRLS

Standing: Carla Marsh, Dianne Bird, Robin Brett, Carolyn Bardsley, Chris Monk, Lynette Morley, Lois Stanbrough, Sue Hutchinson, Sue Wynne, Nanette Slattery.
Sitting: Pauline Spencer, Helen Rosewarne, Jean Hall, Cheryl Maddocks, Mrs. H. Newcombe, Carol Hunichen, Helen Gray, Margaret Knowles. ABSENT: Pat Heasman.

5D2

On the 12th February, 1962, there arrived at the Portals of Fame 19 young innocents, obviously Commercial Students, in contrast with the more "Arty" types of the school. We stood there in the quadrangle all shapes and sizes all with a secret desire just to be let in. Amongst the many different types were some bold, some bashful, some rowdy and some quiet, but all in all we are all right.

We have a group who look demurely at the boys and bury their heads in their studies, the other group look demurely at their notes and furiously study the boys.

Intermingled among us we have the "fuedients" fighting over jazz and rock. This seriously interferes at times with the communication system bursting forth stereo-like from the twin transistors. We are all still wondering if the fox's tail *really* does add to the reception.

A quiet group seems to "conglomerate" over one side of the room and we can never tell just what is going on. However, we do sometimes hear lilting melodies from our Deb star.

In the latter part of the year it was learned that one of the Nelson boys got married. For a while we feared suicide, but fortunately it was David, so the collection of 72 records remained intact.

Some of our more sporting types gather on the week-end to watch their star on the football field. These spectators proved to the rest of the school that they learned something when we clashed with Swinburne. (Complete with crash helmet and "Scotty's Boots")

There is a problem of metal objects hanging from chains. They can get caught in lockers, typewriters, fence posts, etc.—and gear sticks at the Drive-In at 2.30?

Evidently she is not allergic to metal. We are reminded of the Young Sun-Chatterbox Corner edited by the two Sues. Their talk is drowned by the clatter of our typewriters as we are led by our charming Representative of the Mother Country—Our Guiding Star.

Then—our tranquility is shattered by the roaring of a sound that is familiar. Is it the Roar of a Lion? Astrology says the sign of Leo is a lion. However, when peace reigns, we are at a loss to know whether the subject is Home Economics or Male Management.

We find it difficult to understand why people cannot get into Room 31. Is it for want of a new key or the accumulating chalk dust?

Twice a week we trek to the Centrally-Heated Hall where Mr. Clemens tries his best to teach us "Elementary" Bookkeeping.

Occasionally we get a passer-by. One does not know from where he comes, but we always hear where he goes.

We feel pangs of jealousy when visiting the canteen and seeing our Ideal surrounded by her junior admirers.

We are seriously considering to ask the Principal to install 5-minute Parking Meters at the seat. Alternative—Beds.

Our Form looks forward to the days of our excursions when we see the workines of the business world which we will eventually be entering. We wonder is it really worthwhile. The opinions on this matter were evident by the attendance on these occasions.

Our life at the Hall of Fame has been a pleasant interlude which must end sometime. However, with this "transcribe" of history let us remain in the memories of the Hall of Fame.

EXAMINATION HUMOUR

Examiners confess that the tedium of correction is often relieved when they read statements containing unconscious humour. In this year's mid-year examinations they were grateful for the following:

"The writer compares moonlight with sunlight, but this only throws light on the subject."

"In the first paragraph his argument is sound, for he has come to no conclusions, nor has he made any statements."

"The bushfires created a demand for material and immaterial supplies."

"In the city you have an unlimited and innumerable number of ways to spend leisure hours."

"He is able to live comfortably and enjoy the environment with which he is surrounded."

"The city has many conveniences which are not found in the country."

"For centuries wild tribes trod Caesar's great highways until they collapsed."

"There is no proof that meteorologists know anything about the weather."

"Under the sea lie many fascinating, and, in some cases, very interesting things."

"He supports his argument by claiming that insanity is caused by too much moonshine."

LETTER FROM PAST STUDENT

International House,
241 Royal Parade,
PARKVILLE, N.Z.
30th April, 1962.

Dear Mr. Kepert,

You may be interested to hear that I was awarded a British Commonwealth Scholarship for post-graduate study in England, commencing October this year. Unfortunately, the award is renewable at Manchester University, and not Cambridge. However, I am not too disappointed.

I became engaged a month ago and will be married before I leave. Living in Manchester may have its compensations in finding cheaper accommodation, and also in finding a job for my wife to be. As yet we do not know how we will be travelling over there. We hope it will be by the Oriana, although that arrives late. It may be by plane.

So all the hopes I had at Caulfield Tech. have been more than fulfilled. I have received much more than expected and feel grateful to my parents for this and also to you and to Caulfield. I do hope I will be able to boast a Ph.D. on my return.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) BILL BROWN.

CARVE YOURSELF A TIKI

You probably have seen those carved wooden "Tikis", sold for neck adornment to those reverting to basic savagery or perhaps the cause "Adam Troy"; if so, why not carve one?

It is actually simple, the basic requirements being one or two razor-sharp knives, an extensive and adequate vocabulary, a packet of bandage strips, endless patience and a carefully selected and seasoned piece of wood. The wood is both seasoned, as unseasoned wood will split during carving, and larger than appears necessary as an inevitable number of mistakes will soon reduce its size.

The design, all important if you wish to know what you are carving, and to carve what you wish, is advisably sketched first by either watching "Adam Troy" on T.V. for the unimaginative, dreaming one up, or borrowing the talent of an enthusiastic "Art Student", so as to give a slight clue at least of the final form. Once obtained, this design may be committed to memory (if any) or imprinted on the wood for continuous reference.

Carving itself is not really difficult, painful perhaps, but with the abovementioned patience and some fragmentation of skill, you may amaze yourself. The proficient use of the knives may follow some blood loss, but, by remembering never to cut towards one's hand, most serious injury, at least, may be avoided. Cutting should wherever possible be along or across the grain, not into it, as the knife blade has a disturbing tendency to get out of control and remove previously cut features. Some wealthy "creators" may wish to buy a set of "wood cutting" chisels, but as there is an extremely strong possibility that this will be the first and last attempt such a purchase is inadvisable.

If perhaps you do successfully complete your masterpiece, tell me how you did it; I'd like to know.

- IAN KIRWAN, 6E.

POPULAR LAWS

Everybody continues in their state of rest until rudely awakened by the alarm clock.

1. A body at rest remains at rest, and a body in motion was probably kicked out of bed by his mother.

2. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, meaning you're sure to get into trouble.

3. A body attracts another body with a force which is directly proportional to the product of her measurements and inversely proportional to the square of his allowance.

4. The radius of gyration of a body is defined as the distance from its guitar to the microphone.

5. For any collision, the vector sum of the momentum of the colliding bodies before collision determines the sum of their insurance claims after collision.

6. The pressure exerted by a liquid at rest is proportional to its alcoholic content.

7. Every couple has its moment, and the moment of a couple is its torque.

8. A liquid cannot boil unless the vapour pressure of the liquid is equal to the pressure exerted on the liquid, and mainly unless somebody turns on the gas.

9. The intensity of an electric field at a point is measured by the shock you get.

10. The heat produced in a conductor is proportional to resistance of his unruly train passengers.

JUNIOR SPORT



CRICKET

Back Row (L. to R.): J. Norris, D. Sargeant, D. Grace, N. Helsdon, R. Evans, W. Mills, A. Turner.
Sitting (L. to R.): B. Warner, J. Strickland, G. Griffiths (Capt.), Mr. K. Williams, A. Roberts (V.-Capt.), N. Valle, W. Steer.

CRICKET

This year Caulfield did not have such a successful year as last year. The side we had was very young and mainly made up of third formers. In the five matches we played we could only manage three wins, the other two matches being lost by small margins.

The first match was against Dandenong in which we proved too strong. Dandenong batted first and could only manage 74 runs (Steer 3/20, Griffiths 6/30). We then went in to bat and within an hour made the runs to finish with 4/76 (Roberts 30).

In our second match we played Oakleigh, which turned out to be a very close match, Oakleigh winning by only one run. The scores were Oakleigh, all out for 64 (Griffiths 4/32, Mills 5/4). Caulfield, after a slow start, came closer to Oakleigh, but failed to win, being one run behind in making 63.

We then played Sandringham and managed to win by 5 runs. The scores were: Sandringham all out for 121 (Griffiths 3/28, Steer 4/32).

We then played Moorabbin and had a bad day with Moorabbin winning by 23 runs. Moorabbin made 8/130 (Evans 3/31, Griffiths 4/50).



FOOTBALL

Back (L. to R.): B. Warner, G. Griffiths, D. Grace, N. Helsdon, P. Greenall, G. Van-der-Heyden, N. Valle, G. Killingsworth, W. Mills, W. Steer, K. Mathews.
Front (L. to R.): D. Crutchfield, J. McIntosh, R. Evans (Capt.), Mr. K. Williams, S. Griffin (Vice-Capt.), R. Arundal, J. Rose, G. Edwards.

In our last match we went to Noble Park. We decided to bat and after a bad start we finished with 9/115 (Steer 47, Roberts 35). Noble Park then went in to bat and after a slow innings we dismissed them for 87 (Griffiths 3/36, Steer 3/19 and Evans 4/37).

Although the year was not a great success, I think that all the players had a wonderful time. On behalf of the players I would like to thank Mr. Williams for his time and trouble and for his coaching.

The averages for the season were:

BATTING: Steer 57.3 (112 runs), Roberts 41.5 (197 runs).

BOWLING: Mills 8.7 (7 wickets), Griffiths 10.9 (20 wickets).

CONCLUSION: This year the team was led by George Griffiths with Wane Mills vice-captain and Mr. Williams was coach.

FOOTBALL

The school football team this year could regard themselves as being unlucky. Four of the games in which they were beaten were lost by less than a goal. In all, the team won 5 games and lost 5 games.

A great inspiration to the team was our Captain Rod "Gabba" Evans, who set an example to the rest of the team and was one of our best players in every match. Rod has recently been "signed" by Richmond.

Lack of consistent determination lost us most of our games, there being plenty of talent and ability amongst the players in the team.

Stephen Griffen provided solid drive and enthusiasm in all games, and George Griffiths when in form provided great play.

George Van-der-Heyden and Philip Greenall were formidable in the ruck. Robert Arundell played the most consistent and reliable football throughout the year, being ever-sure in the back pocket.

Many third formers were in the team and these players will greatly benefit from the experience gained this year.

These players include Kevin Matthews, John McIntosh, Bruce Warner, Barry O'Donnell, Graeme Killingsworth and Jim Rose.

SPORT REPORT, 1962

Generally the school on the sporting field performed quite well; all members of all teams accepted their responsibilities as true sportsmen, and in victory or defeat they were a credit to the school at all times.



TENNIS

(L. to R.): S. Ashley, D. Grace, B. Clifford, R. Horne.



ATHLETICS

Back Row (L. to R.): Rebecca, N. Newman, Wileman, G. Forsyth, P. Dunand, A. Goldsworthy, D. Murray, P. Tsiros, N. Valle, N. Helsdon, R. Evans, B. Field, S. Collis, S. Biggs, R. Horne, D. Grace, B. Clifford, G. Woods.
 Middle Row (L. to R.): R. Thomson, J. Shipp, Evans, Mounter, G. Thomas, Harman, Mr. R. Sawecki, P. Greenall, R. Simon, Howard, B. Eadie, L. Phillips, Chamberlain, Holdinghausen.
 Front Row (L. to R.): R. Thomson, G. Ellis, T. James, Grace, R. Mills, D. Cole, Norris, Chapman, R. Tisdale, S. Rahaley, J. Strickland.

I would like to thank at this juncture all the teachers who assisted me so capably throughout the year, especially those who organised and coached the various school teams; namely, Mr. Williams—Cricket and Football; Mr. Jones—Soccer; Mr. Hayes—Baseball; Mr. Sawecki—Athletics. To these gentlemen I offer my sincerest thanks.

I do expect that in 1963 Caulfield will improve on this year's performance, and get back to the high level of success they have enjoyed in the past.

N. E. Gardner, Sportsmaster.

ATHLETICS

Caulfield did not do as well as everybody expected; perhaps the thought of for the first time

having to compete against schools with competitors from Form V was too much for them.

The fact still remains that all boys who did represent the school tried their hardest at all times and we thank them for it.

The coach, Mr. Sawecki, gave valuable advice, and spent many trying hours in an effort to improve the various techniques of all team members, but the ability of the opposition was too strong.

In closing Caulfield congratulates Moorabbin for its excellent all-round efforts in winning the carnival.

N. E. Gardner, Sportsmaster.



SOCCER

Back Row (L. to R.): A. Aszodi, B. Kelly, R. Erdos, R. Van-Willigen, B. Rogan, L. Downey, M. Shulman, C. McGrath, A. Vincik.
 Sitting (L. to R.): B. Weiss, R. Weiss, V. Biro (Capt.), Mr. R. Jones, P. Tsiros (V.-Capt.), D. Hatley, K. Needham.



SWIMMING

Back Row (L. to R.): S. Ashley, V. Biro, T. Giles, P. Buchler, B. Clifford, R. Evans, S. Griffin, J. Connell, J. Eterovic, L. Davey.
 Sitting (L. to R.): G. McPhie, D. Arnett, A. Goldsworthy, P. Greenall (Capt.), Mr. N. Gardner, P. Solkowski (V.-Capt.), D. Negus, S. Collis.
 Front Row (L. to R.): D. Murray, F. Calway, R. Harman, R. Thomson, W. Mills, N. Mitchell, J. McPhie, I. Loxton, A. Vinck.

SOCCER

Just as soccer is getting more popular every year, the Junior School Soccer Team is doing better each year.

This year we managed to win our section due to the co-operation of every member of the team and also due to the coach, Mr. Jones, who spent many hours training the team. We were just unfortunate to lose in the semi-finals.

The spearhead of the team was our Captain, Victor Biro, who made every effort to score. He was assisted by the forwards, Sam Mavrias and Ray Boyd, both of whom have left the country, also by Keith Needham and Colin McGrath.

The opponents ran against a stone wall when they tried tackling the backline. Headed by the centre half, Peter Tsirns (Vice-Captain), the back line consisted of Bernard Weiss, left back, Robert Weiss, right back, Michael Shulman, left half and Robert Erdos, right half. The last barrier of the back line was Van Willigen, who had kept the goals.

Out of ten games in our section, we won eight and lost two. We came first in our section.

Robert Erdos (Right Half).



GOLF

(L. to R.): P. Burke, T. Bilston, D. Sargeant, E. Stirling.

SWIMMING

All members of the swimming team performed reasonably well, but their efforts were not just good enough to lift the team to a winning position.

Perhaps the most notable performance of the year was the expert fashion in which Phillip Greenall (Capt.) recorded first placings in 100 metres Freestyle and Butterfly events, both on section day and championship day.

Peter Salkowski gained third placing in the open dive, also on championship day. Peter was Vice-Captain of the school team.

I wish to thank sincerely all team members for giving their excellent support to both Captain and Vice-Captain, and to myself.

N. E. Gardner.

BASEBALL

The baseballers had quite a successful year with five wins, three draws, and two defeats. Most of the credit goes to Alan Roberts, who not only captained the side but also played the major part in coaching them. Thanks also go to Jim Mitchell who very capably assisted in his capacity as Vice-Captain. The rest of the team, Alister Brookman (pitcher), John Connell (catcher), Don Hall (second bag), Alan Turner and Bob Ellis (shared third bag), John Norris, Peter Michael, Len Horne, Geoff. Robinson, John Strickland (out-fielders) all played the game as true sportsmen should.



BASEBALL TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): J. Strickland, A. Turner, A. Roberts (Capt.), Mr. F. Hayes, J. Connell, A. Brookman.
Front Row (L. to R.): P. Michael, B. Robinson, J. Norris, D. Hall.

JUNIOR FORM NOTES

4A's

Here comes 4A for duty and pleasure,
As for our teachers they like lots of leisure.
Our popular teacher, Mr. Prebble, by far,
then student Arundell, our football star.
Next comes Leigh Philips; a quiet little chap,
and then comes Negus who is a bit of a sap.
Although Brookman's a rocker and perhaps Stir-
ling, too,
just watch out for Fullard 'cause he will "blarney"
to you.
Of course there's Leigh Downey, who loves throw-
ing pears,
and as where they land he has no cares.
But alas; perfect Greenall might be lurking about,
and if Downey's caught he of course will be out.
How is the fellow who likes fun galore
and when he has finished ends out on the floor.
Although George may threaten, get fierce and go
red,
I'm sure one day Murray will give him a whack in
the head,
While Clifford and Heldson are a great working
pair,
Sargeant and Henshall have not a care.
Field might work and obtain good results,
but apart from this I am sure he has faults.
Biggs and Moorfield may fool round in mathe-
matics,
while Erdos and Tiros are the soccer fanatics.

McAliece has rather a crazy hair style,
but of course it's natural after seeing his dial.
Michael is a boy who likes telling jokes —
all types of jokes, to all types of folks.
And last but not least is Bilston the flea,
who has just crawled off to Doc. Davis I see.
The editor of this will be quite happy, I'm sure,
when he gets the chance to slam "Joey's" door.

4C

4C starts off the year with the mathematical
geniuses; Lui, L. Weiss (?). We have three mem-
bers in the soccer team, Weiss, Boyd and Need-
ham. Collins and Hallinan are the scientific minds.
Cooney (who is vice-captain) and Horne are inter-
ested in motor-bikes and cars; both rockers. Scott
and Tate should stay on their desert isle. Taylor,
Jack's most conscientious pupil (?) and Connell,
one of Doc's best friends (?). Male and MacPhie,
two inseparable friends. Wallace and Potter
(Budgie) are the two brainiest kids in the form.
Rundell, a little fat man (a handsome lad). Ashby,
who is a bit good (he thinks) at basketball. Chance,
an ex-Geelong Grammar type. Marden, a quiet
lad who never leaves his friends. Kay (you can't
say anything about him as this magazine is cen-
sored) is our Form-Captain. Finally, last AND
least is Naish (no comment).

This pack of tripe was written by C.R.C. and
L.J.H.



PREFECTS

Back Row (L. to R.): S. Biggs, P. Greenall, R. George, Mr. L. Hogg, N. Helsdon, B. Clifford, A. Brookman.
Front Row (L. to R.): P. Michael, B. Field, D. Sargeant, R. Grabert, L. Davey, B. Warner.

4D.

This is the art boys speaking through your host, Stephen (bear) Griffin. At the first bell of the year we had 18 boys, owing to circumstances now 14. Under guidance of form master, Don Cameron, and a straightening hint from "Doc" and "Jack" now and then, we have become top "pegs" for the big world ahead. Our boundaries stretch far and wide, football, cricket, art, soccer and even school work. Dawes topped the Form and came 6th out of all the 4th Forms. Trevor Peters, the Curtis boys, A. and R., and Ed Lee are the artists of the class.

Four of us, Billy (Doug Wade) Steer, Gordon (Muscles) Edwards, George (Mr. Football) Griffiths, and myself, represented the school football team. P. Harris and G. Hunt-Willson, the haircut boys, love the company of Peter (Morrison) Farnell. A. McLamara is architectural man of the year. R. Van Willigan also represented the school soccer team. R. Curtis would make a fantastic fill in for a frog voice—so that'll do it.

This is Bear on the behalf of the "art boys" signing off.

4E

This is 4E, the Form that consists of (mostly funny) shapes and sizes. The Form consists of 16 outstanding citizens and pupils, "ahem". There are 7 turners and fitters, 6 woodworkers, and 3 plumbers.

DAVID WILLIAMS: Top of the Form in the half year, and quite a funny boy, HA HA.

ALLY BARTLETT and his friend, DAVID HYLAND, prove to be a troublesome two at times.

GRAEME PARKER: Is a boy who has a lot to say about things, but never does anything; also his ambition is to be late for every period.

ROBERT O'DONNELL and NEIL TURNER like to fight like prize fighters, and are quite successful at it.

HARRY GARFINKEL: Is always taking but never giving (that is, backhanders from "DOC", but it is all in good fun).

ALLAN CLARK: Is a mystery boy, who for some reason came down from 4C just after the half-year exams.

GODFREY NORMAN WALTER DAVIES: Sssshh! what a name, we could say he is Mr. HANNA'S favourite pupil. . . .

GEORGE KATAMAS and NOEL KAY are the small boys of the Form; enough said about them already.

FRED VLIK has a favourite sport, which is missing out on solid geometry. His friend, RON WILDE, could be called the "Absent-Minded Professor".

ROD "GABO" EVANS: Captain of the school football team and always looking for an argument.

KEVIN "THE MOUSE" ROWE seems to be a boy who likes his work and gets on well with the teachers (sometimes).

That leaves only one person, which is that fabulous, brilliant DUNCE, who writes these notes, ROSS OPRIN.

With Mr. Fairbank being our Form Master (poor

chap), we would or most of us would like to thank the teachers for putting up with us. Especially Mr. Humphreys, our admirable Maths. teacher.

3A

BELLOTE, B.: Looks like a lamb and a tongue that sounds like one when it's lost.

BUCHLER, P. Bucky's his name, rockets his game.

DALY, K.: The boy with a problem: Paid a visit to the Zoo 13 years ago and hasn't been the same since.

DAVEY, L.: The boy who thinks himself handsome (Ha! Ha!).

DABRICH, K.: A bit of brain is what he's got but that is something that I have not.

GEORGE, P.: The kid with that far away look in his eyes.

GIBLIN, C.: Charlie and Buckler have one thing in common — a great passion for films.

GRABERT, R.: Freddy the prefect and not the froggin, possesses a defect in his little noggin.

HARWOOD, G.: He's the little man with a big brain, he's not made of glass but he's a mighty big pain.

HOLLINS, G.: The fanatic on basketball (that's not the only thing he's mad on, either).

LOUGHRON, A.: One of "these ere model airplane things" enthusiasts.

JAMES, G.: Arrives at school just before education week lugging a 52in. wingspan aeroplane on his back. (How nuts can you get?)

MOIR, C.: Got a laugh like a hyena and a head just as bad.

MORTIMER, G.: A certain modelling and art teacher's friend.

PATTISON, I.: The maddest kid in the Form.

SARGENT, G.: Alias — Sargment, Sarge, or any other name to fit his personality.

SEDMAN, R.: He spends so much time mucking around with electricity he's beginning to look like a burnt out ammeter.

VINCK, A.: Alias vinck the think. (I suppose it's because he's mad.)

SHIPP, D.: The boy with the split personality; one — a lunatic; two — a madman.

WARNER, B.: Another prefect.

WEISS, B.: The star soccer player.

WYATT, J.: He always seems to possess that longing look about 3 weeks before the end of the term. (I wonder why?)

Finally, I, the author of this piece of literary junk, would like to express my congratulations to Mr. Manders for having been given the honour of being our form master.

I would also like to leave you with my thought for the year:-

If at first you don't succeed, don't try again - - give someone else a go.

3B

There are a Variety of Bods in 3B 1st. There's "curly" Headly, the nut from Fiji. Johnston "menace" "Gee, that was funny", and Skunkell "Pimpness" O'Donnel are the Form's clowns.

McGROTH: An ex-smoker, now a "Teddy boy".

KAY: The clumsy fairy.

BALL: "He's quite a Romeo".

BIGGART: Thinks he's got a "beat" haircut. "Mad Dog" COOCH and FERGUSSON are of "Doc" DAVIS.

CINCOTTA: Our baby elephant.

ANSPINALL: The newspaper boy.

The dead beats of the Form are "Bodgie" CARTER, "Egg-head" MILLER and LOGAN.

LOFTHOUSE is the lolly boy.

MILLARD went a walking for a few —

Our astronaut, GUERIN, and "lout" NESBIT hang around with THORN.

STOUT: Drinks too much. Get it!

GRIFFIN: Well, oh —

ELLIS is the racehorse and jumper.

CHALINOR: Not a bad kid.

Mr. WHITE: Our form master and Maths. teacher.

3D

Form Master — MR. DIXON

Mr. Dixon is not a bad form master and all the boys think he is a good fellow and a good teacher.

KEVIN LYALL: Nickname is Pommy. (He comes from England.) He is a good sportsman and is a good fellow. His ambition is to be a butcher, but everyone says he should be a comedian.

GRAEME KILLINGSWORTH: Nickname is Killa. You could guess how he got his nickname if you have seen him. Biggest Hood in Caulfield Tech. He has lots of friends and is a good footballer. (He played for the school.)

DARRYL HENDRICK: Nickname is Herman. Darryl takes a lot of care with his hair. He is also a good footballer and popular with all the boys. His best mate is Killa, they are always together.

IAN JAMIESON: Nickname is Jamo, his latest nickname is Smoky; he recommends Rothmans. He is a very friendly fellow and has lots of friends.

ROBERT STANTON: Nickname is Sydney from Sydney or Stan the Man. (He comes from Sydney.) He is a good sport and he is a newcomer and has a lot of friends already.

JOHN LATON: Nickname is Laxet. He is not a bad kid. (Sometimes.) He is a good footballer and is good at all sports. (He is becoming a Kookie Fan and is always worrying about his hair.)

JOHN MACINTOSH: Nickname is Maca. He is good at sport and very good at football. He is always starting football matches. He gets on well with all the boys.

RON HORNE: Nickname is Horney. His ambition is to be an Art Teacher as he is very good at art. He won a sprint championship for running 100 yards; he is a very good runner. He has lots of friends and his best is Ross McDonald.

BILL LEARMONTH: Nickname is Moth. He has lots of friends and gets on well with everyone. He is very good in all trade subjects and—"He is rock for ever".

NO JAZZ IN OUR FORM — ROCK FOR EVER
Hobbies in our form are from "Birds & Bees" to Girls.

3D

POETRY

The boy stood on the Burning Deck,
Eating bread and mustard,
He ate a bit of Dynamite,
And, the poor little thing,
He busted.

There was a lad from Caulfield Tech.,
He let his homework go to heck,
He got the strap from Mr. Coupe and nearly did
the loop the loop.

3E

3E this year has twenty kids (mostly vandals). 3E is the form which all the teachers like (?). The twenty vandals in the form are as follows.

COLIN PATRICK and PETER MOIR, who are the tishies in the Form and a good paper pellet pair.

Then comes OWEN REBECCA (rebel), John REEVES and JOHN SAMULSKI (Sam) who are always kicking around together and fighting each other.

The next lot of vandals are JIMMY ROSE and PETER NEWSLEAD. These two kids are always annoying each other and JIMMY is Mr. William's pet in science (?).

Then come next the brains of science, GRAHAM NASH, RODNEY (darling) MOUNTER and GREG MILNES. These three nuts are Mr. William's answer boys and Nash and Mounter are always fighting each other.

GARY MILLER is the only kid in the Form who "DIGS" the jazz and is always talking about it.

With the sound advice of Mr. Trevorrow, GARY PINCHIN hopes to be a Solid Geometry teacher, but due to circumstances he might not make it.

JEFF ROBINSON (Robo) and JOHNY NORRIS were in the school baseball team this year, and John is always praising himself. Robinson is the real "rocker" in the class.

GRAHAM PROWSE is the boy that takes sick before certain periods and decides to go home. Then he has his sidekick, who is DAVID MOORHOUSE (four eyes), who always hangs around him.

ALAN ROGAN (Bub) combs his hair every morning (?), but by the time he reaches school it looks as if it had been put through a clothes wringer.

BRIAN SHIRVINGTON (Slino) does not want any comment about him. Too shy.

RON REYNOLDS and GILBERT ROGERS (Gil): The less said about these two the better.

For insane reasons the writer remains anonymous.

(Thanks for the comments.)

3F

This is about the queer kids in 3F. Firstly, we have Michael "Luigie" Shulman, one of these days his tongue will drop off because of overwork. Then there's Gary Slattery, the less said about him the better. The most active boys in the form are—Pete Stagoll, a member of the smokers' union. John Strickland is very fond of cricket and football. Geoff. Thomas (better known as Joffa) is also fond of sport. Lindsay Willis, the four-eyed monster, is actually a quiet type of kid. Then his mate, Peter "Spud" Tait, small enough to be used for bait. Then there's Robert "Ted" Whitten, not like the Ted we know. John Toohey, the head of the smokers' union. Jim Mitchell, always fooling around with cars. Bill Tank, he got bombed once too many times, but he still likes his clobber, Gary Sykes, a regular "Psycho". Howard White has been washed too many times with "Persil". Tim Wilson came during the year and by the looks of his head, a lawn mower has been turned loose on it. Peter Wilson, a Carlton supporter. Pete Zandberg has muscles of iron. Bruce "Smiley" Sneddon, one of the Form's popular kids. Heino

Wenholz was involved in an accident earlier this year. Lorrie Welch has a great future in playing football. John Walker, scientific fool. Barrie Spruce, a good artist but quick-tempered. Earlier this year 3F played 3E in a football match. The scores were 3F 7 goals 5, defeating 3E 3 goals 4. Best players were Welch (best on the ground), Stagoll, Strickland 4 goals, Thomas 2 goals, and Sneddon and Slattery. We also defeated 3E in cricket. 3F, 3 for 94 (Strickland 51 not out, Thomas 21, Willis 9, Walker 9 not out, Stagoll 4). 3E, 6 for 75.

Wow! What a mob we are.

P.S.—Our form master is Mr. Williams.

2A

The place—next to the Free Drawing Room at Murrumbidgee.

The time—during class.

Here is the run-down on our "hoods" (the effect of T.V.).

R. ASPINALL: Alias "Aspro" (for quick relief of pain and headache).

E. BATES: A tall kid, also an accomplished musician.

A. (Admiral) BENBOW: A person who is in everything that goes around the school.

D. CARMODY: One of our -er—most accomplished scholars.

A. CHAPPLE: A vandal who loves to argue the point and who someday may be a politician.

R. COLLINS: Our very efficient lunch monitor. Kids wonder what has happened to their lunches.

D. (Menace) COOKE: Forever trying to do his hair to suit him but will never succeed.

N. CUSWORTH: Alias "Cushy". Our other lunch monitor who would never think of "touching" another boy's lunch.

L. ELLIS: The quiet one!

T. CLARKE: He believes in complicated answers for simple questions.

J. HUGHES: Will someday follow in his father's footsteps and be a motor-mower expert.

P. MOK: A smart boy and a very good sportsman.

K. MALCOLM: Known as "Scottie", is a smart boy and well liked.

G. MURRAY: Is our Form Captain and also the "Toughnut".

R. MYERSCOUGH: Is our crazy scientist. Your formula mixed on terms.

R. PARKER: Is our soccer expert from England.

N. ROMERIL: A slow talking, intelligent type.

T. VIZE: The clown of the class.

D. (Mice) SYKES: A great one for annoying the larger "hoods".

P. UPTON: Our Beethoven fan and classical pianist.

I. ROSS: The not-so-quiet one!

Lastly, we have J. Gribble, F. Haynes and I. Watson, who are sometimes seen and never heard.

2B

Here are the notes of Form 2B.

A bright lot of lads are we!

Yes, one year older, and a little bolder.

We are still keeping up the good work of pedalling between Murrumbidgee and Caulfield.

We are looking forward to moving to our new class-rooms next year. Perhaps we will be more

interested and concentrate on our work better. We hope the new building will stand the strain better than the King's Street Bridge did.

Meet a few of our lads --

DUNKLEY has the muscles of a man, CLARKE is a Susan Gay fan, WARREN, SMITH and GERRARD are the best all the way,

but McPHIE must have the last say.

PARNEILL is the lad so tall, DES LADBROOK is Captain of us all.

When things go wrong GILES will right it, for ELLIS he'll light it and like it.

Last but not least to our teachers we do say "Thank you" for their patience and instruction they have given us, particularly Mr. Hayes, our Form Master, who has done a good job.

This is PETER DAVIDSON signing off for this year of 1962.

2C

This is the 2C of 1962 — the Form we like most of all. Even Form Master, Mr. Welten, likes us (we hope). Here we are —

DAVID ARNETT: One of our good footballers who never gives up even when his team is losing.

GRAEME ARNOLD: Known as "Titch", is our budding song writer.

DAVID ATKINSON: Or "Acka"; gives our Form a good name.

SHELDON BARNETT: "Barney" is our wise-cracking comedian.

ROBERT BARR: A good tennis player and a future wrestler.

DAVID BATSON: Is easily seen but not heard.

HUGH BELL: Known as "Ding Dong" is our tubby little joker.

JOHN BETTS and Malcolm are our pet twins, although they don't look like it. John is our Form Captain and top student.

KURT BRACKER is another recruit from overseas.

K. BROADBERRY and T. CAMPBELL are friends in between fights.

BILL BRICKNALL: Called "Buttons", likes to play (in school).

V. BUBICA and G. BYERS are two of a kind. They even live in the same street.

JOHN BURKE: "Ginger Beer" will probably start his own brewery.

GRANT CALWAY likes sport and plays lacrosse for Caulfield.

"JOE" CATTILIN and "CHICK" CHAPMAN are another two of a kind, even together on the roll.

MALCOLM CONNEL is another lacrosse player for Caulfield.

KEITH CRUIKSHANK is our Form strong man. See him for cheap seedlings.

RICHARD DARNELL is our serious type. Likes electric trains and war stories.

JEFFREY DARWIN and LEN MASON came to us this year. They are our wealthy businessmen.

2D

Form Teacher: Mr. LASCELLES

Howdy do, fellow humans, this is your old pal, Joe, giving you a rundown on all the guys in our Form.

Our Form Captain is IAN KING and our Vice-Form Captain is Hoiman the Flea (ROWAN HARMAN).

Our Form Master is Mr. E. (Lucky) Lascelles. P. DELANEY: Very keen on St. Kilda. Nicknamed — Granny Davis.

S. DEVONISH: The least said the better.

N. DISTON: The way he crawls around you'd think he was a worm.

L. FERGUSON: Good at blacksmithing, bad at everything else.

C. EASTMAN: Comes to school in a leather jacket; looks a bit like a Canadian Mountie.

R. ELLIS: Fan of Dr. Casey.

J. ETEROVIC: Voted "Mr. Teachers' Pet, 1962". Bit of a brain.

G. GOLDSMITH: Broke his finger playing cruses, nearly killed him, poor guy.

A. GOLDSWORTHY: Heart of gold and a head of rock.

R. HARMON: Known by many as "Hoiman the kind-hearted flea". Won the best and fairest award in the football competition at the Murrumbidgee Annexe.

T. HILL: All brains and no brawn.

R. HORSBURGH: Little guy with big muscles — alias "Al Capone".

R. HOWAT: Tall, skinny and awesome. Great fan of the Mighty Magpies.

R. JOHANSON: Reckons he'll play for Essendon; boy, he's got hopes.

2E

This year Form 2E has been an average form of 24 boys who have spent a happy year with each other. In the sporting field we do not hold any honours, although some brilliant play was seen with Bill Merlo, Darrell O'Neill and John Matthews in cricket.

The swimmers are Erhard, Iversen (Ivo), Michael Nedeljkovic, Jim Morris, James Morgan and Laurie Levy.

The footballers are Darrell O'Neill, John Matthews and Bill Merlo, John Mercovich.

In other sports Gerald Lynch, the high-jumper and runner, with James Nolan. Robyn Mackay enjoys tennis and Graeme Miller can throw a javelin. Kevin Moore is good with the shut-put and lastly, Jimmy Morris, a Prime Minister in the making, collects scrap metals. Tasi Paraskeva enjoys a game of soccer.

Our hobbies vary. Ian Loxton is a car racing fan. Peter Lunn, Ian McIntosh likes spear fishing. James McBride enjoys geography. Phillip McKenzie enjoys running (after girls). John Mitchell likes fixing old cars and Darrel Nelson and Trevor McMaster like making billy carts. Last, but not least, Helmeit Lide likes flying model aeroplanes.

Signing off —

L. LEVY, Form Captain.

J. MORGAN, Vice-Form Captain.

Mr. D. J. HALLENSTEIN, Form Master.

1A

This is Form 1A bringing you our Form Notes for 1962.

We have eighteen "no-hopers" in our Form, but some show signs of improving! We enjoy "Tech."

but the days at Murrumbidgee are a bit monotonous, and we all look forward to being in the new school. It looks "terrific".

Our Form Captain is John Campbell, and Ian Chamberlain is Vice-Captain.

We have two comedians who could be on television in David Cartledge and Ken Bracken.

Chris. Brockhoff is a keen bicycle enthusiast and has a well-equipped bicycle.

Now we would like to thank our teachers and especially our Form Master, Mr. Wright, for their great help and patience, and their efforts to make our first year at a Technical School a happy one.

This is 1A signing off for 1962.

1B

There are eighteen boys in Form 1B, six of whom: Cox, Cuciniello, Duncan, Collee, Dunard and Fleming put their best foot forward in the inter-house sports, and two represented our school in the inter-technical sports.

Our form captain is Noel Duncan, and vice-captain is Frank Cuciniello. There are twins who are always in trouble — no names mentioned.

All of the boys like woodwork best and vote tops for our teacher and form-master, Mr. Jones. We all agree that solid geometry is the hardest subject.

One day our music teacher, Mr. Coope, was annoyed with Christie and told him he would turn him into a "Twistie". Rodney Frost owns a 14ft. yacht and has promised to take some boys out during the Christmas holidays.

We all aim to get good marks in the final exams and ensure a good position in Form 2 next year.

1C

This is J. Incourvayer reporting for Form 1C.

Our Form, consisting of 18 boys, combines with 1D for academic subjects. All the usual personalities are present in our Form.

Some of these are:—

Form Captain: R. HOGTON.

Star Footballer: M. GRACE.

Most Inquisitive: G. GROSS.

Trouble Seeker: B. GILLIGAN.

Top Brains: R. HOGTON, G. HOLMES.

This is all for 1962. Signing off on behalf of 1C, and our Mathematics and Form Master, Mr. Braun.

J. Incourvayer.

1E

There are 18 boys in Form 1E. Our Form Mistress is Miss McAlpine, who joined the staff in August and who teaches us English.

Our Form Captain is Joseph Deutelbaum, who is very keen on Social Studies, and our Vice-Captain is Ron Scobie.

We have a number of quiet, hard-working boys in Roger Owens (youngest in the Form), David Scott, John Newman, Rodney Mills, Rob Simmons and Gary Murray. The other Garry (Nicol) believes in being heard.

Our two clowns are Andrew Nelson (an admirer of Miss McAlpine) and Peter "Portupine" Pfeifer. Next is Peter Martin — a mischievous type.

We have two Smiths, alike in name, but not in appearance. Eric is slightly thinner than Glen.

Norman "Gorby" Neal and Ian (Bugs-Bunny) Stewart are our two triers. Mostly they try their teachers. Then we have Alan Matthews who appears to have lost his tie.

Lastly this is John Shipp signing off.

1F

This class has personalities galore, and is well known throughout the school. There is Robert Thompson, the brain, Ray Waddell, the trier, and Trevor Wade, the unpredictable. Robert Trivett, who gets into trouble a little, but always tries to do his work well. Max (Smxie) Thomas is always seen with Peter Thorpe, his buddie. The young Scotch soccer player of our class is R. (Bobby) Yates, while Niel Thomas is the small cheeky type with the classy haircut. A. Stingle, the fruit ringle, is a regular talker, the same time each day. All day. Then there is Stewart Wright who is always in the wrong with Mr. Coupe, the Music Teacher. Darrel Willis is the quiet type and Shane Rahaley and Robert Leeming are good friends and can always be found together. Greg. Withers, the redhead of our class, stands out from all the rest. Ray Tisdale, our Form Captain, is a regular guy and a good friend to everyone. Geza Varga is a good kid and tries hard at everything. Warren Iverson rates a mention, so here he is, last but not least.

And now on behalf of the class I would like to thank Mr. Davis, our Form Master, and all the teachers who have kindly put up with us and helped us throughout the year.

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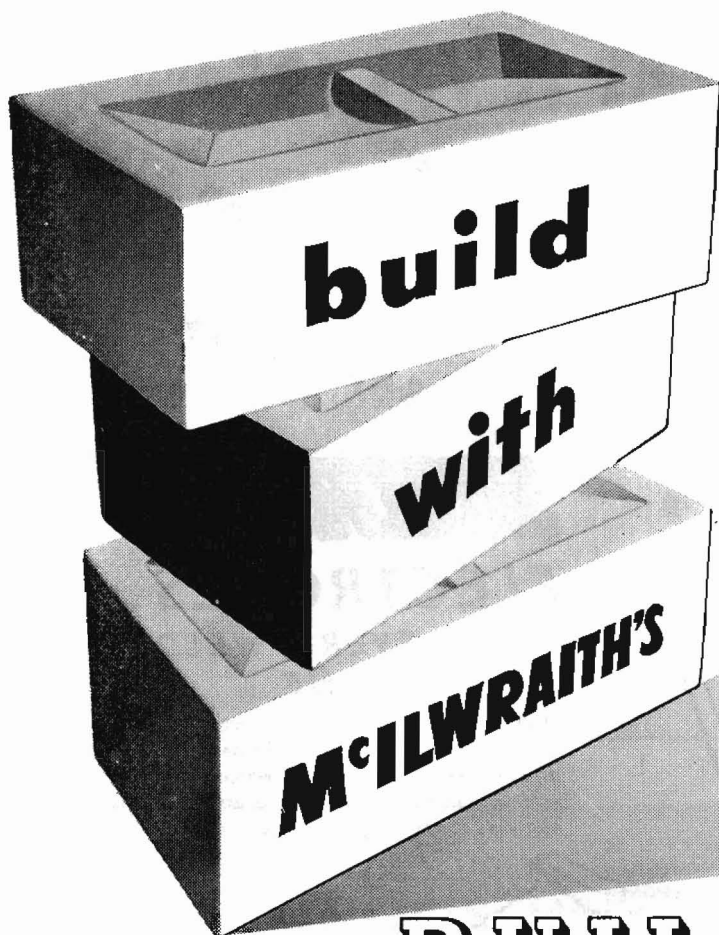


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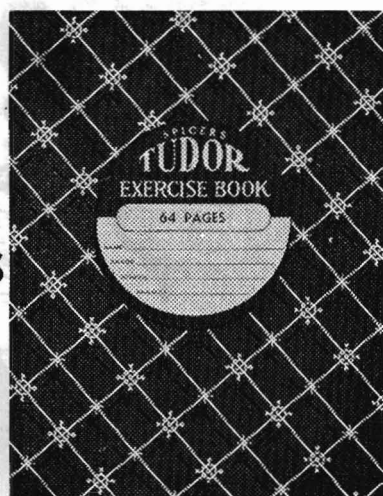
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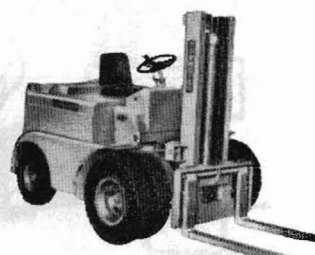
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