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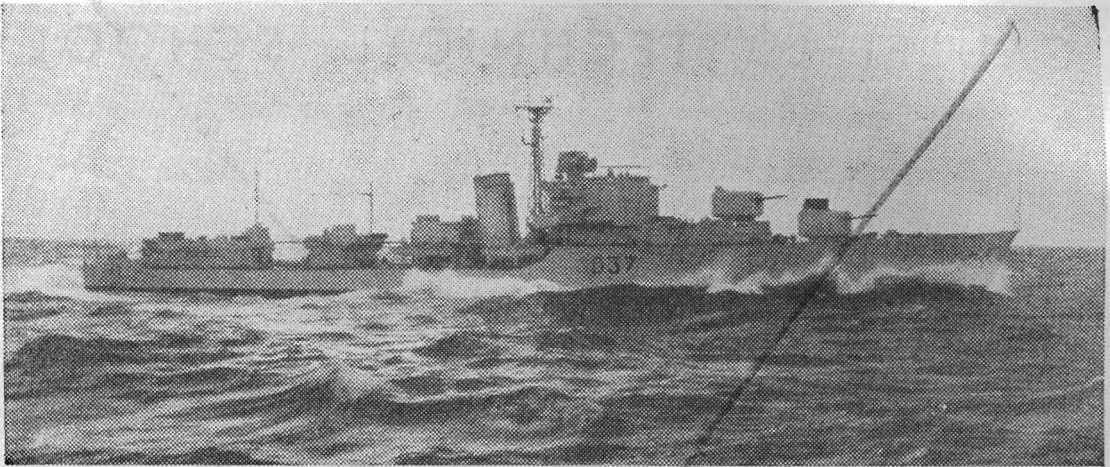
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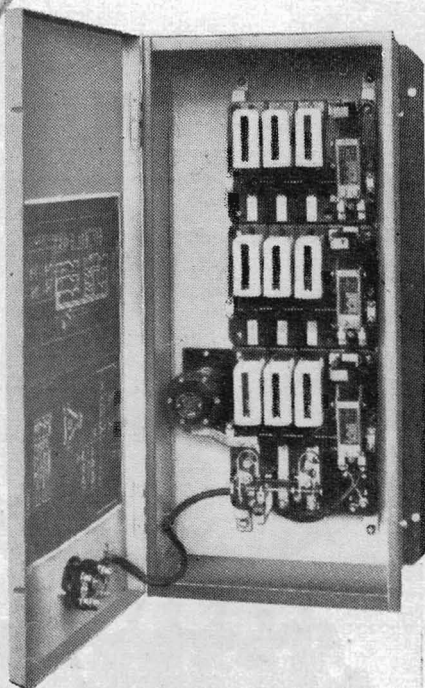


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Editorial

With the termination of another year and its associated activities, both scholastic and social, another milestone has been passed in the history of this school. With its progress has come the official opening of the new Arts and Applied Science Wing, the opening of the new Cafeteria by the Parents' Guild, and also, we hope, an improvement in the form and quality of the "Gryphon."

New additions to the magazine this year are a section for the newly formed Past Students' Association, an increase in size, and Form Notes from the Art Department. This latter detail, although seemingly unimportant, marks a further step towards complete unity between the Art and Diploma Wings.

Another alteration to the magazine this year lies in its production. Instead of a group of students with no official status editing it, the Gryphon is now produced under the auspices of the Students' Representative Council, by a sub-committee convened for the purpose. Thus, this body has moved yet further along the road to its ultimate goal — complete regulation of all non-scholastic activities of the students.

With the close of 1950, some of our number will finish their courses and will pass out to receive what the world has in store for them. To these especially, no longer students but men and women of industry, will this magazine have a special significance. It will form a bond between their lives in the future and Caulfield Technical School. Perhaps at some distant date, when perusing these pages, flashes of the days spent at this school will return, recaptivating incidents in school life, names and faces forgotten for a while, goals achieved and hard earned honours won. To these people especially, will the Gryphon be welcome.

And so, to the students who will be leaving us, and to those who will be back again next year, we give this edition of the "Gryphon."

Foreword

By the
Principal

When Gryphon was first published two years ago our school was in the throes of tremendous development. The establishment of Diploma courses was accompanied by many "teething" troubles, particularly with regard to accommodation and equipment. This year has seen the fruition of years of planning, and we were all happy to witness the official opening of the new Wing.

The public interest in this function, and in the exhibition of school activities which followed, is indicative of an awakening consciousness that education is of paramount importance to the welfare of the community, and must play a major part in shaping our national life. In this school, as in



all schools, opportunity and encouragement are given to students to develop general qualities of citizenship, and so inculcate a corporate spirit so necessary to our mutual welfare. The magnificent effort of the Parents' Guild in equipping and operating the Tuck Shop is but one example of the rightful functioning of our schools.

Another development of considerable importance in the history of our own school has been the official recognition of its size and complexity, resulting in an uplift in status in relation to other types of schools. This reclassification has given much satisfaction to the School Council and Staff.

—J. L. KEPERT.

FOREWORD

By the Headmaster

In this issue of the Gryphon, I take the opportunity to mention some of the less well known activities of the School.

It is a mistake to form the opinion that the education that a school offers is to enable students to pass examinations; it also aims at developing thoughts of service.

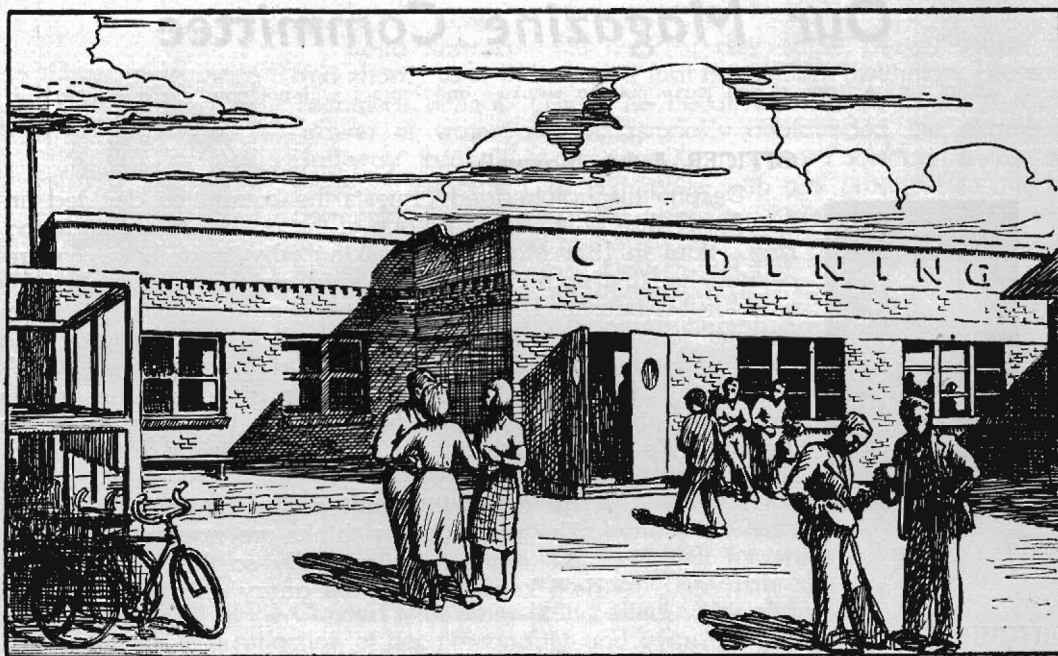
The students have responded very well to any appeals we have made. During the past two years when the food position in Britain called for some help, the Junior school boys sent parcels of food to the value of £60, these were distributed to a group of old age pensioners in Yorkshire. The needs of those in our own State have not been overlooked. Last year when the Royal Melbourne Hospital was holding its Egg Appeal, we were able to forward 1,550 eggs and make a donation of £7.

The school has also been of assistance to the Convalescent Hospital at Hampton, and students have constructed frames for use by Polio patients.

The students do not look for thanks — they render this as a service to those less fortunate than themselves, and when such service is given, they are learning something that will prove of value to them in the years to come.

H. BUCHANAN.





Caulfield Technical School

Parents' Guild

This year has been a memorable one in the history of the Guild. For many years the Guild has been working towards a definite goal — the establishment of a Cafeteria for students. Judging from the slow rate at which we have been able to accumulate funds it appeared probable that many years would elapse before such an event could take place. However, early in the year it was decided to make a bold start with the funds available, and at the beginning of the second term the cafeteria was opened.

This involved a considerable amount of work by those directly connected with the organization, but the main bulk of the work over the last few months has been carried out by the Cafeteria Supervisor, and the band of Mothers who have given voluntary service since the opening. Their efforts are greatly appreciated.

We can be proud of the Cafeteria at our School, both for the way it is conducted, and also for the high quality of food provided at the lowest possible cost to students. It is the aim of the Guild to gradually increase the scope of the service given, and to that end any small profits which may accrue will be put back into the cafeteria. Such a service we now give and plan to give in the future, is not designed to show profit, but rather to provide meals at as low a cost as possible.

Voluntary help is always appreciated, and any Mother who feels she can devote a little time to help is asked to communicate with the Head Master.

Card evenings run by the Guild on the 4th Thursday in each month are still very popular and we extend an invitation to all parents and their friends.

Our Magazine Committee

"Paint me as I am; if you leave out the wrinkles and scars I will not pay you a shilling."

—Cromwell

OFFICER, Arthur Maxwell.



Despite his half-hearted protests the committee decided unanimously that Max should be one of the co-editors of this magazine. Born in 1931 Max began asking why immediately on receiving his first spanking. He entered our noble institution by way of Melbourne High School and was promptly stuck on various committees and things. He's still full of whytality and often confounds his teachers by asking tricky questions. Max's charming manner soon puts the teacher at ease. His grin is shy, wide and handsome and he certainly turned it on at the concert. We can't be too critical as Max is censor of the magazine.

"He flays with indignation haughty,
The passages he thinks are naughty,
But reads them carefully so that,
He'll know what to be angry at."

RITCHIE, James Barry.

Easily the baby of his class Barry first felt the warmth of Melbourne's clime in 1933. He was immediately placed on our cradle roll and entered the junior school after leaving kindergarten. His extra-curricular activities include cafeteria representative, S.R.C. member, magazine committee, concert pianist, etc. He is most proficient at the keyboard and the success of the school concert was largely due to his efforts. Even while tickling the ivories Barry retains that cheery smile which takes up such a lot of face. He works at intervals but the examiners have never turned him back. Oh well, we can't all be musical.

"For naught to us are letters and art,
And music and soulful blisses,
But give us plenty of sweat and toil,
When the clothes are covered with grime and soil,
When the hair is dripping with grease and oil,
And the steam valve kicks and hisses."



RICHARDS, Dorothy Anne.



Kerang High School lost a pearl when Anne decided to brighten our abode with her person. And what a person! More interested in her studies than men she keeps a man at arm's length by a hair's breadth. Of course I wouldn't say anything about her unless I could say something good. And, Oh boy, is this good? Anne's in love. He's rather the domestic type—likes to curl up with a good cook. Personally I like a girl who sticks to her knitting, especially when she's wearing a bathing suit. Anne finds the new beach fashions a little more than she can bare. Her enigmatic Mona Lisa smile has got us all in. After all women are meant to be loved, not to be understood. They are said to control eighty per cent. of the world's wealth, the balance probably being held by bachelors. Anne is active in all student activities particularly snow trips. Come up and ski me sometime.

BARROW, Keith.



Keith first saw the light of day some twenty years ago and shortly after this entered that benevolent institution, Footscray Technical School. There he became a hewer of wood and a drawer of water and occasionally confounded the examiners. Half-way through his course Keith gave Footscray away and followed the blue Lizzie complete with gas producer to our less benevolent institution. He now "works and plays from morn till night, no lark so blithe as he." As compere at the concert he was better than Jack Davey and Bob Dyer combined. Some day he'll get their combined salaries, but not at engineering. He sings like those famous gentlemen also. You know, sounds like a frog with a man in its throat. In class Keith has trouble with the decimal point but his smile can eat a banana sideways. Reminds us of Joe E. Brown.

SERGEANT, Margaret Irene.

The hitherto closely guarded secret of Margaret's life is that she was born in Cornwall although we're not going to tell you how long ago. At the Liskeard Grammar School she learned all the things a nice girl should know and even fell for wiles of that venerable old bard, William Shakespeare. Any rate she turned him on at the Concert with devastating effect. Her charming speech is a reflection of her personality and even the sedate Minister of Education fell for her in a big way. Margaret is training to be a teacher. Lucky students!! At the last dance the clinging gown that she wore really clang. Quite a lot of our boys have taken a platonic interest in Margaret — play for them, tonic for her. Most of the day she is wrapped in male glances as you may have noticed.



BEAN, Ronald Francis.



First saw the light of day in 1932 when he confounded his parents by being a boy. One day, while on walkabout, Ron came across Caulfield Tech. and stayed to this day. He has had varying ambitions, from being an engineer to a photographer or swaggie. Although he is inclined to regard our noble Institution as a rest home he occasionally does a spot of work and has often deceived the examiners. He is no relation to Harricot although they are as alike as two peas in a pod. Heat Engines fascinates him although he says that the happy ending to the lectures is the simple fact that the lecture has ended. Some day Ron will be famous and then we'll bob up with the claim of teaching him. Meantime his disarming smile deceives teachers in to the belief that he is paying attention.

PAUL, John Graham.

A newcomer to the Diploma course John brings with him an enviable reputation of examination success obtained in our Junior School. He aims to be a civil engineer — one of those enthusiastic fellows who builds bridges and things. Actually he's very fond of work. Just as well we all aren't. If people really liked work we'd still be ploughing the ground with sticks and transporting goods on our backs. John wanders round the sacred cloisters log book in hand muttering to himself but withal, happy. He's a confirmed bookworm, or so his girl friend says — even though she does sometimes omit all references to books.



WILLSON, Arthur Edgar.



Arthur was born way back in 1921 to the usual standard dimensions but has since increased longitudinally to about 6ft. 3 inches. On the matter of his early youth he is rather reticent, but we know he went to Caulfield Grammar before enlisting as an instrument expert in the A.I.F. A member of Malvern Harriers Arthur is captain of our athletic team and always gives a good account of himself. Very conspicuous at End-of-Term Dances where he exhibits the finer points of the terpsichorean art to the admiring multitude. He is partnered by a girl as pretty as a picture. Nice frame too. Any rate Arthur's evaded matrimony so far although he confided to me that last winter was so cold he almost got married. He's an extraordinarily modest fellow. Not one of those blokes who think they can push themselves forward themselves forward by patting themselves on the back. He works at intervals and should be there when the whips are cracking.

PATERSON, Donald Ewen.

Don was timed to be a new year's present to his proud parents in 1933 but disappointed them by being ten days late. He's been late ever since. Although he has a weakness for an engineering career Don finds that his sword is mightier than his pen and is hopeful of entering Duntroon next year. He's certainly a soldier and a half. Last year at the cadet camp he won the coveted Sam Browne belt for the outstanding cadet of the whole State. The troops certainly spring to it when Don gives the commands. Some day he'll be the complete soldier. "Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard." We can imagine him as the Pucca Sahib guarding the outposts of the Empire. A little stiff from Polo perhaps. We hope he doesn't get all uppish when he's an officer and a gentleman. You know the type; calls a war-horse a Hors-de-combat and a lawn mower a Coup de grace, while a common cart horse is just Hors-d'oeuvre.



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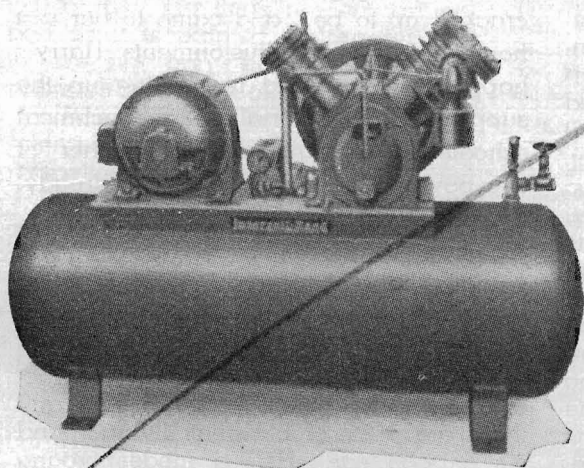
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Students' Representative Council



The accompanying picture has been released by the censor as not suitable for general exhibition.

The gentleman on the left with the high forehead and placid demeanour is the staff representative, Mr. Ralph Empey. As senior lecturer in science and senior sports master he has the happy knack of being friends with his students without relaxation of discipline. His sporting activities have included league football, district cricket and pennant golf. Although a confirmed bachelor we believe he is looking out for a sensible girl to share his fortunes. He should know that a sensible girl is too sensible to look sensible. Next to Mr. Empey is Don Horsey who represents form 6B. He hails from Keysborough where he always finished in the first six in the class. Rumour has it that the total attendance was six. Don is a man of few ill-chosen words who when in the right argues like a man but when in the wrong like a woman. Next to him is Les Coad, one of our newer ex-service-men. Les is a keen debater and can easily separate the bull from the facts.

Although he has reached the age of indiscretion he is still unmarried. He treats all women as sequels. Oh well, someday he'll pick a wife — in the same way as an apple picks a farmer.

On Les' left is that old-timer Harry Pearson. Born and bred in Queensland he joined the navy to see the world. He proved that "the Pacific wasn't what it's cracked up to be," and came to our rest home for further disillusionments. Harry's happily wedded and is keeping up the supply of raw materials to our technical schools by being the proud father of two boys. We've enrolled them already. Seventh form representative is learned-looking Arthur Willson. Contrary to popular belief he was not born in his baby car but seems to have grown while the car stood still. Arthur's chief love in life is the M.G. Apart from the fact that the carby won't work on turps and there are a lot of big ends flying round it's a good car. He's a modest young man and still blushes when he strips his gears.

The illustrious President of the S.R.C. sits at the head of the table. Syd. Honeyman is the Grand Old Man of our students and attacks all problems with true adult zeal. Of course he's married but is still able to give orders at the School. His two children will be a great comfort to him in his old age — and help him to get there quicker. Syd. is a clear thinker and an untiring enthusiast for hard work and has a knack of getting things done. His off-sider Bert Bromell is the hard working secretary of the gang and keeps everybody up to the mark. He's also married with two children. Bert's ability to carry on in the face of tobacco shortage shows a fine trait in his character and we fully expect to see his name prominent in future years. The bloke on Bert's left with a mouth as curly as his hair is Red Howells. He is deservedly popular and takes a practical interest in the things that really count such as school concerts. He not only does higher maths but can also follow it. This habit is most disturbing to his teachers.

The Art group comprises Ian Brown, Margaret Sergeant and Anne Richards. The hitherto closely guarded secret of Ian's life is that he was born in Scotland way back in 1926. Much may be made of a Scotchman if he's caught young. Ian came to Australia to be a policeman but finding law and order already well established in this convict settlement he turned to Art. He finds modern art not as bad as it is painted. Margaret and Anne are not only highly ornamental members of S.R.C. but also show a capacity for hard work. These girls walk in our sleep. They certainly illustrate the emancipation of women. In the olden days the man went out to fight while the women stayed home spinning coarse yarns. Things are different now. Sitting very close to Anne is Barry Ritchie. He's one of our student leaders whose ability and cheery nature give him the success he deserves.

We nearly forgot the two gentlemen standing modestly in the rear. Ken Sambell represents 6A and does a worthy job. As O.C. bicycles, captain of tennis and table tennis teams he's got his hands

full. He's a good student who occasionally stumbles on the truth but just picks himself up and carries on as though nothing happened. John Paul represents 5A and is a budding civil engineer. There's a lot to say in his favour but the other's more interesting. John is shy and anti-biographical. He tackles his studies with great determination and his clear thinking aided by his slogan, "Get stuck into it," will carry him far in his profession. He's afraid of girls though he knows they won't hurt him.

Good luck to them all. If I've said anything for which I am sorry I'm glad of it.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Dear Students,

At the close of this, the first year of activity of the Students' Representative Council, it is pleasing to look back upon the co-operation and enthusiasm that has enabled the organisation to cut its first teeth successfully.

Your Council this year has had some lengthy agendas to get through and credit is due to the members for their keenness in getting through them and also for their particularly good attendances. Many of the Council members serve on sub-committees, the backbone of the S.R.C. These sub-committees necessarily carry a large share of the work to be done and your executive extends its thanks to Ian Brown (Art School) and his social sub-committee, Barry Ritchie (8A) and his magazine staff, and 1951 concert sub-committee, Arthur Willson (7A) and his sports sub-committee.

At the risk of being accused of patting myself on the back indirectly, I wish especially to bring to your notice my colleagues on the executive. We have always had more work than we could cope but with the keen interest and willingness to devote time shown by my fellow members Arthur Willson (7A), Vice-president; Bert Bromell (ex-Service), Secretary; Rod Howells (7B), Assistant Secretary; and Harry Pearson (ex-Service), Treasurer; has resulted in some splendid co-operation.

Now having handed out those well earned bouquets let me put this to you. The S.R.C. organisation with its council members, executive and sub-committees is a good training ground for the budding professional man, who requires some grounding in this type of work. Furthermore it offers opportunity for fulfilling your obligations to your fellow students and to your school. The cultivation of the qualities of self-help and community spirit is inherent in the S.R.C. organisation and by taking an active interest in its affairs you are assimilating training just as important as your academic training.

Finally the Students' Representative Council extends sincere thanks to our Principal, Mr. Keper, for his constant interest in, and active assistance to, the S.R.C. and its associated activities.

S. HONEYMAN, President.

SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR 1950

The first meeting of the First Students' Representative Council, Caulfield Technical School, was held on 16th March, 1950. Up to the time of writing eight subsequent meetings have been held. These have taken place after school hours — generally opening at 5 p.m. and closing between 6 and 7 p.m.

In order to interest as many students as possible in extra-curricular activities and to lessen the burden on the Council itself, several sub-committees have been set up.

An outline of the work done and decisions made is given below.

SOCIAL. — The Social Sub-committee has organised and run successfully two dances, a theatre night and lunch hour documentary and educational films. At present it is preparing, in conjunction with the Students' Association, a report on the 1951 proposed Ball.

MAGAZINE.—This edition of Gryphon speaks for itself.

SPORTS. — The Sports Sub-committee has been active in this sphere and also in preparing a statement of the finance required by the S.R.C. to take over administration of the Sports Fund next year. It also hopes that next year arrangements can be made to form and help equip a girls basket-ball team.

CONCERT.—The full Concert Sub-committee for the 1951 concert will not be formed until next year. In the interim period, however, a Concert Preparatory Sub-committee has been compiling information, scripts, etc., and has investigated the relative merits of the Caulfield and Malvern Town Halls with respect to concert work. It has also recommended that the 1951 concert be held on two nights.

F.A.T.C.S.—The S.R.C. was approached by the Federation of Australian Technical College Students with a view to affiliation with that body. The Council decided that, for the present, it should confine its activities to within the school and not affiliate with the F.A.T.C.S.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION (C.T.S.)—

At a conference held between members of the Executive and the Executive of the Students' Association it was decided to maintain a close liaison between the two

bodies because of their several common interests. This could contribute to the success of the concert and certain social activities.

PUBLICITY.—As much of the success of the S.R.C. activities depends on suitable publicity it would be appreciated if some student having a flair for poster work would co-operate with the S.R.C. during 1951.

A letterhead competition (won by Ian McNeillage) was held during the year. This has provided the S.R.C. with a suitable letterhead design. The letter-heads have yet to be printed.

POLICY.—As laid down in the Constitution the objects of the S.R.C. are—

- (a) To promote the educational, social and general welfare of the Students of the Caulfield Technical School.
- (b) To encourage the various activities of student committees and societies.
- (c) To represent the student body in matters affecting its interest.

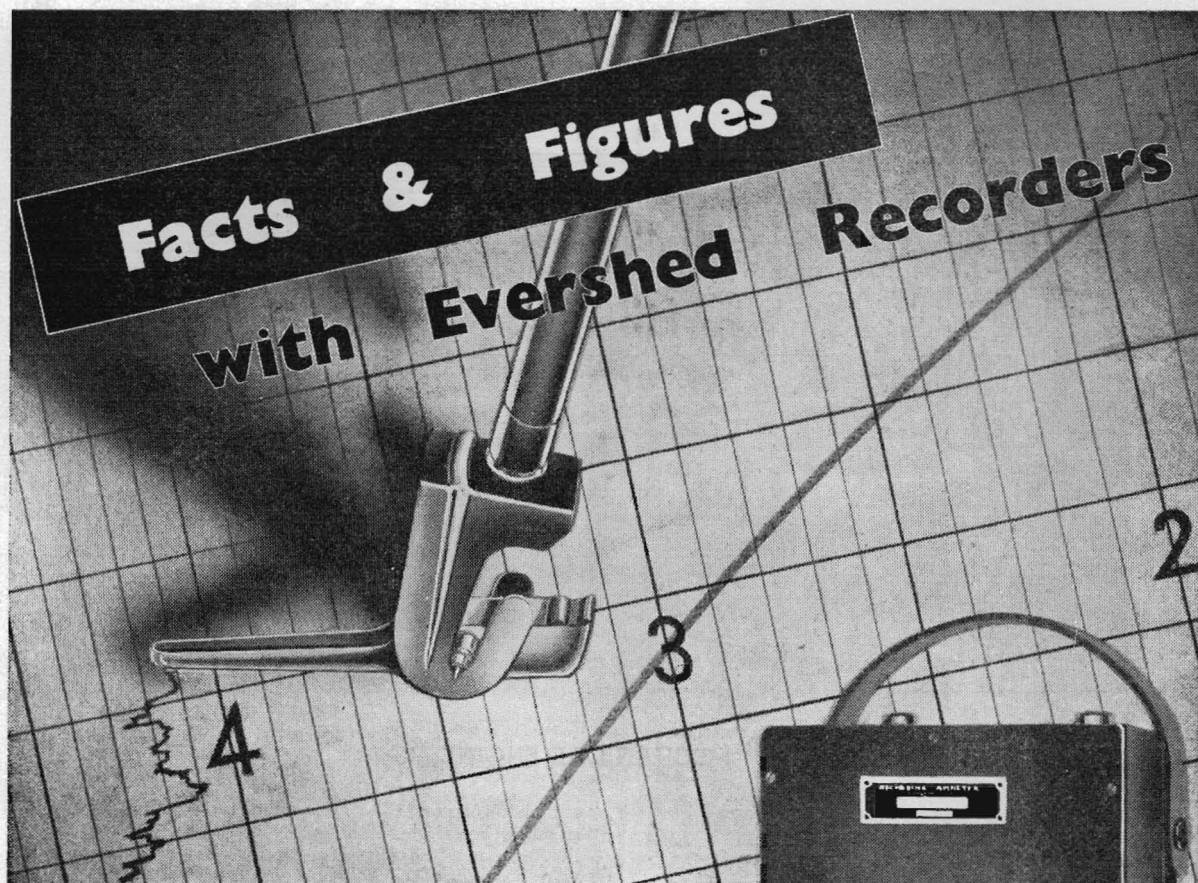
In addition to this it has been the general feeling of the First S.R.C. that in matters concerning financial commitments such as the publication of "Gryphon" and the running of the School Concert, the S.R.C. should endeavour to maintain financial equilibrium. For example, this and the previous two editions of "Gryphon" have resulted in a financial loss. Acting upon investigations made by the magazine Sub-committee the S.R.C. has taken certain steps to insure that the 1951 and 1952 "Gryphon" will be published at a small profit. In respect to the Concert, it is possible that next year it may be run for two nights — not to make a profit but to insure that no financial loss will be incurred. This is a bold step to take and its success depends upon your co-operation. Bring your parents and friends along.

The above is by no means a complete report on S.R.C. activities but gives some indication of the steps the S.R.C. has made since its inauguration. Next year, when subscriptions are due, remember that although the first S.R.C. has built up a small bank account there is a multitude of ways of disposing of it. Be assured that the S.R.C. will use it, and your subscription, in a manner designed to give you the greatest benefit.

A. BROMELL (Secretary)

Facts & Figures

with Evershed Recorders

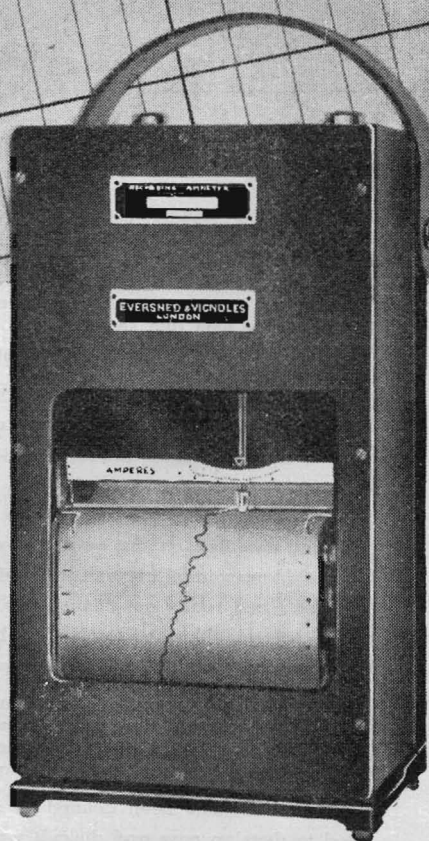


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Passing Parade



MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

"Let Doctors search for the festive germ.
And Lawyers talk and reason,
But Iron and Steel are the stuff for me
And Concrete mixed at one to three
And timber cut from the ironbark tree
In the proper time and season."

—The Song of the Engines.

As I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted last year, our graduates are just the boys to gum up the wheels of Industry. The accompanying photo shows our second batch of graduates and as you can see they look every bit as intelligent and care-free as last year. Next year they'll become Managaing Directors or Chief Engineers or something and really get things done. Engineering is the second oldest profession in the World and has varied very little down the ages.

"For it is now, as it was then
The Engineers they knew things;
They are the big strong silent men.
Who do not talk, but do things."

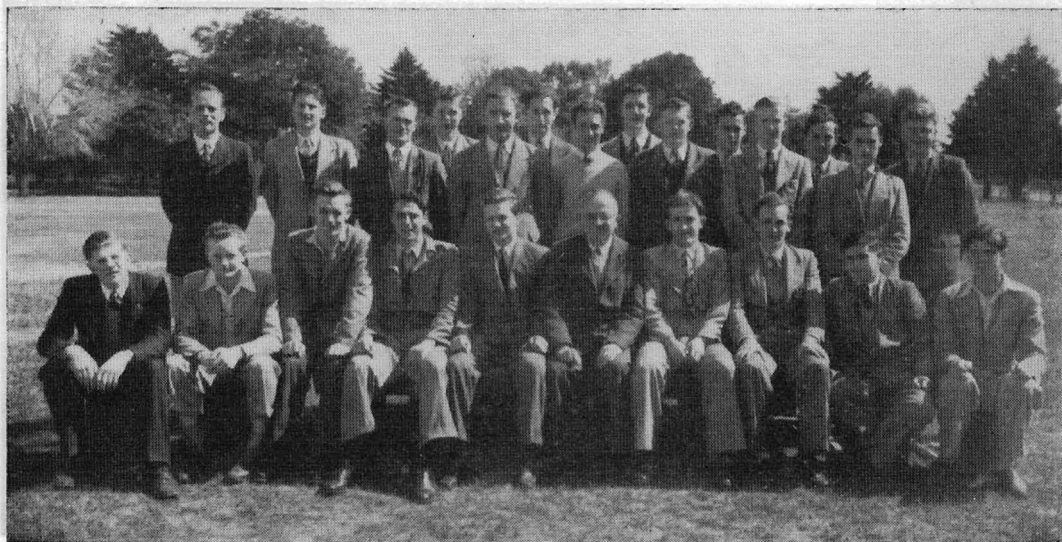
An engineer has been defined as a person educated to develop new and difficult ways of making the same mistake. Don't you believe it. These blokes are going out into the Cold Hard World equipped with everything from slide-rules to cigarette rolling gadgets. They can even use logarithms. Of course they're very simple. You know what the

text book says: "The logarithm of a number to a given base is the index of the power to which the base must be raised to produce the given number." Elementary, isn't it? However logs. are very useful. The other day Mr. Masson asked a couple of budding engineers to mark out our tennis courts. Nev. Byron and Fred Taylor offered to work out the measurement of the court with a logarithm. All they required was a hypotenuse and two angles. While they were preparing to mark the court with their logarithms we marked it with whitewash.

However we're very proud of our 8th Form and are going to miss them dreadfully next year. They certainly kept the teachers on their toes. They reckoned that even though bread is the staff of life there was no reason why the life of the staff should be one long loaf. The lads discovered quite early in the course that there is no way of getting an education quicker than by long and arduous routes of study and examination. Some tried to get by with illegible handwriting but it didn't work. Oh well, you can lead a lad to college but you can't make him think. Some of these bright boys are booked for an easy government job in the swivel service.

And now a few final charges just between ourselves. We've enjoyed your company, your co-operation and your willingness to get stuck into it. Keep it up. When you make a decision hop right into the job and get it done. He who hesi-

Passing Parade



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

tates is bossed. Although some of you may pick up University degrees beware of that honorary degree so often bestowed by your workmates, i.e., Y's G.I.

Keep your eye on what is happening in other parts of the world. After all a good education enables a person to worry about things in all parts of the world. Above all be loyal to your boss and to your profession. I will finish in the approved style with a quotation from one of our immortal poets, judiciously chosen to befit the importance and solemnity of the occasion.

"When any great design thou dost intend
Think of the means, the manner and the end."

Lecturer: "How come you're late this morning?"

Student: "I overslept."

Lecturer: "Oh! You sleep at home, too."

Patient (just coming out of ether): "Why are all the shades down?"

Doctor: "There's a fire across the street, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

GEOLOGY EXERTIONS

Tramp, tramp, tramping, o'er the stoney track,

The geologists go marching along the razor-back.

Looking at the strata, gazing at the stones,

Then we stop and hunt for dinosaur's bones.

Here we start a mud fight, having lots of fun,

But Mr. Whites an urger and keeps us on the run.

There he points out to us a neolithic boulder.

But three boys of the party are looking o'er the shoulder,

For as a pretty girl goes passing gaily by

Alan, Ron and Lindso turn — we wonder why!

—D. McCOLL, 6A.

Passing Parade



ART

Art should be joyous if we can get at it.

Ay, there's the rub, if we can get at it! To keep teachers and students in the getting is the purpose of the recent major revision of syllabuses for art training. Such a revision was long overdue when a committee was called together to pool ideas and discuss overseas developments. Green lights flashed brightly. It was found possible to voice without reserve, in the highest places, thoughts previously unexpressed.

Revision was extended to include the training of Manual Arts Students, and now all Art courses follow the same pattern. To avoid loss of time, students already embarked on the old course were switched to the new, and gathered together from various schools. To Caulfield fell the difficult task of planning and teaching a transitional year.

When the number of students is multiplied by the hundreds they will teach, this task presents a grave responsibility. We agreed it was such, but decided it must be undertaken gaily.

The magnificent team work of staff and students, feeling their way to a creative approach in art has produced a quality of work never before achieved in this School.

Completing a two years' basic course under the new syllabus, the student qualifies with the Certificate of Art. This is a pre-requisite of a further two years specialist training work, with the Diploma of Art as an objective. Until now, no large passing out has taken place as students other

than Manual Arts have taken positions as they offered. With the development of the Diploma of Art, the parallel with the Engineering School will be established.

This spate of words has as its source the request of some remarks to accompany the photograph of youth and beauty shown above. We are saying au revoir reluctantly to these students. In their third year — the pedagogic year — these students will follow an art and craft of their own choice at the most appropriate school for one day each week. We should sometimes glimpse some of these welcome faces next year.

To refer to our opening quotation; art has been the subject of more balderdash than any other activity. Often the specialist in other crafts and professions as well as the man in the street, states unequivocally that he knows nothing about art. Yet he proceeds to express unhesitatingly an opinion on any work of art. The pattern of the new Course will, we hope, with understanding and recognition from such critics. Through Knowledge of Art, Draughtsmanship, and Design for a Purpose, a system of Art Education will develop of which we may well be proud.

To those students leaving this year — best wishes, sincere thanks for your stimulating presence, for your willing co-operation and for just being your delightful selves.

—H. ELLIS.

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Past Students' Association

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

With 1949 rapidly drawing to a close, last years' final students decided that their school associations were such that they warranted a Past Students' Association.

A constitution was drafted and duly ratified at the inaugural meeting and the following executive members elected:

Colin Smith — President.
Don Head, John Marshall — (Vice-Presidents).
Alan Wilson — Secretary.
Fred Tucker — Treasurer.
Hugh Munro and Karl Haussegger.

With the foundation of the association, it is hoped that the general body of students will realise its importance to them. Because of this, the association has adopted the policy of encouraging final year (Diploma or Art) students to become members. In this way, it feels a better understanding will result between past and present students. Further still, provision has been made for present day student representation on its executive. Past Junior School members and those who do not intend to pursue a Diploma or Art Course are also invited to apply for membership.

At a round table conference with the S.R.C., it was unanimously agreed that the C.T.S.P.S.A. was a step in the right direction, and that mutual co-operation of both bodies would be of benefit to both past and present students.

Although restricted by means beyond their control to a limited number of social events this year, the executive has definite plans for social events during the ensuing year. These functions will be a definite highlight of the association's activities. Who knows? In the future even your wives and sweethearts may be members. Although we make no claim as a matrimonial bureau there are at present a number (?) of female members and all past and present female students are wholeheartedly invited to become members.

The association's interest in the school was further brought to light with Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs at the annual School Concert. Produced and presented by past students, the item was acclaimed a great success.

I cannot stress enough the importance and value of retaining past school relationships; so instructors, graduates (Diploma or Art), past Junior School members, remember this association is your Association and only you can make the C.T.S.P.S.A. the success it deserves. For any particulars apply to the Secretary:

A. WILSON,
10 Wilmoth Ave., Murrumbidgee.

PIONEER GRADUATION

On December 7, by kind arrangement of School Council and Parents' Guild, the fourth year diploma students of 1949 were treated to a social evening in anticipation of their graduation. To complete the farewell to the school, they had the company of senior staff and members of the School Council.

While all and sundry assembled in Rooms 32 and 33 entertainment was provided by a weird competition said to have been devised by the teachers during a staff meeting. Each person wore a badge representing a town in Victoria — the lads from Wangaratta romped home winners with towns like Nimpottipotpow and Katamatite. After a short musical interlude in which Ron Stephenson and Bill Bunnett played "handies" on the piano, the students moved to trap the staff in a carefully planned ambush. This took the form of a presentation to each of those esteemed pedagogues. Notable among the reactions:

1. Mr. F . . . , who, when he received a toothless comb and hairless brush, looked blank. Seems his mother never done told him about brushes and combs.

2. Mr. L . . . , who immediately rushed his present down to the chem. lab. assistant to see if it was pure,

3. Mr. White, who startled the gathering with his highly amusing and original repartee when asked to comment on the present. "Thanks" he said.

The highlight of the evening was supper, so amply provided by the Parents' Guild. To the young and uninitiated in the group it seemed that such a spread would never be eaten in a week, let alone a night. Fools, they reckoned without the staff and ex-servicemen. The evening ended on a more serious note — Mr. Salmon (of the School Council) gave a resume of all the work which had been done by the founders of the school to make it possible for the diploma course to come into being. Mr. Kepert followed emphasizing the need for the students of this first graduate class of Caulfield Tech. to make a favourable impression on the outside world and as a proof of the efficiency of the school from whence they came. In conclusion Mr. Kepert, members of the School Council and Parents' Guild wished all graduates success in the life ahead of them.



Tucker



Smith



C.T.S.P.S.A.

Coincident with the graduation of Caute's pioneers were simultaneous upheavals through industry and social life — repercussions still persist after almost a year.



Our genial President C. J. Smith after giving the Diploma the works decided to return to the V.R. But no sooner said than done "Skez" arrived to keep the tracers company. Colin thenceforth moved on to Williamstown Dockyards—back to the sea air and what ever he has in every Port. Another of our Navy men, Vice-president Don Head has taken over Eagley Mills. He immediately sat down and eagerly designed flilly ballet pants for next year's School Concert. Our eldest member Fred Tucker, as Treasurer (and School Registrar) manages to balance our books without the auditors wondering what happens to the petty cash. However, his biggest worry is still how to account to the wife for every ha'penny he squanders.

Before we go any further we must put in our free ad. for the S.E.C. (For now at Yallourn, Newport and other rest-homes are some 99.99% of our members). At Yallourn our sole representative is John Beatty. Syd Harriss took one look and bolted back to regions of more feminine lure. Newport claimed Roy Brenton, so Roy bought a B.S.A. and now "streaks" along with flying suit, goggles and all the other paraphernalia. It's Roy and Don Whalley who twiddles the thim-gummy's in the control room, who caused all this "urgent message from the S.E.C." and "blackout of suburbs" rot.

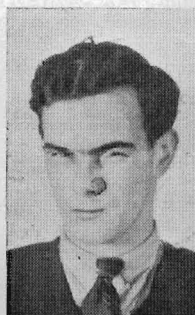
However Yarraville and Richmond seem to have had the best rubber cushions and typists for here we find Bill Bunnett, Geoff Ulhorn, Hedley Baum, "Butch" Fraser, Ian Deavin, Noel Shears, Len Goffin, Ron Brown, Joe Dames, Dale Phillips, and Ron Stephenson. Bill Bunnett plays about with relays for electrocuting ants or some such highly secret project. Our humourist "Young Geoff," an "old lag" of the S.E.C., sits back telling funny (?) stories of the days before he slipped and was caught. Poor fish! Noel Shears is a real business executive — sits with both feet up, telephone to each ear — both lines engaged! (I hear Mr. Hunt is installing an electric piano especially for Ron and Dale).

Meanwhile at William and Flinders streets, Don Gribble, Ian Picketts and Doug Shaw are assisting in disorganising the S.E.C.'s no fraternisation restrictions. Doug has a real "cushy" job, car and all. He investigates customers' complaints. Doug's lurk is to knock on the front door and step neatly aside as an electric radiator whizzies past. Before we leave, Max (Ted) Blake has succeeded in his ambition to build, burst and rebuild steam cars for the S.E.C. Transport.

John Rogers is playing boats in the bath at H.M. Dockyard. "Szekfy" (our well-known linguist) after assisting in the disorganisation of K. & L. decided a holiday was in order. He joined the V.R. for the purpose previously noted. At M.M.B.W. Ken Baker and Eldon Swift are doing a bit of survey—investigating local attractions. Our ballet mistress "Madame" Mander is still playing the "old hag" boiling up double trouble for Werner's Refrigerators. And before we



Ulhorn



Shaw

Round-Up

forget, Fred Bryce, is well known to all who listen to Holeproof's ads. for he's the whistle in "lovely-lovely-Holeproof."

Of a number of others Warren Judd, Nat Spencer, Gordon Bail, Kevin Maher, Len Duke and Bill Armstrong we don't know exactly what they're up to but we can hazard a good guess! Len Duke's Cornel Wilde hair-do may be harmonic or sinusoidal vibrations but we certainly know it's forced and damped. Bill Armstrong, now managing director, etc., etc., of Armstrong Studios Inc., was appointed auditor at the A.G.M. We are quite confident of his adept handling of figures (the numerical ones anyway).

Now we come to a band of foolhardy souls who migrated to the "Shop." (It is rumoured their migration was one of vengeance upon a certain bearded Mr. S.). Now rigorously absorbed in under-graduate doings, many and varied (too right!) are John Marshall, Ron Ritchie, Hugh Munro, Fred Reynolds, Raymond Greenwood, "Ackbar" Wilson, "Boozle" Bartholomew, John (Henry) Morgan and Robin Macfarlane. (John Marshall collected an "Oscar Weigel Exhibition," while Hugh, Fred, and "Mac" landed "Dalydd Lewis" scholarships). One thing they all possess is a yearning for the days of "Morrie and '49."

John soon found the secret of turning a "swot vac" into a pleasure — just relieve Mentone of one of its population and retire to the Dandenongs. That's O.K. but we've still to find out why the book was still open at page one when he came back. In the Mech. Eng. Lab. Ron Ritchie was heard describing Caulec's Lister kero engine: "It employs a confused 27 cylinder motor, two banks of 13 cylinders horizontally opposed and going up and down in the centre, developing 500 h.p. at 10,000 r.p.m." (Ray Greenwood is in the same surveying group with Fred and Ackbar!!!) In Strength of Materials he learned talks of yield-points and necking. Regarding Ackbar — between writing minutes, building Wilson Special Rolls Morris, working 30-ton Avery, he divides time between visiting C.T.S. and M.U. (Despite how it appears he does regularly attend lectures).

But alas and alack not all so happy and carefree — Karl, "Boozle," "Morg" and "Mac" have indeed encountered Mr. S. and believe it or not find him a gentleman as well as a Maths IIB examiner. (Karl's night life is now less crowded since visits to Williamstown have been abandoned). Eric Brown commenced the year but decided to give Johns and Waygood the benefit of his figure for testing lifts.

Two of last year's students not satisfied with their lot decided to carry on as works-managers to "Morrie" and "Doc" — Paul Pearson and "Issy" Vinacour. Paul's big problem is to convince the 1950 Wanganatta influx of the superiority of Britain's cars. "Doc's" big problem is Issy — a bright spark he "shorts" the switchboard when things get dull.

Now a final word for our representatives at Caulfield's Annexes (Footscray and Swinburne). Bruce Appleby, our dashing huntsman in Snow White, is doing Chem. — some of his solutions would make your nose curl. Our two fair members, Bessie Cousin and Barbara MacDougall claim they are rusting on their laurels at Swinburne — but don't let them pull your eyes over the wool.



Official Opening

The newly completed Art and Applied Sciences Wing of the Caulfield Technical School was officially opened on Thursday, 24th August, in a ceremony conducted by the Hon. P. P. Inchbold, Minister of Education.

Introduced by the President of the School Council Mr. Salmon, a former President, Hon. Frank Groves, addressed a large gathering of students, parents, teachers, local and State Government representatives on the development of the School.

Mr. Groves reminded the gathering that the original school of some 200 scholars, commenced in 1922 with a building costing £18,000 had steadily progressed until today it had well over 2,000 students enrolled, and buildings and equipment valued at hundreds of thousands of pounds. Mr. Groves paid a tribute to the sterling 24 years of service to the school by the former Principal, Mr. Dorey. Mr. Dorey was present at Thursday's ceremony and must have been extremely proud to see the completion of this fine building which had been a dream and then a promise for so many years.

THE CITY OF TODAY AND TOMORROW

Here is a fairyland of exotic blooms, of fragrant scented flowers and dazzling white buildings — yes, this is Canberra.

Nestled in a green valley, bordered by wind-swept foothills, this modern city holds its head high. It is proud of the fact that it is the capital of Australia, a magnificent example of architecture.

Rising high into the azure sky is the glorious steeple of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, set beautifully in one of the many spacious parklands. Tall sinister pines, like miniatures against the towering steeple, flank the walls.

Albert Hall, like a gem in a garden of rubies, stands proud and dignified. This is Canberra's opera-house; its approaching gravelled road lined with scarlet rose trees which fill the air with a delightful fragrance.

Monuments are far from rare in Canberra. The greatest of them all, the Australian War Memorial, is a tribute to the gallant Australians who fought so gloriously on the shores of Gallipoli and in many another battle-scarred place. This memorial in the foothills is surrounded by tall, white gum trees. Brilliantly plumed parrots fly from tree to

Mr. Percy Everett, Chief Architect of the Public Works Department and designing architect for the new wing, officially handed the building over to the Education Department being represented by Mr. Nielson in the ceremony.

Mr. Inchbold reminded the students of their responsibility to take full advantage of the opportunities now available to them through the enlarged facilities of the school, before officially declaring the wing open. Art student Margaret Sergeant, representing the Student Representative Council, then presented the Minister with a framed etching to mark the occasion of his visit.

Following the dismissal of the student parade, the official party moved to the new foyer, where the Minister unveiled a tablet commemorating the official opening of the new building.

The Principal, Mr. Kepert, and members of the School Council entertained the visitors at afternoon tea after which they were taken on an extensive tour of the displays of students' work.

All who visited the various exhibitions agreed that the extremely high standard of work displayed reflected considerable credit on the Principal and Faculty.

tree, and wattles wave gently in the mountain breeze.

The plan of the city is something to be admired. The streets are clean and tidy, while roads are lined with sweetly-scented blossom trees. The shops are varied in style, some resembling the shops of old England, while others remind us of Mexico.

Babbling creeks and rivers twist their serpent-like beds down the mountain sides, while possums, rabbits and wallabies roam the surrounding country.

The magnetic attraction of Canberra is Parliament House, surrounded by its dark green pines and brightly-coloured blossom trees. It was opened by the present King — then the Duke of York. In its well-kept grounds there are tennis-courts and bowling greens.

Canberra is bathed in a pink glow as the sun sets behind the snow-tipped mountains. The stars begin to glimmer in the gauzy sky, and the gullies turn to deep purple as a cool evening breeze springs up.

This is the city of to-day and to-morrow, and proud we should be of our capital city — Canberra.

—J. TRUSCOTT. 2D.

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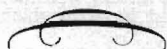
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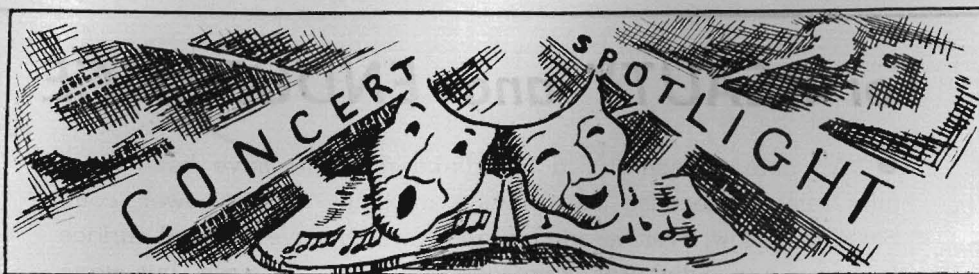


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On the 11th May, 1950, the Third Annual Concert was successfully staged by the students of "Caulfield." The programme was opened by the Junior Choir, under Mr. P. Curllis, with its lusty interpretation of the "Miller of the Dee," and "The Ash Grove."

This was followed with a delightful piano duet by Alison Briggs and Anne Richards — playing Rubinstein's "Melody in F" and "Kitten on the Keys."

The Pantomime, "Snow White done in Rhyme" had an original script and decor. There was not, it appeared, any author. We discovered later that no one had had the courage to sign his name to it. "The Old Hag" (Max Mander), was an excellent piece of acting; the brew "she" concocted was guaranteed to poison even the best of Tech. stool students.

"Radio Baloni" was then presented to give the public an idea of how a Radio Station should not be run.

"The March of Time" showed that Modern Music definitely wins. It is only when we endure the droning of a Brahms's Waltz, followed by the wailing strains of "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls" — that we really appreciate it (?).

Mr. Curllis, in true baritone style, sang "Your Days of Philandering are Over," and "The Maid of Alcalá."

Next came "The Age of Compromise," acted by Art students. This skit showed the critical shortage of builders. It is not known whether "Ethel" and "Mona" are now sharing Charles, or whether it is "all or nothing."

During the interval, Barry Ritchie, our accompanist, gave a most enjoyable recital.

The Senior Choir opened the second half of the concert — a pleasant, tuneful performance, though it is felt that the members of this choir could have looked a trifle happier when "Come to the Fair" was in full swing.

After the choir Mr. Keperit and the School Council made the presentations to successful students in what is believed to be record time.

"The Intelligence Test" following, appeared at the outset to be an entry examination to Caulfield Tech., but a further study of this act revealed that it was only Dr. Sid. Honeyman applying his knowledge of modern psychology.

The next item was a monologue, an excerpt from King Henry V, by Margaret Sergeant.

An Instrumental Quartette which followed gave an entertaining performance of "Marie" and "Georgia."

A good night's entertainment was completed by the Junior Choir "With Now is the Hour" and the National Anthem.

BACKSTAGE BANTER

A successful presentation of a concert depends to a great extent upon stage hands. These good folk are seldom seen by the audience, and not always appreciated. Rod Howell, Ron Bean, and ex-student Bill Armstrong (with much of Bill's valuable equipment combined in sound affects, unequalled in the field of entertainment. Curtains and scenic backdrops were handled by F. Heath, D. Stobart, B. Matthewman, I. Simpson & Co. These boys did a good job, hauling up here, letting down there, and generally proceeding with an air of knowing what they were doing. However, everything ran smoothly, thanks to their efforts. It may be noted here that the man mainly responsible for the backdrops was Fred Heath.

Hall and stage lighting was handled by Roy Barclay, while the spotlight was operated by Ron Brown with the assistance of Paul Pearson. During the afternoon a Dress Rehearsal was to be held but when it was time for Electrician Barclay and Operator Brown to do their stuff, the hall attendant: the spotlight would not be allowed. (It appears that the hall lighting had been revised and no provision made for an external spotlight). Everyone was suitably staggered until someone suggested seeing J.K. With his secret formula J.K. obtained the desired permission; thus through the gloom spread the beam of the spotlight. Huh! By that time it was too late to start. Too bad, Max Officer and Joe Currey, reluctantly sacrificed many hours of design and maths to complete this light which is now school property.

Praise must go to the compere Keith Barrow, for the way he kept the show on the move at all times; also to the accompanist, Barry Ritchie, without whom many of the acts would not have been possible.

Lastly, a vote of thanks is due to those people who like the ushers and usherettes, ticket sellers, and general handymen, did a really fine job. If future concerts are as successful as this one, there is no fear that Caulfield Tech. will ever produce a flop.

SHAKESPEARE VISITS THE CONCERT

A few days after the concert, we were agreeably surprised to receive an air-mail letter bearing a strange postmark. This was found to be from the renowned William Shakespeare, who, having heard of the high standard of last year's concert, decided this year to come and see for himself. He enclosed the following comments on the various items, and personalities.

- BEFORE THE CONCERT.** "I would 'twere bed-time, and all well." —Henry I, Act IV, Scene V
- THE CONCERT.** "Some are born great — some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them." —Twelfth Night, Act V, Sc. I.
- THE AUDIENCE** "Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!" —Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. II.
- THE JUNIOR CHOIR** "We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly . . ." —"A Winter's Tale." Act I, Sc. II.
 "We did keep time sir . . ." —Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. III.
 ". . . twenty such rude boys . . ." —All's Well that Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. II.
 "O fie! the treble jars . . ." —Taming of the Shrew, Act 3, Sc. I.
- THE SCENE SHIFTERS** ". . . This must be done with haste." —Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. II.
 "Oh, what a falling-off was there!" —Hamlet, Act II, Sc. II.
 "See here these movers . . ." —Coriolanus, Act 1, Sc. IV.
- RADIO BOLONI** "Indeed, it does stink . . ." —Measure for Measure, Act 3, Sc. II.
 "My sacred aunt! . . ." —Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Sc. V.
- THE MARCH OF TIME** ". . . such a canary! . . ." —Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Sc. II.
 ". . . how poor an instrument!" —Anthony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. II.
 "Thus the whirligig of time brings its revenges." —Twelfth Night, Act I, Sc. II.
- PIANO DUET** ". . . they have ta'en note of us:
 Keep on your way." —Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. II.
 "The fault will be in the music . . ." —Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. I.
 "Cease to lament for that thou canst not help."
 —Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. I.
 "Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more."
 —Henry V, Act 3, Sc. I.
 "Sticking together in calamity."
 —King John, Act 3, Sc. IV.
 ". . . Hear the lamentation of poor Anne!" —Richard III, Act 1, Sc. II.
- SNOW WHITE** ". . . some foul mischance." —Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. II.
 "How now, you secret, black, and midnight hag." —Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. I.
 ". . . Why, here's a girl! . . ." —Henry VI, Part I, Act 5, Sc. IV.
- THE PRIZE GIVING** ". . . have you not done talking yet?" —Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. II.
 ". . . I never was so bethump'd with words." —King John, Act 2, Sc. II.
- AFTER PRIZE GIVING** "For this relief — much thanks." —Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. I.
- THE INTELLIGENCE TEST.** "These paper bullets of the brain." —Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. III.
- THE SENIOR CHOIR** "You are goodly things, you voices!" —Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. VI.
 ". . . abide the change of time." —Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. IV.
 ". . . music of all sorts . . ." —All's Well That Ends Well, Act 3, Sc. VII.
 ". . . not so loud!" —Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. II.
 ". . . the self-same tenor." —Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. III.
 "My lungs began to crow like chanticleer." —As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. VII.
- THE CONDUCTOR** ". . . in most strange postures
 We have seen him set himself . . ." —Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. II.
- THE BAND** "Some gentlemen well skill'd in music."
 —Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. II.
 ". . . now, gentlemen,
 Let's tune . . ." —Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Sc. II.
 ". . . what noise is this?" —Macbeth, Act 4, Sc. I.
 "Think you a little sin can daunt mine ears?"
 —Taming of the Shrew, Act 1, Sc. II.
- THE MONOLOGUE** "Alone I did it" —Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. VI.
 "Words, words, words!" —Hamlet, Act 2, Sc. II.
 "A poor, lone, woman." —Henry I, Act 4, Sc. II.
- AFTER THE CONCERT** "What's done, is done." —Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. II.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

The best item in the Third Annual Concert (well, it cost the most!) was the presentation of this Disney Panto, by the escaped students of C.T.S.

Home-made script allowed many cracks at lecturers, etc., to be inserted with several musical interludes in a story which unravelled itself like a venetian blind.

As Snow White, Miss Marilyn Norman was ideal. Her experience in opera has given her the poise and voice of a professional. In the role of her evil step-mother, we had Ron Ritchie. Although the make-up he used for this part flattered him, he still broke three mirrors before a special stainless-steel type was hired.

Bruce Appleby played the part of the huntsman with excellent restraint (as did his horse) whilst Prince Kalman Haussegger again searched for a bride; (he has searched in widely separated places.) As the disguised Queen, Max Mander scared the wits out of half of the audience. Needing a "Toni" perm badly, he produced a variety of articles out of his cauldron, including a Caunt Calculus and a deadly Granny Smith.

Then there were the seven little dwarfs who, whenever they ate rock cakes, always took their pick. Doctor Hughie Munro, Grumpy Max Loy, Happy Jack Rogers, Ian "Sneezy" Ricketts, Bashful Ron Brown, Sleepy Dale Phillips, and Dopey Alan Wilson all looked and spoke their respective parts with the required amount of distinguishable animation.

Ray Greenwood and John Marshall were two spokesmen who realised that their job was simply to fill in scene changes. In doing this they amazed themselves at times with ad-libbing. Ron Stephenson did his usual good job at the Steinway — or whatever it was — effectively drowning the wrong notes of the chorus.

A tribute should be made to Alan Wilson and Max Mander for the work they put into making the item a success. Alan in particular spent hours upon hours of work in making the furniture and scenery; all who saw it will agree to its quality.

The whole production was performed on amicable lines and the spirit at rehearsals gave the cast great satisfaction.

—J.R.M.

A super-salesman was hunting one Sunday morning out in the woods and went down to a nearby spring with his gun and a water pail to get water with which to make his coffee. Upon straightening up from the spring he found himself face to face with a very vicious looking bear. Dropping the pail, but still hanging on to his rifle, he cleared a nearby fence in one bound, to find himself confronted by an enraged bull. Being a supersalesman, however, he turned and fired his one cartridge through the fence, killing the bear. He knew that he could shoot the bull any time.

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SOCIAL

ACTIVITIES



THE SENIOR CHOIR

There must be numerous occasions far more suitable for choir rehearsal than the hour between 4 and 5 p.m., at the end of a tiring day of study and toil, when energy flags and humour becomes increasingly hard to maintain. At least I suppose there are, although no other occasion mutually convenient appeared to present itself. At any rate, that body of Art and Diploma students known (with just pride) as the Senior Choir chose that time to devote to the pursuit of music-making, just for the sheer joy of singing. We had hoped for a somewhat larger membership this year, but many students felt that the time would be spent more profitably in work. Those who participated, however, would no doubt testify to the fact that, apart from the fun of singing, they derived a real rejuvenation of spirit from this activity. After all, "All work and no play makes Jack (or Jill) a dull boy (or girl)."

Right from the outset a start was made on the pieces to be performed for the annual concert, and quite a high standard of performance was achieved. songs, "Come to the Fair," "Nymphs and Shepherds," and "Night of Stars and Night of Love," were well received on the night of the concert — in "Nymphs and Shepherds" the choristers surpassed themselves. This item alone was worth all the time and trouble that had been spent. Congratulations all, and many thanks for your wonderful co-operation!

One final comment. I never cease to marvel at the ability of the female of the species to knit under all kinds of conditions. What an amazing array of garments must owe their existence to choir practice!

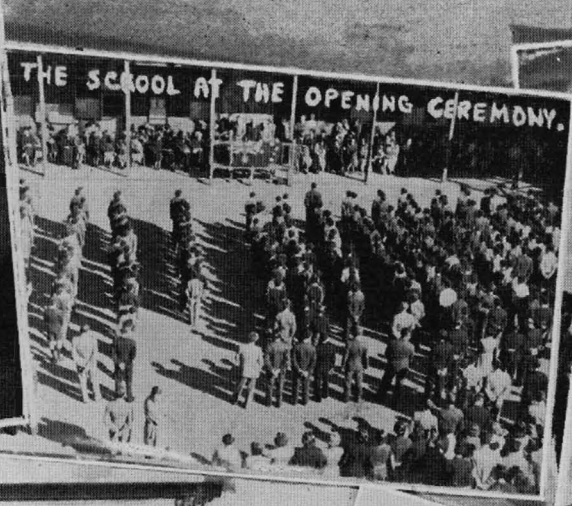
"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are like a string of purls to me . . ."

—P. J. CURLIS





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- UP - AND OVER



THEY'RE O



BOISTEROUS BAW-BAW !



THE 'UNVEILING'



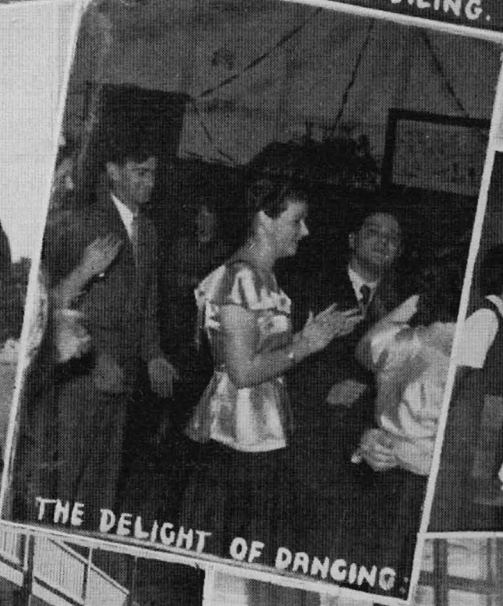
SOCIAL



WHAT A SNOW-TRIP !



'BRUTE FORCE'



THE DELIGHT OF DANCING



WE CERTAINLY WENT TO TOWN



THE MP'S OPENING SPEECH



AROUND THE LABS.



- BUT MADE A



OVER-!

RE OFF!



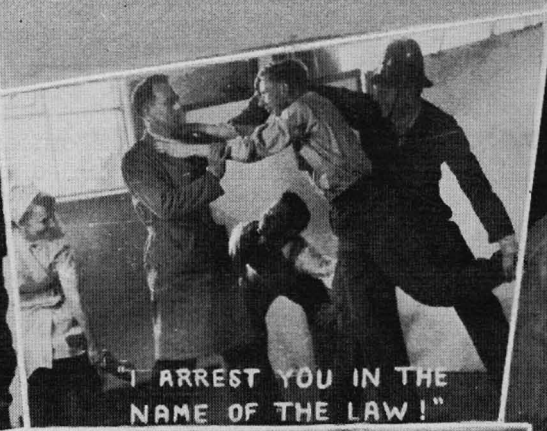
L SNAPS



"KITTENS" ON THE KEYS!



A DEMURE RETURN-!



"I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!"



WELL-I'LL GIVE HER A KISS JUST THE SAME



THE SHAKESPEARIAN MAID.



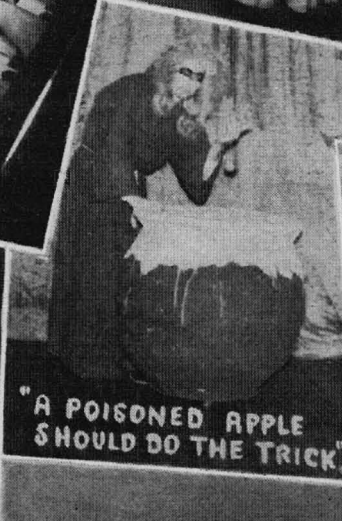
MUSIC MAESTRO.



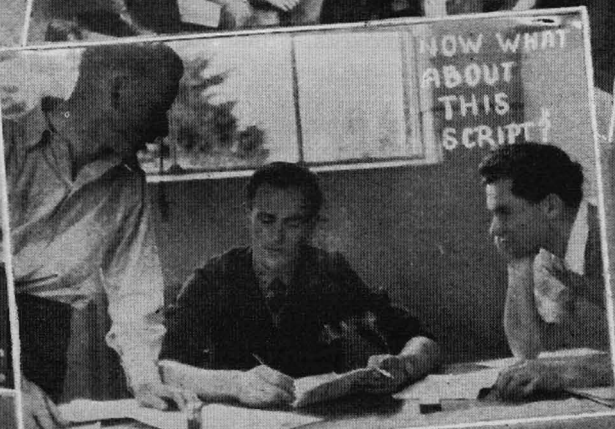
TO A THICK FOREST OF TREES WE HAVE COME



THE "BRIEFING" OF THE TECHNICIANS:



"A POISONED APPLE SHOULD DO THE TRICK."



NOW WHAT ABOUT THIS SCRIPT?

CAMERA CLUB NOTES

The club started with nine members, and gradually settled down to six enthusiasts who regularly attend the darkroom on a Wednesday afternoon to explore the mysteries of photography.

The expert help of Mr. Broadfoot at these meetings enables members to unravel the problems encountered in their work. This help is greatly appreciated by all members.

Several members of the club are responsible for many of the photos that appear in this magazine, while all members contributed to a display of their work at the School Exhibition.

The cameras owned by members range from an expensive Voigtlander to a modest Box Brownie.

The darkroom which was previously an electricians nightmare, has been rewired in accordance with the demands of electrocuted members.

Personalities in the club include David Mancy, whose photographic models are always overexposed and usually under-developed.

Alan Kepert, whose darkroom technique is very good — he works best in the dark, anyway.

There is always a shortage of female models, Graeme Jones cannot understand why.

Ron Bean is a photographer of sorts, especially good ones.

We believe that when John Paul takes his girl out, instead of murmuring sweet nothings into her shell pink ear, he comes out with such expressions as "What contrast," "What light and shade" etc.

Ken Ford has been reported to have been sitting under a tree with a brunette, gazing from limb to limb.

New photography enthusiasts are invited to join the club, as new members are always welcome.

SNOW TRIP

Once again the Caulfield Tech. annual Snow Trip to Donna Buang was a marked success, although a smaller number than usual took the opportunity of an enjoyable day's outing. The van left the school soon after 9 o'clock and arrived at the turntable about 11.30, allowing us plenty of time to walk, or ride by bus, to the summit, and thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the thick blanket of snow which had recently fallen. The Ritchie brothers and Brian Will appeared to be the pace makers, whilst Karl led the community singing in the van. Clothes and feet were dampened by light snow falls, but spirits remained high throughout the day. Some were optimistic enough to take toboggans which provided an amount of fun in ideal conditions — until one of them fell to pieces on the way down the run.

As arranged, we arrived back at the vans, slightly exhausted, about 4.30 and after drying off a little we left for Warburton where we stopped for refreshments. We began the return journey, only to discover, after about half a mile, that two of the party were left behind. However the boys soon rejoined us and the van continued on its way, depositing the "1950 snow trippers" once again at the Caulfield Station. All look forward to next year's trip.

—M.C.

DANCE NOTES

Gently, Bentley, but this isn't a man-quin parade — even though Mr. Paul Vail was displaying "what the well dressed dancer will wear next season." Don't despair girls, there's always the progressive barn dance.

The first of the series of dances was run by the Art department, which, due to the "doubtful" reputation, was able to muster quite a crowd of curious folk, who, having become accustomed to the Art's eccentricities, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Word was soon passed around, so that the next dance (held after many laborious meetings, shrieks of "never fear, the S.R.C. is here," and a fully developed treatise on "length of time taken for performance of a dance") gathered many more dancers.

Ian Brown, suitably attired in his best voice, kept the programme to the programme, then for the third dance Brian Will took over the position and by now we expect he is collecting the blackmail from the very candid candid.

Ask Mr. Kepert if the supper is worth the trouble. Can he count, or is he afraid that the plate won't come around again?

Hats off to the band, they're tops. That music sure does give the staff a lift.

Now we just want to know a few things. Why was Dacky sitting in the red-hot corner? What's the attraction at Ormond station at mid-night? Why are there so many willing "helpers" at washing-up time. ? ?

—S.

SNOW WEEK-END

Bent on a merry "week-end" of shee-ing (correct pronunciation) and his-hop-ping, a snow happy group left Caulfield one Friday, chased to the chariot by "Chassa" of staff — who refrained from comment on the light-heaviness of some luggage. Still more "Chase-ing" was done on the journey.

"D.T." amused himself interlacing his ribs with those of the toboggan whilst others found pleasure in just plain interlacing. Untying ourselves on arrival we put on our nightcaps, and were lulled to sleep by the weird calls of the man who couldn't sleep (there's always one).

Dawn broke, along with several heads, "stumps" were stocked, the 3 day hike vertically upwards to the snow accomplished in a few hours, and the very wet business of ski-ing (correct pronunciation) begun. Heather was quick to develop a 3-point slide-style of her own (came to a very wet end) which was soon adopted by others as standard (or sithard) style for beginners. Luckily no-one came to grief, save one satirical observer, who, living up to her name sat on a rock, then satire and ire, result gravel rash on the nether-mind.

The dance that night went off like a bomb, with alternating ham-bones and troxfots, gustily announced by the M.C. The D.T. devil-dance was produced at the psychological moment, it's "vibrant sinuosities and pulsating grotesquities" (Miss Lever please note) perfectly silhouetted against the "Yogi of the Lantern." The party spread like wildfire through the camp, but everything was eventually quenched, and all, young sparks and old flames alike, hit the cot.

Sunday was spent — everyone was spent. Hexcepting Hercules Will, who heaved Heifer up to the top.

Collecting our baggage and our senses, we wended our weary way whence we came, warmed by wobblings and warblings, and happy in the thought that, there being a weekend in every week, THIS COULD HAPPEN AGAIN.

—NONYMUS.

THE MELBOURNE IRON AND STEEL ROLLING MILLS

On August 9th, Mr. Percy and 15 6A Metallurgists risked their lives in travelling out to the rolling mills in cars driven by Messrs. P. Garrett, L. Dickson and A. Duncan.

We started our tour in the foundry where we saw the Company's 15 ton Heroult electric furnace. This furnace works at 200 volts and "pulls" 1500 amps. It has three carbon electrodes each about 15" in diameter.

The metal being produced was .08 per cent. carbon basic steel, and the temperature about 1500 degrees Fahrenheit — a very hot melt. As the metal was not ready for casting we moved on to the rolling mills. We first saw the tar-fired furnaces which bring the partly rolled ingots called "blooms" up to the temperature required for rolling. From these furnaces the bloom was taken to the rollers where the 6ft. bloom finally emerges as a 20ft. length of steel channel. The rolling mill was driven by a 1000 H.P. electric motor through a 20 ft. diameter wheel. We then saw a casting 1 ft. square and 10 ft. long being "squashed" into shape by a steam forge.

By this time the electric furnace was ready to pour. This was a never-to-be-forgotten sight with the molten white-hot metal streaming out of the spout into the ladle with a shower of sparks. The Ingots were then cast "big end up."

With pockets bulging with samples (?) we visited the laboratory and then returned to school.

—JOHN ANDERSON, 6A.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS SUB-STATION

A most interesting excursion was held to the Victorian Railways sub-station at Caulfield on Wednesday, 9th August. This sub-station is supplied with 25 cycle, 20,000 volt alternating current from Newport "A" power station and transforms it to 1,500 volt direct current to supply trains and signals.

We began by examining Reyrolle iron-clad oil circuit breakers in the switch gallery. The circuit breakers control the 20,000 volt alternating current supply to the three rotary converters and other sub-stations further down the line.

In the control gallery, where all the station controls are situated, our guide explained to us how the rotary converters were brought up to speed using the Pony motors and then connected

to the direct current mains when the voltage had been adjusted to the correct value. Of particular interest here was the great fluctuation in load carried by the sub-station which was shown by the swinging of the ammeters. This is due to the high current taken when a train starts up.

We next inspected one of the three Siemens rotary converters. It runs at a speed of 250 r.p.m. and has a rated output of 3,000 K.W., this often being exceeded for short periods during heavy loading. It is fed on the A.C. side with six phase 25 cycle alternating current from three single phase transformers. These transform the three phase 20,000 volt current to 1,080 volt six phase current. On the end of the rotary converter is mounted a 90 h.p. Pony motor which is connected in series with the armature for starting and short circuited out when the machine is up to speed. The tour concluded with the inspection of high speed air circuit breakers which control the outgoing direct current feeders.

—P. DUDGEON (8B).

HIGH JINKS ON THE LINKS

Once again, after a lot of coaxing, a party of C.T.S. types, including the redoubtable Mr. E., invaded Brighton Golf Links to do battle in "Ye Royal and Ancient" style. There were a good proportion of last year's veterans with a sprinkling of newcomers, who were eyed with suspicion by said veterans, while warming up on the tee.

A vast improvement was noticed in the way the parties moved off the first tee, the language being quite restrained, apart from a slight lapse by Mr. K., who drove his ball into a small bush approximately 15 yards from the tee, with a Resounding Thwack. I have yet to see seven straighter faces than when he turned around. Mr. K. insists that as a golfer he is, quote "just a mug" unquote. Personally we think that he has vast golf potentialities — as a caddy. It would be, perhaps, wise to point out that the author will be an Old Boy by the time this magazine goes to press — I hope.

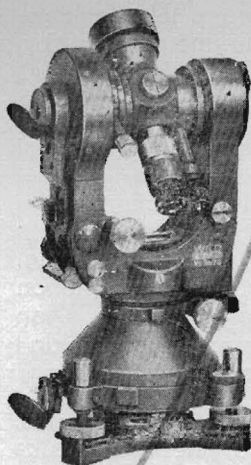
Getting back to the Beaten Track; the tournament went on it's merry way without much ado, except, when Don Lindsay sank a magnificent 40 (well 20) foot putt, Mr. Max W. was seen stalking off in a high dudgeon, muttering; "Well, thats the ——— limit."

The match this year did not have the same cut throat atmosphere as the last one, as a different scoring system was used. The credit for this goes to Mr. E., who certainly burned the midnight oil thinking it up. Unfortunately, after 17 explanations, with diagrams and models, the author still doesn't understand it. Ho-Hum.

I would like to take this opportunity of apologizing (for a red headed friend of mine) to Mr. Ellis for accidentally (?) kicking his ball into the rough on the first hole. This R.H. friend of mine is colour blind and can only see heliotrope golf balls.

The newcomers turned out to be golfers which placed them in a category higher than $\frac{1}{2}$ of the party. Annual golf tournaments will be assured of support in the future through these lads who, it seems, are as keen as mustard about the silly old game.

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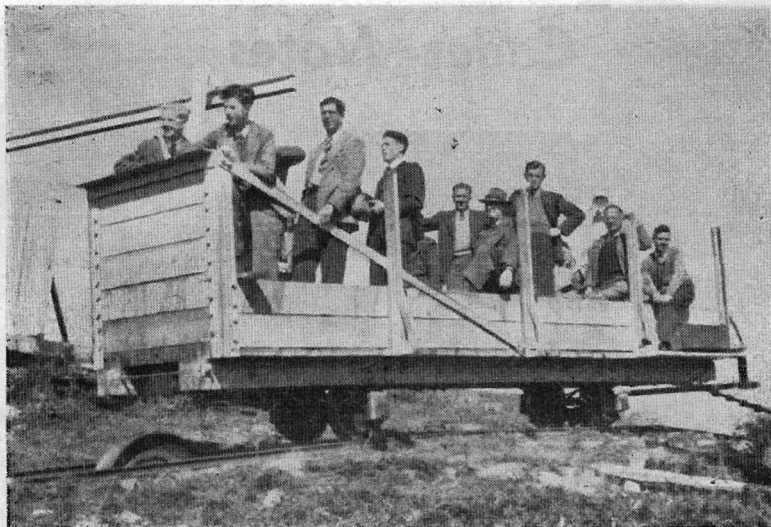
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RUBICON HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME

The trip to the Rubicon Valley Hydro-Electric scheme constituted one of the main excursions for this year. Being of much value to Mechanical, Electrical and Civil Engineers this trip was considered most beneficial as far as educational value was concerned.

The Rubicon scheme is part of the State's electricity supply, playing quite an important part in the supply of electricity. The water is obtained from the Rubicon river, and is of such nature as to enable it to be used as a storage of power for the peak loading. The water is fed from the river at Royston in a channel to the top of the Rubicon Valley, where it enters a pipe line which carries it down to the power station 400 feet below. The energy possessed by the water at the bottom of the fall is thus astounding. It is necessary for the men of the station, to have access to the channel, dam and other equipment at the top of the valley so a small gauge railway line has been constructed over the entire length of the hillside and a unique "carriage" is pulled up and let down by an electric winch at the top. A ride in this carriage shown in the photograph was quite an event for all.

At the Rubicon station there are two large pelton wheels which drive the al-

ternators. The control of these is done with the latest type of equipment. The tail race of these machines is carried along to Lower Rubicon where two horizontal reaction water turbines are in use. This is a much smaller station as the height dropped by the water is this time only 300 feet. The supply of water for these two stations comes from Royston and takes about two hours to reach Rubicon and so for any peak loading encountered Royston has to be notified two hours in advance to provide the extra water power required at the right time. The power delivered by these is, together with that from Rubicon, passed through to the substation and control room at Rubicon "A." This station is constantly in touch with Melbourne and other neighbouring stations. This is to enable any desired adjustment to the load to be made.

To conclude the day's tour the station at Eildon Weir was visited. At this station there are two vertical reaction turbines in use. The station has its own control room and transformer sub-station which is interconnected with Rubicon "A" Sub-station. This excursion proved to be an education in the activities of the engineering profession.

Cadet Notes



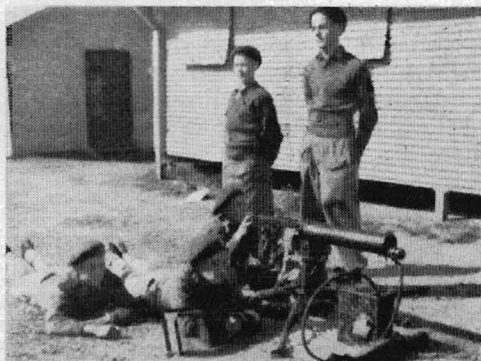
Our school Cadet Corp had a very successful year, partly as a result of the good muster of recruits who volunteered at the start of the year. Instruction, which was of a high standard, was under the supervision of Cadet Lieutenants Dark and Paterson, who have qualified as Commissioned Officers.

The Caulfield Technical School Cadet Unit is in the 22nd Cadet Battalion which is in turn part of the 3rd Cadet Brigade. The staff instructors on loan provide a link between the Army authorities and our unit. The actual instruction is done by the cadet instructors who have qualified at various courses. The specialist training for second-year cadets consists of anti-tank (6 pounder); 3 in. mortar, medium machine gun (0.303 Vickers), and signals. The first-year cadets receive instruction in small arms (rifle and Bren), map reading, field craft and application of fire, etc. This training will prove helpful to the cadet, in any future service required of him in any of the armed services.

At Easter, this year, we held our bivouac at Mt. Martha, where the fresh sea air was appreciated after hard days of training. I remember the first range practice. Amazed as I was at the inaccuracy of the shooting, I was equally amazed at the vast improvement of the scores at the second practice, showing the benefit the cadets received from their first range experience. Those who looked for mischief had no trouble in finding it, but were usually well disciplined by one particular officer. No doubt some cadets still remember some early morning exercise, accelerated by pursuit of an energetic officer (and whistle). Packing our kits and preparing to come home made a very sad day and it was no time before we were back at school work again.

After a few months' home training, particularly with "The Guard," we looked forward to our annual camp at Puckapunyal. The duration of the camp was from 24th August to 1st September.

In camp we watched with admiration the Korean Force training while our Guard trained with equal determination. The Guard mounting competition was a suspense. We defeated Wesley College and Melbourne Grammar Guards and finished second to Geelong College, losing by one point. I congratulate



late them on this achievement. In the few remaining parades this year, the potential N.C.O.'s for the summer vacation training camps will be selected.

Although the Cadet establishment is not recognised as an integral part of the Defence Forces of the Nation, it develops powers of leadership, self-confidence and reliability, which invariably commands respect and admiration from the thinking-wide awake public.

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"I was under 19 and had matriculated, so I seized the chance. I go to Technical College, and my fees will be refunded when I get my Diploma.

"At the same time, I'm getting practical experience on some of Australia's finest plant — and I'm being paid for it."

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Football

SENIOR FOOTBALL

With only two years in senior competition, Caulfield has become a force to watch out for. We lost only two games in the competition, one of these being a 5 point defeat by the mighty Geelong.

RESULTS

Won against Footscray — 24.17 to 9.10.
 Won against Ballarat — 12.16 to 9.11.
 Beaten by Melbourne — 2.10 to 15.15.
 Beaten by Geelong — 5 point difference.
 Won against Swinburne — by 12 goals.

TALKING OF STARS

Brian Judd, because of his intelligent leading of the team, and his worthy roving (dat man's feet am really educated!) puts him in top star class — Brian has had Victorian selection.

In the same class is John "Mac" Hill — a Colingwood Firsts player. He is at home at most positions, and makes Aussie Rules the reason why it's the only game, with his dashing style of play.

Ron Allen is another "topnotcher." Ron is the rugged ruckman, and as such is the best we have. He knows the game like a veteran and though only a junior was vice-captain.

Don Allison and Ron combined well as first ruck. Don is a real Aussie Rules enthusiast — "a kick of the ball any time any place" is Don's motto.

Ken Hackett and Ken Naylor at centre half back and full back respectively showed how virile youth dazzles the opposition.

Graham Long — rover, is one of those small nuggetty blokes who one looks at on the field and says "He'll do me as a rover."

From the art school we had for a few matches Ian McNeilage, Karl Thurckle and Peter Jones — class players who unfortunately, because of pressing work could not be with us for every game.

Allan Dyatt and Arthur Willson are two tall rangy players, who have done well rucking and in forward positions. Arthur's kicking causes him as much worry as does his Maths.

Laurie Holland; I should have mentioned earlier has done sterling work on the wing, starting many moves forward for us. Opposite Don Lindsay showed speed and intelligent handling of the ball.

John Fisher, another "Wang" bloke, played a good stick at centre. These "Wang" chaps have surely given the team great lift this year — thanks chaps!

Kevin Harris, Norm Bowles and Bobbie Bigelow are juniors, whose positions in the team will never be taken. Norm showed in the game against Swinburne that as a forward he is a menace to the opposition.

Izzie Vinacour and Phil Dudgeon also played on occasions, and played really hard each time.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

The junior football team has not had great success this season. Of the twelve matches played we only managed to win one, and, although these figures do not make a show of glory, we experienced some bad luck, and should have finished a little higher up on the list.

We defeated Oakleigh by 4-15, the scores being 9-20 to 5-5. Against Brighton, and Brunswick we were defeated by only a few points.

We would like to thank Mr. Norton very much who coached, arranged, and went with us to every match, although his patience coming home sometimes must have been near breaking point.

The team, when settled, was as follows: B. Green, P. Brough, N. Lawson, H. B. Prendagest, J. Edwards, S. Waterfall, C. Kerrigan, B. Thorn, C. Pugh,



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Front Row: R. Bigelow, B. Judd, K. Harris, D. Ellis,
Centre Row: P. Dudgeon, I. Runge, K. Naylor, K.
Hackett, L. Holland, D. Lindsay.
Back Row: A. Willson, J. Fisher, D. Allison, R. Allen,
N. Seymour, A. Wyatt, K. La Fontaine, N. Morris,
N. Bowles.

H. F. Crowe, B. Irving, Caulson, F. Vincent, R.
Porta, Thomas.

Rucks: D. Younger, J. Darby. Rover: B. Mackay.
Reserves: Machin, Hopkins.

Congratulations to Don Younger who won the
best and fairest this year; he always did well
in delivering the ball to the rover and also to
the forwards.

—P. BROUGH, 4A.

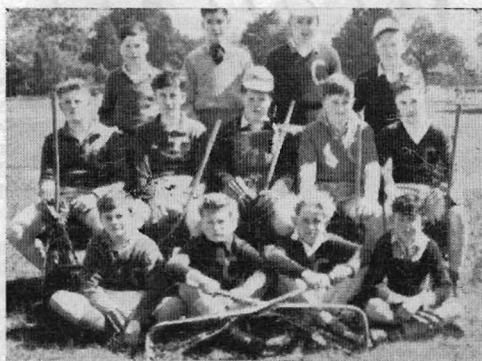
LACROSSE

The C.T.S. Lacrosse team had a good
season this year in the Metropolitan High
School Sports Association and did well
to finish fourth on the Premiership list.

Our forwards did not measure up to
the standard we expected but with a
little more experience they should pass
this stage. While mentioning the for-
wards, I must make not of Allan Craw-
ford (Capt.) better known to his team
mates as the "Red Demon." He is our
key man and when off form it is the
whole team that suffers. Fortunately, he
was on form for the major part of the
season.

Reverting to our back-line, I saw one

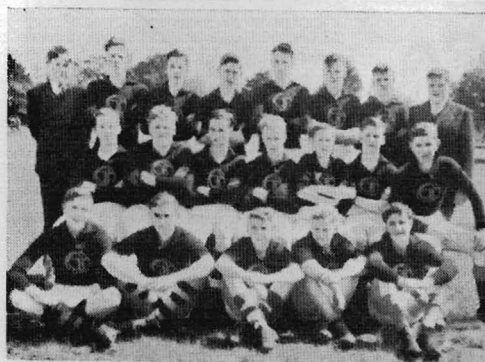
of the best combinations in the competi-
tion. This enabled us to keep our op-
ponent's score to a minimum. With
"Fatty" Low as goal-keeper we had a
great 'last-post' man. Bruce Maggs, as
reserve goalkeeper, showed signs of a
great player while "Slippery" Slade has
a reputation for "Disposing" of the op-



LACROSSE

Back Row: I. Thom, P. Parsons, G. Baker, N. Dobson.
Centre Row: M. Daldy, D. Imlach, C. Lowe, B. Meggs,
K. Slade.

Front Row: B. Lambert, B. Dooley, T. Wold, D. Price.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Back Row: R. Nicholls, K. Hopkins, H. Thomas, S. Waterfall, N. Lawson, R. Portan, P. Brown.

Centre Row: I. Prendergast, F. Mercer, P. Brough, B. Thorn, R. Crowe, F. Green, J. Edwards.

Front Row: R. Hollow, C. Pugh, B. McKay, B. Vincent, B. Irving.

ponents. Noel Dobson and Malcolm Daldy are excellent players, but owe their success to the fact that they played clean, fast and good Lacrosse. Doug. Imlach (Vice-Capt.) is a very lively player and does a lot to help us win. We have some promising players in Bobby Underwood, David Price, Bill Rowland, Bill Dooley, Ian Thom and Terry Wold.



Cricket

Because of the polio scare Cricket did not get away to a very good start. With only three of last year's team back the team consisted mainly of first year students. Although we did not fare too well, we should do better next year for with the exception of John Fisher the whole team should return to school.

Brian Squires was elected captain with Neil Charman his deputy. These two usually opened the batting followed by Mick Crisp and Rowan Weatherhead who often back cut balls pitched on the leg stump. Alan Wyatt was forceful and John Sheppard the stylist of the team. John Fisher was rather unlucky while Geoff Hammond did not live up to his name.

Alan Wyatt and Don Ellis the express bowlers, bore the brunt of the attack. Helpful support was lent by Don Lindsay, Graham Neal and Neil Charman. However we must not forget Rowan Weatherhead's performance against Footscray. The wicket-keeper was John Sheppard and his deputy Don Cargell, although captain Brian Squires was the keeper



JUNIOR CRICKET

Back Row: J. Campbell, J. Edwards, P. Stennett, C. Love, B. McKay.

Centre Row: B. Jackson, D. Lacey, N. Mesley, C. Pugh, B. Irving.

Front Row: N. Crompton, G. Houghton.
for the first match. Neville Morris showed good form in the first match but unfortunately was injured on his motorcycle.

In conclusion on behalf of the whole team I would like to thank Mr. Empey for his assistance and support throughout the season.

SENIOR SCHOOL v. JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Scores:

Diplomas, 95 (Squires 21, Charman 22, Wyatt 27).

Junior School, 57 (Ellis 4/10, Wyatt 3/15).

C.T.S. v. MELBOURNE TECH.

Caulfield 80 (Crisp 27, Lindsay 17); second innings, 3/50 (Squires 25 n.o., Sheppard 19).

Melbourne 194 (Ellis 4/35, Wyatt 1/66, Lindsay 2/26).

C.T.S. v. FOOTSCRAY TECH.

Caulfield 92 (Squires 25, Charman 17, Weatherhead 10).

Footscray 137 (Ellis 2/27, Wyatt 2/30, Weatherhead 3/1, Hammond 2/8).

C.T.S. v. SWINBURNE TECH.

Caulfield 54 (Wyatt 18).

Swinburne 5/102 declared (Wyatt 2/15, Fisher 1/5).



Swimming

This year's inter-technical swimming carnival was held at Brunswick City Baths on the 29th of March. It was a worthy affair, not only for the interesting and highly exciting entertainment but for Caulfield's great third (we were beaten for second place by 1½ points by Melbourne Tech.). Swinburne won and will hold the challenge shield for one year.

It was Caulfield's turn to organise the carnival, so representatives from the school were seen

SENIOR SWIMMING TEAM



Front Row: I. Searle, A. Willson, I. Runge, F. Ansell. Back Row: R. Bigelow, R. Allen, B. Judd, A. Cox.

well to the fore even out of the water. Mr. Empey was the commentator and we all thought that Norm Banks had better watch his P's and Q's, for Mr. Empey's voice came over extremely well. Clive Mahoney and Harry Pearson were the official scorers and a better job has never been done (pity they couldn't have wangled another 2 points for us).

Outstanding for Caulfield in the events was undoubtedly Ron Allen — our rugged footballer vice-captain. He won the Over 19, 55 yards; Free Style, diving, third in 110 yards Breast Stroke, was fourth in the 110 yards Free Style and helped the relay team to 2nd place.

The team was captained by Arthur Willson, who, by lusty barracking, surely gained two places per race for Caulfield.

Brian Will was unlucky in the first event, the 220 yards Free Style Open for he was at the post, through waiting for the gun — a pity! It may have given us the 2 points needed as Brian is indefatigable over long distances.



JUNIOR TENNIS

Front Row: J. Walker, D. Younger, J. Turner.
Back Row: C Simmons, Mr. Marshall, C. Evans.



Front Row: K. Sambell, Mr. Armitage, L. Hewett.
Back Row: M. Officer, B. Bernau, L. Rethus, K. Masson.

SENIOR TENNIS

The senior tennis team had a fairly lean time this season finishing fifth out of six teams, winning once and losing four times. The team is only young, the majority of the team being at school for another two years, and so gaining experience as we go we will definitely improve to win more matches next year.

The team is:

- L. Hewett-K. Sambell, 1st pair.
- K. Masson-L. Rethus, 2nd pair.
- J. Trevennon-B. Bernau, 3rd pair.
- M. Officer replaced J. Trevennon in the last match.

There were five matches this year and we won once, Swinburne was the only school we were able to defeat this year. Melbourne Tech. were the premiers in the competition this year and Caulfield scored more sets against them than did any other school. The match against Ballarat was very close, Caulfield just unable to win; against Geelong we were defeated fairly easily, perhaps because of the dinner they gave us.

Scores were:

- Footscray v. Caulfield, 12 sets to 3.
- Melbourne v. Caulfield, 11 sets to 4.
- Ballarat v. Caulfield, 8 sets to 7.
- Geelong v. Caulfield, 12 sets to 3.
- Caulfield v. Swinburne, 8 sets to 7.

All these add up to 25 sets for 50 sets against. Totals which will be improved upon next year.

The last Wednesday in the second term the pupils played the staff, the match resulted in a win for the staff who were too good on the day.

Mr. Armitage looked after the tennis this year, and we greatly appreciate the time that he spent at the courts each Wednesday. We would all like to thank him.

K. W. SAMBELL.

OUR TRIP TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF VICTORIA

On Wednesday, the 9th of August, Mr. Halpin took us to Melbourne to the Public Library where we made an appointment with the Chief Cataloguer, Miss O'Connor, to show us over the building. We first visited the Lending section of the Library to see the arrangement of the books and to examine the borrowing system which makes use of a book ticket and a book pocket. From this room we went into the Periodical and Newspaper Room where they keep copies of all the newspapers obtainable in Victoria and lots of interstate and overseas papers.

On going into the Reading Room which is really four stories high, we saw that the shape is hexagonal, with the tables arranged like the spokes of a wheel. The room has a double wall, inside which are the four floors which house the catalogue and enquiry room, special libraries such as music, art and Australian, the Treasure Room and the stacks where the large stocks of books are kept. Here we met Miss O'Connor.

Firstly, she took us up a spiral staircase on to a ledge around the bottom of the dome, then down the staircase and down the lift to a floor called the Stack. There all the books that cannot go on the shelves are kept. If you want one of these books, you ask an attendant and he goes up for it. On this floor we were able to walk right round the reading room and look at the readers four stories down. Then we went down the lift to the ground floor and went to the Treasury of the Library. Here they keep all the costly, rare and priceless books. We were shown several hand printed books, or manuscripts made by the monks of the Middle Ages. The illustrations were mainly used to decorate the beginning of a chapter or page. They were very effectively coloured, some times being coloured with real gold or silver metal which had been polished. When metal is used, the book is illuminated or "lit up."

Then we left the library very satisfied with the thrilling afternoon.

—J. Bennett, B. Ritchie,
N. Kay, L. Matthews.

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Informal Information



THE VIRTUES (?) OF THE MANUAL ARTS GROUP

Firstly Daughn — who lives with a greatly troubled mind, as she thinks she may have to live with a greatly bent nose. Hoink-hoink.

Mari.: our Mathematician, will willingly work out how many pins needed to curl 5000 hairs.

Heather tipped milk down her lily white throat: Heather tipped her tin over, in fact, Heather Tippet.

Dot spends much time sewing. Is she making her trousseau?

Ruth is buying a space-ship — is going to Mars with speed gordon.

Muriel Wrist-watch U'ren is interested in time. Always early for school — sometimes.

Madge has Dormouse tendencies. Strangely — she also has a "Lust for Life."

Margaret Sergeant has exceptional ability. She does two things at once — works at her set job and also paints "beautiful murals" on the floor, or anywhere her paint brush will reach. Just ask the cleaners about these masterpieces.

Anne — an air of mystery pervades her demure comings and goings. We are not sure whether Anne is in love.

Barbara — went on the snow week-end as a wolf in skier's clothing and also had luv trouble. Safety in numbers failed again.

SSSSS. O.S. What do they mean? Don't stop wearing that smock Shirl. We must have examples of dominance, proportion, and what have we.

Lost, one Betty. May be suffering from hydrophobia, as was seen "hugging" a Brown dog in the corridor.

Shirley Beresford is giving up Manual Arts as she can now qualify for C.R.L.B., Chief Reader of Library Books for the School.

Moir who has already started to teach "Jes enlants" — has a secret (?) interest in the University.

Laurelie suffers from non-clock-itis at 9 a.m. when she forgets to arrive and 4 p.m. when she forgets to go home.

We hear that John Landvogt is getting a triple leather chin-holder, and is going to hoist his chin to aid speed on the motor-bike.

Jock Reid dislikes over-decoration — we doubt it because of his complicated multi-coloured pull-overs.

Peter-Meggs-Jones is spending the summer in the tropics, hoping his freckles will join up, and he'll have a suntan to match his purple blazer.

Carol, our "Dear, good silly-looking woman," wears lovely check blouses and is thinking of joining the also W.R.A.N.S. with Bill Harding who actually said "I'm not slow." Talking of Bill, if you hear him neighing, don't be surprised, he's just making things more life-like; he's already started growing a mane.

Uproar in Dack household. Bob found using Dad's razor, forbidden to touch it again — we hope not.

John Clark often shows resemblance to a prickly pear. You'd better look to your "laurels," John.

Brian Will, of course he will, we hope he will, no, he can't, oh well, he'll just have to bend down to walk through.

Ian Bolwell is determined to have his little neice like himself, so he is weaving her a kilt.

Bill Paterson, stable-mate of Bill Harding's has silky black locks which hang over his eyes. Dark horse, Bill?

Ian Brown from Bonnie Scotland doesn't wear kilts — pardon — "a kilt" — for during the war his legs were run over by a tank and he is a little cork-screwy from the ankles up. (The Dynamic spiral).

C.A.2

From the point of view of a disinterested spectator one feels that the general air of levity perhaps a trifle over balances output of work. However, with **such** a nine, the results are already remarkable. What with the thinning out and greying temples of the staff's craniums and also numerous liver complaints — does the end justify the means?

A lasting impression has been left in this institution by Tony Greenbottle Mitchell and his off-sider Jimmy Bottomley Shepherd, mainly inside Room 37. If there are any more indoor sports they haven't yet been invented!

Their counterparts, Peg and Judy, provide a source of amusement by their tardy entrance to "Ellis in Wonderland." These students create a unity of two smocky draped shapes.

Then there is Alison, the knock-kneed, bashful, blonde; Bombshell — she also bashes! It is hoped that "Algy," the Black Knight, will show her the light of day. Chief target appears to be Meg, who screens while Al screams!

Meg's reaction to Mr. Crosskell's intrepid motor-ing has the class concerned. Should Ben observe a good line (?) to the exclusion of his special relationship, he would certainly Discard a Ford!

Meg has designs on a few designs, but if de signs are right results nien.

Screening down the table

With a huge squeegee,

All we see is dye'n hair.

And Meg so all at sea.

The class anticipates that someday Ken will emulate the aforesaid draped shapes and perhaps be not quite so punctual. Ken (why don't you grow up?) Mason, is the possessor of a sharp tongue—one of those which, when the occasion demands, can produce a continual flow of slivers of barbed wire, sorry, wit.

The barbed wire adorns the skull of Ian McSwillage. It was suggested recently that he exchange his tie for a card reading "Commercial Artiste — for the misuse of;" for as well as winning the letterhead competition he also won a bigger head. Tho' his goal is clear, it is felt that he shouldn't use his feet quite so much.

Speaking of heads, a grotesque shape owned by Grandpa Guinay, was until recently adorned by a scrubby growth of fungus. But now John's interest seems mainly in oils — spelt with a "g."

With the necessity for the majority to "earn" a living next year, it is hoped that Mr. Hopwood's discourses will have at least left an impression on their future in Commercial Art.

C.A.I.

This year's Certificate Art group consists of 8 hard working people:—

Brian and David, who work hard composing jazz; Wendy and Helen, who work hard talking; Moonyeen who works hard thinking about coal trains going a long way because they carry so much coal; Janice and Anne who work hard staring out of the Common Room window and thinking of Mt. Martha; and last but by no means least, Norma, who just works hard.

We must needs be hardy, having to stand up to much experimenting by Mr. Ellis, furious note writing at the hands of Mr. Birch, all the time trying to "feel a line which swings through here" under Mr. Croskell's instruction, or study Posts in room 37. Then there are the landscape excursions during which you are either eaten by mosquitoes, catch your death of cold, ruin your feet walking, or are "gaily leaping rivulets and fountains."

We trust there will be a C.A. II next year.

—A.G.

FORM 8A.

Now in our 4th year, the much reduced ranks of the aspiring mechanical engineers of the 1947 5th Form, with reinforcements from Wangaratta, look back over the last four years with mixed feelings. We see again the sweat and tears that went into examinations, the joys and sorrows that came with the results. We smile again as we recall those humorous incidents that pervaded the academic atmosphere from time to time to give us a brief respite from the toil, and

above all cherish the friendships formed as a natural consequence of our sojourn here.

We still have Alf A. with us, fighting desperately an insatiable desire to come to grips with certain beings who have been taxing his mental powers at the close of each year.

A newcomer to our ranks from Wangaratta, or perhaps from 9 miles south of "Wang," the haunts of the late N. Kelly esq.; is Ron A. quite a versatile athlete. Another athlete from "Wang" is Donald A — has a contract with Walt Disney. Also from "Wang" is Ron B. — more the studious type — will give an astounding lecture on decimal points. Have you met Les "Buster" B. yet, the guy the stork dropped on the wrong side of the Pacific! Is that scull sharp or smooth? Then there's Alan "Colonel" C., a good fellow to know if you're keen on swimming — may save you from drowning sometime — he assures us his attendance at school is no indication of his attendance at the beach. Another "Wang" recruit is John F., a two wheel heat engine expert. Ross G. tells us he's shaving now, once during the week and twice at the week-end—produced a red-headed reason for the week-end mutilation of his face, at the school open night in August. Then there's Ken H. — quite a modern Don Juan — did you see him cutting a rug on the stage at the school concert.

Graham L. has many and varied means of transport to and from school, the least of which is a push bike, the greatest, a posh sports car — he owns the push bike. Bill "Yacka" P. also from "Wang" or more precisely Yackandandah really had his hair cut by a barber, — it wasn't rubbed off on the side of a cow — definitely not — he's a budding engineer not a cow cocky — you ask him. Barry R. our S.R.C. representative spends most of his time working on his policy for closer co-operation between the Art Department and the Diploma School. Norm S. from "Wang" claims he can concentrate more, with his eyes closed — his concentration is so powerful at times, he is reluctant to leave the classroom at the end of a lec-

ture. Then there's Jim S. who managed to convince a professional surveyor at the open night, that Mr. White is a good instructor. Perhaps the most popular member of our form on Thursdays was Brian W. — he managed to convince his "Dad" that our weekly picnic at Gardiner Creek was really an important part of our course, and so was able to borrow the family heirloom — a jolopy with concertina sides.

Before closing these memoirs, we feel that we would like to pay tribute to Mr. Keper and his fine staff of instructors, whose valiant efforts against untold odds, we hope will not be in vain.

Finally a word to those who seek to follow in our steps — contrary to accepted opinion, it's the first four years of the Diploma Course that are the worst.

—Don McL.

FORM 8B.

8B, the Electrical Engineers are a very inconspicuous form. It took Mr. Fargher six months to find us for his report writing class.

Syd. Honeyman is the president of the S.R.C. but unfortunately the energy and zeal with which he conducts S.R.C. business is only exceeded by the E. and Z. with which he collects subscriptions, etc. Look for "Decor by Fred Heath" on the next National Theatre Guild Programme. You won't find it, but looking will fill an idle moment. "Talent-scout" Thompson can be seen on Saturday night's going from dance to dance in the same way as Fred Taylor and Mick Scanlan go from bar to bar on an excursion. Philip Dudgeon, a bit of a lad from all accounts, is unusual. Lindsay Rethus is God's gift to women — he is certainly of no use to anyone else.

John Paule, a great lover of tennis (but not on Wednesdays) disagrees with "Blue Holland" about the acoustics in Room 20. Reg Stewart goes on Record as the owner of a very "vintage" motor cycle.

Our authority on what is not worn beneath kilts is Keith McKenzie. If you have a bottle you want opened bring it to our expert Neville Byron. If you want it emptied any of us will be glad to oblige. Ron Bean, our tame photographer

(very rare), can lately be seen trying to work out the profit (for him) on photos at a bob each.

We are fortunate in having among us Geoff Archer, a man with a motor car. He is indignantly denying rumours that he is going to present it to the museum. It would be no great surprise to us if Doug. Stobart brought a bed into works management. Mr. Scott hasn't complained of sand in his duster recently — Jack Gray must have given up sugaring his tea.

Ken Giffon and Kevin Healy appear to have much in common. A dark horse is Rex. D.K.W. Brownless, who sprang a surprise at the dance. A mystery man is Neville Morris. He could hardly be the picture of unimpeachable virtue he appears. "Mack" Hill is an athlete, he gets off to a good start on Friday afternoons.

And now we come to the worst case. Keith La-Fontaine who sinned against common humanity — To wit: he "plays" the violin.

You may by this time have formed an adverse opinion of us. The only thing you can do about it is unluckily, physiologically impracticable.

FORM 7A.

Let me introduce you to the Mechanical losses of 7A. Though small in number, the quality is excellent; the mechanical world will get a shock when those boys are through. First meet Ron Bounds (he doesn't walk). Ron is a retired but married Admiral with a little W.R.A.N. and a b.a.b. boy. His jokes have to be ob-scene and not heard. The best dressed gent at Cautech is Peter "Shoe Shine" Hein. He uses the stuffed cuff with a neat pleat and a drape shape, and has shoes with a cast last.

If you **HEAR**: "Good morning Sir, was there sumpin." "When I was in Sidi Barrani" or "Awrrrr." **SEE**: Two bods reading motor magazines in class, or playing cricket with a table pitch, chalk ball and board wiper bat. **FEEL**: A winter wind down the back of the neck, then, meet ruddy culprits, our two inseparable derwood, known as underpants to his intimate friends. playmates, Allan Crawford and Bob Un-

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The fifth personality is Keith Barrow unknown as "the wheel" or "Five-squared." Keith is a well known stage personality and possesses a priceless greeting, "Hi yer Man." A likeable chap with a well-shaped head is Joseph Currey. Man behind the scenes in many activities Joe-blow knows how all the wheels go around in the school. A retired Air Marshal and a confirmed capitalist describes Alan Johnston, owns his home, car, wife and two children. Takes the front seat in lectures; says he learns quicker than others. Rooongeeeee! The cry of the great ape shook the beams. Sorry it was Ian "Rag Mop" Runge, or "sponge" being called. Ian is the leader of a well known gang that hangs out in the racecourse. A cyclist who does not stop for cars, meet him—Brian "Squizz" Squires. A hearty fellow with a high ape factor, Brian has a head that should shape well in any accident.

Meet ex air ace (hot) Leslie Tiffen. Les is renowned for his Tiffenwit and his ability to argue intelligently (apparently) on maths. Rumour has it that he runs an S.P. This accounts for all the phone calls. Would you like to know how to make a ragged square note into a nice smooth round one? You would? Then let enthusiast Arthur M.G. Willson help you. He is a portable motor magazine, is also a car enthusiast, and is interested in M.G.'s.

—B. ANONYMOUS

FORM 7B

Electricals. — Most prominent is our S.R.C. man, Alby Bromell. He answers all queries and personal problems, obtaining answers from his son and daughter. Nowadays Alby's birthday cake is a real fire hazard. His henchman Harry Pearson believes that when it comes to used cars it is hard to drive a bargain. When not doing heat runs on Wattmeter current coils, Harry spends his spare time raising a football team. 1950 edition is a 10lb. son, grand total two sons.

Bill "When I worked at Newport" Vickers is usually seen explaining some complicated experiment to the Doctor, or

telling John Mills about his two daughters. John has one himself anyway, but being from the silent service can't get a word in edgeways. Both these chaps have occasional flashes of silence that make their conversation delightful.

We are sorry to hear that Laurie Martin is engaged, he claims he will be one of the last three to go next time (Laurie and the two carrying him). So much for our C.R.T. members. If in the interim after writing there have been any increases in the sizes of families mentioned I'm afraid I can't accept responsibility.

Rod Howell is a striking chap. Even without his clothes people would turn to look at him. Rod shows great interest in the Art School. Neil Charman keeps clean by getting into hot water. He is our star Heat Engines pupil, is so keen he even puts expansion bends in his conduit. Neil is definitely going to bring a partner to the next dance.

Ken Naylor is working on a system in Elect. Wiring wherein all the wires are the same colour for simplicity. Ken proves very helpful in spur gear design with comments like "Oh there are two wheels" or in answer to "What have I got?" "Two minutes!" Max Officer is already preparing for the next concert and can usually be seen learning word perfect his "My first big book of Electric Motors." Max has to button his coat right up so that it will not be torn off as he flashes about the school. Our civil members are as follows. 1.—Roy Fagg — he gets a special grant to replace books destroyed by his children. 2.—Len Boyd who provides extra entertainment at the dances. We either push his car home or photograph him smiling sweetly at his sister. 3.—Frank Ansell, who turns up at the dances and upsets the drummer's rhythm with his "Hoofbeats in the Dust" and 4—Paul Vail. Paul apparently shops on his way home or else he just advertises that make of shopping bag. I believe Clark Gable has now started wearing dark glasses at every opportunity also.

Well it is 10.45 so I had better away to the tuck-shop.

Yours Triumphingly,

ROY BARCLAY

FORM 6A.

If you happen to wander into room 22 on a Friday afternoon you will probably hear above the noise of whistlers and crooners, Craig Young expounding his theory on flying saucers and Barry Berneau cracking corny jokes.

That handsome chap over there that you don't recognise is only our S.R.C. representative Ken Sambell, wearing a new jumper.

Alan Wyatt is our golfing star — we hear he broke the 100 the other week and is going to start on the second hole soon. When asked why he came in at 9.30 one Tuesday morning ($\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour late) he was heard to mutter something about training to be a tenor. Alan talks (?) in his sleep too — as though he doesn't talk enough when he's awake.

Rom. (eo) has recently developed a deep interest in the library and its immediate surroundings—we wonder why?

Our hitch-hike expert is Don McColl. Don's main fault is that he is always gossiping to certain persons from 6B. For any information on motor bikes consult Dave Green. Give him half a chance and he wanders off into the whys and wherefores of 1928 Douglasses.

Three ex-servicemen add maturity to our section — Ted Hurst, Peter Garrett (where there's smoke there's P.G.) and the despair of the examiners, Ken Cook (lowest mark about 82, average 92).

Ah well, until next year in the seventh form (we hope). T.T.F.N.

—J. ANDERSON

6B.

Although not usually admitted by the teachers or 6A, 6B is the brainiest form in the 6th year. We have a few (very few) outstanding characters. It is unanimously agreed that we do too much work. Bob Baird attends Tech. Drawing annually and Don Horsey complains that knocking off at 5 p.m. gives him barely enough time to catch the 4 p.m. train. We are wondering who the attraction is at Dandenong. The trip to Melbourne Iron and Steel was highlighted by the driving (?) of Bob Baird and Eric Gorr.

Reckless was not the word, some people had other words for it. "Pop" and John Treseder delight in asking awkward questions of Mr. Empey. Our hard workers are Mair Gaskill not to mention little Bob and Thomas who are not too bad either. We always have the monotony of any lesson relieved by Tom Webster. The boys always enjoy Thursday because they say the lessons are shorter. Well, as all good things and some bad ones must come to an end, we must close now with love from 6B.

—Y.F. Tempus Eleven.

FORM 5A.

It is my pleasure (?) to introduce to you a bunch of no-hopers, namely 5A. Our ranks mainly consist of old Caulfield and Oakleigh students but there are two strays. One of these hails from Brunswick, the other is an ex-serviceman. The latter has unfortunately entered in to the downcast group of unfortunates, known as married men. (He'd better watch out, Junior may beat him to a Diploma).

During the year we have been hearing little whispers — like to hear some? No? Good! Then here they are!

1. It has been said that Mr. E. is to have white lines drawn on the floor, so that students will know the correct position for their desks in maths.

2. Mr. L. is no longer giving us notes, the dear man (bless his heart) only wants us to read our text book.

3. Mr. P. is considering whether he will eliminate gun barrels from the syllabus.

4. Mr. A. is doing his best to create a new hair style for men. his creations require two partings.

5. In our interesting chemistry lectures we are often subject to asphyxiating odours. As the form is dying of suffocation, our beloved Mr. S. is heard saying, "Very interesting reaction, very interesting indeed!"

Well we must be leaving you now, as the exams are fast approaching us, and we need some good solid swot.

—B.B.

FORM 5B.

Readers will be pleased to learn that 5B have decided not to leave now but wait till the exams are over. Spokesman Les Coad said, with a bitter laugh, that they had decided to see the thing through to the end. Such determination is good to see in our modern youth. After all Australia needs skilled technicians.

And what does she get?
Technicians.

"Wally" Hammond tells us he has accepted that part-time professorship job. So he should too — who else knows how to operate that board with the knobs on in the Physics Room. There are three C.R.T. men in 5B, and although they don't get much money, and life is just one debacle after another, they know that to give the game away would mean slipping back into the morass from which they attempt to arise. Joe Turner says he will keep on striving for his diploma even if it means living on counter-lunches. Coad intends to ration himself to one girl-friend weekly, and to charge a nominal fee for transporting people to golf meetings.

Keen and loyal 5B doesn't know what it would do without the teachers. (These last may be moved to comment here, but we hope without malice). Mr. Armistage is a nice chap, but he is such a carefree maker of strange gases that we are afraid his lungs will get oxidised or reduced or something.

Probably the most enjoyable subject with us is drawing — Mr. George is always a bit uphill trying to get us out by 5 o'clock.

We'd like Mr. Empey to know we do try hard to work out this new-fangled electricity business, but there seem to be so many wires and gadgets around — it's all so confusing.

Mr. Richards has granted us an extension of time for essays on "Lost in the Fog" till after Xmas.

Turner has won the Titrating Championship with a result correct to six decimal places. His books "Modern Titrating" "Anyone can Titrate," and a song

"Titrating around the mulberry bush" are now available.

For some reason unknown, possibly language difficulties the editors limit us to 400 words. This stifling of free expression and thought, all too prevalent today, must cease forthwith.

Men of stamina in 5B (Whats that, Mr. Lyon?) include the following:— Bob Agg, Ron Barrett, Garry Bassett, Howard Beattie, Don Cargill, Les Coad (C.R.T.), Peter Davis, Don Ellis, John Gould, Geoff Hammond, Bruce Matthewman, Alex Mill (C.R.T.), Don Paterson, John Simpson, Dave Taylor, "Joe" Turner (C.R.T.), Ian Stamp, Max Taebring.

—A.M.

FORM 4A.

At the commencement of this year we came along to school with empty minds and happy hearts, but somehow as the months sped by that happiness dwindled and in its place was one big pile of sorrow, while our minds, well our minds were chock a block full of a lot of scientific (?) data.

Our notable sportsman and scholar, Andy Cunningham, must have the heart of a lion, for not one day did he miss, that is — voluntarily.

On the sporting field we have many stars! The most notable of these were, D. Younger who was the champion footballer of the season and P. Brough the captain of the team; S. Waterfall and N. Lawson, both strong ruckmen were also under notice.

The baseball team had two members, notably I. Dodman and D. Haber, while the tennis champions were C. Evans, D. Younger and R. Cooper.

Our scientific professor, D. Sack, had the misfortune to secure only 99½ per cent. for science, criminal ain't it?

By the way boys, did you know that P. Brough made a date with P. Waterfall the other day thinking he was a girl; we personally don't blame him, for Pee Wee's hair is practically down to his boots.

Our young star, Stan Waterfall, was lost in a fog last winter and when the search parties went looking for him they

thought all was lost, but in the distance they saw a glowing red spot and hastening to it they found Stan, his nose working overtime with all its red radiance.

Well such is life and here we must leave, wishing you Goodbye and Good luck in your coming lives.

FORM 3AB.

This is a hard-working form which should go far under the able guidance of Mr. Landy, Mr. Rankine and all other teachers who have the privilege (?) of instructing us. It need hardly be pointed out that the three outstanding boys of the third forms, Francis Duke, Graeme Wallace and Robert Allen, are members of 3AB.

We are represented in the School football team by Henry Thomas and Lindsay Machin, while Noel Dobson and Bruce Maggs play inter-school lacrosse.

You must also note that both 3A and 3B set a fine example in banking.

Our man with the tray, Laurie Houghton, who is always running around the school with lunches would make a good waiter at the Hotel Australia if he put his tray to it.

Sam Pitcher is another of our celebrities. He completes at least one wood-work model per year.

Max Ager, a bright young spark, knows the encyclopaedia backwards. He is a great mechanic, and is famous for his brain-storms.

We forgot to mention our budding Australian Eleven captain. He is Charlie Pugh, our star right-hand fast bowler. His one handicap is that he needs a haircut. At the time of writing, he can hardly see where he is going.

Yes, with all this talent, 3AB will go far.

—B.O.

A.H.

FORM 3C.

I have heard some rude remarks about 3C which are, it is unanimously agreed, entirely unjustified. Never-the-less here are the "goods."

We are ably captained by "Doub." Imlach with K. Clark as his deputy.

3C has but one defect. Clive Simmons is a prefect. "Kefan" Borland is a quiet fellow, doesn't smoke, plays a good

game of football. "Sim" Simmons plays a winning game of tennis. "Sam" Vincent is to be Don Tallons successor.

"Willie" Williams whose books by the way, are plastered with sketches of imaginary battles and fights, derives great pleasure from maths. Uses all his moments on it.

"Nosey" Parker is definitely the over-exposed, under-developed photogenic type.

"Guess Who?"

Room 10—"Oh. Mes!"

Room 46—"I'll 'nae tell you again, laddie."

Room 33—"Hey! why haven't you started yet,"

FORM 3F.

Though its numbers have been reduced to sixteen, 3F is still the outstanding form at Caulfield. We can prove this, for more than half its stalwarts have gained places in various school teams. Bruce Thorn, our outstanding footballer, and a fine upstanding lad with broad shoulders, is the School's centre player. He is ably supported by John Darby, who plays in the back pocket and by Bob Irving. Barry Blight and Ken Allen are emergencies for the same team, and shine also on the cricket field.

Turning from football to baseball, we find 3F well represented by John Colwell, vice-captain and pitcher, and by Laurie Lee who plays third bag and who is sixth up for the team.

FORM 3G.

Hullo everybody! This is the 20 "Geni-asses" calling from 3G. The form consists of a mixed set of boys drawn from a wide variety of schools and places. Our form is under the guidance of Mr. Marshall, who is very well liked by all, in spite of his being our Maths. teacher.

We seem to be well represented in all fields of sport. Our Lacrosse representatives are our fat friend "Sir Lacrosse Lowe" and "Lunch Monitor Dooley." Our football and baseball school teams are ably supported by "6 foot" Frank Jackson and Form Captain, Bob Jackson, respectively. While on the subject of Jack-

sons we introduce the Tasmanian Aboriginal Keith, a newcomer of recent date. Next we come to our English soccer fiends, Jack "Curly" Shephard, Alan "Lanky" Wade and Peter "Dancing" Pugsley who hails from the land of "ZUMMERZET." Our ice hockey star is Robert "Wolf" Watson.

So ends our sporting commentary!

Now for the brains. Ron Coleman with a brilliant dash of brains finished 1st in section and fifth in 3rd form, followed closely by Graham Main, 2nd in section and tenth in 3rd form. Our "waterbabies" are John Hill from Haigh and Peter Cazaly from Sydney, those two ("too") wet towns. Mr. Ritter's favourite art students are our three old friends Max Scott, Hughy Horman and Jim "Traveller" Mephram.

The classes' "Classy Comedian" "Herr" Ray Schmidt is always full of new pranks, and experiments with them on his brawny friend Kevin Hartman. We were sorry to lose two of our class-mates in Gordon Geddes and Chas. Fenby who were promoted to 3E. We wish them the best of luck. We cannot conclude until we mention our old mates "Lord Roll Monitor" Blease and our vice-captain Joshua "Musician" Greenwood.

So until next time, this is the 20 Geni-asses signing off!

—R.C. : G.M.

FORM 2AB.

There are three teachers in particular who are a source of worry to us. We are continually digging deep into our pockets in search of Social Service money for Mr. Tonkin, the Social Service Treasurer. Then Mr. Halpin comes on the war-path in search of library books long overdue. Mr. Mann completes the terrible trio. He keeps the more unruly members of the form in especially good order.

We have some very good sports; notably Dick Davies, our best and fairest footballer. Milligan, Gibbs, Shepherd and Dixon are very little short of his standard. Dick, an excellent all-rounder, also shines on the cricket-field. Dale is also an outstanding all-rounder, but being a very bright boy, he is inclined to prefer study to training.

FORM 2D.

This year the form has had a variety of teachers. Mr. Tonkin our energetic and ingenious English teacher was absent for the first term but has since made his presence felt. Mr. Morley does a good job as his assistant. Our play producer and leading actor J. Truscott is Sir Laurence Oliviers most serious rival. Our popular form Captain, B. Pudmore, is doing well; with Neil Crompton as his deputy. Mr. Hall's Social Studies periods seem to end too soon — other periods do not end quickly enough.

FORM 2E.

In an outstanding half-year of sport the most prominent athlete was Bob ("Muscles") Kerrigan who was one of the most consistent members of the School football team. Dave ("Foghorn") Martin, captain of the Forest 4 team, has proved himself an able leader and the terror of the opposing sides. Jim Eccleston is the captain of Forest 3.

Ken Watts, Peter Parsons and Ken Armstrong have done a good job in the Lacrosse team. Getting away from sport we come across another interesting subject — "Talking" in which our main representative, Brian ("Ear-basher") Garrett was well in front of all other competitors. Roger ("No") Hope was a very poor second, but he is rapidly improving and next year will probably threaten "Ear-basher's" position. Looking over the Exam. results we find that Ken Watts is top, followed by Bob Nixon a close second. The least said about most of the other results the better. However we were far ahead of 2F. We have two "New Australians" in Roger Hope and Derek Grainger. They are no relations of the actors who have the same names but Hope is a bit of a comedian. He'd need to have a sense of humour because he barracks for Hawthorn.

FORM 1A.

Although without representatives in the football team, we have three lacrosse players; namely Malcolm Daldy, David Price and Bill Rowland. Two of these players have not missed a single match.

We are proud of our record in this, our first year at the school. In the June examination Tony Press was at the head of the list of First Form boys, with an average of 86 marks. Bob Fronsden was third, his average being 81.

—W.G.

FORM 1B.

We have met our rivals, 1A, three times at football and wish to tell the world that in two of these contests we were victorious. Our best players in these matches were Bolitho, Francis, McFarlane, Jacobsen, Judd, White, Stewart, and Johannsen.

1B is a good sporting form and will be strongly represented in the house sports.

At the half-yearly examination one of our boys, N. Johannsen, gained second place on the First Form list.

Some outstanding personalities among us are Ding Dong Bell, the form humorist Norman Williams, roll-monitor Doodle Datty, and Shrimp Capp.

One of our boys is a farmer from five miles beyond Frankston. Another, Des Jowett is an expert on railways, and none of the teachers can floor him on this subject.

FORM 1C..

Our first attempts at classroom plays have been very successful, and some really good shows have been put on. One of the best was "Robin Hood," which was photographed by J. E. Shillinglaw of 1D, who also developed and printed the films. The actors taking part in this play were:

Robin Hood, G. S. Parkinson; the Sheriff of Nottingham, C. Bilbrough; the Inn-keeper, K. N. Reid, Little Boy, R. G. Godden. "Robin Hood" opens quietly, but gathers force as it proceeds, and the ending is exciting.



Another excellent play staged by 1CD was "David's Dinner," a scene from "David Copperfield." B. Hannah, R. Reaby and M. Jackson took parts in this play, while scenery and drawings were the work of N. Clarke. We are realising that costume and scenery are essential to good play-acting.

—C.B.

FORM 1D.

Although only minors in this big school, we wish to make it very clear that 1D is a force to be reckoned with.

We congratulate Dr. L. Green on his cure for bad spellers.

We also congratulate Peter Thorne on his success in topping the form at the half-yearly. He can look forward to stronger opposition at the end of the year.

ID suggests that a collection be taken up so that crutches can be provided for the School Football team. What say, fellers?

Our "Little Theatre" provides lots of fun, even if our talent is a little questionable.

We are a musical form, and though our voices are a little weak steady improvement is being shown under the direction of Mr. Curlis with Miss Oliver at the piano.

In conclusion, we are rather concerned that our lunch monitor, Bruce Coulson, has been steadily putting on weight since his appointment. Are we being robbed?

FORM 1E.

1EF has a very fine attitude towards plays. In fact we have a Dramatic Society of five members. Des Tomlinson is President, and Ian Christie, Secretary; the other members being John Easterbrook, Stanley Jeeves and John Brown. John Thompson is another good actor. Ken Rofe and Calvin Connell have the very important task of producing sound effects for all our performances. We are particularly fond of plays and enjoy dressing up in costume very much.

—I. A. CHRISTIE.

FORM 1F.

A is for Algebra; isn't it a farce?
B is for Brown; there are two in our class,
C is for Connell; he's not much at sums,
D is for Dart; he's in the doldrums,
E is for Easterbrook; whose writing this ode,
F is for Finno; a smart little cove,
G is for Geom with "Wacker" to teach,
H is for Hale, who lives by the beach,
I is for ink we use all the day long,
J is for jobs which we never get done,
K is for Kemp who is seldom much help,
L is for Ladd who's rather a fad,
M is for Maths which make us feel sad,
N is for Newland, the fool of the grade,
O is for ostrich; reminds me of Fred.
P is for "Pen" and "Prender," you know.
Q is for Q, there's nothing to rhyme,
R is for reading we do all the time.
S is for study which all have to do,
T is for Thom who is frightened of geom.
U is for uniform they think we should wear,
V is for visitors who come to our school,
W for Wooley, who's sometimes a fool.
X, Y, Z, It's past time for bed.



PREFECTS

Back Row: S. Waterfall, D. Simmonds, K. Hopkins.
Front Row: J. Edwards, D. Livingstone, A. Cameron.



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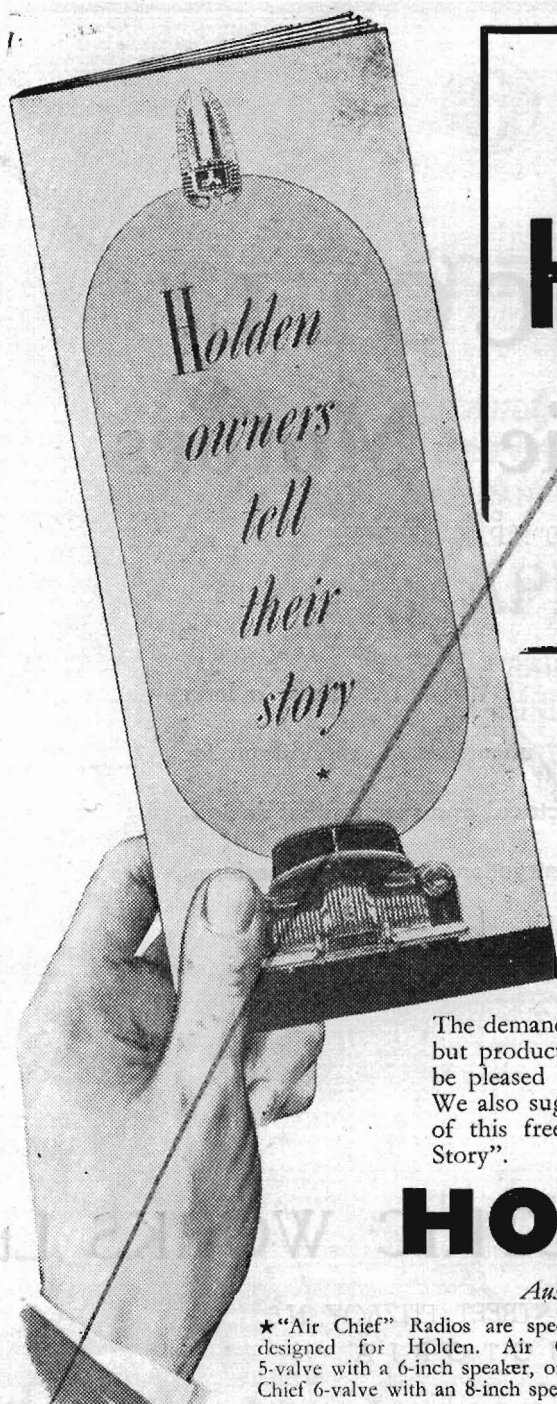
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