

## DAILY LIFE OF A CAT

Hazily, I opened my eyes and yawned. Not a bad looking day. What day was it? Saturday! Not long now, I thought. Then I heard the sounds of someone getting up. Minutes later, the house was in uproar, as everyone got out of bed. I decided to do the safest thing. I hopped through the opened window and into the garden. Later, after a good wash, I jumped back, and went out into the kitchen. Everyone was there. I asked the mother for some food. "Oh, stop yowling, cat!", she said. But she got me some, and spun it across the floor. After breakfast, I was just going out when the smallest one caught me. "Good morning cat" he said. I put my paw against his nose and shoved myself free.

All morning, I could just laze in the sun, because the family always got in the monster and roared off. But, at lunch time, there was no peace. However, to satisfy my curiosity I went inside. Everyone was unwrapping things. I jumped up on the table to get a good view. The girl was eating a biscuit and she came over and gave me a bit. I decided to look for more. No-one looking. I nosed about, then saw them. I dragged a biscuit out of the packet, then, just as I was going to eat it I spun across the table and fell on the floor. "That'll teach you, mug!" I heard thrown after me, as I retreated.

All the afternoon, while the people were out at various places, called "football", "club", and "bowls", I basked in the sun, and caught some mice. After tea, the usual loud, disorganised chaos of human meals, everyone became civilized and sat down by the fire. Here was one place I could go without fear of distraction, for whenever the youngest went for me, the father would say, "Leave him alone, John." When everyone went to bed, I sat down by the dying embers, storing up energy for another day.

Geoffrey Dupree, 4A.

## TRAVELLING BY TRAIN

The train shudders. Slowly it begins to move. Then the whistle blows, the whole world seems to come to life as the countryside slips away behind, and we're bound for some far-away place.

It's the power of the engine, the comfort and the relaxation of travelling by train that thrills me. While the passengers sit back in comfort this huge steel monster takes us to our destination at, perhaps, seventy or eighty miles per hour. In front is the steady throb of the engine; a monstrous animal, breathing steam and smoke out over the paddocks of corn or dwarfed cows and sheep. Beside is the country; flowing plains of pasture land and ploughed paddocks, or forests, or rocky foothills of some mountain range or the steep sides of the mountains themselves. Bridges fly over the top; tunnels and gorges engulf the weaving train. Beneath is the steady beat of the wheels, not unsimilar to the tick of a clock, but much stronger, louder, more violent beat. Behind are the things which minutes ago we were watching approach; the bridges, tunnels, the lofty mountains, the flowing plain and the miles and miles of railway line and the thousands of sleepers.

Yet, for all the speed and the passing country, for all the noise of the engine and the sound of wheels, inside in comfort one can read, one can knit, one can sleep, or even eat a meal as good as any served in the best hotels. The convenience of the locomotive is more than a pleasure, it is a temporary home, perhaps for only one or two hours or perhaps for a day or two; a temporary home with a thrill.

Rodney Grant, 4A.

## DEMONSTRATION

(To be read with an American accent)

"Ladies, gather round! It is time for our next demonstration of a marvellous bargain—this amazing "Shellmaster". No more sitting down and tediously shelling those peas — just buy one of these wonderful things . . ."

"Yes, Madame, I will get on with it now. Well, on the table is one of our ingenious "Shellmasters", and here is a pound of peas . . ."

"Now, little girl, those peas are for the demonstration . . ."

No, we mustn't eat them. And now you'll witness this modern marvel in action. I just pour the peas into the container at the top, where they are automatically selected . . ."

Madame, we need those peas! . . . Oh, thank you.

As I said, I just clip the top on, press the button and bingo! . . ."

Well, uh, there must be something amiss here, I did put the top on, yes, nothing wrong there. Uh, there seems to be a slight delay here, but all will be well . . . Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, da, da, da . . ."

Oh, how silly of me, I forgot to put the plug in! Ah, well, we all do these silly . . ."

Little girl, those peas are for the demon . . . Thank you Madame, I suppose she is a little mischievous . . . Madame, I assure you that no offence was meant.

Well, here we go! I just switch it on, and (CRASH)!!!

Little girl, why did you do that? Madame, that damage must be paid for. She shouldn't have hit it . . ."

No Sir, our Shellmasters are not tinny!

Madame, that is not so . . . No, I don't mean that, either . . . please . . . please . . . please . . ."

Christine Vincent, 4A.

## THE STUDENT

He was bent over his desk. His dark longish hair was hanging down over his eyes. His face wore an expression of deep concentration as his dull, expressionless eyes examined the wall in front of him.

Finding no trace of what he wanted there, he turned his eyes to the ceiling and studied it carefully. Still he could find nothing. He blinked angrily and started chewing with great determination. A deep sigh escaped him as he frowned and scratched his head. Another piece of gum was added to the already tasteless hunk in his mouth. He gazed absently at the desk in front of him. To the collection of "Elvis's" and "Ricky's" already scratched on the desk he added "Brigitte" and sighed inwardly.

Spotting a piece of paper, he tried vainly to blow it off the desk. Finding no satisfaction in this he once more tried the ceiling but gave it up as a bad job. He coughed loudly and glowered down at the "Elvis's" in front of him and stuck some chewing gum over them. After staring at this for several seconds he realised that he'd done a good job and he admired his handiwork.

But where was this getting him? Nowhere!! So he started to concentrate on the wall again. And then it happened!! The answer hit him like a charge of electricity and he grinned, pleased with himself. He gave the wall and ceiling a look of utmost contempt and bent once more to do his noughts and crosses.

Aileen Meikle, 3A.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

"Hello listeners, this is Cecil Cnape your roving reporter speaking to you from the heart of Melbourne. As you no doubt know I will be asking passers-by for their opinions of the American government's proposal for international, total and complete disarmament."

"I say sir, I'm from 3ARR and I would like you to give your comments on the recent American disarmament proposal."

"Sure, waal ah think it's great, jest great. Myself, ah'm from Texas. That's in Amerrikar y'know, an I opine that anything our president says is pure, red blooded, democratic and what is more . . . it's right."

"Thank you, sir."

"Waal, ah thought ah'd just say a little biddy bit more, being a sort of ambassador y'know. Y'see when fine, upstanding people like me an' m'wife — say Honey, come an' say a few words f'the man."

"Sure Hiram."

"Sir, I must say this is entirely out of order and I think you have said enough."

"So that's y'attitude, huh, waal ah think you Arstraleans are a no good mob of low down, sneaking coyotes."

"Sir, restrain yourself please. We're on the air."

"Ah done care where we are. Ah'm gonna wallup the daylight's outa yoo, y'little heel."

"AHH, put him down Hiram he aint woith the trouble. C'mon, get me a mink and take me home, ah'm sick of this dump."

"Sure Honey, let's go."

"Well I must say they were rather abrupt and a little hot tempered. Well, must get on interviewing people . . ."

"I say sir, would you mind giving us of 3ARR, and our listeners, your opinion on the recent American disarmament proposals."

"Oh, I would be delighted to. I think U.S.S.R. are not prepared to accept such sharp cutting as the Americans are proposing. But if such an agreement were to eventuate, both countries, indeed all the larger nations of the world would have to be actively policed by a security force to eliminate all chances of an arms race beginning again. But on the other hand, if we consider the scheme, on the whole, we must, I feel come to the conclusion that it would be, in its entirety, rather impracticable."

"Thank you sir!"

"Oh, that's perfectly all right. I'm always ready to give opinions you know!"

"Thank you again sir."

"I say ma'am, would you mind giving us your opinions of the American proposal for unilateral disarmament."

"Well first of all, I'd like to send a cheerio to Bill, Bob and Tom and Jack, and Mary and the two kids. And to Jill, bless your heart luv."

"Please madam I didn't want a roll call of your relatives at all. I merely wanted your comment on."

"Oh yeah what was the question again?"

"Oh, what does one do? This Cecil Snape returning you to the studio."

Peter Martin, 4A.

## AFTER THE CRASH

The crippled Halifax looked as if an untidy and slovenly monster had deposited it in its position on the runway. Ripped and tattered fabric trailed under, and behind the control surfaces, and no undercarriage protruded from its now battered wings. A trail of debris lay scattered behind the recumbent monster. Bent and sagging propellers wobbled lifelessly in the

wind. It was doubtful if there would be any survivors. Something stirred in the flight deck. A bloody and decrepit pilot staggered through the twisted and shattered nose, kicked violently at the remains of the perspex windscreen and ran to safety. The ambulance was waiting for him.

Three scarlet coffins bounced towards the bomber, spewing out foam as they went. Flames started to show at the engine exhausts and spread swiftly to the twisted fuselage. Soon the plane was a small, squat blast furnace endeavouring to engulf the casualty control squad. Harrassed airmen laboured furiously at their fire tender, but neither foam nor water could quench the thirsty fire. Another crewman was seen. He forced his way through the flames, ran towards us, and collapsed. Two doctors seized him, and his torn blistered flesh flaked off like a piecrust. An ambulance rushed him to hospital. Intense heat forced the tenders to evacuate, and the damned plane was left to burn.

Before dusk's grey and sombre light dismissed the scene from sight, grey suited vultures had prowled among the charred piles of ash and bone and unearthed the bodies of the airmen.

Dawn came, and all that remained of last night's ordeal was a blackened pit in the runway, and seven silver urns.

Kenneth Hollands, 4A.

## A SIGN TO THE ARLACKS

Let me introduce myself. I am a cat named Fido. I live with the Arlacks. The head of the family is a Mr. Robert Arlack.

On Monday, which could have been any other day, I woke at seven o'clock. I know the time because that's when Mr. Arlack's alarm clock rings. But he never gets up that early. He didn't get up that day either so I went back to my bed by the fire.

I was rudely awakened by a loud scream — Mr. Arlack. He had just discovered that it was now half past eight. I left my bed and dived under the kitchen cabinet. I had scarcely reached shelter, when, as they say on TV "All hell broke loose". Mr. Arlack burst into the kitchen, flung open the door of the cabinet and took out the ingredients for his breakfast — bread, butter and instant coffee. He put the jug on. Then the rest of the family arrived.

After that I didn't dare even look. In a quarter of an hour the rush was over and I emerged from my place of refuge. Mrs. Arlack was sprawled on the sofa, watching the test pattern. We watched the test pattern till twelve o'clock when the children came home for lunch. Mrs. Arlack went into the kitchen and gave them their dinner. I hid under the sofa away from the little fiends.

After they had gone Mrs. Arlack turned over to a new test pattern which we watched until Mr. Arlack arrived home.

Mrs. Arlack yelled at him to wash the dinner dishes and get the tea on, because she was tired.

Obediently he set about his task and as soon as the children came home the whole family had tea.

I was hiding under the sofa that night, and, as always, we watched TV. Mr. Arlack couldn't find a good test pattern so we had to watch a show.

I couldn't stand it, first "Rin Tin Tin" then "Lassie" and finally the feature film was "Old Yeller" but at least the dog was killed in that. Even so, when the next show was "The Story of Fifi — a French poodle" I went to sleep.

David Scott, 4A.

## BUS TRAVELLING

How nice to travel to school in the comfort of a bus!

To anyone who might think along these lines I offer but one suggestion — try it and see. First you must arrive at the bus stop at the same time as everybody else, two seconds before the bus is due to leave, then you must kick, fight and bump your way on to the bus and into a seat. This is of course allowing that you can find a seat, for at least one third of the passengers must stand. You then must deposit your bag (the usual place to put it is on someone else's toe) and then you can talk to the person next to you, or, if you wish to become a typical bus traveller, to somebody at the other end of the bus.

If you were to make a recording of the conversation around you, it would most likely sound like this —

"... and so, after a whole afternoon spent fishing we only caught . . ."

"Move down to the back of the bus please."

"Ooh, he's nice. He's got blue eyes and brown . . ."

"Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Jane, Mary I, Elizabeth I . . ." (Guess who has a history text.)

"But I had my beret on when I got on!"

"... and when Ben Casey said to the patient . . ."

"Mum said I couldn't go there so instead I went to . . ."

"Excuse me please, excuse me PLEASE" (By this time the bus has arrived at the Technical School.)

"... and then the old so-and-so actually told me to . . ."

— in fact it sounds at least thirty times worse than this.

Finally when the bus arrives at the school you may just as well stand still — the others will carry you out as they go. If, after you get off the bus, you still feel as well and as clearheaded as when you got on, all that I can say is, you're a better man than most.

Francis Cove, 6.

## 3A's PRAC. PERIOD

Monday morning, Room two. Rattle, Rattle, Scrapel! Above the scraping of chairs the voice of the poor trained teacher is heard. "3A".

The door bangs shut and two untidy pupils, hidden behind piles of dirty, dog-eared prac. books, stumble in. Much shouting is heard while the books are given out. When 3A has been suppressed, the teacher announces hoarsely, that the aim of today's lesson is to prepare copper sulphate (CUSO<sub>4</sub>) from copper carbonate and sulphuric acid. More noise.

Later the teacher gives the order, "Collect your apparatus please!" 3A swarms all over the room, shouting, dropping test tubes, and making a noise which could be heard all over the school. One of the many geniuses in the form puts a penny in a small dish half-full of concentrated nitric acid. Clouds of brown smoke issue from it. In the dish the liquid turns from various hues of purple to a violent green! The dish is hidden from the teacher's view in the sink, the vile smell penetrates the thick atmosphere.

"What? No! you shouldn't put that awful yellow stuff in the filtrate. You have? Help!" The mixture fizzes and remains still. "Heat it," suggests someone. The mixture bubbles violently and spits everywhere. Pupils scatter. Quickly the dish and its contents are disposed of.

At last the siren is heard and pupils head for the door leaving the weary teacher to clean up the debris. "Why did I ever become a teacher?" she asks herself.

Edna Rushton, 3A.

## THE CROWD

It is dusk and the crowds of factory workers are making their way home. They surge through the dirty streets, their palid faces expressionless. Few of them talk, most of them smoke, but they all hurry earnestly on with one objective — to get home, away from the clanging and clatter of machinery, to the comfort of their own homes, where, for one night, the factories can be forgotten.

They tramp on past the factories, to the streets lined with rows of identical brick houses, and, one by one, the workers break off and enter their homes. Eventually, the last workers disappear through their doorways, stars begin to appear and the sky darkens, erasing from the horizon, the silhouette of the factory chimneys.

Niels Hutchison, 3A.

## A GUIDE

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, this is the last stage of the tour. We now come to the oldest part of Loonsby Grange, said to have been built in 1217. Henry VIII once stayed in this bedroom. No madam, the six wives did **not** fit! No sir, the four poster is **not** for sale. No, not even for ten thousand dollars. Keep off, girlie!"

Here is the main hall, ladies and gents. On the wall are some famous paintings, some by Michelangelo and some by Shakespeare. Oh, didn't he? Oh, didn't he sir?

"Through this door is the dining hall. The table is seven hundred years old. No sir you can't buy it. Oh, you just dropped your cigar, did you? Yes, madam, they are foodstains. They have been there since the last great banquet in 1592. As you see, there are many hunting trophies on the wall. This stag was actually shot by William the Conqueror. You can see the bullet hole. Well sir, I didn't know that."

"Well, here, ladies and gentlemen, are the main doors, built in 1642. They weigh a ton each, and are made of masonite. I'm sorry sir, I thought it was. Well sir, they might be for sale, if you ask his Lordship."

"We've now come to the end of the tour. Left your handbag somewhere, madam? I'll go and get it. Oh, you've got it. You'll never come back again, sir? You couldn't buy any souvenirs, sir? Oh well, if you see his Lordship, he might be able to arrange something."

"Well, good-bye . . . thank you."

"Huh! Old know-all! Old Hag! Go home, Yank!"  
Geoffrey Dupree, 4A.

## ROCKET RIDE

Out on the desert wastes of New Mexico a man sits on a sled. But this is no ordinary sled. Over all it is 20 feet in length and seven feet in width and has two sections. The rear section can carry from one to twelve dry fuel rockets. Today nine rockets are strapped into the racks. When fired they will combine to generate a thrust of over 40,000 pounds. The forward section is fitted with a single aeroplane type seat mounted well forward.

Both man and sled are essential ingredients in a strange experiment. The man is interested in finding the answers to an important question: How quickly can a human being be stopped or decelerated and still survive?

The sled runs on two steel tracks stretching for 3,500 feet straight ahead. The man is Lt. Colonel John P. Strapp.

Technicians tie and bind him firmly into his seat with superstrong strips of nylon webbing in addition to the normal safety belt and shoulder harness. Once those rockets fire he will hurtle down the track at a speed never before reached on land and jolt to a stop at a force equivalent to that of a car crashing into a solid brick wall at 50 m.p.h.

The rockets are firing and 40,000 pounds of forward thrust press Strapp's body violently into the seat with eight times the force of gravity. Within five seconds and in a space of 2,800 feet the sled reaches a speed of 632 m.p.h. It easily passes a jet flying low to observe the experiment. The wind smashes against him with a total force of two tons. The rear section is brought to a stop with water brakes but the forward section keeps going for a short distance, then is brought to a violent stop by brakes extending into a long trough of water between the rails.

Strapp's body is being crushed into the harness — he now weighs approximately 40 times as much as he does usually (170 lbs. now 7,000 lbs.). The deceleration force almost pulls him to pieces.

But in a few minutes he will be able to see straight again and an experiment is complete that may save lives in space travel and jet flying.

Graeme Apps, 2A.

## THE INSIDE STORY

On Friday, 14th September, at 9 p.m., I, Marie Gorman, made my first (official) excursion into the adult world. I was a debutante.

To be this, a girl dresses up in a long white frock, stands on a stage looking like a marble statue (cf. Venus de Milo) with hundreds of eyes picking to pieces her frock, hairstyle, make-up and stance, then walks to the head of a flight of steps. She pauses for a few seconds (I am told that's all it was) to give everyone a better look at her dress, etc., before tripping down the steps, dragging her partner with her. She pauses again at the bottom of the stairs to pick herself up and then begins the death march up the centre of the hall, a sickly grin on her face and a glazed look in her eyes. Vaguely, in the distance, she can see a row of blurred outlines and along the sides of the hall a lot of familiar (Form VI) faces, eagerly absorbing the details and gauging the degree of her nervousness, "Your flowers were shaking like anything". Gradually the figures at the end of the ten-mile-long hall become definable. She can no longer change the position of her facial muscles so she gives up trying and sinks, she hopes gracefully, into a curtsey before the important personages, bows her head so they will not hear her sigh of relief, and rising again, takes her place with the other debutantes and their partners.

Tears of relief are filling her eyes so she doesn't notice the exit of the important personages and court until the piano suddenly bursts on her with the "Pride of Erin". She is forced to wipe her eyes surreptitiously on her partner's shoulder at the first opportunity. She spends the next quarter hour waltzing, turning and changing partners regularly (a habit of ten weeks training) until the music ceases. She stands still until the end of the final chord and on the count of three sinks into her second curtsey for the evening. The piano then strikes up the death march and she returns again to the stage. The curtains close behind her (or so she thinks) as she collapses elegantly into her partner's arms. (Form VI student next day, "I saw you hug him just before the curtains closed.")

Then follows supper (all fine and dandy if you don't have to make one of the numerous speeches). However, if this is unfortunately the case, it is possible to return to sausage rolls, pavlova and fruit punch with added enjoyment after the speeches are over.

The best part of the evening is still to come — non-stop dancing till 2 a.m. and the drive home after a night of real enjoyment, with the satisfaction of a job (well?) done.

Marie Gorman, 6.

## EPISODE

The time was twenty-to-nine. I was in the usual process of making a furious last-minute dash across the Town Square to be in time to walk back across the Town Square to go to Assembly. Suddenly the silence of the morning was broken by a deafening roar. As the light blue Holden rushed past me I realised that I was not the only one late.

When I reached the School, even though it was Tuesday, I was greeted by a chorus of, "What happened to Melbourne?" and "I thought those Demons could play football?" and even worse, "Come on Scott, where's my two bob? You said Melbourne could beat Fitzroy." I was almost glad to hear the siren blow.

After sleeping my way through the Assembly, two periods of Art and one period of Science, I found myself confronted by a period of French, which barred my way to lunch. I was frantically trying to explain to a Fitzroy supporter why Melbourne lost when Mr. Dooley turned and said, "Scott! Pourquoi est-ce que Croisilles revenait gaiement de Paris?" Of this group of words I only understood enough to know that it was to me he was speaking. For ten minutes I tried desperately to answer his question (if it was a question). Finally the siren blew, the class was dismissed, and once more the League Tribunal sat in the quadrangle.

Peter Scott, 4A.

## EASTER IN GREECE

The Greek Easter is a week later than ours, and in many ways is a much bigger festival. Beforehand, the shops are full of Easter eggs but almost all of them are bright red, often made of plush, with little chocolate eggs inside. There is a story told of a woman who stood beneath the Cross with a basket of eggs; some of Christ's blood splashed on to the eggs, which is the reason they dye them red to this day. In every household ordinary hens' eggs are boiled hard with a special dye that makes the shell a beautiful blood-red. When the family or a group of friends sit down to a meal, each person takes one of these eggs. You hold the egg firmly in one hand and, with a sharp tap top to top or bottom to bottom, attempt to break the other eggs while keeping your own intact. To have an unbroken egg after all the others are cracked means very good luck. It's great fun!

In the city of Athens there is a steep hill crowned with a white church. This is the centre of the religious ceremonies, though the same service takes place in the churches all over Greece. On Easter Saturday night hundreds of people walk up this hill and we were lucky enough to be among them. The view over Athens at night is very beautiful and the buildings of the Acropolis are below you, gleaming softly golden in the floodlights. At midnight, to show joy in the Resurrection, bells ring all over the city, a cannon on

the hill is fired several times, and a great many rockets and other fireworks are let off. Being on the hill can be a little dangerous as many of the rockets fired at the top land among the people lower down, but nobody seems to mind. At the same time, from sacred fires within the churches, candles are lit. At eight or ten points in the city below us we could see clusters of candles around churches or being carried down the streets. Each candle flame stands out on its own. People wished each other joy and in an amazingly short time the flames spread all down the hill as candles were lit from other candles. The sight of hundreds of little flames moving down the zig-zag path on the dark hill below the gleaming white church must be very beautiful indeed. The sacred fire is carried to all homes in the city to bring peace and joy for the coming year. We managed to keep our candles alight for a long time, but unfortunately they had gone out before we reached the ship again.

"Pylon" report from Miss Mitchell.

### PETRA — ANCIENT CITY

Earlier this year, while on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, I was able to visit the ancient ruined city of Petra, in South Jordan, and thus fulfil a long-standing ambition.

It is just on one hundred and fifty years since Petra, "the rose-red city half as old as time," was rediscovered by the Swiss born explorer, John Burckhardt. Disguised as an Arab, Burckhardt, in 1812, set out from Damascus to explore the region between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Arabia. He journeyed South, through the Jordan Valley until he reached the Village of Al-ji—just a few miles from Petra. After offering to kill a goat as a sacrifice to the local saint, he was taken by his guide, who was ignorant of his true identity, to a shrine which lay, as Burckhardt knew, past ancient Petra.

Burckhardt's discovery of the splendour of the ancient, rock-carved tombs, temples and theatres opened the way for archaeologists and ultimately for tourists. And so in August of this year, I found myself speeding down a modern desert highway, past the Dead Sea and Jericho, through Amman, the capital of Jordan, until finally we too reached Al-ji—a military post and the end of the six-hour car ride.

From here we travelled on horses. With the lunch strapped on a little donkey, we made our way on our nervous beasts. After riding for three miles we reached the entrance of the romantic but narrow gorge leading to Petra. Between sand-stone cliffs three hundred feet high, we made our winding way, until suddenly, through an opening in the path ahead, we saw the Treasure House, carved out of the rose-red rock. The Treasure House is the most perfectly preserved of all Petra's monuments.

By this time the sun was well up and the visit to the high places of sacrifice had to be made immediately. Partly walking and partly scrambling, we somehow reached the top. The view was wonderful—the ruined city lay below, completely surrounded by the impassable mountains—the narrow gorge of the Wadi Hussa affording the only entrance. The richness of the colours—pinks, reds and greys—was unbelievably beautiful.

Even though it was still only 9 a.m., the heat was unbearable, so we climbed down and during the next two hours we explored more temples, royal tombs, the market place, the triumphal arch and the theatre, until there—in the centre of the city area—we found eight eucalyptus trees!! Beneath these were the horses, the donkey and the lunch.

On the return journey to Jerusalem we travelled in a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees. This fact, however, did nothing to mar the excitement of our wonderful trip.

Written for "The Pylon" by Mrs. Jean Hair.



## THE AVALANCHE

On Mount Huascarín,  
The snow was thawing;  
It had been a long cold winter—  
Now the sun was glowing.  
Starting with a rumble,  
Three million tons of ice  
Roared down the mountain slopes  
Quicker than a tripe.  
In many tiny villages  
It left very few;  
The people were caught,  
Not knowing what to do.  
Three thousand Peruvians,  
Was the fatal score;  
The valley—once rich,  
Now ruined, desolate, poor.

David Scott, 4A.

## POOR BIRD

Poor bird, lying there, dead, in a gutter,  
Forgotten already, though still warm;  
You are part of me, bird,  
For I have flown with you, sung with you,  
Wild, free, rejoicing in the wonder of life and youth.  
But my life is not over,  
Even though my freedom has gone.  
I must now become someone,  
Part of a world  
I do not understand.  
Ah, yes! I have a long way to go  
Before I attain the peace of death.  
Poor bird.  
Or not so poor?

Lynne Maddern, 6.

## LONELY THINKER

He sits alone, silently thinking,  
In the quietness of the alleyway,  
His body still, head bent in thought,  
While the other children play.  
His feet are bare, his shirt is torn,  
His hands are black with grime,  
His world is small, his home the slums,  
Where the streets haven't changed with time.  
Opportunities are limited, but thoughts are wide,  
Of a future he wants to fulfill,  
A doctor, a pilot or a scientist  
Are his dreams as he sits there, still.

Joan Vickery, 4A.

## THE MOUNTAIN

His days are many, the span of time,  
Winds of ages, rain so free  
Have blessed this giant rock sublime—  
The king of land and sea.  
Gentle slopes and rugged sides  
All mottled, covered, verdant and bright  
His cloak of trees wildlife hides  
In alleys of darkness, fields of light.  
Fleecy clouds in days of rain  
Rest on rocky shoulders high  
To cool earth and water plain  
Then depart against azure sky.  
The sun, a fiery glow of light,  
Hurls mighty rays with scorn  
At the naked peak, a lofty height  
Of rocks and earth, time torn.  
His crown is cooled with snow  
From winter's storehouse of crystal flakes,  
Mantled with sunset's crimson glow  
Spotted with pearly lakes.

Rein Muhlberg, 4A.

## BILL

My budgerigar is a wonderful pet,  
He is the happiest budgie I have seen yet.  
Although he is young he flies on to my shoulder,  
I hope he will talk when he is older.  
He really is a fine little fellow,  
His body is green and his face is yellow.  
His wings are black and his tail is blue,  
He yawns when he's tired, just as I do.  
My brother and I have christened him Bill,  
He likes to sit on the window-sill.  
I put his food in little dishes,  
And he eats from them whenever he wishes.  
He preens himself in the funniest way  
After his bath which he has every day.  
His home is a cage which is painted white,  
He sleeps on the perches during the night.

Trevor Ellis, 3A.

## THE ROUNDUP

Frantic bellows cut by cracking whips  
Subdued by the pounding hoofs of the cattle.  
All lost in a cloud of red billowing dust,  
The brawny stockmen had begun their battle.  
The young calves bewildered and crying  
On unsteady legs lagged tiredly back,  
Or crushed by the jostling surge of the mob,  
Were left trampled and dying, there on the track.  
Shaggy steers, their long hair matted,  
Trampled and bellowed with laboured breathing;  
They'd break from the mob but fearing the lash  
Turned, terrified, back, their red sides heaving.  
Driven relentlessly on through the heat,  
Exhausted and beaten, amid dust, flies and foam;  
Forced into the stockyards—imprisoned by railings.  
Far from the freedom of their scrubland home.

Elizabeth Lewis, 4A.

## SCARECROW

He stands in his field of grain.  
He sees the sun,  
Which rose at dawn  
Climb—  
Until after noon,  
It slowly sinks,  
Making way for the moon.  
He endures heat.  
He endures rain.  
Still he guards the golden grain  
Against slit-eyed crows  
Who steal the seed  
Before it grows.  
His weathered clothes,  
Fly in the breeze  
Which swishes the corn  
And rustles the trees.  
Soon harvesters will come again  
The field will be bared—  
Stripped clean of grain.  
Alone in his field, he bears  
Sorrow and grief.  
Nobody cares.  
The grain has gone.  
The scarecrow's job  
Is done.

John Humphreys, 4A.

## PEACE

Have you ever watched a creek  
As it flows through cool green forests?  
Have you ever heard it laugh,  
As well as speak?  
Or watch the silver sunlight  
Filter through the trees  
As swirling eddies catch the rays of light,  
Or ever dipped your feet in with such ease?  
Oh! I wish I had the peace,  
That this little creek possesses,  
Then would all my worries cease.

Andre Gajek, 4A.

## SAILOR

He wanders on the surging sea,  
A slave to the wind and the brine,  
With nowhere to rest his head,  
Just wandering on with time.  
Why did he choose such a life?  
Does he mourn for someone he's lost?  
Maybe he hated people,  
Or lost when a coin was tossed.  
I wonder if he's lonely now,  
Away and far from the land,  
With winds that grasp out for him  
And waves with unseen hands.  
Is he scared when the sky is ripped  
With a force of hellish might  
And the sea raised up to meet it  
Like a monster speared with fright?  
Why did he leave his safe firm shore  
Where men may die in peace?  
Does he want to drift in the sea's unrest  
Till the time when life will cease?  
Is he sick of lifeless soil?  
Does it clog his restless blood  
And send him far to wash it out  
On that salty surging flood?

Christopher Myers, 5.

## JABBERWOCKY

'Twas nightfall and the willow's leaves  
Did dangle limply in the stream:  
All silent were the chestnut trees,  
And the sun had ceased to beam.  
"Beware the sabre-tooth, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the devil-bird, and shun  
The terrible dragon's snatch."  
He took his sharp-edged sword in hand:  
Long time the frightful foe he sought —  
So rested he by the chestnut tree,  
And stooled awhile in thought.  
And as in solemn thought he stood,  
The sabre-tooth with jaws of death,  
Came padding through the ghastly wood,  
And growled within its chest.  
One, two! One, two! And back and forth,  
The sharp-edged blade swung up, then . . . crack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went — hurriedly back.  
"And hast thou slain the sabre-tooth?  
Come to my arms, my knightly boy!  
O joyous day! Hip-hip! Hooray!"  
He revelled in his joy.  
'Twas morning and the willow's leaves  
Did dance and dangle in the stream:  
Wind rustled in the chestnut tree,  
And the sun began to beam.

Howard Ellis, 4A.

## THAT FORGOTTEN LAND

Under the hot, relentless sun,  
The scorched, brown earth of the Mallee lies,  
Vast, unchanging since time began;  
For land lies flat under cloudless skies.  
Aborigines once haunted this desolate land  
But now those memories are desert sand.

To them this place was paradise,  
But white men rang the mourning knell,  
We stole their hand, we broke their ties,  
We turned their heaven into hell.  
The dimpled babe, the youth, the aged  
Are now within the desert — caged!

Do they weep in vain for the lives  
That once their ancient fathers led,  
Or do they fear the approaching day  
When the last of their race is dead?  
For then there'll be only the dry wind's breath  
To tell of eyelids closed in death.

Margaret Waterson, 6.

## FACTORY

Tall dark chimneys belching smoke,  
Small dark windows black and grimy,  
Heavy steel doors coated in rust,  
Pools of water, green and slimy.  
Inside, the clang of striking metal,  
Screech of pulleys, crash of steel,  
Above this noise a shrieking kettle  
Signals time off for the mid-day meal.  
Five o'clock and the whistle sounds,  
All go home for their weary rest,  
And they leave behind a factory quiet,  
Quiet enough for birds to nest.

Peter Huntley, 4A.

## THE RIVER

From the high and mountainous country,  
Through the icy frigid zone,  
A rapid stream flows through rigid pines,  
Among the valleys, all alone.  
After tumbling two quick miles,  
This effervescing, rocky flow  
Is joined by a rapid neighbour  
To form a river, deep and slow.  
Now, by green, undulating pastures,  
The calmer river, filled with trout,  
Bathes in sunshine through the trees,  
As it silently finds its way about.  
Among the brown and sunburnt bushes,  
Near farms, past towns and sheep at ease,  
Our weary traveller nears its journey's end,  
Flowing languidly towards the salty seas.

Gordon Lewis, 3A.

## LEOPARD

He's the smallest of the big cats,  
Gold and spotted black,  
He's a vicious wanton killer,  
He'll unprovoked, attack.  
He strikes from in the tree-tops,  
Or pounces from the ground,  
He slaughters any living thing,  
He moves without a sound.  
So keep away from dense thick bush,  
For if he's lurking there,  
He'll kill with speed like lightning,  
No creature will he spare.

Douglas Kimberley, 4A.

## THE DREAM OF THE EMPTY BOATS

Why do I see these empty boats,  
Sailing on airy seas?  
The cloudy cliffs and hazy sand,  
And ghostly moonlit trees.  
Why do they move so smooth and slow,  
And seem to alight on land  
On far off shores beyond the seas,  
Yet are so close at hand?  
Why do they float so near to me,  
Through the star-lit sky?  
Yet never come within my grasp,  
But always pass me by?

Barbara Ferguson, 4A.

## TRAINS AT NIGHT

The train, like a monster heavily breathing,  
Bellowed as into the night it sped.  
Through the still world, darkness seething.  
It's cry enough to raise the dead.

As into the dark it went flying,  
Shining a piercing, stabbing light,  
Echoes in the darkness sighing,  
Ghostly fade within the night.

But when its fearsome roar and cry,  
Sped onward on its cursed track.  
Then the white lights waned and died  
And in their stead was velvet black.

Elizabeth Lewis, 4A.

## WET PAINT

Wet paint.  
What a farce.  
They've gone and left  
A viscous mess  
All over town.  
They haven't left  
A single bench  
Or seat  
Or form  
Where one can just  
Sit down.

The dirty rogues.  
Why in every part  
Of every town  
They leave their  
Gruesome mark.  
You see their sign  
"Wet paint"  
In every road  
In every street  
And lane  
And park.

Shame on them.  
The fools.  
They should be  
Locked up  
Whipped  
Flogged  
And banished  
Until every sign  
"Wet paint"  
Has  
Vanished.

Peter Skelton, 4A.

## THE DREAMS OF FEAR

A scream rang out through the gloomy night,  
And the child awoke from her terrible dream.  
A dream of lions, hungry and fierce,  
Of snakes which squeeze all life from her,  
Of dragons and wolves,  
Of bottomless seas,  
Such are the frightening dreams of a child.

Dreams no father or mother would dream.  
Dreams no others but she does dream.  
Her youthful mind just can not grasp  
Why all these terrors come to her.  
The terror of death  
Which fills her night,  
Such are the frightening dreams of a child.

The dreams of fear will haunt her life,  
But there is naught that she can do.  
Every time she falls asleep  
She will awake and scream once more  
A dream of ghosts  
And stormy skies,  
Such are the frightening dreams of a child.  
Coral Valli, 4A.

## THE PASSAGE

All is quiet and still around me;  
Not a whisper —  
Not a sign from each tree,  
Each flower  
Each weed;  
Not a person with his pride,  
His greed,  
His power,  
His weakness.  
Nothing!

The ground is cold  
And with outstretched arms  
It drags your soul to its riches —  
Its heavenly balms.  
Yet still, life is gone.  
Here,  
Where all my past is calm and clear,  
Every bird, every ant has gone  
Until, I'm left in a world  
That is cold and still.

Then a stir wakes my dream  
And I look ahead  
And there stands  
The most beautiful form  
I've ever seen.  
It comes to lead me across the threshold  
To a new and virile life.  
It comes to take me from the dark  
grey world  
Of misery and strife.

I walk across the threshold with it.  
Suddenly there is life!  
Almost like a cup of golden water  
Over-flowing at the brim.

Nothing is quiet or still.  
To every bird and every ant  
Life has been given  
For this is the place  
That is known as Heaven.

Martin Hill, 3A.



## VILLAGE

Tiny village,  
Nestling close in sandy cove.  
Limestone cliffs,  
Tall and straight, tower above.

Empty boats,  
Rocking gently at low tide.  
Crates of fish,  
Neatly stacked side by side.

Large grey gulls,  
Perching high on rocky ledge.  
White-walled huts,  
Clustered round waters edge.

Surrounding cliffs,  
Glowing red in setting sun,  
Silver waves,  
Ripple shoreward one by one.

Cool dusk air,  
Creeping in from 'cross the seas,  
Cool dusk air,  
Carressing softly all of these.

Kenneth Hutchison, 4A.



## CITY

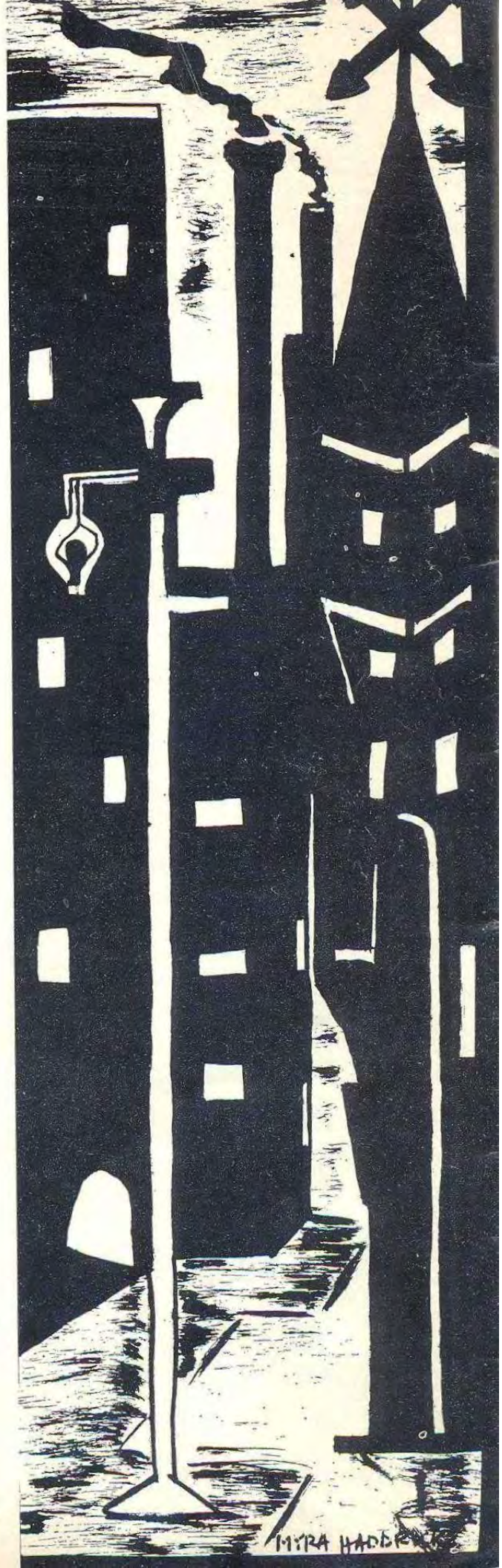
Tall grimy buildings.  
Cold steel traintracks.  
Starlings wheeling,  
And grey clouds hovering  
Overhead.

Long narrow streets.  
Dark dirty pavements.  
Crowds surging,  
All thin and pallid,  
Underfed.

Run-down factories.  
High wire fences.  
Children climbing  
Leafless trees dried out and  
Dead.

Give me the outback,  
Rocky and red;  
I leave you  
The city; I'm country  
Bred.

Kenneth Hutchison, 4A.



# TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Much has been said about the position of the school in the community, but I feel that in this town the position is far from clear. In any community the school should hold an important position, not only in the eyes of parents but of all citizens.

A school cannot function properly without the support of parents, for they are just as essential to the school spirit as are the pupils and teachers themselves. It is all very well for the school to take a pride in itself, but it must reach a position where outsiders can take a pride in it — where the community can take a pride in it.

But is this the case in this town? Does the community take a pride in the school? Certainly some people in the community do but SOME is not enough. It is not enough that the school earns the community's praise for its sporting prowess and its theatrical, and musical activities. Surely the community could take a more active part in the school affairs, and by the community, I mean the parents. There is a Mothers' Club which could receive much more support (and have much more effect), if it were more representative of parents. A recent example of the majority of parents' lack of interest and co-operation was the failure of a move to form a Parents' and Citizens' Association. This would have been a wonderful opportunity for not only parents, but ordinary citizens who have little material connection with the school, to take an active interest in it.

Many people feel that to send their children to school to receive an education in subjects such as Mathematics and English, is all that there is to education. But a good school can provide something more than this (and I have no doubt that our school is a good one — but it could be a better one still). Learning to take a pride in the school is a valuable lesson, and this is something in which the parents and citizens can help, by setting an example which will make the function of this school really vital.

Yours sincerely,

Lorraine Dupree, 6.

Dear Sir,

In 1960, a sixth form boy wrote an article for the Pylon, saying that he thought the tradition of Gilbert and Sullivan operas should be kept as long as possible. He commented on the way in which pupils and teachers combined their talents each year to give the best production possible.

The next year, the announcement was made — tradition was to be broken. From all sides came protests and disapproving comments. Throughout rehearsals, it was stressed that, to redeem cost and producer in the public eye, Toad would have to be very well done.

I feel the change a success, both in "Toad" then, and in "Twist" this year. Certainly there were faults, the most noticeable being the way many voices didn't carry. This is a problem, but plenty of main characters overcame it, so it should be possible to eliminate this flaw in future productions.

Teachers and students still combined talents — even though the casts were all pupils. There was no lack of employment for anyone backstage, and certainly there could be no disagreement that parts weren't suited to different peoples' capabilities.

Both plays were entirely different from each other, one being comedy, the other drama.

Gilbert and Sullivan were fine, but since the drastic change seems to have come off so successfully, let's keep to the variety, and make this our tradition.

Yours sincerely,

Christine Vincent, 4A.

Dear Sir,

"Could you apply artificial respiration to an unconscious person?" I ask this because this year, approximately four hundred people, of all ages, are going to lose their lives on Australian beaches.

You could be a spectator at one of these tragic events. Just as easily, you could be the victim, or friend or relation of the victim. Imagine what it feels like to stand by and watch someone die (be they your friend, or another's), knowing that you haven't the knowledge to go to their aid.

Artificial respiration and general lifesaving should be part of the general school curriculum. But as prevention is better than cure, every child over eight should be able to swim at least twenty-five yards. Well, what are we going to do about this? In our own school, a great effort is being made to teach lifesaving and gain awards, but there is not enough general interest on the part of the pupils. Within the town we have a swimming club with many enthusiastic members and good coaches. There are lifesaving classes held also, but these are often poorly attended.

Even though somebody is a strong swimmer, it does not necessarily mean that he could help a drowning person. There is much more to lifesaving than being able to swim. The curriculum of the lifesaving classes include methods of towing a patient to the shore, methods of release from a panicking swimmer, water-skills — to increase the proficiency of the lifesaver — and finally theory, artificial respiration and general first-aid. This first aid extends from the bandaging of a sprained ankle and treatment of shock, to fractures and treatment of more severe injuries.

I, for one (and I know there are others who think likewise), hope lifesaving classes will become part of the school curriculum.

Yours sincerely,

Margaret Robertson, 6.

## THE HILLS OF DESOLATION

Queenstown, on the west coast of Tasmania, nestles in a cradle of desolate, but rich hills. These hills have been completely denuded of vegetation by the sulphur fumes from the nearby copper smelters, which are situated at Mt. Lyell.

Approaching the town from high up on the rock-strewn road, one is enthralled by scenery of unusual, but striking beauty. With its houses perched on the sides of the hills, its muddy streets, its quaint old stores and narrow-gauge railways, the town gives the impression of something strange from a child's book of fairy tales — grim and beautiful — rather than something from real life.

At Mt. Lyell, one mile away copper has been mined since 1891. Small deposits of silver, lead, zinc and gold are also to be found. The King River which runs through that area is a murky grey from the quick-silver coloured dross which forms smaller hills near the smelters. The water from this river kills the fish and the riverside growth, leaving ghostly skeletons — the result of Man's intrusion. All Queenstown's fruit and vegetables have to be transported many miles by rail from Strahan on the coast.

It rains three hundred and sixty-four out of the three hundred and sixty five days in the year. This heavy rain has produced dense forests, which are practically inaccessible and therefore unexplored.

So if you ever have a chance to visit Tasmania, don't miss Queenstown, one of the weirdest and most exciting places in Australia, and experience the beauty of its desolation and the bounty of its forests.

Ruth Lynn, 4A.

# CANBERRA

## AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL

Canberra lies on the Molonglo River, a tributary of the Murrumbidgee River, one hundred and fifty miles south-west of Sydney. Canberra, an aboriginal word, has several meanings, but the one generally accepted is "a meeting place".

Sixty years ago, Canberra, as a town or city, did not exist. The district was divided into a number of large sheep stations. When Australia attained Federation in 1901 a federal capital was discussed and after much arguing and bickering the present site was chosen. In 1911, 900 sq. miles of land was transferred from New South Wales to the Federal authorities to comprise the Australian Capital Territory (A.C.T.) A world-wide competition was conducted to obtain a suitable plan for the new city and the £1,750 prize was won by W. B. Griffins of Chicago.

Undoubtedly the most popular attraction is the Australian War Memorial. The imposing monument lies nestled against one of the hills which surround Canberra in a natural amphitheatre. From the entrance your eyes are led along the cloisters to the dome-covered Hall of Memory, a single room, whose only piece of furniture is a larger than life bronze statue of an Australian infantryman. The floor, walls and inside of the dome are completely surfaced with coloured mosaics. In each corner a member of each of the Australian services is depicted in mosaics, and stained glass windows on three sides of the hall, symbolically represent the renowned characteristics of Australian servicemen and service women. Under the cloisters and the Hall of Memory there are seemingly endless galleries of exhibits. The exhibits include paintings, sculptures, relics, uniforms, maps, photographs, equipment and weapons of Australian servicemen and servicewomen, and their opponents in every war in which they have fought. The official Canberra tourist figures are compiled alone from the number who visit the memorial and this gives some indication of its popularity.

From the steps of the Australian War Memorial, looking directly across the Molonglo River, one can see the white stone buildings of Parliament House. King's Hall is entered almost immediately after coming into the building. Paintings and marble busts are displayed around the hall and on four pillars facing the entrance are four special paintings. The first is of the reigning monarch, and the others are of the present Prime Minister, the speaker of the House of Representatives and the president of the Senate. This hall is the usual location for parliamentary banquets and receptions. The chambers of the Senate and the House of Representatives flank the hall. In accordance with the English Parliament, the fittings and furnishings of the chambers are red in the Senate, from the House of Lords, and green in the other chamber from the House of Commons. There are public galleries in both houses, and being in attendance at one of the sittings is most interesting and informative on the procedures and personalities of our Federal Parliament.

The present Parliament is only provisional, and although work has not commenced, the new structure will be nearer the river and fronted by the future chain of ornamental lakes. The lakes were incorporated in Griffin's plan and they are scheduled for completion shortly. The waters will flood the present golf course and race course and necessitate the reconstruction of Canberra's connecting bridges, one of which has been completed.

Spread throughout the city there are many Embassies and Legations representing nearly thirty nations. Most of these, although they are of very

modern structure, retain some of their national flavour and style of architecture, adding to the distinctive features of Canberra.

One of Canberra's most unusual buildings is the Academy of Science. Its copper-plated, dome-shaped roof extends to the ground and it is mainly used for scientific lectures and conferences.

Opposite the Academy of Science is the Institute of Anatomy. Offices and research rooms occupy the front portion, behind which there is a central open courtyard with a museum on either side. One museum contains charts and exhibits, with their main points of interest in relation to human health and disease. The other houses, exhibits of Australian fauna and aborigines, and Papuan natives, and includes the famous anthropological collection of preserved specimens of Australian fauna of Sir Colin MacKenzie, the Institute's first Director.

The Federal capital's oldest building is small St. John the Baptist Church of England, which was built in 1841. There are many graves in the churchyard, both elaborate and unobtrusive. The most recent one is that of the late Lord Dunrossil, predecessor of the present Governor-General of Australia. The churchyard was the district cemetery for many years and it is a typical English custom to have graves in the churchyard. Inside the church it is very dark, making it difficult to see, and a gloomy atmosphere prevails. Numerous tablets and inscriptions record the lives of the district's first pioneers.

By contrast, one of the city's newest buildings is the Congregational Church. This small, square church has a most unusual design. It is capped by a shining silvery spire, and on each side, a V-shaped gap in the spouting allows water to drop from the roof into a rock pool on the ground. Inside, sunlight comes in from a glassed portion of the spire, during the day, and at night the church is lit only by twelve lights set higher in the spire.

The building of the Canberra Methodist Church was originally situated in Sydney. However, it was not used as a church but as a stone shed for housing locomotives at a Sydney railway yard. In the 1880's it was carefully demolished, stone by stone, and transported to Canberra.

Another unusual place of worship in Canberra is Australia's only Moslem Mosque, which is in the suburb of Yarralumla, atop a hill, overlooking the city. Washrooms, for the Moslems to physically cleanse themselves before prayer, are in the front portion of the building. Behind this, there is an open courtyard with a large minaret standing in it. The rear of the building is an empty undecorated hall where the Moslems bring their cushions to kneel on and pray.

The Australian-American War Memorial, a stone obelisk, is a striking landmark. Over two hundred feet high, and capped by an eagle with outstretched wings, it is the focal point of the new site for the Australian Armed Services administration offices. The Russell Defence Offices, housing the Army, Navy and Air Force departments, have already been completed and another set of offices on the other side of the memorial which thanks the Americans for their part in defending Australia during World War II, have yet to be constructed.

The Australian-American War Memorial is situated on the side of a small hill, Mt. Pleasant. From the summit, the whole of Canberra is visible, as well as Fyshwick (Canberra's isolated industrial area), Fairburn Royal Australian Air Force Base and the Duntroon Royal Military College. Duntroon, established in 1911, trains officers for the regular Australian Army. The course lasts four years, ending at second year university standard, and the cadets graduate as lieutenants. The only college of its type in Australia, Duntroon was

established on the recommendation of Lord Kitchener when he inspected Australian defence measures and it now ranks with Sandhurst and West Point.

The residence of Australia's Governor-General, Government House is a few miles west of the city. It is a white-stoned, two-storeyed building set among spacious lawns and beautiful gardens.

A little further west from Government House is Mt. Stromlo. This is the site of the largest astronomical observatory in the southern hemisphere. The most powerful of its many instruments is a 74" reflecting telescope and the observatory's main task is to observe the stars, galaxies and nebulae which are not visible from observatories in the northern hemisphere.

At present Canberra's population is nearly 50,000 and provisions are being made for another 60,000 people to be accommodated in an area known as Woden, south of the present city. The National Capital Development Commission recommends any alterations to Griffin's plan to Federal Parliament as Canberra has no municipal or local government. Canberra is governed directly by the Federal Government under jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior. Although Canberra, like the Northern Territory, may be represented in Parliament by one member, he cannot vote and can only participate in debates directly concerning the A.C.T.

Canberra is truly a garden city. It has wide arterial roads, flanked by plantations of trees and large areas of parks, gardens and recreational facilities provided for in Griffin's plan. Tenants are encouraged to maintain a high standard in their gardens by an original gift of twenty shrubs and sixty lawn plants each. The absence of fences, as they are banned within thirty feet of the roadway, adds to the city's beauty. At any time, no matter what the season, the capital is always attractive because there are always some species of shrubs and trees in bloom. In spring, however, Canberra dons its full glory and excels itself with natural beauty. The city is a mass of flowering trees, shrubs and flowers which make a most vivid and colourful display.

Canberra is extremely modern and beautiful, and, as our national capital, is well worthy of pride from every Australian citizen and respect from international circles.

Ken Scott, 5A.

## PAR OISEAU

Mr. Peter Pigeon,  
c/o, Penthouse,  
Town Hall,  
Melbourne.

Above Room 2,  
Yallourn High School.  
1st December, 1962.

Dear Peter,

How are you liking the new flat? You were lucky to get one as soon as you and Pieta flew down. Don't let your chicks get far away; there are too many planes and whirlybirds around the Melbourne skies. Remember what happened to Uncle Bluey when he got sucked into the jet engine!

Life goes on as usual here: plenty to eat on school days; only incinerator scraps at the weekend. Your Aunty Coo Coo has moved over to St. John's Church — much more refined there — but she has to help with the singing on Sundays. We had quite a banquet a few weeks ago, when someone spread out lovely lawn seed for us. We invited all our friends, and

# ART GALLERY VISITS YALLOURN

## AUSTRALIAN PAINTINGS SHOWN

In the Community Room of the Yallourn Library an exhibition of five well-known Australian Artists was conducted in October by the Melbourne National Art Gallery and the Council of Adult Education.

The paintings were mounted on wooden frames supported by steel poles. They were positioned in sections around the walls of the rooms. Each painter, McCubbin, Bunny, Rowell, Shore and Drysdale, had three or more of their original paintings on display.

Most of the senior art classes of Yallourn High School had the opportunity to visit the exhibition and a lecturer from the Melbourne Art Gallery explained the style, characteristics and method of each of the painters.

The first painter, Frederick McCubbin, used an Academic style in which the painting was very accurate with many details, which later changed to an Impressionistic style where the artist tried to put on to canvas his impressions of the subject seen in a fleeting glance. His work was confined but varied.

Rupert Bunny, the second painter, continued the style of Impressionism until it reached Post Impressionism, when the artist's aim was to regain the form lost by the Impressionists but to still retain the same colour and style. His work, mostly done overseas, was at first composed of many, tiny sketches from which he chose the one that appealed to him most and reproduced it into a large canvas. His later work was done on large canvases and he was very interested in the use and application of colour.

John Rowell's work was mainly of Australian landscapes and his concern was to get on to canvas the impression of light, distance and heat hazes. He relied on the use of tone rather than colour.

The fourth painter, Arnold Shore, was very emphatic on the use of colour and line. The important thing about his work was that he did it in short spaces of time. His application of pigment was bold, direct and vigorous.

The fifth painter, Russell Drysdale, did most of his paintings in the Australian outback trying to put into his work the hot, harsh, cruel feeling of the land. He used vivid colour and tried, in his work, to show nature dominated man.

Whether the painter was trying to get emotion, anger or serenity into their work, the appreciation and enjoyment of their art lies in the understanding of it.

"Pylon" report.

despite the shooting and stonethrowing, we managed to clean it all up. Your cousin Bernadette, who has just returned from Trafalgar Square and St. Peter's, says that people are much kinder over there. She suggests we form a Ban-the-Stone committee and start a campaign to Be Kind to Pigeons. I wonder what old Fred Royal would say!

We still see the same kids sneaking in late at the side door; still spot an occasional cloud of tobacco smoke from the bushes, and sometimes get a scare from the javelins and arrows flying about.

For the Christmas starvation period we plan to go to the Wimmera and help with the wheat harvest. Your mother says starchy foods make her fat, but I tell her she'll lose it all as she flies back.

With bills and coos,

Your loving Pa Pigeon.

## A WORD OF THANKS

This year, we, the Magazine Committee, have endeavoured to produce a magazine which is both comprehensive and interesting, and yet is more than just a school magazine. Much thought and hard work has been given by many people other than the Magazine Committee, and it is to those people that this article is devoted.

Firstly there are the students who made original contributions. To those whose articles were printed we offer our thanks and our congratulations on the high standard which you achieved. To those whose articles were not printed we say "Don't be discouraged. Try again next year!"

Next, our thanks must be extended to the other students who assisted this production in numerous ways: The student photographers, Rodney Grant and Ken Hutchison; the typists, Mary Danyluk, Janice Ipsen, Joy Ipsen, Elizabeth Kempster, Muriel Kennedy, Zofia Kurek, Ruzica Petrovic and Dianne Simic, who typed articles for long periods after school, and those students who lent photographs for use in the magazine.

We would like to acknowledge the generous donations of many of the local business houses. These donations helped to defray the costs involved in the printing of the photographic blocks.

Finally we take this opportunity to officially express our gratitude to Mr. Pyers, the staff representative on the "Pylon" Committee. Mr. Pyers contributed many hours of hard work to ensure the success of this year's magazine.

Our apologies are offered to anyone whom we may have overlooked. Once again, we thank all who helped in the production of this year's "Pylon", no matter how small a part they might have played.

Editor and Staff of "Pylon" Committee.



The following are the names of those local traders who so generously donated money towards the publication of "The Pylon."

**Messrs. Alfreti, Budge, Burns, Cook,  
Davey, Dolphin, Foster, Grant, Oliver,  
Premier, Purvis, Wilson. Miss Rose.**



**PYLON COMMITTEE  
1962**

Dianne Terry, Form V.

# ROLL CALL

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DUPREE, Lorraine  
GORMAN, Marie  
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IPSEN, Janice  
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McPHERSON, Jane  
MADDERN, Lynette  
MURRAY, Merrilyn  
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STEVENSON, Dianne  
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WALLACE, Susan  
WATERSON, Margaret  
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DEVERS, Robert  
GARRETT, Bruce  
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HOFFMAN, Anthony  
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MIDDLEMISS, Graeme  
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SULLIVAN, Richard  
TOMASZ, Stefan

## FORM 5A

ARMSTRONG, Elizabeth  
BRYMNER, Ann  
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DOLPHIN, Jillian  
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GORMAN, Carol  
GRANT, Morag  
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HENSON, Jacqueline  
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LACEY, Veronica  
McNAIR, Jennifer  
MITCHELL, Patricia  
MORGAN, June  
NEWTON, Janice  
SAMBLE, Christine  
TAYLOR, Allison  
WOLFENDEN, Lorraine  
BAVINGTON, Robin  
BROWN, Ian  
FRANCIS, Brian  
GULBIS, Janis  
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SPACKMAN, Nicholas  
STANDLEY, Lionel  
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STITSON, Roger  
MYERS, Christopher  
THIEDMAN, Ben  
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ZAJARSKI, Walter

## FORM 5B

CIUNELIS, Lucy  
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KOLOMYEC, Vera  
KOSTIC, Mira  
KUNCA, Greta  
LUCAS, Sandra  
McCOY, Janice  
MORRISON, Margaret  
ORTOLJA, Iris  
PATTERSON, Ruby  
SMITH, Janet  
SWANINK, Annie  
TERRY, Dianne  
THOMPSON, Sandra  
VAN STAVEREN, Alida  
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WINNING, Jeanette  
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FLEMING, Ian  
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HANNON, Geoffrey  
HEBB, David  
KUREK, Ryszard  
LEATHBRIDGE, Cedric  
PARR, Robert  
PETROVIC, Svetislav  
PIORKOWSKI, Albin  
SHAW, Brian

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ADAMS, Robyn  
ATKINSON, Joan  
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BRISCOE, Margaret  
FERGUSON, Barbara  
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HALLWORTH, Roslyn  
LEWIS, Elizabeth  
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NUTT, Margaret  
RODGERS, Marilyn  
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VALLI, Coral  
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ALEXANDER, John  
CASTELow, Robert  
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ELLIS, Howard  
ELY, Kipp  
GAJEK, Andre  
GOODE, Barry  
GRANT, Rodney  
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HUMPHREYS, John  
HUNTLEY, Peter  
HUTCHISON, Kenneth

JENKINSON, Peter  
KIMBERLEY, Douglas  
KOTIW, Michael  
MARTIN, Peter  
MILOJEVIC, George  
MORGAN, Graham  
MUHLBERG, Rein  
PLANNER, Linton  
RUSHTON, Frank  
SCHMIDT, Brendan  
SCOTT, David  
SCOTT, Peter  
SKELTON, Peter  
SNAPE, Richard  
STONES, David  
VANDERSTEEN, Donald  
VANYAI, Joseph

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GREENLEES, Peggy  
HUNT, Carol  
JAMROZ, Mary  
McARTHUR, Roslyn  
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PEARLESS, Deidre  
TABACZYNSKA, Olga  
TELEHUS, Nina  
WRIGHT, Kay  
ASHMORE, Alan  
BATTY, Ronald  
CHAMPION, Murray  
COOK, Ronald  
CHARLESWORTH, Ian  
DOUGLAS, Neville  
EMMERSON, Stanley  
FEWSTER, Lindsay  
FOY, Malcolm  
GOBIUS, Albert  
HANNON, Peter  
IVANIC, Ivan  
KARPINSKI, Charles  
KILDAY, Michael  
LAKEMAN, Peter  
McARTHUR, Grant  
McCOLL, Winton  
McINNES, Andrew  
McINNES, Raymond  
McMASTER, Gregory  
MASALSKI, Bisha  
MARTYNIUK, Vladymir  
MISTIURKA, Anton  
MUNDIE, Barry  
PARRY, Kim  
PAXTON, Bryan  
PRAJBISZ, Bogdon  
SCOTT, Clive  
SEATH, Graeme  
SMITH, Wayne  
TATLOW, Alan  
TYBEN, Wierd  
VAZQUEZ, James  
VAZQUEZ, Joseph  
WISSMER, Edward  
SMITH, Geoff  
MORGAN, Geoff  
MORGAN, Robin

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BALZAN, Anne  
 BROWITT, Joan  
 CATHERWOOD, Janet  
 CHISHOLM, Vivian  
 CLAXTON, Wendy  
 CLEGG, Maree  
 COOK, Merrilyn  
 COX, Denise  
 COVE, Margaret  
 DUXBURY, Susan  
 EGAN, Kathleen  
 GORBAL, Janina  
 GRIMA, Mary  
 HAM, Florence  
 JOHNSON, Tessa  
 JONES, Iris  
 KARADZIC, Svetlana  
 KENNEDY, Muriel  
 KOWALIK, Wanda  
 KRAWEC, Marie  
 LENNOX, Linda  
 LOVISON, Gelmina  
 McFARLANE, Ruth  
 MALLEE, Elizabeth  
 NAUMENKO, Vera  
 NORDEN, Heather  
 PARR, Lorraine  
 PETROVIC, Ruzica  
 SALISBURY, Christina  
 SHAW, Ann  
 SHAW, Sheila  
 SIMIC, Diana  
 SMITH, Denise  
 STEPHENS, Margaret  
 TELEHUS, Luba  
 TICKLE, Margaret  
 TUOHY, Marlene  
 WATERS, Jacqueline  
 WIGGINS, Sandra  
 ZARB, Theresa

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 BREMNER, Merilyn  
 CROUCH, Edna  
 DJORDJEVIC, Dragana  
 ELLIOT, Lynette  
 GAUL, Eileen  
 GUNN, Jeanette  
 HELMUTH, Valerie  
 HILDITCH, Helen  
 KEMPSTER, Robin  
 LOCK, Vivian  
 O'BRIEN, Kerry  
 PARRY, Annette  
 PETERS, Shirley  
 SANDILANDS, Susanne  
 TICHANOVIS, Tamara  
 WESTBROOK, Dianne  
 ZELENOWICZ, Zophia  
 WILDEN, Valerie  
 LEWIS, Margaret

**FORM 3A**

BAIRD, Carol  
 BENSON, Henrietta  
 BREMNER, Jill  
 DOUGLAS, Pauline  
 ELY, Carol  
 FRANCIS, Susan  
 GARRETT, Sandra  
 GREEN, Mary

HENRY, Kristine  
 JOHNSTON, Karen  
 KIBBLE, Margaret  
 KING, Vivienne  
 LACEY, Winifred  
 LARKIN, Marie  
 LOFTS, Jillian  
 MEIKLE, Aileen  
 PATTIE, Cheryl  
 ROBERTSON, Beverley  
 ROSS, Denise  
 RUSHTON, Edna  
 SCOTT, Julie  
 SKINNER, Kristine  
 TERRY, Jennifer  
 VAN STAVEREN, Mary  
 VITOLINS, Liene  
 CARTER, Gregory  
 CIUNELIS, Edward  
 DRANE, David  
 ELINGER, Zdenko  
 ELLIS, Trevor  
 HILL, Martin  
 HUTCHISON, Niels  
 IRVINE, David  
 JACOBSON, John  
 KENNY, Albert  
 KIVLINS, George  
 LASZSZYK, Henry  
 LEE, Brian  
 LEWIS, Gordon  
 LOWE, Robert  
 McDILL, John  
 McPHERSON, Ewan  
 MIDDLEMISS, Gary  
 POWER, Craig  
 RITZER, Bernard  
 ROBERTS, Leslie  
 TEASDALE, Robert  
 THIEDEMAN, William  
 WATERSON, John

**FORM 3B**

BLYTHE, David  
 BOTTLE, Robert  
 COURTNEY, Ian  
 DEMEZUK, Slavic  
 DICKSON, Robert  
 DOBROGOSZ, Joseph  
 DUBAICH, Dusan  
 FORBES, Bryan  
 GRAY, Kenneth  
 HUNTLEY, Alan  
 IRELAND, Anthony  
 IRVING, Stuart  
 JACKSON, Peter  
 JASINSKI, Jan  
 JOHNSON, Thomas  
 JONES, Gregory  
 KARLEUSA, Djuro  
 KOBIELA, John  
 KRANTSCHNEIDER, Manfred  
 LANG, John  
 LINABURY, Alan  
 LOFT, Raymond  
 LYE, Peter  
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 MALLEE, Gerard  
 MALININ, Michael  
 MENNER, Robert  
 O'HARA, Alexander  
 PLANNER, Barry  
 RILEY, Gordon  
 SANDMAN, Norman

SCOTT, John  
 SMITH, Rodney  
 SOKCEVIC, Mihailo  
 STALLWORTHY, Leonard  
 SULLIVAN, Terrence  
 UDOWENKO, William  
 VIVIAN, Robert  
 WALL, John  
 WALSH, Aubrey  
 SHAW, R.

**FORM 3C**

ANDERSON, Linda  
 ANDRIJEZAK, Mary  
 ASCOLESE, Josephine  
 BARRONS, Patricia  
 BILSTON, Ann  
 BOURKE, Cheryl  
 BROOKER, Merilyn  
 CASEY, Donna  
 CHOPPING, Margaret  
 COULTHARD, Susanne  
 CROUCH, Francis  
 DAVIS, Helen  
 DELAHAY, Maureen  
 DINGWALL, Jillian  
 DJORDJEVIC, Rusica  
 ENTWISTLE, Elizabeth  
 FULLER, Eileen  
 GILCHRIST, Heather  
 GRIBBLE, Cheryl  
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 HAMBROOK, Valerie  
 HENSCHER, Susanne  
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 IRVING, Robyn  
 KERR, Lorraine  
 KIRSCHNER, Julie  
 KURTSCHENKO, Soya  
 LANE, Jeanette  
 LAURIE, Caroline  
 LIEPER, Vera  
 McAULIFFE, Dianne  
 McILWAINE, Jillian  
 McNAIR, Margaret  
 MACKEOWN, Aileen  
 PARRY, Dianne  
 PEDLEY, Dianne  
 PINAL, Robyn  
 PROKOPIWSKYI, Halina  
 RAINBOW, Cheryl  
 SKEE, Pauleen  
 SMITH, Cheryl  
 SUTHERLAND, Heather  
 STAGG, Carolyn  
 SWIGGS, Ann  
 TRILLER, Kristine  
 VELLA, Pauline  
 WALLIS, Denise  
 WALSH, Denise  
 WALSH, Mary  
 WOOD, Shirley  
 KNIGHT, L.

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BOSCH, Catherine  
 BROEKSTRA, Carla  
 CURTIS, Maureen  
 FIELDER, Carol  
 ISHTCHUCK, Tonja  
 KENNY, Kerrie  
 LAMBERT, Donna  
 NIELSON, Carol  
 PROCAK, Marie  
 RADENKOVIC, Renate

RANDALL, Caroline  
 RUSSELL, Linda  
 TAIG, Elin  
 WURLOD, Glenis  
 YULE, Norma  
 ABBOTT, Brian  
 ARMSTRONG, Donald  
 DINSDALE, Robert  
 DOUGLAS, Graeme  
 GALLAGHER, Graham  
 GALLAGHER, Robert  
 HAMILTON, Michael  
 JAMES, Ian  
 LOCK, Peter  
 MAGAZINOVIC, Danilo  
 McHENRY, Ian  
 MELVIN, Robert  
 MILES, Ronald  
 MURDOCH, Colin  
 NIELSON, Peter  
 PAVLOVIC, Peter  
 STEVENS, Barry  
 TRKULJA, Peter  
 VELLA, Alfred  
 WALLIS, Allen  
 WINNING, Alexander

**FORM 2A**

ANDERSON, Lynette  
 BOSKMA, Margaret  
 CHRISTIE, Glenda  
 FLANNIGAN, Wendy  
 GEORGE, Rae  
 HOBDEN, Dianne  
 HOYUNE, Robin  
 HUNT, Barbara  
 KRAJEWSKI, Helyu  
 LANE, Annette  
 LARECKI, Sophia  
 McKELLAR, Barbara  
 McNAIR, Barbara  
 MEWETT, Kay  
 NUTT, Linda  
 ORME, Carol  
 PONTIN, Karen  
 ROOCKLEY, Dianne  
 SHEARER, Jacqueline  
 STITSON, Penelope  
 SULLIVAN, Denise  
 WATERSTON, Mary  
 WRIGHT, Cheryl  
 ANDERSON, Daryl  
 APPS, Graham  
 BARNES, Geoffrey  
 CLARK, John  
 COULSON, Edward  
 COVE, George  
 EVANS, Christopher  
 FERGUSON, David  
 HENSON, Anthony  
 IRVINE, James  
 KENNY, Brian  
 LOWE, David  
 MARTIN, Steven  
 MILNE, Phillip  
 REED, Steven  
 SEATH, Douglas  
 TATLOW, Douglas  
 TAYLOR, Paul  
 THOMPSON, Ian  
 WADDINGTON, Donald  
 WAITE, Phillip

**FORM 2B**

ALLEN, Cheralyn  
 ANDERSON, Irene

BURNETT, Elizabeth  
 COOPER, Lee-Anne  
 DICKASON, Irene  
 HAMILTON, Linda  
 HOLME, Susan  
 HOLMES, Anne  
 McAULIFFE, Rhonda  
 McINTOSH, Deirdre  
 MACRAE, Pieta  
 O'BRIEN, Maurzen  
 PARKER, Wendy  
 RAY, Karen  
 ROCHFORD, Elizabeth  
 SADDIGTON, Stella  
 SZULC, Stanislava  
 WALKER, Margaret  
 WASKIUKIEWICZ, Helena  
 WHITELEY, Ann  
 ZARB, Delores  
 BATTY, Kenneth  
 BENSON, Geoffrey  
 BERQUEZ, Victor  
 CHISHOLM, Raymond  
 CHITTEM, Ross  
 DEVINE, Denis  
 GLOVER, David  
 GRAHAM, Mervyn  
 HAEBICH, Kerry  
 HANNON, Ronald  
 KROMOLOFF, Peter  
 LOCK, Wayne  
 LYE, Jeffrey  
 MARTIN, George  
 McMASTER, Ian  
 MISIURKA, Ramon  
 SAMBELL, Arnold  
 VANYAI, Andrew  
 WALKER, Kenneth  
 WHITE, Anthony

**FORM 2C**

ABEL, Susan  
 BOWLER, Penelope  
 CARTLEDGE, Dianne  
 CROWE, Susan  
 ENGELSMAN, Betty  
 FANKHAUSER, Valerie  
 GOODYEAR, Maureen  
 GRANT, Sandra  
 HAMILTON, Joyleen  
 HICKS, Judith  
 HILDITCH, Suzanne  
 LIVINGSTONE, Joane  
 MLASKAWA, Sophia  
 MUSCAT, Theresa  
 PEERLESS, Yvonne  
 SALISBURY, Karen  
 SCOTT, Susan  
 SIEGEL, Rosemary  
 STEARMAN, Judith  
 STEVENS, Rhonda  
 WARD, Dianne  
 WILKES, Julie  
 CLAXTON, Raymond  
 CRANE, Rodney  
 ESSE, Patrick  
 FOX, Lance  
 HAM, Harold  
 HYDE, Graham  
 KEMPSTER, Francis  
 PORTER, Gregory  
 PUCKRIDGE, Geoffrey  
 VAN der WEL, William  
 VELLA, Frank  
 WALSH, Daniel

**FORM 2D**

ALDRED, Gail  
 BENSON, Jemima  
 BRANCH, Betty  
 BREEN, Kathleen  
 BROWN, Patricia  
 CHURCH, Dianne  
 CONSTANTINOU, Angenia  
 CULLEN, Carol  
 ELLIOTT, Pauline  
 FRENCH, Carol  
 GRAHAM, Patricia  
 McKEAN, Sherrill  
 MALIKO, Halina  
 MORRISON, Ruth  
 PACE, Vicky  
 PINAL, Deanna  
 SMITH, Carol  
 WALLIS, Karen  
 WALTON, Beverley  
 WITHELL, Margaret  
 COLE, Linda  
 MAGAZINOVIC, Violet  
 ABERY, Robin  
 BATES, Edward  
 BOWMAN, Ronald  
 BROWN, Ross  
 DANIEL, Ronald  
 DeAGNOI, Carl  
 LAMBERT, John  
 POOLE, Phillip  
 VOGEL, John

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ATKINSON, Christine  
 ATKINSON, Dianne  
 BAILEY, Joan  
 FRANCIS, Christine F.C.  
 FRENCH, Kerry  
 GLOZ, Marilyn  
 HAMILTON, Merle  
 JOHNSTONE, Leanne  
 KENNY, Robyn  
 LANGDON, Jennifer  
 McINNESS, Marilyn  
 MOUNTER, Jill  
 PHILLIPS, Judith  
 PITTAWAY, Susan  
 PRUST, Sandra  
 ROBERTSON, Dianne  
 SMITH, Linda  
 AMOS, Geoff  
 BAIRD, Robert  
 BAILLIE, Laurence  
 BILSTON, John  
 BRISCOE, John  
 BROWITT, Jeffrey  
 DOLPHIN, Trevor  
 GIBSON, Malcolm  
 GORMAN, Jeffrey  
 GRAY, Jeffrey  
 HEDDLES, Stephen  
 KRANTSCHNEIDER, Karl  
 LAMBERT, Robert  
 McLARE, John  
 McPHERSON, Lachlan  
 MILOJEVIC, Edward  
 MORGAN, S.  
 MITCHELL, Kim  
 MUNDIE, David  
 PRINGLE, Ian  
 SIMS, Robert  
 SNEDDON, Graeme



**FORM 1B**

BALZAN, Mary  
BOLTON, Gwenda  
CURTIS, Julie  
FIELDER, Joy  
FOGGO, Jeanette  
FRENCH, Irene  
GODFREY, Julie  
GORBAL, Theresa  
HALKET, Mardi  
KARADZIC, Milena  
KIMBERLEY, Erna  
KOTIW, Helena  
LOWE, S.  
McKINNA, Janet  
McNAUGHTON, Lorna  
MALPASS, Beverley  
MEE, Beverley  
RAINBOW, Beverley  
RING, D.  
SAGAR, Claire  
STEVENS, Judith  
VELLA, Josephine  
WALL, Helene  
WALLACE, Elizabeth  
WALLIS, Karen  
WILLIAMS, Judith

**FORM 1C**

ALLEN, Joannette  
ASCOLESE, Annie  
ASHMORE, Helen  
CHARLESTON, Dianne  
COLTMAN, Pamela  
COOK, Janice  
DINGWALL, Jennifer  
HAWKEN, Dayle  
HUMPHRIES, Catherine  
JAMES, Marie  
JENSEN, Catherine  
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McCOY, Ann  
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RISSINICH, Rosalyn  
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BRADBURY, Maxwell  
CASTELOW, Malcolm  
CHURCH, Gregory

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GRAHAM, Edward  
GORMAN, Kelvin  
LUCAS, Bruce  
McDONALD, Dan  
RYAN, Gregory  
SANDMAN, Gary  
SHEPHERD, Darrell  
SMITH, Gary  
UDOWENKO, John  
VAJLER, Alexander  
VINCENT, Paul  
WATTENBERG, Wolfgang  
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ZUBALT, Tesimir  
JOHNSTON, Russell  
NYEBOER, Henry