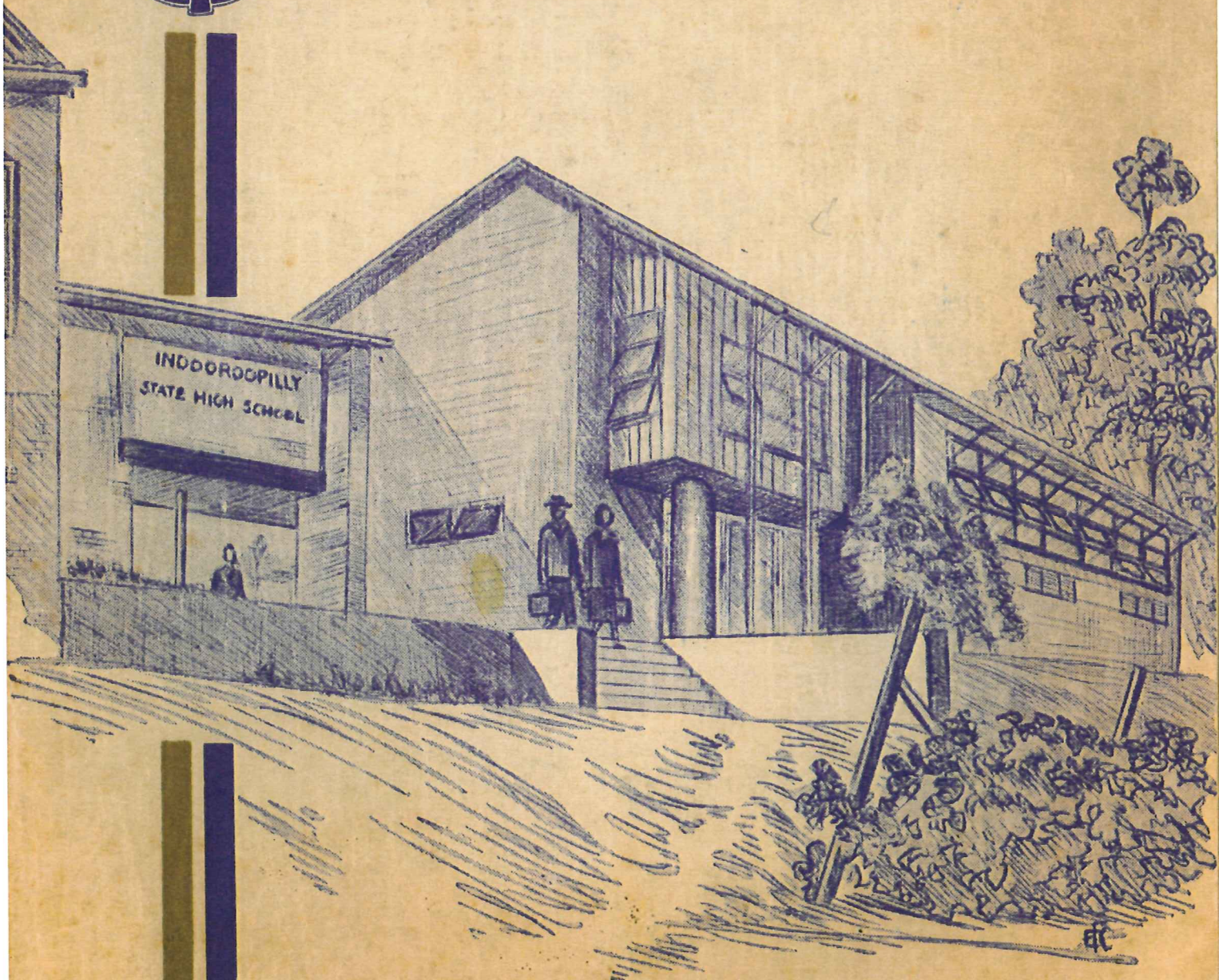


REG WALLIM

STUDENTS' JOURNAL



1962



SCHOOL DIRECTORY, 1962

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Mr. G. Ward, B.A. (Q.), Dip. Ed. (Melb.), M.A.C.E.

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL:

Mr. R. Williams, B.A., B.Sc.

PRINCIPAL MISTRESS:

Miss M. Webster, B.A. Mrs. J. Bryan, B.A. (Acting)

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Mr. S. Brown, B.Sc.	Mr. R. McAlpine
Mr. F. Bull	Miss E. Muir, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
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Mr. R. G. Desjardins	Mr. J. Porter, B.Com.
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Mr. R. Grieve, M.A., Dip. Econ.	Mr. J. Thomson
Mrs. B. Hartigan	Mr. A. Walters
	Mr. W. Wetzel, A.Ed.

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COMMERCIAL TEACHERS:

Miss O. Stenlake; Miss J. Knott, A.A.U.Q., P.C.T.; Miss M. Whitby.

HOME SCIENCE TEACHERS:

Miss U. Bosworth; Miss E. Marnane; Miss M. Thomas.

ART:

Mrs. P. Watson.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION:

Miss J. Corrigan; Mr. P. Feeney.

MUSIC:

Miss H. Baird, F.T.C.L.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE OFFICERS:

Mr. Daus, B.A.; Miss E. Murray, B.A.

CLERK-TYPIST:

Miss R. Davidson.

JANITOR:

Mr. R. F. Allen.

CLEANERS:

Mr. L. J. Bright; Mrs. H. A. Engels; Mrs. L. Griffith

GROUNDSMAN:

Mr. C. Harvatt.



Staff

Back row: Mr. J. Porter, Mr. R. Desjardins, Mr. A. Walters, Mr. C. Wrench, Mr. S. Cross, Mr. F. Bull, Mr. C. Elmes, Mr. J. MacMurray, Mr. A. McAlpine, Mr. S. Brown, Mr. R. Powell.

Next row: Miss J. Knott, Miss O. Stenlake, Miss M. Whitby, Mrs. P. Watson, Miss Thomas, Mrs. M. Gore, Mrs. G. Van Rosmalen, Miss E. Marnane, Mrs. E. Andreassen, Mrs. B. Hartigan, Miss J. Di Biasi, Mrs. E. Lee.

Front row: Mr. R. Grieve, Miss V. Bosworth, Mr. W. Wetzel, Miss S. Cran, Mr. R. Williams (Deputy Principal), Mr. G. Ward (Principal), Mrs. J. Bryan (Acting Principal Mistress), Mr. J. O'Keefe, Mrs. E. Muir, Mr. G. Thomson.



Prefects

Back row: Glenda Marks, Catherine Allender, Carolyn Jenks, Robert Sartor, Ian Doherty, Peter Pacey.
Front row: Wendy King, Mr. Williams (Deputy Prin.), Mr. Ward (Prin.), Mrs. Bryan (Acting Prin. Mistress), Alan Rose.

House Captains

Paterson: Wendy Nimmo, Richard Meiklejohn.
Evans: Sherie Todhunter, David Irwin.
Lawson: Sharon Starmer, Neil Sartor.
Kendall: Barbara Pope, John Lynch.

Prefects

Boys

Alan Rose
Ian Doherty
Peter Pacey
Robert Sartor

Girls

Wendy King
Caroline Jenks
Glenda Mark
Catherine Allender

Form Captains

VI A1 A. Rose	IV B2 R. Campbell
VI A2 R. Meiklejohn	IV C1 J. Angus
VI A3 R. Gilbert	IV C2 D. Ismay
V A1 C. Allender,	IV C3 P. Perkins
C. Moore	III A1 T. Coles,
V A2 E. Gordon	L. Gasteen
V A3 R. Ritchie	III A2 F. Raymond,
R. Duncan	B. May
IV A1 P. Sampl.	III A3 D. C. Herron
D. Watkins	III B1 J. Billingsley
IV A2 S. Carton,	III B2 M. Simonek
B. Pitman	III C1 S. Beck,
IV A3D W. Kingston,	B. Ostrofski
B. Addison	III C2 J. Payne
IV B1 B. Holwell	III C3 E. Donka

Religious Instruction

Ministers of Religion of several denominations visit the School each Monday morning during the first two periods of the week. We are grateful to these men for their regular attendance and for the interest they take in the spiritual welfare of our students.

Their names and denominations are:—

Rev. A. O. Charles	Church of England
Rev. M. A. Paxton-Hall	Church of England
Rev. Maurice Fox	Church of England
Rev. B. Meredith	Church of England
Rev. Roy T. Nugent	Methodist
Rev. J. Tainton	Methodist
Rev. Robert H. E. Crowe ..	Presbyterian
Rev. J. F. Forrest	Presbyterian
Rev. Boundy	Baptist
Rev. G. P. Elliott	Roman Catholic

Parents and Citizens' Committee

President: Mr. S. Cole
Secretary: Mr. Payne
Treasurer: Mr. Piggin.

Editors

Lynn Gallagher	Chris Moore
Gwen Stanley	Keith Gasteen
Robyn Ritchie	Robert Sartor

Editorial

Secondary Education is experiencing mushroom growth in Queensland. Each year numbers of schools and students increase tremendously, and with such rapid expansion come unavoidable growing pains.

For almost ten years students at this school have worked to the sporadic accompaniment of bulldozers and jackhammers. However, this era of development is nearly over, and a new page in the school's history will soon begin.

All of us who are associated with the school today are pioneers in this new age, and it is our duty to ensure its success. We must develop a keen school spirit and start worthy traditions which will make our school respected in this district as a centre of student activity and thought.

Each year in our School Journal the spirit and life of the school are shown. Through the years it is to be hoped that successive School Journals will show the development of the Indooroopilly High School as a useful unit of community life in this area.

"The old order changeth"

As you will have noticed, this year's publication has a totally new cover design. This cover is entirely the work of Ross Coulter of Form VA2 and we would like to record our appreciation for his painstaking efforts in designing this cover which, we hope, will become the tradition for future issues. The school entrance will have been indelibly printed on the mind of every student during the years he has spent at Indooroopilly High, but in the long years ahead it will be stored in the attic of his memory — it is then that this cover will bring back memories of schooldays which all students eventually cherish.

The second major departure from past issues is the presence of advertisements. We should like to express here our appreciation to the friends of the school who have supported us in the publication of this journal—"by their 'ads' ye shall know them." This assistance has made it possible to include better photographs. We hope in future to be able to include even more photographic records of the many activities of school life.

In this respect though you, the actual student, past and present, are the advertisement for this school—go forward then and present our school to the public with pride and refute the arguments of those who would decry our efforts.

Principal's Foreword

As I write these notes, the Second-Term Examination is in progress, and we are busily engaged in preparing the nominations for the Public Examinations. We shall have approximately three hundred Juniors and one hundred Seniors sitting this year. We hope the Third term will find all those students working steadily toward their goals. I am particularly interested in the VIth Form students, because many of them started their work at this school at the same time—the beginning of 1959. Together we may have accomplished something.

We have seen much progress in the material things of this school since that time, and I think, too, that there has been progress in other directions. We must always keep in mind that schools exist primarily to produce scholars, and all other things, important as they are, are subsidiary to this aim. There are amazing opportunities open to all students who have the ability and the industry to go on to higher things. By doing this they will also be able to give service to the community which has done so much for them. It will also enrich their own lives.

Speech Night will be held in the City Hall on Monday, 8th October, where we shall be honoured by having the Vice-Chancellor of the University (Sir Fred Schonell) as our Guest Speaker. The students are now engaged in preparing an operetta for this occasion. At the end of second term, a concert sponsored by the P. & C. Association was held in the Indooroopilly Hall.

A pleasing feature of school life this year has been the hobby activity groups in the School. The new Science Club and the Photography Club are showing a great deal of keenness.

Miss Webster, the Principal Mistress, is now overseas on her long-service leave. She has been good enough to send us an article for this Journal. I am happy to report that during her absence, the Department has appointed Mrs. J. Bryan as Acting-Principal Mistress. This appointment has given great satisfaction to us all.

We have recently had some of our ground levelled out for tennis courts and basketball courts. We have waited a long time for these courts, and I know that the P. & C. is anxious to get on with the work as soon as possible.

The Deputy Principal, Principal Mistress and all members of the staff join with me in wishing all our students success at the end of the year, and we thank the P. & C. and the ladies' committee for all they are doing for this our School.

GILBERT WARD,
Principal.

SPEECH NIGHT, 1961

Last year, our Annual Speech Night took place in the City Hall on the night of 9th October, in the presence of a crowded audience.

The first part of the programme was given over to entertainment by the students, choral items and folk dancing, giving the students an opportunity to show their talents.

On the stage were seated the Hon. A. Munro, M.L.A., Minister for Justice; Mr. S. Cole, the Chairman; Professor S. W. Bassett, M.A., Dip.Ed., Ph.D., Dean of the Faculty of Education, University of Queensland; the Principal, Mr. G. Ward; and the Deputy-Principal, Mr. R. Williams.

Professor Bassett gave the audience a philosophic address on "Education for the destiny of Man," and his address was listened to attentively not only by the adult audience but by the whole student body. The Minister for Justice, the Hon. A. Munro, M.L.A., the official visitor to the School, presented the prizes and won general approbation by granting a special holiday.

We publish now the second part of the Principal's Report which evoked considerable interest:—

Now I shall make a few general observations on educational matters which I hope will be of interest both to the parents and the students. In doing this I am mindful of the fact that we have as our Guest Speaker the Professor of Education who can speak on these matters with more authority than I.

It is over a century ago since one of the great English poets wrote about

"This strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims."

We need not be very astute to realise that the modern life which we lead appears, also, full of a strange disease or malady, and our newspapers tell us of the divided aims of great masses of the peoples of the world. I think it is right to say that while we as adults are aware of these things, the younger people are not so conscious of them, for this is the world in which they are growing up and they are not so concerned with the great changes which many of us have known in our lifetime. However, we are interested at the moment in schools

and education, and I think that it is true that the sick hurry of modern life has penetrated our schools and there no longer seems to be the opportunity for leisurely pursuits or for browsing along the highways of knowledge. And that is, I think, what the words "school" and "schooling" should imply. There certainly is no time "to stand and stare."

Now there have always been two basic theories about education. One is that the schools should influence the community and set the standards for the present and the near future. The other is that schools should reflect—and, indeed, interpret—the practices and ideas of the outside world. I think the best we can do, in these days, is to effect a compromise between these two. It has been said that democracy has great enthusiasm for education, but little regard for the opinions of its educated men and women. I do hope that this can never be said of us. It surely should be the duty of schools to develop enlightened young people who are able to think for themselves, who are resistant to sales-talk, who can make right decisions in all things, who are able to keep abreast of the times while not being ignorant of the traditions of our race and of all the good things that times do not change nor customs stale.

I do hope that our students, most of whom are city-dwellers, will remember that Queensland is their State, and they should, wherever possible, try to serve the welfare of the whole State and not limit their interest and activities to Brisbane alone. Many of them could, no doubt, find rewarding work outside the city area and thus help in the development of Queensland about the "potentials" of which we hear so much. What do they know of Queensland, who only Brisbane know?

I hope I may say with some confidence that our Senior students have learned and appreciated some of the things about which I have been speaking. I sincerely trust that they and the Junior students will do very well in their Public Examinations, that they will continue with their education, at least in the wider sense, after they have left school, and that they will remember with advantage the years they spent at the Indooroopilly High School.

Science Club



SCIENCE IN THE MODERN CURRICULUM

The study of science in schools is comparatively recent and investigation reveals that not long ago the only Science subjects taught in schools were Physics and Chemistry with perhaps some work being done in Astronomy. Today the situation is very different, as we are faced with an ever increasing demand for people with Scientific training in a wide range of subjects, and fields of knowledge have become more extensive. The biological subjects hold interest for many who have little desire to proceed along courses which are mainly mathematical, while students in many spheres find Geology second to none as a background subject. For those who proceed with these courses to the tertiary level the openings are many and varied. It must be remembered, however, that practically everyone at some time has to do minor repairs to a motor engine, an electrical device, or something of the type, or wonders what kind of animal he has encountered while fossicking on the sea shore. School science training may not provide the complete answer but it will take him a long way in the right direction.

One of our most eminent Australian authorities on school science has listed the major objectives of school science work as:

(1) The acquisition of a functional understanding of important scientific facts, con-

cepts, laws and principles.

(2) The ability to use the methods of science in the solutions of problems of concern to the individual, the community, the nation, and the world.

(3) The development of desirable attitudes, appreciations and interests.

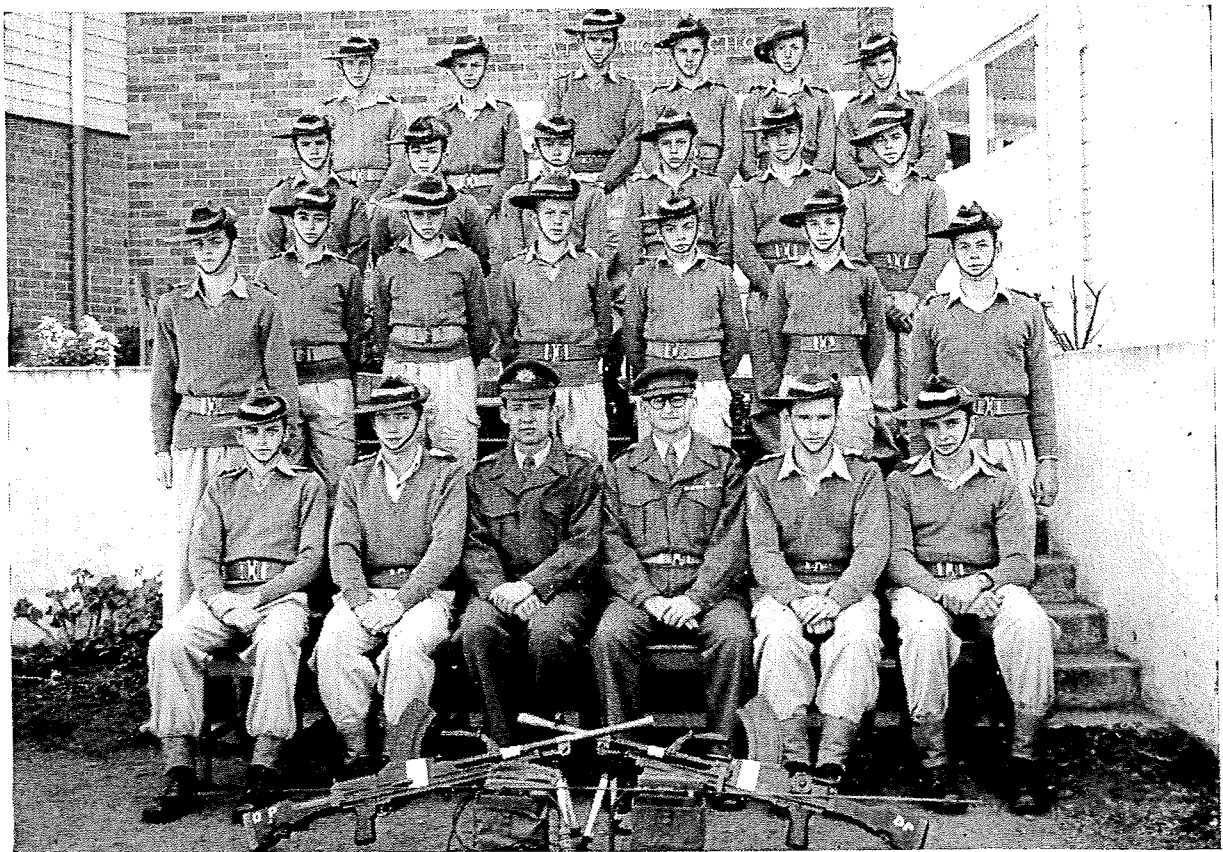
The growth of scientific knowledge in the last hundred years is forcing scientists to a greater degree of specialisation. With this trend is allied the danger that the specialist will become ignorant of other subjects or even of other branches of science. Fortunately students pursuing a normal school course will not be worried by such lopsided development while at school but a decision to pursue a special course will have to be made shortly after passing through the secondary grades. This decision should be preceded by a careful stocktaking of abilities and interests, as the outcome clearly holds the key to the student's whole future. Well designed tests, used in conjunction with examination results are removing a deal of the guesswork involved in the past, while continual acquaintance with the best in literature will keep the student from losing touch with common humanity. Matthew Arnold has told us that "a cultured individual sees life steadily and sees it as a whole."

R. WILLIAMS.

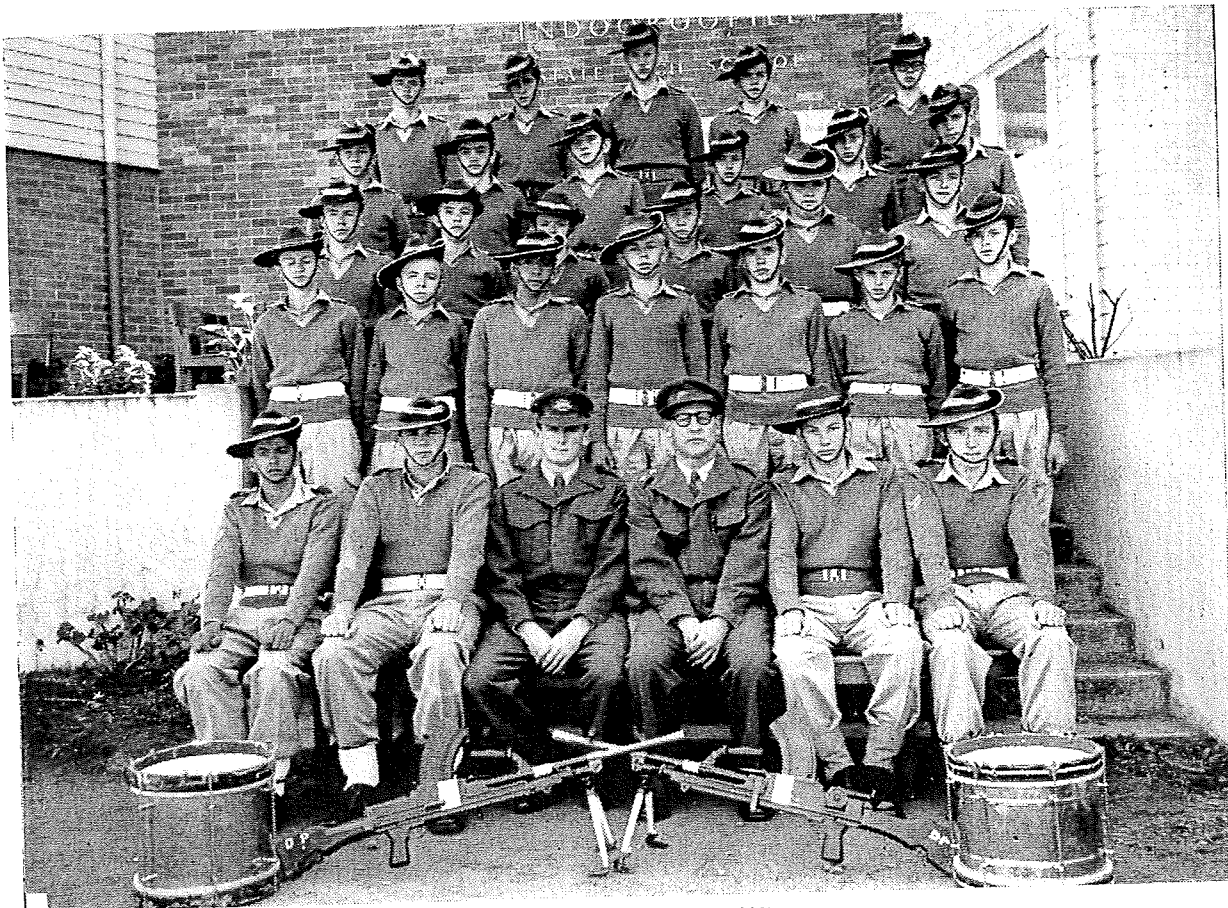
Cadets



"C" PLATOON



"A" PLATOON



"B" PLATOON AND BAND

Cadet Unit

The establishment of the Unit remains at a total of 93, including officers of Cadets and U/O's. It is unfortunate that the fixed ceiling for Cadets in Australia and throughout the States prevents any increase. However, as in previous years a very high standard of training, behaviour and dress has been maintained.

Congratulations are in order to those who did so well in the December courses, 1961, and January, 1962. The Signals Unit for the third year running provided the first N.C.O., Sgt. Lex Brown, on the Signals Course. Sgt. David Watkins was first in the Medical Course and was in demand at camp as a lecturer. Both Under Officers Peter Pacey and Robert Hargreaves did well at Greenbank and Sgt. Philip Oostenbrook came very high in the Infantry Instructors' Course.

The Unit again was well represented on the Anzac Day Parade to the Indooroopilly memorial, approximately eighty boys taking part, and an impressive service was also held at school to commemorate the attack on Gallipoli. On this occasion the guest speaker was Major Hutton of 1st Cadet Bn., who clearly pointed out that those who took part in the attacks on Gallipoli felt the call of service and duty to their country. They had made many sacrifices which should not be forgotten. He felt sure that the youth of today would also answer any call. Major Hutton also pointed out that Britain

and France, too, had made sacrifices at Gallipoli and should not be forgotten.

This year a shield will be presented to the most efficient platoon. This will be awarded on the basis of attendance, turnout and efficiency on parades and at camp. It may interest all cadets to know that the figure of the under-officer embossed on the centre of the shield is taken from a photograph of U/O Alan Rose. Thus this under-officer will be remembered for many years for the good work he has done and from which he himself has had so much reward. To all others leaving school this year we give our best wishes and hope the friendships made in Cadets and the loyalty and discipline they have shared will remain with them.

Excitement Plus

During the past Xmas vacation, owing to cadet activities during 1961, I was fortunately given the opportunity of accompanying the Qld. University Regiment on a scientific expedition to the Carnarvon National Park. Actually the expedition was intended to investigate Aboriginal remains in the uncharted Carnarvon Gorge.

The scientific part of the expedition consisted of Geologists, Archaeologists, Anthropologists and three women scientists.

The expedition departed for the first overnight stop of Toowoomba on the evening of 26th January, 1962.

The road convoy consisted of eight—8-wheel drive 2½ ton army trucks and three jeeps.

Communications were supplied by a detachment of regular signallers from 3 R.A.R. Vehicle maintenance was undertaken by a C.M.F. Engineer Unit.

On the dusty journey up, overnight stops were made at Toowoomba and Roma. On arrival at the Gorge, the scientific party with an Army baggage train walked up the Gorge. The destination was an Aboriginal Shrine and camping grounds. As there were no tracks, the party had to hew its way.

Rather a dirty time was spent at the caves due to the dust disturbed by the excavations. Many aboriginal remains were brought to light and from the scientific point of view, the expedition was a great success.

To facilitate the removal of artifacts the C.M.F. detachment constructed a 3 mile bush track. Much time was spent in finding a suitable route, clearing roots, timber and rocks and finally filling in rain ditches.

To honour certain members of the unit, their names were placed on certain prominent land features (i.e.) Huxley's Heap.

As the Gorge is rather out of the way, fresh water fish are plentiful. Much experimenting into the preparation and cooking of catfish was carried out.

On the return journey through Injune one of the army vehicles caught fire, owing to a short circuit and a fractured petrol pipe. The truck was completely gutted and some equipment was destroyed.

Cadet Notes 1962 Camp

Once again the Cadet Unit has completed a highly satisfactory camp. We got off to a good start by being televised as we were being issued with kit and as we were settling down in our temporary home. It was amazing how many cadets seemed inadvertently to veer towards the cameras and one Officer of Cadets, who had changed for the occasion, could scarcely be dragged away.

However, we soon got down to serious training, for both first and second year Platoons were required to be proficient before map-reading their way cross country to bivouac sites where field training was to be undertaken. Before veering from Camp, however, we had our usual visitors' day—once again attended by hundreds of parents anxious to see how we were surviving the Spartan life—and for the occasion we put on a Contact Drill, the Signals' section assembled £1000 of equipment for demonstration and our band combined with Kedron and Cavendish Road to entertain visitors to the camp.

On Monday, although concerned by the weather, the Second Year Cadets moved out for three days—three days of intermittent rain. With them went Capt. Grieve and Lieut. Thomson. It has not yet been established which of these gentlemen proved the more wily—Lieut. Thomson who planted his hard rations and gear in Capt. Grieve's pack, or Captain Grieve who kept the chill from his bones by brewing copious cups of tea and eating the hard rations. When the second year cadets arrived at the bivouac area, the rain was very heavy and all were soaked. However, there was a lull in the rain so that huge fires could be lit to dry out the clothing and blankets. Many strange sights were seen at that time! The next day was devoted to interesting training—river crossing, obstacle climbing, using nets and so on.

Meanwhile the first year cadets were preparing for a night bivouac on Stewart's Knoll and being much more sensible than the Second Year Cadets, they chose a clear rainless night so that their training could proceed under the most favourable conditions. At the same time the band had moved out to positions a few miles south of the main Brisbane-Ipswich highway and then underwent infantry training.

All returned to Camp on Friday, voted the ten days up to the usual Cadet Camp standard and are looking forward to next year at Greenbank.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Senior Staff for their indulgence in enduring last year's 6-A-1.

I would also like to express my hopes for the future of Indooroopilly State High's Cadet Unit and to thank Indooroopilly State High School for four terrific years of my life.

—Phillip Cole.

P & C Notes

The year 1962 is now well advanced and since the last report further improvement has been very evident at the school. This improvement has been very much to the fore in the scholastic field. Results last year were very gratifying.

Improvements have been effected in the layout of the school also. Further plantings of shade trees have been made, seats have been supplied to the oval, the ground has been formed for the construction of basketball and tennis courts and it is anticipated that this work will be well in hand towards the close of the year.

There is talk of a fete and this may eventuate early in the new year.

Students, please accept my own and the Parents and Citizens Association's very best wishes for your success at the examinations which you will very shortly face. We expect your best efforts in your own interests.

—S. G. Cole.

Youth March



The Youth March

In commemoration of Commonwealth Youth Week in Brisbane, twelve thousand students from various High Schools (of course Indooroopilly High was one of these) proudly wound their way along Brisbane's main streets. Once again we assembled in the Botanic Gardens for the march, where we were addressed by Professor Sir Fred Schonell and Dr. H. G. Watkin, Director-General of Education.

With our cadet band playing in front of us, we managed to keep in step (most of the way).

Our thanks go to those teachers who spent much time in worrying how to make us a really efficient group.

We, the students of the Indooroopilly State High School, were proud to participate in the 1962 Youth March.

Live !

R. Naylor (5AI)

Let us forget the cares of life,
Forget the outer world of strife;
Ascend the stairs of earthly joy,
And use our eyes as though a toy
To bring delight into our heart—
Use ears to welcome music's art:
And to the Lord give grateful praise
For worldly pleasures in our days.

Crusader I.S.C.F. Notes

The motto of the Crusader I.S.C.F. is "Witnesses Unto Me", and throughout this year our Crusaders have endeavoured to follow this motto in both our school and outside activities.

Crusaders believe that the Bible is the inspired Word of God, and this Book reveals to us that Jesus Christ is the only way of Salvation. We believe that because of Christ's death and resurrection we are able to receive new life from Christ by accepting Him as our Saviour. "He that hath the Son hath Life", 1 John 5:12. Each Crusader is encouraged to read his Bible daily and to spend time in prayer.

The Indooroopilly Crusaders hold weekly meetings in the music room, under the leadership of Mr. Colin Limpus and Miss Barbara Glascock. We are grateful to these two for their faithfulness during the year. Besides having our usual meetings we have had several visiting speakers and also in late August we filmed a scientific Christian film entitled "The Red River of Life".

Besides these activities in school, the Crusaders hold camps at various places including the Blue Mountains. Annual swimming and athletics carnivals, as well as bus trips, barbecues and parties all form part of our programme to train students physically, mentally and spiritually.

Anthea Youngberry.
Rodney Gilbert.

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- **CAFETERIA:** Hot meals, cold collations and refreshments are available at the modern Cafeteria on the Lower Ground Floor.

OUR STAFF is looking forward with pleasure to the opportunity of showing you our large range of School needs (including Indooroopilly S.H.S. Uniform).

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Prefects' Notes

"I promise to perform conscientiously my duties as Prefect of the State High School, Indooroopilly. I will endeavour, by good example and wise counsel under God, to uphold the honour of the School."

During the first term this year, four sub-senior students shared the honour of being promoted to the ranks of the Prefects of the school. They are: Catherine Allender, Glenda Mark, Peter Pacey and Robert Sartor. The installation of the new prefects took place during the morning assembly on Tuesday, 6th March. The Hon. A. Munro, Minister for Justice, was in attendance. After those in the official party had taken their places, the ceremony commenced by Mr. Williams introducing both the Senior and Sub-senior Prefects to the school. The Sub-senior Prefects then pledged their loyalty to the school. Following this, Mr. Munro presented the prefect badges. Mr. Ward and Mr. Munro then addressed the assembly. To conclude the ceremony, Miss Webster, the Principal Mistress, presented ribbons in the school colours to Mr. Munro.

During the year our school was represented by the prefects at a number of functions. Alan Rose, our head prefect for this year, represented us at a Rotary Dinner, while Wendy King and Ian Doherty had the great honour of attending the garden party at Government House during Youth Week. During Coral Sea Week, all the prefects were privileged to attend a service at Newstead Park with representatives from other schools.

In closing, we would like to thank the staff for the encouragement and assistance they have given during the year, and to thank the majority of students who have co-operated with us to lighten our term of office, and help us make our school one of which we can be proud.

News from Our Overseas Reporter: San Francisco

Perhaps, before my eyes become weary of looking at foreign cities, I should give you my impressions of San Francisco, the first city I met on my travels. I do not pretend to know anything much about it, as my stay was two days only, but I like it immensely.

One could never imagine that it was practically razed by earthquake in 1906. At 5.13 a.m. on April 18th to give you the exact time. As all the water mains but one were burst, the fire which followed raged out of control and destroyed much of the city. I think the guide said that nine hundred people were killed and two hundred thousand left homeless.

The people here look and dress like Australians until they speak, of course. When you say "Thank you", they say "You're welcome". I was asked if I were English and I smiled to think how insulted the English would be to have my Australian accent taken for English.

The traffic is very orderly and even I can cross the road safely although it is all coming down on the wrong side. However, a woman on

the bus yesterday assured me in all seriousness, that "the taxi drivers in New York deliberately try to murder pedestrians."

As S.F. is one of the great ports of this west coast I went down to see their Maritime Museum which was wonderful. I was fascinated by the models and relics of all ships, clippers and whalers and others. There was the story of a sailing ship that broke the record round the Horn and then had to stay outside the Golden Gate for three days on account of the fogs which are so prevalent on this coast. I saw pictures of the harbour with the masts of a thousand ships which brought the "49ers" there and which were deserted by their crews. Over half of them never sailed out again and were sold for their timber, nails and copper.

I cannot say whether the harbour is more beautiful than Sydney's as it has been half covered with fog all the time. The Golden Gate Bridge, painted red, is not as big as the Sydney Harbour Bridge but it is, nevertheless, very beautiful. It is a suspension bridge and has a sway of 13½ feet each way. I think I'd keep off it on such a day.

The harbour is dominated by the island prison of Alcatraz, a most imposing place. "Wish you could join us", or "Wish you were here" are the greetings on the postcards depicting Alcatraz. The driver of the tourist bus was careful to explain that there were no Californians in it — only the "cream" of the hardened criminals from the prisons "back East". One graduates to Alcatraz and never from it, I suppose.

The cable cars of S.F. are world famous and are a fascinating and necessary means of transport as S.F. is very hilly. The cable is in a groove beneath the street and the little tram is literally pulled up hills. I went out to Muir Park to see the Redwood trees and I saw my first squirrel in the beautiful Golden Gate Park.

I noted, as I flew over S.F., not the red and green roofs which made Brisbane so pretty from the air, but the great number of swimming pools in the backyards. The authorities of S.F. are very air-raid conscious. There are detailed instructions in my hotel room explaining what I must do in case of an air attack. I fear I've paid very little attention to them. In New York also, the air raid shelters were clearly marked.

I passed one building which had some interesting tenants. It seemed to belong to "The Native Sons of the Golden West" whoever they may be. If that intrigues you, the next will puzzle you as it did me, "The Grizzly Bear Club". How could one become a member?

The International Airport, where I am writing this, is very interesting. Here are members of all races. Over to my right, I can see a group of men from Vietnam queueing up. I have been reading the literature on the book-stall near me. In this list of thrillers "Murder — Family Style" and "I Found Him Dead" I noticed R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped". What strange company it is in and how surprised the buyer will be to get it!

Now I must leave you to cross the snow covered Rockies to New York. A Happy Christmas to you all!

Miss M. WEBSTER.

Stratford

Stratford on Avon — to every High School girl and boy the name associated with the often heartily-disliked study of Shakespeare—to every tourist to England, a place to be included in the list of "must be visited."

To-day Stratford is a busy modernized town which owes its prosperity largely to its one great industry—Shakespeare. In spite of the commercialism which fills the shops with a huge variety of tawdry souvenirs all bearing the name Shakespeare, and which gives such names as Anne Hathaway or the Bard to every bakehouse, cafe, etc., Stratford has charm. Most of this comes from the well sited modern theatre which overlooks a park and the river Avon, where swans and ducks swim leisurely, often too well fed by tourists to deign to accept the food offered to them.

However, it is the theatre itself which lures the hordes of visitors. Most seats are booked months ahead, but a few are reserved for sale on the day of the performance. These are bought up early in the morning but on most nights about thirty or so—we were among these—wait hopefully for cancellations. In addition there are available about forty tickets which allow the holders to stand at the back and lean against the railing. We had such on the second night and it was only at interval that we became aware of weary legs. These we relieved by sitting on the floor, somewhat to the amazement and dismay of the usherettes.

Watching the audience arrive was an entertainment in itself. The excited American accent we expected to hear from American tourists are everywhere. But the audience included also people of every colour and creed in the British Commonwealth as well as Germans, Italians, Chinese, Japanese and a host of others. The only connecting link between this vast assortment of people was the desire to see and hear Shakespeare on his home ground. Many young people were in the audience; some were students eager for a pleasure already sampled and enjoyed—no ranks here of unwilling students soon about to face an examination, and so prepared to submit, maybe reluctantly, to a three hours ordeal.

The three-hundred-year-old version of the national anthem played on recorders was followed by an expectant hush as the theatre was plunged into darkness. The apron stage has, of course, no curtain but modern lighting is skillfully used to throw into relief first one group of players then another.

The first play we saw was Richard III in which the young Canadian actor—Christopher Plummer, played the main role of the evil Hunchback. The only scenery was a structure which represented the Tower of London. The grim story was played to its tragic end. I had never before realized how good acting could grip the imagination—the whole audience was under the spell of those few figures re-enacting one of the most evil events in our turbulent history.

The next night the same actor played the part of a debonair man about town in "Much Ado About Nothing". This is one of the light-

hearted, frivolous plays and yet the company threw themselves into it so wholeheartedly that it became a delightful entertainment. At a later date we saw Romeo and Juliet. All the artistic skill of the Stratford players could not arouse much enthusiasm in me for the fickle lovesick Romeo but the childlike trusting Juliet and the poetry of the play made it a never to be forgotten delight.

May many of you some day experience the thrill of Stratford. J.B.

"Who is the Greatest Man Alive Today?"

If you were asked to name the greatest man alive to-day, whom would you choose? Perhaps a great actor, a sportsman, a statesman, a soldier? The list of possible choices is endless. I am going to suggest one man who might rightly earn the title. His name?—Dr. Albert Schweitzer! A whole shelf of books has been written by him and about him and no-one has yet managed to make a complete catalogue of all his doings, nor of all the titles, awards, medals, honours, citations and prizes awarded him. So in a short article, I can give only a brief summary.

Albert Schweitzer was born in Alsace in 1875. He was a gifted musician and played the organ for Church services when only nine years old. He was also a brilliant scholar. At University he studied history, natural science, philosophy, theology and music and earned three high degrees. Doctor of Music, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Theology. When he was twenty-one years old he decided to study and practice, preach and teach, write and give recitals till he was thirty, then devote the rest of his life to the service of others. It was a strange decision for such a fortunate young man to make. Asked why he chose such a sacrifice he said simply, that, having so much himself he felt he must share his gifts with others. Simple words, meaning so much!

True to his resolve, on his thirtieth birthday he began a new life. He had decided that the people who most needed help were the Africans living near the coast in French Equatorial Africa. There, on the banks of the Ogowe River, and in the dark forests beyond, all the ills of Africa seemed to be concentrated. The people were full of disease—leprosy, tumours, malaria and other jungle fevers, elephantiasis and serious malnutrition. Their minds too were sick, corrupted by superstitions and sorcery. It was a seemingly hopeless collection of sorrow and sickness. Their main need was for medical care, so Schweitzer again became a student. After seven more long years he added a fourth doctorate to his degree, this time, Doctor of Medicine. In addition to his studies, he continued to give recitals and lectures, compose music, and write books on many subjects including music, religion, philosophy, science and history. Proceeds from all these activities were used to start a fund for his mission project, so that when he eventually left for Africa in 1913 he was financially independent.

A small settlement was built at Lambarene and news of it quickly spread. By foot or in canoes, the sick, suffering, starving natives arrived and Dr. Schweitzer and his wife and assistants did what they could to help them. The mission was just becoming firmly established when in 1914 the Great War started. Dr. Schweitzer had been born in Alsace, which at that time was ruled by Germany, so, technically, he was considered by the French authorities to be an alien. They took him away to an internment camp. For years he was unable to practice his medicine, play his music or publish any books and was denied any contact with the outside world.

Did this make him bitter; did he regret the wasted years; did he feel victimised?—No—his spirit was too strong to be shaken by such events. Instead, cut off from all his former pursuits, he looked on these years as a chance to THINK. Always before, his life had been completely crammed with study, practice, writing, lectures, organ-playing, and all his other activities. Now at last, he was free to think, for hours, for days! He formulated his own philosophy which he later expanded in many books but which can be summed up in three words—REVERENCE FOR LIFE.

Many years passed before he was allowed to return to Lambarene. A complete new start had to be made. Labour was scarce, so Dr. Schweitzer himself helped with the building. His philosophy states that every man should serve others apart from the ordinary course of his work or profession or duty. No false pride prevented this philosopher-theologian-musician-doctor from sharing in the manual tasks. He began a small farm to ensure supplies of fresh food and showed the Africans how to grow crops. When their small boat's motor failed, he became the mechanic. He designed and built a stove for cooking and bread-making. He began trading with nearby villages. All this was in addition to his full-time work as surgeon, doctor, minister and administrator. Then, at night, while others slept, he would practise on the small organ which friends had sent over to him, so that on his visits to Europe he could give concerts and make recordings to raise further funds. He edited and wrote music, and produced a constant stream of books.

Famine swept the country, epidemics raged. Dr. Schweitzer himself and most of his helpers became infected with dreadful diseases, but still the work continued. News of the mission spread all over the world. Well-wishers sent medical supplies, food and money. Doctors, nurses and laymen from many countries, inspired by the doctor's work, gave up their own lives and went to Lambarene to help. The original hospital was much enlarged, during the next years and, in 1952, when Dr. Schweitzer was awarded a Nobel Peace Prize, the prize-money was used to build a separate leper hospital.

For over half a century of service to others, Dr. Schweitzer has donated all the proceeds of

his books, concerts, recordings and lecture tours to help the Mission. His skills, his strength, his influence have all been used to foster this work of mercy. While he continues to help the unfortunate Africans in every possible way, not far away in the Congo and in other parts of Africa there has been bitter bloodshed with black and white people in continual conflict. If only others had followed the doctor's example, many of to-day's problems could have been avoided. The whole course of civilisation might have been changed if his unselfishness had been everywhere copied. He must not be cherished as a humanitarian alone for his intellectual skills are fantastic. His physical stamina and spiritual strength must be outstanding to have sustained him for over eighty years of study, frustration, and sheer hard work.

Schweitzer is no dewy-eyed optimist. He sees the world as it is. Therefore his faith must be very strong to carry him through all the trials and tribulations, all the misery and despair of life in that distant little village. His inspiration must be magnificent to persuade so many to dedicate their lives to the Mission. His belief is that the only way out of to-day's misery is for people to become worthy of one another's trust. Those who are spared personal pain must feel themselves called upon to help in diminishing the pain of others. We must all carry a share of the world's misery.

We need compassion in an age of man's hatred, we need sacrifice in an age of greed and selfishness. We need kindness in an age of killing and cold war. Above all, we need men and women of the calibre of Dr. Albert Schweitzer to show us the way to a life of service to others, which, in reality, is the peak of self-realisation.

Schweitzer once said, "If I live to be a hundred, I shall never find the time to complete my work." Let us hope that he WILL live to be a hundred. As for his work, it will never be completed. But splendidly begun, it will remain as a living monument to a very wonderful man.

Social Notes

This year three senior dance-socials have been held. Two were end-of-term affairs, and one was a mid-term Science Club dance which, unlike the others, was run for a profit.

First move in a social is the decorating of the dance hall. This provides both teachers and students with an artistic challenge, and a chance to have a lot of fun. Decorations are varied, and, at times, eccentric, as anyone who attended the mid-winter washing dance will remember.

On the night of the social, dancing starts at half past seven and goes on until about half past ten. At this point the sixth forms provide some topical entertainment.

Dancing continues until half past eleven, when the whole show grinds to an unwilling halt. Though no one feels very tired, one can't go to school on three hours sleep a night, so everyone makes his way home. Some of the boys who are keen walkers cover quite a few miles, and arrive at school a little tired the next day.

The success of these socials is due to the co-operation which exists between teachers—led by Mr. Walters, Mr. Powell and Mr. Brown—and the students of the Sixth Forms. Traditionally, the third term social is organized by the Fifth Form, and everyone is looking forward to it.

Photographic Club

President-Chairman: Ian McKay. Secretary:
Barbara Pope.

The Photographic Club was first formed in the later part of first term, and after a doubtful start, is gradually building itself into a profitable club.

We have 45 members, few of whom have had much experience with printing and de-

veloping. We were fortunate in having some equipment left from the club of a few years ago.

We have had several interesting lectures on photography, including one by Mrs. Watson on composition and balance, and a general talk on photography by Mr. McAlpine. They were very interesting and informative, and we express our gratitude to them for giving up their time for this.

Our first venture on a commercial scale was disappointing, but nevertheless we have profited by our mistakes. We are hoping for better results with the films taken recently at the sports.

The club also develops films for non-members at a nominal price. Printing and enlarging is also done. The club meets on Tuesdays, and slides and films are regularly shown by members and various guests on Thursdays.

In the future we hope we shall have better success.

What would one do if one got one per cent. for one's maths one exam where one got one hundred less one for one's maths one exam once before.

JOHN LYNDON.

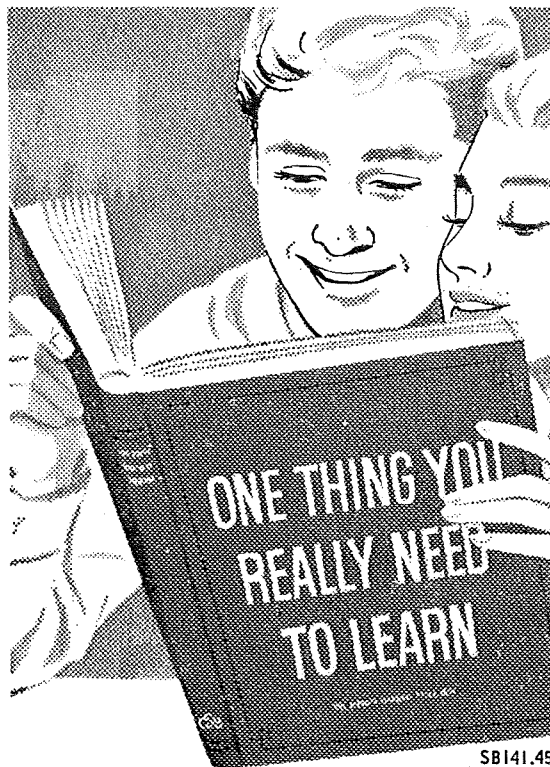


Photographic Club



Dramatic Club

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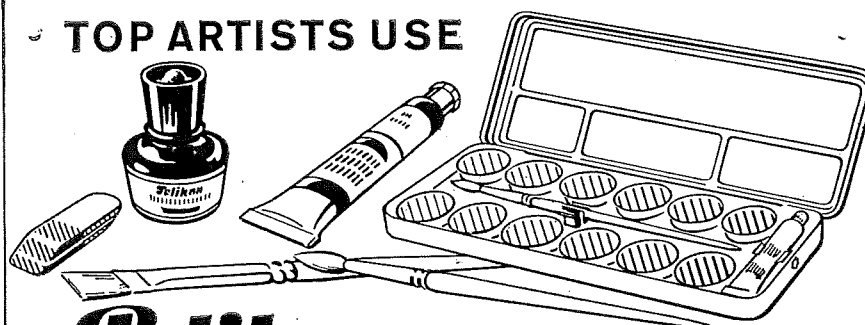
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Dancing Club

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Science Club

The Science Club was formed in second term to further interest in science at the school. With the help of Mr. Walters and Mr. Brown, an Executive was elected and the Club commenced activities. Officers elected were Wayne Huggins, President; Pauline Visser, Vice-President; Ian Doherty, Secretary; and Alan Rose, Treasurer. High entry standards have been set and membership is confined to keen science students.

Many of the keenest are working on original projects, and occupy the laboratories every Thursday afternoon. Both Michael Fowler and Lex Brown are building hydro-electric turbines; Ian Penberthy is making an induction furnace; Ward Saylor is experimenting with plant indicators; Bruce Roubin is building a cathode ray oscilloscope; Les Henderson and Ian Plowman are attempting to produce snake bite antivenenes; Malcom Walker is investigating bacteria; Ronald Davidson is calculating aerodynamic factors, such as drag; John Lomax is working on the velocity of light; John Kiely is making a solar powered car; Rodney Cockroft has a steam-electric model under way; high velocities are being measured by Tasman Walker; Jan Compton is making light apparatus; and Bruce Shelton is investigating factors in the Wimshurst machine.

Club members have been on several outings to scientific installations such as Q.T.Q. Channel 9, the University mine, the Pinkenba acid and superphosphate works, and the Darra cement works. At Channel 9 members saw the tremendous technical work which keeps television on the air. Out at the mine the group enjoyed a short trip underground, and then a tour of the research projects going on there. Here was science being applied to the problems of mining and metallurgy, and the work on mine ventilation, metal extraction, and open cut drilling was terrifically interesting. The Club's visit to the Darra cement works was very successful, and Mr. Con Rodgers, who guided the party, was largely responsible for this. Members saw every stage of cement making, and members were particularly interested in the laboratory testing methods used to ensure a high quality product.

Another activity of the club is to invite outside lecturers to speak to members at the school. Many informative talks have been given by noted scientists, and these lectures have helped increase scientific knowledge in the school.

But, besides this, the fact that such well-known figures as Prof. Webster, Prof. White, Dr. Naylor, Dr. Squire, and Dr. Halliday have shown great interest in the club, has provided a stimulus to the club's activities. In fact, the Science Club has received wonderful co-operation from all people contacted for help. With such a good start, the Science Club must become an important part of school life.

Literary and Art Competitions

1962

ART: It was pleasing to receive a larger number of entries for the Art Competition this year. The range of subjects and techniques chosen made judging an interesting but difficult task. John Ashton-Lomax's contribution has won the prize. Its fresh colouring suggests the sunshine of Queensland. Unfortunately, not having the reproductions in colour severely handicaps Eric Coulter's contribution. By clever use of colour, he captured the gaiety of a continental restaurant. Pat Croft's abstract design represents many aspects of school life. One other contribution worthy of high praise was by James Love, Form VIA3.

LITERATURE: Literature prizes were awarded in the Senior Section to **Carolyn Jenks** ("The Australian Landscape"), **Barry Dwyer** ("Time Machine") and to **Kaye Bailey** ("Fear") in the Junior Section.

Fear

The tiny boy of about eight years, trudged slowly up the old oaken staircase, a lighted candle grasped firmly between his little hands. With each step he took, the tangerine flame would flicker wildly, and every little while, he would feel his grubby nightshirt catch on a rusty nail, and rip with a staccato tearing sound.

With soft brown eyes, the small soul of angelic purity, entered the beautifully carved bedroom at the top of the stairs, and with quiet footsteps, carefully set the candle on the cold marble stand beside his bed.

Then he knelt down on his scarred, knobbly little knees, and began to pray. In complete silence he knelt there, such a perfect picture of sweetness.

After he had completed his meditations, he rose quietly from his bended position, but as he rose, his beautiful eyes became bland, and filled with fear, his full, pink bottom lip began to tremble, and his tiny hands went numb and blue.

What was it? What was it? It was big and black and ugly, and it seemed to be coming towards him. Could this "thing" possibly be what "they" called — the devil! Had he done something wrong? Had he forgotten someone in his prayers? No! No! Surely not!

Now, like a cornered animal, the child, filled with emotion, began to take backward steps, beads of sweat beginning to drip from his pale drawn cheeks.

Then in a flourish, his tiny outstretched fingers grasped the candle from the stand and quickly flashed it in front of him.

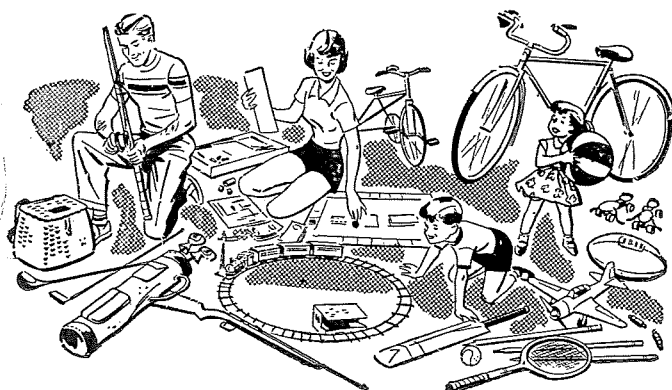
With a helpless expression on his face, the boy looked at the wall in front of him. It was gone. It was gone! Thoughts began to rush to his mind. Surely — surely it couldn't have been — his shadow! Yes, yes, that was it — his shadow!

Slowly — his eyes lit up again, his lips began to smile, and his breathing became normal. Then he began to laugh — louder and louder, oh! joyful glee! how silly he had been.



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Time Machine

By Barry Dwyer

Recently, I was extremely privileged and remarkably fortunate to accompany Doctor X and seven of his distinguished colleagues on an excursion into Time. I will not attempt to account here for my unskilled presence in this expedition, as considerations of space and brevity of this account render it redundant. The fact remains that I had frequent opportunities to observe Doctor X and his companions in action, for we were confined together for somewhat long periods both coming and going—something in the vicinity of three thousand years each way. However, Doctor X did his level best to make the time pass quickly, and we arrived at our ancient destination long ahead of schedule.

On arrival, we were given a colorful welcome in traditional costume by a rather blocky stone-age gentleman, pushing six foot six, and covered in profuse hair growth and barely anything else. He had a knobby club which he gripped in his bony fist and manoeuvred inquisitively, prodding me frequently in the ribs. I was experiencing a slight restriction in my respiratory tract, which I put down to a lack of oxygen in the new atmosphere, until I discovered, and prised free from my chest, a size sixteen foot, belonging to my newly acquired friend. Finding myself no longer pinned to the ground, I drew myself upright and brushed the stone-age dust from my clothing. Priding myself with a fair knowledge of dialects I attempted a *parlez*. "What name belonga fella?" I asked in my best primitive accent. His reply was quite stunning and completely beyond my comprehension:—

"Cool it dad, you're way off. That jive's strictly for Birdsville." Then inclining his head nonchalantly towards the Time Machine, he bantered, "Will I stash the wheels dad, or are you a non-member?"

Here indeed was a curious creature. How interesting it would be I thought, to study his habits. At that moment, as if to oblige me, he produced a piece of serrated jaw bone and began drawing it backwards through his unruly hair. I would have attempted further communications had not Doctor X at that moment

indicated that it was high time we set about a spot of exploration.

It was not long afterwards when we encountered in the flesh none other than that elusive personage, often depicted on walls and in comic strips, and of universal fame as an exponent of night clubbing (conducted at night to utilize the full element of surprise) and of general anti-climax—Ug, the caveman. He had just emerged from a murky entrance, over which hung the sign "The Swinging Club", the significance of which we had been pondering with suspicion. In his right fist was clenched that inevitable weapon of the age, and his other hand was gripping a mass of hair at the end of which trailed a female of the species, sporting a sizeable lump on her forehead. Summoning up the necessary courage, two or three of us entered the dread abode from which Ug had just made his exit, and were delighted with what confronted us. We were unobserved, except for a benevolent old doorman who approached us cautiously and asked for our clubs. We explained that we had none in our possession and he retired looking somewhat relieved. He would have made a good subject for a phrenologist, although the numerous bumps on his skull had an artificiality about them, and we favoured the theory that they had been incurred by irate customers.

It soon became apparent to us why we had been so completely ignored when we had first entered the establishment. There was a floor show in progress. The performer was billed as "Little Gooly", and her act, the dance of the seven snails, was half over. (Each snail clung doggedly to the skin until removed). As the act approached its crawly climax, it was interrupted by a hoary gentleman who had front seats, and who had been outspoken throughout the whole performance. He suddenly sprang to his feet, clubbed "Little Gooly" into insensibility, and seizing her by her crowning glory, made off with her without any more ado, and believe me, she was crowned gloriously! The fellow must have been a talent scout.

A cigarette girl was circulating among the crowd selling chalk and silver tips, heap big size or plain, with a genuine all reed flavour. She reminded me somewhat of a twentieth century beatnik, only she was tidier. She had



—Pat Croft.

"SCHOOL LIFE"

one of those special home perms, that is, her hair was tied in granny knots, and her cheeks were refulgent with red mud. Her dinosaur tights were inlaid with multi-facet hog's teeth, and her feet were clad in dainty clay scuffs. She wasn't selling any cigarettes, but I suspect they were a cheap brand.

When we rejoined Doctor X outside, I learned the real objective of our mission into Time. We were to investigate The Mountain People or Cave Dwellers. We were warned that this might be a risky business and all those who preferred could stay behind. . . . After we had all been waiting about half an hour for Doctor X to return from this mission, someone came up with the suggestion that if he didn't make it back we would have an aching long wait for the next train, since Doctor X alone knew the secret of the Time Machine, so we decided to catch him up. We found him dangling on the end of his pick axe, apparently quite unaware of the stone stairway that easily traversed the cliff face which he was endeavouring to climb. We were waiting at the top when he arrived, and we all went on together. Rounding a bend we were confronted by a huge sign that read in Russian, American, Congolese and English. It said: "TIME TRAVELLERS. Conducted tours are made between the hours sun up and sun down by experienced guides. All interested, apply head office, first cave on your right as you enter the main labyrinth. NOTE: If you arrived before this sign was erected, see the manager for details. This is the first service of its kind established etc. . . ."

The walls of the main tunnel were illuminated by domesticated glow worms — cute little fellows that sucked the blood out of your finger when you tickled their undersides. Just inside the mouth of the tunnel there was another entrance, closed in by a slab of rock, on which was printed in very neat letters the word, "LIFT". After looking high and low for an UP and DOWN button, we realised that we had been very effectively taken in by a practical joke. Rather than rupture ourselves we sought a stairway, which, to our great relief, presented itself to us around the next bend in the tunnel, just past a noisy tavern which displayed the name "The Cave Inn". (A pessimistic lot, I thought.)

Our guide was none other than Gooky, the strange young fellow I had met under somewhat strained circumstances when we first arrived. He was quite affable now, however, and only clubbed me once when I asked him if we were lost. It was obvious by his jargon that he was accustomed to catering for American tourists, but we soon familiarized ourselves with the general syntax of the language. He quite amazed us when he told us that we had been expected, due to a forecast we had made when we had been there ten years ago on a trip we had not officially made yet.

The scenery was lovely and the tour had a really homely air about it. We stopped at many private caves, which reclined majestically in their natural settings, and were treated to tea and rock cakes (the genuine article), by the generous occupants. Apart from a nauseating

heaviness in the stomach, and the dull ache of our shattered molars, we emerged unscathed from such indulgences. Refined foods have softened mankind you know.

On my request to be shown a mammoth, our guide took us to the local zoo, where he said many happy hours could be whiled away, if you could stand the smell. When we arrived I asked where the monkeys were, and received for my pains another sharp blow on the head. It was then that I realised that although these people may have been remotely ashamed of their backward brothers, they had not yet got to the stage where they locked them up in zoos. Finally we arrived at the mouth of a deep pit and I caught a glimpse of my first mammoth. The guide said that this particular animal was over two thousand years old, and I could well believe it, however, as unfortunately, there were only bones left.

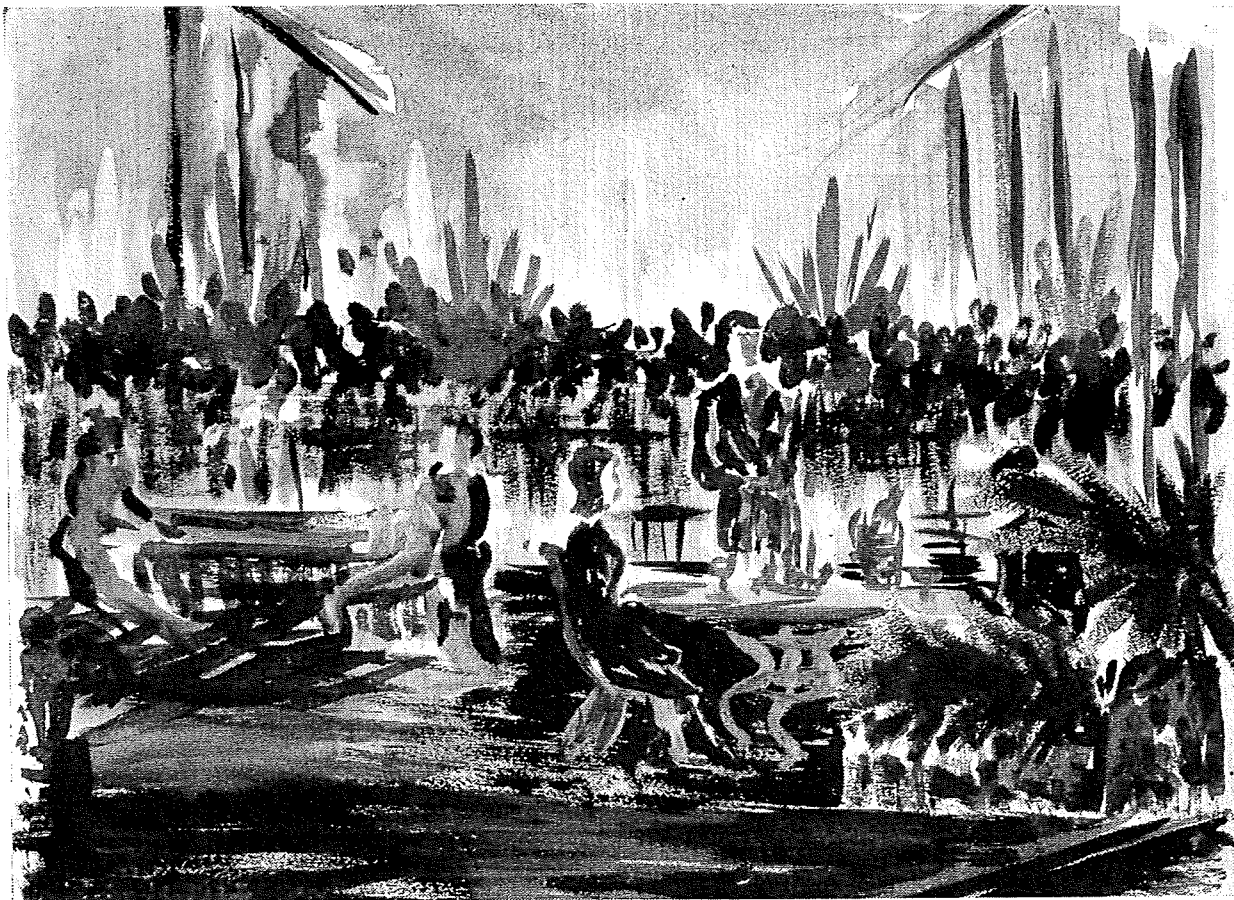
The sun was sinking over the western rim of the land and we were saying farewell to the sun drenched rocky crags, when it happened. We were jumped by a band of horrid little men with long, black flowing beards — the Hairy Hemp Eaters! Although their principal sustenance was apparently rope, there had been an acute shortage of that commodity of late, and they were known to be not impartial to man when hard pressed. It was now that Gooky displayed his true calibre. After placing the situation in the almost poetical phrase, "We've goofed it!", he turned on his heels and fled, with the nine of us close behind him. As we ran down the mountain side with the howling horde in close pursuit, I was suddenly seized with an idea. I caught up with Doctor X and prevailed upon him to let me have his climbing rope. He agreed without comment and once more took the lead. I began trailing the rope behind me as I ran in the hope that it would prove a distraction to our pursuers. My hopes were realised and the hungry Hemp Eaters fell on it greedily, temporarily losing interest in their less inviting menu which still scurried down the mountain-side. I felt faintly sorry for the poor creature who ate the final length of rope. I defy anyone's gastric juices to digest a grappling hook. Gooky, taking advantage of the welcome pause in the pursuit, had gone to ground, but I was convinced that he could look after himself, so I ran on.

The Hairy Hemp Eaters were again gaining ground when we reached the Time Machine. We climbed in gratefully, and as Doctor X threw the lever for home, I was reminded of that well worn and very true statement: "A switch in 'time' saves nine."

The Australian Landscape

Carolyn Jenks—6A1

The Australian landscape presents a varied ever-changing panorama; a colourful kaleidoscope in which harsh outlines merge imperceptibly into subtle beauty. When one reflects on our familiar, but all-too rarely appreciated landscape, well known poems float into our minds; the poems of Henry Lawson, Kendall and the more recent Dorothea Mackellar.



FORM NOTES

Form 6A1

Form Teacher: Mr. S. F. BROWN.
Form Captain: ALAN ROSE.

Our four years at Indooroopilly High are rapidly reaching a conclusion and this is our last chance of contributing the part played by this form in its school's activities. Our form has influence in a great cross-section of school affairs. Firstly, it has amongst its members the four senior prefects — Wendy King, Carolyn Jenks, Ian Doherty and Alan Rose. The cadet corps is well represented by under officers Howarth, Hargreaves and Rose, while fifty per cent. of the school's sporting houses are led by members of our form. The respective captains of Lawson are Sharon Stramer and Neil Sartor, while Wendy Nimmo captains Paterson girls, and David Irwin Evan's boys. Nevertheless, our form is by no means a staid, studious bunch, most lessons being pervaded by humour so ably

provided by that young man with the peculiar nickname. More than anywhere else, 6A1 is represented on the sporting fields. We are very proud of our girls' tennis teams who for seasons have been undefeated. Fay Beutel as captain of the A grade has always been the backbone of this team. The two main codes of football — Australian Rules and Soccer—are well represented. Neil Sartor (Captain of 1st XVIII), David Irwin and Robert Howarth did much this year in Australian Rules and their team was only narrowly defeated in the Grand Final. On the Soccer scene Ian Doherty (Capt. 1st XI), Philip Oostenbroek and Alan Rose did much to gain the many victories this team has had. Our form also has three representatives in the school's first cricket XI, Neil Sartor, Ian Doherty and Alan Rose. Martin Holmes and Wayne Huggins ably represented the school in the boys' golf team.

In closing the sporting section of our notes, I would like to add in a formal way congratula-

Most of our Australian scenery is not young, being aeons old, and comprising some of the oldest land masses in the world. For this reason, it is not as spectacular to overseas tourists as are many of the formations in younger countries. "Some of it is beautiful, most of it is distinctive, all of it is interesting." Charles Laseron wrote of our scenery in the first chapter of his book, "The Face of Australia." However, their perception clouded by their longing for their homeland our early settlers and visitors were not impressed by our country's landscape. William Dampier considered the north-west coast to be arid and inhospitable. So it is to-day, but the Kimberley district further inland is a place of fascination for the earnest seeker. Its vast spinifex dotted plains in Spring are transformed into gently swaying carpets, rainbow coloured, by a myriad flowering shrubs. One cannot gaze upon it without recalling the words of that English poet, Edward Thompson, written indeed of a vastly different countryside, but no less true of this empty lonely land.

"Oh wasteful Broom,
Each spur and spire
A splendour outleaping a flickering fire,
Thou wilt burn thyself out!
Why lavish thy gold
On this bleak hillside where no eyes behold,
Save the flitting birds, that pass unaware."

Between these spinifex plains are vast black-soil expanses on which cattle are now grazed. Nevertheless in our early days, settlers were not interested in these things, and we find a typical reference to the new colony in Barron Field's "Ode to the Kangaroo."

"Oh kangaroo! O kangaroo!
Thou spirit of Australia,
That redeems from utter failure,
From perfect desolation,
And warrants the creation
Of this fifth part of the earth."

Likewise is Central Australia both beautiful and fascinating to the tourist and scientist, yet it has brought destruction and heart-break to many pioneers. They have struggled to eke out a living from the waterless, shifting sands, that, with the merciless sun have retaliated with drought. This is a land of desert, and, to the traveller lucky enough to visit it, the Centre will always provide a unique and fascinating experience. Nowhere else in the continent is there such a wealth of contrast and beauty, and the visitor cannot fail to carry away vivid memories of great rivers that seldom run, white ghost gums against a brilliant sky, rolling red sand-hills and purple mountains that seem to fling themselves across the empty land.

The Northern Territory is rich in minerals, but the scenery is uninviting. North from Tennant Creek stretch miles of flat brigalow country, dangerous for horsemen and, where there are soaks, the home of dingoes and scrubbers. On the narrow coastal belt, the country is more inviting and to the east merges into the Gulf country those rich plains of grassland fringed

with mangrove swamps on the northern coastline and on the south-west by the higher grasslands of the Barkly Tableland.

From the north of Queensland, fertile inland plains sweep down Eastern Australia, merging into the barren desert regions far to the west. East of these plains runs a narrow coastal strip, densely farmed because of its fertility. The southern portion of Australia is occupied by innumerable wheat-fields and sheep stations, although fruit and vegetables are also grown. Along the Great Australian Bight, the treeless Nullabor Plain falls sharply to the sea. South-western Australia resembles England in many respects and is broken into small wheat and sheep farms, very similar to those of the Motherland.

Tasmania, with its numerous lakes, snow covered mountains and fertile valleys is the most rugged part of Australia. Unlike vivid Central Australia, it is a more quietly beautiful State, slightly resembling New Zealand.

Australia is a country of great distances, in which there is a natural diversity of scenery; there are tablelands dissected by great gorges, mighty plains both on the coast and in the interior, even great deserts. There are few lakes, and no mountains of perpetual snow. Australia is a land of uniformity but is not monotonous, and painters such as Hans Heysen have captured a strange allure of both beauty and starkness, and portrayed it on canvas for the world. Everyone who sees the Australian landscape as it really is, must carry away with him memories which will never die, but which will manifest themselves throughout his life, spreading beauty through it.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing."

Inverell

Kaye Bailey

Oh! how can I ever forget you
Inverell, my home town,
In that valley in New England,
With fields and earth rich brown.
Where the wheat, the corn, and the cattle
Make the countryside complete.

Where, you, Inverell, in my heart
With no other town can compete.
Oh! how can I ever forget you,
Your people so friendly and gay,
Away from the cold, stiff city
The seaside and the bay,
Where the wheat, the corn and the cattle
Make the countryside complete.
You, Inverell, in my heart,
With no other town can compete.



6A1

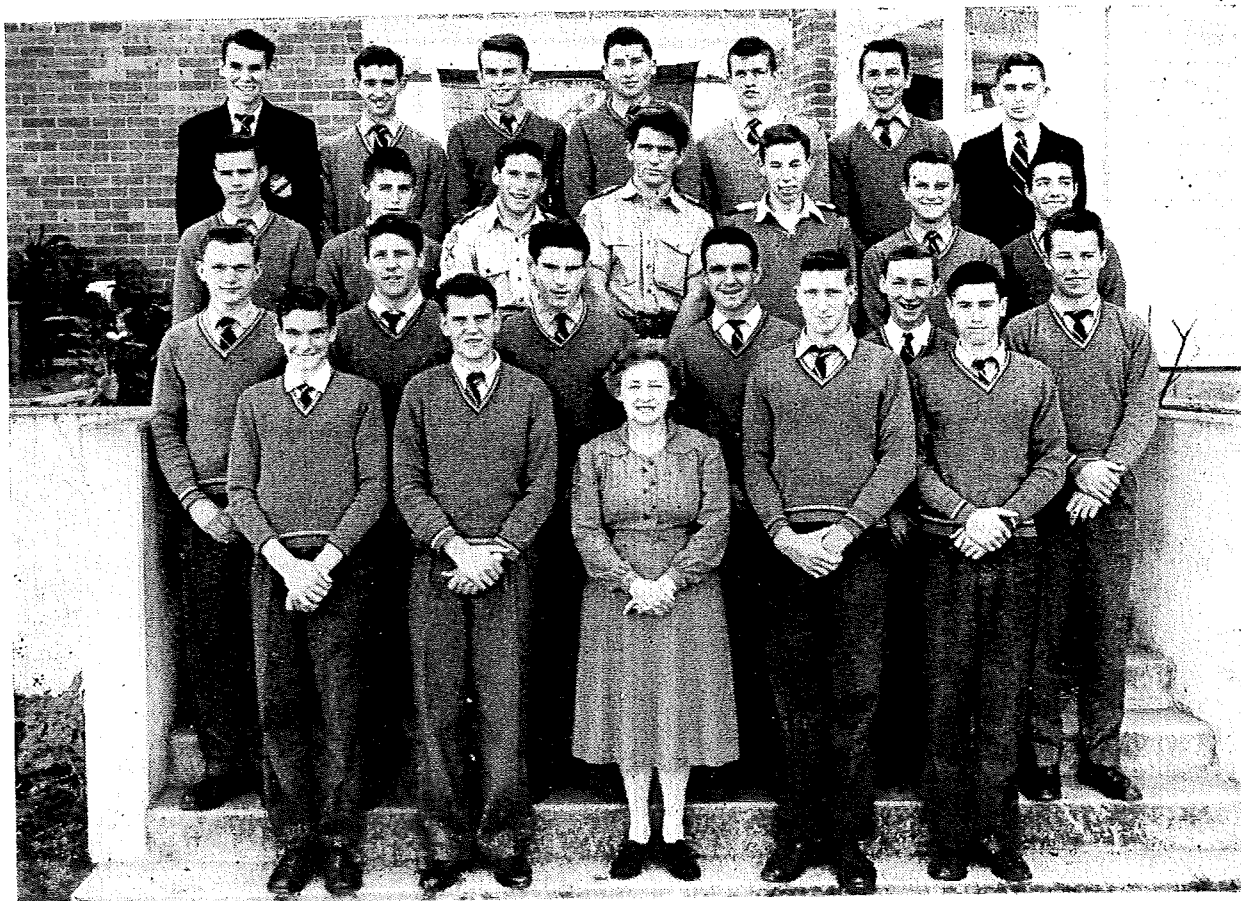
Back row: John Hargreaves, Ward Saylor, Wayne Huggins, David Irwin, Robert Howarth, Robert Rowe, Alan Norris.
Next row: Marinus Rotteveel, Michael Murphy, Martin Holmes, Neil Sartor, David Baunach, John Gibbons, Gary Martin.
Next row: Ken Hough, Keith Anderson, Graham Martin, Alan Rose, Ian Doherty, Peter Schlesinger, Philip Oostenbroek.
Next row: Carolyn Jenks, Jill Stewart, Anthea Youngberry, Dawn Stenlake, Lynne Ridley, Jan Berlin, Sharon Starmer, Anne Smith.
Front row: Wendy Nimmo, Dianne Strid, Fay Buettel, Mr. Brown (Form Master), Judy Attwood, Lyn Carr, Wendy King.

tions to Wayne Huggins, who, in the past two years, has devoted himself to hard training in an attempt to win the school's cross-country race. His ambition was justly rewarded and the determination shown in this respect will enable him to do anything he sets his mind to.

As a combined class outing, we adventurously undertook a cross-country hike to Gold Creek on the Queen's Birthday holiday. Forgetting the torn matadors, burr filled pullovers, soaked desert boots and those aching limbs a most awakening and enjoyable experience was had by everybody. To the academic side of our form which is no less important than any other aspect. Dux of the form last term was Ward Saylor, closely followed by Wayne Huggins and

Ian Doherty. Five members of our form—Fay Beutel, Ward Saylor, Graham Martin, Robert Howarth and Alan Rose represented the school in the annual Junior Chamber of Commerce Essay Writing, Public Speaking and Debating competition. Within the school there has been formed a Science Club, the foundation executive of this club President Wayne Huggins, Secretary Ian Doherty and Treasurer Alan Rose all come from 6A1. Although we often disappoint our form teacher by the casualness with which we approach our study, if not physics most of us have tried to learn one of his conspicuous attributes — that of originality and initiative. Evidence of this was made apparent by the mowing of the oval by several students.

We wish all students the greatest possible



6A2 Form

Back row: Phillip Smart, Ian Pernerthy, Dennis Mullins, Charles Button, Henny Van Der Zant, Graham Osterfield, Bruce Shelton.
2nd back row: Lee Brown, Ross Foley, John Vidgen, Atis Strads, Ken Rich, Neville Smart, Albert Doyle.
2nd front row: Kees Heybroek, Alan Gourley, Richard Micklejohn, Paul Bennett, Peter Hurley, Rodney Zaharchuk.
Front row: Lyn Smith, William Wall, Mrs. Bryan (Form Mistress), Paul Addison, Adrian Griffiths.

success in their final examinations. In closing our form is aptly summed up by a line from Hopkins—"All things counter, original, spare, strange."

Form 6A2

Form Teacher: Mrs. BRYAN.

Form Captain: RICHARD MEIKLEJOHN.

You see in 6A2 twenty-seven 'Bonnie Ladies', sole representatives of that dying race the handsome (?) young Grecian gods. Our full company is not yet all here. We are awaiting the arrival of three of our illustrious members. They are now beginning to straggle in, right on time. (Their time, that is.)

A recent acquisition to 6A2 from the illustrious 6A2 of last year is John Vidgen, a crack shot and a spiritual Rules player. Our form may be classed as the Rugby League stronghold of the school and there are continual discussions on the merits of the various codes. Of course, being FOOTBALLERS ourselves the arguments forwarded by the opposition, Soccer and Rules, are completely wrong and must be disregarded. On the League field, those mighty forwards, Richard Zietek, Henny van de Zant and Ian Pembertly do the bullocking while twinkletoes

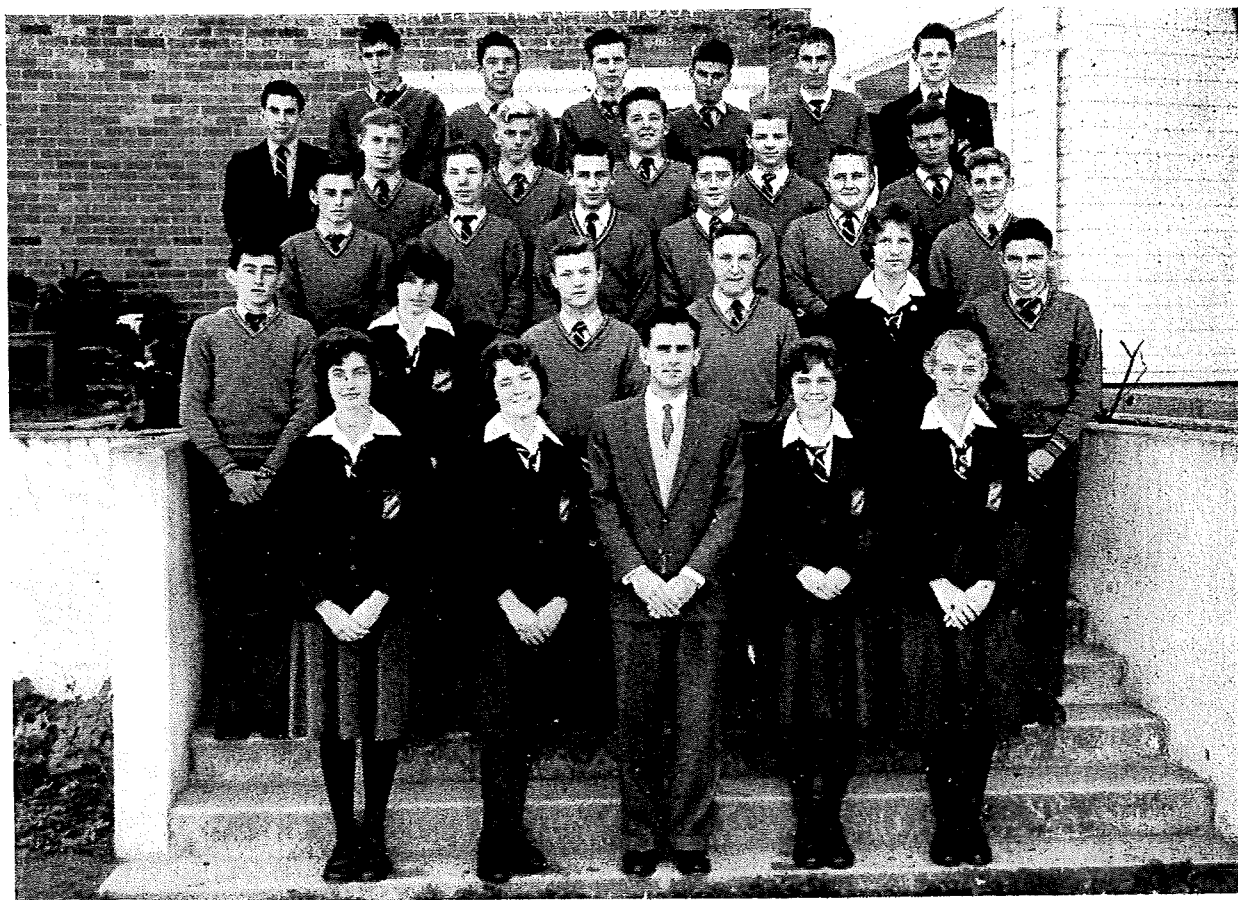
Graham Osterfiels is sent on his way towards the line by well directed passes from Paul Bennett.

We were fortunate enough to have the captain of the 'A' grade Rugby League team (until Paul broke his nose in the line of duty). Incidentally, the 6A2's Rugby League team is undefeated, the reason being that no one dares to play us. Our form is also well represented in other fields of sport, but we still remain stalwart backers of the 'Greatest Game of All'—Rugby League.

Amongst our brighter students are Rodney Zaharchuk, Leigh Brown and Clifford Button. Anyone wishing to know how to pronounce Rodney's name had better ask him. Although our scholastic results have not achieved terrific popularity, we hope to spring some pleasant surprises at the end of the year. Overlooking the little difficulties we have with our teachers, we enjoy school and our thanks must go to all the teachers who have put up with us for these past four years. I am sure that everybody appreciates the great help and friendship given. In closing we should like to wish the best of luck to all fellow students unfortunate enough to have public examinations at the end of the year.

Amusez-vous bien a bientot.

Form VI A 3



Back row: James Love, Ben De Jong, David Freeman, Barry Dwyer, Barry Sutherland, David Dennington, Darryl Nisbet.
 Second back row: John Lynch, George De Jong, Gordon Bleakley, Michael Fowler, Ralph Cooper.
 Next row: David Howard, Richard Holden, Rodney Gilbert, Robert Lamerton, Stephen English, Duncan Maccoll.
 Next row: Alec Pemberton, Dianne Foster, Barry Spicer, Reg Wallen, Loretta Anderson, Ken Whyte.
 Front row: Barbara Pope, Sherie Todhunter, Mr. McAlpine (Form Master), Vicki Amos, Annie Horchner.

Form 6A3

Form Teacher: Mr. A. McALPINE.

Form Captain: RODNEY GILBERT.

Having attended the High School for four years and having conscientiously devoted all our time to increasing our knowledge, we are proud to say that we have achieved—precisely nothing.

We are a class of thirty-three in which the weaker sex is greatly outnumbered in the ratio of 3:8. However, they have shown us that this does not dampen their courage by the fact that, when challenged to a game of basketball by the boys, they gladly accepted. Naturally the boys won but I am sure that the girls were not quite prepared for the football tactics which were adopted by the boys.

On the sporting field we find ourselves very well represented. Three of the school's eight House Captains, Barbara Pope, Sherie Todhunter and John Lynch are members of the class and they, by many hours of hard toil, have done a great deal to improve and encourage inter-house sport. The girls of our class engage

in a variety of sports which includes tennis, basketball and softball and golf, while the boys are very keen players of Rugby League, Australian Rules, cricket, tennis, squash and golf.

Two of our boys, namely David Howard and Robert Lamberton, are not content with the life of a civilian and have attained for themselves the positions of sergeants in the Signals section of the Cadet Corps. Our class took a very active part in the Youth Week parade, and how smart each one looked in his full school uniform, a sight which I am sure is only seen once a year.

As a class we realize the great debt that we owe to the teachers who have been most willing to help us over the past two years. We thank them for the time and effort which has been given to us and we are sure that we shall leave at the end of the year with many pleasant thoughts of Indooroopilly High. We wish every success to those who are sitting for public exams at the end of the year and wealth and prosperity in whatever the future holds for you.

Form 5A1

Form Teacher: Mr. GRIEVE.

Form Captains:

CATHERINE ALLENDER, CHRIS MOORE.

Yes, you lucky people—at last you've found the form notes everyone searches eagerly for—5A1's, of course. Our 36 members are the result of all the best in 1961's 4A1, II, III. Residing as we do in Room 29, E block already holds for some of us fond memories of juvenile fourth-form antics, which naturally we have forsaken altogether this year. Anyway academically we meet with modest success although potentially, we're brilliant. Unfortunately 5A1 is a disappointment to its form teacher—not a solitary cadet or A grade Soccer player and, believe it or not, there are even nine German students in the class (who slink away to the library, while for 35 minutes French rules supreme).

But to brighten the picture, 5A1 sporting stars include R. Sartor and P. Murphy from A grade Australian Rules; Shirley Swadling and Pauline Visser in the highly successful girls' tennis teams, and several members in girls' and boys' golf teams. Shirley also deserves credit as a top class performer in the swimming carnival. Although 5A1 League team was narrowly defeated by 5A3, our girls rallied to brighten the tarnished honour of the form and defeated 5A3 girls in a vigoro match. Our form even admits in its midst, two prefects, C. Allender and R. Sartor.

In spite of the threats of our Physics teacher there was one bright moment when an anonymous member spilt mercury in the gas thermometer. Perhaps now some 5A1 students have joined the Science Club they'll meet with even more literally dazzling results.

To close this epic 5A1 wishes every success to Juniors and Seniors at the end of the year and offers thanks and encouragement to all its teachers.

Form 5A2

Form Teacher: Mr. WALTERS.

Form Captain: ERIC GORDON.

If students wonder why each morning second bell rings at 8.55 and for what reason you are unchained from such pleasant occupations as work at 2.55, all credit should be placed in our hard-working calloused hands. We have six potential bell boys, each experienced in reading clocks inaccurately (three of whom have a marathon for the office for each bell time).

We spend most of our time in Dungeon 3, 32 inspired youths and eight fair maidens. As for scholars, our class is renowned — in unmentionable ways. However, artistic talents do deserve some praise; Ross Coulter has been honoured by his masterpiece decorating the front cover of this journal, and John Ashton-Lomax has won fame and fortune in the Trade Fair exhibits. At the same time Kathy Reick claimed a prize in the fair by preserving pineapple slices —DELISH!

The form thanks the teachers for their long suffering tolerance — we know it's hard for you!

To all other classes we warmly wish good luck in forthcoming examinations!

Form 5A3

Form Teacher: Mr. POWELL.

Form Captains:

ROSS DUNCAN, ROBYN RITCHIE

We commenced the year with a roll call of 36, but by loss of three boys and one girl we are left with 32. After being thoroughly convinced by a certain master that we are BIG BOYS AND GIRLS NOW, we settled down to some conscientious study. However, most of us show limited ability in the classroom but we more than make up for this on the sporting field.

We are able to boast at least one representative in practically every sport played in the school. The form also has a football team which must be greatly feared judging by the number of forfeits it receives. The girls decided to be in on the fun with a vigoro match against 5A1 followed by a softball match against the boys. Can you guess who won? While boasting of our originality we might add that we are the only form with our own TV star, although she may be only "a little Channel Niner."

On behalf of the class I should like to thank the teachers for their efforts with us during the last year. I do not believe that our exam. results give any clue to the amount of work our teachers do with us.

As a class, we wish those sitting for public examinations at the end of the year the best of luck in the exams., and also in their future careers.

Form 4A1

Form Teacher: Mr. O'KEEFE.

Form Captains:

PIRJO SAMPL, DAVID WATKINS.

Room 1 BEARS our class of twenty-six boys and ten girls. The five major subjects are studied by all of us, while History, Geography, French and Latin are taken only by a few.

Our class includes three junior scientists who are in the science club and a number who have projects lined up. One young naturalist haunts our class with snakes. Who knows, he may be another Professor Fox.

Our form teacher, Mr. O'Keefe, has caused a decrease in the number of soccer players in our class. Our class, last year a staunch soccer class, has now turned its attention to League. Our French teacher, however, still keeps a few soccer players on the field. Two of our class members, Rock of Gibraltar Bickle and Hooker Brown, are well favoured by Mr. O'Keefe for their efforts on the League field.

Athletics is catching on in our class as more boys find their talents. Wednesday's P.T. class is the favourite period in the week.

A few of our teachers are new this year, but old or new, we like them all. We extend our gratitude to all for their guidance, perseverance and friendship.

We, at present, are with heads down looking forward to our Junior passes, but till then, we would like to express our best wishes to the seniors and equally to our fellow juniors and all our other wishes to the subs.

Form 4A2

Form Teacher: Mrs. VAN ROSMALEN.

Form Captains:

S. CARTON, B. PITMAN

Guten Tag, Freunde,

This is 4A2 speaking to you from E block. As you may have guessed, we learn German and are becoming quite adept in speaking that language.

Our class really has a good representation in inter-school sport. Out of a total of thirty-seven we have fourteen boys and girls who play for the school. Three of these are Brian Philipson, Geoff Moore, and Roslyn Everist. All are A grade tennis players. We think that this must constitute a record for a junior form. John Kuckowske, Lex Starmer, Roc Maclean, and Ken Green all play in the Junior C Rugby League team, while Ray Evans and Les Hewitt represent the school in soccer. Neil Young suffered a broken ankle playing League but it took three of the Corinda boys to do it. If you've seen him getting round the school on his crutches you'll know why. David Love, Zbigniew Strazewski, and John Glaziou all play League. Naturally we aren't lacking in brains either, as will be seen when the Junior results come out.

In conclusion, we would like to wish all Junior and Senior students "Best of luck from form 4A2."

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Form 4A3D

Form Teacher: Miss CRAN.

Form Captain: REX ADDISON.

Hello there! This is your commentator reporting from ward 20, homebase for 4A3D. The outstanding quality of 4A3D is its number of sportsmen. Six of the players in the Junior C Rugby League team come from our form. Also, representatives from other Rugby teams, Soccer, Australian Rules and Tennis. As well as this we have quite a number of good swimmers who swam for their houses in the School Carnival.

Other outstanding sportsmen are R. Amos, junior weight lifting champion of Queensland, and W. Shepherd, under 16 hurdles record holder. Our top marker, Ross Harvey, has never obtained a lower percentage than 86, showing that we have brains as well as brawn.

Farewell for now and best of luck to all fellow examination candidates this year.

Form 4B1

Form Teacher: Mr. BULL.

Form Captain: BRUCE HOLWELL.

"Who has pinched my chair?" came the cry from Room 21 as the year started off with rather a shortage of accommodation, being forty-two outstanding industrious youths (well, may be 90 per cent industrious). After the call of industry had claimed a few of our members, the fort is still held by thirty-nine battling students.

We were said to be "the cream of the Junior industrialists", but after a few months churning about the Manual Training Section, it was

stated by one of our more prominent industrial teachers, that "the cream had turned a bit sour!"

Rugby League is the most popular sport played in our form, with Robert Martin captain of the Junior "C" League team. Graham Brockman gained a place in the Brisbane 9 stone team and Geoff Roberts captain of the 8 stone League team. Australian Rules is the next most popular code played, with Bruce Holwell in the "A" team, Bruce Smart and Ben Johnson in the "B" team. Soccer brings up a fighting last in the football codes with Don Bowers one of the top players.

Stan Qualischefski won a prize in the Industrial Fair for his effort in producing a fine looking funnel. Other students contributed to the Fair with drawings and other pieces of handcraft.

We wish the Juniors and Seniors the best of luck in their forthcoming public examinations.

Form 4B2

Form Teacher: Mr. WETZEL.

Form Captain: R. CAMPBELL.

Hi! We are the industrialists who, by our earnest work, have now to uphold the honour of the previous 4B2's (which we are doing quite successfully).

However (except for a few boys), the teachers think that we are an industrious class and are trying to get ahead.

Our Form teacher, of whom we are very proud, has endeavoured to raise the standards of our class, by keeping a watchful eye over us and making sure that we do not get out of line. We are well represented in many sporting activities — four play Australian Rules, a dozen play Rugby League, six play Soccer, and the rest are divided up into the many different sporting activities.

We end by thanking all of our teachers, and wishing all Junior and Senior candidates every success in their forthcoming examinations.

Form 4C1

Form Teacher: Mrs. ANDREASSEN.

Form Captains: JUNE ANGUS, ROSS SMITH.

We're 4C1, we are so bright,
So with the teachers we never fight.
We like our work, we love our play,
And so none of us ever miss a day.
The teachers think we are the most,
In beauty, brains (we don't like to boast),
In sport we really must admit,
We are so extra-specially fit.
We always wear our berets,
We never make a noise.
We never break the windows,
Or even think of boys.

And in the end we would like to say,
Thanks to our teachers in every way.
And also we would like to state,
Our Best Wishes to fellow candidates.

Form 4C2

Form Teacher: Miss MUIR.

Form Captain: DENISE ISMAY.

A lovable lot but numbering few
We dwell in haunt 9, we're 4C2.
25 of us are females fine
With one lone member of the he-man line.
Tall ones, short ones, blondes and brunettes,
Our only trouble is we're not teachers' pets.
Although we're rowdy we can be good
And always do what we think we should.
How do our teachers put up with us
With all the racket and all the fuss?
Please don't misjudge us, we're really so sweet
With a weird sense of humour no others can
beat.
In our small cluster are a number of sports-
women
Who are very good at runnin', ball games and
swimmin'.
We'd like to thank our teachers every one
Who revise the work we're supposed to have
done.
A hearty wish of good luck too
To all Juniors and Seniors, from 4C2.

Form 4C3

Form Teacher: Miss WHITBY.

Form Captain: PAM PERKINS.

With Junior just one short term away, and
for the majority of us, our school days fast
drawing to an end, each form member is
becoming more study conscious and diligent.

Our teachers remained somewhat the same
as in 1961, and we gratefully acknowledge the
assistance they have given us. We would especi-
ally like to thank Miss Whitby for the tre-
mendous amount of patience she has shown
over the last two years as form mistress and
teacher of our three commercial subjects.

4C3 experiences very little of the so-called
monotony of class routine, as the form comed-
iennes usually manage to keep us in high spirits
until the end of that well-loved eighth period.
We intellectuals excel on the sports field, and
have inter-school representatives in swimming,
soft-ball, tennis, basketball and athletics. We
also boast that we are the only form to contain
a Scottish dancer and piper, Colleen Loon, who
has already gained herself a notable reputation
in the entertainment world.

In closing, we should like to convey our
sincere best wishes to all Senior and fellow
Junior candidates, and hope that this year's
3C3's will prove to be worthy of the name they
will assume next year.

Form 3A1

Form Teacher: Mr. DESJARDINS.

Form Captain: T. COLES.

We began operations at the beginning of
the year quite well, with high recommendations
from our various teachers. Although we are
not entirely a class of "fair dinkum" Aussies,
we seem to be progressing fairly well.

As well as being a class of some brains, we
also have some good talent in the field of
sport. The majority of our boys play Soccer,

where we have one boy, Andrew Heron, captain
of Mr. Grieve's famous Under 15 A team. Glen
Smith is the captain of the Under 8 st. Rugby
League, while only one boy plays Australian
Rules. Two boys, one Australian Rules and the
other Rugby League, played for the State last
year. So far, no real sportswomen have been
found in our form.

On behalf of the form, I should like to
thank all our teachers for the help which they
have given us, and also wish all Juniors and
Seniors success in the forthcoming public
examinations.

Form 3A2

Form Teacher: Mrs. LEE.

Form Captains:

BRUCE MAY, FAYE RAYMOND.

No, the 2 is not in the wrong place. We
are not 32 Angels—there are forty-one of us.
Moreover, it is generally agreed among the
teachers that the 3 stands for our mental age,
and the 2 for "too" many.

Room 22 is our "Bakery." Why not come
in and have a "loaf?" We have a reputation
for avoiding work—we do just enough to escape
those nasty impositions.

If you have not heard of us you must be
deaf, for we are a very noisy class. Many of
our boys are in sporting teams. Ian Brimson,
Tony de Gail, Jeffrey Giddins, Peter Stoker,
and David Pike are in Rugby teams. William
Nieuwolt, Don Bull, Richard Keith and Trevor
Ryan are in Soccer teams. Of the eight girls,
Faye Raymond and Janelle Small are in basket-
ball and softball teams. Our boys have not
yet been defeated in interclass Rugby.

We think our teachers have learnt that
all is fair in love and war—and school. Seri-
ously, however, we give our thanks and grati-
tude to our teachers for their patient attempts
to teach us, and to Mrs. Lee, also, for her
additional duties as our form mistress.

Form 3A3D

Form Teacher: Mrs. WATSON.

Form Captain: C. HERRON.

Sooner or later you will hear of us, so now
seems as good a time as any to introduce our-
selves. We are situated at the far end of D
block, but sometimes are told we can be heard
from the other end. However, a hush falls over
the class when teachers appear. We trudge
home, tired from a hard day's work and some
of us foolishly forget to do our homework, and
in due course are rewarded for this by getting
Laws, Principles, Equations and Theorems to
write out.

For some unknown reason, we seem to be
lacking on the sports fields. Photography seems
to be the chief interest of our boys, while some
girls are in the dancing club. On Tuesday and
Friday Queensland's future artists try their
skills by painting anything from an abstract
design to potato painting. We should like to
express our gratitude to all our teachers.

All Form 3A3D wish Junior and Senior
candidates the best of luck in their forthcoming
examinations.

Form 3B1

Form Teacher: Mr. J. PORTER.

Form Captain: JOHN BILLINGSLEY.

We, the industrious and ambitious boys of 3B1, are endeavouring to keep up the fine reputation of past years' industrial boys.

Our form has a representative in Rugby League and Australian Rules and the Premiership winning Soccer team.

Robert Ballantyne is our most noted sportsman, having represented Queensland in both Australian Rules at Hobart and Cricket in Perth. He also is representing, along with his team mates, his club at Sydney. Robert Flockhart is a member of the Premiership winning C team at Soccer.

We would like to acknowledge our appreciation towards the teachers of our form. Especially we would like to show our appreciation to Mr. Porter, who is our form teacher. He has done a lot for our form during the year, especially before exams.

Form 3B2

Form Teacher: Mr. THOMPSON.

Form Captain: M. SIMONEK.

Friends, Indooroopillyites and City-siders, lend me your ears—as Mark Antony almost said. These are your favourite announcers from the third form. Yes, it's 3B2 on the air.

Many members of our ranks indulge in various sports — mainly winter varieties. Bagnall, Bauer and Bowman play Rugby League, while we have three Soccer players in Simonek, Smollen and Tunstall. It is to be hoped that Mr. Thompson can encourage some member of the form to take up the best code—Australian Rules.

The whole form wishes to thank teachers for their help during the year and also wish all public examination candidates the best of luck.

Form 3C1

Form Teacher: Mrs. HARTIGAN.

Form Captains:

CHERRYL BECK, BARRY OSTROFSKI.

Well, it's time to meet this year's 3C1. We are a lively form comprised of thirty-one girls and only eight boys, much to the disgust of some of our girl members. We try to learn down underneath the further end of D Block in room 24, but I'm afraid all the trust bestowed upon us is not entirely justified sometimes.

Our sporting prowess is enough to equal any other form in the school, I'm sure. We are represented in Softball, Football, Swimming and Cricket, and Dellyse Fraser is a member of the Girls' A Tennis Team, which is undefeated. I myself was very honoured to be selected for the A Basketball team.

Not only on the sportsfield but in the classroom have we had some fine results, thanks to the perseverance and patience of our teachers. 3C1 would like to thank them and express their best wishes to all students sitting for public examinations this year.

Heard enough about 3C1? I'll bet you have. Now, I'll let you be bored by the 3C2.

Form 3C2

Form Teacher: Mrs. GORE.

Form Captain: J. PAYNE.

At dead of night a teacher wakes,
And wipes her fevered brain,
The visions of her nightmare fade,
'Twas 3C2 again.

In early February this year, a strange mass of blue figures found what was to be their new home-room, 26. Our form is comprised of some 22 girls and two of the weaker sex. From the murky depths of the D block dungeons comes our one and only subject, talking. Fame in the football field is nil-minus, but the basketball field has brighter prospects. From Monday morning to Friday afternoon, dreaded thoughts of French verbs, algebra equations, shorthand strokes and history dates flutter through our scatter-brained minds. We'd very much like to thank our teachers for all the work they've done with us and for us. To all Junior and Senior candidates — Good Luck!

Form 3C3

Form Teacher: Miss STENLAKE.

Form Captain: EVELYNE DONKA.

Hello! fellow students.

If you want to go on a learning spree
Then come with us 'cause we're 3C3.
In all kinds of sport we are very keen,
But Maths, French and homework . . .
The interest—is lean.
But it is meant we have a purpose,
And at future goals we aim;
If we slack or miss our target,
We would have to try again.

This is room 11, a class of goodwill, miles of homework and not much time to do it in. We are comprised of 35 girls, and no male member is sharing our lot. Still, we are good at sports (and supposed to be at the other eight subjects that set our brains reeling), but with the help of our patiently suffering teachers, we shall reach our goal by the skin of our teeth.

It adds up to one thing,
Dear workmates — it's dry,
It's hard work, but fun
At the Indooroopilly High.

Best wishes to those of you sitting for the exams.

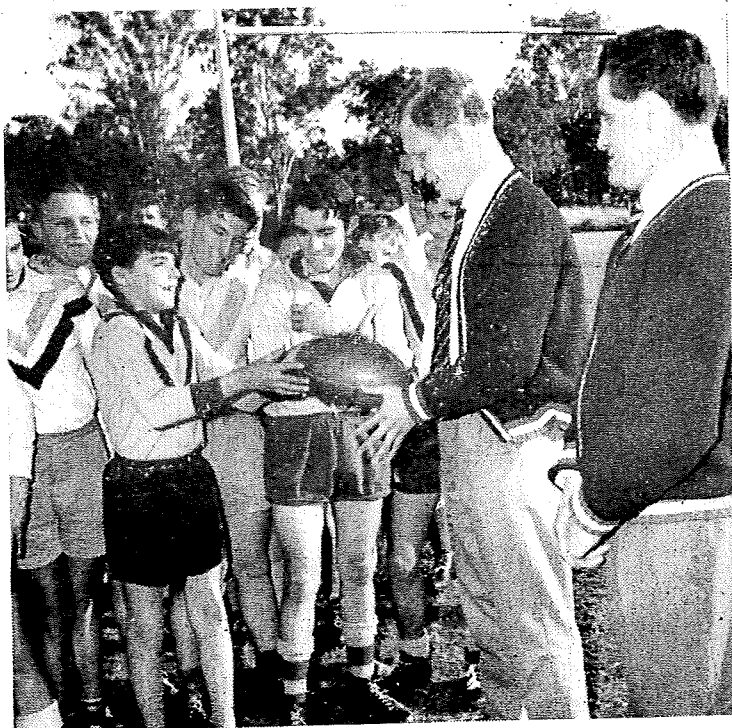
AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

Sporting Activities



House Captains

Back row: Barbara Pope, John Lynch (Kendall), Neil Sartor, Sharon Starmer (Lawson).
Front row: David Irwin, Sherrie Todhunter (Evans), Mr. Williams (Deputy Prin.), Wendy Nimmo, Richard Micklejohn (Paterson).



English Rugby League
 representatives,
 Gerry Round and Derek Turner.



Boys' Tennis: Back row: G. Martin, P. Mullins, B. Phillipson.
Front row: P. Smart (capt.), Mr. Des. Jardins (coach), J. More.

Rugby League Notes

Six teams were entered in the Rugby League competition this year. Unfortunately only one, the 7 st. team, won their way into the semi-finals, where they were defeated by Sandgate.

During the year we were privileged to be visited by two of the Great Britain Rugby League team, namely Derek Turner, lock forward and Vice-Captain, and Gerry Round, the full-back. They coached the boys one Monday afternoon for over 1½ hours and were very impressed both with the reception they received at the school and the enthusiasm of the boys.

The A Grade team, although beaten in most of their games, were by no means disgraced. They were outweighed by every team they played but never gave up trying. The loss of Bennett through injury severely handicapped the team. Apart from Bennett, Osterfield was the outstanding player throughout the season and Zawada one of the most improved players.

For the first time we entered a Junior C grade in the competition. The team performed creditably as at crucial times they were depleted by injuries. Roberts in the backs, Qualischefski and Lex Brown in the forwards always gave of their best. It is important to mention here that if the rest of the team had tackled as effectively as Bickle, more games would have been won.

Playing quite well for most of the season, the 9 st. team were unfortunate not to make the semi-finals. Although only two games were won, the team was never disgraced. The outstanding players were Love in the forwards with Viney, Heslin and Lynch in the backs. Two members of the school, Brockman and Carroll, played for The Rest against Queensland in the 9 st. division.

In the 8 st. division we fielded two teams; one was graded in the top eight teams of Brisbane. Both teams gave of their best but were outclassed by the opposition. One or two games may have been won if we had been able to field a full team, but it is virtually impossible to win games with only 11 or 12 players. Two players showed out well in most games, the captain, Smith, and Davidson, the lock-forward.

The 7 st. team was the only one to reach the semi-finals this year. They played particularly well and with a little bit of luck could have been premiership winners. The Veldie brothers were very prominent, as was Marsden with his bursts down field, good tackling and goal kicking.

At this stage we wish to congratulate our Deputy Principal, Mr. Williams, who was elected President of Q.S.S.R.L. this year. Our thanks go to the coaches, Mr. Wrench, Mr. O'Keefe, Mr. Bull, Mr. Powell and Mr. Walters.

Australian Rules

Grand Final Team: N. Sartor (Capt.), J. Lynch (V.-Capt.), D. Irwin, R. Howarth, P. Murphy, R. Bruce, R. Sartor, B. Spicer, T. Coles,

B. Howell, P. Ballantyne, R. Barrett, J. Meiklejohn, R. Meiklejohn, G. Bleakley, J. Vidgen, G. Osterfield, R. Zarachuk, R. Veitch, R. Campbell.

Although the "A" Grade started the season with one of the fittest and best sides for several years, they suffered narrow defeats in the first two matches at the hands of Banyo and Sandgate. After a rough, hard tackling match against Banyo, there was a dispute on the scores which, after a protest, resulted in giving the opposition a win by one point. The following week another close match was played against Sandgate. Inaccuracy in front of the goal cost us the match which Sandgate won by 6 points, despite the fact that they had fewer shots at goal. In the next game against Kedron, previously undefeated and premiers from last year, Indooroopilly, playing football which was little short of brilliant, convincingly defeated them by 49-16. Following this, the team never looked back and ensured themselves of a place in the finals with an easy win over Cavendish Road.

In the semi-final against Sandgate, we ran to a comfortable early lead. However, in the final quarter, the opposition, running with the wind, scored three quick goals, but Indooroopilly held them out to win by three points, and gain a place in the Grand Final.

On Grand Final day, at Windsor Park, Indooroopilly took the field with 250 enthusiastic spectators to cheer them on. In a game which was officially described as "the best schoolboy Grand Final ever," the spectators saw a fine display of football. After an even first quarter the scores stood at 7 all. The second quarter saw Indooroopilly storm Kedron's goal, but shocking inaccuracy when kicking for goal resulted in only one goal from six scoring shots. In the second half Kedron took a two point lead, while Indooroopilly, who had more possession of the ball, saw attack after attack repelled. A goal right on full time gave Kedron a narrow and thrilling win. Our congratulations go to them.

Throughout the year all players gave of their best. Vice-Captain J. Lynch, in the centre, was our best and showed good team work with Captain N. Sartor, who seldom turned in a bad game at centre forward. In the rucks D. Irwin and R. Howarth were rarely beaten. R. Bruce was always solid in the backline and J. Meiklejohn was the mainstay of the forwards.

Several members of the team played in representative sides. Trevor Coles was picked for the Queensland Under 14 team to play in Melbourne. Indooroopilly had four members in the Brisbane team which defeated a composite University team. They were N. Sartor, J. Lynch, D. Irwin and J. Meiklejohn.

The team would like to express its thanks to Mr. McAlpine for his assistance during the year and also to Mr. Thomson, who, despite his interests in golf, was always ready to give any help he could.

N. SARTOR,
J. LYNCH.

Soccer

This year the Under 15 C team won our only premiership. Through strong team spirit and solid play, these boys took the Under 15 Reserve Competition without suffering one defeat.

The Under 15 B team had less success. However, despite this, there was never a shortage of players, and the boys gained valuable experience this season.

Our Under 15 A team looked to have a good chance in their competition at the start of this year, but an unfortunate defeat in a game which they played with seven men, sealed their doom. Sad to relate, the splendid gold trophy, won last year, passed out of our keeping.

At the start of the season, there was no shortage of players in the Over 15 division, but this state of affairs did not last, and both the A and B teams were scrambling for players by the end of the season. Much credit must go to the B team, led by John Hargreaves, who battled on despite their being forced to play men short. Even then, they came close to pulling off some upsets.

The A team was weakened by losses of good players, but had a very successful season. Corinda was the only team who managed to defeat us, and this was in an extremely close match. Unluckily, this one loss put the team out of the interzone final. However, the boys were sworn to avenge their defeat in the following knockout round. This they did, beating Corinda 5-2. Nothing now could stop the team, which went on to the final. Here, under mud bath conditions, we took the knockout shield with a fine second half burst, defeating The Gap 2-0.

Players from all teams wish to thank Mr. Grieves for the fine work he has done in keeping Soccer football prominent in this school.

Swimming Notes

Once again the swimming season was met with the usual enthusiasm of students. Much hard preparation made the inter-house carnival at the Valley Baths on 23rd March a huge success, with the standard of swimming higher than last year. Kendall won the Boys' Cup, while Lawson won the Girls' Cup, with the latter winning the overall competition. Fine individual efforts were seen from Paul Bennett, Chic Worthing, Rock McLean, Pam Hutchings, Helen Swadling and Helen Grogan.

Many students competed in the Q.S.S.S.S.A. Carnival, where we witnessed some fine swimming. Much experience was gained from a four-way meet at the Centenary Pool, at which our competitors acquitted themselves extremely well. Finally, the members of the team wish to thank Mr. O'Keefe, Mr. Desjardins, Miss Muir, and Mrs. Watson for their help and guidance both in training and in competition.

DAVID IRWIN, 6A1.

Boys' Tennis

Boys once again enjoyed a very successful season of tennis. More players than in previous years participated. At a meeting, more than 60 students showed their interest in both inter-school and social tennis. From these players our three teams A, B and C were selected.

Unfortunately the proposed school tennis courts were not built this year, but it is sincerely hoped that next year's tennis enthusiasts will have the benefit of these courts. Lack of convenient facilities was an influencing factor in our team's failure to win any major premier-ships. The majority of our inter-school players play on Saturdays in Metropolitan fixtures and this was the only practice which was available to them as no courts are near enough to the school for them to be of any use.

The "A" team scoring the possible 30 points in their zone, were again zone premiers. Geoff Moore was the outstanding player in boys tennis this year. Playing in the No. 1 singles position Geoff met stiff opposition in all of his matches but equipped himself well enough to win all but two of them. As a result of his consistently good tennis he was selected to play in the "1st" Combined Secondary Schools tennis team which defeated Toowoomba.

Our teams were:—

"A" Grade—Geoff Moore, Phil Smart, Brian Philipson, Dennis Mullins and Graham Martin.

"B" Grade—Barry Gommersal, Dave Dennington, Barry Dwyer and Ben Leurkenfeldt.

"C" Grade—Gary Maring, Rod Moore, Kev. Eichenloff, A Reid, Rex Addison and C. Pfrunder.

This year matches consisted of 4 singles and 4 doubles. Everyone agreed that this was a much better arrangement than in previous years when there were only 2 singles.

In the "A" Grade final against Kedron (also zone premiers) Indooroopilly was not disgraced although well beaten by a superior team 36-11.

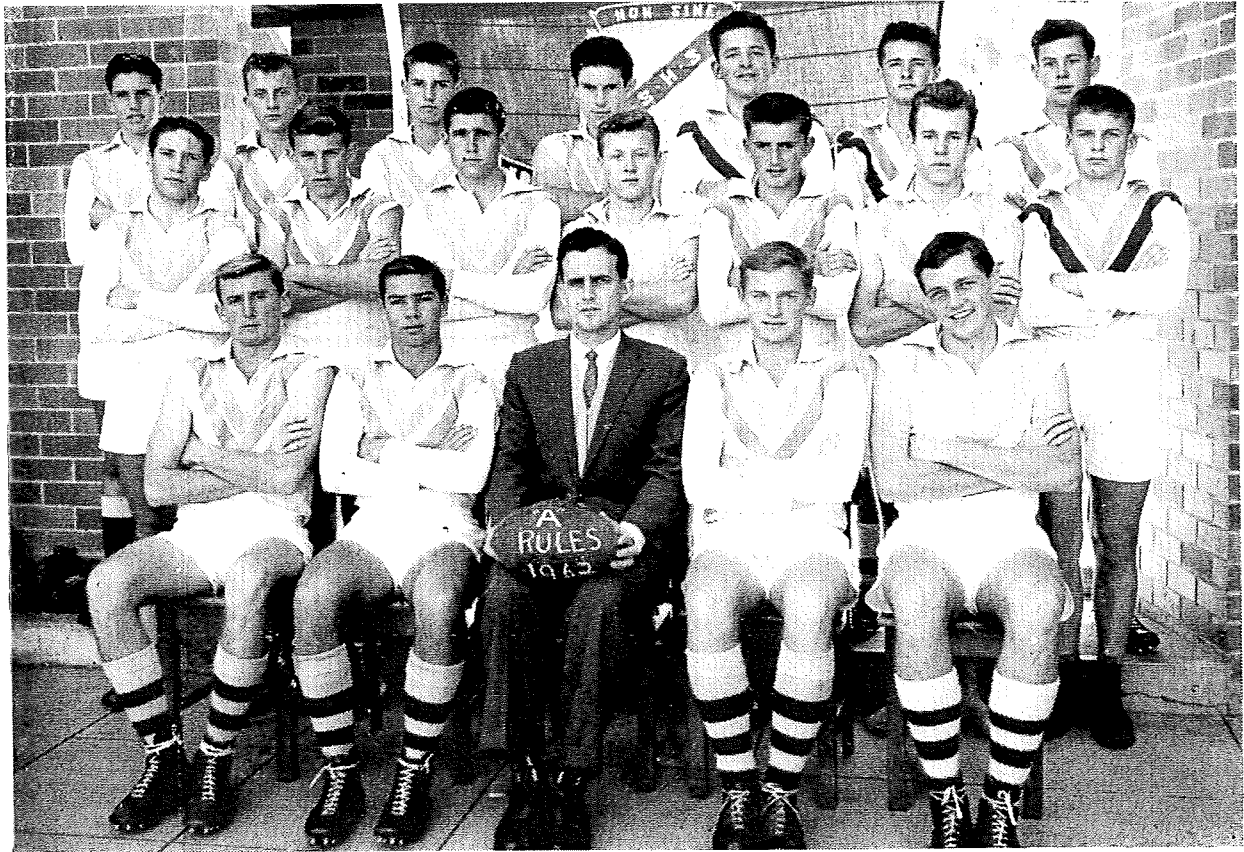
The "B" team showed enthusiasm in all of their games although they were unsuccessful in winning the zone premiership.

The "C" team again won the zone premiership closely from Corinda but were well beaten by Wavell Heights in the final.

Social Tennis was played every Wednesday on four courts at Milton. It was unfortunate that more courts were not available as there were many students keen to play.

We would like to thank Mr. Desjardins and Mr. Elms (coach) for their unfailing support and encouragement and for a most enjoyable season.

P. SMART, 6A2.



"A" Grade Australian Rules Team

Back row: T. Coles, R. Barrett, R. Sartor, R. Meiklejohn, G. Bleakley, R. Veitch, R. Bruce.
Second row: J. Vidgen, B. Holwell, P. Murphy, B. Spicer, R. Ballantyne, J. Meiklejohn, R. Coulter.
Front row: R. Howarth, N. Sartor (capt.), Mr. A. McAlpine (manager), J. Lynch (vice-capt.), D. Irwin.
Absent: C. Griffith, N. Marquis (coach).



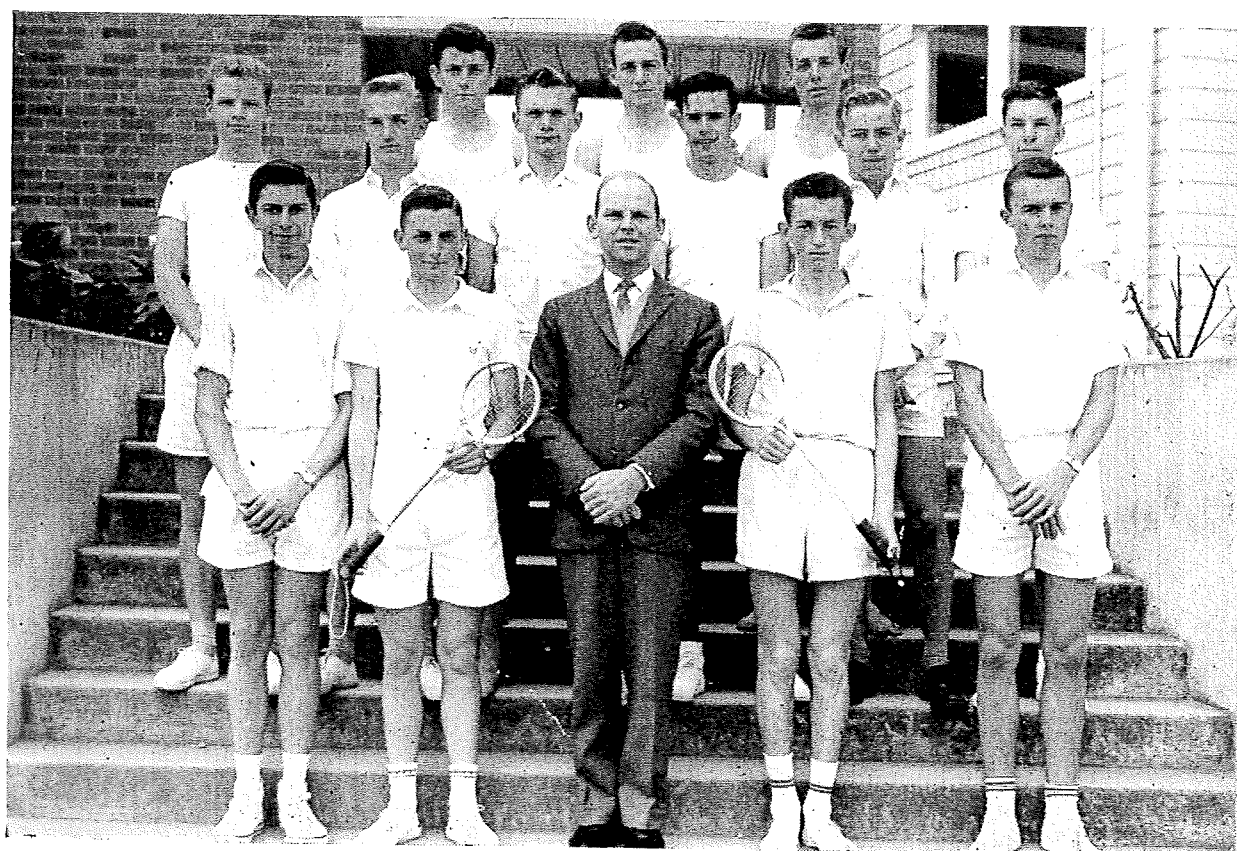
"A" Grade Rugby League Team

Back row: C. Dennison, B. De Jong, H. Van Der Zant, G. De Jong.
Second row: M. Zawada, R. Lamberton, S. English, A. Doyle, J. Barrett, R. Gourley.
Front row: R. Wallen, P. Bennett (capt.), Mr. C. Wrench (coach), G. Osterfield (v.-capt.), I. Penberthy.



Soccer

Back row: G. Patruno, D. Bowers, A. Schmirow, L. Hewitt, A. Redfern, W. Williams, G. Vascotta.
Front row: R. Bell, I. Doherty (capt.), Mr. Grieve (coach), A. Rose (vice-capt.), P. Oostenbroek.
Absent: B. Lirkenfeldt.



Squash

Back row: C. Moore, R. Gilbert, N. Herron.
Centre row: M. Fowler, G. Bischa, K. Heybroek, L. Brown, R. Wallis, R. Holden.
Front row: C. Stokoe, D. Howard, Mr. S. Brown (coach), P. Pacey, N. MacPherson.

CRICKET NOTES

A GRADE

The first match was against Mitchelton. The visitors batted first and compiled 95 runs. J. Lynch took 4 wickets for 47 and G. Bleakley 3 for 19. Indooroopilly only mustered 70 runs. Mitchelton declared at 5 for 45, J. Lynch taking the bowling honours with 3 for 17. This left Indooroopilly to make 70 runs to win outright. Time ran out with Indooroopilly only 14 runs short with one wicket down, due to 27 not out by J. Lynch and 19 not out by G. McGrath.

Premiership favourites Banyo, met Indooroopilly in the next game, Banyo amassing a total of 198. G. Bleakley captured 4 for 32, and J. Lynch took 4 for 57. Indooroopilly were to bat the following day but it was washed out.

The third game was played against Sandgate with Indooroopilly winning on the first innings. Sandgate scored 95, G. Bleakley causing them great trouble with 4 wickets for 22. Indooroopilly replied with 5 for 110 declared, J. Lynch top-scoring with 39, and A. Rose batting solidly with 31. Sandgate crashed in the second innings with 43, J. Lynch taking 5 for 19 and G. Bleakley 4 for 18. This left Indooroopilly 28 to win outright but again time ran short and allowed only one over, with Indooroopilly just falling short.

Congratulations to John Lynch for making the Combined Secondary Schools' Team.

Under 15A Cricket Notes

During the last season our under 15A cricket team have remained undefeated and hope to keep up this record when the season re-opens. We have a great array of talent in the sides in both batting and bowling. Bowers and Thompson are leading wicket-takers with 10 wickets each. When the season opened we were fortunate to have two Queensland school-boy players with us who are Bob Ballentyn and John Leach. In our first match against The Gap, Bob hit a bright 47 and John, who opened the innings scored a solid 27. Also in this match Andy Thompson although only small, showed that he had a quick eye by hitting up a brisk 34. He also did well with the ball and with his well controlled leg breaks took 3 wickets for 19 runs. Bowers took 4 wickets for 18 runs.

Bob Harris, who is our other opening bowler and an insuring bowler, has been bowling well and with better luck, he took a great deal of wickets. He is also a hard hitter and can pull his side out of trouble when needed.

Graham Hefferman is a good bowler who can bowl both off and leg-breakers equally good. Bill Qualischefski and Frank Nieuold are hard hitting batsmen and Bill is a fine stroke maker. I mention our other opener as a solid player who does his job of facing the new ball very well.

Finally we would all like to thank Mr. Walters for his interest in us. His advice has been very helpful to us when we are in difficult positions.

Interhouse Athletics

Our annual sports carnival was once again highly successful and the individual athletic cups were competed for with renewed interest and intense house spirit. The outstandingly high points gained by Paterson boys made way for an overall win by Paterson House. Evans girls maintained a lead over Kendall, who gave strong competition in the ball games and led by two points at the completion of these events. Lawson had a good overall team, and were beaten by only four points overall.

Loretta Anderson, our open champion, was keenly opposed by Beth Duffield, last year Under 15 cup winner. Helen Grogan and Sandra Lee won the Under 16 and Under 15 cups by winning the sprints in their respective age groups. Evans Senior A ballgames team broke records in both the Tunnel and zig, and the file-gap pass.

Phillip Smart achieved the highest points in the boys' open events, breaking the existing mile record and equalling the 880 yards record. David Irwin did well in the open sector, winning both the 100 yds sprint and the 120 yds. hurdles. The 220 yds. was won by Paul Addison and the 440 yds. by Ian Pemberthy. Our cross country once again stirred up the school's competitive spirit and it was won in fine style by Wayne Huggins. Other records were broken by R. Zietek in the open shot put, E. Gordon in Under 16 shot put, K. Johnson in 880 yds. Under 16 and R. Campbell in Under 16 hurdles.

The boys' Under 16 cup was won by R. Martin, a fine sprinter. R. Patrick won the Under 15 cup after winning the high jump in his age group.

SHERIE TODHUNTER,
JOHN LYNCH.

Girls' Tennis

This year is a memorable one for all members of the girls' tennis teams, as the three teams were zone premiers. This is a fine record and credit must be given to all players for the very high standard of play that has been maintained throughout the season. This has been made possible only through continued enthusiasm, determination and will to practise. The A team and B team were defeated in the semi-finals, but the C team won their final and so are now holders of the premiership. Congratulations to the members of the C team for their fine effort.

Tremendous satisfaction has been enjoyed by all who have participated in the fixtures, not only because of their success in the competition, but also because the games have been fought on all occasions with a good spirit and a keen desire to win.

All the teams express their sincere thanks to Miss Thomas, who has given them her constant support and whose enthusiasm and interest have at all times urged them on to victory. It can be truthfully said that even had the season been less successful, the enjoyment and benefit derived would have been none the less great. To the teams of next year, we wish every success.

The Sportsman's Motto

If I should win, let it be by the code,
With my faith and my honour held high.
But if I should lose, let me stand by the road,
And cheer as the winners go by.

Basketball Notes

Once again this year Indooroopilly played four basketball teams in the interschool fixtures. The various Brisbane schools were divided into four zones and we were destined to face Corinda, Commercial, Salisbury, Inala and Yeronga.

Before the start of the actual fixture the teams met Balmoral for a friendly match and were highly successful. Although starting the season with high hopes, the A team went down with several defeats. However, in the all important match against Salisbury, we excelled ourselves and were beaten narrowly by 18 to 17, after having been on top during the first half of the match. All the games were played without casualty and although not always successful, the spirit of competition ran high. During the season we had four byes owing to the fact that Inala had only C and D teams and Commercial had B, C and D teams.

The B team did exceedingly well and were brought back to earth only by the high standard set by Salisbury. This school proved to be their only opposition and our team is to be congratulated for its fine efforts. Special mention should be made of the fine goaling which continued throughout the season.

Last but certainly not least, come the C and D teams which played quite a successful season. Once again Salisbury was the dominating opposition, and though we played hard and fast, Salisbury just defeated us. It is to our credit that our D team defeated Corinda's D team in the last match of the season, since Corinda were zone premiers. Many of the members of these teams were sub-juniors, and considering this, their performances were exceptionally good and it is therefore to be hoped that they will continue their good work next year.

All of us involved in playing in our teams this year give our deepest thanks to Miss Whitby and Miss Stenlake for the enthusiasm with which they imbued our girls and for giving us a most enjoyable if not a most successful season.

SHERIE TODHUNTER,
WENDY NIMMO.

Squash Notes

For the past two years Squash has been included in the school sporting curriculum. At first it was conducted on an inter-house basis, but at the present time it takes the form of a competitive ladder. Through the initiative of Mr. S. Brown, a ladder was made which is displayed at school during the week. We are indebted to the proprietors of the Toowong Squash Courts for their assistance to us while playing on their courts. Recently three of our members appeared on a sports spot on television.

On behalf of the Squash group we would like to express our gratitude to Mr. Brown for devoting so much of his time and interest.

SOFTBALL

Owing to much hard work by Mrs. Gore and agitation by a few of the keen students, we saw this year, for the first time, the formation of an inter-school softball team. Although we had only one competition team, we also had a social team.

The efforts of our teams ended in mixed success, winning as many as we lost. We were inexperienced as a team, entering into competition only one week after notification that there could be a team.

We played our first match against Yeronga, by whom we were defeated. Our last game was also played against Yeronga, but this time we proved the victors. So it can be seen that our standard had improved considerably by the end of the season, as will be vouched by all team members.

Again after much hard work by Mrs. Gore we obtained a full set of equipment, including the much detested "monkey-suit" — breast plate and face mask. On behalf of the teams we should like to thank Mrs. Gore and Mr. Ward who made this possible.

We shall commence matches again in third term with the loss of a few of our helpful senior members who cannot afford the loss of study time. However, with those few members left, we hope to give a better performance throughout the remaining matches. We should like to thank all those team members who have supported us.

GOLF NOTES

This year Indooroopilly introduced golf into its sports curriculum. At the beginning of the year, Senior students were given the opportunity of receiving golf lessons from V. O. Walker, the professional at Indooroopilly Golf Club. We received ten lessons in all.

Mr. Walker was asked to choose five of the most promising players from the girls and seven from the boys to represent the school against teams from Cavendish Road, Wynnum, Camp Hill, Corinda, Salisbury, Balmoral and Mt. Gravatt.

As most of the girls had never played golf before, Mr. Walker's job was not easy. However, the girl's team did not disgrace itself, but on the other hand was not highly successful, winning three games on forfeits.

The boy's team, however, was more successful, winning four out of the seven matches which consisted of nine holes match play. 27 of these individual matches out of a possible 49 were won.

The most successful players were Dianne Dawkins for the girls, and Rod Zarachuk for the boys.

Next year students from the junior section will be able to receive golf tuition as well as the Seniors. We regret to say that Indooroopilly has not a course on which to practise, because of club competition. This is a big disadvantage since most other schools have a practice course.

We would like to extend our thanks to the teacher in charge, Mr. Thomson, and also to Mr. Walker.



Girls' Swimming

Back row: Helen Grogan, Janette Moore, Barbara Jenks, Margaret Busst, Deryl Ismay, Jill Scott.
Middle row: Kay Dowdell, June Delaway, Janette Nelson, Judy Andrews, Pamela Hutchins, Heather Orr.
Front row: Shirley Swadling, Barbara Pope (captain), Mrs. Watson (coach), Helen Swadling, Wendy King.



Boys' Swimming

Back row: M. Fowler, C. Dunne, R. Barrett.
Next row: R. McLean, A. Redfern, B. Preston, B. Howell.
Front row: C. Dennison, P. Bennett, Mr. J. O'Keefe (coach), D. Irwin, J. Zemek.



Girls' Tennis

Back row: Sue Cartan, Shirley Swadling, Dawn Stenlake, Helen Swadling, Karen Johnson, Lyn O'Brian, Robyn Ritchie, Pauline Wisser.
Next row: Vicki Amos, Fay Beuttel, Miss M. Thomas (coach), Delise Fraser, Roslyn Everist.



Golf Team

Back row: C. Taylor, L. Norris, W. Huggins, J. Currell, C. Button.
Middle row: G. Tovey, K. Gasteen, R. Duncan, M. Holmes, R. Zaharchuk.
Front row: L. Gallagher, J. Compton, J. Scott, J. Stewart, D. Strid, A. Hyslop.



"A" Grade Cricket Team

Back row: I. Doherty, A. Rose, R. Barrett, P. Smart, R. Sartor, J. Blanchfield.
Front row: G. Bleakley, J. Lynch (capt.), Mr. A. McAlpine (coach), N. Sartor (vice-capt.), D. Freeman.



Basketball "A"

Back row: Sheryl Beck, Helen Grogan, Dianne Foster, Pam Perkins, Dianne Jensen.
Front row: Sherie Todhunter, Miss M. Whitbey, Wendy Nimmo.



Back row: J. Andrews, H. Stewart. Next row: R. Petrich, J. Small, P. Wheller. Next row: M. Viney, D. Uhlmann, D. Kruck, C. Grant, F. Raymond. Front row: D. Foster, A. Horchner, Mrs. Gore (coach), L. Anderson, B. Pope.

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Original Contributions

A Race

Jan Mellor

Even though you are not going through the ordeal I went through, at least you will receive a description of the race which involved a number of races. A race against a car, against time, and against death! And me as the only competitor.

My name is Angela Coias, and I am the Governess for the future owner of the Valmy Estate in France. I was about to ask my fiance, Rasal, if I could accompany him to the village, when a message, saying that the bridge, a few miles from the estate, was washed away, came through.

My exclamation was drowned in the slam of the front door. I had reached the hall when I heard the engine start. I flew across the hall, tore open the great door and ran out into the darkness.

The Cadillac was already moving. As I reached the bottom of the steps she was wheeling away from the house. I screamed out his name, but he didn't hear — or at least the car moved, gathering speed. I began to run.

I was still twenty yards behind it when it slid gently into the first curve of the zigzag, and out of sight.

I was past thinking. I only knew that I had to do something quickly, for farther down the valley, round the bridge, a thick mist had set in. I turned without hesitation and plunged into the path that short-circuited the zigzag.

This was a footway, no more, that dived steeply down the hillside towards Valmy Bridge. It was well kept, and the steps, where they occurred, were wide and safe, but it could be slippery, and in the dark it could probably mean suicide.

I didn't care. Some kind freak of chance had made me keep my torch in my pocket, and then, by its half-hearted light, I went down that dizzy little track as if all my ghosts hunted me at heel.

Off to the left the Cadillac's lights still bore away from me on the first long arm of the zigway. He was driving slowly. I hurtled, careless of sprains and bruises, down through the wood.

It couldn't be done, of course. He was still below me when he took the first bend, and the headlights bore back to the north, making the shadows of the trees where I ran reel and flicker so that they seemed to catch at my feet like a net.

The path twisted down like a snake. The whole wood marched and shifted in his lights like trees in a nightmare. Just before he wheeled away again I saw the next segment of my path doubling back ten feet below me. I didn't wait to negotiate the corner with its steps and its handrail. I slithered over, half on my back, to the lower level, and gained seven precious seconds before the dark pounded again in the wake of the retreating car.

The third arm of the zigzag was the longest. It took him away smoothly to the left without much of a drop . . . I would do it. At the next northern bend I could be in the road before he got there.

I flung myself down a steep, smooth drop, caught at a handrail to steady myself, and then went three at a time down a straight flight of steps. The rail had driven a splinter into my hand, but I hardly felt it. A twig whipped my face, half blinding me, but I just blinked and ran on. Down the steps, round along over a little gorge bridged with a flagstone . . . and the great headlights had swung north again and the shadows were once more wheeling back and away from me.

But I was below him now. I could do it. Only fifty yards away the track ran right to the bend of the road, where the high bank held the cambered corner.

The shadows blurred and wavered, caught me like the ropes of a great web. My breath was stabbing; my heart-beats hammered above the sound of the oncoming car.

There was the bank, head high. Beyond it the road lay like a channel of light in front of his headlights. I had done it.

But even as I put my hands on the bank-top to pull myself over into the road, I heard the engine's note change. He was gathering speed. Some devil of impatience had jabbed at him and he let the Cadillac go for just those few seconds — just those few seconds.

She went by below me with a sigh and a swirl of dust and I fell back into the darkness of the wood.

The Kon Tiki Expedition

B. Shelton (6A2)

About thirteen years ago this month, six men and a parrot were perched on a raft in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. They were not wrecked sailors or airmen, nor were they merely floating aimlessly around. They were there because they wanted to be there and they had planned it that way. They were well prepared for the trip. They had navigating equipment and even a wireless. This was the situation in which Thor Hyedral found himself one day when he suddenly began to think about it.

The whole of his book, "The Kon Tiki Expedition" is about this situation, how it came about and what happened after it. The events are clearly set out in an interesting way and the book makes good reading.

Much of it is about the experiences the men had as they drifted slowly across the ocean only a foot or two above the waves. These experiences are ones that are completely missed by a person who travels over the ocean in a large ship. It is not until one gets very close to the water, as these men were, and one sits and watches, that one sees much of the abundant marine life that exists in and around the surface of the ocean. On one occasion, the cook was peeved because a flying fish which flew into the cabin of the raft did not quite land in his frying pan.

Unfortunately, the outcome of the voyage was not a complete success, as Thor Hyedral said in his appendix, his Migration Theory as such was not proved by the successful outcome of the Kon Tiki Expedition. What he did prove was that the South American Balsa raft was capable of crossing the Pacific from Peru.

Tropic Isle

Marion Dickson (5A2)

Magnetic Island, situated only five miles from Townsville, is truly a tropic isle even though it is only such a short distance from city life.

Being a Northerner, my thoughts frequently hover on Magnetic with its glorious warming, sunny beaches and calm inviting seas lapping the shore, especially now that the cooler winter weather is with us. There is no surf at Magnetic, but do not let that fact dampen you surfing enthusiasts, as I am sure the sking and aquaplaning on the calm seas would fill in many of your precious holiday hours.

Let me take you on an imaginary tour of my dream isle. We depart from the wharf which is conveniently situated only two hundred yards from the city's General Post Office. Fast, comfortable launches are available at five different periods of the day and evening for a moderate fare of five shillings return — a factor which cannot be overlooked in any teenagers' budget!

Our first port of call is Picnic Bay, with its waving palms beneath the gently sloping hills, inviting you to explore the tropic wonders further. A feature of this bay is the large shark-proof swimming enclosure. When the tide is out one can wander out to the inner reef and examine the coral and sea-life in its natural state. Oysters are abundant, and to one with a taste for oysters, it is just wonderful to break open an oyster shell, remove the oyster, dip it in the salt water and yum-yum! Other aspects of this bay are the hotel providing first class accommodation, picture theatre and modern shopping centre. Large dance halls are also available and huge crowds gather at the weekends to dance to music supplied by Townsville orchestras.

The island consists of four large bays, in order — Picnic Bay, Nellie Bay, Arcadia Bay, and Horseshoe Bay. One can go by launch to all these bays, but almost every tourist disembarks at Picnic Bay and continues his journey by bus or taxi along the bitumen road which follows the coast all the way from Picnic to Horseshoe Bay. For the camera enthusiast there are some really marvellous "shots" awaiting.

There is a nine-hole golf course and bowling rink available for Mum and Dad. Tennis courts, too, of course, if they can manage to squeeze out the young crowd. Fishing, undoubtedly, is one of the most popular sports, and with a plentiful supply of fish seemingly always only too happy to cater for the whims of the tourist who loves to "catch his own", many a pleasant hour is spent in this way.

Education is provided by State schools up to, and including Scholarship standard, for permanent island residents.

So, dear readers, you can see my tropic isle caters for everyone, and I sincerely hope one day you will have the pleasure of disembarking at Picnic Bay and reading the huge sign—

MAGNETIC ISLAND WELCOMES YOU

The School Year

Sue Cartan (4A2)

The School year begins in January with the enrolment of sub-juniors, many of whom (to the older students) look rather underfed. The average height (except for a few giants), seems to be about three feet six. You can always tell a sub-junior because of his brand-new uniform. After about six weeks, however, they cannot be distinguished from the rest of the students.

Parades are a part of school life. The teachers who take parade sometimes have opposition from several dogs which persist in fighting at the most unsuitable times. These dog fights do not last long, thanks to the rather large boots belonging to certain senior boys. I pity the dogs if they choose their fights on a Tuesday.

Speaking of cadets (we were you know) an annual occurrence is the "Passing Out Parade." Luckily no one did. There seems to be a lot of raucous voiced fellows belonging to this "friendly" group, as anyone within five miles of the school on a Tuesday afternoon will tell you. The Cadet Band is quite good. The entire school knows their complete musical score which consists of two tunes.

Another annual event is the swimming carnival. Here you can see some wonderful specimens of manhood with broad chests. (Just as well we can't see them after they enter the water). At the end of the Inter-House carnival there was a very interesting climax. Certain house captains (no names mentioned) found themselves in the water. I wonder if they were as amused as their spectators. According to the newspaper the following morning, one of our swimmers had changed her name. Naturally several records were broken. More would have been, but for the fact that there was no music shop nearby.

Another feature of school life is the weekly P.T. lesson. This stands for Physical Torture. After one of these lessons anyone can see the victims struggle back to class. The cross-country race is another annual event which is enjoyed by all (?). Some of the entrants really finish in an amazingly short time.

Every morning and lunch hour before the Sports Day one can see the girls practising their ball games, which are perfect before the sports. On the day, however, everyone seems to drop the ball many times, to the dismay of the house captains.

Three times a year term examinations are held. If you can answer every question on past Junior and Senior papers, you should do very well, as some of the questions are taken from them. This method is not entirely satisfactory, however. The Public Examinations finish off the school year, and many of the candidates also. These exams. are followed by holidays which are never long enough.

The Flood

Hilary Langford (Form 3A1)

Balancing a water pot on her head, an Indian school teacher, with a group of chattering school girls, made her way to the village well. This year's monsoon had not failed and the rice was almost ready for the sickle. As she passed the paddy fields, she paused to look at the rice which would mean food for the coming year. Within a week, the reapers would put in the sickle.

This charming young lady had not always known good times. The eight preceeding years had brought no rain. People had died like flies when they had sold the few possessions they had to buy food. How it had made this young teacher's heart ache to see the poor, starved beggar children look beseechingly up at her as she passed. Some were strong enough to get up and play, but soon they too would collapse into the dust. These children had never had a decent meal in their lives, and most had not known the time before the famine.

The cows and goats, that had roamed the compound, and had supplied milk for the village children and mothers, could no longer be supported as they had long since eaten up every blade of grass. But now these hard times were over. The once-dry wells were filled with fresh, clean water and the rice stood high and golden.

She well remembered the night when she sat at home talking to some of her pupils, when they heard a loud roar of thunder, followed by a long flash of lightning, which lit up the ground like daylight. Then came the wonderful sound of rain, pouring down like a sheet of water. The teacher never tired of sitting and watching the downpour. That night they received the equivalent of one year's rain and now the wells were full and the paddy fields were wet enough for cultivation.

A few days later as she gave the class a lesson, a messenger rushed in to give the news that the river had burst its banks. The teacher rushed her pupils to the strongest part of the building, where they found refuge just as the whirling torrent came upon them. The badly frightened children climbed on to the chairs but, finding them too low, were obliged to pile the desks on top of tables. Surely the walls could not withstand the tremendous pressure of the water.

To her amazement, as the young teacher watched, the water began to recede. Slowly, but surely, the water went down and down, and when at last there was nothing but puddles on the floor, she hurried off to find the explanation of this miracle.

She was told that a group of men had rushed to the railway embankment and with every available tool, pulled down the gigantic wall just in time to let the torrent of whirling water drain away. But even though the school had been saved, the flood had left nothing but destruction in its wake. Hundreds had drowned and thousands had been left homeless. Bridges and roads had been ruined, the rice crop had been spoiled and the huge dams that had not been able to withstand the pressure of the

water had burst and once again there would be no more water till the next monsoons!

The Theatre

Let's go to the theatre together.

We take our seats in a spacious and glittering auditorium among hundreds of excited chattering people. I hope that however many times you go to the theatre in the course of your life you will never lose the thrill of the last few minutes before the curtain rises.

Back-stage, the completing of make-up and putting on costumes are in rapid progress. Men and women called "Dressers" are helping players in different ways, doing up fastenings, adjusting wigs, sewing on buttons mending tears, and ironing crumpled skirts. Five minutes before the curtain is due to rise, a call-boy walks past the dressing-rooms crying, "Five minutes, please."

A hushed voice suddenly says "Curtain!" With a long, soft swish the curtain rises—and there we are in front of each other, actor and audience. Good actors are generally pre-occupied with their parts and never look directly at the audience unless they are required to do so.

The actor can usually judge an audience by the way in which it reacts. At some performances a subtle line may be greeted with loud laughter at another with silence. When an actor speaks of a good audience he does not necessarily mean a well behaved one. He means an audience that follows the performance closely, that seems to appreciate the subtleties of the play, that laughs quickly but not too boisterously, an audience with which he can maintain a sympathetic understanding throughout his performance.

I hope this will make it clear, that, when you go to the theatre the role you play is not a passive one. You, yourself, are taking part in an imaginative adventure. The more alert you are, and the readier you are to use your eyes and ears, the better the performance is likely to be, and by far the greater, in turn, your own pleasure.

JENNIE PAYNE,
3C2

A Radio Advertisement

By Form 3C2

Good morning — listeners! This is your frieendly announcer from 6NY calling you to rise and shine! And — speaking of shine — do you have shining teeth? No! ? Well, why not get yourself a pair of "Goofy Specials", the remarkable tooth for the speedy disposal of seeds, etc., a-and with the added attraction of "Bumble Bee Blue" cleaning fluid, for overnight "dunking". Have you ever noticed those sparkling dentures of that renowned Shakespearean actor Fled Frintstone — he wears Goofy Specials! ? ! Be like him, pop down to your drugstore, and purchase a pair, so distinctively displayed in the polka-dotted cellophane packet — and only 7/11 per pair.

Give added beauty to your smile — buy "Goofy Specials".

In the Groove

His hatred was a madness. There was sickness in his stomach and a crazy stare in his eyes. His fingers convulsed and bit deeply into the soft upholstery of the arm chair, trembling visibly, and going white about the tips. Cigarette smoke was a blue mist that whirled in the room, burning in his nostrils, catching in his lungs drifting into his eyes—those eyes that stared rabidly at nothing and said more than all the other babble in the room.

Goldfish swam languidly in a murky bowl of water, twirling their gossamer tails like delicate fans, gazing dully through their big round eyes and opening and shutting their ample mouths. How well they mimicked the gathering that mingled in the blue-mist filled room, exchanging conversation as hollow as the bubbles that spun to the surface in the goldfish bowl. What fools they were, he thought, the way they all sat there and attempted to compete above that voice! It dominated the room. It swelled in his head and sent the blood pounding in his temples like a steam hammer hard at work within his skull. How he hated that voice. Once, he recalled, he had almost enjoyed listening to it, but after long hours of hearing, his former enthusiasm had faded into a mild dissension, and from thence had grown into the implacable loathing he felt for it now.

Cards fluttered on a table, whispered as they were shuffled. His eyes watched them as they shot from the pack spinning and curving, falling like dead leaves on the green felt-topped table, slithering and stopping, to be gathered and thumbed into fans. There was laughter in the room, silly frustrating laughter that intruded on his dark thoughts and made a mockery of them. He wished everyone would leave—vanish into the very smoke that their cigarettes had created, so that he could drink in some non-intoxicating and unobtrusive silence.

That voice was pouring into his ears like molten lead. It was the moaning desert wind and the wail of air raid sirens; it was the sound of bubbling water and the drone of golden bees. He gained a little satisfaction by conceding to himself that it could only be a woman's voice that would possess such penetrating qualities, and such unmatched volubility. How well he knew it after seven years of marriage!

His wife had only two loves, he reflected gloomily, and he was neither of them. Her "high brow" parties, and her collection of classical microgroove records, were her whole life and well he knew it. He felt an outsider in his own home. No one spoke to him any more, not that that worried him for he probably would have been rude anyway, yet he felt that if he were suddenly to melt away, he would not be missed, and indeed his disappearance would only serve to improve the seating problem. He decided to get drunk. After all, he mused, why shouldn't he drink some of his own liquor sometimes?

A little later when he dragged himself to his feet, the room had taken on a new slant. He stood for some moments trying to puzzle out why the guests could stand so straight when the floor was on such an angle, and why the amber wine did not spill from their glasses; then he was lurching forward, elbowing his way through the crowd and muttering terrible curses about that voice.

A crystal chandelier burnt with white fire in the centre of the room, and tiny reflections crawled around the walls like restless beetles eating the paintwork. His wife stood beneath the dripping icicles adjusting the radiogram, and talking loudly with a guest who sat beside it. His eyes followed her long pointed fingers as they turned the knobs on the panel. A record revolved monotonously on its turn-table, and a sapphire needle edged over the silk sheened track. The voice was a whirlpool in his head and suddenly he was blinded with rage. Swaying forward, he caught hold of the slender arms and wrenched it back. Instantly the voice stopped. His unsuspecting wife was horrified. Silence fell over the room for the first time that night, then everyone was staring aghast at the shattered form that lay on the floor at his feet. That voice was forever silent now. Why did they all stare at him so, he wondered?

Someone picked up the pieces with a shovel and broom. So what if it had been his wife's favourite opera record if it meant his sanity? After all, not everyone likes women opera singers, especially when they are high pitched and hysterical sopranos, singing in Italian.

The party was once more under way and the incident forgotten when he replaced the gramophone arm in its bakelite cradle, and slowed the spinning turn-table with a hand that trembled ever so slightly.

Anthea Youngberry (6A1)

As a sleepy world turns over in its bed only vaguely conscious that Christmas day is fast approaching, a gowned figure, his face concealed by a mask, noiselessly enters a darkened room where the air is heavy with the breathing of sleeping children. With a smile and a nod, the woman at the door approves of the attire and indicates that this man may approach the beds with his gift for each child. Stepping to the foot of each bed, he pauses, then moves to where the tousled head of a child rests on a pillow, unaware of the visitor's approach. Does this child dream of tomorrow? Will he receive the gift?

Morning comes, revealing not the splendour of a happy home, not the stockings filled by Santa Claus, but an orderly hospital ward where children — stricken with an infectious disease — await the return of health.

Gifts received from the hands of loving parents will bring only monetary delight this Christmas day, but the gift of health and the promise of a happy future as offered to these little ones from the hand of the gowned doctor will endure as does the gift given on the first Christmas.

Colombo

Ronald Davidson (5A2)

Our ship was a day late when it finally steamed through the narrow opening in the breakwater of Colombo's colourful harbour. After lunch we decided to go and see the sights, even though we had only three hours left. We invited a friend who was recovering from seasickness; and armed with cameras and sunglasses we embarked on the small shore barge. On landing at the Queen Elizabeth Quay, an official checked our landing passes to ensure that we were visitors from a ship, then Colombo was ours for three hours.

We had just left the Passenger Terminal when we were confronted by a crowd of beggars, who scattered quickly on the arrival of a handsome young man wearing a white jacket, a green and white checked skirt, a black fez, bare feet, and carrying an umbrella. He introduced himself as Mackenzie and informed us that — "Me? Very important Government Guide!" He then proceeded to take us on a tour which was to be of great benefit to the pockets of a few friends of his.

First we saw Victoria Square. The guide then ushered us along crowded streets to the Pettah. This part of Colombo was the residential area of the Dutch Colonists, but is now a veritable hive of industry of a type peculiar to the Orient. There we were taken to a shop owned by a friend of our guide. We bought a few souvenirs. Our next stop was at the area known as the Fort. This is the chief shopping centre; the Governor-General's residence is also here. We were taken to a jeweller's shop at the Fort. This shop was owned by a friend of our guide. Inside the shop was like the cave belonging to the Forty Thieves. The scintillating gems, the beautifully worked gold filigree jewellery and tortoiseshell, and the gorgeous silks were enticements hard to resist. The ladies of our party could have stayed there forever. For over half an hour we examined many pieces of jewellery. Some jewellery was bought for the ladies. I was feeling worried as our guide had slipped off somewhere, however, after paying for our purchases Mackenzie magically appeared to take us to the Asokharamaya.

Six of us were squeezed into a small Morris Minor taxi, owned by yet another friend of the guide. It was very hot in the taxi. We were so crammed that when we set off the driver attempted to put my knee into third gear. The Asokharamaya is an extremely beautiful Buddhist temple. On arriving at the temple we were greeted by a priest whose head was completely shaven. He wore a flame coloured dress. He politely asked us to remove our shoes and to leave our baggage outside the temple. We could, however, take photographs inside if we wished.

The marble floor of the temple felt wonderful after the hot journey. We were shown into the inner part of the temple where we saw a thirty feet high Buddha idol which sat cross-legged on an altar. A dish of sweet smelling incense burned at its feet. The priest then took

us around eight rooms on the outside wall of the building, which was circular. We were told by the priest that Buddhists believe that Suffering exists, that it is caused by Desire, and that there are ways to cure it.

The ways are shown by means of idols in the eight rooms. Buddhists also believe in Reincarnation, which is the theory that after death the human soul is reborn in another physical body. We took photographs in the last room, then put a little money into the temple funds and went out into the heat. The priest was not a friend of the guide because they belonged to different religions and were not even permitted to speak to each other by their laws.

We replaced our hot shoes and found to our surprise beautiful orchids placed among our belongings. Other priests in the temple enjoyed our reaction to the custom. Then panic! The ship left in fifteen minutes. Would we catch it on time? We were again crammed into the Minor taxi, and after hurried good-byes to the priests, we shot off in a cloud of dust. These Morris cars are wonderful or was our driver Ceylon's Jack Brabham? We reached the Quay with five minutes to spare, took a photo of the guide and our driver standing proudly beside the little taxi; then we had to sail for our liner which was making an impatient smoke cloud over the harbour.

Our ship was back on schedule as we steamed through the breakwater. Later we discovered that the Ceylon Government did not have guides on its payroll. Who was Mackenzie? Who was the person who had made our trip so interesting?

Milton — An Appreciation

Carolyn Jenks—6A1

When we come to classify Milton's poetry, we find that he belongs to no set school of verse, but to one entirely of his own making. I consider Milton to be the greatest epic poet in the English language, for I can think of no greater epics in our language than "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." To show this greatness, I quote from the opening lines of Book II of his "Paradise Lost":—

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence;"

To be able to fully appreciate Milton's verse, I feel that we must have a knowledge of his life and background, so that we may be able to discover the emotions which caused him to write his greatest works. He was a fine classical scholar and this would explain the numerous classical references in his earlier poems. After travelling abroad, he became Government Secretary for Foreign Tongues in Cromwell's "Commonwealth," but after the Restoration, he lived in obscurity. It was during this time that this devout Puritan wrote his great epics and his drama, "Samson Agonistes."

Even in his early works, Milton showed his complete mastery of the English language, and his metrical skill was apparent in his deft use of the octosyllabic couplet—

"Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity"

"L'Allegro"

Among his earlier works are many delightful lyrics such as "Arcades" and "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," but in his epics, the style is of a serious cast. While most Epic poets are content to tell of events which were of great importance in their lifetime, Milton deals with the fall of man, those events which preceded it, and those which were to follow.

Among his earlier works are many delightful his university career, there is a beautiful elegy, "Lycidas," written on the death of a college friend, Edward King. Samuel Johnson, in his "Lives of the English Poets" says:—"One of the poems on which much praise has been bestowed is "Lycidas," of which the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing." I find it hard to agree with Johnson, after reading a passage like the following, in which the diction is certainly not harsh—

"Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' oaks and
rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals
gray,

He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lays."
This poem is a pastoral elegy, but Milton instills beauty and hope into the lines—

"Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no
more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
ore

Flames in the forehead of the mornin' sky."—
that surely no one can agree with Johnson when he says—"In this poem there is no nature, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting."

I feel, however, that Johnson is biased towards classical poetry, for, in his "Lives of the English Poets" he can write of Milton's "Paradise Lost" — "Paradise Lost," a poem which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance, the second, among the productions of the human mind." This is one of the few ideas of Johnson concerning Milton, with which I wholeheartedly agree. "Paradise Regained" does not quite measure up to it as regards dramatic development.

Milton, the poet, is our subject, but it should not be forgotten that he was also a great man. In his poetry, we see him busy with religious controversies; in this kind he was far in advance of his age, even of our own age. Looking on these questions, he was not blinded by the prejudices of his sect, but saw them

always with an eye which acknowledged only truth. Later, when he was forced into retirement, blind and obscure, even in danger of death he dwelt serene and gave his days to the use of—

"that talent, which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more
bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My time account, lest He, returning, chide;"
As one writer said—"He sought no fame: yet
no fame is greater than his."

Canberra — Our Capital

D. Schonfeld (4A2)

I am a keen traveller and it is my ambition to see the world some day, but in this essay I shall not go so far afield and it is my purpose to tell you something of 'Canberra—Our Capital.' Canberra is one of the most beautiful cities in Australia and much thought has gone into its planning. Our Capital is a rapidly expanding city with a great future.

Canberra is a modern city with numerous gardens and sports areas and all types of recreation. The large buildings are modern with no slum areas whatever. Town planning has meant broad streets, plenty of parking areas many trees have been left standing or planted and the many blocks of well designed home units have been constructed to afford the inhabitants good ventilation, lighting and all modern conveniences. No building is erected in Canberra without careful thought and design. Canberra is a truly beautiful city, built to be our Capital and fitting to be our Capital.

There are many points of interest to be seen and glorious views of the entire city can be obtained by diving to vantage points on the low hills around Canberra. As you stand breathless, staring at the view you notice the beautiful green of the parks and gardens, the busy shopping and commercial centres and rows of red tiled houses. One thing in particular standing out above skyline is the whole two hundred and fifty-eight feet of the Australian-American Memorial which commemorates the association of Australia and America in the Second World War. Now let us tour around Canberra and see the city. In the city are the modern shops where anything can be bought. One entire block in the city is entirely contemporary designed banks or insurance offices. Moving away from the centre of the city there are many National Institutes to be seen. The Academy of Science with its dome-shaped roof, surrounded by green lawns, is an example of modern architecture. The Institute of Anatomy, The Patents Office, the National Library and many other administrative buildings stand in truly magnificent surroundings.

Somewhat outside the city itself, stand the Embassies of some forty different countries. Each is styled differently and many are typical of the country they represent. For instance, the Embassy of the United States of America is designed as were the typical Colonial style houses in the Southern States. Great Britain's Embassy is similar to an old English Mansion,

In or near Canberra there are three most interesting places to see and these are the Australian War Memorial, the Houses of Parliament and the Mount Stromlo Observatory. The Australian War Memorial is a magnificent structure set in green lawns and surrounded by beautiful well kept trees. It may be dealt with in three sections—the Hall of Memory, the Galleries and the Assembly. The sacred Assembly is the cloister around the building on the walls of which will be inscribed the name of every Australian who died in defence of the British Commonwealth and Australia. Walking through the galleries one realises that Australians not only served in the two World Wars but in Sudan in 1885, the Boer War in 1899-1902 and the Boxer Rebellion of 1900-1901.

To mention all that is in the many large galleries would take too long. One of the most interesting relics of these early wars is a Chinese Jingol taken in the Boxer Rebellion. This long heavy rifle was originally intended to shoot through loopholes in the Great Wall of China but were made mobile by using three men. Two men supported the barrel and the third who sighted and fired the weapon was usually killed by the terrific recoil but this death was looked upon as killed in combat with the enemy. Many other relics from the Boer War are also on display. In the 1914-1918 Naval Gallery, relics of the historic battles in which the Australian Navy took part are displayed. The most noticeable of these engagements is the Sydney-Emden fight which is well depicted in paintings and represented by relics and a well constructed model of the Emden made by one of the crew whilst in a prison-of-war camp. All the phases of the First World War are represented, including Gallipoli, France and Flanders, Main Gate, Palestine as well as the early stages of the Air Force organised in 1915. The Gallipoli Gallery is composed of many models and maps, paintings and actual articles picked up on the battle field.

In the Aeroplane Hall tribute is paid to famous airmen and aircraft like the Lancaster "G" (for "George") and a Spitfire. Also included in the collection are the types of bombs used. Medicine and help to the wounded and the fine work done along these lines have not been forgotten.

Moving on through the Second World War the visitor finds all branches of the services represented as well as those who served in Korea. All phases of all wars in which Australians took part are represented in this place where we remember those who died for our freedom.

At the head of the entire structure is the copper domed Hall of Memory. As soon as one enters the Hall his eye is caught by the eighteen foot sculpture symbolising the spirit of those who in Great Wars, when extinction threatened, remained proudly defiant in the cause of their country, of freedom, and of humanity. On the South, East and West are three large beautifully crafted stained glass windows on which is represented a different quality of Australian men and women. Above

each quality is a figure selected from the many branches of service. The magnificent mosaic covering the rest of the walls is a truly amazing piece of work. The entire thirteen thousand six hundred and ninety-four square feet of it are composed of over six million pieces of glass tisserac. Depicted in the Mosaic are the four main services, the Navy, the Army, the Air Force, and the Women's Services.

From the centre of the Hall of Memory you look out in a direct line across green parkland to Parliament House, our next objective.

The present Parliament House is only temporary but even so it is an outstanding building with a magnificent interior. The Kings' Hall is lined with paintings that are really works of art. The Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives is a replica of the original English Chair made from British Timbers and presented to Australia by Britain. During the Second World War the Speaker's Chair in the House of Commons in Britain was destroyed by a bomb so the Australians produced a replica from Australian timbers and presented it to the people of England. The well-kept courtyard is a beautiful green in colour and shady trees make the spot very pleasant.

Moving on with our tour we find situated in the hills outside Canberra the Mount Stromlo Observatory. This is Australia's National Observatory and is now part of the Australian National University. The largest instrument at Mount Stromlo is a seventy-four inch reflecting telescope. This is one of the largest, if not the largest reflecting telescope in the Southern Hemisphere. There are in all, eight telescopes ranging from the seventy-four inch reflector to a six inch refractor. Apart from these there is a special suntower and many different, large cameras for photographing the Heavens. The workshops at the Observatory are among the best equipped in the world both in equipment and technical knowledge. This station has carried out very important work and is working in conjunction with other Observatories throughout the world.

I hope that, by now you have conjured in your mind a rough picture of Canberra but I wish you could all see it for yourselves and you would then realise that I have not done true justice to such a magnificent city. Canberra (in all, magnificence and grandeur) is truly worthy to be 'Our Capital!'

The Country

Sylvia Worfold (Form 3A2)

Oh! to hear the melody of Australian birds,
To see the gentle browsing of grazing herds,
To hear the laughing gurgle of babbling brooks,
To see the feathery balls nestling in the nooks.

My heart is in the bushland solitude,
My spirit seeks the peace of mountain rude,
My soul with joy and pride imbued,
I revel in exhilarating mood.

Away across the undulating downs,
And in the pines the call of bellbird sounds,
The perfume of the virgin bush abounds,
In plenty all year round.

Kuranda — North Queensland

An outing which I particularly enjoyed while holidaying in Cairns, was a rail visit to Kuranda—a journey of approximately twenty-three miles.

As the train reached greater heights, splendid panoramic views unfolded before us. Patterned fields of sugar cane and various crops dotted with farm houses and sheds, gradually fused into distant blue mist as slowly we skirted the thickly wooded mountains. On the latter half of the journey, the railway line passes through approximately thirteen tunnels—the eleventh one is said to be haunted by a Chinaman.

The train slowed to a standstill on the bridge beside the Stoney Creek Falls. Quite clearly could be seen tiny, delicate green ferns clinging to the mossy rock, sprayed by gleaming cascades of water which spilt into the pool below. Later, we alighted at a lookout, and were able to see in the distance the water of the Barron Falls making its rugged, plunging descent into a large crevice. We also passed the Barron Weir and "Robb's Rock" which is a large, solitary rock, named after the engineer of the railway.

On pulling into Kuranda, I realized why this station is renowned as one of Australia's prettiest. Here we had lunch, and wandered around the platform and onto the over-head bridge, admiring all the things which had been so meticulously cared for. Octagonal shaped garden beds extended far down one end, decorated by tropical plants and shaded by occasional palm trees. A particularly unusual, but clever feature was grass, growing in the perfect shape of large capital letters spelling the name of the station. Also of interest was a rock bearing the fossil of a much branched fern frond. Beneath the station awnings were myriads of fern baskets and pot plants displaying green overhanging plants which gave a cool, dank feeling in contrast to the sun-scorched platform.

Indeed, here, everything seemed peaceful, and yet rich with a great supply of Nature's greenery. As the train departed for Cairns, everyone, I am sure, stored in his mind a picture of this delightful Northern station.

GLENDIA MARK, 5A2.

Nothing

B. Shelton (6A2)

Nothing can be detected where ever something is not.

Nothing is generally to be found in abundant quantities when one is looking for something but this something is sometimes found where nothing was expected. When this happens, you might feel like nothing on earth, but it is nothing to what I feel like.

The philosophers would have us believe that nothing is worth worrying about, yet does anyone every worry about nothing?

Nothing is the absence of something. Conversely, something is the absence of nothing. Therefore, starting with nothing, take nothing away and there must be something left. Was this the method of creation?

Robert Lamberton (6A3)

SYMBOL: W.O.

ATOMIC WEIGHT: 120 lbs. (approx.).

OCCURRENCE: Located wherever man is found; seldom in a free state.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES: Generally round in form; boils at nothing; may freeze at any moment, but melts when handled properly.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES: Very active; possesses a great affinity for gold; silver, platinum and other precious stones; violent reaction when left alone; capable of absorbing great quantities of food; turns green when placed beside a better specimen.

ELECTRICAL PROPERTIES: Unpredictable resistances (varies from infinitely great to nil); may drop suddenly or reduce gradually over a period.

MAGNETIC PROPERTIES: Capable of producing a strong magnetic force when required.

USES: Highly ornamental; useful in raising low spirits; equalizes distribution of wealth and is probably the most powerful income reducing agent known.

CAUTION: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.

Evening Time in the Australian Bush

Janelle Small, Form 3A2

Dusk was falling and with it came the mysterious whispering quietude peculiar to the moments of half light. The interlaced branches stood out darkly against the fierce glow in the west; and the very leaves seemed to be falling asleep.

Neither sound nor silence reigned supreme. The land lay vast and fairylike, devouring the final slanting shafts of sunlight. A deep shadow seemed to envelop the surrounding bush.

Here it was night, but the stream at the foot of the wood flashed crimson and gold amidst the jet black shadows. A multitude of scents filled the air. Everything was purple save the old oak tree which was rimmed in a startling gold.

The days at that time of the year were breathlessly still, but the nights attained an eerie silence all of their own. So mixed and intermingled were the noises of the tiny bush folk that it was impossible to recognize and single out any one.

Hesitantly a crippled oak appeared to sigh as if to draw to a close another day.

Behind a successful man stands his wife — that's why he never looks back.

* * *

For the man:

It has been suggested that man was created before woman so that he could have a few things explained to him without being interrupted.

ROBERT LAMBERTON

Prize List 1962

DUX OF THE SCHOOL

DUX John Saylor, 6A1.

PRIZES

- 6A1 Wayne Huggins.
- 6A2 Leigh Brown.
- 6A3 Vicki Amos.
David Howard.
- 5A1 Catherine Allender.
- 5A2 Glenda Mark.
Peter Pacey.
- 5A3 Dianne Dawkins.
Robyn Ritchie.
- 4A1 Roy Sprenger.
- 4A2 Sue Cartan.
Roslyn Everists.
- 4A3D Ross Harvey.
- 4B1 Kenneth Johnson.
- 4B2 Peter Murray.
- 4C1 Janice Little.
- 4C2 Patricia Cahill.
- 4C3 Pamela Perkins.
- 3A1 Lyndell Gasteen.
- 3A2 Peter De Gail.
- 3A3 Helen Swadling.
Nola Heckenberg.
- 3B1 Malcolm Middleton.
- 3B2 Noel Poulsen.
- 3C1 Marion Roles.
- 3C2 Betty Bartlett.
- 3C3 Susanne Lee.
Ann Michel.

SPORTING AWARDS

SPORTS PRIZES

1. Sportsman of the year: J. Lynch.
2. Girls' Open Athletics Champion: L. Anderson.
3. Boys' Open Athletics Champion: P. Smart.
4. Girls' Open Swimming Champion: P. Hutchings.
5. Boys' Open Swimming Champion: P. Bennett.
6. Cross Country Champion: W. Huggins.

INTER-SCHOOL FIXTURES

7. Soccer: Over 15 "A". Capt.: Ian Doherty.
: Under 15 "C". Capt. Theo Out.
 8. Girls Tennis: "C" Grade Cup. Captain:
Dawn Stenlake.
- (U/15 "A" Cricket Team is so far undefeated).

The following have been awarded fixture pockets: I. Doherty, A. Rose, P. Oestenbroek, R. Bell, G. Patruno, G. Vascotta, A. Chmirou, D. Bowers, W. Williams, L. Hewitt, A. Redfern.

The following have been awarded Full Pockets in their respective sports:—

Soccer: (1) I. Doherty, (2) A. Rose.

Cricket: (1) J. Lynch.

Aust. Rules: (1) J. Lynch, (2) T. Coles.

Athletics: R. Zietek.

The following have been awarded Half Pockets in their respective sports.

Cricket: N. Sartor, D. Bowers.

Rugby League: B. Macklin, G. Smith.

Tennis (Boys): G. Moore.

Aust. Rules: N. Sartor, J. Meikeljohn.

Swimming (Girls): P. Hutchings, S. Swadling, H. Grogan, H. Swadling, B. Pope.

Basketball: S. Todhunter, D. Jensen.

Tennis: F. Beuttel, D. Fraser.

Softball: L. Anderson.

Squash: D. Howard.

INTERHOUSE FIXTURES

Miss Pat Black Cup for Girls

Evans House: Captain, S. Todhunter.

INTERHOUSE TROPHIES

Athletics:

- (1) Interhouse Athletics Shield (presented by Parents and Citizens' Assn.). — Paterson House: Capt. R. Miekkeljohn, W. Nimmo.
- (2) Girls' Athletics Cup (presented by Girls of 1960).—Evans House: Capt. S. Todhunter.
- (3) Boys' Athletics Cup (presented by Boys of 1962).—Paterson House: Capt. R. Miekkeljohn.

Swimming:

- (1) Interhouse Cup (presented by Paterson House in 1958).—Lawson House: Capt. N. Sartor, S. Starmer.
- (2) Girls' Swimming Cup (presented by Girls of 1960).—Lawson House: Capt. S. Starmer.
- (3) Boys' Swimming Cup (presented by Boys of 1962).—Kendall House: Capt. J. Lynch.