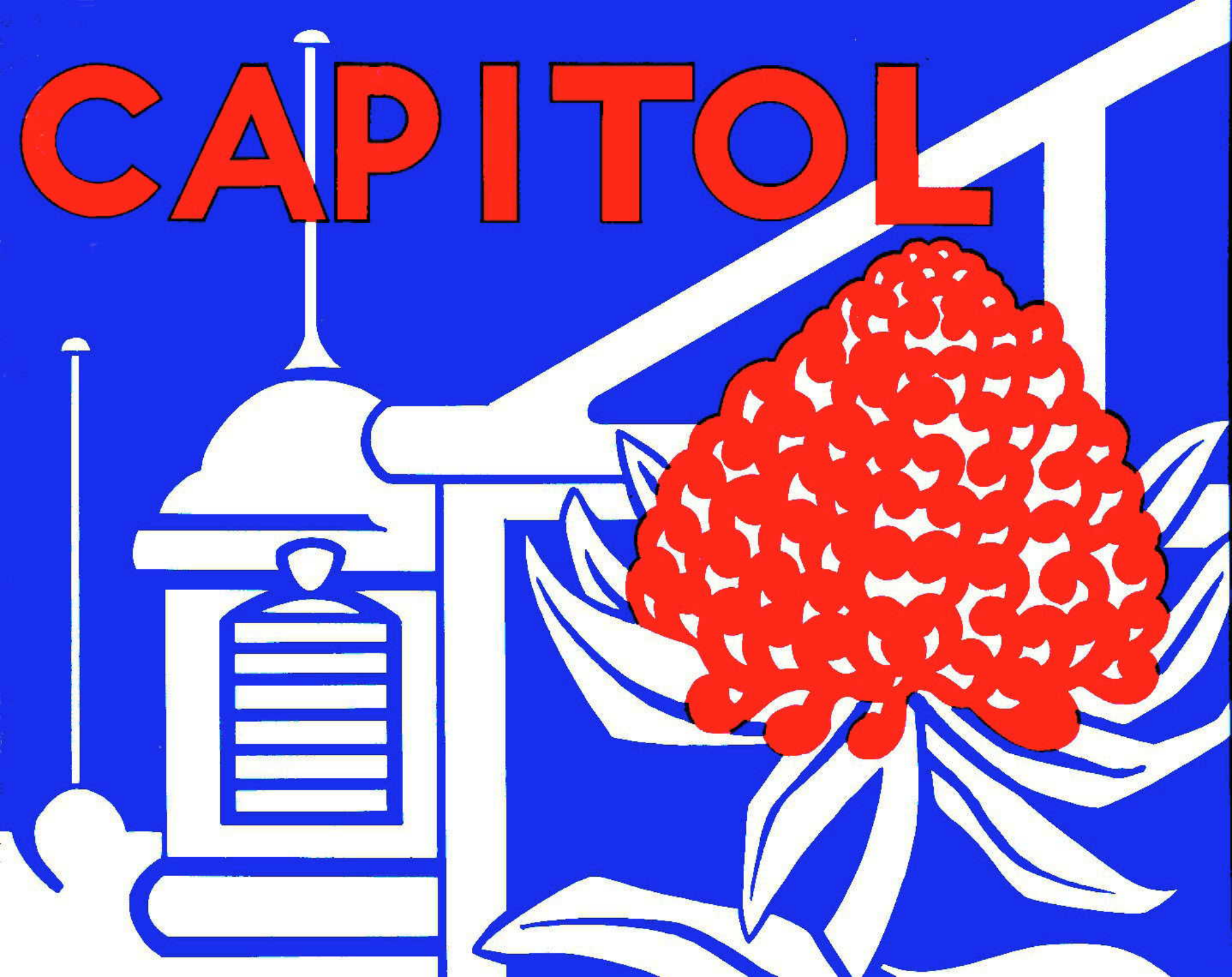


CAPITOL



Len. Whyte



CAPITOL

THE MAGAZINE OF
TELOPEA PARK HIGH SCHOOL
CANBERRA

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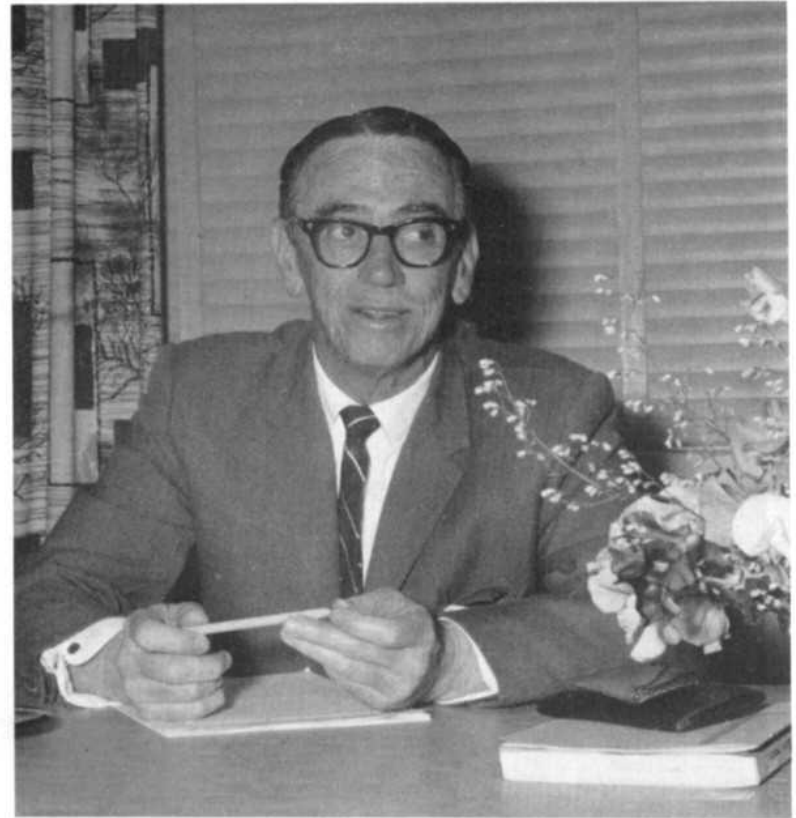
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THE STAFF

1964



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Absent: Mrs. Robinson, Miss Shannon, Mr. Northam, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Boesen, Mr. Shineberg.

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MISS N. D. HUGHES, A.S.T.C. (Art) MRS. C. F. HINDER

Department of Music:

MRS. REHAK, Spec. Music

Department of Physical Education:

MRS. R. SHUTE, Dip. P.E. C. B. McNAB, Dip. P.E.

Sportsmaster: A. R. THORNHILL Sportsmistress: MRS. R. SHUTE

Secretaries:

MRS. D. BALL

MRS. K. A. PENKETH

CAPTAINS' MESSAGE

Looking back over the past few years, we find the things most outstanding in our memory are the things we have enjoyed. It is only in the last weeks of our final year that we have come to appreciate the opportunities that a school like Telopea has to offer. A competent devoted staff and an excellent environment and facilities make Telopea a place where anyone can succeed.

The school should be proud of its academic and athletic achievements and, most especially, its fine reputation.

A school is only what you make it. We have everything necessary for a first rate school. Increase the favourable—eradicate the unfavourable, for it is in the power of every student to act as an ambassador for Telopea Park High School. You are in fact acting upon a stage with the teachers as your directors, but the parts you play are your own to choose.

We would like to express our sincere thanks to the headmaster, staff and students for all their enthusiasm and assistance.

We know that every student at T.P.H.S. will enjoy being educated here as much as we have.

PHILIP MECKIFF

ANNE BRIDGEMAN

STAFF CHANGES

We have welcomed this year many new members of staff amongst them Mr. Backhouse (Science Master), Mrs. McEvilly, Mrs. Bentley, Miss Milliken, Miss Shannon, Miss Tull, Mr. Higgott, Mr. West, Mr. Shineberg, Mr. Beeson, Mr. Rogers.

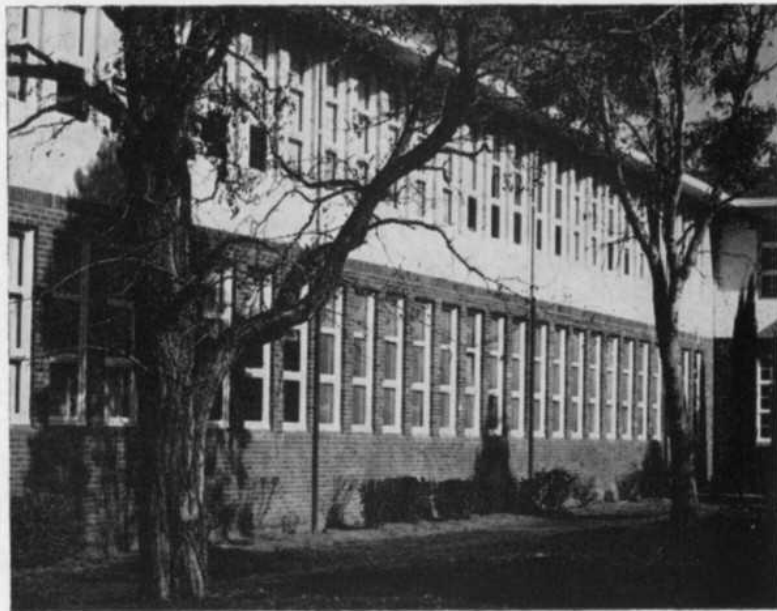
We are most unfortunate in losing Mr. McGann who has been with us for six years. He will be taking up a new post as Headmaster of Young High School at the beginning of next year. Other teachers who have left us include Mr. Cusbert, who is Deputy Headmaster at Narrabundah High School, Mrs. Waring, Miss South and Mr. Pearce.



Back Row: D. Callaghan, I. Preston-Stanley, M. Hohnen, K. Gladwin, M. Berry.

Middle Row: M. Bates, E. Aitchison, B. Walsh, P. Cain, H. Kuskie, G. Hingee.

Front Row: W. McKay, M. Turnbull, P. Meckiff, Mr. Price, A. Bridgeman, J. Elsom, S. Rose, A. Piper.



Home Science Wing.

PREFECTS 1964

Captain

Ann Bridgeman

Vice-Captain

Margaret Turnbull

Senior Prefect

Sheralyn Rose
Elizabeth Aitchison
Monica Bates
Patricia Cain
Heather Kuskie
Barbara Walshe
Alison Piper

Captain

Philip Meckiff

Vice-Captain

John Elsom

Senior Prefect:

Bill MacKay
Martin Berry
Doug Callaghan
Keith Gladwin
Murray Hohnen
Ian Preston-Stanley

In this list we must also include Jo Barnes, who left Telopea in August and whose bright personality is sadly missed.

Let us say a sincere "Thank you" to our 1964 prefects for the fine manner in which they have done their duty for our school. We can be truly proud of their achievements—may they continue to be successful in all they do.

P. & C. PRESIDENT'S REPORT

This year, following the usual pattern, the Parents and Citizens Association got off to a flying start with the Waratah Fair.

With the assistance of fine weather, and lots of enthusiasm from all, the Fair was most successful, so that, even though the scope of prefair activities was more limited than in earlier years, we were able to collect enough money to meet most of the requests made of the Association by Mr. McPherson, and still allow us to make some response to the enthusiasm of Mr. Thornhill and other members of the staff by providing some money to assist Telopea Park to be the first Canberra school to row on the Lake—well, almost!

The highlights of the year for me and, I think, for most other parents have been the most successful and enjoyable play nights, and the equally successful and enjoyable Gymnasium Display and concert. I had never been quite sure what an asymmetric bar apparatus was, even though the Association had bought one for the School. Now I know. All these occasions have added to our confidence that what we have been able to do on behalf of the School is well worth doing, that the facilities we are able to provide are being used fully and with benefit to all, and that we, in this way, are helping you to maintain and even to increase the very high reputation which Telopea Park High School has earned in its comparatively short history, in the fields of scholarship, of sport, and of all other worthwhile activities.



FIFTH YEAR — 1964

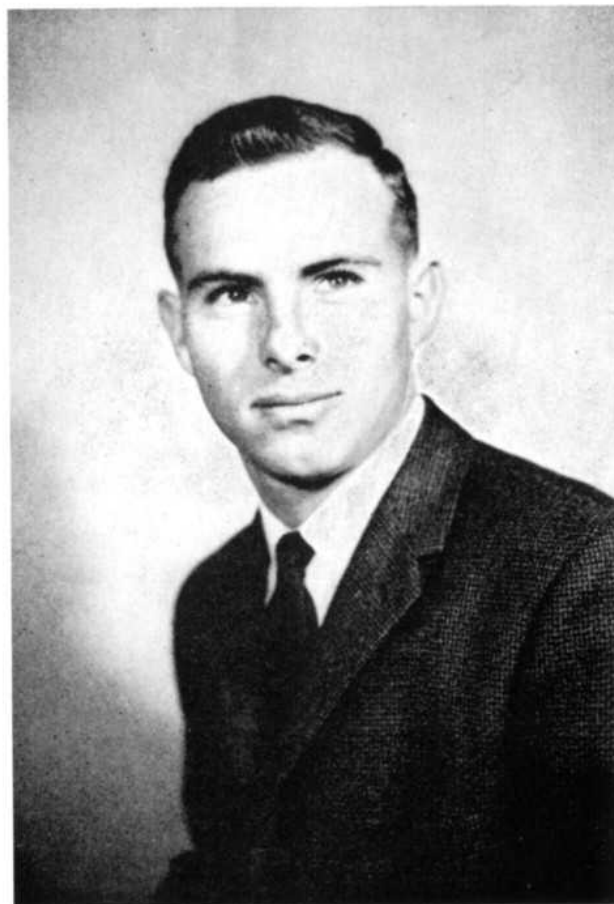


MAGNA CUM LAUDE - 1964



WILLIAM WILSON

71st in State
7th in M. II
36th in Chem.



JOHN TROWBRIDGE

46th in State
14th in M. I

FAREWELL TO FIFTH YEAR—1963

On 24th of October, at 6 p.m., 4th year held a dinner dance with a "Gay Paris" theme to farewell fifth year.

The official guests were welcomed by Chairman, Phillip Meckiff, and hostess, Alison Piper, after which the loyal toast was proposed. John Dunning then followed with a toast to the School, to which Mr. A. J. McPherson replied.

On behalf of fourth year, Joanna Barnes commented on the achievements of fifth year and John Trowbridge responded.

The toast to the staff was given by Barbara Walsh. In reply, Mr. E. McGann passed on the good wishes of the staff for success in the Leaving Certificate Examinations and in future careers.

The Vice-Captain, Robyn Amos, replied to the toast proposed by Murray Hohnen.

Ken McKay then gave thanks to the organising committee: Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Smith, Miss Norris and her helpers, Miss Hughes and Mrs. Hinder and all fourth years concerned in the organisation.

The evening continued with dancing until 11.30 p.m. when fourth years gave the departing 5th years a rousing farewell.

SCHOOL LIBRARY

The library continues to expand at the rate of approximately 1,000 volumes per year. Greatest expansion has taken place in the history reference and senior fiction sections. There has been an ever-increasing demand for reference books for each subject and the pamphlet catalogue is also proving useful.

The splendidly illustrated books which are now available in the shops cater well for the casual browser. Modern book-covering materials are helping us to preserve our books and make the shelves look so much brighter and more attractive.

No report would be complete without expressing the grateful thanks of the whole school to the assistant librarians for giving up so much of their free time to help in the library.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE DE CANBERRA

In the 1964 oral examinations 34 Telopea Park High School candidates were successful. Of these, Hilda van der Borcht gained a book prize in the Senior Section, and Daniel Neumann in the Junior Section.

Certificates were won by the following pupils:

Senior Section—Elizabeth Aitchison, Susan Ballard, Catherine Borrie, Anne Bridgman, Richard Bullen, Patricia Cain, Margaret Craik, Robert Currie, Polly Dunham, Helen Heming, John Horn, Gabriel Hyslop, Heather Kuskie, Philip Meckiff, Merran Thomas, Barbara Walsh, Carol Pegrum, Janet Plumpe, Michael Rogers.

Junior Section — Bettina Arndt, Suzanne Boyle, Wendy Craik, Janet Horn, Harriet Horner, Elizabeth Maiden, Helen Crossing, Sybella Daunt, Judith Prosser, Michael Reitbauer, Loretta Rif, Nerrida Robertson, Alan Towill.

THE GOETHE SOCIETY ORAL COMPETITION

This year in the Senior Section we were successful in gaining three book prizes. They were won by Michael Rogers who came first, Antje Kark and Patricia Cain. Those who won certificates were Ann Bridgeman, Catherine Borrie, Heather Kuskie and William Huber.

In the Junior Section, Peter Jablon gained a book prize and Harriet Horner a certificate.

SPEAKERS' CLUB AND DEBATING

This year, the major success lay in debating, for the senior team, consisting of Peter Hubbard, Janet Plumpe, Joanna Barnes and Katrina Parker completed the season without a loss winning the Malcolm Moore Memorial Trophy, the John F. Kennedy Memorial Shield and the Cootamundra debate. The team was given valuable assistance and encouragement from Miss Milliken and our congratulations go both to her and the team. Meanwhile, the junior debaters: Wendy Craik, Peter Cusbert, Helen Shumack, Andrienne Gurnett-Smith, Andrew Harris and Harriet Horner completed the season (under the guidance of Mrs. Bentley) with only one narrow defeat.

Joanna Barnes represented the school at the Australian Junior Chamber of Commerce Public Speaking Competition in Goulburn, where she won, and competed in Newcastle in the state finals in which she was placed second.

Elizabeth Aitchison and Wendy Craik participated in the Commonwealth Day Speaking Competition, but neither was placed.

Some successful meetings of the Speakers' Club itself were also held. These included a luncheon at which we had a guest speaker, a series of interviews and a staff versus pupils debate. We are indebted to Elizabeth Aitchison who put much time and thought into the various activities of the club. The Speakers' Club also sponsored an interhouse debating competition to find debaters for the school teams. Campbell finally won after a week of lunch-time debates which had created much interest. Our thanks to Miss Milliken for all the preparation and organisation she did to make these debates a success and to the members of staff who adjudicated.

On an inter-school basis, then, the year has been one of great success. Our only hope now might be that next year we will be able to widen our activities to encompass more than the small, inner circle of keen participators.



Senior Debating Team



Junior Debating Team

COOTAMUNDRA VISIT

After a rousing send off from the school on Thursday, 23rd July, 48 pupils, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. Thornhill and Mrs. Shute, climbed aboard the bus and set out for Cootamundra to participate in the annual sporting and debating contests.

The weather did not look very promising as we headed towards Cootamundra, but the weather conditions could not dampen our spirits. We arrived at the High School about noon and met our billetters. We were then given an official welcome in the assembly hall by the headmaster, Mr. Kester. We then enjoyed a lunch provided by the girls of the Home Economics department.

We then went to Fisher Park where a number of us participated in athletics. We lost the competition 28-24. On Thursday night we went to the school and saw our first victory, in the debating. The team, Peter Hubbard, Janet Plumpe Joanna Barnes and the "brains-trust" Katrina Parker, in debating the topic "The attitude of the Australian people toward the Indonesian is unrealistic." showed all that they deserved the victory.

Both billets and billetters were tired out after a most enjoyable record-hop which followed the debate.

Friday dawned an overcast day, but I doubt whether we noticed it as we were engrossed either in cheering for or participating in the sports.

The first event on the programme was the boys' basketball. It was not unlike the game last year, and we lost (again) 57-25. Thus Cootamundra retained the Can-Coota Cup.

The girls' hockey followed suit, Telopea being beaten 3-0 by Cootamundra. Thus Cootamundra relieved Telopea of the duties of cleaning the Hockey cup for a year.

The tennis ended in a victory for Telopea on a countback.

We beat Cootamundra in the girls' basketball and retained the Telopea Cup for the year.

The last item on the programme was the football. Banks of spectators lined the side lines in anticipation of a good game. I don't think they were disappointed. The score 47-6 is not an indication of the excitement of the game. Thus Cootamundra took the Wattle Cup.

Overall Cootamundra won 4-3 and took the Waratah Shield for the aggregate.

After a few words from headmasters and the presentation of the trophies, all retired to their respective homes to get ready for the social that night.

Again the social was added to the list of successes. It was a fine ending to a memorable visit.

On Saturday, the 25th July, at 9.15 we boarded the bus and headed home leaving many fond memories behind.

I.S.C.F.

The aims of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship movement, in Australia, as in other countries of the world, are "to know Christ and to make Him known"—to know and make known the truth of Christ alive today, with all that this implies for the individual.

Our lunchtime meetings normally take the form of Bible studies, sometimes given by visiting speakers. A film screened earlier in the year, "Experience with an Eel," was viewed with interest by many students. In second term, a Scripture Union staffworker, Mr. David Claydon, took the opportunity of his visit to our school to show colour slides of some previous Inter-School holiday camps. Although no-one was able to go to the May or August camps, it is hoped that the various camps held during the summer holidays will be able to welcome representatives from T.P.H.S.—perhaps the Sailing Camp, the Arts Camp, or, especially for the boys (adventurous types only, please!) "Camp Conqueror" at Burrill Lakes.

Other activities during the year were: a Regional Conference, where we had the pleasure of meeting I.S.C.F.-ers from other Canberra schools and from Queanbeyan; a social evening; and (although "drizzle" was the appropriate word for the weather) an enjoyable "sausage sizzle" on Black Mountain.

We take this opportunity of inviting you along to our meetings and activities.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1963

Ainsworth, J.	Hibbard, N.	Ruxton, C.
Aitchison, P.	Hill, S.	Sastranegara, F.
Alexander, J.	Hingee, Y.	Saunders, I.
Allen, F.	Hosking, R.	Saywell, V.
Alps, I.	Howe, L.	Schodt, D.
Armstrong M.	Huber, W.	Scott, C.
Armstrong, S.	Hunter, J.	Sheppard, D.
Ashworth, J.	Huntley, P.	Shoobridge, D.
Axon, D.	Hutchison, V.	Smyth, D.
Baker, R.	Isarabhakdi, C.	Soros, Z.
Barnes, R.	Jackson, E.	Spitaler, H.
Betts, I.	Jeffress, B.	Stanton, C.
Birkett, R.	Johnson, F.	Stenborg, K.
Boddy, J.	Johnson, H.	Stewart, P.
Borthwick, E.	Johnston, I.	Stewart, R.
Boulton, I.	Kain, R.	Stone, R.
Bradley, J.	Kearney, P.	Story, J.
Brown, I.	Ketel, C.	Streatfield, S.
Brown, R.	Klippan, M.	Summerhayes, G.
Bullen, D.	Lample, H.	Svanfelds, I.
Bullock, E.	Lea, D.	Thompson, P.
Burns, J.	Maiden, W.	Towill, I.
Buscombe, A.	Marsden, E.	Trebilco, J.
Butters, R.	Martin, C.	Watson, S.
Carn, M.	Mathams, J.	Watterston, L.
Cassidy, J.	Maxwell, M.	Webb, N.
Chrzanowski, E.	McDonald, D.	Wellsmore, B.
Coombs, F.	McInnes, A.	White, J.
Cottingham, E.	McJannett, B.	Whyte, J.
Cowie, C.	McKay, G.	Williams, J.
Craig, W.	McKinnon, P.	Wood, P.
Crain, L.	Middleton, A.	Woodward, I.
Crawley, J.	Moore, A.	Woollcott, R.
D'Astugues, P.	Morgan, M.	Wright, L.
Deane, J.	Morris, L.	
Devine, J.	Mossop, S.	Avery, K.
Dickinson R.	Mullens, C.	Barwick, D.
Dinnerville, I.	Mundy, C.	Bates, H.
Doble, F.	Nelson, E.	Cox, J.
Duncan, A.	O'Brien, D.	Dunne, M.
Edlington, R.	O'Brien, Pamela	Drust, S.
Edwards, G.	O'Brien, Peter	Gaider, E.
Eggin, W.	Paddison, P.	Griffiths, M.

Ferguson, L.	Palmer, R.	Griffiths, R.
Ferguson, R.	Parker, Q.	Hawke, S.
Franghidis, M.	Paul, A.	Jenkins, R.
Gardner, D.	Perkins, L.	Johson, E.
Golding, L.	Pylvanainen, A.	Lovett, G.
Galen, D.	Rafferty, R.	Margules, T.
Goodwin, G.	Read, C.	Moore, G.
Gotzinger, P.	Read, V.	O'Brien, D.
Gowing, R.	Reed, S.	Plumb, A.
Habgood, R.	Rimington, A.	Rigg, K.
Haines, A.	Roberts, M.	Smith, S.
Hansen, W.	Robertson, J.	Stanners, J.
Hartnett, S.	Rooney, I.	Tiliacos, F.
Hellier, R.	Rudowski, R.	
Henderson, J.	Rutherford, M.	

SCHOOL PRIZES — 1963

5th YEAR

DUX OF THE SCHOOL	John Trowbridge
2nd in Year	Julian Mercer
3rd in Year	William Wilson
4th in Year	Caroline Brown
5th in Year	Elizabeth Sawyer
English	Helen Pryor
Maths. I	John Trowbridge
Maths. II	John Trowbridge
Physics	John Trowbridge
French	John Trowbridge
Modern History	Carl de Haas
Geography	Carl de Haas
Needlework	Marilyn Jost
Maths. III	Marilyn Jost
Home Economics	Marilyn Jost
Woodwork	Brendan Falvey
Metalwork	Brendan Falvey
Physics/Chemistry	Rosaline Whyte
Ancient History	Janet Burden
Biology	Pauline Westwood
Art	Iiona Lasmanis
General Maths.	Raymond Mullens
Latin	Elizabeth Sawyer
German	Karin Ernst
Chemistry	Julian Mercer
Maths. I	William Wilson
Woodwork	Don Ingram

D.G. & D.	Graham Jeffress
Economics	Pamela Burton
Agriculture	Kenneth Morris
4th YEAR	
1st in Year	John Horn
2nd in Year	Heather Kuskie
3rd in Year	Patricia Cain
4th in Year	Janet Plumpe
5th in Year	Anne Bridgman
General Proficiency	Catherine Borrie, Gabrielle Hyslop
3rd YEAR	
General Proficiency	David Schodt Janeen Devine Patricia Thornton
English	David Schodt
Maths, II	David Schodt
Combined Phys./Chem.	David Schodt
History	David Shepherd
Maths, I	Peter Aitchison
General Maths.	Helen Lample
Latin	Janeen Devine
French	William Craig
German	Graham MacKay
Biology	Eve Borthwick
Geography	Rowan Rafferty
D.G. & D.	Zolton Soros
Agriculture	John Deane
Needlework	Jennifer Whyte
Art	Susan Reed
Business Principles	Rodney Stone
Home Economics	Susan Reed
Woodwork	Ross Barnes
Metalwork	Robert Woollcott
2nd FORM	
1st in Year	Wendy Craik
2nd in Year	Peter Cusbert
English	Wendy Craik
Science	Wendy Craik
History	Wendy Craik
French	Wendy Craik
English	Peter Cusbert
German	Peter Cusbert
Maths.	Janet Horn

Maths.	Robert Wilson
Agriculture	Helen Schumack
Social Studies	Judy Prosser
Geography	Brendan Jones
Commerce	Ian Torrance
Latin	Peter Alexander
D.G. & D.	David Jeffrey
Technical Drawing	Phillip Stoddart
Woodwork	Alan Hall
Metalwork	Ian Torrance
Home Economics	Jennifer Ingram
Needlecraft	Ann Hill
Art.	Frances Hurrell
Music	Marianne Birkett

1st FORM

1A	Christine Harris
General Proficiency	Catherine Falk
General Proficiency	Deborah McFarlane
1B	Muriel Story
1C	Roslyn Woodyer
1D	Matti Pylvanainen
1E	Robyn Hartnett
1F	John Freedman

SPECIAL PRIZES

P. & C. Prizes for Leadership and School Service	John Dunning and Barbara Walsh
The J. R. Randell Special Prize for Outstanding Achieve- ment.	Alison Seagram
The Senger Prize for Achieve- ment	Ken MacKay
Senior Mathematics Prize donated by Mr. E. Hoffman	John Trowbridge
A.C.T. Engineering Prize for Metalwork	Brendan Falvey
Hortons' Builders Supplies Prize for Woodwork	Don Ingram
School Services Prizes	Anita Alps Lynette Armstrong Glenice Howe

MAGAZINE PRIZES

Senior Prose	Peter Larmour
Senior Verse	Ken McKay
Junior Prose	Katherine Watson

Junior Verse	Theresa Woollcott
Evans Cadet Efficiency Cup	Murray Hohnen
Second Cadet Brigade Prize	Peter Williams
Special Prize, Good Neighbour Council	Ilona Lasmanis
Honour Blues: Hockey, Basketball, Swimming	Carol Watson
Basketball, Swimming	Marilyn Jost

Blues	
Tennis	Barbara Walsh
Hockey	Susan Smith
Basketball	Tina Dwyer, Pamela Burton, Lorraine Kaye, Margaret Ingram
Rugby Union	John McGregor, John Davis
Hockey	Christopher Rawlinson
Blues, 1962: Hockey	Gerin Hingee
Athletics	Joan Chapman

LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1963

KEY TO SUBJECTS

1 English; 2 Latin; 3 French; 4 German; 10 Dutch; 12 Ancient History; 13 Modern History; 14 Geography; 15 Economics; 16 Mathematics I; 17 Mathematics II; 18 Mathematics III; 19 General Mathematics; 21 Combined Physics and Chemistry; 22 Physics; 23 Chemistry; 24 Biology; 28 Agriculture; 32 Descriptive Geometry and Drawing; 33 Needlecraft and Garment Construction; 34 Home Economics; 35 Art; 37 Woodwork; 38 Metalwork.

Ahmad, Mansoor, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B.
 Allen, Penelope Elizabeth, 1A, 3B, 12B, 13B, 14B, 24A.
 Allen, Rosalie Helen, 1A, 3BX, 13A, 16B, 17B, 24H2.
 Amos, Robin May, 1A, 3AX, 16B, 17B, 21B, 30B.
 Anderberg, Frederick George, 1A, 16B, 17B, 22B.
 Apps, Geoffrey Charles, 1A, 14B, 15A, 19B, 22B.
 Armstrong, Julie Elizabeth, 1A, 14B, 24B, 34B, 35B.
 Ashley, Timothy Burton, 1B, 13B, 15B, 19B, 24A.
 Barnes, Keith Rory, 1A, 14B, 15B, 18B, 22B.
 Bartholomeusz, Christopher Adrian, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 19B.
 Bartley, Brenda Ellen, 1B, 24B, 33B, 34B.
 Bartley, Gordon John, 1B, 3AX, 16B, 17B, 22B, 23B.
 Baxter, Susan Mary, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 21B.
 Berry, Michael, 1A, 14B, 16H2, 17A, 22B, 23B.
 Black, Betty Lynne, 1B, 14B, 24A, 33B, 34B, 35A.
 Brown, Arthur, 1B, 13B, 14B, 28B, 37B.
 Brown, Caroline Patricia Nan, 1H1, 3AX, 16H2, 17A, 22B, 23B.
 Burden, Janet, 1A, 3BX, 12B, 13A, 14B, 24B.
 Burton, Pamela Melrose, 1A, 13H1, 14B, 15B, 24B.
 Buscombe, Peter William, 1A, 3AX, 16A, 17B, 22B, 23B.

Cameron, Sybil Beverley, 1B, 3B, 13B, 18B, 24B.
 Capp, Alan James, 1B, 14B, 16B, 17B, 22B, 23B.
 Castle, Philip Charles, 1B, 13A, 14A, 15H1, 18B, 21B.
 Chapman, Joan Diane, 1B, 14B, 24B, 33B, 34B.
 Charubastra, Tirachart, 1B, 13A, 14B, 21B.
 Collings, Peter Silver, 1A, 14H2, 16A, 17B, 22B, 23B.
 Cranston, Elizabeth Ann, 1B, 2B, 3B, 18B, 24B.
 Currie, Robert Ernest, 1B, 3AX, 16B, 17A, 22B, 23B.
 Curtis, Michael Kent, 1B, 12B, 13B, 15B.
 Davis, Stephanie Ellen, 1A, 13B, 15B, 21B.
 Dawson, Lois Rae, 1B, 13B, 19B, 24B, 33B.
 Dean, Helen Judith, 1B, 13B, 14B, 21B.
 Deck, Peter Ernest, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 19B.
 De Haas, Carl, 1A, 13A, 14B, 15A.
 Di Cagno Scalzo, Silvana, 1B, 3BX, 6H1X, 14B, 19B, 24A.
 Dickinson, Raymond John, 1B, 13B, 15B, 16B, 17B.
 Dickson, Elizabeth Frances, 1B, 13B, 24A, 33B.
 Dunning, John Hayward, 1A, 14B, 16B, 17B, 22B, 23B.
 Dunstan, Barbara Ann, 1A, 12B, 14B, 24A, 33B, 34B.
 Dwyer, Tina, 1B, 13B, 14B, 24B.
 Ernest, Karin Edeltraut Doris, 1B, 4H1, 14A, 19B, 24A, 33B.
 Fallick, Rodney Kenneth, 13B, 14B, 15B 24B.
 Falvey, Brendan Michael Frederick, 1B, 18B, 21A, 32B, 37B, 38A.
 Fitzgerald, Sandra Ann, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 24A
 Ford, Celia Jane, 1A, 13B, 15B, 24A.
 Goodwin, Shirley Jean, 1B, 3B, 13B, 16B, 21B.
 Gottlieb, Miriam, 1B, 3BX, 16A, 17A, 23B.
 Granfield, Margaret Lorne, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B 19B, 24A.
 Greenwood, Nanette Joy, 1B, 13B, 14B, 19B, 24B, 33B.

- Haines, Helen Elizabeth, 1B, 3BX, 13A, 14B, 18B, 21B.
 Haldane, Pamela Susan, 1B, 3AX, 16H2, 17H2, 22B, 23B.
 Haddow, Muriel Helen, 1B, 3AX, 13B, 16B, 17B, 21B.
 Harrison, Margaret Anne, 1B, 12B, 13B, 14B, 24B.
 Hingee, Gerin Wayne, 15B, 16A, 17B, 22A, 23B.
 Hogg, Elizabeth Irene, 1B, 3BX, 12B, 13A.
 Hohnen, Charles Austin, 1B, 14B, 16B, 17B, 22B, 23B.
 Ingram, Donald Spenser, 1B, 13B, 14B, 19B, 32B, 37A.
 Ingram, Margaret Jill, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 19B, 24A.
 James, Merylyn Lorna, 1B, 3BX, 13B, 14B.
 Jeffress, Graham, 14B, 19B, 21B, 32B, 37A.
 Johnson, Alan Morris, 1B, 3BX, 16B, 17B, 22B, 23B.
 Jost, Marilyn Gwenneth, 1B, 15B, 18A, 24A, 33A, 34A.
 Kaspariunas, Andrius, 11BX, 16A, 17B, 22B, 23A.
 Kaye, Lorraine Elizabeth, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 18B, 24A.
 Kelly, Jacqueline Nola, 1B, 12B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 24B.
 Lasmanis, Ilona, 14B, 24A, 33B, 34B, 35B.
 MacDonald, Brian, 15B, 16B, 17B, 22B, 23B.
 McGregor, Alexander Johnstone, 1B, 12B, 13B, 14B, 24A, 28B
 MacKay, Kenneth Iain, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 21B.
 MacLaren, Dayle Lynette, 1B, 13B, 14A, 15B, 24A.
 Magner, Elizabeth Louise, 1B, 15B, 24A, 34B.
 Massand, Nina, 1B, 3AX, 4B, 12B, 13B, 14B.
 Mathews, Clive Jack, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 18B, 21B.
 Mercer, Julian Francis Bertrand, 1A, 4B, 16A, 17A, 22H2,
 23H2.
 Meredith, Stirling Charles, 1B, 13B, 15B, 17B, 21B.
 Merz, David Bruce, 1B, 13B, 14B, 16B, 17B, 21B.
 Mitchell, Colin, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B.
 Moon, Leslie John, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 19B, 21B.
 Morris, Kenneth Rex, 1B, 24B, 28A, 37B, 38B.
 Mullens, Raymond George, 1B, 14B, 19B 21B, 32B, 37B.
 Murrell, David Harold, 1B, 13B, 14B,, 32B, 37B.
 O'Brien, Robert John, 1B, 13B, 14B, 32B, 37B.
 Odgers, Kim Rowland, 1B, 13B, 16B, 17B, 21B.
 Pegrum, Carole Linda, 1B, 3B, 13B, 24B, 33B.
 Plumb, Donald Leslie, 1B, 14B, 16A, 17A, 22A, 23B.
 Powley, Edward Hall, 13B, 14B, 15B, 19B, 21B.
 Pryor, Helen Clare, 1H2, 3B, 13A, 24A.
 Rawlinson, Christopher, 1A, 13B, 14A, 15B, 18B, 21B.
 Reynell, Ross Andrew, 14B, 19B, 21B, 32B, 37B.
 Roberts, Donald Frank, 1B, 14B, 15B, 19B.
 Robertson, Valerie Jean, 1B, 14B, 18B, 21A, 33B, 34B.
 Ryan, Carol Dawn, 1B, 13B, 15B, 19B, 24A, 33B.
 Sawer, Elizabeth, 1A, 2A, 3H2X, 4H1, 18B.
 Scollay, Clive Douglas, 1A, 3H2X, 13A, 16B, 17B, 21H2.
 Scott, John William, 1B, 14B, 16B 17B, 22B, 23B.
 Seagram, Alison Jane, 1B, 3AX, 13B, 16A, 17A, 23H2.
 Setter, Michelle Jillian, 1H2, 3B, 12B, 13B, 14A, 21B.
 Skinner, Philip Roy, 1B, 14B, 16B 17B, 23B.
 Smijewsky, Peter, 13B, 14B, 15B, 37B.
 Smith, Susan Margaret, 1B, 14B, 19B, 24A, 28H2, 34B.
 Spence, William Arthur Dunstan, 1B, 12B, 14B, 37B, 38B.
 Stuart, Christine Joy, 1B, 14B, 15B, 24B, 34B.
 Sutton, Julia Charlotte, 1A, 12B, 13B, 14A, 24B.
 Tarrant, Gregory Alfred, 13B, 14B, 28B, 37B.
 Taylor, Jennifer Lesley, 1B, 3AX, 16B, 17A, 22B, 23B.
 Ting, Gee Chung, 1B, 8B, 16B, 17B, 23B.
 Trowbridge, John Roy, 1B, 3AX, 16H1, 17A, 22H2, 23A.
 Walsh, Barbara Scott, 1B, 3AX, 16A, 17B, 22B, 23B.
 Walters, Gary Roland, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B.
 Watson, Carolyn Mary, 1B, 3AX, 13B, 16B, 17B, 24A.
 Wearne, Penelope Ann, 1B, 24B, 33A, 34B.
 Welch, Linda Marie, 1B, 13A, 14A, 15B, 24A, 35B.
 Westwood, Pauline Esther, 1A, 3AX, 13A, 14A, 18B, 24H1.
 Wharton, Thomas Henry Gibbs, 1B, 13B, 15B, 16B, 21B.
 White, Phillip Gregory, 1B, 13B, 14B, 18B.
 Whyte, Rosalind Margaret, 1A, 3AX, 4H2, 14B, 18B, 21B.
 Willoughby, Charles Anthony John 1A, 3AX, 13A, 16B,
 17B, 21A.
 Wilson, William Sharp, 1A, 16A, 17H1, 22H2, 23H1.
 Woollcott, Linda Caroline, 1B, 13B, 14B, 15B, 24A.
 Wright, Janet Catherine, 1B, 13B, 14B, 19B, 24A.



Play Festival 1964

PLAY FESTIVAL

During the second term 1964, 21 plays and 3 language plays (2 French and 1 German) were rehearsed. For four weeks nine period days were taught—one play practice was held on each of four days. Every class in the school with the exception of 5th Year, produced plays.

The plays were performed in the Assembly Hall before the school on 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, of July.

Eleven plays were produced for the general public on the nights of 28th and 29th July.

The plays were as follows:

Class	Title	Producer
4A	"Shall we Join the Ladies"	Mr. Burnett
4B	"The Dear Departed"	Mr. Sutherland
4C	"The End of the Beginning"	Miss Shannon
4D	"The Rehearsal"	Mr. Montgomerly
3A	"Our Town" (First Act)	Miss Milliken
3B	"Unhand me, Squire"	Mr. March
3C	"18 Carat Luck"	Mr. Rooney
3D	"The Drovers"	Mrs. McEvelly
3EF	"Dental Detection"	Mr. Barbour
2A	"The Odyssey of Runyon Jones"	Mr. Chorik
2B	Parts from Merchant of Venice	Mrs. Thompson
2C	"Crimson Coconut"	Mr. Higgott
2D	"The Mechanical Man"	Mrs. Walton
2E	"Blue Murder"	Mr. Thornhill
2F	"The Raft"	Miss Grant
2G	"A Reluctant Chorus"	Mr. Smith, Mrs. Shute
1A	"Noah's Flood"	Mrs. McCasker
1B	"The Lift that Failed"	Mrs. Bentley
1C	"The Honey Tree"	Miss Leslie
1D	"Queer Street"	Miss Tull
1EF	"The Case of Major Whisker"	Mr. Street, Mr. McElroy

LANGUAGE PLAYS

"The Pied Piper" Der Ratten fanger von Hameln	Mrs. Ryan
"Chez le Coiffeur"	Mrs. Michalak
"La visite du Chateau"	Mrs. Falk

The Director in Charge of production was Mr. Price; Stage Manager, Mr. Bob Backhouse; in charge of properties, Mr. Northam, Mr. Gamble; lighting, Mr. Williams; make-up, Mrs. Hinder, Miss Hughes; Box office plans, Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Penketh.

The general standard of performances was most pleasing and many pupils displayed promising acting ability. Pupils and parents enjoyed the plays.

The Festival was a success because of the excellent co-operation of almost every member of the staff and pupils. My thanks to all who assisted in any way.

W. I. PRICE.

THE CADET UNIT

This year has been successful and rewarding for the Cadet Unit. During the year, apart from basic training, the cadets participated in several events. The first was the parade commemorating the Anzac landing. The cataflaque party of four mounted guard and reversed arms while the Last Post and Reveille were played.

At the Singleton specialist courses in May, in the band section Corporals Weise and Conway qualified, Cpl. Conway coming 18th out of several hundred buglers. Sergeant Johnson passed his C.U.O.'s course giving him seniority for 1965 appointments.

At the Duntroon mechanical target range on the 9th August, the unit competed with the other Canberra area units. Despite almost blizzard conditions the cadets showed their marksmanship at 75, 200 and 300 metres and won the "Canberra Area Cadet Unit Cup". The Marksman of the day was Cpl. R. Piper.

On 3rd August the school saw the presentation and dedication of the school flags for the unit's use. The flags were dedicated by Father Shirres, Canon Murchison and Rev. McMaster, and then presented to the unit by Mr. McPherson. The ceremony was carried out by Corporals Hall and Piper and Colour Sergeants Gill and Johnson.

During the annual camp at Holsworthy the cadets participated in the usual training in the training area which was excellent, despite the severe restrictions. Shooting with both the rifle and Bren gun was done by all cadets at the Anzac range. The climax of the camp was Operation Holdfast, in which all the combined units formed two companies of 120 men each. The units cadets were in the 2nd Platoon of B Coy. under C.U.O. Williams. On arrival at the defensive position, the cadets had to establish a pen-tropic "harbour defence" by digging "fox holes" and constructing a camouflaged camp. The rest of the 24 hours was taken up by reconnaissance, fighting and night fighting patrols against A Coy. and an elusive guerilla force of senior cadets from all the units under Lt. Gamble.

At the Unit Ceremonial Parade this year, the unit combined with Canberra High School to present a colourful parade which was reviewed by Brigadier Durance. The band, roused by its defeat in the camp band competition at camp, rallied and after an intensive month's training under the Drum Major and the leading drummer and bugler, excelled itself in a combination of precision and music.

This year the Unit had its first "Dining in Night." It took the form of a formal mess, during which the efficiency trophies were presented, the presentation of the senior ranks for the following year took place, as did the resignation of the old C.U.O. and C.S.M.

At Battalion H.Q. there is a new commander, Capt. Harris, who has been at Goulburn for 3 months. This year we were extremely fortunate in having W.O. I. G. Dennis as Instructor, he has worked hard for us, keeping the efficiency high. While thanking him, the unit would like to thank Lt. Gamble and Lt. McElroy for their guidance and command during the year, and also the many teachers who have helped and co-operated in the unit's activities

C.U.O. MURRAY HOHNEN

In saying goodbye to our executive, C.U.O. Peter Williams, C.U.O. Murray Hohnen and C.S.M. Alain Simakoff, we farewell three, who have assisted, beyond measure, in raising our unit to its present standard. We thank them sincerely and wish them well in the coming exam.

Peter, the wily tactician of the trio, joined the Unit in 1961 and is renowned for the exploits of his platoon, during the recent "Holdfast" exercise. So successful was this band of brigands in following the celebrated scavenging traditions of the Australian Digger, that the exercise had to be materially (?) altered.

Murray, a more-than able administrator, has, by careful management contributed greatly to the present affluent position of the Unit. He has been in Cadets since 1961 and will, no doubt, continue in like manner to his own personal success in his future career.

No more will the stentorian voice of our erstwhile C.S.M., Alain Simakoff (1962), cause small boys to quake in their jungle greens. His carefully enunciated and loudly executed French, coupled with two extremely large feet, will ensure that, at the going down of the sun, and particularly in the morning, we will remember him.

J. McE.



The Unit Band



Metal Work



Art Class

AROUND THE SCHOOL



Biology Class



The Canteen

EX-STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION NOTES

FAREWELL TO FIFTH YEAR, 1963

The Ex-Students' Association was represented at the Farewell by Peter Hargreaves and Susan Miller. Our thanks are extended once again to the School for this kind invitation.

EX-STUDENTS' DAY

A successful day for the Ex-Students, with victories in every field except Girls Basketball.

Grateful thanks are extended to Miss Norris and the Home Economics class for preparing a lovely afternoon tea, where ex-students from all years were able to get together with members of the staff to talk over old times. We hope future Ex-Students' Days will be as successful.

NOTES ON FIFTH YEAR, 1963

UNIVERSITY

A large proportion of the pupils are attending University. These are—John Trowbridge, Clive Scollay, Peter Collings, Charles Willoughby, Ken Mackay, Charles Hohnen, Julien Mercer, John Scott, Curtis Rawlinson, Michelle Setter, Alison Seagrim, William Wilson, Peter Deck, Miriam Gottlieb, Pauline Westwood, John Dunning, Michael Berry, and Philip Castle.

TEACHERS COLLEGE

Marilyn Jost and Carolyn Watson are attending Sydney Teachers College, studying a P.E. Course, and Sue Smith is at Sydney Teachers College, studying Home Economics.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

Laraine Kaye, Karen Beaver, Elizabeth Cranston and Margaret Ingram are all attending Canberra Technical College, in the advanced Secretarial Class.

NURSING

Joan Chapman, Elizabeth Dickson, Barbara Dunstan, Margaret Harrison, and Robyn Amos are all training at Canberra Community Hospital.

OVERSEAS

Penny Allen, and her sister Felicity left for England early in the year.

N.B.—Helen and Ian McLaran, who attended T.P.H.S. in 1959/60, and left for England half-way through 1960, returned to Australia a few weeks ago.

GENERAL SPORTING NEWS

Three ex-students of T.P.H.S., Peter Scott, Sandy Scott and Frank Smidmore helped their team to a thrilling victory in the Rugby Union Grand Final.

In the entertainment world, Sue Falk and the Scollay brothers have helped tremendously in the development of folk music in Canberra, both with their participation in the production and personal appearances at folk song gatherings.

John Kingley, who is already noted in Canberra for his active participation in plays and reviews, produced the A.N.U. Theatre Group's play "Man With an Oboe" which has just finished its Canberra season. Another former pupil of the School, Peter Hargreaves, was choreographer for the play and also acted in it.

ASSOCIATION NOTES

A highly successful Woolshed Dance was held at the Yarralumla Woolshed last December, being attended by over 400. It is hoped that Ex-Students will continue to participate in our further social ventures.

I would like to take this opportunity to remind present 5th Years that they are welcome to join the Association, and any enquiries can be made to President, Peter Hargreaves, or Secretary, Susan Miller.

SUSAN MILLER, Secretary.

FAIRY TALES FOR SCHOOL

Once upon a time there was a school where no homework was given and child psychology was used instead of the cane and months went by without exams even being mentioned . . .

There was once a recess when the boys and girls stayed on their own sides of The White Line and no-one "hung around inside the tuckshop" and everybody picked up apple-cores and papers without being told . . .

There was once a fifth year who had never heard of the squash courts, and a fourth year who studied for every exam and both of these years contributed to the school magazine and joined the school choir . . .

And the pupils and teachers of this model school lived happily ever after.



**Ex - Student's
Day**

THE MASTERPIECE

I would I were a little boy,
 All sweet 'n' shy 'n' curly coy,
 I'd eat the dishes every day,
 And wash my golden looks away,
 Away, away, right down the drain,
 Out of the tap and in the main,
 What joy, what joy, what wondrous joy,
 To have a glooby, ruby toy,
 To sweep it up to bed each night,
 Put it to sleep and kiss my kite,
 All curly, murly green and wurly,
 What a laugh, a marvellous furly.

H.G., 3A.

SCIENCE

Satellites, meteors, comets and the moon,
 Plants and constellations which I'll forget quite soon,
 Electrical energy and how it makes heat,
 Energy, experiments, the value of meat,
 Bending bimetal strips, expansion thermometers,
 Diffusion of gases, air and barometers,
 Air and combustion, behaviour of gases,
 Carbon dioxide, energy and masses,
 Australian animals, atomic radiation,
 Types of erosion, fire fighting, perspiration,
 Nuclear physics and biology too,
 With all these parts of science we've quite a lot to do!

APHID, 1A

COUSIN MARY

Little Cousin Mary,
 Died of virus 'flu;
 We couldn't pay for a decent grave,
 So we had a barbecue.

"PADDY'S MARKETS"

I went to "Paddy's Markets"
 To explore its many bays,
 Where goods of all varieties
 Were temptingly displayed.
 Pets, old clothes, fish in tanks,
 Sticky lollies, plants in pots,
 Slow old ladies buying hanks,
 Children tying folk in knots.
 Colourful signs of many designs,
 Brightened up this dusty place,
 Second hand clothes and pottery lions,
 Were jumbled in a tiny space.
 Dogs soft and fat and woolly,
 Were huddled in a cage,
 Near men who used a pulley
 To put boxes on a stage.
 These all made up the markets,
 Which I had longed to see,
 So I filled my rattan basket,
 And went home for some tea.

LINDA HURRELL, 1B

SUNRISE

The morning sun rose slowly,
 Over the dewy hill,
 The dawn wind blew more strongly—
 I stood and drank my fill.
 The shadows slowly shortened,
 The sun dried up the dew,
 The birds in the hedges awakened,
 And the world was born anew.
 Oh, as I stood watching,
 The stars go fading in;
 I drank the shining glory,
 Of the day I watched begin.

JANE ROSE, 2A

NO-ONE KNOWS

Has the end of the world come?
 It has for some,
 But will it come for everyone?
 No-one knows?

Will someone drop the H-Bomb?
 Where from?
 From a plane or a jet?
 No-one knows.

Will the world die of radiation dust?
 It's a must,
 If someone drops the bomb,
 But no-one knows.

Will the world be hit by a meteorite?
 One dark night,
 Will it explode and will all be lost?
 No-one knows.

Will everyone die of starvation?
 Or thirst?
 Or will the bomb be dropped first?
 No-one knows.

LYNETTE ARMSTRONG

THE STORM

The sun is hazier and the clouds are grey,
 The hot, high, humid clouds block out the blue,
 The cold south-west wind threatens a drowned day,
 And from Red Hill the mist has blocked the view.

A sudden flash has sparked high over Cotter;
 The storm is now over Mount Stromlo growling.
 The ceaseless patter as the storm gets hotter,
 Borne towards Canberra by the windy howling.

The rain is furious, and the lightning flashes,
 Upon the lightning's heels the thunder pounds.
 The solid sheet of rain into the wild lake splashes,
 An airborne river flowing, and Canberra is drowned.

DANIEL NEUMANN, 3A

DEMI PARADISE

O World! That your beauty should be so marred
 By hate and hunger,
 That so many die,
 And we bask in the glory of our prosperity.
 Where is the God who came to me in stories of the Bible?
 Now I am alone, and must search for Him,
 Without help.

There is so much I would, if the chance arose—
 Yet I am lazy,
 And will not help unless prompted.
 Should I break free?
 Should I break free?
 Should I hasten to those who beckon me?
 The tiny children—bony and ragged,
 Their mothers—old at 20,
 Dead at 40,
 The men, broken of lack of spirit
 I do not know.
 And what of us?
 We talk of councils and committees,
 Of money drives and food.
 But is it enough?
 Is there not some way we can break the barriers of
 ignorance and disease?
 A hypodermic and a bowl of rice.
 Are these the weapons of war against odds we strive
 hopelessly to overcome?
 Still we talk.
 Foolishly hoping for some miracle we know will free them,
 Or us.
 Still we fight our petty wars and talk airily of the
 "starving millions."
 Will my prayers be answered?
 Can I hope for a safe and healthy place in which to rear
 my children?
 A Utopia?
 Or will it end in one final, all-shattering blow?
 Nuclear war?

L. FERGUSON.

THE WATTLE AND THE SILVER FERN

Though wattle on the hill blooms gold,
For the rata's red I yearn—
The gums are grey and green and old—
But I long for the silver fern.

The only place that is home for me,
Is a green New Zealand Vale;
Where a clear river flows 'neath a broad blue sky,
And, never a friend will fail.

JANE ROSE, 2A

UNTIL THE DAWN

Shadows, shadows ever lengthening,
Swallowing up the sunlit patches
Between the trees,
Darkening, darkening, ever deepening,
Until the sunset.

Sunset, sunset ever softer,
Colouring the fleecy clouds
Against the milky blue,
Ever blue, ever flaming red,
Until it fades.

Twilight, twilight ever dusky,
Filling the green valleys
Among the craggy hills,
Ever misty, ever mysterious,
Until the dark.

Darkness, darkness ever deeper,
Hiding the creeping creatures
Rustling in the leaves between the trees,
Deeper, deeper, ever darker,
Until the dawn.

S.H., 2A

SCHOOL NOISES

Is someone being murdered?
I didn't think they'd dare,
No, it's only fifth year,
Fighting on the stair.

Is that a herd of elephants,
Tramping through the grass?
No it's only fourth year
Going to their class.

A fire? A flood? An accident?
The firing of a gun?
I hope it's only third year
Playing games. What fun!

Is that a strikers' meeting?
A train that's lost its way?
It must be all of second year
Going out to play.

What is that deafening noise?
Those shrieks and shouts of glee?
It must be raucous first year
Going home to tea.

STEPHEN MAITLAND, 2A

T.P.H.S. TOP TWENTY

1. "Who Needs It"—School.
2. "Glad All Over"—Ex-Students
3. "I Only Want To Be With You"—Lunchtime Detention.
4. "Needles and Pins"—Needlework.
5. "Do You Want To Know a Secret"—Science.
6. "Good News"—Leaving Results.
7. "A Fool Never Learns"—Every Pupil at School.
8. "Anyone Who Had a Heart"—Biology Students.
9. "Stay Awhile"—Detention After School.
10. "Twist and Shout"—After the Cane.
11. "A Taste of Honey"—Home Economics.

TIGER

There was a crashing of undergrowth and the huge beast suddenly appeared before me. It was a magnificent creature, menacing and terrifying in its limitless power, but as it stood with its sleek head thrust forward, muscles tensed, pausing to spring, it possessed a certain imposing beauty which, though it transfixed me, I could not fail to appreciate.

The lush, humid tropical undergrowth made a fitting background to this golden god as it stood, its back and legs one graceful, united curve of latent strength culminating in the controlled twitching of the being's long tail. Motionless in the filtered green gloom, it gazed upon me in unutterable scorn, an agonisingly beautiful statue hewn from the living jungle. Overhead a tropical bird darted through the moist air, raucously slicing the majestic silence with its bright plumage.

This seemed to bring the tiger from his gloating reverie, and with a low growl he drew up his body into a tight spring ready for the release. A sadistic snarl bared the vicious teeth, and, hypnotised by its compelling eyes, I gazed in renewed horror, mingled with numbed, strange worship, into the animal's face. A silent, sinuous striped ripple ignited the dry wood of my terror into the raging fires of hysteria that next enveloped me, and in that last prolonged second I lost myself in the beast's eyes—two viscous pools of mysterious nothingness which glowed with the flames of life and strength and conquest.

M.R.

LUNCH

Sally sat with her elbows on her knees, a look of discontent on her gaunt young face. With two grubby brown hands, she began to unwrap the brown paper parcel in her lap. She discovered two soggy vegemite sandwiches, a broken biscuit, and an apple. An audible sigh escaped her lips as she regarded with distaste the meal spread out before her. Her thoughts ran on familiar lines as she wondered why she had to live in such a drab world and eat such tasteless food, when she should have been born some other time, perhaps in the days of Helen of Troy or Joan of Arc. Oh, for the olden days when girls were delicate, sheltered creatures who could devote all their time to making themselves lovelier, and dine on nectar or bubbling champagne. Why, oh why, was she a poor girl who was not allowed to do anything more exciting than school-work, and for whom no boy ever stood aside?

THE SUNSET

It was at the beginning of summer, when there was fragrance in the air, that my brother and I used to walk along the shores picking sea-shells. The beauty of nature had enchanted us so that we had to come out every evening, when it was almost sunset, to walk across the beach, where sea birds whirled beneath the golden sky.

Jim and I used to live near the sea. The little cottage we lived in was hidden from the main road by a huge willow tree. This little cottage faced the sea so that we felt a frequent cool sea breeze. There were flowers, exotic and fresh; trees, strong and shady, surrounding our cosy little cottage. What my brother, Jim, and I had found was the real beauty of nature and its kindness which few find. It gave us a real tranquility of body and soul.

It was one of those happy days, which Jim and I spent, walking along the shore picking shells, breathing in the fresh fragrance of the rippling sea and the wild flowers. We could see the luminous ball of golden fire dropping slowly, setting steadily beneath the far horizon. The sea became a vast area of shimmering golden waters. The green leaves of the trees sparkled with golden dust and the grasses that swayed now east, now west, were no longer grasses but pliant strings of gold. Ah! bliss, this was a fairyland! Even my brother whose hair was jet black, whose eyes were dark brown, looked softer, fairer in the stream of soft summer sunlight. Suddenly there was the twittering of the sparrows, then, just as the sea birds had disappeared after a mingling of feathered wings in the sky, the little sweet sparrows disappeared rather meekly among the branches of the trees.

The sun had withdrawn its gleaming rays and now the world was silent again. The sky was a blanket of darkness above our heads. The call of the sea became pronounced in the silence, the breeze a little sharp. The birds in the sky and the fishes beneath the sea had fallen asleep peacefully. Now, in a moment the stars would rule the sky and there would be the silver moon to take the place of the golden sun. We retraced our steps, Jim and I, and headed for home.

MIRABELLE SEIN, 4C.

“WANTED — ONE ISLAND”

Has anyone a spare island for sale? All I want is a small island, not too expensive, in a reasonable climate—preferably not in Lake Burley Griffin. I am not fussy, but it must be uninhabited, must have an exceptionally clear water supply, the wild life, if any, must not be ferocious and the climate must be such as to allow swimming all year round.

What do I want with such an island, you ask? The answer should be obvious to all those people who have ever become sick of our world as it is, strife-ridden and money-grabbing, and have wished instead to live in a world of peace and serenity among congenial companions far away from it all. Short of moving to another planet the answer seems to be a remote island, and hence my seemingly strange request.

On my island there will be school only for those who want it—although since the island will be completely self-sufficient, with no contact whatsoever with other nations, there will be no need to learn languages, or geography, or history, or physics, or chemistry. The school pupils will be taught how to care for themselves in every conceivable situation and, unfortunately, a necessity, a most elementary type of maths. Every person over the age of sixteen will be put on a roster, thereby being eligible to govern the island for one month when his turn comes. There will be an advisory body made up of elderly persons. This will be elected once yearly by everyone on the island over the age of four. All food will be grown by all and divided equally amongst all. Those who do not go to school will have to learn something which they may choose themselves, for instance, swimming, dancing, or even climbing trees. Apart from these rules anyone is allowed to do anything that does not endanger the peace and security of the island.

Here everyone would live in peace and happiness, growing all their own food and with no outside communication—even though it would mean no Beatle music. Does anyone want to come and live on my island with me?

A LIVING CREATURE

The long, curved, effortless glide landed the majestic creature of the sky on a crag overlooking his domain. His tall, erect, streamlined body was silhouetted against the evening sky. His elegantly curved beak gave him the cruel, stern look of a dictator. His copper-coloured feathers shimmered in the sunset and as he flew away his cruel talons reminded me of a slave-driver. Such was the beauty of a golden eagle.

THE BUS STOP

Most bus stops in Canberra are characterised by stark, yellow posts or white sheds in which are posted tattered and defaced time-tables. The area surrounding the bus stop usually consists of a hard, cobbled patch of worn earth on which are littered old, yellowing newspapers, ice-cream wrappers, sweet papers, cigarette packets and numerous bus tickets. The intriguing patterned imprints of many shoe soles lie embedded in the tortured ground, a reminder of previous days of deluge. This dismal scene is not in any way alleviated by the arrival of bus passengers, who always seem a cold, impersonal brand of people. Stilted and strained is the atmosphere and it always so, no matter what the time of day or season of the year.

Such a scene may be witnessed on any week afternoon in Civic. Exhausted mothers sit dejectedly on bus stop seats while their irritable offspring bicker and quarrel among themselves, clamber over the bench, rummage through parcels in the hope of finding some delicacies, or set off down the pavement on private “shopping expeditions” of their own. As these antics are performed, elderly matrons sit tight-lipped and erect, impervious to any signs on the part of the toddlers, of a wish to get acquainted. Independent-looking teenagers stand back and watch the passing traffic and pedestrians in a detached way.

Another common scene in the bus stop series is that in the early morning when school children stand around the line of suitcases and haversacks which are placed in order of their owner's arrival. The atmosphere here, however, is carefree and jovial—until the overcrowded Commonwealth vehicle rounds the corner. Hands hastily grab cases and bags, fingers fumble for loose change, bodies are jolted and pushed and feet undergo severe punishment, to say nothing of shoes, which are battered enough as it is.

As the folding door springs stiffly back, the queue surges forward and pushes its way up the steps, past the luckless driver, and into the aisle. With a stuttering roar, the engine attempts to haul its load up the hill. Exhaust fumes billow out from behind, enveloping the dismal, deserted bus stop in gritty and evil-smelling vapour.

JUDY STORY.

BACKSTAGE

All morning we young would-be actresses had been waiting impatiently for the arrival of the Young Elizabethan Theatre Players. During lunchtime they arrived and we watched from afar as they unloaded their van of all the fascinating things that go to make up stage scenery and props. We were called away from our watch by the bell but during the performance none clapped so eagerly or laughed so loudly as we aspiring stars.

I admit this fact with shame—we are autograph hunters. We were determined to have the Young Elizabethan Players autograph our programmes so, after having asked permission, as all good children should, we waited, programmes in hand just inside the door to the hall. We had been told that the actors and actresses would be too busy packing away their things to bother with us and certainly they looked very industrious. Still wearing their grease-paint the actors were scurrying to and fro putting things in boxes and piling up the boxes ready to be taken to the van. A very impressive figure with a coloured pipe came hurrying down the stage steps towards us obviously intending to go out the door. Taking our courage in our hands we stepped forward and asked for his autograph. We were quite prepared for an abrupt denial because he looked far too important to be bothered with autograph hunters but with a charming, "Well we are busy, but . . ." he sat down on the steps and using my pen, signed all our programmes. He was obviously very flattered that we wanted his autograph.

One by one we waylaid the others and found them very chatty and not at all as "arty" as we had thought they would be. One told us a story about how at one school they went to, the whole audience tried to blow out the candle in the sleep walking scene. We felt our presence in the hall was endangered by teachers who thought we were being nuisances so we offered to help them pack. They were extremely willing to let us help. It shattered our illusions to find that what looked like costly jewellery from the audience was really only painted cardboard and until we tried to lift them we did not realize that the boxes they use for scenery were quite so heavy.

At last, after the packing was finished mid much chatting and laughter, we decided it was time to make our exit so after bidding them a fond farewell, we disappeared with our fully autographed programmes, but leaving our mark on the Young Elizabethan Players in the form of ink from my leaking fountain pen.

TOMORROW

The howling winds grew louder still, the people huddled closer to the fire, pulling their soft fur blankets around their thin bodies. A creak, and then a searing crack, rent the air above the miserable heaped bodies of the group in the semi-blackness, penetrated only by the tiny splintered embers of their precious fire. The tiny cabin groaned and moaned with the very effort of keeping upright.

The gale whistled and sometimes howled through cracks and chinks between the sombre murky-coloured logs of the walls. Here and there little tufts of moss, poked and stuffed laboriously into these holes in autumn, seeped out.

As the hurricane raged outside, the little group of humans, together with their dogs, slept and fitfully dozed away the dark winter months. For the moment they had shelter, today they were safe and warm. Tomorrow they might be dead, but what did that matter; today they were alive.

One day was just like the next, night and day were one, no sun shone, no moon shed her pale and ghostly light to break this monotony of eternal suffocatingly black night. The supplies of food were almost gone, dried fish and frozen meat were barely enough to keep them alive, the children whimpered and cried continuously now, the frustrated mothers almost besides themselves to see their babies' sallow, grey faces and sunken eye sockets, but not a thing could they do about it; soon there would be no more fuel for the fire.

But, wait! Now the grey light of early day is to be seen once more. Spring, and the thaw is on the way, the winds have receded, the game is returning, also thin from the bitter winter. The sea is yielding much food now. Their stomachs are full and their needs are satisfied. Nature is good to them, she no longer sends her cruel frosty fingers forwards to freeze even the beards on their faces.

They can laugh and sing. Again they live, they are happy.

Until the next winter.

S.U., 2A.

“A HIKE”

Beyond the wooden gate which hung precariously on one rusted hinge and which squeaked at the slightest breath of wind, stood a large sign post riddled with holes and spongy with decay, swaying to and fro to a 60 degree angle.

We halted in front of the sign and tried to decipher the writing which was just visible. After a moment's discussion we decided to take the track to "Dead Man's Dam."

Sandals could be heard squelching in the thick creamy mud as we made our way through the tropical rain forest. It became dark and there were only green rays of light that reported that it was daytime outside. The going was tough, with many broken tree limbs and vines to trip any unwary person up, and also the savage leeches which would persist in attaching themselves to people.

The old dam suited its name as there were now numerous gaping holes in it with geysers of water spurting out down the incline into a murky black silted pool at the base.

There was a row of rusty old iron pegs jutting out from in the dam, and after a moment's discussion, our leader began the descent of these iron pegs. On reaching the base we all found that our hands were a musty yellow colour and most of our clothes now had a yellowish tint about them.

Green slippery slime covered most of the ground and as no one desired to sit in it to have his lunch, back up the pegs to the top we went. As we sat on the dam top kicking the sides and munching our sandwiches the dam began to rumble. We all jumped to our feet and listened. The dam moved a little this time and we all scrambled for safety and stood there watching, our eyes almost popping out of their sockets, and our mouths wide agape.

The old dam gave a tremendous heave and large pieces of cement and iron were rocketed off down the valley on a mountain of water.

Suddenly we all felt like starting back. We felt sick at the thought of what might have happened to us had there been no slime at the dam base.

We ran almost all the way and we all were relieved when we emerged from the forest boundaries.

I suppose you can guess how many of us ventured inside that forest again.

BALI PASSAGE

It was six o'clock in the morning. Normally the decks of 'Charon' would have been deserted at this hour, but this morning the rails of the little ship were lined with people, most of them holding cameras. To the right, barely a mile away on the island of Bali, Mt. Agung swept ten and a half thousand feet straight up from the sea to its jagged summit. To the left, twenty-five miles across the strait, Mt. Rinyani towered above the island of Lombok.

The steep flanks of Agung, scored by deep ravines, and the long, uneven ridge fringing the coast, were pale fawn in that early light.

Between the ship and the island lay countless tiny fishing craft—a frail wooden raft, a tiny mast and a handkerchief-sized scrap of sail. They carried one-man crews, the men fishing with a line and holding between their toes, a string tied to the mast for steering. A schooner with rainbow sails slipped gracefully between the smaller craft.

The ship slowly passed between the two islands. She rose over a noticeable swell as she came out of the strait, and we knew we had passed from the Java Sea to the Indian Ocean.

Twelve miles away we looked back. Those of us who saw it will never forget our last glimpse of Agung and Rinyani. The islands and the bases of the peaks had vanished in the haze of the horizon. Only the upper halves of the mountains were visible, floating on air as if in a Japanese painting.

J.M., 5A

FEAR

Fear is a noun—an abstract noun. It is not something you can touch or see. Fear is your stomach tightening until you find it hard to breathe. Fear is being in pitch black darkness and not knowing what is in it with you. Fear is that unreasoning panic, uncontrollable and devouring, which starts in the pit of your stomach, then lunges forward and grabs your heart, seizes your shoulders and throbs in your head. It makes you hot, it weakens your knees, it consumes your person. You are without defence against it. The little white capsules in your blood cannot control it; on the contrary, they freeze. Fear is so hard to live with, and yet so much part of life. When fear is gone there is relief, like the calm after a summer storm. Fear is too easily forgotten for it is not something you can touch or see. Fear is a noun—an abstract noun.

KATHY WATSON, 3A.

AN INANIMATE OBJECT

The soft lapping of the wind-made waves on the cool, green, turf bank of the lake was the only sound of life as I looked out on the shimmering surface. The golden reflection of the moon glistened down into the cool, dark depths and lit up a piece of foliage peacefully bobbing up and down and sending out ripples over the smooth, shiny surface.

R.N., 2A.

THE END OF THE DROUGHT

Tenseness pervaded the hot, dense atmosphere which was spread like a rug over the parched country.

For the past five months a drought had enveloped the land in its smothering cruelty; the soil was as dry and as hard as an over-baked biscuit and the grass had withered and died. The animals were lean and haggard, and the stockmen had lost their will to fight this difficult country—we are lost without water—it is far more precious than jewels in a land such as ours.

But now, hopes rose high as heavy, black storm clouds loomed towards the thirsty land. The cattle sensed its approach and the murmuring sound of their lowing seemed to express relief after a harsh, trying hot-spell.

A loud clap of thunder burst and rumbled across the sky. Lightning flashed. The cattle stamped with excitement and the men's faces were enlightened by relieved smiles as the first, much-longed for, drops of rain fell.

The drought had ended.

ANONYMOUS.

MORNING

Five a.m. The sleepy sun, just risen over the misty horizon, shed its sleepy rays on the little farm house in the valley. The high, unpainted boards of the dairy were tinged with gold and the old, grey gumtree by the gate held up its head in splendour. The cows grazed on, unimpressed by the glory of the early morning.

From the verandah of the little house, two figures emerged whistling cheerfully and each swinging a shiny silver bucket by the handle; both a sharp contrast to the sleepiness surrounding them. Exhilarated by the wash they had just had in icy cold water, they ran down the hill and into the dairy. But they soon appeared again, this time with dogs jumping at their heels instead of shiny buckets swinging in their hands. The valley echoed with the sounds of

their voices calling the cows and reverberated with the sharp delighted barks of the helping dogs. The cows moomed with quiet patience as they made their leisurely way to the dairy. Then a clattering and clinking of buckets and machinery, and the milking had begun.

THE FISHERMAN

There, beside the crystal clear stream, dozing in the shade of a tall, majestic gum, sat the fisherman. In his right hand lay a line which trailed into a deep, silvery blue pool. Beside him, rested the Sunday paper and a tin of worms. With these few articles he seemed to have grown up as a part of the surroundings, so peaceful was he.

His hat was pushed down over his eyes and his head rested on his chest. Around him birds sang, and flew in their gay colours, from tree to tree, and a cow in a nearby field moomed contently from time to time. Apart from these sounds and a gentle breeze running across the tall, lush grass, under the warmth of sun, nothing stirred.

This man had found a serenity and peace in the natural surroundings of the country; a kind of peace very rarely found in today's world.

JOHN BOURCHIER.

THE BUS STOP

At 7.30 a.m. on any morning the sun is just beginning tentative approaches to disperse the frost and the last wisps of mist are disappearing. The bus-stop is empty, bare, but conditions will improve later. The schoolgirl arrives, desperately trying to finish that essay which should have been handed in yesterday. After her departure come the office workers. The typist in the short, full skirt and the dark stockings, chews gum and looks extremely bored, while pressing her ear to a blaring brown box. The dignified gentleman wearing a bowler hat and carrying a black umbrella, maintains a firm clasp on his shiny leather briefcase and gazes abstractedly into space. All through the day the action never wanes. There are harassed mothers with squalling infants, university students with moronic faces, worried fathers looking for employment and relaxed fathers enjoying a day off. Finally at approximately 11.30 p.m. the bus stop is empty, dark and lonely again, but only until the morning.

DEIRDRE O'BRIEN, 4A

“FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE”

I had never heard a Frenchman speak. My knowledge of vocabulary and grammar I considered to be fairly extensive; my conversation to be fluent and appropriately nasal. So, innocently, I set sail for that distant land, France.

I was in high spirits. Tossing and pitching through the English Channel in the little French ferryboat, I decided to try out my French.—A quelle heure-um-arrivons-nous-um-a le Harve, s'il vous plait? (Note the perfect grammar!) I said to a nearby barman.—Troisheuresmoinslequart.

I gaped—Pardon? (French pronunciation.)

He repeated his reply a little more slowly. I consulted my watch and eventually concluded that it was something to do with three o'clock. Noticing my mental struggle, however, he decided to relieve me and said with the best Cockney accents, “A quarter to three.”

I slunk back to my place, a little disheartened, but, not for long. One cannot be silent for long in France. Very soon I was clashing with a customs inspector on the train from Le Havre to Paris over a passport, which he was insisting I had. I attempted to explain to him that I was too young to have a passport. Up to this day I do not know who won. All I do remember is that eventually my father was having words with the man about being harsh to his poor little daughter who had only just arrived in a strange land and was very bewildered.

Often on our wanderings through Paris we found it necessary to ask the way. More often than not we were answered by a torrent of French by a well-meaning but unthinking person. Even the gendarmes often did not think of speaking a little more slowly for the eager tourist anxious to try out his limited French.

One day we were wandering down the Champs-Elysee where a large crowd had gathered. I was curious, and finally, after much deliberation over the words I would use, I approached a gendarme.

“Pourquoi le fou, s'il vous plait?” I said with a disarming smile. The gendarme looked at me oddly for several seconds, then, probably after deciding that I was not an insolent criminal insulting his beautiful city, but merely a foolish tourist wanting to ask why there was a crowd (Pourquoi la foule?), he explained. Although I listened intently to his flow of knowledge, I could only catch a word

or two. I conveyed them to my waiting father and his quick wits pieced them into the simple explanation that, every so often, they have a procession of French soldiers who parade down the Champs-Elysee to form a guard, while they renew the eternal flame under the Arc de Triomphe.

Disgusted with my efforts with the French language I resorted to frequently bumping into people in order to be able to say, “Pardon, monsieur,” or “Excusez-moi, madame,” as much as I liked, without getting into trouble.

I hope that I have not deterred all you budding French students from your French lessons at this school (we would hate to put the French teachers out of work). Anyway we are not the only ones who would find difficulty in a foreign land. When we asked some French boys who were aged about sixteen, how to find the Metro, they could only recite (after one boy's brilliant inspiration) —“tube, tube,” and point vaguely at the map. That appeared to be the only English word they knew.

Have courage, we shall triumph. One day all foreigners will speak English.

FEARS OF CHILDHOOD

Darkness, thunder, lightning—these are common fears of the majority of children. Others have other 'pet' fears and react in varying ways when afraid.

I remember clearly, my fear of an old, ragged “Bottle-oh!” who periodically went down the lane behind our house. Sitting on a rickety seat on his cart, nodding slowly but contentedly in time with the slow plodding of the horse's hooves, his mangy terrier, obviously covered in fleas, sitting on the back of the cart or on top of the bags of bottles, the old man should have been pitied, but instead, I was terrified of him. As soon as I heard the distant rumblings of the cart or the moaning of the Bottle-oh's voice, I would rush inside, go straight to my room and hide under my bed, my hands covering my ears.

This is my most vivid memory of a childhood fear, and it was one which persisted for quite some time, but it certainly shows how real these fears can be, while to the adult, they have no meaning at all. And it seems that in most cases, the child must just out-grow these fears, rather than having them dismissed for him.

E.A., 5A

IN THE MINE

A dozen or so stout and rough looking men strolled down the corridor in a nonchalant manner and slipped into a side room, disappearing from view.

Presently there emerged from that same doorway, the same men, only transformed into strange beings. These men were miners.

Outside, a stream of these men crowded their bodies into a small cage-like box. The cage jerked and began slowly down into the earth. Gradually it picked up speed and fell faster and faster, burning up the air as though plunging into a bottomless pit. But to these men in their stark beauty it was no more than an everyday occurrence. Presently the cage began to slow and soon came to a halt.

Here emerged the men again, only this time into a new world, a world of bitter darkness and confining black walls where these harvesters of black rock would begin their work.

The miners spread out to their various duties and began working with vicious tools, tearing the life out of these very walls to extract some ugly but precious stone. Soon the sweat began to gather in beads upon their foreheads, their arms ached, and their minds were dreaming of the fresh air above.

As though at night the headlamps of the miners pierced the darkness, probing into every crevasse and corner. The harsh sounds of chipping stone and rolling trolleys came throbbing through the thick murky underground atmosphere.

Suddenly a bell clanged, and expressions of joy spread over the men's faces as though they were truly being freed from the confinement of a dark dungeon.

At last they would again see daylight and delight in the fresh air as only a miner can.

THE TRAIN RIDE

The train ground grudgingly to a standstill, a few seconds silence prevailed, till a crash informed us that the old milk cans were being loaded into the yawning cavern of darkness in the ever-hungry goods van. The sickly pools of yellow light from the gas lamps flickered reflectively as if steeped in thought. Another crash of finality sounded and the train, like an ageing carthorse, lurched into motion. The garlic-eating turbaned Indian next to me fought his way through the mists of awakening, lighting a filthy black cigarette. The tip glowed, the wreath of smoke curled and twisted with the effortless grace of an acrobat, wafting the pungent, sour fumes under my nose.

My gaze passed over my fellow travellers, in all a mixed but interesting group. Directly opposite a stunted fat little woman was lost in sleep, mouth open, issuing hearty, reverberating snores.

A fly from goodness-knows where droned endlessly round the filthy carriage. Watching it approach the little fat woman I closed my eyes momentarily, opening them to find with a sense of guilt that the fly was gone.

I focussed my eyes elsewhere, on the floor, which had generations of dust, sweets, sweetpapers and chips littering all available space. By this time I was quite ill, overcome by the choking, sickly cigarette smoke, so taking my chances as they came, I tumbled from the train, cursing smokers everywhere.

TRAIN TRAVELS, 2A

TIME

Time is immortal: it just goes on and on, in the way it has done for millions upon millions of years: since the beginning. The beginning of what, you may ask? Well, just from the beginning: before the beginning of History, before the beginning of Man, before the beginning of our Earth and Universe, and even before the beginning of any form of power or energy. And time will go on; till after our earth is destroyed forever.

We have always thought of time as something that can be saved, or beaten, spent, or maybe even wasted. How can we save time? What do we save time for? A rainy day, as we do other things? Or maybe for wrapping a present with? "Love from Mary, wrapped with the time I have saved during the year." We cannot beat time, race it, not enjoy it.

We cannot buy time at the corner store, just as we cannot spend it. What do we exchange it for? Money? "Dear Jane, I have saved so much time that I have been able to spend it on a new dress. It's the most darling little thing. I got it from the shop near—etc., etc."

We cannot waste time, as it is not ours to waste. Pause to think for just a second. Is time really ours? Do we own it; was it given to us, to spend as lightly as many of us spend our money, to save up like a miser, counting every second? To beat, by racing around in rocket ships and screeching around corners; or to waste, by lying out in the sun in a hammock, lazily flicking the flies out of our eyes?

Just remember this; we have a lifetime of time; and after that, who knows? But still time will go on: till eternity.

JANICE NELSON, 2A

ROWING

Rowing is a great sport. To most inland dwellers it is probably somewhat of a mystery, unless they have been fortunate enough to have seen a regatta or two.

On race day a rowing crew looks very trim and purposeful from the outside. Even a complete stranger to the sport must be impressed by a crew which makes their boat move along at satisfactory speed, with evident good timing and polished style.

The rowers of Telopea Park High School will be the first to agree that achieving such polish requires a lot of hard work and strenuous preparation. A beginner has a lot to learn in handling an oar ten feet long, before even making a boat move. Then he finds that the boat does not want to stay upright or go smoothly at all. True teamwork is found when everybody in the crew follows an exact rhythm. The slightest error by one person in the boat can destroy the run of the boat and lose valuable yards over a closely contested race. There is no other sport demanding such team precision for such long periods of extreme exertion.

On Wednesday, 29th July, 1964, a group of boys from the School arrived at the draughty boatshed on the north shore of East Basin, Lake Burley Griffin. At that stage we had no boat to call our own, but there was no shortage of enthusiasm. Mr. M. March initiated the rowers into the mysteries of swivels, stretchers, slides, and riggers, but as the weather was inclement, the first few hesitant strokes were not taken until the following week. The first crew boated was G. Smith, A. Harris, B. Jones and P. Cusbert.

Since that first day, the crews have made steady progress. By much persistent representation to many sources, Mr. A. Thornhill obtained first a clinker built racing four called the E. A. Pitman; brought to Canberra by the Canberra Rowing Association. This craft, though much scarred by many years' hard work, was brought up to fair standard by voluntary labour in the holidays, and now rejoices in the name "Telopea". The former owners, Albert Park Ladies' Rowing Club, Victoria, would hardly recognise it. Our second boat, an eight, arrived by road from Trinity College, University of Melbourne. For training purposes, our crews have been fortunate to be able to borrow boats from Canberra Grammar School, Canberra Rowing Club, and the University Rowing Club, for which we have been duly grateful. Other good people have assisted materially in this early stage by donations of oars and other accessories.

On Saturday, 19th September, a crew consisting of P. Bowen, A. Harris, B. Jones and P. Cusbert with L. Crisp, cox, competed in the first regatta ever entered by this School. Although the result

was not better than expected, the crew put up a good performance for the amount of training done. They were beaten in their heat by Canberra Grammar by two lengths over half a mile.

Winter and early spring weather has proved uncomfortable and even hazardous for training. Few crews in other centres such as Sydney would have to contend with mountain winds, snow and sleet during training sessions. At least one crew of beginners, P. Thompson, L. Crisp, P. Murphy and S. Hills can tell the story of how they were swept ashore on the eastern wall of the lake, much to the discomfort of the Science Master.

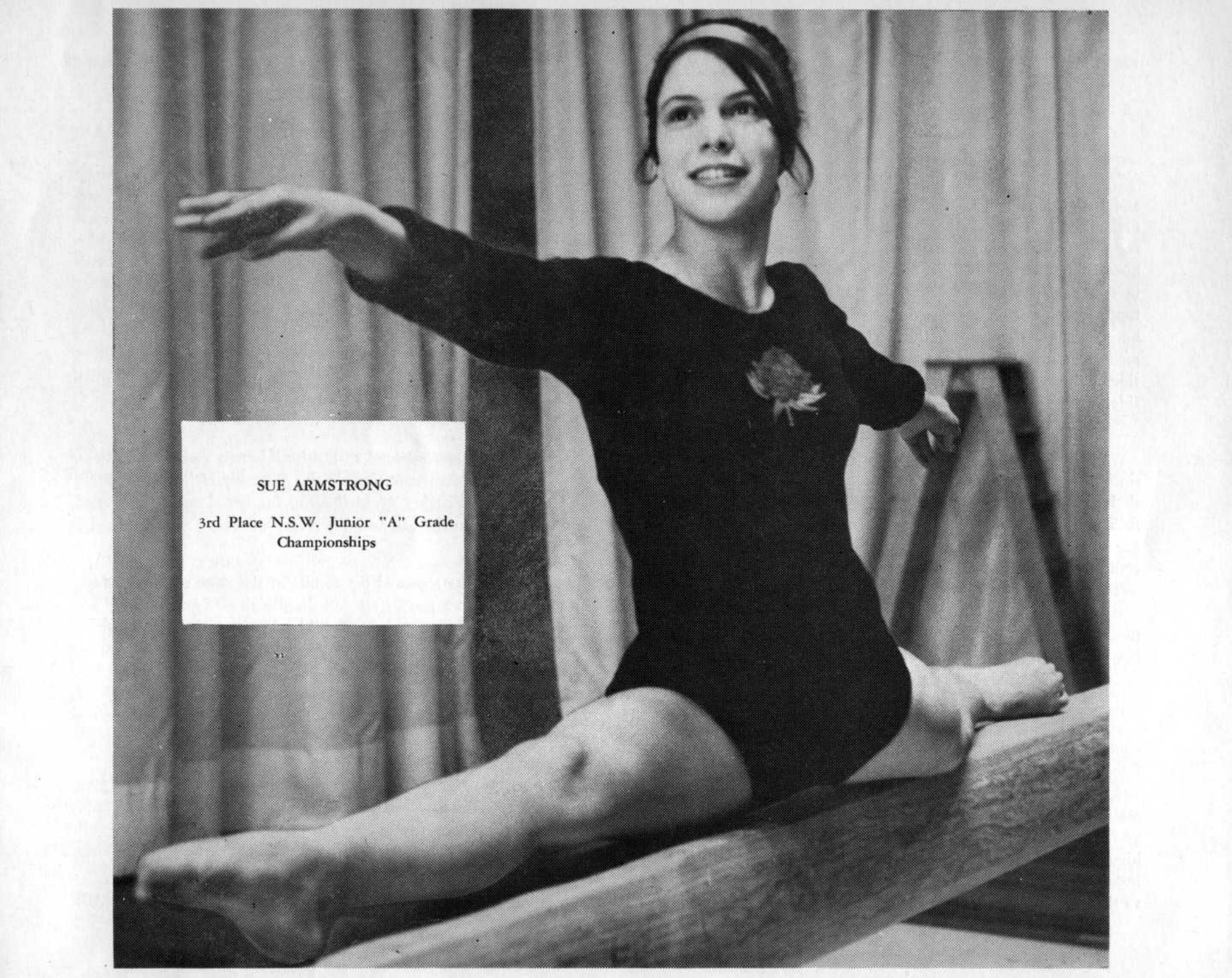
But in spite of difficulties, and due largely to the enthusiastic efforts of the Sportsmaster, we feel that rowing has been successfully launched as a sport in Telopea Park High School, the first High School to commence rowing in the A.C.T.

The need for a rowing shed for school use on the southern shore of the lake is obvious. Such accommodation would enable the school to expand its rowing fleet, and assure an extremely bright future in the sport. Also, the northern shed is exposed to every wind that blows.

Other boys who have formed the first rowing squad in Telopea Park High School are:—J. Owens, L. Plumb, J. Bates, P. Stoddart, I. Hill, I. Barnes, S. Hills, I. Cook, J. Pumpurs, P. Freeman, I. Deane, J. Craig, J. Bouchier, J. Engledow, S. Bisset, G. Rees, J. Walsh, P. Oliffe.



One of the first Telopea crews.



SUE ARMSTRONG
3rd Place N.S.W. Junior "A" Grade
Championships

THE GYM GROUP

Our progress in the fields of tumbling, apparatus work and handbalancing had not gone unnoticed and the question was first raised in 1961 whether Telopea had thoughts of training girls for Olympic Games gymnastics. In 1962 others asked the same question but no serious thought was given to such a proposal. Then in 1962 Telopea made its first State appearance. Wendy Hoy had topped the State in the Leaving Certificate passes. This, strange but truthfully to say, was the deciding factor that caused me to reconsider my attitude towards State gymnastics. If the academic side of the School could come top of the State, why not the physical side?

Quotes for Olympic standard equipment were obtained but since the figures received were exorbitant, the matter was again shelved until a Departmental inspector suggested a South Australian firm, and from them I obtained a satisfactory quote for the material needed. My only hesitation now was the question of whether I could train the girls to the degree of skill required. These thoughts were swept aside by Mrs. A. Hall, who had watched the 1963 National Gymnastic Titles in Sydney, and not only convinced me that we had sufficient talent, but presented me with the official coaching book for girls' gymnastics!

In September of 1963 I discussed the possibility of Olympic Gymnastics with three very keen and capable girls, Sue Armstrong,, Cynthia Margules and Jan Tonnissen (all gold medal winners in the 1964 State Championships) and we decided to approach the Headmaster and to discuss the matter with him. His support of our plan and his persuasion of the P. & C. to assist financially have been the biggest factors in the project and should our girls eventually reach the Olympic Games, they will have the Headmaster and the P. & C. to thank primarily for their success.

The equipment arrived in May 1964 and, since we desired to enter the State Championships in September, it meant just 12 school weeks to practise, and from these 12 weeks we were to lose one week for inter-house debates, four weeks for play rehearsals and two weeks for the Trial Leaving—only five weeks left for effective training! I shouted for help and may I thank the following people who heard my cry: Mrs. C. Deans, who trained the girls on the balance beam, Mrs. H. Retter, who had the major task of teaching floor exercises to unwilling pupils; Mrs. Gates, Mr. Mavinic and Miss Shannon for tape recordings of music required for floor exercises; Mrs. Pearce for ballet coaching; our three men judges at all elimination contests, and the staff in general, who tolerated pupils creeping into class late from gym practice.

Then we are indebted to Denise Edwards and Pam Scott of Sydney for their demonstrations in the Assembly Hall on 18th May, and to Barbara Fletcher of Melbourne for her demonstration and coaching hints on the 7th and 8th August.

The Press has recorded the results of the State Championships and we are off to a good start, but despite all our success there are problems to be surmounted. Boys will be deprived of the privilege of entering State Gymnastics unless the School gets a gymnasium to carry the specialised equipment necessary. Next year the number of girls in the gym group will also be reduced, owing to the problems of inadequate indoor facilities and of equipment required for State Gymnastics.

A gymnasium at Telopea would solve our problems and give us the opportunity of starting an A.C.T. State Gymnastic Team, pooling the gymnastic talents of our growing city, and allowing all boys and girls in the district to participate in this healthy, exciting and challenging sport.

COLIN McNAB.

KERRY DEANS

Junior "B" Grade N.S.W. Champion

JANETTE DEANS

2nd Place Junior "B" Grade

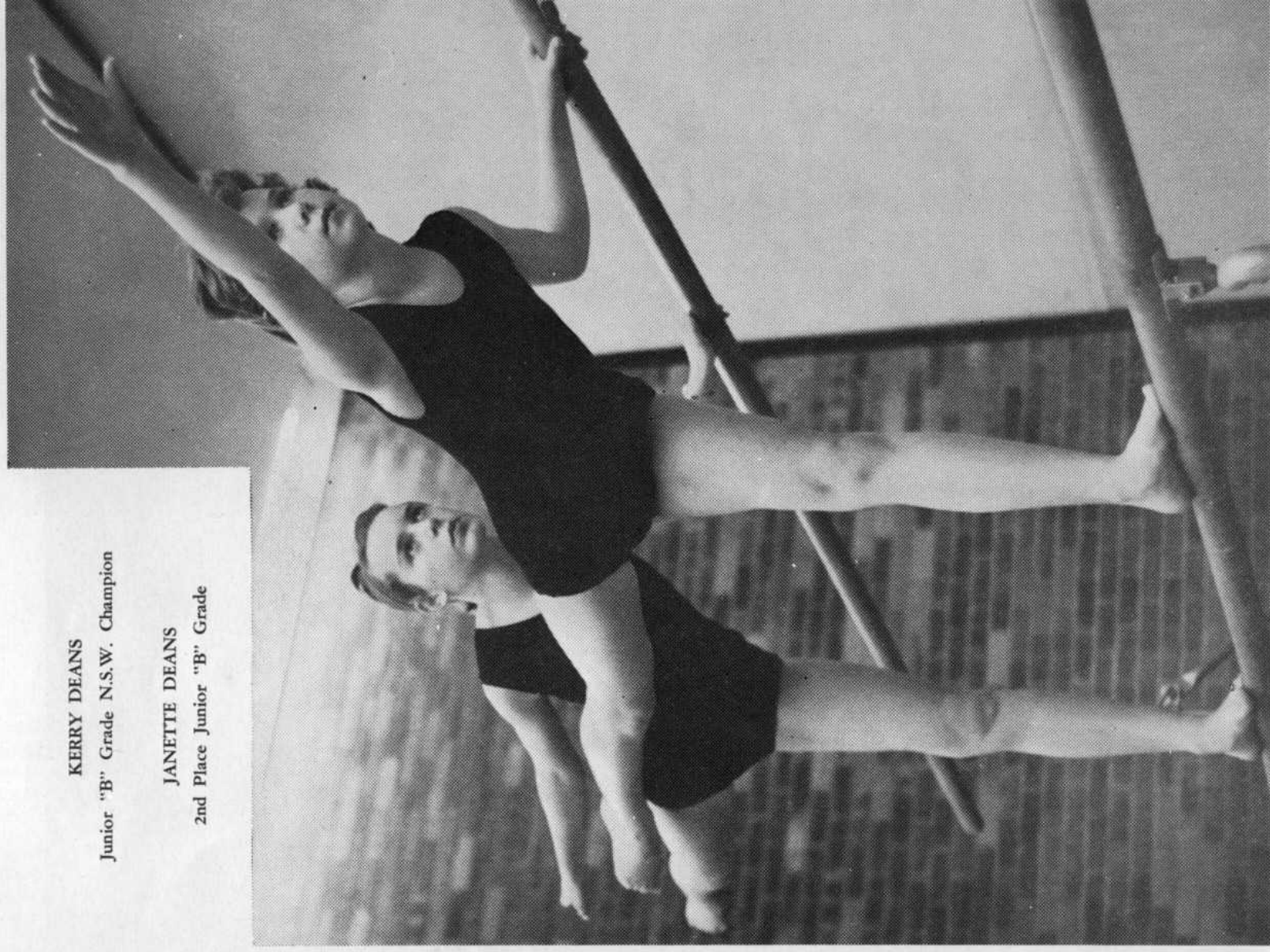




Photo left:

JAN TONISSON

2nd Place N.S.W. Championship

KIRSTIE MacFARLANE

7th Place N.S.W. Championship

1964 Sport

GIRLS' SPORT, 1964

This year for the first time there were two afternoons devoted to sport. The first year have their sport on Tuesday and 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th year on Wednesday.

First form girls participated in all major sports and this we hope will give them a basic knowledge and appreciation of these games. During term the swimming was the major activity and it is hoped that by the end of term three, all first years will have passed a school swimming test comprising water safety, the rescue, a safe dive, treading water and swimming two lengths of the pool.

In second term, first form played hockey, softball and basketball. During third term, class competitions were held in minor games, e.g. Vigoro and French Cricket. These games increase ball handling skill and will lead to an increase in efficiency to carry over to all sports.

The Seniors had a most successful year at interschool sport commencing in first term by winning the Combined Aggregate Point score in the A.C.T.S.S.A. Swimming Carnival.

During Second term, the Combined High Schools Competition was held in Hockey, Softball, Tennis and Basketball.

In hockey Telopea won the A1, A2, B2 and C1 divisions. In Softball the school won the C1 division and in Tennis won the A1 and B1 competition.

During 3rd term the sports taken by the girls were of a recreational nature and included badminton, volley ball, squash, walking, yoga, tennis, cricket, softball and athletics.



First Hockey Team



First Softball Team



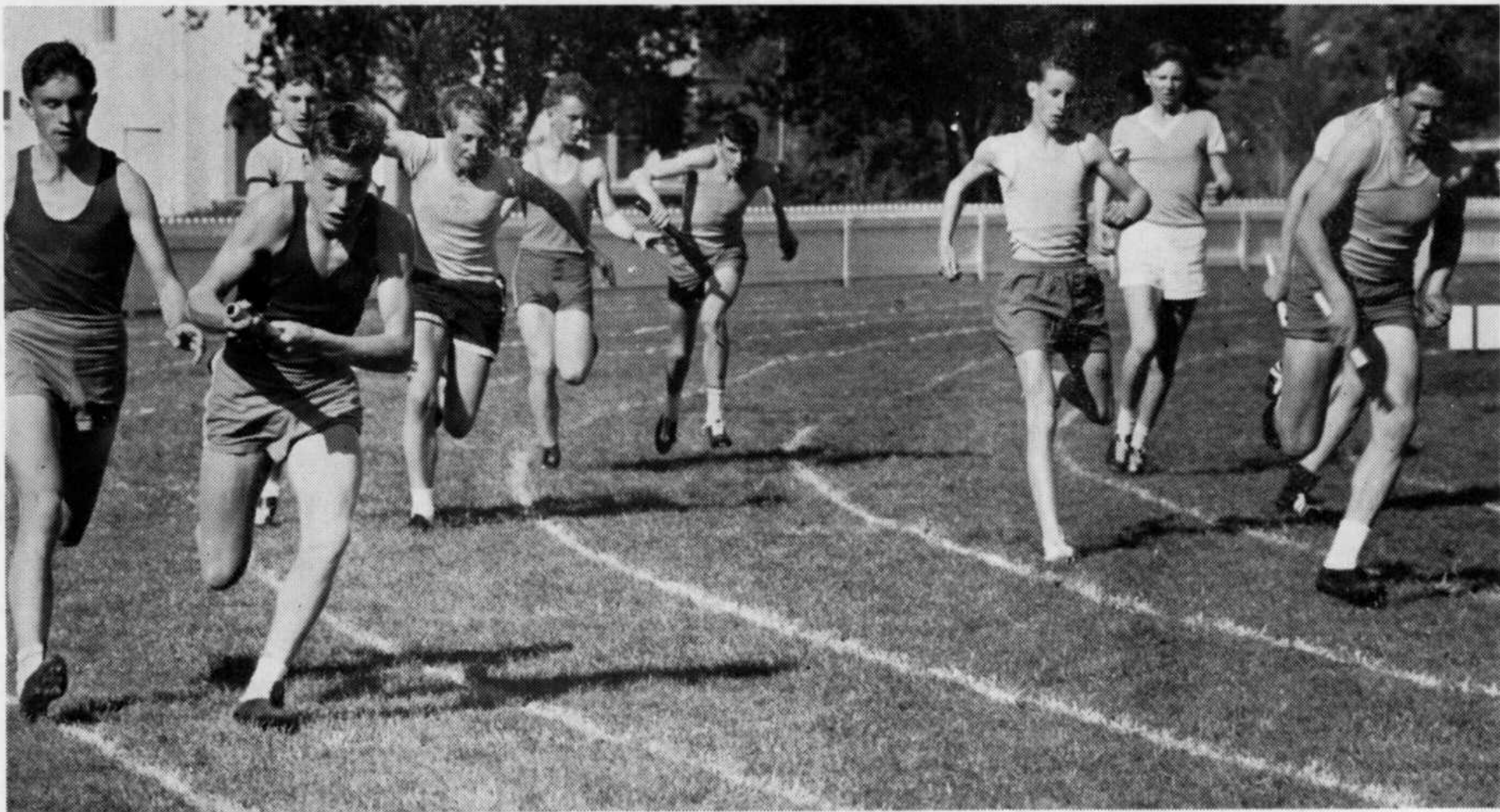
Left:

Tug-o-War—Inter-house
Carnival

Right:

Teloepa Park Senior, Gerrin
Hingee, in representative match
against Pakistan—runners-up in
Olympic Games





Telopea Park Junior relay team hits the front at combined Athletic Carnival.

School Records

ATHLETICS, GIRLS

Open Division:

75 yds.	9.3 sec.	J. Chapman	1963
		M. James	1958
100 yds.	12.0 sec.	J. Chapman	1962
220 yds.	27.3 secs.	L. McKissock	1954
90 yds. Hurdles	14.8 sec.	D. McLaren	1963
Shot Put	27 ft. 6 in.	E. Reiman	1959
Captain Ball	1 min. 12.3 sec.	Farrer	1958
Tunnel Ball	26.4 sec.	Moore	1958
4 x 110 relay	52.9 sec.	Moore	1957
Long Jump	15 ft. 7 in.	J. Chapman	1962
High Jump	4 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	E. Dickson	1963
Discus	71 ft. 8 in.	D. Kelly	1962
Javelin	51 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	L. Morris	1964

Junior Division:

90 yds. Hurdles	17 sec.	H. Ridgwell	1959
Captain Ball	1 min. 16.6 sec.	Campbell	1960
Tunnel Ball	26.4 sec.	Campbell	1960
4 x 110 Relay	56.9 sec.	Moore	1956
15 yrs. 75 yds.	9.4 sec.	L. Gladwin	1964
15 yrs. 220 yds.	26.3 sec.	L. Gladwin	1964
15 yrs. 100 yds.	12.4 sec.	L. Gladwin	1964
15 yrs. 90 yds. Hurdles	14.4 sec.	C. Smith	1964
14 yrs. 75 yds.	9.6 sec.	L. McKissock	1955
		H. Andrew	1960
14 yrs. 220 yds.	28.6 sec.	M. Robbie	1963
14 yrs. 100 yds.	12.2 sec.	L. McKissock	1955
		H. Andrew	1960
14 yrs. 90 yds. Hurdles	14.4 sec.	J. Ingram	1963
Long Jump	14 ft. 8 in.	C. Smith	1964
High Jump	4 ft. 6 in.	E. Dickson	1961
Javelin	77 ft. 2 in.	J. Gladwin	1964
Discus	70 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	J. Gladwin	1964

Sub-Junior Division:

13 yrs. 75 yds.	9.6 sec.	V. Shields	1963
		J. Chapman	1960
13 yrs. 100 yds.	12.3 sec.	J. Chapman	1960
60 yds. Hurdles	10.6 sec.	R. Wheeler	1960
Captain Ball	1 min. 17.6 sec.	Campbell	1960
Tunnel Ball	26.5 sec.	Campbell	1960
4 x 110 Relay	58.5 sec.	Farrer	1960
12 yrs. 75 yds.	9.9 sec.	R. Wheeler	1960
12 yrs. 100 yds.	13 sec.	H. Gascoigne	1962
11 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. 75 yds.	10.4 sec.	H. Axelby	1960
		H. Shumack	1962
11 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. 100 yds.	13.4 sec.	H. Shumack	1962
Long Jump	13 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	J. Dook	1963
High Jump	4 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	S. Adamson	1962

ATHLETICS, BOYS

Open Division:

100 yds.	10.6 sec.	P. Scott	1956
		P. Nurse	1962
		M. Firth	1962
220 yds.	23.1 sec.	K. Gladwin	1964
		D. Axon	1964
440 yds.	50 sec.	S. Morris	1954
880 yds.	2 min. 7.7 sec.	D. Plumb	1963
1 mile	4 min. 44 sec.	J. Robbie	1955
120 yds. hurdles	17.7 sec.	T. Gascoigne	1962
High Jump	5 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	S. Hardy	1960
Hop, step & jump	40 ft. 9 in.	P. Scott	1956
Long jump	19 ft. 4 in.	D. Kelly	1960
		P. Davis	1961
Shot put	39 ft. 3 in.	K. Gladwin	1964
4 x 110 Relay	48.6 sec.	Moore	1962
Javelin	159 ft. 10 in.	M. Watson	1961
Discus	128 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	K. Gladwin	1964
Marathon Relay	2 min. 46.3 sec.	Throsby	1963

Junior Division:

220 yds.	24.4 sec.	S. Morris	1954
440 yds.	50 sec.	S. Morris	1954
880 yds.	2 min. 10.4 sec.	R. Platt	1962
High Jump	5ft. 4½ in.	A. Jesaulenko	1960
Hop, step & jump	39 ft. 6½ in.	A. Jesaulenko	1960
Long jump	18 ft. 11½ in.	P. Scott	1956
Shot Put	38 ft. 8½ in.	M. McIntosh	1961
4 x 110 Relay	51.1 sec.	Campbell	1961
15 yrs. 100 yds.	10.6 sec.	P. Scott	1956
90 yds. Hurdles	13.6 sec.	D. Barnes	1958
14 yrs. 100 yds.	11.3 sec.	K. King	1957
90 yds. Hurdles	13.6 sec.	D. Barnes	1957
Javelin	129 ft. 5½ in.	P. Hubbard	1962
Discus	111 ft. 5 in.	G. Lovelock	1962

Sub-Junior Division:

220 yds.	26.6 sec.	G. Gent	1964
880 yds.	2 min. 33.4 sec.	M. Morgan	1962
High jump	4 ft. 9 in.	C. Ryan	1960
Hop, Step & Jump	35 ft. 9½ in.	P. Vallance	1957
Long Jump	16 ft. 8 in.	G. Lovett	1961
Shot put	34 ft. 10 in.	M. Morgan	1962
60 yds. Hurdles	10.2 sec.	H. Thomas J. Russell	1959 1960
4 x 110 yds. Relay	55.6 sec.	Throsby	1961
13 yrs. 100 yds.	11.2 sec.	G. Hutchinson	1962
75 yds.	9.3 sec.	C. Mitchell G. Hutchinson	1960 1962
U/13 100 yds.	12.4 sec.	J. Bray	1954
75 yds.	9.6 sec.	K. Surman	1956
Javelin	92 ft. 10 in.	M. Morgan	1962
Discus	75 ft. 11 in.	R. Norris	1964



Spectators at Athletic Carnival



First Rugby Team

SWIMMING — BOYS

Open Division:

Relay 4 x 55 yds.	2 min. 15.5 sec.	Moore	1962
220 yds. Freestyle	2 min. 30 sec.	G. Dawes	1960
110 yds. Freestyle	66.2 sec.	M. McIntosh	1961
55 yds. Freestyle	29.1 sec.	M. McIntosh	1961
110 yds. Breaststroke	90.1 sec.	K. McKay	1962
110 yds. Backstroke	75.2 sec.	M. McIntosh	1961
55 yds. Butterfly	33.6 sec.	M. McIntosh	1961

Junior Division:

Relay 4 x 55 yds.	2 min. 17.7 sec.	Moore	1960
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15 years:

220 yds. Freestyle	2 min. 44 sec.	M. Morgan	1963
110 yds. Freestyle	72.1 sec.	S. Senz	1962
55 yds. Freestyle	32 sec.	G. Dawes	1959
55 yds. Breaststroke	41.8 sec.	D. Ingram	1962
55 yds. Butterfly	42.8 sec.	D. Ingram	1962
55 yds. Backstroke	37.2 sec.	G. Dawes	1959

14 years:

220 yds. Freestyle	2 min. 30 sec.	M. McIntosh	1960
110 yds. Freestyle	66 sec.	M. McIntosh	1960
55 yds. Freestyle	29.9 sec.	M. McIntosh	1960
55 yds. Breaststroke	46.2 sec.	D. Ingram	1961
55 yds. Butterfly	38 sec.	M. McIntosh	1960
55 yds. Backstroke	36.7 sec.	M. McIntosh	1960

Sub-Junior Division

Relay 4 x 55 yds.	2 min. 21.7 sec.	Campbell	1962
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13 years:

110 yds. Freestyle	76.4 sec.	M. Morgan	1962
55 yds. Freestyle	32.5 sec.	P. Gustafson	1961
55 yds. Breaststroke	42.8 sec.	A. Capp	1961
55 yds. Backstroke	39.6 sec.	M. McIntosh	1959
55 yds. Butterfly	54.2 sec.	S. Jockle	1963
33 yds. Butterfly	21.3 sec.	M. McIntosh	1959

Under 13 years:

110 yds. Freestyle	76 sec.	J. Boulware	1961
55 yds. Freestyle	33 sec.	J. Boulware	1961
55 yds. Breaststroke	46.2 sec.	A. Capp	1959
55 yds. Backstroke	43 sec.	M. McIntosh	1958
33 yds. Butterfly	25.6 sec.	J. Boulware	1961
55 yds. Butterfly	52.8 sec.	C. Hunter	1963

SWIMMING — GIRLS

Open Division:

Relay 4 x 55 yds.	2 min. 28.6 sec.	Throsby	1960
110 yds. Freestyle	70.3 sec.	C. Watson	1963
55 yds. Freestyle	32.2 sec.	C. Watson	1961
220 yds. Freestyle	2 min. 49.2 sec.	C. Watson	1961
55 yds. Breaststroke	43.3 sec.	M. Jost	1962
55 yds. Butterfly	37.9 sec.	C. Watson	1961
55 yds. Backstroke	39.6 sec.	H. Andrew	1961
Rescue Race	55.6 sec.	H. Sugden/ M. Van Deyk	1959

Junior Division:

Relay 4 x 55 yds.	2 min. 25.4 sec.	Throsby	1961
110 yds. Freestyle	74.9 sec.	A. Kin	1961
55 yds. Freestyle	33.5 sec.	H. Andrew	1960
55 yds. Breaststroke	43.5 sec.	J. Ingram	1963
55 yds. Backstroke	40 sec.	H. Andrew	1960
55 yds. Butterfly	43.8 sec.	M. Jost	1961
Rescue Race	50.2 sec.	B. Ainsworth/ M. Kruitoff	1958

13 years:

110 yds. Freestyle	73.3 sec.	C. Watson	1960
55 yds. Freestyle	32.8 sec.	C. Watson	1960
55 yds. Breaststroke	47.7 sec.	C. Watson	1960
55 yds. Backstroke	43.2 sec.	A. Piper	1961
33 yds. Butterfly	25.1 sec.	M. Jost	1960
Rescue Race	48.4 sec.	H. Andrew/L. Page	1959

Sub-Junior Division

Relay 4 x 55 yds.	2 min. 42.2 sec.	Campbell	1960
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12 years:

55 yds. Freestyle	35.7 sec.	C. Watson	1959
33 yds. Freestyle	20.2 sec.	C. Watson	1959
33 yds. Breaststroke	26.3 sec.	J. Ingram	1962
33 yds. Backstroke	24.2 sec.	A. Piper	1960
33 yds. Butterfly	24.8 sec.	A. Piper	1960
Rescue Race	46.7 sec.	B. Armstrong/ L. Brown	1960

11 years:

55 yds. Freestyle	49.9 sec.	R. Thrum	1961
33 yds. Freestyle	23 sec.	R. Campbell	1960
33 yds. Breaststroke	28.6 sec.	B. Walsh	1959
33 yds. Backstroke	30 sec.	G. Upton	1962

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