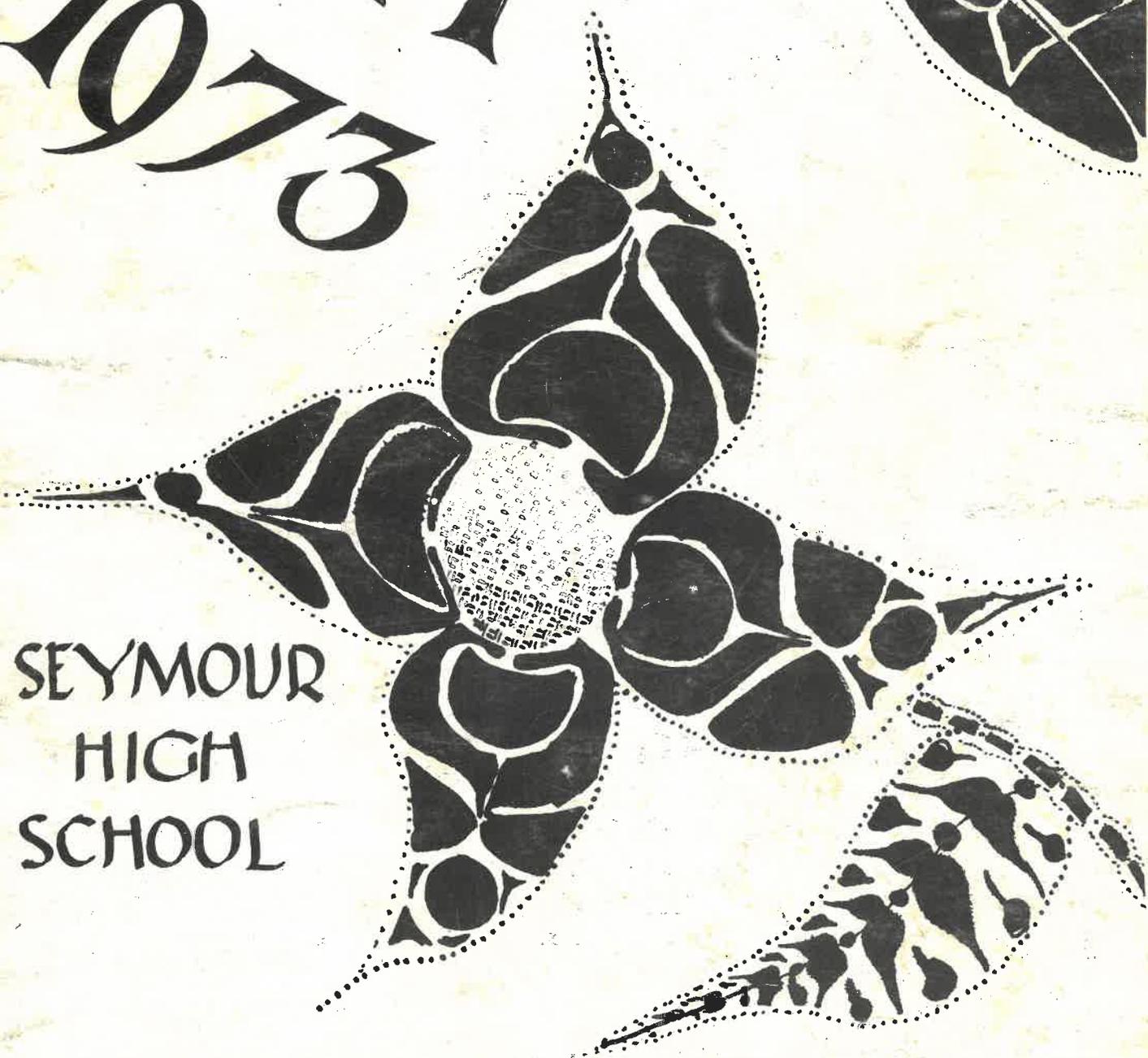


# Spirit 1973

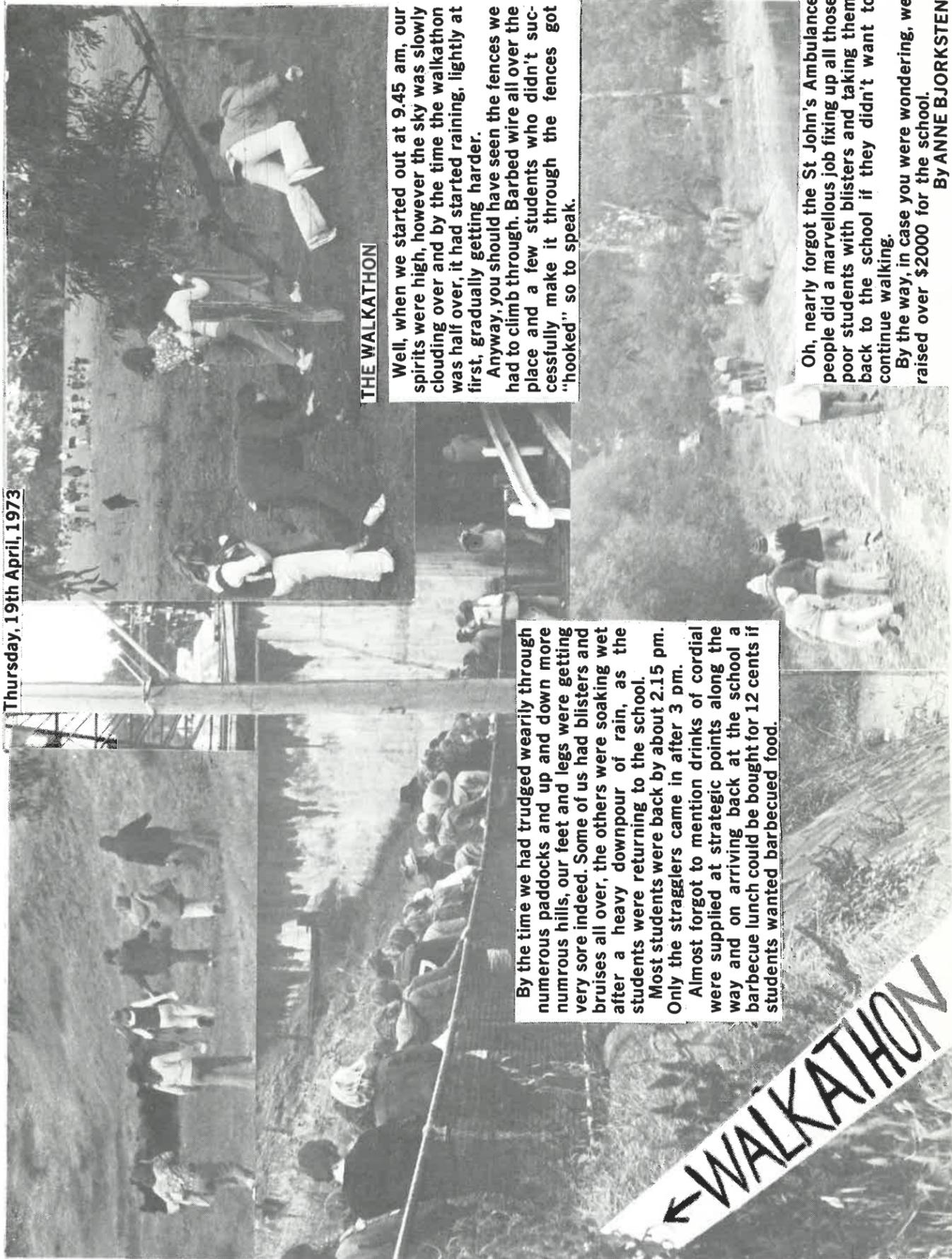


SEYMOUR  
HIGH  
SCHOOL





Thursday, 19th April, 1973



THE WALKATHON

Well, when we started out at 9.45 am, our spirits were high, however the sky was slowly clouding over and by the time the walkathon was half over, it had started raining, lightly at first, gradually getting harder.

Anyway, you should have seen the fences we had to climb through. Barbed wire all over the place and a few students who didn't successfully make it through the fences got "hooked" so to speak.

By the time we had trudged wearily through numerous paddocks and up and down more numerous hills, our feet and legs were getting very sore indeed. Some of us had blisters and bruises all over, the others were soaking wet after a heavy downpour of rain, as the students were returning to the school. Most students were back by about 2.15 pm. Only the stragglers came in after 3 pm.

Almost forgot to mention drinks of cordial were supplied at strategic points along the way and on arriving back at the school a barbecue lunch could be bought for 12 cents if students wanted barbecued food.

Oh, nearly forgot the St John's Ambulance people did a marvellous job fixing up all those poor students with blisters and taking them back to the school if they didn't want to continue walking.

By the way, in case you were wondering, we raised over \$2000 for the school.  
By ANNE BJORKSTEN

Shadows slink quietly  
along the mist-wreathed docks  
As stealthy as a ravenous panther  
Oversized and shrunken  
Wary of strangers

Lightning, as changeable  
as a woman  
Deathly in its own right  
Flashing defiance  
From its heavenly home

Snow, innocent as a new-born child  
Tracherous as a jealous girl  
Blanketing all in a carpet of white  
A covering of glistening enamel  
Hiding dangerous foes

As softly as falling leaves  
The mist rolls across  
the deserted harbour  
Blinking its dim eyes  
Against the glare of highway lights

Wind, blowing hot and cold  
As it's mood changes  
Like the tide  
Ebbing away into the darkness  
destroying and lulling to sleep

Meredith Taylor

SPIDER  
QUICKNESS  
BITE  
DEATH

R. COLE

SPIDER  
HAIRY  
BIG  
and DANGEROUS

D. JEWELL

A crimson berry  
Splattering down on  
the frost white garden

A new case and pencils  
The little girl walks—  
into a jungle of people  
At her new school.

A blanket of gloom  
hangs over the child  
He enters the Dentist's

KIM HYDE

WINTER  
COLDS  
STORMS  
SOUP

D. WISE

Old lady gets on train  
Stands for a while  
Nobody gives her a seat.

R. STANIOS

# PHOTO FUNNIES



## MY ADVENTURE

EWAN McDONALD

I have always wanted to be a great mountain climber, but one day I decided that I couldn't at my age anyway, climb a mountain in some forgotten region. I could however, get some practice at the manly art of mountain climbing. I looked around for some likely subject to practice on. Not having mountains ready at hand, I decided to climb, for the FIRST TIME EVER our oak tree in the back yard.

I do not mind saying that I was stumped on what to take on my expedition. Firstly, I needed a native as someone to carry food and equipment. I summoned my little brother for this honourable task. Now I wanted protective climbing gear, denim jacket, woolly shirt, denim trousers and gym boots. A flag to hoist up at the summit, food to last indefinitely (1 hour), and climbing gear: Axe, pick, rope, and saw.

At last we had all the equipment together and we were able to set off on our journey of exploration. The time was 10 am. We made base camp just below the tree at 10.05 am. I made preparations for the long and tedious climb.

A whole 20 feet. At 10.10 a.m. I began to climb. Up, up, the air was getting thin, it was bitterly cold, but still I persisted. Up and up forever. At 10.15 a.m. I stopped for a rest. I dug into my supply of lifegiving licorice alsorts for energy. Up further still I climbed. At 10.25 a.m. I reached the summit. I had accidentally left my flag at base camp, so I reached for my hanky. I had made it. OOPS! Lost my balance, I went crashing through the branches and leaves. It was a miracle I survived that fall, but inside, despite my bruised abdomen, I knew that I had done something to benefit mankind. I set off back to civilization with news of my climb.

## BUBBLE GUM

IAN HARE

As I put it in my mouth I can smell the delicious flavour. I take my first bite I taste the sweetness and feel it sticking to my teeth. After a few more bites it becomes soft and flavoursome I hold the gum and slowly pull it from my teeth and it stretches, long and thin. 5 minutes later it is soft and rubbery, loosing it's flavour and making me feel sick. I pull it from my mouth sticking to my fingers and between my teeth then throw it in the bin.

## SITUATIONS ..... Colin Kerris

When I was younger I was told there were monsters at the bottom of the Schoolyard. There was also a "boogy man" under the pavilion. Someone was always going to "take us up," meaning they were going to take us up to the headmaster.

As I got older, I realised that all the monsters were in places where one was forbidden to go. I think older children told the younger ones that monsters were in these places instead of telling them that they weren't allowed there because it was easier to explain about monster than rules of the schools.

## DEBBIE GLOVER

*Description of someone in my class*

*This is a description of a girl aged 15 in our class.*

*Hair: Brunette*

*Eyes: Brown or hazel*

*Complexion: Her skin is fairly dark and she hasn't got very many blemishes (if any at all).*

*She is about 5ft 1 1/2in. and has pieced ears. She has fairly long hair, about down to the middle of her back. She's fairly abrupt and says what she thinks without delay. Her personality is fairly nice but sometimes she can be destructive, bossy and may have a terrible temper. She has a fairly loud voice if she gets going but on the other hand she can be quite quiet and pleasant and good to get along with. She is fairly intelligent although sometimes she can be quite silly. She is quite a good school worker when she sets her mind to it.*

## THE TALLAROOK DRUNK

It all began one night when Paul Sherwood rolled off the hill where he lived in Tallarook because of . . . drunkenness. He got up and staggered over to the pub, which had a motto "Things are crook in Tallarook." He walked or staggered in and then he bought a Double Bloody Mary on the Rocks.

After a few dozen of these drinks, he staggered out of the pub and onto the old Hume Highway. A car came shooting down the road and almost collected Paul, but he just managed to get out of the way when another car came whizzing (+) down the road not almost collected him but it **did** collect him and he went flying through the air and was all right until he landed on power lines and was electrocuted. "DEAD".

(+) whizzing is faster than shooting.

By: C. McBEAN



CUTOUT FIGURES - Form 2.

**Look at his hands  
fidgeting and small  
He doesn't know what to do  
with them  
They are useless and shameful.**

**Hands that would kill,  
yet hands that are weak and  
unco-ordinated  
Hands that would steal  
slyly and shamefully.**

**They are hands of a derelict,  
fighting for survival,  
Ashamed and lonely.**

**He can't leave them alone  
One explores the other  
if only to do something with  
them,**

**They are nervous and  
frightened.**

**They sweat a cold sweat  
that reveals emptiness and  
nothingness.**

**He never used them properly  
or usefully  
only harmfully.**

**What man owns these hands,  
What an insignificant creature  
He is useless  
He is nothing.**

**BEV CATCHLOVE**

**THE DAY THE MELBOURNE  
POPCORN FACTORY BLEW UP**

The day was dull and uninteresting. The sky was overcast and anybody in their right mind was sitting at home in front of the fire with a suspense novel. The rain beat rhythmically on the roof tops as bored people lounged around in the dim light.

But at the newly established Melbourne Popcorn Factory, excitement filled the air. The new luminous popcorn was being mass-produced for the first time! Staff gathered round excitedly, their eyes sparkling in readiness for the new product. The temperature of the oven crept higher and higher. The super chef stood proudly beside the enormous vat... Only four more minutes until the first tasting... The crowd grew larger, curiously awaiting the great event... Three minutes to go... the buzz of the expectants grew louder as a soft but shrill whistle escaped from the heating vat... Two minutes... People began screaming with excitement... NOW!... Everybody charged for the vat, pushing the terrified chef to one side. As he lifted the lid there was a great BOOM!

People somehow flew through the air like supermen. The popcorn took off in one great blob, crashed through the roof and headed off into the wild blue yonder.

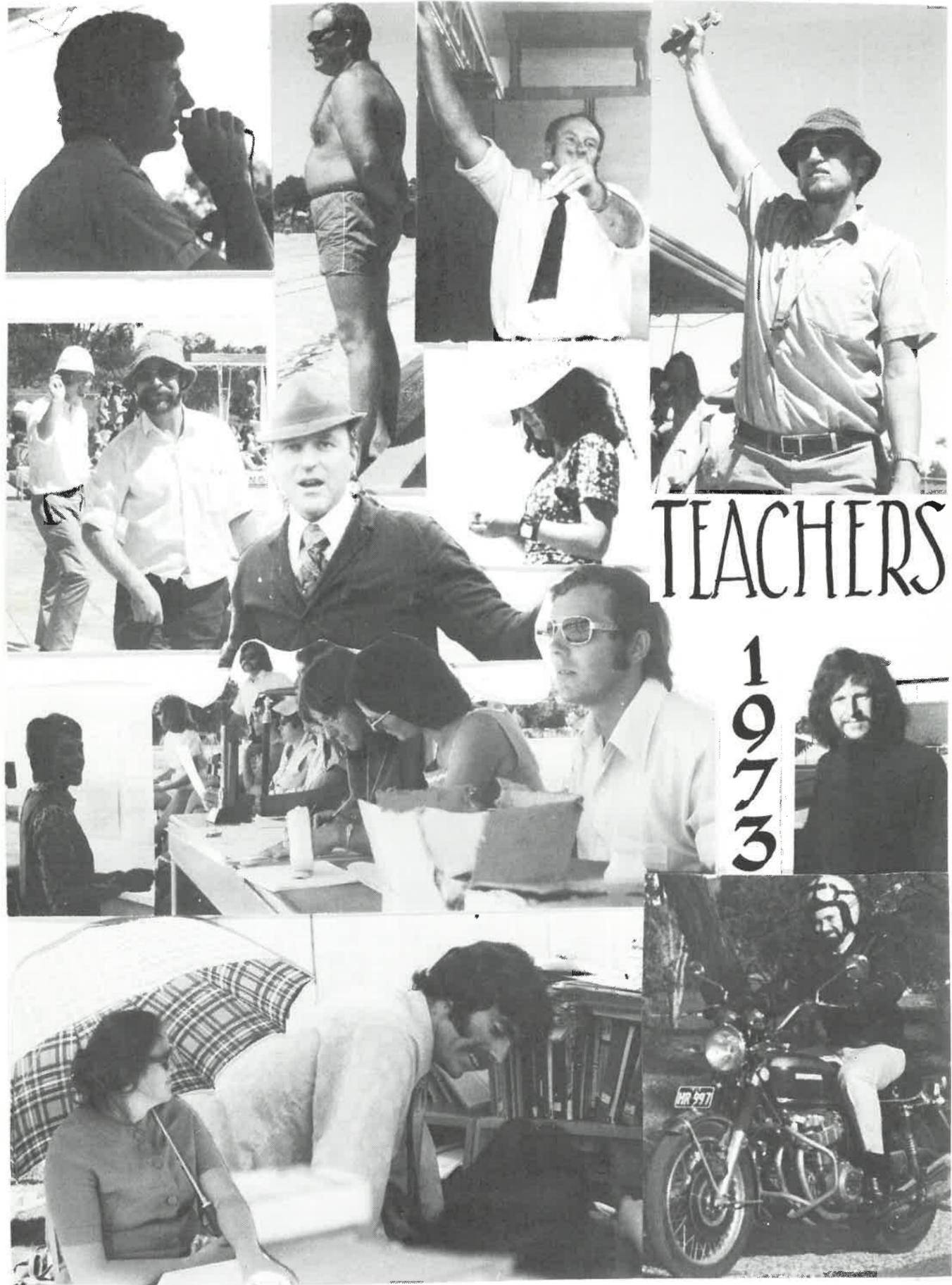
Immediately sun filled the sky and excitement the air. The day became bright. Laughing children ran into the streets glad to be freed of the bondage that ties a restless child on a rainy day. Smiles filled the faces of the grown-ups as they joined their children in watching the popcorn which was still ascending into the heights of the brightened sky... For one moment the city became a laughing happy mass. People were at peace with each other. Fighting ceased as all cares and worries were lost. What a happy occasion!!!

Then the popcorn slowly floated down (well... at least the section that hadn't gone into orbit).

The impatient children jumped up and down as the glittering popcorn gracefully swayed in the breeze. A feeling of tranquility filled the air.

Everybody was at peace with themselves as the night air sparkled in an array of beautiful luminous reds, blues and greens filled the air.

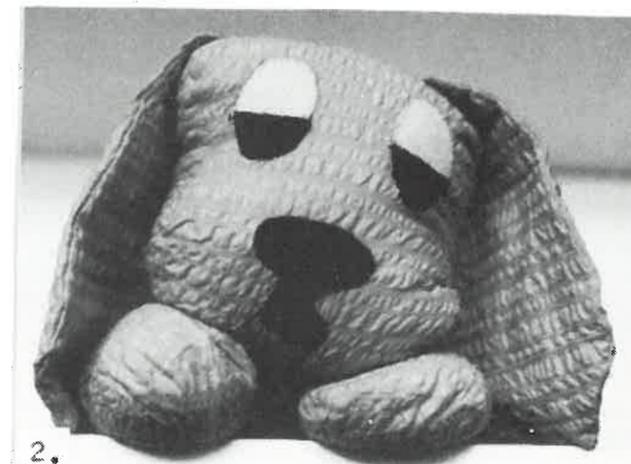
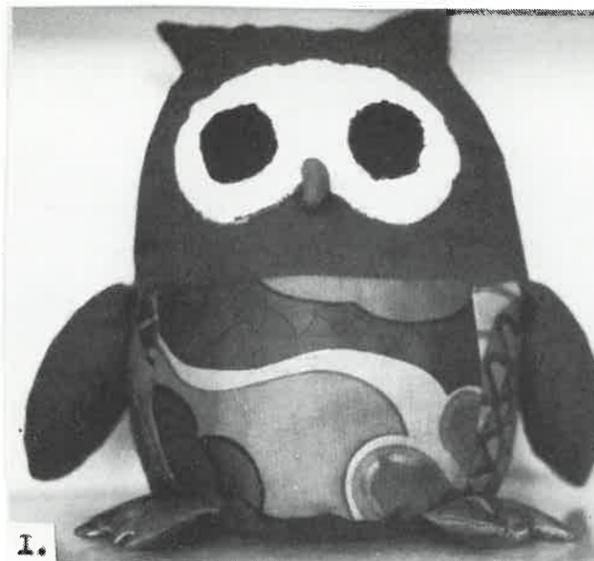
This was **some** way to brighten a dull day.  
By: JILLIAN HENSHAW, 4B



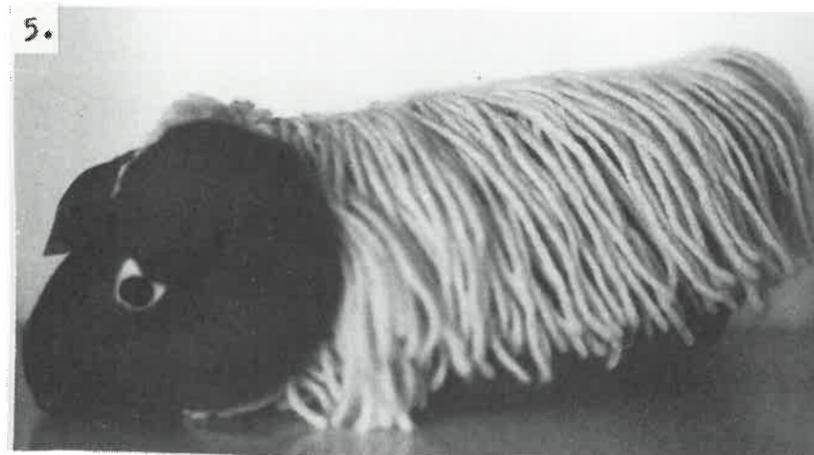
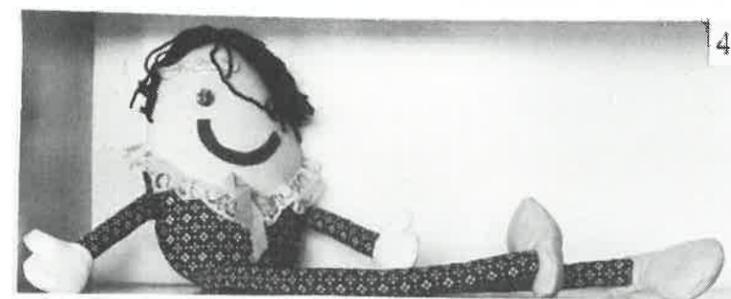
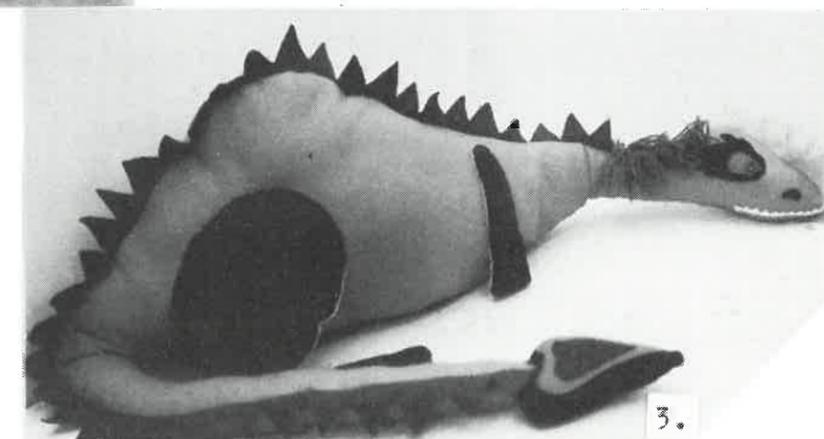
QUESTIONS SOLVED: Elizabeth Brunink, 4D:

Q. My car Herby is very headstrong. Whenever I want to go somewhere and am in a hurry he won't hurry for me. If he is not in an obliging mood then he will not go where I want to but in the opposite direction. No matter how hard I put my foot on the brake or turn the wheel he is stronger and always goes his own way. Herby always plays up most when I am going to my boy friends house for the evening or day or whatever. I don't tell him where I am going but he just seems to know. Could you please advise me on how I might be able to get my own way with him? A. Your car is obviously very jealous of your boy friend, and wants to keep you to himself. You should try to be kinder to him and take more notice of him. Maybe if you tell Herby that you won't see your boy friend again he will behave as you want. If you don't want to give up your boy friend then you will have to trade in Herby or tell him if he doesn't behave you will get rid of him. This should fix him.

Q. My horse Irving lives in the paddock across the road. My problem is trying to get him to quieten down and go to bed at an earthly hour, but he won't listen. He keeps bringing all his horse friends around to his paddock and throwing parties. They don't drink water but my beer. I tell him to keep out, but he knows where I keep my house key and always goes to the fridge and gets all my beer. Then all his friends get drunk and all you hear all night is hoof beats that keep running round and great loud squeals and neighs. What can I do to solve this problem that has me, and my horse, down because he keeps getting hangovers and I can therefore not ride him. A. If you move your house key to another position where he doesn't know it is, I am sure your problem will be solved.



1. Beverly Broughton
2. Debbie Stringer
3. Leigh Rich
4. Angela Hewser
5. Bill Martin
6. Sherie Tyrell



# HOUSE DRAMA AFTERNOON



## A FISH'S POINT OF VIEW.

### CAUGHT

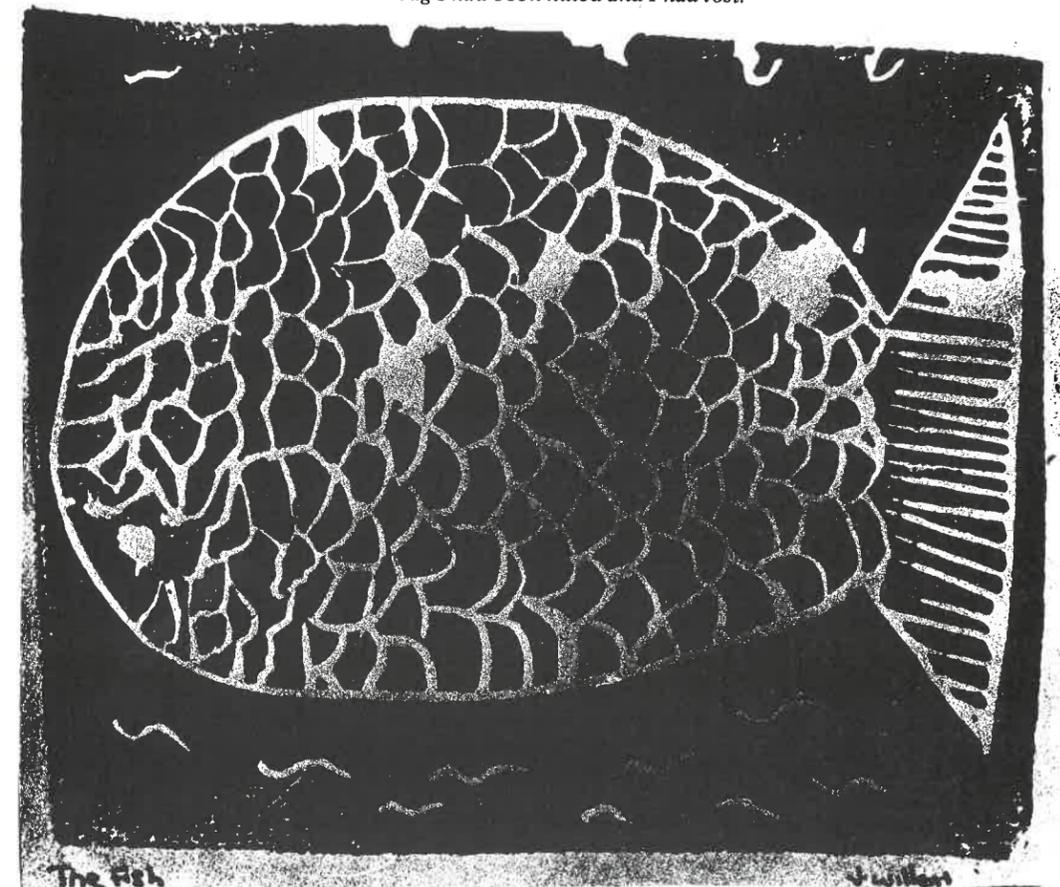
*I am a rainbow trout, I have been released with a school of fish, I have been kept in a fish tank. I swam into a port where little things are on a curved thing, I took a bite at it. Something jabbed me in the side of my was being dragged up by a big crane. I wriggled off and threw myself into the water. I heard some rumbling sounds. Big rocks were being thrown at me. Now I was hungry, I had lost a lot of energy now. A big long thing was coming at me now at the back of it was a big long net. Other little fish were caught in it, I quickly swam out of its road. A big thing was in my mouth. Clouds of blood swept out of my mouth. I floated to the top of the*

### Phillip Burgoyne 1H

*surface. I went down on the bottom. Lots of things were down there.*

*Big things with gigantic claws came at me. Pretty coloured things were glowing in my eyes I went up to the top and went to a worm on a hook. I took a gulp at it, swallowed down the worm and it was a hook I spat out. I was all choked up in the throat, I was all right now I swivelled and swayed away. A big long thing came at me, Its big jaws were wide open, its big eyes were glowing at me. I got out of its way like a herd of elephants. I went in some darkened rock among some seaweed. After a while I went up and had a bite at another worm. This time I was hooked and I was being lifted up by this thing. I was on the bank and put in the bag I had been killed and I had lost.*

**Tremendous  
weighty  
battered  
ancient  
colourful  
gloomy  
slithery  
slippery  
swiftly  
gills**



### JOHN FOLAN

*I was strolling down the river looking for food. I saw a worm floating down the river and I went straight for it. When I attacked it I could feel something caught on my side of my mouth. I was caught. He started to pull me in. I didn't fight or struggle. I knew this was the end of the line. I had been caught before, but somehow I got away. There was still old line caught on the side of my mouth. When he pulled me in he knew I had been caught. In some way I knew he was going to put me back in. I didn't really want to live, all my scales were falling off. I knew I would die someday. He was just about to cut my throat when he started to feel sorry for me, he threw me back in and I was free.*

### FISH

**I'm free to roam the sea once more  
as I have for years.**

**Oh no, not again, this is the fifth time I've  
been caught. I just can't go any further. I  
am doomed, my life has come to an end  
at last.**

**Well kill me now I'm doomed anyway,  
so just kill me. I can't stand it any longer.  
But what's this. She is taking the hook out  
that is one less pain I'll have.**

**Oh how I wish the others let me go.  
DAVID BROWN**

## HANDS:

A crawling carpet of flesh and hair,  
Spread over an area unlimited,  
Surrounded by objects.

The hand knows not why it does,  
But what it does.

It brushes away the tear caused  
by action beyond its mighty reach,  
Controlled by the mind it obeys.

Love or Death

The choice is not to be made.

It holds the hand of young lover,

Slaps the face with annoyance,

full of contradictions the hand

Crushing, Clapping never still.

As sad as a willow,

tight as a clamp

As tricky as a Harlequin,

Clever as a Red dog

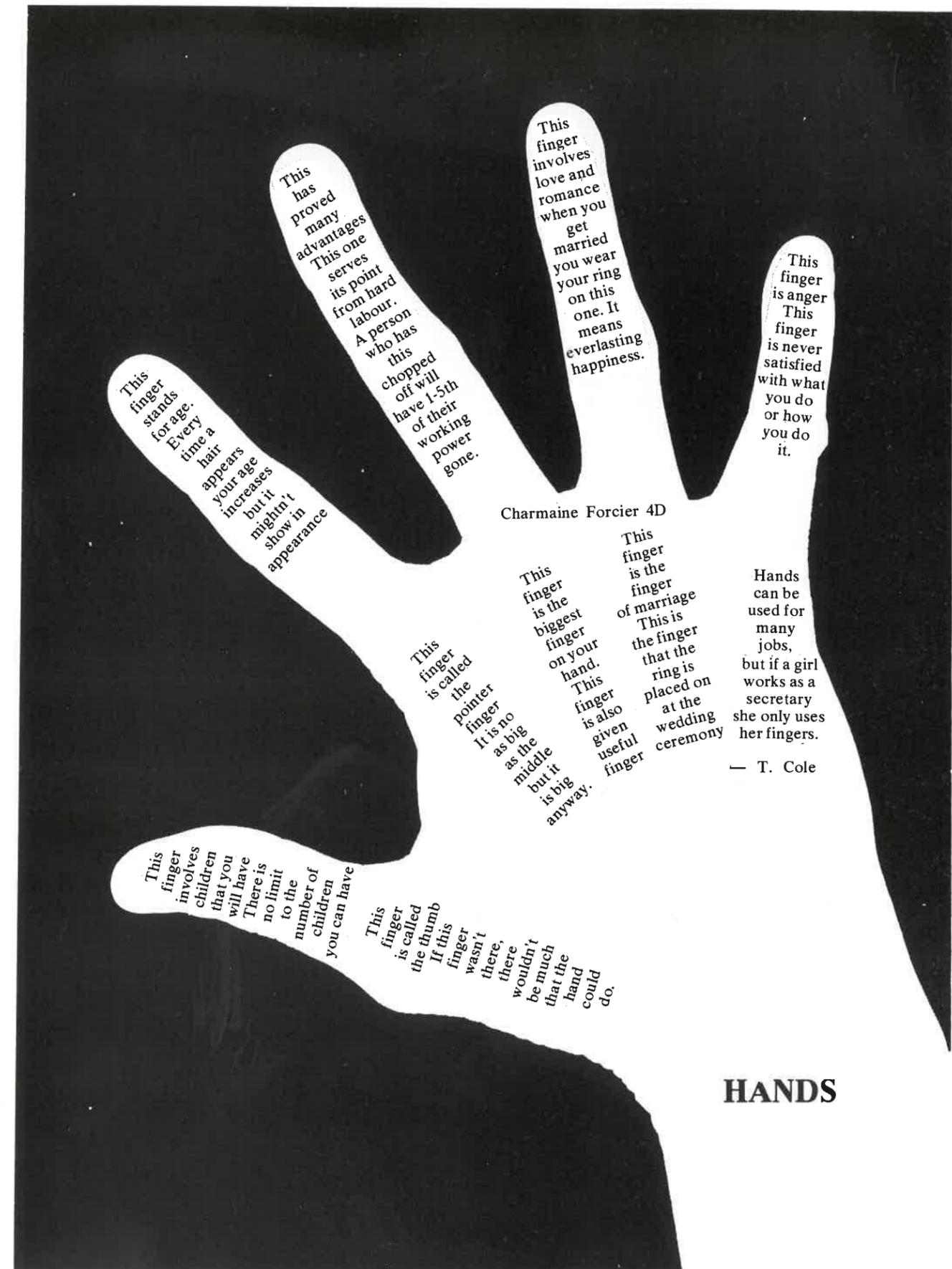
It reaches out to meddle with another  
a tight thin moving mystery.

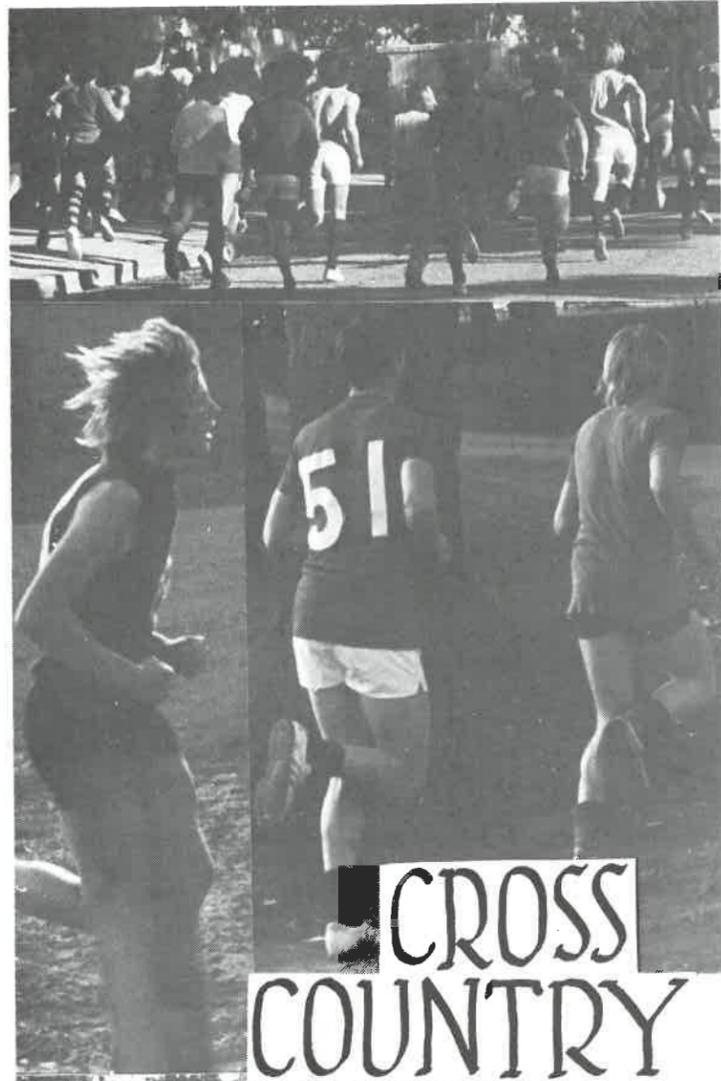
BRAD WILLIS.

## TONGUE:

Gee I hate being a tongue. I live in this Lady's mouth and all she does is yak yak yak. Boy I get tired of getting pushed around. And of food being shovelled in on top of me. How about that ghastly orange juice she pours in on top of me. But I do have some friends, like the teeth and the gums. But just like me they've got their problems. They hate being scrubbed and it leaves a ghastly taste. And sometimes my friends get taken away by this nasty pair of tweezer things, and the dentist on the end of the tweezers. But the time I enjoy is when she goes to sleep and we can have our chance to speak.

KIM COURT 1L:





## CROSS COUNTRY



## HARRIETVILLE TRIP



# GRAPHIC COMMUNICATION

Graphic Communication is non-oral communication. The UNESCO seminar on Visual Education, Melbourne, 1972, stated "In the main of Education we teach people to read and we teach people to write, but we leave them to see by themselves". Graphic Communication is the visual education method to which the above statement cannot be appended. As educators advocate the employment of visual aids to augment and enrich a student's capacity to learn we may best describe Graphic Communication as non-oral, pictorial, symbolistic and diagrammatic because charts, diagrams, maps and sketches are its tools to record situations, give information and issue instructions. Obviously it allows for an integrated approach to other subjects; graphs in Maths., symbols in Science and diagrams in Geography, are examples.

The student who develops the skill to convey information by such illustrative means will find it applicable to many vocations. Printing and Advertising, Interior Design, Industrial Design, Stage and Set Design and Town Planning are examples of vocations where this type of training would be invaluable.

There are positive applications in Engineering, Architecture, Electrical Engineering and building. Technical Colleges, including the technical component of this school when complete, will have courses in the specific Graphics of Engineering and Building. These will retain the time-proven technical drawing methods and introduce many new media of presentation.

Three schools will have reached Form 6 with this subject next year and it will be a subject for H.S.C. for a growing number of schools both Technical and Secondary.

J. Arnold.  
(Coordinator of Graphic  
Communication.)

# HOUSE REPORTS

This year Flinders showed its ability, drive and enthusiasm in many ways through Inter-House Competition. It displayed it through football, netball, softball and then later in the Drama Festival where a fine piece of acting was presented by very accomplished actors and actresses. Flinders were out in full strength for the

Interhouse Cross Country where we won every age group except one, and then winning, on total points by an extremely large and convincing margin. A great let down to Flinders was when Henty defeated us by half a point. But the enthusiasm and drive to win and do your best could be felt in the atmosphere around the Flinders area. We would like to thank the house teachers: Mrs Simon, Miss Lalor, Miss Brewster, Mr. Hockett, Mr. Povey, for their help and encouragement, and especially Mr. George for all the hard work he has put into the year for sport, because without his help the activities could not have been possible. In all these competitions Flinders were represented in full strength, the numbers for competitors were never low, so we think a special congratulations and thank-you should go to Flinders for their enthusiasm and team work during the whole of 1973.  
D.Hyde. K.Stanley.

## FLINDERS

## LATROBE

1973 hasn't been such a good year in the way of triumphs for Letrobe. The nearest we came to winning a trophy was a close second in both the Drama Festival and the Swimming Sports, but that doesn't mean that we didn't try hard. Individual efforts were combined to produce a very enthusiastic house. I was very pleased at the way everyone, particularly the girls, eagerly supported house activities. A lot of credit must go to the house teachers for their organization and help. Keep up the effort Letrobe, and I'm sure we'll do better next year. Julie Arandt. Leon Baker.

## MITCHELL

Mitchell did not have a very successful year this year. We started off the year with the Swimming Sports and came third. The - a great effort - rather disastrous, Athletic Sports were - fourth, but those and we came way behind a great job. Those concerned put in a lot of time, and effort in the House Drama Festival with their "Football Crowd". Participation and house spirit could have been a bit better, although those who did participate made up for all those who didn't by their enthusiasm. Thanks to Mr. Simon and Mrs. Gadd, who put in a lot of time and effort and tried their hardest to create interest and represent Mitchell well. Also, thanks to Mr. George and to all the kids who competed and helped our house. Now that we've given all the other houses a chance to win and made er them feel good this year we think it sh- could be our turn next year, and we will be the ones laughing then. Theme Sidebottom and Alan Comte.

## HENTY

Henty commenced the year very well with a win in the swimming sports. The best representatives were: Jenine McIntosh, Val Saggars, Gordon Wilson and Robert Saggars. A fine effort was given by Henty in drama with a play called "Sleeping Handsome". This performance won us the competition. It was written and produced by Karen Stoman and Rosie Clydesdale. In the Cross-Country the Henty spirit was lacking and we did poorly. Henty narrowly scraped home in the athletics sports to win by half a point from Flinders. It was a fine performance by all the competitors. Best performances were by Olwyn Vearing, Karen Stoman, Rosie Clydesdale, Gordon Wilson, Wayne Bryant and Mick O'Donnell. We would like to thank our house teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, Miss Hockett, Miss Ward, Mr. Scott, Mr. Green, Miss Kelsner, for their support. Rosie Clydesdale Mick O'Donnell.

year very well swimming sports. representatives were: Val Saggars and Robert Saggars. given by Henty in called "Sleeping performance won us was written and produced by Karen Stoman and Rosie Clydesdale. In the Cross-Country the Henty spirit was lacking and we did poorly. Henty narrowly scraped home in the athletics sports to win by half a point from Flinders. It was a fine performance by all the competitors. Best by Olwyn Vearing, Clydesdale, Gordon and Mick O'Donnell. thank our house Mrs. Hyde, Miss Mr. Scott, Mr. Green, their support. Mick O'Donnell.

# Expecting a baby?

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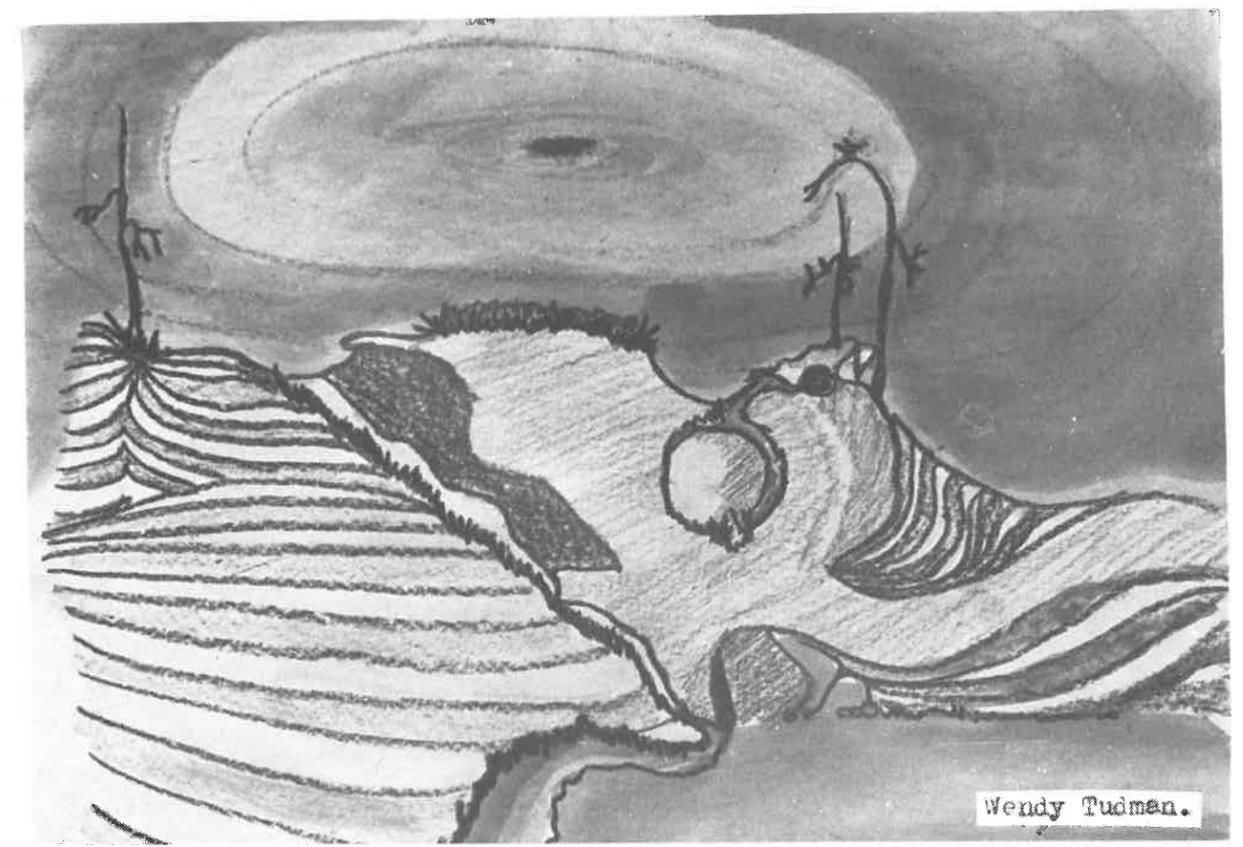


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 Form I. Prac. Skills.



Wendy Tudman.



Anne Bjorksten.

# ELECTIVES

## Volley Ball

### TENNIS

Poised, with arm upstretched grasping the racket, muscles taut, ready. As the left arm flicks the ball up, the weight of the body comes forward on to the left foot, forward on to the toes as the right arm comes down in a smashing drive that sends the ball across to the opposition.

The ball is returned. A rapid volley of hits back and forth, until muscles stretching, lungs gasping, he just misses a sneaky return to the far side of the court.

Tennis elective is fun even in the rain, but best when a spray of water does not follow each hit of the ball.

### FOOTBALL

In the senior football elective on Wednesday afternoon about 35 students participate. Mostly we pick up two scratch sides and play football for two periods. We have had a wide variety of umpires ranging from Mr Miller, Mr Hackett to Peter Goodwin and Brendan Hall. Mick O'Donnell, R. Stomann have shown commendable improvement under the fine leadership and inspiration of the likes of C. Tingay, Alex Cresswell, P. Allison.

### NETBALL

This year's netball elective has progressed well with cognisant supervisors and student umpires.

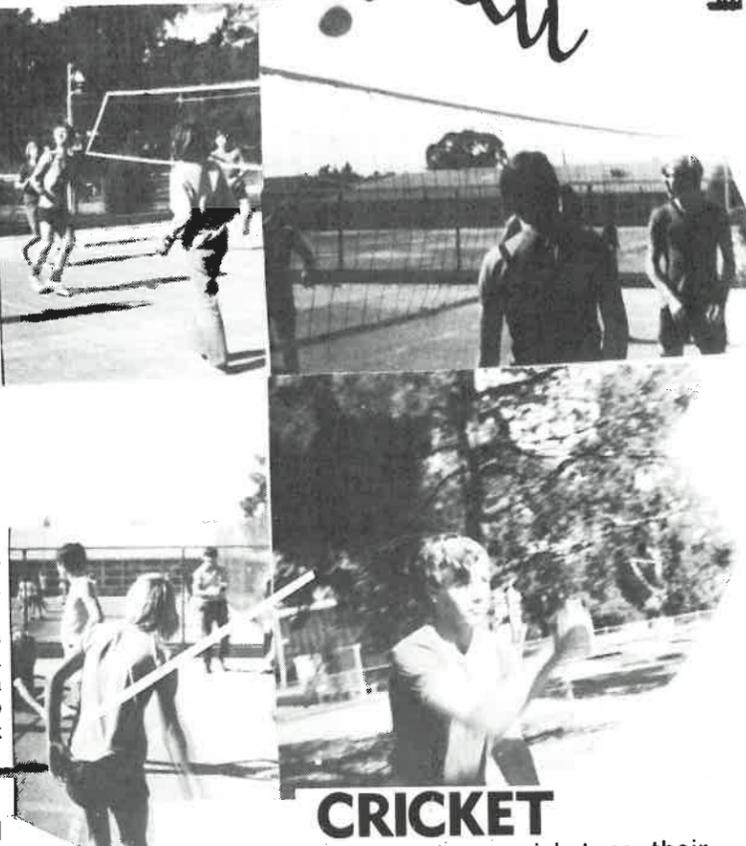
Everyone straggles over from the changing room, balls and whistles are produced, teams are picked and everyone settles down for a long and gruelling match. The whistle blows for the first centre pass and then again in rapid succession. The second being for double contact. The umpires like throw-ups. After a slight disagreement the ball is thrown up and the game continues. The umpires aren't very particular — a little step here, a nudge there doesn't matter.

Each quarter is 15 minutes with 5 minutes for  $\frac{1}{4}$  time and  $\frac{3}{4}$  time and 10 minutes for  $\frac{1}{2}$  time.

There aren't any serious injuries — only grazed elbows, hands and knees.

Thanks to Miss O'Donald and Miss Jelbart for supervising us and especially to Miss O'Donald for being so generous with breaks between quarters.

By: JENNIE LAPPIN, 3A



### CRICKET

About thirty boys chose cricket as their elective and all enjoyed playing. As weeks went by this group decreased to about twenty. This was good as everyone had a bat and bowl. Our method of playing wasn't too bad. Usually you had 45 minutes batting time, everyone had a hit and then you swapped over the everyone then had a bowl. The Captains usually were Shane Stanley and Brendan Hall. Whenever Shane Stanley won the toss, he bowled first. The reason being that he liked to have a long shower before four o'clock. Anyone requiring a highly professional singing group should have been in the Changing Rooms when the showers were turned on. Slade and the Rolling Stones are second class compared with the swinging cricketers.

Overall this elective was a very enjoyable one, although if cricket at this school is to be improved, then it has got to be taken more seriously.

By: One of the many who had to put up with it!

### POTTERY

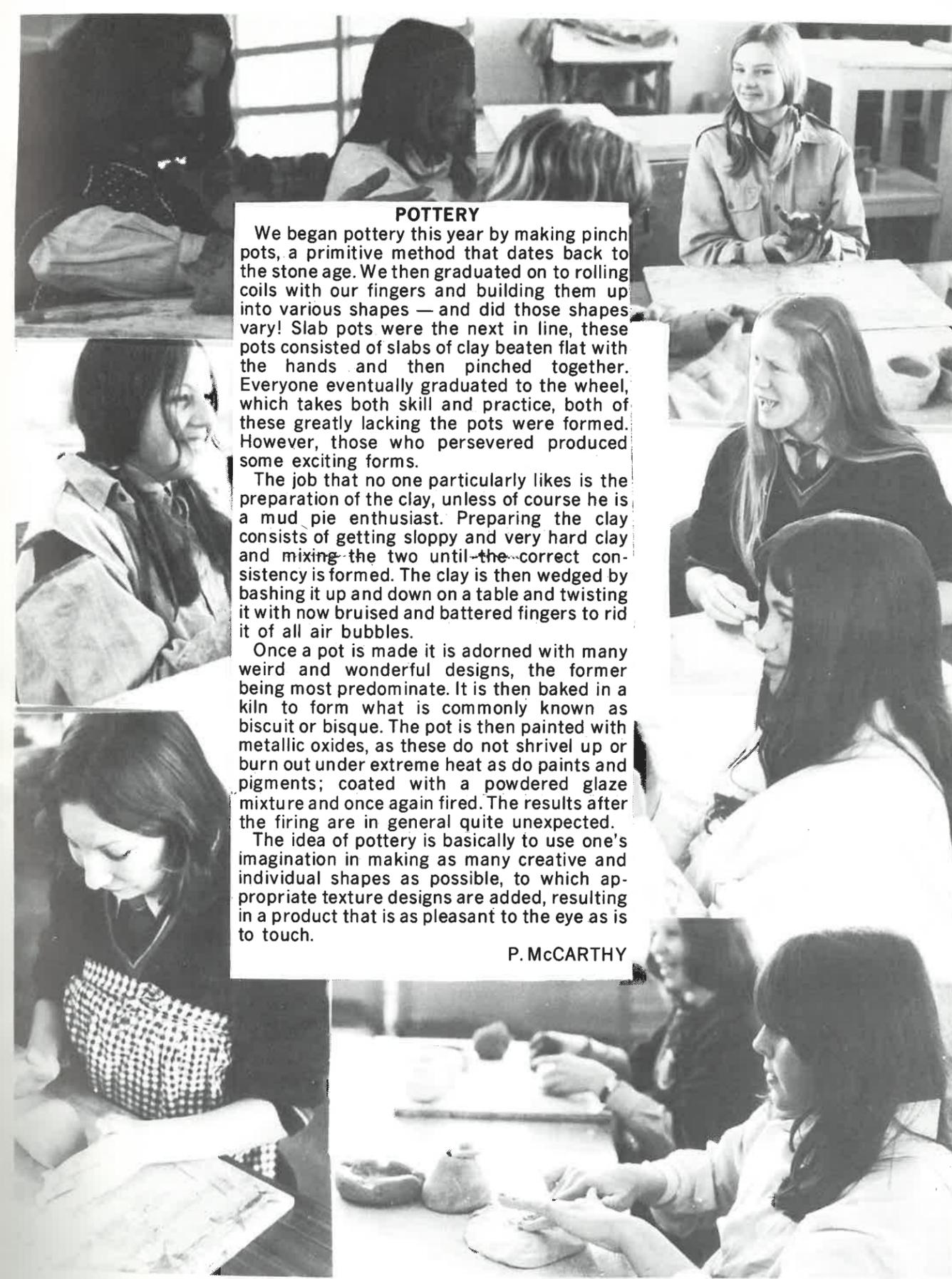
We began pottery this year by making pinch pots, a primitive method that dates back to the stone age. We then graduated on to rolling coils with our fingers and building them up into various shapes — and did those shapes vary! Slab pots were the next in line, these pots consisted of slabs of clay beaten flat with the hands and then pinched together. Everyone eventually graduated to the wheel, which takes both skill and practice, both of these greatly lacking the pots were formed. However, those who persevered produced some exciting forms.

The job that no one particularly likes is the preparation of the clay, unless of course he is a mud pie enthusiast. Preparing the clay consists of getting sloppy and very hard clay and mixing the two until the correct consistency is formed. The clay is then wedged by bashing it up and down on a table and twisting it with now bruised and battered fingers to rid it of all air bubbles.

Once a pot is made it is adorned with many weird and wonderful designs, the former being most predominate. It is then baked in a kiln to form what is commonly known as biscuit or bisque. The pot is then painted with metallic oxides, as these do not shrivel up or burn out under extreme heat as do paints and pigments; coated with a powdered glaze mixture and once again fired. The results after the firing are in general quite unexpected.

The idea of pottery is basically to use one's imagination in making as many creative and individual shapes as possible, to which appropriate texture designs are added, resulting in a product that is as pleasant to the eye as it is to touch.

P. McCARTHY



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**BUSH WALKING**

One of the many electives of Seymour High School is bush walking. This is probably the most interesting and beneficial of all the electives, as it provides the members with a wide knowledge of the Australian bush country. It was first started in 1972 with one weekend camp and one major camp. The major camp was to Mt. Feathertop which is situated on the Bogong High Plains. Mt. Feathertop is 6307 ft. above sea level and is only accessible by an extremely hard climb up the Diamantina Spur. For the duration of the camp, which was one week, we stayed in tents and huts. The best of the huts was the M.U.M.C. (Melbourne -

University - Mountaineering Club). It was a great camp and a good way to finish the year.

We began this year ('73) with a walk to Cathedral Mountain, which was 5000 ft. high. This was only a weekend camp, but we enjoyed the trip.

At the end of last term we went to Mt. Howitt, which was a week of sheer ecstasy. It snowed most of the time, so we all enjoyed it, but the walking was still hard and up hill most of the time. We stayed in tents and huts again, some of the huts being uninhabitable. After

the final night's walk, which lasted until 10.30 p.m., we were totally exhausted and collapsed into our tents.

After the September holidays we went to Torbreck for a weekend camp. We went on this camp to get us used to the wind, rain and snow for the Cradle Mountain trip, which is in Tasmania.

BARBARA McCARTHY  
 WENDY McLEOD



**BUSHWALKING**

**ELECTIVE**





# BALLROOM DANCING

## OUR ACHING FEET

In our Principal's effort  
To produce an elite set,  
The conclusion was made  
Ballroom dancing we should get.

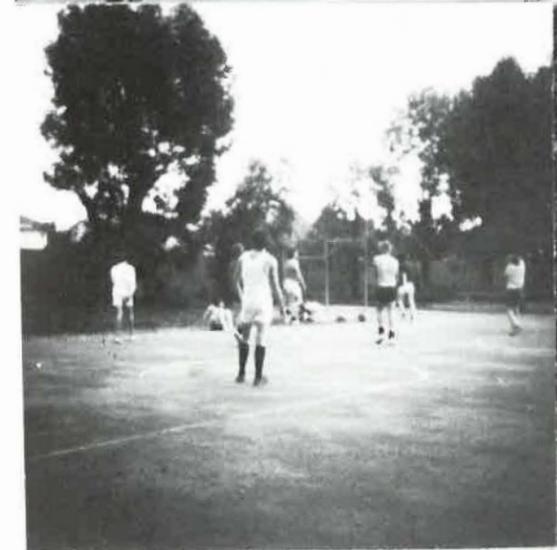
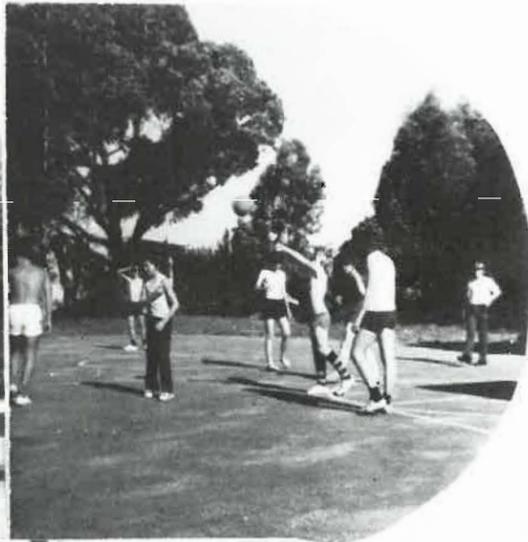
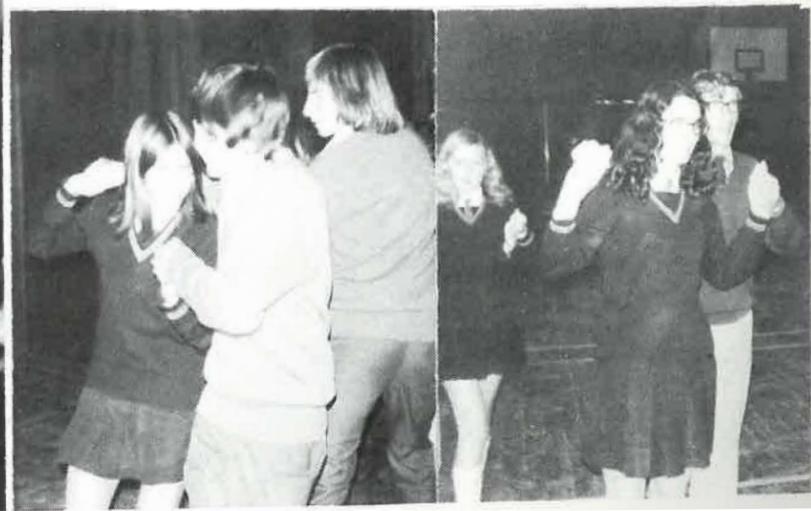
As an elective,  
Ballroom dancing was new,  
But as the weeks passed  
The numbers grew.

Few had any knowledge  
And so many faults.  
The first thing we learnt  
Was the circular waltz.

The Pride of Erin, the Quickstep,  
The Cha Cha and the Rumba,  
Our previously clumpy feet  
Can now dance to any number.

Most enjoy it  
A couple get bored,  
But anyway, thank you  
Mr Scott and Miss Ward.

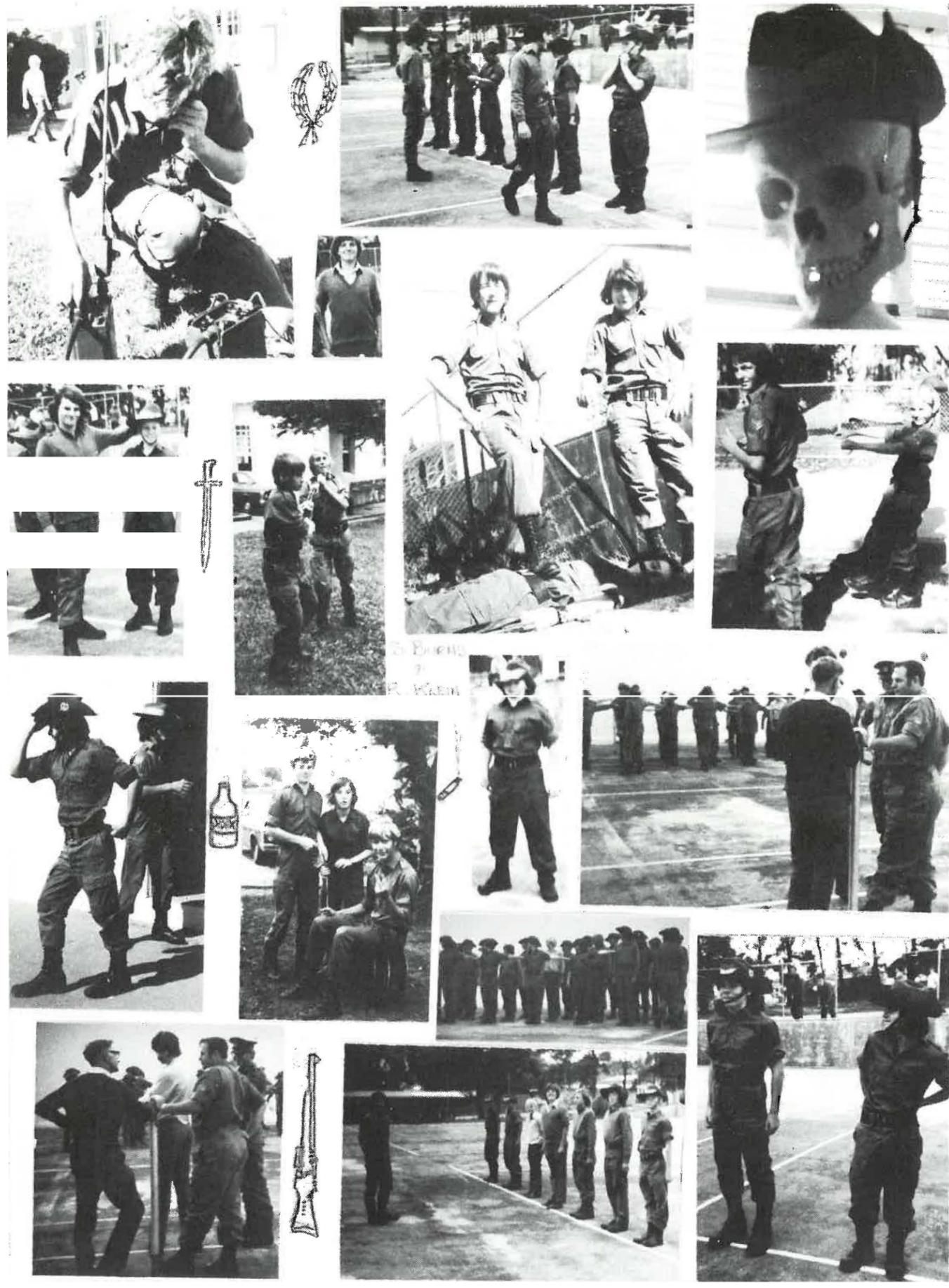
By: SANDRA OLINSKI  
SUZANNE CATCHLOVE  
ANNETTE CLAREY, Form 6



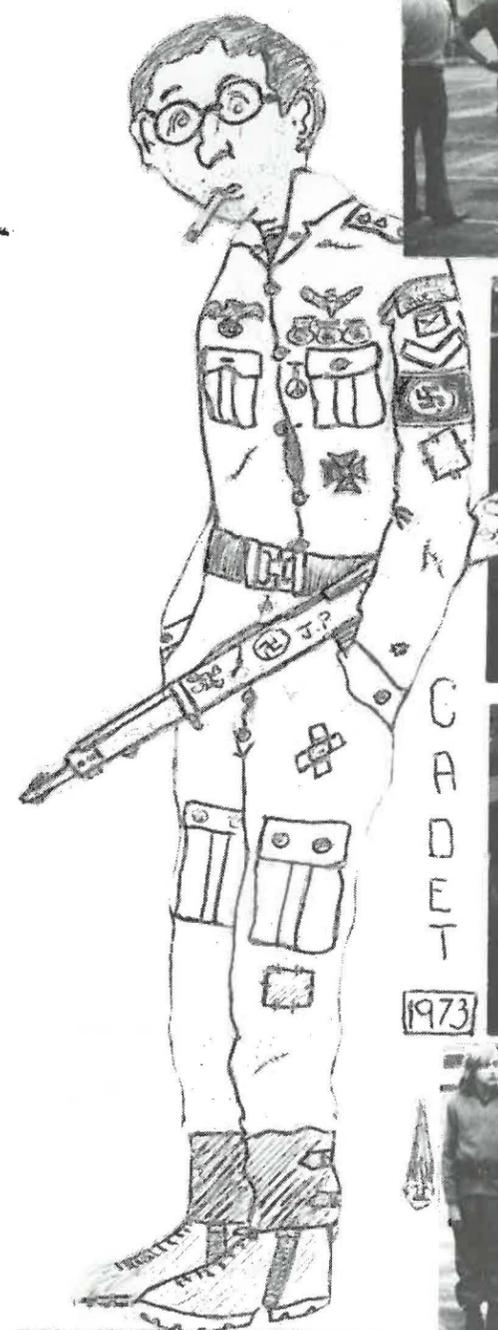
This term in Men's Basketball we have been playing one game a week. Our umpire is Alex Berry. We don't have any set teams, they are chosen each week.

The players are Robert Watts (5B), James Parnell (5C), Tony Waite (5A), Bill Day (5A), Greg Hadly (5A), Neil Greenshields (4B), Rod Taylor (3A), Steven Boal (3A), David Arnold (3A). It is really a combination of soccer, football and many other sports.

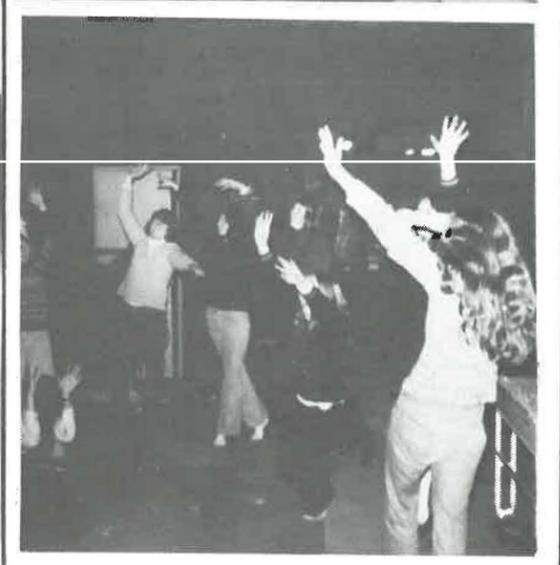
By: DAVID ARNOLD, 3A



TYPICAL



# DRAMA

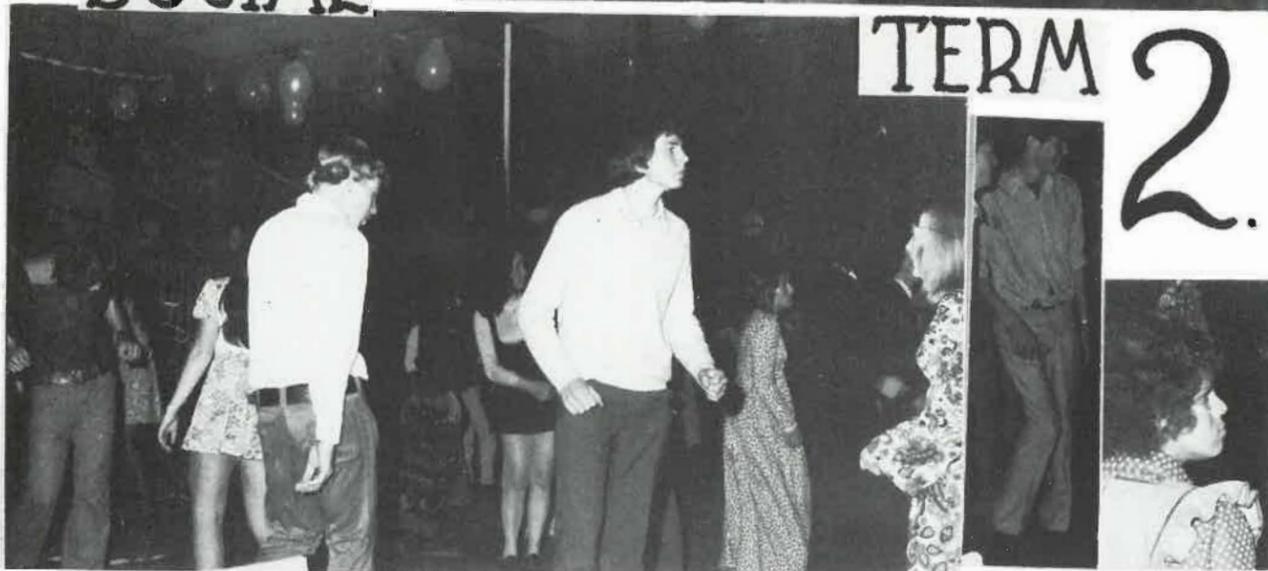


DURING 1973 CADETS ATTENDED [ ] CAMP AND [ ] BINGROS. MR. JOHNSON COMMENTED ON A SUCCESSFUL YEAR. TOWARDS THE END OF 1974, A CAMP IN PERTH IS PLANNED. [ ] CADETS WERE PROMOTED TO HIGHER RANKS THIS YEAR.



SOCIAL

TERM 2.



**UNCLE BOB'S PLACE**  
—COLIN TINGAY

When I was 14 I spent most of one summer living in a tent on an island. Uncle Bob owned the island and his house was built on a hill on the island high above one of the undercut banks, perhaps a hundred feet. To the west his homestead overlooked the swamps, to the south the rolling quail country. The old home was ringed with pines and peppercorns, scattered sheds, barns, untidy, rusting tractors and harrows.

Uncle Bob kept a punt down at the pumping station. He used it to row over to the other islands to shift stranded sheep, before the floods came. The island was about 50 acres, covered with tussocks and gums. It was alive with rabbits, tiger snakes, and the home of birds — plover, snipe, crane, sand piper, ibis and duck.

I had a pea rifle and a fishing pole and for six weeks I spent my Huckleberry Finn summer, poking the boat through the backwash at dusk, shooting rabbits on the bank, digging worms for the yellow belly, and netting small perch for the cod stringers. My instructions from Uncle Bob about ducks were quite clear — it was two months from opening and the ducks were all around — I wasn't to shoot them. When I borrowed his 20 gauge I could shoot the snipe on the island, but not the ducks, or the few king quail.

Most mornings my first chore was to check the cod lines. During this operation at about eight, each morning, almost without fail, I watched a big, black duck drake fly along the edge of the river where my main cod line was, and he became a great temptation. I came to know the detail of his flight path, and one morning I waited further down stream to see where he set down. I called him Jack, for some reason, perhaps just for company, and his mate, who followed him some mornings, was Jill.

One morning I had Uncle Bob's 20 gauge and a packet of sevens to shoot snipe with. Jack flew by, early morning, regular and unafraid, not swinging away from the punt as he used to. When he passed over I fired and he kept flying, a few feathers coming down, and I saw him set his wings and put down on the corner pool ahead, just out of sight. I polled after him, annoyed to have missed, ashamed of shooting, the job now incomplete and nothing satisfied.

When I came quietly around the corner into the pool where he'd set down, hidden by a ti-tree he was swimming quietly. He got up from the water and I killed him. As he fell Jill, his mate, lifted from the bank and I swung on her and killed her with the second barrel. I cleaned the birds and burned the feathers so Uncle Bob wouldn't know.

When I next saw Uncle Bob he asked how the snipe shooting was.

"Fine," I said.

"That's good. And the other morning, those three shots, did you get a bird?"

"Yes, I did," my eyes not able to meet his.

"Good. And the fishing?"

"I've got some here for you."

"Grand. And the ducks — it looks like the season should be good.

Say, have you found the duck nest in the corner pool. That pair that pass over the pumping station each morning have a clutch there you know."

"You've seen it?" I asked.

"Sure, at least I've seen the nest. I watched them build it. I haven't seen the birds for a day or two, so I think they're probably setting and the eggs must have come."

**FIRE**

Debbie Bjorksten 4B

The singular yellow flame flickered, caused by a gust of wind, which had entered through an open window. Its light illuminated the small room by the reflection in a mirror behind it.

The room had an atmosphere of calmness and a homely warmth, it reminded me of when there was no electricity with its harsh light, just this soft and beautiful glow. This glow, so full of security, away from the bitter harshness of the day.

But if this flame tipped, or was bumped, it would turn a haven into a raging inferno, eating everything in its way and eventually extinguished leaving only charred memories of that security.

Knowing the danger this innocent yellow glow could cause I only ask one question. Why am I so fascinated by the flame, ever reaching for the sky, climbing higher and then shrinking back against the hot wax.

Often I feel like a moth drawn to the flame, stunned by its brilliance, but I can't flit around the flame, feeling the heat on my body. By watching a moth, I feel as if they live only for danger for the excitement of flying through, around and very close to the flame and hot wax in which, if they tire, would devour them, killing instantly.

The candle burns down, the burnt wick grows longer, the flame grows smaller, now only radiating a small light, growing dimmer as life eventually does, until it is extinguished.

The smell of wax and smoke fills the air around you until you can smell it no more.



Bronwyn Swestman.

#### *A PRINCIPAL'S VIEWPOINT*

Last year was the twenty fifth year of Seymour High School as a secondary school with a full six year course. It was also the one hundredth year of State education in Victoria — the first State in Australia to establish a State system.

In March of this year we celebrated both anniversaries during a memorable and happy weekend of festivities and reminiscences.

Just as our ancestors faced up to their problems of twenty five or one hundred years ago by making momentous decisions from which we have benefited, so we in our turn must react to the problems of today with intelligent decisions as we face the second quarter century of this school and the second hundred years of State education.

Probably the most vital decision during 1973 to have a bearing on this school in particular and education in general, was that of the Australian government in approving the recommendations of the Karmel Report. As a result, there will be almost a doubling of the amount of money spent on education throughout Australia with an attempt to apply this money where the need is greatest. This attempt by the government to bring about a greater degree of equality of opportunity in education is a grand concept, the significance of which, has not yet been grasped by the Australian public.

However, money alone will not solve the problems associated with the breakdown of the family unit, the increase in crimes of violence, divorce and suicides, rapidly changing values and the transience (impermanence) which are so much part of our contemporary society.

It may be that in such a society the traditional school is less relevant than formerly. Perhaps there is a need for major changes in the curricula, methods of learning and teaching and the design of buildings. Or maybe the mass media should be used much more for secondary students to work at home to a greater extent, thus making school a place where students attend only part time to consult teachers and to make use of resources which cannot be provided economically at home.

These are some of the questions about which decisions will need to be made — not by educationists acting alone but acting in association with students and their parents, employers and employees, in fact the whole community.

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**INTER-HOUSE  
SPORTS**



Wednesday, 19th September, 1973.

- 1st - HENTY 255.5 points
- 2nd - FLINDERS 255 points
- 3rd - LATROBE 213 points
- 4th - MITCHELL 132.5 points.





### BASTILLE DAY

The 14th of July is a very important day in France. It is to commemorate the 14th of July 1789 when the Peasants of France over-ran the Bastille (a big prison for political prisoners) and went on to defeat the armies of Louis XVI.

To celebrate this important day the French students of Forms 3, 4 and 5 and the French Teacher (Mr Home) had a buffet lunch. Some other teachers came along as well as Mr Lugg and Mr Rich.

Form 3A French students decorated the demonstration room in red, white and blue (the colours of the French Flag). Form 3B cookery class with Mrs Jackson's supervision cooked the various types of French recipes. The specialty of the day were the "frogs legs" which came from France 10 years ago (they were tinned).

Everybody at first was hesitant to start eating the rather unusual food, but once they got going they couldn't stop.

During the lunch two speeches were made by Jenny Lappin and David Rich (3A). One about Bastille Day and the other about France.

Everybody stood to attention while the French National Anthem was played (La Marsellaise). Then we had a toast to France.

Overall it was a very successful and enjoyable day.

By Rhonda Cresswell  
Alison Lugg 3A



### A TRIP TO AUSTRALIA

June 1973

On August 19, 1972 I left my home town, Burlington, in Ontario, Canada, arriving Melbourne and Seymour on the 21st. On the flight over with 53 American students and six other Canadians we stopped at Honolulu, Hawaii, New Caledonia, Sydney and Melbourne. Unfortunately we didn't stay over night at any of these stops.

I arrived at the beginning of the school holidays, which gave me time to settle in. But! When I got to school everyone stirred me about my accent, which was to be expected. I didn't mind, but now I'll have to take even more stirring, when I hit the other side of the world, from all my friends and family. The form 5 and 6 slowly, but surely converted me. I'm no longer a "Crazy Canuk" but now a "Crazy Aussie."

During my stay in Australia, I've travelled to many parts of Victoria and on two occasions I travelled interstate. Unfortunately I miss out on school trips. I went on the Bushwalking trip with the group of "expert" bushwalkers. It was really enjoyable (even though there were some complaints).

Everyone made me welcome at the school which made me feel at home. So now I'd like to take the liberty in thanking everyone, especially Mr Lugg and Mr Rich. Also to Miss Seddon, Mr Hanrahan, Mr Green, Mrs Reid, Miss Deo, Mr Cooper, Mr Thornycroft, Mr Randall and Mr Jones, my teachers for 1972 and 1973.

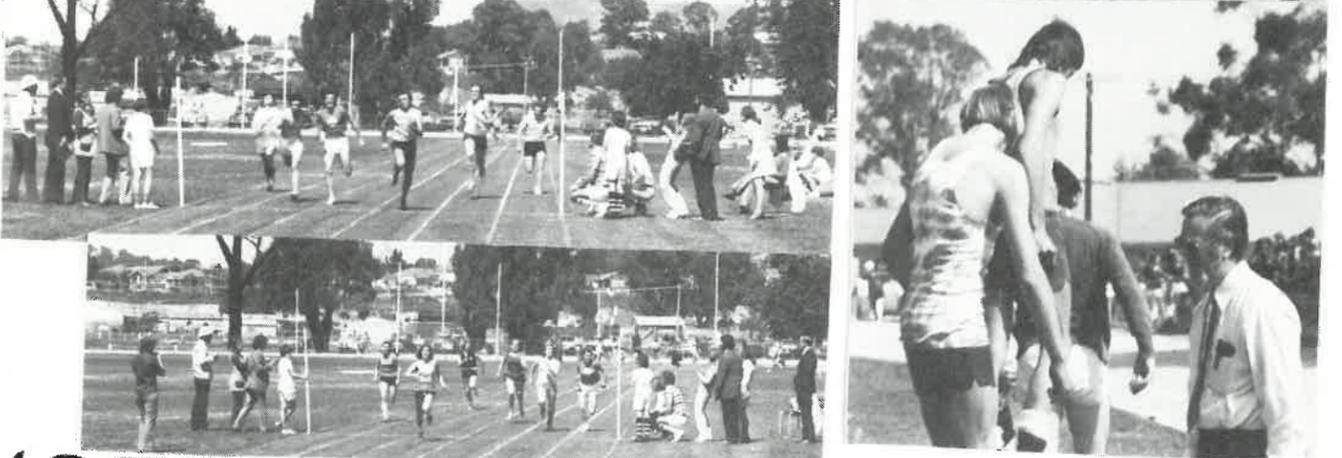
This was a fantastic year for me, and I'll never forget it. Fair Dinkum!

Your friend,

HEIDI



# INTERSCHOOL SPORTS



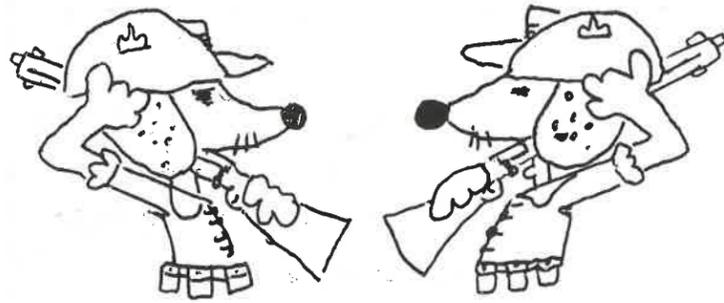
# 1973

3rd October,

1st	- SEYMOUR	338 points
2nd	- YEA	329½ points
3rd	- ALEXANDRA	314 points
4th	- BURGA	280½ points
5th	- BROADFORD	266 points
6th	- MANSFIELD	191 points.

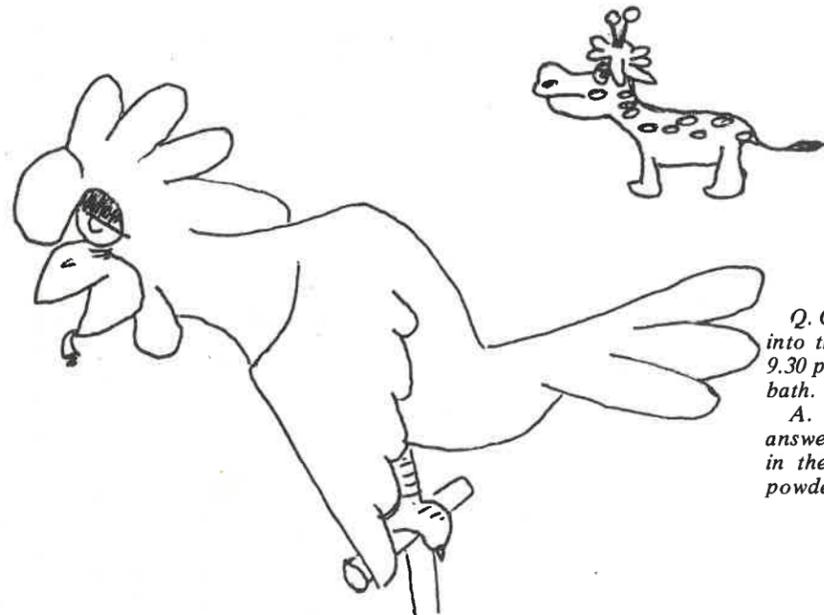
**Question:** I. HARE  
I have a dog who thinks he is a commando. When we have visitors he lures them into his kennel and drowns them in his water dish. Mrs. K.I.L.L.

**Answer:** Mrs. K.I.L.L.—I suggest you get a shallower water bowl.



**Question:** My rooster is experiencing a nutrition deficiency and also laryngitis. What is its treatment?

**Answer:** Feed him on Kellogg's Cornflakes, which give him more crows per mouthful. PAUL SHERWOOD



**Question:** My dog is under the impression that he is Count Dracula. He sleeps all day hanging upside down from the rafters in the attic. What can I do? Mr. C.O.D.

**Answer:** Mr. C.O.D., I advise you to wait a bit longer and see if your dog returns to normal. However, if he doesn't and he becomes uncontrollable then I suppose you know how to dispose of vampires.

C. KERRIS

**Q:** K. PARSONS  
My husband just brought home a dog which he bought at our local pet shop. I have enclosed a photograph of the pup, so I hope you will be able to tell us what breed it is.

**A:** Your pup is not a pup at all, it's a short-legged, short-necked giraffe. You can tell by the spots, ears, tail and body.

*Q. Our cat Jingles never gets out of the bath. He goes into the bathroom at 6.00 am and doesn't get out till 9.30 pm. It is very annoying because we only have one bath. What can we do?*

*A. You have a hard problem but there is a simple answer — either get a new bath or put Animal Smellers in the bath to get the cat out. I have enclosed the powder with instructions for you.*

L. Newton

There was a lady who owned a dog called "New Fashions". One day, while she was having a shower, New Fashion ran away. She ran out into the street stark naked calling — New Fashions, New Fashions.

# JOKES?

There was a lady who wanted to go away on a train, she had a baby and babies were not allowed on trains, so she wrapped him up in some newspaper. When the conductor came along for the tickets he said to the lady "What have you there?" The lady said "It is fish and chips" and the conductor said — "Hey lady, your vinegar is leaking."

W. Williams 1X

In 1971, in a house in Brunswick, a man whose wife had gone away on a holiday was ironing his trousers. The Fabulon and Mortein were kept side by side above the ironing table. He made a blind grab for the Fabulon can and picked up the Mortein instead. The next morning when he put on his trousers, the fly was dead.

ALAN McCLEAN

*One day a teacher told Tim to learn three words during the following night. Tim went home after school and asked his father who was apparently in a bad mood. "Shut-up" replied his father. Tim wrote this down.*

*In the next room Tim hears a record saying Yer! Yer! Yer! He wrote this down also. After a while he decided to watch television. While doing so he heard a man on the screen singing Da Da Da Da Da Da batman.*

*This he also wrote down.*

*Next morning.*

*Teacher: Did you learn those words Tim?*

*Tim: Shut Up!*

*Teacher: Are you looking for trouble?*

*Tim: Yer! Yer! Yer!*

*Teacher: Who do you think you are?*

*Tim: Da Da DA Da Da Da Da Batman.*

CECILIA BJORKSTEN 1X

There was this pub in Yorkshire and the owner had a dog, but the dog's tail was so long that when the dog jumped up onto the counter and started to wag its tail it would knock over all the glasses, so the owner cut it off and hung it over the fireplace as a monument of the occasion. About a month later the dog died. When he reached the gates of heaven, the person at the gate said he had to have a tail. So the dog's spirit went back to Earth and went to the pub. Unfortunately the pub wasn't open so he knocked on the door. The spirit said that can he have his tail back, but all the owner said was "I can't re-tail spirits after hours."

RICHARD BIGELOW 1X

A man driving a broken-down old wreck of a car pulled up at a toll gate. The attendant looked at him and said "20 cents mate".

After a moment the driver got out and said "Sold".

SHERIE TYRELL 1X:

LAST WORDS

FIRING SQUAD: "Say your last words"

PRISONER: "I haven't any"

FIRING SQUAD: "You must have"

PRISONER: "Can I have a smoke?"

FIRING SQUAD: "Yes"

PRISONER: "Will you shoot me when I'm half way through it?"

FIRING SQUAD: "No"

PRISONER: "I won't have one then, can I sing a song?"

FIRING SQUAD: "Make it quick"

PRISONER: "There were 500 green bottles hanging on the wall, if one green bottle should accidentally fall there'd be 499 green bottles hanging on the wall..."

ANON

There was a man who went to an opera and while he was watching it all the lights went out. The manager was most distressed and went out on the stage with a torch and asked "Is there an electrician in the audience, if so please raise your hand." The manager shone the torch around the hall to one hand in the air. "Are you an electrician sir?" said the manager, "No, but I can make the lights work." "How?" asked the manager. "Well, would everyone raise their hands please?" Everyone raised their hands. "What this meant to prove?" said the manager. "MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK."

BRIDENE FORREST, 1X

