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Editorial

This is my first experience of editing a magazine. It appears there are two ways of being a good editor. One way is to know a great deal about the job and do a great deal of hard work. I am not that kind of editor.

The other recognised technique is to seek out people who do know a great deal about the job — or about some part of it — and to persuade them to do a great deal of hard work. In this second kind of editorship — more commonly known as buck-passing — I think I may fairly claim to have added considerable skill to my natural talent.

My thanks are due, then to previous editors, Mr Saunders and Mr Mair; to Mr R. Francis who has worked more on the magazine than I have; to the S. R. C. in general and to Perry Allen in particular; to Miss Small and her coterie of helpful typists, to Mr Calderwood who has been printer and technical adviser, and to the enthusiastic band of contributors and illustrators whose work is before you in this volume.

Selecting articles for publication is rather like selecting a cricket team: it is essential to maintain some sort of balance. If your State or Club has three splendid wicket-keepers and five first-rate off-spin bowlers, some of them must be omitted to make room for a few batsmen. Similarly, many contributions that were quite up to publication standard do not appear in this issue because of the need to provide a balanced variety of fact and fiction, verse and prose, humour and more serious material. Some of these contributions have been held for possible future use.

I trust that, after an unbroken period of loyal service extending over one consecutive issue, I shall very shortly be able to announce my resignation. The new form of organisation behind the senior magazine appears to be rapidly developing to the stage where complete responsibility for future publications will be in the hands of the students. To my mind this would be an excellent and truly educational development; and I contemplate with extreme satisfaction this probable achievement of the ultimate in good editorship — my own functional extinction.
**Director’s Remarks**

This year is bringing changes more rapidly than most of us could have foreseen, and which only those of us who have long been associated with the College can really appreciate.

Some of these changes, such as the completion and occupation of the new Boys’ School, and the demolition of the Burwood Road shops to make way for the new Applied Science building are of considerable magnitude. The fight for a site and a building for the boys has been going on for twenty-five years. The Burwood Road shops were bought in 1946, and since then, following on a series of struggles for possession, each shop in turn has been used for class purposes, pending the erection of more suitable accommodation.

Other changes of importance include the establishing in the Boys’ School of a fifth form portent of the day when the total technical course will be increased from eight to nine years; the opening for student use of the Ethel Swinburne cafeteria; and the transfer of the Central Library to a more roomy building.

All this is progress, and in keeping with it will be the production this year of two magazines, of greater student participation and freedom. This, we hope, will not only ensure greater student interest in that it will have more student ‘flavour’, but it will give wider experience to the small group of students who form the magazine committee. Having been told the money available, they have assumed much of the responsibility, members of staff being available for advice as required.

Such a course naturally involves some risks, including the possibility that the magazine will appear late this year, or even not at all. In this latter case I have wasted my time in penning these few words.
Adolescence 1962
by L. BULLER
illustrated by TONY WARD

A Discussion of You Me and similar problems

To move successfully from childhood, through adolescence, to adulthood, the teenager must
manage to advance from dependence upon
others to a state where he has gained mastery of his physical self and competence in self-management. With such a change goes the gaining of independence and an increase in the liberties allowed him. With an increase in the liberties, and a consequential increase in the responsibilities imposed upon him, the maturing youth discovers many problems. Most of these problems have been with adolescents through the ages. A few, such as those connected with schooling and choice of an occupation, are relatively new.

All the problems facing adolescents have a common origin — the fact that they are no longer children but not yet adults. It is small wonder that the adolescent finds it difficult to deal with the changing demands of a world which at times pushes upon him the responsibilities of an adult but at other times finds it more convenient to treat him as a child. The adolescent, the one physically capable of reproduction and yet not regarded by modern Western society as being sufficiently mature to enter upon a successful marriage, has many social problems which must be faced.

The pubescent boy or girl begins to want to mix freely with members of the opposite sex and feels a real need to attend dances and other social functions. He discovers a need to be socially successful, with both his own and the opposite sex. This need accompanies and magnifies the importance of the sudden changes in body build and size which occur at this time of life. The young person may often find that the guiding hand of his parents is often not very helpful in such matters. The father very frequently thinks the first love of his teenage son to be something of a joke, and assures his perhaps rather more concerned wife that “the kid is only growing up”.

Today, an important problem facing adolescents is that of making a correct choice of schooling and a future occupation. A few students find it relatively easy to decide upon their future occupation, having made their choice at some earlier age. Many, however, find themselves undecided as to which of several often widely divergent occupations they would prefer. This choice of vocation is seldom an easy one, and although it is possible to enter upon a new career later in life, it is, of course, much better if the correct decision is made when the original need for it arises.

In any case, as long as schooling continues, examinations must be passed if a student is to arrive at his goal. The typical student’s mind is forever a battlefield. On the one side is his strong conviction of the joy and necessity of participating in a large programme of social engagements and competitive sport; on the other
hand he is aware of the need — if not necessarily the joy — of study. For some, there is just not the time to put into life both sufficient sport and sufficient study, and the battle may continue, never fully resolved, for years.

As an adolescent moves through life, he faces the problem of developing many personal qualities which had not previously been essential for successful living. He suddenly finds, for example, that maturity and foresight are attributes required of him. Whereas earlier in life he was able to brush aside many everyday problems, or perhaps hand them on to his parents, he now finds that he is expected to face them himself.

The adolescent soon discovers that he is expected to gain, almost overnight so it seems, such virtues as imagination, persistence and an ability to face facts resolutely — qualities not easily obtained or developed. At school, stamina, thoroughness, patience and balance have all become vital. With the necessity for all these characteristics thrust upon him, it is no wonder that the adolescent often feels a conflict between, on the one hand, the desire to be even more free, and, on the other, the longing for the complete comfort and irresponsibility of the very young. Is it surprising, then, that many adolescents rebel at the extra demands made of them and become, outwardly at least, irresponsi-
When an adolescent looks round him he sees many people who indulge in such practices as smoking, drinking and gambling. He must now decide for himself whether the pleasure gained from these experiences is worth the risk of future pains. He may decide that he can keep such habits in check. His parents may have told him the evils of such habits, or they may smoke and drink themselves, either moderately or to excess. To complicate his problem, the adolescent will probably find that many, perhaps most of his friends have begun at least to smoke, and he may feel “left out” if he does not follow suit. The problems of heavy drinking and gambling are more likely to arise when a youth begins to mix with the wrong type of group. I do not believe that any normal boy or girl deliberately decides to mix with a group of delinquents, but for some the social misfits seem to be the only ones who will accept them without question. By the age of seventeen or eighteen, if not before, the adolescent, particularly the adolescent boy, is eager to obtain a driving licence. Here arise more problems and needs that the young near-adult must face squarely. He must discipline himself not to become a potential killer with this super-weapon, as he easily can if he treats every car as a symbol of his masculine power and every other driver on the road as a rival fiercely competing for more speed and pride of place.

Many adults need to learn more about the problems facing adolescents. Too many seem to think that such problems are everybody’s business but their own.

The police force and the government concern themselves largely with the more noticeably troublesome adolescents, those who have been so unable to face the changing demands of their new world that they have become social nuisances and need to be punished. We find too many youth groups, church clubs and other organisations unprepared to help the young person in trouble. Many of these organisations, indeed, accept only those whom they know to be well-behaved. I know of a number of church groups which insist on each member’s attending church every week. Is this sort of provision really helping the adolescent with problems, or is it driving him (or her) to other types of groups more ready to open their doors to newcomers.

What young people need most during the adolescent years is support, not destructive criticism. They need people who understand their problems, and they need a place where they can give vent to their inner conflicts without meeting prompt opposition.

Is this so much to ask?
The room was crowded — people sitting on chairs, barrels, and mats on the floor. A smoke filled room, as warm as a roasted nut—so much so, that people began shedding their winter top coats and relaxed in their long sloppy pullovers, warm slinky slacks thick woollen socks, and long black stockings. A fire burned in a giant brick fireplace, and the mixture of warmth and cigarette smoke was almost suffocation.

The commentator started his talk on the "History of Jazz", and soon we heard the beating drums of an African tribe. The rhythmic throb, throb, throb. vibrated around the room and people sat in meditation, nodding a head, tapping a hand or foot, to the continual monotonous sound.

The race quickened, the drums became louder, the ceremony was drawing to a close. A girl shifted her pose, but her face remained expressionless, her long hair almost concealing it, as it hung in lank straggly strands. Suddenly there was silence. People stirred, and gradually as if emerging from the underworld a low murmur rose to be drowned again by the commentator's steady voice.

Excitement, rage, and fury, screeched out.

The trumpet startled all listeners, and instantly life burst into the relaxed forms. All were alive and alert, beating and stamping to the music. A cymbal clashed, drums rolled, and the room, hot and musty, overflowed a crescendo of noise into the quiet country around.

The twanging guitar was suddenly drowned by the lazy squawk of a trombone, and as the commentator suddenly broke in to continue his story, a high-pitched giggle broke from the lips of an oversized girl.

The room seemed to be smiling too! It had lost its impersonal solidness and engulfed its occupants, binding them closer together.

Music again — "Jazz" at its best. This time all were clapping, laughing and thumping, sharing their joy and excitement. The throb, throb, throb, of the methodical drum made a little child chortle with delight. A baby in an adjoining room screamed indignantly, and a young woman hastily left the room. Nothing could stop the gaiety, everyone was wrapped in loud, exuberant noise, and as the trumpet triumphantly blasted forth its screeching notes, the oversize girl began to giggle once more.
Rose of Ramblers

A spiral of ruby tissue twists and puckers to a priceless gem of silveryness a step to a pearly drop.

Comparison

China ginger jars
gold
green
orange
Baroque dragons mean golden scales red trails swirls heliotrope pales to fanciful birds dancing And fishes splayed fins Compare you this with red plum jam tins

TWO POEMS

by JUDY LEECH

illustrated by ROBERT BLUME
As I dolefully mazurk-ed past the "Mt. Isa 180 M." sign down the filthy track, a flight of misshapen crows (terribly out of drawing) by Arthur Boyd passed underfoot as did a rather successful dead tree by S. Nolan. I considered, momentarily, investing in one or all of these chic props but became depressed instead by the certainty that the wheel, that revolutionary epitome of man's inventiveness, had proved for me something less than a boon. For here was I in the vast summer of civilization, walking-trudging-lurching like a neanderthal, while lesser men orbited comfortably overhead. Science, whispered the sum of my resentment, has heaped you with but inconsequential blessings. Newton and his watermelon Archimedes and his bath, Orpheus and his Euridice — the whole mass of scientific deduction and principles — what comfort are they now that I'm alone on the desert with nothing but a calico smoking jacket? To think that years have passed in unprofitable thousands since the first dreary wheel was spun and yet, yes ... yes ... ahhhh ... I, poor downtrodden working-class me, still cannot afford a car. Oh, depths of disenchantment! Oh, science, for shame! To divert myself from impending madness I cast my mind back down that dirty track to a fruitful evening 2½,000,000 years ago an evening made lovely by volcanic eruptions and the mating calls of dinotherium, when the inventor of the wheel was poised on the brink of his discovery and of an old crater in which huntmates relaxing from the chase staked their loved ones on an idle game of dinoflagellate-knuckle dice. Our hero, made somewhat too confident by one last sip of lava, swaggered incautiously over a precipice. Mistaking his toes for the knotted roots of a tree, he seized them in a grasp of fingers and attempted to break his fall. It broke all right — but not before he had noted his tumbling motion to be exhilaratingly similar to what he imagined a wheel would experience had it then been invented. I choose this dramatic moment to dismiss the subject for an instant.

I began to think that I would NEVER get to Mt. Isa. The thought delighted me. The simple fact of the matter was that I had set out innocently to post a letter in Moonee Ponds but unforeseen complications had forced me afield; for illiterate chonceomers, thinking 'post here' meant 'paste here' had gummed up all the local letterbox slits with powerfully coloured postcard views of armaments factories, air strips and sporting prints of lithe tractors — all purely of historic value —
that they had attempted to post to sundry plump relatives enjoying an extended working holiday in Vosolmpsky, Sunny Siberia. Da!

"Necessitas non habet legem", I philosophically cried as I fed my typewriter another sandwich-board.

"The wheel, the wheel." I distastefully continued; and stifled with a four-pound wedge of MacRobertsonland goodness an ugly little yawn.

"Wheels, you skids beneath nations! From Sphinx - riddled Egypt to the modern machinations of ever-lovin' America, history notes the same lesson: Wheels hurry things downhill."

Torn thus as I was between titanic philosophy and an urgent desire to post my letter I but little noticed an elderly gentleman, dressed for the greater part in red, driving a reindeer-drawn sled towards me over the silicate wastes. He reined his beasts to a halt and regarded me benignly. I had some difficulty in restraining myself from expressing the opinion that in my view red was a somewhat too flippant colour for a man of his years to be flaunting. I nevertheless felt an immediate affinity for the man. Brief self-analysis of my emotion suggested that it stemmed from the fact that he was given to wheel-less transportation.

"Hey, ho!" I greeted. "What brings you to these desolated parts?"

"Well," he began with a nervous laugh. "I've got this letter, but all the letterbox slits in Moonee Ponds . . . ."

"Yes, yes," I sympathetically cried. "Me too. Me, me, me."

We permitted ourselves a brief but eloquent silence. Mutually.

"Not only that," I resumed, feeling a bliss of rapport, "but I discern that we share a contempt of wheels!"

The old man's whiskers sagged on his gaping jaw.

"Eh?" he said, and nervously adjusted a huge sack slung over his left shoulder; from the lip of which I detected several of what appeared to be the entire first edition of a slim novellae entitled 'Swift Assassinations by S. F. Claus' protruding.

"Your hoary whiskers have sagged on your gaping jaw", I murmured, to fill what was becoming an awkward silence.

"What'cha say about wheels?" he asked in a tone approaching belligerence. "Sure you don't mean nuts?" There was no mistaking it — his voice now teemed with dark innuendo.

"I notice, SIR," I answered with rather chill formality, "that your preference is for a wheel-less vehicle; and I cannot conceal my delight thereat. You see, I hold a private contention that wheels have been of but passing benefit to mankind as a whole, that civilisation should
have aligned its ponderous processes to a more substantial and elemental precept—if not concept — than that which renders substance transitory."

"Nut!" cried the old red oaf. He beat his reindeers cruelly with his plasticine whip. As he sped away he shouted back coarsely, "Lemme tell you, nut. the rube that designed this mess done charity a large disservice. Have you any notion of the amount of friction that runners generate on an average asphalt road? I'm in a hell of a profession. F'rinstance, I flog the team, tryin' t' get'm to the roof of the Empire State. It takes three days to get there So what? I says it's woth it — biggest house in the area — sure to have something spicy in the fridge. Know what? That lousy joint didn't have a solitary chimney — not one!" His voice was beginning to fade perceptibly. "Had to dynamite me way in . . . telephones . . . nothing but telephones. Dashed . . ." His organ tones vanished into the piquant dusk.

I was once more alone . . . all alone. Not another living thing in sight on that timeless, treeless, hairless plain — except a team of marching girls.

I whistled derisively at the high-strutting squad and, to my beaded horror, it charged. I struggled to the limits of my strength, but eventually I was overpowered and kissed.

"Take me to your leader!" I gasped.

"Hello," said the loveliest. "I'm Leda."

"What are you and yours doing in this terrible, terrible place?" I asked.

"Well, you see" she hissed. "I have this — "

"I know — letter!"

"Oh no, swan!" she replied with devilish insouciance.

"How devilishly insouciant of you!" I inspected my nails for a split, then instantly continued, "You know I have a growing conviction that you, your team — possibly the swan — and I were made for one another."

Her right eyebrow began to whip convulsively. "Oh" she said, and blew a perfect smoke ring. "Why?"

"Because you all, like me, would obviously rather march than ride. This any budding Jung can see, betrays a grave and virtually psychopathic distrust of the wheel. In hatred of that perverse object we are beautifully one. Oh, Leda fly with me!"

Consternation ran through the team. Nodding their funereally plumed cardboard helmets they crowded together and backed from me on points. Leda with a somewhat unnecessary display of leg, spun from me and joined her tremulous kind. With a pathetic, soul searing cry of 'Let's Twist, Like We Did Last Summer', they began to goose-step into the gathering noon.
Desolated I tossed a few frail streamers in their wake and then lay down on the unmade track to die.

"Oh, death," I said in a petulant aside as I pulled up my soliloquy, "perfidious darkness from whence wench hence ... creator of cuspidors and windmills, jurisdictor of jet toys and space-age satyrs, of rhubarb and the hoity toity, oh, death, have I lived in vain? Oh, willow — ho! Willow! willow! Shall my bones come unsung to light and prideful flesh to clay? Never the-less I die as I lived — penniless."

"Hey, cock, what'cha doin' on the road?"

Unbeknown to me a horrid automobile had crept upon me in my post-fatal throes.

"O la la!" I grunted. "You wouldn't by any chance be passing Moonee Ponds by any chance?"

"Yes."

"Praised be democracy!" I roared.

"What brings you here?" I asked as I curled up comfortably in his glove box.

"It all began," he said with a sigh as he pedalled vigorously along, "when, with a thumbnail dipped in tar and — "

"You've gone right through a stop sign," I softly mentioned.

"Oh!" he said and stopped.

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Concerto

by GWYNNETH READWIN

He stopped to listen, but the sounds were unreal,
Distant, although he could hear them clearly.
He heard not as one hears the song of a bird
But as the sound of the sun on a wind-blown town.
And he wondered;
But he believed, for he knew he must not question
The strangeness of miracles.
The sounds parted and became smooth steps
To a steadily increasing united throb
Which crashed and thundered in his mind.
And as one collecting the wild beauty of a mad horizon.
He retraced the moments.
Found their serenity, and remembered
And when it was complete,
Beethoven rested.
Easter in Greece is probably the most enjoyable time of the year. Perhaps this is so because the time of Easter comes in the cool spring when all surroundings are so happy. Everything is so bright. The swallows have already come from other lands, for another spring season, and even they with their sweet voices are singing that Christ has risen. Flowers, birds, the warm sun, the clear blue sky after three months of winter's cold, everything reminds us of the happy incident.

Easter Day is one of the most important days of the year for every man for it proves to us that our Father not only loves us but forgives our sins by sending His Son to teach us the right things and after that to die on the cross for the forgiveness of our sins. And, as He said, He will build the temple of Solomon in three days.

For the children too, it is a happy time with all the excitement, waiting to get their presents and their red Easter eggs. Easter is a good time for everyone.

Houses of fashion all over Europe bring out their new ideas and everyone is busy preparing new clothes to wear in church at Easter. They feel more excited about it than folks do here on Melbourne Cup Day.

The housewife, for weeks before, is preparing her house for the new season, for parties, and all the other celebrations during Easter. Then she starts cooking her sweets and then the red Easter eggs. Red Easter eggs, you may have heard, are ordinary eggs, hard-boiled and dyed red. They are red because of a little story which is about the three women who went to Jesus' tomb and learned that our Saviour had risen from death. Among the people they met were two women one of whom was carrying a basket of eggs. As she heard the surprised tidings,
turned her head towards the basket and saw the eggs were a bright red colour. She was convinced that the news she learned was true. That is why, from then on, by serving an Easter egg every Easter, we tell the good news by saying: “Jesus has risen!”

And the children reply, “It’s true. He has.”

So every Good Saturday night all Christians put on their new Sunday best clothes and, holding a white candle each, walk happily to church as we welcome another day, the Sunday our Saviour was raised from death.

And when the clock strikes twelve, then every one lights candles with the light of Easter.

Trick-Track the Easter eggs. This is the hour for the children, breaking each other’s Easter eggs. “Christ has risen from death!” one says. And at the breaking of the other side of the egg they answer happily “Truly He has”. But one egg is broken and the other is not.

The breaking of the egg is done by one person holding his egg long-wise and the other person knocking on it, then changing positions. The person holding the unbroken egg is the winner of the game. That is why, as soon as mother makes the eggs, excited children try to find the strongest. Of course they find them after leaving some eggs broken in the basket and a few of them are really strong so that they can win their friends’ eggs and really be happy as they say once again, “Christ has risen.”
What is Management?

by GEORGE BEAUMONT

Management is a distinct and leading group in industrial society. People no longer talk of "capital" and "labour"; they talk of "management" and "labour". A comprehensive and distinct system of education for management is being built up. In a competitive economy the quality and performance of management determine the success and/or survival of a business.

Management is basic and will remain dominant perhaps as long as the modern civilization of the Western World exists. For not only is management grounded in the nature of the modern industrial system and in the needs of the modern business enterprise to which an industrial system must entrust its productive resources—both human and material. It expresses belief in the controlling of man's livelihood through systematic organisation of economic resources. It expresses the belief that economic change can be made for the human betterment and social justice - that, as, Jonathan Swift stated above 250 years ago, whoever makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before deserves better of mankind than any speculative philosopher or metaphysical system builder. Management is the organ of society that is specifically charged with making these resources productive, i.e., with the responsibility for organised economic advance and thus reflecting the basic spirit of the modern age. It is indispensable.

Thus management's competence, integrity and performance will be decisive in the years ahead and as people come to recognize it, demands upon it will continue to rise steadily. However, despite its crucial importance, its obviousness and its spectacular rise, management is the least known and least understood of our basic institutions. People still ask what then is management? What does it do?

It is with the first question that we are primarily engaged. Many people have tried to define management; some just give a definition that when examined closely means only the boss i.e., the man at the top. Whilst others say management work is done when the employees' work is completed. However neither of these two views tells us what management is. The only way a satisfactory answer can be obtained is to analyse management's function.

As we have seen previously, management is a specific organ within a business. Many people maintain that management is the people within an organisation that pass down orders to others, right down to the lowest person in the line of an organisation. However M. Gilbert
Frost describes management as "the art of directing activities". He goes further and describes it as a science. Now many people agree; but also many disagree saying that is only a science where a domineering sect rules over labour in general. They say that in an instance like this only a certain section of the community can become involved in management.

This conclusion however I feel is a result of bad analysis, as in a democracy the basic conception is that any person can be part of management. Thus it becomes more of a science than an art because it is something that can be taught. Mr Raymond of the Harvard Business School considers this in the teaching of the principles of the five major steps:—

1. clearly define problems into significant steps.
2. analyse by logical questions.
3. set out the pros and cons of the case to arrive at answers.
4. examine alternatives.
5. decide upon the best solution.

Thus the role of management can be seen to be a science that is available to anyone who wishes to expend sufficient energy and time. However any person who wishes to reach the top in the leading part of management should be prepared to work up from the lower groups; as responsibility increases he will tend to reach the leading groups of the social structure of an organisation.
Lonely Child

by Gwynneth Readwin

illustrated by Robert Blume

The wind was restless,
Restless and cool;
The breezes farewelled the sun.
Which left the wind and the night
To play alone in the blackness.
And as she watched
She knew also that light would go,
To leave her alone, alone.

Waves of a silent tide
Washed the sandy shores.
And as she sat to watch
And her heart was washed also
By the smooth, silky motion
Of restful sway upon silent retreat
As the shores were swept.

She saw not the water,
But the movement it made on the land.
Saw the wind
In the leaves of the trees and on the sea.
Soon she saw naught
But the sadness of wonder
And the cruelty of unknowingness.
Waiting alone,
In silence she prayed.
Art has always met with ignorance and misunderstanding when taking another step forward. Art that is abstract and semi-abstract is quite old now, although the general public still find it hard to comprehend. This is the fault partly of the artist, but mainly of the spectator who condemns a work of art without making sufficient effort to understand it. If the artist fails to transmit the meaning of his interpretation to an intelligent, unprejudiced spectator, then his painting is not a work of art. This is because a work of art should convey understanding of the subject which the artist has chosen.

Many exhibitionist painters, lacking the qualities needed to create works of art, have used the abstract trend as a kind of 'stunt' to gain fame. Their actions have confused the general public, making them hostile towards all progressive forms of art. It must be stated that abstract art is not the end, but another phase in the continual search by the artist for a perfect means to express a complete understanding of life.

The true artist should always be looking for new problems to solve. He must experiment and not be satisfied with using only knowledge that other artists have collected. This does not mean that he disregards all previous artists and their work. Art is as old as man himself and the artist's ambition should be to contribute something to it, and to humanity. Artists have gained new freedom in the past few years; abstract art has opened up new fields for the artist to explore. If they remember that they must always progress, and yet keep in mind their traditions, contemporary artists will have helped to take another step towards complete understanding of life.
This is the story of Barry and Alfred Hilton, teenage brothers. They were among the many hundreds who fought in the combined effort to destroy a monster itself fiercely destructive. They fought in a terrain as rugged as any experienced in Australia.

The two brothers were not outstanding in any way. They were just two of the many. The fact that they were heroes is almost incidental.
Eleven a.m., Sunday, January 14, 1962. The news broke quickly. The magnificent Daned-nong Ranges were being scarred by a raging inferno sweeping down the mountain.

In four days of hell the fires swept back and forth. After devouring house or town, they swerved back and claimed all that had been saved from the last ordeal.

Barry and Fred arrived at the Boronia Fire Station at 6 p.m. on Monday, 15th. They boarded a bus which took them to the Basin. The brothers stepped off the bus and surveyed the scene of utter confusion. Sightseers’ cars obstructed the flow of traffic. The assembly of fire-fighters waited for transport. Fire trucks raced to and from the scene of the fires.

During a brief lull, some fire-fighters headed towards three houses that seemed threatened. In the enclosure adjoining one of the houses, a number of terrified horses were corralled. Attacking en masse, the fighters successfully beat out the fire.

At 7.30 p.m., the brothers arrived at the heart of the fiery scene, aboard a ‘53 Ford which was loaded with a 1500 gallon water-tank and which carried between twenty and thirty men. It lumbered protestingly up the one-in-twenty gradient to a fire-surrounded house. Barry and Fred, each with a 56-pound knapsack on his back, scrambled off the truck. The weight impeded their movements and they experienced great difficulty in reaching the fire-threatened evacuated house.

So intense was the heat that Barry, who was in the lead, would have had the clothes burned from his back but for the soaking they received from the leaking knapsacks. But after a long fierce and exhausting struggle, somebody’s home was saved and the fire driven back behind a defensive line of burnt-off grass and trees.

At 9.30 p.m. the brothers again arrived at the Basin. Fred and Barry, answering an urgent call for men with knapsacks, clambered with four other fire-fighters aboard a dilapidated ‘38 Chevrolet. The driver raced ahead like a maniac and arrived at a nursery somewhere behind Olinda. The foreman, after ordering the volunteers to patrol the area and to quell any fresh outbreaks, promised them that relief squads would be sent out after three hours; then he drove off into the darkness. It was then 10 p.m. and the six men decided to patrol the area in teams of three.

The first party, composed of Barry, Fred, and a man named Jim, proceeded, guided by the light from flaming sentinel-like trees.

In this flickering light they stumbled over rocks and other obstructions. Barry stood on a fallen log, and while attempting to extinguish another that lay smouldering, lost his balance
and, pitching forward, rolled downwards to within a few inches of the fiercely burning fallen trunk. Trembling with pain and shock he scrambled to his feet, backed off, and hastily extinguished the fire.

When relieved by the second team, the three boys lay on the grass, gazing at the flaming red torches that dotted the scene all round, and realizing something of the vast extent of the destruction.

After resting, the three set off to attend to a thirty-foot-high blazing tree which appeared like a fiery Statue of Liberty radiating light in a twenty-foot radius. Once again the heavy knapsacks prevented their progress, and as they were unable to spray the fire from a distance the determined trio proceeded gradually towards the glowing area. It took them half-an-hour to cover three hundred yards.

They were badly bruised and fatigued when they reached the fiercely raging fire, which was hissing, spitting sparks, and roaring like an express train across a wide lawn that stretched to the back doors of a number of houses.

Barry fell over a hidden fence and was separated from his brother. A sudden wind-change sent the flames roaring towards him, and for the first time he felt the fear of death. Even at this intense moment, one part of his mind was occupied with thoughts of his brother's danger.

The firemen rushed about in confusion, shouting at each other, getting in each other's way. Barry, still anxious for his brother, felt an urge to enter the blazing bush to look for him. The fires were rapidly converging when, in the nick of time, two firemen and Fred emerged. An instant later a loud explosion deafened them all as the fires met, flames leapt fifty feet in the air and then died down.

In an effort to reach the threatened nursery, the brothers drove along the old Olinda road. They turned off the road into the bush and once more traversed incredibly rugged terrain.

On arrival, Barry and Fred noted that the other fire-fighters were aboard the Chevrolet which, as they came into view, began to move off. Luckily the driver heard their loud "Cooee" and stopped. The brothers boarded the Chevrolet and jolted furiously on.

They arrived at the Basin at 1.30 a.m. Almost overcome by fatigue and heat exhaustion they wearily made their way home. Their gallantry was not recorded, and as calmly as they had volunteered their services they faded out of the picture.

Barry and Fred were not exceptional. They were only two whose deeds were their own reward, with no time spared for public speeches of gratitude, no glowing personal tributes in the Press. They were just two of the many.
Could We Brighten Melbourne’s Sundays?

by SUNDAY IDLER

illustrated by KEITH McMENOMY

This question is usually asked by many Asian visitors or students who are coming to stay in Australia for some time. As for the Australians who are the inhabitants of this country, this question does not wake their gloomy eyes at all as they are already used to spending the dull Sundays with 'ease' without realizing that anything else is possible. But, an entire stranger to this country, I would definitely state that some attempts should be made to make the Melbourne Sundays brighter.

Unlike that of my home-town, or any other Asian country, the Melbourne Sunday life I find as dull as anything can be. Needless to say, after I had spent my first Sunday in the city, I was struck with amazement by the 'deadly' and cheerless atmosphere.

For the housewife, this could be a very convenient day for her to do the regular family shopping, as she does in my country; but unfortunately, all shops are closed on Sundays.

Then, of course, for restless teenagers like the hard-working students of Swinburne Technical College, the city provides very little or hardly any entertainment of any sort. At least, the theatres should be opened for business to entertain the idle public. School children who are unable to attend any film shows or plays during the weekdays, must be bored and sick of not being able to enjoy themselves in the theatres.

Then again, another prominent drawback of the quiet Melbourne Sunday is for the farmers who are living away in the country. Probably, this is the only time when they can bring with them their loving families for any entertainment or for city shopping. This is the only time too, when their children would be able to ask their parents to buy some of the city's wide range of toys or any other luxuries not available in country centres.

Since most Australian men (and, strangely enough, ladies too) enjoy alcoholic drinks tremendously, I don't see why the hotels are
prohibited from opening. Here again, if a family is running short on a Sunday, they will feel very upset at not being able to offer their guests the drinks they wish to take.

For these and many other reasons, I wish to put some suggestions about attempting to improve in some ways the dull Melbourne Sunday and making it a little more cheerful, at least. The main and most important point is the jolly entertainment provided by the theatres in the city. At least on Sunday evening, these theatres should provide enjoyable and interesting programmes for the citizens to pass the time. Then other good entertainment, consisting of sporting events and open-air live show programmes should also be encouraged and included.

At the same time, some shops should be opened to provide a better service to the public. It is rather urgent, too, though few people seem to realize it, to see that some chemists shops should be regularly open for business on Sunday. This is required so that any minor accident or slight illness could be properly attended.

All these proposals should be carried out in the near future to transform this sluggish Melbourne Sunday gloom into a glorious and enjoyable atmosphere. This achievement should be a worthwhile one, or so it seems to us Asian visitors.
HOW?

by R. McMULLEN

Many years ago, education seemed to consist of the presentation of the information to be learned and the meting out of punishment to those who didn't absorb it. The teaching aid most favoured by teachers of that time was a cane, or a strap. This system seems to have worked admirably for our great-grandparents who must have been hardy stock—apparently they learned the 'Three R's' whether they wanted to or not. In those days Victorian teachers were paid by results, so conditions suited the method of tattooing in the seat of your pants any learning that wasn't absorbed visually.

We live in times that are in some respects less barbaric—tertiary education is now available to many and secondary education to all. Therefore, those who wish to succeed must study and qualify in order to reach the top. Society, in demanding a higher standard of education, is confronted by new problems which cannot be solved by punishment. We have those who don't want to learn and won't, some who want to and can't, and others who have the ability but face tremendous barriers that make success almost impossible. The problems are so complex and their solution is so necessary that the Education Department has for some time maintained a Psychology and Guidance Branch staffed by specialists. The branch has the responsibility of assisting schools in handling problem children and trying to make them into useful students, and of assisting those less academically gifted to acquire sufficient education to fit them for the future.

Problem children are the product of disturbed psychological conditions fermented by the child's environment. It is not the object of this article to deal with the products of poverty, drunkenness, vice and broken homes.

The problems that can beset the students of this college are many and varied. Whatever they are and whatever the reason for their existence, they all have a common effect in making it difficult for the student to concentrate on his studies. This very lack of concentration will worry most students and aggravate an already serious situation. Study requires a fairly rigid discipline which dictates how much time outside of the classroom must be given to each subject in order to understand thoroughly what has to be learnt. Worries and difficulties in many cases not associated with the school can make things seem hopeless, cause loss of enthusiasm and seriously upset the learning
Many schools, colleges and universities have appointed student counsellors to their staffs to assist students with their general problems. Swinburne is a leader in this field having appointed a teacher to that position in 1950. The policy of the Education Department, through its Psychology and Guidance Branch, is ultimately to have a counsellor in every school.

A reasonable number of students pass through here with few cares or none, qualify, and become successful without any apparent effort; others are confronted by problems great and small which make their task anything but effortless. The causes of the problems are so many and varied that one can only generalise when referring to them. Examples are, social maladjustments (the student who doesn't get on with people), financial difficulties, and taking a course contrary to the parents' choice. Added to these is the fact that the scholar is growing up and assuming adult responsibility, which in itself can be a difficult enough process.

Counselling services are provided at Swinburne by two full-time members of staff, Mr N. Niemann and Mrs A. Balodis, both of whom are available to any student at all reasonable times to assist him in every possible way. They are in direct contact with classes in the Junior Schools by means of planned programmes of vocational guidance. Since this regular direct contact does not exist in the senior schools, there is a need to develop here an awareness of the services that counselling can provide. Associated with the full-time staff in order to meet this problem is Mr R. McMullen of the Engineering School who has been relieved of some teaching to assist as a part-time counsellor particularly with engineering and chemistry students.

To the students the school counsellors say:

All teachers are interested and will help you, particularly with problems of the classroom, but their time is limited. Student counsellors being and are always ready to advise and assist can make the time, are interested in your well-you in reaching a solution. Don't be stubborn or self-conscious — talking with someone who is not emotionally involved in your life will often clear the way for you to see a solution. Perhaps you haven't a problem but you are not doing your best, you have lost interest in your course or you have had a change of heart and a desire to do something different. If a situation like this arises, then talk it over with your counsellor; he can advise on courses and give careers advice. Counsellors are also willing to discuss your problems with your parents.

The following cases show how a Student Counsellor can assist you.
Henry Jones was a second-year electrical engineering student who was doing reasonably well and who appeared likely to pass his examinations. His father believed Henry should leave and get a job at the completion of the second year and continue the course part-time. Henry was most unhappy about this proposal and discussed his problem with a counsellor who contacted the father. After a lengthy discussion, Henry's parents were able to see the tremendous advantages in full-time education and so were persuaded to keep him at the College.

Mary Brown was a first year applied chemist who had done very well in the past, having gained high marks for the Intermediate Certificate. Her mid-year examination results were very poor and she could not explain why. The Counsellor, after talking with her found that she had in previous years been able to learn her work in class and achieved success without effort. The degree of difficulty of the Diploma subjects being much greater, she was now required to do a lot of work. She had no idea of how to study or to arrange work programmes.

The Counsellor discussed study methods with her, contacted her parents and suggested improvements for her study facilities.

Anthony Smith who had partly completed the course of mechanical engineering left to take a position as a junior draughtsman. The manager of the company for which Tony was working had reason to ring the Counsellor some months later and at the conclusion of his business went on to mention that he found Tony unsatisfactory and intended dismissing him. The employer gave reasons for his decision but said he was prepared to let the Counsellor talk with the lad and try to help with his difficulties. This was done and some years later the manager rang to enquire for another junior to assist Tony and to enable him to concentrate on more important work.

If you are in any doubt on any matter at all and don't know from whom to seek advice, then ask the Counsellor; he will direct you to a source of information. No student should ever feel lost and unsure of what to do while he is at Swinburne. However, it should be emphasised that counselling is designed to assist you to help you to stand on your own two feet. Counselling will not provide an infallible solution for you to adopt without question, or an easy means of escaping responsibility. In the end, you must learn to make your own decisions. The Counsellor can help you with guidance and advice. He will not decide for you.
A Son is born

by TONG MAN HUNG and HUI WAI KUN

illustrated by CATHERINE WALLS

Traditionally, the birth of a son, and especially of a first son is an occasion for great rejoicing in a Chinese family — much greater than that occasioned by the birth of a daughter.

The origins of this tradition are largely economic. In a peasant economy a son was an asset. In time he would grow up to be the support of his parents in their age. A daughter, on the other hand, was a liability. She would continue to be a source of expense to her parents until they were able to marry her off, after which blessed event she would have the only status of a guest in her father’s household.

All this of course is extremely different from the modern Western pattern of thinking — or is it?

When a baby is expected in a traditional family, grandmother - to - be spends a lot of her time in the temple. There she vows that, if a strong baby boy is born, she will come again with prayers of gratitude and an offering of a chicken.

If the baby does prove to be a boy a family celebration is held on the infant’s “month birthday”, that is, on the day when he is one month old.

All the relatives and friends of the family are invited to a grand dinner an expensive function to pay for which the father unless he is well off has been working very hard for many months. Those invited respond by sending gifts to the baby: shoes, clothes and toys are frequently given. From wealthier relatives a gold ring, or a gold lock and chain can be expected. The latter present is symbolic. It is supposedly a means of locking up the new son securely, so that evil spirits cannot catch him and take him away.

In rich families it still follows the old customs, will give chickens pigs and lambs to the temple as a thanks offering for the birth of a first son.

On the appointed date, the feast is held. There are congratulations from the guests, compliments on the size and appearance of the new son along with best wishes for the birth of another in the following year and many more sons in the years to come.
I don't remember my first day at our new home at all well. In fact, all I do remember, is that as I walked past a one-time garden, I thought, "What a disgusting mess the front garden is. Why, those weeds are almost as tall as I am!" I must have been just about six years of age at this time, and to live in what seemed to me to be the country, was the best thing that could have happened. Watsonia is only eleven to twelve miles from Melbourne, and can hardly have been called the 'Dead Heart' of Australia, but to the delighted child that I was, no outback homestead could have been better. At that stage Watsonia consisted of no more than one tiny general store, a scattering of houses, a railway station, through which trains passed perhaps six times a day, and an excellent view of the Dandenong Ranges. High on a hill overlooking it all, was a large monastery built on the lines of a medieval castle. It really was a most picturesque setting.

Picturesque or not, after the excitement had worn off, we began to feel the need for the company of others our own age. Our wishes were soon answered, for one fine, but windy afternoon, my younger sister and I were playing in our backyard, when we saw a young girl about our own age enter our yard and shyly approach us. She had in her hand an envelope which she gave to our mother who at the time was hanging out some washing. After reading the note, our mother took the newcomer by the hand and introduced her to us as Lorna. She then explained that according to the note Lorna was a neighbour of our neighbour who lived some distance away by suburban standards.
This neighbour had thought we children might
be good company for one another, so she had
sent Lorna along to make our acquaintance.
After a few shy exchanges we became firm
friends, and through her we got to know many
of the other children in the district.

As time went by, we came to regard the sum­
mer months as the happiest. Although the win­
ter had its pleasures, I remember dreading the
approach of each one, and wistfully waiting
summer's return. Surrounding our house were
acres of open paddock and dense bushland,
and with the arrival of spring we children
would spend hours on long walks gathering
armfuls of the wildflowers that rose in abund­
ance from the untilled earth around us. We did
not know — or care — for the proper names of
these plants, but found delight in making up
names for them ourselves.

Some that come readily to my mind were the
deep purple ‘chocolate flowers’ — because they
had a perfume slightly like chocolate; the pale
pink ‘matchstick flowers ’ — because the un­
opened bud looked like a pink match head on a
green stick; the little yellow ‘buttons’; and the
white ‘spiders’. One year we were delighted to
find amongst foot-high grass in a nearby pad­
dock, a plant of tiny, yellow, orchid-like flow­
ers, with brown spotted petals and scarlet
throats. They were no more than three-eighths
of an inch across, and to our regret we never
saw such as these again.

When summer arrived and with it the hot
days, we children would request of our mothers
a small packed lunch, and set off down the
track for a picnic. Before leaving, we would de­
cide the general direction in which we would
travel. Then we followed tracks, crossed pad­
docks, pushed through bush and crawled un­
der fences until we found a suitable clearing,
preferably surrounded by trees and scrub. This
was so that in the unlikely case of anyone pass­
ing by, they wouldn’t be able to see us. By this
stage it was usually time for lunch, which in
typical childish fashion, we always enjoyed
thoroughly, no matter what it consisted of.
After our lunch we would leisurely explore the
the nearby countryside, laughing and playing.
until we grudgingly decided it was time to pack
up and go home. We did this nearly every sunny
weekend or holiday, and enjoyed it as much, if
not more, each time.

But not all summers consisted of happy hours
in a pleasant atmosphere. Sometimes there was
fear and danger as well. I remember one partic­
ularly hot and dry summer, when I was filled
with indignation. I had been playing at the
rear of our house, when I noticed two men
crossing our paddock. I thought this rather
strange, but when, about ten minutes later, a
few more men came across the same paddock, I was most annoyed. What were they doing there? They had no right — they hadn’t even asked permission! It took a few more minutes and a few more men to make me realize what they were doing there. If I had used my intelligence at first instead of criticizing the men, I might have noticed that they all carried wet bags, mops, or knapsack spray units. I then would have noticed black smoke billowing up from the hill behind me, and realized that a huge bushfire was quickly approaching the top of the rise.

Once over, the flames would soon bear down on our property, possibly destroying everything. My father was not home at the time and until he arrived our mother spent an anxious and fearful time. Even if the danger had not been great, an anxious and fearful time would still have been spent by our mother, for she is one of those unfortunate, yet endearing people who worry unnecessarily over the smallest and most unimportant things, especially where her children are concerned. However, innocent children that we then were, we felt no fear, only curiosity, and annoyance at our mother for not allowing us to go and see the events that lay behind the hill. Fortunately the fire stopped before it reached the peak of the hill, and caused no damage whatsoever to our property.

As I have previously mentioned, there was a lot of bushland surrounding our home. This fact led us to another of our favourite past-times, namely, building huts, tree platforms, shelters or enclosures, or whatever else you may choose to call them. In one particular part of the bush there were a lot of fallen branches and small trees, which we often used in the building of our huts. I remember one time when we chose about half a dozen straight young gums that were growing in a circle of sorts, and proceeded to make a wall by intertwining the dead branches with the saplings. After working hard for an hour or so we had it finished, and we thought that by building this hut we excelled ourselves in engineering and design — or we would have thought so, if we had known what engineering and design meant.

This mania for building huts, and especially tree huts, sometimes proved unfortunate for me. I didn’t know why it was, but every time somebody had to fall out of a tree, it usually turned out to be me. I thought personally that perhaps it was because I was clumsy and careless, but I would never have admitted it to anyone. In fact, if anyone accused me of this failing, I would most emphatically deny it. However, after falling from the top of a tall willow tree and landing —unhurt— on the ground thirty feet below I was convinced the gods were with
me, even if I was clumsy and careless.

I remember another time, when although I didn't actually fall from a tree, I was put off building tree huts for some weeks. I was with my sister, and Jeff and Alan, my cousins. The boys had started a few weeks beforehand, to build a platform about ten feet from the ground on the very end of a large bough of an old red-gum. Although the boys could climb straight up the trunk of the tree and crawl along the bough to reach the platform, we girls could not, so we used what little ingenuity we had to devise a means of reaching the platform. Just below the end of the bough of the red-gum was a young wattle tree which we could easily climb, so the boys stretched a rope ladder of their own making, from a branch of the wattle across to the bough of the red-gum. This problem overcome, the boys climbed up to the platform and made room for us to follow them. I climbed, not too confidently up the wattle and along the ladder until I, too, reached the safety of the platform. My sister then proceeded to follow us. Before she had even reached the ladder, Jeff turned to us and said questioningly, "Did you hear anything?" We didn't think we did, but he told my sister to stay where she was, while he investigated. He left the platform and crawled along the bough until he came to the section of it that joined the trunk of the tree. He later told us that he was horrified to see a tiny crack appear in the bough and quickly grow wider. "Jump," he yelled to us, throwing himself ten feet to the ground. However, just at this moment I found myself in a state of petrification, and unable to move a muscle. With rapidly mounting hysteria I screamed, "I can't jump! I can't even move!" I think Alan was the same way, for he also showed no sign of throwing himself out of harms way. Instead, like me, he sat rigid on the platform which shuddered beneath us. Then with a shattering crack, a frightening groan, and a sickening thud, the bough crashed to the ground. Completely unhurt, as the fall had been cushioned by all the leaves and small branches beneath us, Alan and I scrambled off the platform and were soon joined by a slightly sore and shaken Jeff. It was then that we saw something that struck fear into our hearts; the heavy bough had fallen right on top of the young wattle that my sister had last been seen in, a few seconds before. We rushed forward to see her still in the wattle, but pinned against it in an almost horizontal position by the fallen bough. How she got into this position I never did know, nor, I think, did she. We had no time to puzzle over it, however, because she was in obvious pain and could possibly have had a broken hip, for this was the part of her anatomy that the bough
landed on.

Alan rushed off to fetch some older boys we knew were not far away, while Jeff and I tried to lift the bough and release her. This we soon discovered to be impossible as the bough was far too heavy for us. I then grabbed a small axe that we happened to have with us and frantically began chopping at the logs that formed the platform, hoping to remove them and by doing so, remove some of the weight my sister had to bear. Unfortunately the only effect that I produced on the logs was to make a few untidy dents where before there were none. Jeff then yelled at me, and told me to stop wasting my energy and use it to help him lift the bough. We both got beneath it and pushed with all our might. Miraculously, this time we were able to shift the bough and my sister scrambled down, bruised, scratched, and frightened but otherwise unhurt. Just as she did so, Alan and the other two boys came rushing up, as is typical of the male species — too late to be of any help.

Time soon cured my fear of trees and it was not long before we landed in another scrape.

I have much, much, more I could tell of my earlier life, both interesting and amusing, but it would take a book of considerable length. However, I shall tell you of the incidents that led to the end of this particular phase in my life. Just over a year after we arrived in Watsonia, another, larger shop was built. It was a milk-bar green-grocer combination, and at first it was very welcome. Then a petrol station was erected, then another milk-bar and newsagents. A few more houses appeared and with them another shop. By this time almost five years had passed, with all the time more houses being built. Slowly the population increased, very slowly at first, then suddenly Watsonia became almost a 'boom' town. All the land around us was bought, subdivided and sold. Houses were erected; more shops were built; streets were made; churches were built; two schools sprang up; more trains travelled on our line; another school, kindergarten, shops and houses were built. Civilization was ruining our playground! No more open paddocks, they had all been built on! No more forest to play in or trees to fall from, they had all been destroyed to make way for the hordes of people, who thought of them as nuisances in the way of their precise homes and precision gardens.

I suppose there are many advantages to be had now, that we wouldn't have had before: and I have met and made friends with many of those who now live here — but not infrequently I wish that I could push back time, and once more become a young, carefree child, roaming freely among grassland and forest, enjoying life as I believe it was meant to be enjoyed.

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The Pioneer Pilgrims
by HELEN LANYON
illustrated by TONY WARD

Whan that kinde Chloe hath with ales soote
The droghte of Melburne perced throughe the throte,
Than gadrede al of hem upon a day
At Yong and Jaques. It was the month of May.

These Pioneers in busses al were foond
And "Back to Gundagai" ech oon was boond,
The pacient faithful dogge for to seeke.
A graziere ther was a worthy man,
At R.S.L. he ofte the bord bigan.

At Alamein he was whan it was wonne,
And bettre sheep than his ne was ther noon.
With hym ther was his sonne a Jacqueroo,
Of twenty yeer of age, with lockes crewe.
Rockynge and rollynge, twystynge al the day
He was, yet curteis as wel as gaye.
A techer ther was too, a school maistress.
From Merton Halle she did y-come, I guesse.

She never oonce ne swear in al her lyfe,
Ne wold she eten pease from off her knyfe.
A professeur ther was, of Monash, also,
That unto Eng. Lit. hadde long y go.
Theses he wrote, and eek he loved to teche
Of Chaucer, misty-eyed when he made speche.

With us ther was an F.R.A.C.S.
A worthy man he was, and riche I guesse.
Wel knew he th' olde Penicillin,
Sulphonamides and also Lederkyn;
But billes for pilles are only minimale,
Therefore loved he the knyfe in speciale,
Behind him sat a nice yonge Traveller

Traveller
For Hickory, who solden underwear
Which that, he seyde, was like to that y-donned
By Marilyn and oother famous blonde.
And thus with flattery and feyned shapes
He made the women of the lond his apes.
A mirthful man our drivere was withal.
And ofte times was M.C. at a Balle.

"Passengeres," quod he, "now herkneth if you lest
For wel I woot how tyme shal pass the beste.
Lat see now who shall telle the tallest tale
And ech of you shal stonden hym an ale
Whan that we come to Gundagai next weeke.
(And hem shal buy me oon that wol not speke).
Thus quod our drivere, and starten up his busse.
Whilom our comagnye seyde, "That suits us."
And then the graziere mindful of his beer,
His tale began, and seyde in this manner...
The bubbling nectar that I love! Is there anything else on earth — or in Paradise — that can have such a delightful effect on a tired and somewhat depressed female? One sip, and one becomes as light as a feather, as lovable as a child and loving to everybody in return. From a strictly medical point of view, I strongly recommend a bottle or two of champagne to anyone feeling remotely out of sorts. Or afraid that she may be going to feel out of sorts. Or for joyous celebrations. Or — yes, I like champagne.

Because of my keen interest in this delicious concoction I decided to make some investigations into its origin. A very nice Benedictine monk of the seventeenth century disregarded the literal advice of the Gospel, and by resolutely putting new wine into old bottles invented champagne. In his wine cellar he kept rows and rows of bottles, most of them on the verge of explosion. (In this respect bottles and people full of champagne are alike).

The essential principle is that the wine must be bottled before it has stopped fermenting. The gas generated by the fermentation that goes on in the bottle is thereby trapped, and the wine becomes fizzy. (What will fizzicists think of next?) So far, so good, but the process also leaves a cloud of dead yeast cells floating around in the wine, which makes it unattractive and unsaleable. So the problem is to clear the liquid of this sediment without losing the bubbles — obviously not a finger-and-thumb job for even the most nimble-fisted of us.
To do the trick, the bottles are stacked upside down for two months and gently moved from time to time until all the sediment is resting on the cork. Then the cork is taken out, followed by the first inch of wine. The thumb of the degorgeur (he is the bubbly—bottler) prevents the rest from following in a devastating rush—a tragedy too fearful to be contemplated.

A little sugar is then added to the bottle, for without it the wine is very brut — very dry indeed. With a little sugar it is sec, with a little more, demi-sec, with quite a good lacing, riche. The taste for rich champagne is Russian, they say — and old-fashioned into the bargain! Definitely not the thing for the international set.

Most champagne is a blend, not only of black and white grapes from different vineyards (a fig for little Rock!), but of wine made in different years. That of the better years is sold as "vintage". If you are really very gay, there is, of course, pink champagne, coloured by the skins of the grapes, which are left in contact with the wine for a little longer. For myself, I like the pale translucent gold of the ordinary old stuff.

Well, there it is — that's how it is made and how it was invented. You can even buy a very special brand named after that blessed and lovely man, the inventor, Dom Perignon. Here's a health to him . . . And another . . . And another! . . . Erp! — . . . Pardon me!

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**The Awakening**

by GWYNNETH READWIN

Quietly, so quietly she crept
Over the cold, bare earth.
Soft shoes of green lace.
Silky hair of golden sheen
Flowed across the land
Fondling the wavy hills
And encouraging the warm sun.
Adorning the trees with fruit,
Promising a new year;
Proposing to the land:
Come, show your heart,
Conquer coldness
Bring forth the good.
Beauty and love were one
As Nature came in Spring
Now, just as the earth had slept,
New life awoke;
Birds, butterflies, bees and plants
Brought the cloak of Spring
Closely around the body of earth.
Crossed the world of Winter,
Discovered and inspired all that lived;
Gave life and gave warmth.
God watched,
Mother Nature came in Spring and made
A new time for her earth.
It was one of those days when the wind wails like a banshee and the gardens are dry and grey. Liza wanted to write that day, she felt that it was her writing day, because it had atmosphere and she had no schoolwork to worry about. If she sat at the window, with that noise in her ears and that scene before her eyes, she could think different things. Her mind could toss like the leaves on the fruit trees, or shiver like silver as those of the birch did. She knew that she could not restrain anything she wrote that day, she would put down every word that came to her mind, as if a machine were putting into print every thought in her head. Now she would not talk to anyone. She would do so later, at meals. She felt she had to eat, to retain some sense of contrast between herself and the winds. There had to be a contrast, so that she could recognize things clearly enough to write about them. The natural happy things could never explain themselves, because they were so pure and real, and if one were too near to this beauty one would be blind to it; but Liza had to recognize this naturalness and be able to put it on paper. Not write ABOUT it, perhaps, because explanation was impossible if one really felt as they did and reacted with them. But there was still contrast. Maybe it was because Liza was flesh and blood and the day was not. That was all. possibly, but it was enough to write as she wanted to write today.

Anyone could tell incredible tales of adventure, they could be understood at a glance, they could be told by the immature and read by them too. They held those people at the same level, or encouraged them to active reaches, but it was the writing of actual people's thoughts and feelings, analysis, introspection and empathy, that could stir readers to higher levels of existence. How much richer life was for those with productive, lively, enquiring minds.

And Liza had realized this at last, after seventeen years of story-telling. And with an atmosphere such as this here and now, she knew something would take shape on the paper before her. But there was something—something—holding her back. She could see the victims of the winds and hear them, but somehow her tale did not quite achieve authenticity. Her characters were not complete in meaning, they were like cardboard dolls she had once dressed in coloured painted frocks.
they could see, because all eyes were similar and could see as Liza's; and their ears.

they were drawn carefully to resemble their mistress's and hear the same noises Liza could hear. But somehow.

She had to stop and think about those dolls. What was it that was lacking in her story? Her people were thinking, yes, and maybe her paper dolls thought about their clothes as Liza thought about hers at times, but opinions did not create a whole person. One had to analyse people truthfully and entirely to write about them. To write about us must be to be right.
about us. Maybe what the story missed was something adults knew all about, and did not require pausing and much thought. Real adults, that is. Not those who spent Saturday afternoons conforming, and Sundays, and all the other days and nights as well. But adults who K N E W — who could stand back and regard their fellows as they rushed into their lives. They had a calmness — an almost beautiful calmness . . . . But then, calmness could be in a conformist too. Then what was it? What was it her story lacked? What, indeed, did Liza lack?

She put down her pen and rested it carefully across a blotter. Perhaps over lunch she could think about it. She did not have to talk to anyone, she knew now there was a contrast great enough between her and the winds, without the need to chatter. That was only assurance. Why so much worry over contrast when it was obvious to all that she was not a wailing wind over the tree-tops or a whistling wind through the fluttering, flapping leaves? It did not matter what she did, she would always have the ability to translate her thoughts, because she had a mind. She was a complicated mass of little working parts, and she could always write down these things as long as she was so. If she could see all this, then what was it that was wanting? What did she so desperately need?

And she knew she had had it just once, in a simple story that had won her a big hobbies book. She was only twelve then, but the story was so RIGHT. In her mind, away back, there was something forming, the word that would help her so much. She would not ask her mother, or her brother. She had to find that word on her own. And she knew that, on her own, she would find it. In the fresh air she could think clearly. She would go outside. She would go into the winds that cried and throbbed round the house, through the wood behind the house, and the telegraph poles before it. She stepped out into the back garden, her pink scarf banging against her ears, her eyes watering with a stinging force. Yes, she could see it all with her eyes, and hear the moan with her ears, and think how big and strong it was.

And then she knew! And she started running, regardless of everything. She knew why her characters were like paper dolls, and why that first story won the prize, and why adults knew about many things. She could write about her people now, and know that it would be RIGHT, because she knew what it was like in a wind storm, what it looked like, what it sounded like, and she was flesh and blood and did not need any other contrast. She could write now, because she had learned that the great Teacher is experience.
Am I Learning the Right Thing?

by KURT IMBERGER

A few years ago I was troubled about the decision of what career to take. I knew quite well that if I struck the wrong direction, I would either have to take what I had or march back and start the journey again.

I never had any desire to become a tradesman. There are several reasons for this, the main one being that the idea never occurred to me and that I always thought that the tradesman's was a labourer's job. I see now that this is not so but it doesn't make me regret the choice I have made. Other reasons for staying at school were that I would have the chance of postponing the decision for another few years. Later I found that the decision was still as hard to make as before. Yet another reason was that my father had a poor job as a tradesman, and therefore led me into believing I should try for something better.

After my first choice to study on, came another fork in my road. Here my decision was not as thoughtless as above. I had by past experience, learnt about myself that I had no knack for the arts, but that I could do something useful on the mathematical side. This self analysis led me on to the technical college and the engineering faculty.

In the technical college, I came to a number of divergent ways. In this case I might have chosen any one and followed it to its end. I chose the mechanical path, because I thought I had a liking for motors, but I do not know whether this was a fact or only imagination.

In this engineering field there are factors pointing each way. An engineer earns reasonably high wages, and has a white collar job. On the other hand, he sits in an office all day, exercising the muscles in his head and seat, at the price of the strength in his body. He takes big breaths of the city fumes, imagining them to be air, but never knowing what air is; and above all he has behind him four or more years of hard study, during which he had no money or spare time.

With these last disadvantages one might think I would have chosen a better career than engineering, but every job has its disadvantages. On the rather happy-go-lucky road along which one progresses, these things cannot be considered too closely or one will end up carrying a swag.
On Being Out in Front

by S.T.

illustrated by TONY WARD

Overeating is not one of my weaknesses. Rather it is one of the few things I excel at.

After you top forty, the race between your age in years and your girth in inches becomes of absorbing interest.

Your men friends — those who see you but rarely — react poorly to your increasing mass. “You’re putting on weight,” they say, just in case you hadn’t noticed. This comes well inside the category of Unnecessary Remarks. Especially if you have been religiously following for three weeks a Spartan diet of black tea and lettuce leaves, and have managed to reduce your surplus two stone by eleven ounces, this sort of sententious greeting is enough to break up a lifelong friendship.

After all, there are more euphemistic ways of doing the same thing. “By Jove, you are looking well,” with an admiring glance at the protruding rotunda conveys the same information.

Women do these things much more diplomatically.

“Do have some chocolate sponge!” they gurgle.

“Sorry. It looks delicious, but I’m dieting.”

“Whatever FOR?” they ask charmingly, although they can actually sit and watch you expand. And they add, with just a soupcon of anxiety, “Are you diabetic?”

“I’m fourteen stone eleven,” you reply.

“Oh, but you’re tall,” they assure you. “You can carry it.”

This last remark is meant kindly, but it is of dubious value. It is probably intended to set at ease the mind of the afflicted one who may be presumed to be having some private doubts as to his ability to carry it, and to be secretly fearful that he may soon be compelled to trundle it ahead of him on a wheelbarrow. But the diplomacy seldom reassures completely—not with wives in the picture.

For wives do not really come into the category of ‘women’. They are inscrutably invincible. Day after day and night after night they serve compotes of spaghetti and rice with lashings of chipped potatoes, followed by your favourite breed of apple-pie and custard with ice-cream. If you don’t eat it, you get the old slaving-my-fingers-to-the-bone routine. If you do, everything goes fine until the next argument, at which time they develop a power of invective and stark description that is almost Biblical.

“Why don’t you sew it on yourself,” they shriek. “You great, fat, overgrown middle-aged
slob! Slouching around the house like some Abdominal Snowman! Look at you, with your great gut hanging out like a sackful of puppies! Maybe if you ate less and took some exercise you wouldn’t burst so many buttons!"

The button in question has come off your shirt-sleeve and if you are any sort of a man you will tell her this—preferably, for peace’ sake, after you have sewn it back on.

And still the extra poundage remains. Exercise is slimming, but button-sewing scarcely constitutes strenuous exercise, so my doctor advises.

I am thinking now of my home doctor. Actually I have two doctors, one near my home, one near the job. The former is an ex-footballer, six-feet-two, twelve stone four net, with no more fat on him than a stick of celery. I caught an accidental glimpse of my personal record card the other day. On it, one whole line is occupied by the single word “Flabby”.

My second doctor is fifty-ish, five feet eight, and almost perfectly globular. I stood on his surgery scales while he prepared an injection. “How much?” he asked.

“Fourteen nine,” I responded glumly.

“Oh, that’s all right,” he assured me cheerily, and rummaged in his drawer for a slide rule which indicated that, for my height, I was only 15 per cent. overweight.

It would appear, then, that one solution to the problem of surplus avoirdupois is to move around a lot — essentially, until you find the right doctor.

There is another angle. According to a recent women’s magazine article I am 22lbs overweight for a man of average frame but only a few pounds over for somebody of large frame. I have now switched to searching for a diet that will build up my frame.

So far I have not solved this one; but as long as Science can give us only such trivia as atomic energy, and plastics, and electronic brains and moon rockets, while it falls to find me a slimming diet with plenty of bread and plum jam and chocolates and devil’s-food cake in it, so long, I feel, is it failing to contribute to the fundamental happiness of mankind.

I’m just about fed up.
Sports Report of Senior School

1962 hasn't been one of our best sporting years but Swinburne tied for two of the years' premier-
ships. Rain prevented a practice cricket match before the opening game, so our best team was not known. This probably cost Swinburne the outright premiership as the team lost to Preston. The following matches were all won leaving Swinburne and Caulfield tied with one loss each. Best performers were Ian Sharp, G. Seabourne, B. Jones, G. Pill and W. Greenland.

The swimming carnival provided the most exciting finish of the year. Held at the Brunswick baths, the carnival soon developed into a close contest between Geelong, Melbourne and Swinburne. To win the shield outright Swinburne needed to win the last event with Geelong unplaced. Our swimmers did their part nobly and won the event by 20 yards, but Geelong and Melbourne were staging a stroke for stroke battle for second, so the unusual situation arose where all the Swinburne supporters yelled encouragement to the Melbourne swimmer, leaving our own representative to swim the last 20 yards almost unnoticed. The Melbourne swimmer finished second so that Geelong were kept in third place to tie the premiership with us.

Individual events were won by A. Harman (2) and R. Elmore (2).

The ladies' swimming team won their shield outright, best lady swimmer being Sherida Salvage.

The combined athletics carnival at Olympic Park was not a very successful day for Swinburne who finished 5th in the aggregate. Ralph Hartnett with some fine high jumping was our only individual winner.

Our school football team was not very strong but won two of the five competition games. Our most consistent players were John Rivis, G. Cudden, B. Jones, L. Thomas, D. Cerini, G. Spencer.
The baseball team put up the best performance of the winter teams, losing one match to Caulfield who were premiers for 1962. G. Pill, Ian Sharp, T. Quon and D. Stone were most consistent players.

The basketball group continues to grow and some good performances were registered. This year they went into the highest division where competition is much sterner, so victories were infrequent. Best players were F. Fricke and B. Beaumont.

For the first time I can remember, Swinburne was unable to field a tennis team. Where are all our tennis players? Soccer enthusiasts also just failed to muster sufficient players to form a team.

This year saw the formation of a ladies' football team and a men's golf team.

The ladies played one match against Caulfield an exciting contest developed with "brute" force predominating over both science and football rules. The game ended in a tie.

The golf team was formed to meet a challenge from Secondary Teachers' College. The match ended in a 2-all draw. Gary Weston was our best player.

Hawthorn Rowing Club have promised assistance with rowing facilities for 1963, if sufficient students are interested.

My thanks as sportsmaster go to the many enthusiasts who have helped greatly in the organisation of the various teams, particularly to J. Rivis, G. Beaumont, L. Thomas and I. Sharp.

The individual sports winners for 1962 were: Basketball, F. Fricke; Baseball, G. Pill; Cricket, I. Sharp; Football, J. Rivis; Athletics, R. Hartnett; Swimming, R. Elmore.

Best All Rounders Award: J. Sharp.
College Activities

S.R.C. REPORT

The Student Representative Council derives its funds from the profits made at social functions. These profits are used for the benefit of students.

This year our Council took an interest in the production of this Magazine, its members sitting on committees, collecting material and obtaining figures as to cost from the printers. It is anticipated that next year the Council will take over much more of the work of producing the magazine.

Another venture has been the production of a news sheet. This has served its purpose of keeping students informed of College affairs. It has also helped to create discussion and, generally, a wider interest in college matters.

All our classes this year have been held in the Ethel Swinburne Centre, except the first, which was held in a ferry on the Yarra. These dances have served well their purpose of bringing students together and have been financially successful.

The snow trip this year was to Lake Mountain and was supported enthusiastically by all students.

The Annual College Ball on the 3rd October, was again held at the Dorchester. A large number attended, and an excellent night was had by all.

The S. R. C. is confident that its operations have resulted in greater understanding with the staff and have helped in effective administration particularly in student matters, during the past year.

In conclusion, thanks are extended to all members of the Students Representative Council for their co-operation and assistance throughout the year.

John A. Baker, Secretary, S.R.C.

GROUP SAVINGS CLUB

This has been a very successful year for the school bank.

There has been a marked increase in the number of depositors for this year to a total of 417. This increase shows that more students are realizing the advantages of banking with the Swinburne Technical College Group Savings Club. The total amount of interest paid to depositors during the year was approximately £85.

The students of 1st year, Diploma of Commerce and the girls of the Girls Junior School, who operate the various branches are to be congratulated on the efficiency with which they have carried out their duties.
Special mention must be made of the work done by two members of staff and two Commerce students who supervised and operated the various branches and Head Office.

They are: — Mr M. A. JOHNSON (Staff), Mr W. WHEELER (Staff).

LEDGER SUPERVISOR:
KENNETH CHIA, (2nd Year Commerce)

CASH RECORDS SUPERVISOR:
ANTHONY WAGSTAFF (3rd Year Commerce)

B. D. CORCORAN (SUPERINTENDENT)

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING GROUP

How often many of us regret our inability to communicate our thoughts logically and effectively to a group whether colleagues, friends or strangers! The advantage of possessing such a facility in the real life situation is obvious. The opportunities that present themselves are legion. It is almost imperative that all of us fully develop our latent talents in this respect.

To further this end, a small enthusiastic group meet regularly at noon each Tuesday. In addition to the opportunities for delivering short prepared, and impromptu speeches, members also practise correct parliamentary procedures in the conduct of the weekly meeting. Executive positions of which are rotated amongst three members according to a roster prepared by the permanent executive of this group.

Additional experiences have been enjoyed by some members, by visiting a regular meeting of the Hawthorn City Council and sessions of the Victorian Legislative Council. The organisation of this group has been based largely on the practices of the Toastmasters International, and members of the Melbourne Toastmasters’ Club have given their services and advice willingly and graciously for the benefit of the group.

The group’s activities will continue in 1963.

N. A. ROLAND
T. BRAMLEY
K. COLLETT EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

DIPLOMA CHORAL GROUP

It began like this. A few years ago, some girls who were leaving the Junior School, asked if their singing classes might continue. So a small choral group was formed which met in a private house from six to seven each Thursday evening, and which performed occasionally at Swinburne concerts and P.T.A. evenings. The following year, some boys from the Diploma School joined the group, and Thursday evening became a social as well as a musical occasion.

In 1962 there was not one evening when everybody was free, and so the group split up.
Eight girls meet on Thursday evenings, and twenty Diploma students meet at lunch time on Tuesdays. For the second term we are committed to take part in a Festival of Technical Schools, to be held in Storey Hall, and in the Swinburne Choral and Instrumental concert.

As things stand at present, we have a fine foundation of basses and tenors, whose robustness entirely obliterates the singing of the girls. These sopranos and contraltos are excellent, but in numbers are inadequate. We are needing, urgently, girls, not necessarily operatic stars, but girls who love to sing. We can always be found at twelve o'clock on Tuesdays in the Ethel Swinburne Hall. With properly balanced numbers, the Diploma Choral Group could reach a standard of which Swinburne would be proud.

THEATRE GROUPS

To provide opportunities for all students to enjoy performances of current stage productions, arrangements were made, with the assistance of the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust, for tickets to be obtained at attractive concession prices. A logical choice, as an experiment, was the season of Australian plays presented by the Melbourne University Repertory Company at the Russell Street Theatre where the following plays had been announced, —

The One Day of the Year, The Shifting Heart, The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll and The Ballad of Angels Alley.

Although there are distinct differences in all of these; they have been written by successful Australian playwrights and all attempt to portray familiar aspects of Australian life and characterize people, easily recognizable amongst us. The experience of attempting a first class production of such well known samples of Australian drama was new to many who answered the invitation, and the response from students was so encouraging that similar parties were arranged to attend Shaws' St. Joan at the Tivoli, The Miracle Worker, and a Man for all Seasons. (Comedy) and Bridegroom, an ambitious yet delightful production by the students of the Burwood Teachers' College in the hall of the Methodist Ladies College.

All these evenings were thoroughly enjoyed by the small but enthusiastic number of students who attended. As theatre going, at current prices, is often impossible for students, the organisation of these parties at such a liberal discount was greatly appreciated. For this reason, and for the cultural enjoyment derived from attending, it is hoped that similar opportunities will be available to interested students in 1963

K. L. Goodman.
This year, prizes were awarded to the best student in the final two years of each course. The list of prize winners is as follows:

**ART**
HOGG Judith Myra

**CHEMISTRY**
GODFREY Peter Douglas

**CHEMICAL ENGINEERING**
LEVENS Robert I.

**COMMERCE**
PILLIPS Laurence Bruce

**COMMERCIAL PRACTICE**
SMITH Marion Lorraine

**CIVIL ENGINEERING**
CURTIS Robin Paul

**ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING**
STEELE Eric Harold

**MECHANICAL ENGINEERING**
THOMAS Geoffrey Raymond

**SUBJECT PRIZES**
ENGINEERING DRAWING
McINNES Ian David CURTIS Robin Paul Equal

**HUMANITIES**
GODFREY Peter Douglas

**MATHEMATICS**
DORAN Kenneth John

**PHYSICS**
BOARD Charles Alfred

A. F. TYLEE PRIZE FOR SOCIAL SCIENCE
DUNCAN Charles Wilson

H. R. HONE PRIZE FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICES AS A STUDENT
HANLON Peter John President S.R.C.

PRIZES AWARDED BY PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS AND INDUSTRIAL ORGANISATIONS
THE SOCIETY OF CHEMICAL INDUSTRY OF VICTORIA
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
LEVENS Robert I.

INSTITUTION OF ENGINEERS (AUSTRALIA)
CIVIL ENGINEERING BRANCH
CIVIL ENGINEERING
CURTIS Robin Paul

PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES

CERTIFICATES IN ART
ALLPORT Anita Patricia
BECHERVAISE Lynette Marle
CAREEDY Peter Francis
CHAKSTE Velga Janina
CROSBY Janette Mary
DOCKING Ethel Frances
FERGUSON Ronald Murray
GARRETT Kay Lesley
GURNEY Margaret Jane
HARVEY Shirley Ann
HOLDSWORTH Jean Honora
HOPKINS John William
HOPWOOD Kay Lorraine
JEWELL Kay Denise
KUEEN Kong Yoke
LAUCHLAN Bruce Alan
MANDERSON Julie Anne
MILLER David Charles
McLEAN Rosemary Susan
OWEN Barry Thomas
STEWARD Margaret Ann
THOMAS Rowland Phillip
WARD Anthony Frederic
WIGHT Colin George

CERTIFICATES IN BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

EASTON John Rodney
FILDES John Francis

CERTIFICATE FOR MUNICIPAL BUILDING SURVEYORS

STEELE Desmond Rice

CERTIFICATES IN ACCOUNTANCY

ASHTON Ronald George
BROWN Keith William
CLOUGH Warwick Brian
COCKRAM Alan John Western
FORBES Douglas
GAN Siong Teck
KHOR Chong Aik
LAMBDEN Murray Benjamin
MAXWELL Ivan David
O’DONOGHUE John Vincent

PHILLIPS Laurence Bruce
REDMOND Thomas John
RENSHAW Margaret Jane
SAMBELL Neil Burton
SERRY Leon
STRAUKS Alfred
TAN Glim Hwa
WALTER Douglas Roger
WILLIAMS Cyril Clarence Everard

CERTIFICATES — COMMERCIAL

BASTIN Lorraine Faye

CERTIFICATES IN SUPERVISION

COLLOPY John Anselm (Commercial)

HARBOUR William Edward (Industrial)

CERTIFICATES IN DRESSMAKING

GLENISTER Wendy Denise

CERTIFICATES IN CIVIL ENGINEERING

MURPHY Frederick Reginald
WATERS Richard Adolphus
WEBB Noel Graeme

CERTIFICATES IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

GREEN Arthur Laurence
LEE Russell Frederick
WHITEHEAD Bruce

CERTIFICATES IN MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

GRIMMITHS Alan Brian
LANGLANDS Kenneth Craig
SCHMIERER Rudolph Emanuel
SOWERBY Harvey John
STANLEY Frank Robert
WISE Brian William

CERTIFICATE IN HEATING, VENTILATING
AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION

MARTIN Robert James

CERTIFICATES IN PRODUCTION
ENGINEERING

HUNT Herbert Bruce Fleetwood
LILLEY Francis Robert

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS
DIPLOMAS IN ART
JAMES Roger Paton (Painting)
PENDLEBURY Laurence Scott (Painting)
YAP Michael Eng Thong (Advertising Art)

DIPLOMAS IN APPLIED CHEMISTRY

BASTIN Graham John
BERLOWITZ Dennis George
BROCKIE Robin James
CARSON Peter Brian Danton
CLARK Oliver George
COHEN Joseph Leon
COMAN Thomas Peter
GOH Seng Chuan
HAINES James Dougal
IP Sze - Yuen
MAY Ian Alfred
MORTON Trevor Charles
MCKENNA Patrick Joseph
MCKENZIE Ronald McKay

SEEBECK Peter Henry
TAYLOR John Ashley
WHITE Keith Valentine

DIPLOMAS IN CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

GOH Seng Chuan
HOXLEY Peter Harold
KEPERT Alan Keith

DIPLOMAS IN COMMERCIAL PRACTICE

BLYTH Patricia May
CHISWELL Beth Valerie
CRUICKSHANK Jennifer Rae
GOODSON Dale Kathryn
McBAIN Helen Jane Margaret

DIPLOMAS IN CIVIL ENGINEERING

AMIET Royce George
BERGEN Roger Herbert
CALLOW Philip Rallton
DENNIS Ronald Neville
DENSLEY Barrie John
OWER Ian George
GATHERCOLE Raymond David
GERARD Charles Mervyn
HAND Norman Keith
HARAHAAP Zakaria
HILTON Keith Remington
HOPKINS John James
MORGAN Peter Ronald
MURPHY Denis Leslie
McGOWAN Gordon Thomas
McLELLAN Graeme
O'GRADY Vernon Leslie
ONG Chin Teong
OPIE Thomas Roy
PRYOR Robert Frederick
REID Peter
SMITH Eldon Clifford
STEPHENSON David Owen
STUART Meredith McGregor
YAP Chai Choon

DIPLOMAS IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
ALLERDING Malcolm Alexander
CROWTHER Lachlan Russell
DENNEHY Ian Gerald
HAMBROOK Kevin Richard
HARRIS Adrian Christopher
KIRKPATRICK Kevin Maurice
La FONTAINE David Venn
MALONEY Michael Vincent
McDONALD Ian Allan
SIMMONDS Geoffrey Gilbert
WALDRON Francis Gerard

DIPLOMA IN MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
BURY Francis Lindsay
FITZGERALD Kevin John
FORSTER David John
GANZELL Neil Newton
GIESON Graeme Arthur
HARRIS Adrian Christopher

HINCHLIFFE Ronald Bruce
JOHNSON Ian Murray
MORGAN Raymond Anthony
PALMER John Lyster
PRICE George Lindsay
REKSODINOLO Woerjanto
RICHARDSON Albert Eustace
SIMONS Ernest Rupert
SPENCER Peter Milner
TAYLOR Graham Frank
THRIPPLETON Barry
TRESEDER John James
VALE Ian Wilson
WRIGHT Jeffrey Neil

POST DIPLOMA IN HEATING, VENTILATING
AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION
GOTCH Rex Neville

DIPLOMA IN PRODUCTION ENGINEERING
MORRIS Allen Richardson
SILK Sidney Edward
THORNTON Robert Vincent

POST DIPLOMAS IN INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT
BAKER Francis Charles
BARTLETT Leslie Joseph
BOYD Terry James
HARRIS Stuart Earl
LUKE Alexander Richard
McCONCHIE Rex Alex
THOMPSON Robert David
TREGEAR Brian James
An address given at the Swinburne Technical College annual Diploma Night held in Hawthorn Town Hall, Thursday, August 16, 1962.

TECHNOLOGY AND OUR FUTURE

Dr. S. I. EVANS, B.Sc., B.Sc. (Tech.) Ph.D., M.Inst.P.,
DIRECTOR, SOUTH AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

May I first say how privileged and honoured I feel in having been invited here tonight as your guest speaker. If anything is needed to intensify that honour it is the knowledge that I am addressing technical students for whom, because of my early connections, I have always had the warmest regard.

To those who have received this evening the documents certifying the completion of successful studies, I offer my sincere congratulations. These documents are not merely symbols of academic success — more important, perhaps, they testify to the determination and qualities of mind and character that have enabled their holders to pursue, over several years, difficult and demanding courses of study. With these students, an element of personal sacrifice, particularly by those who toil by day and night, is a basic characteristic. It is no wonder therefore, that from the ranks of such people will continue to come the leaders of industry and commerce tomorrow. We can but wish them all the best of good fortune in their future careers. They will add lustre and renown, I am sure, to the high reputation of this Technical College.

As each one of them follows his professional calling, he will find a very different industrial society to that his father knew. Technological changes have wrought a tremendous transformation, particularly in the years since the last war, when the advances have been most spectacular. The transistor, penicillin, man-made fibres, jet aircraft and now space travel and telstar television recordings — all these and numerous other products are typical of this technological age. We now take them for granted though they were unknown or in only a rudimentary stage of development as recently as 1939.

The growth of Australia as a manufacturing nation is taking place during this new industrial revolution, as it has been called. Since the last war, this revolution has been accelerated and we have come to rely more and more on an industrial economy. Today, secondary industry exceeds in economic importance the traditional primary products of wheat, minerals, wool and wine — it might interest you to know that in Victoria last year the income from the manu-
facturing industries was nearly double that from the primary industries (£700 million compared with £320 million).

There are now over 17,000 of these secondary industries in Victoria employing nearly 39,000 persons. These industries include impressive undertakings such as motor car manufacture, the chemical and allied industries, oil refining and the associated petrochemical and plastic interests. The industrial development in the Latrobe Valley, with the production of electricity, gas, and solid fuel, is equally impressive. This wide range of industrial interests in Victoria will continue to increase and so make the State even more dependent on an industrial economy.

An industrial programme in any country must depend for its vigour and efficiency on technology, on the continuous application of scientific knowledge — and this knowledge is being doubled throughout the world every ten to fifteen years. Faced with this challenge which is at once both stimulating and menacing, each industry is made to realise that, unless it modernises its practices and techniques or discovers new materials and new applications, it will lag behind other countries in the fierce competition for world markets. This Australia can ill afford to do, particularly in view of the implications of the European Common Market and our greater reliance on export skills.

There must be available for industry, therefore, an adequate supply of personnel qualified in the sciences and technologies, not only able to adapt themselves to all the latest in industrial techniques and practices, but capable of mastering future skills as technical changes develop at an accelerating pace. A nation's need for qualified persons in its industrial society has never been so urgent as it is today. It is on such people that the material development and economic prosperity of the country must depend — and this dependence increases as the pace of technological change quickens.

Education in science and technology is, therefore, of paramount importance, and to the extent that we fail to provide this we will imperil the future progress of Australia. It is true to say that education generally, but technological education particularly, has never in the whole of recorded history been so vitally important to a country's economic welfare and well-being as it is today.

With this realisation, countries everywhere are on the move educationally as they strive to wrestle successfully with the mounting challenge. Accordingly, investments in education being made on an unprecedented scale by nations eager to adjust themselves to the technologically changing world. As in the biological struggle, only those that can achieve this adaptability to the new environment will succeed. The industries, like the nations, that will survive and prosper in the next decade will be those which can adjust to a rapidly, even violently changing world.

We have only to look to our near neighbours in Asia to see that they are not ignoring the significance of scientific education for their own rapid development. Universities and technological institutions are rapidly arising in all these countries, and Asian students are to be found by the thousands in our own country and in many other lands. Such countries as Japan and China are investing heavily in scientific training and in learning to master the new techniques which are revolutionising modern industry. Japan, for instance, has 600,000 students at her universities and what is, perhaps, more significant, is her firm intention to double, in the near future, the output of scientists and technologists. Already she is a world force in shipbuilding, electronic engineering and plastics, and the significance of this resurgence and its possible influence on Australian trade should not be lost to us.

This process of adaptation through technological education has been continuing in some countries for over a hundred years and has determined the character and standard of the social and economic life of the people. Germany for example, became a great industrial power in the nineteenth century only because she developed the Technical Universities (Technische Hochschulen) and much the same was true of the United States in the latter half of the century and of Russia in this. Today, these countries, but more particularly Russia, are spending on an unprecedented scale as they realise the paramount importance of this investment for the country's future. Their present prosperity is, needless to say, due to their foresight in the past — today they are reaping the harvest.

Besides the large nations, there are numerous examples of small countries which are highly prosperous today because of their educational systems. Such is the case of Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland. These and
other similar countries have created a highly
developed economy based not on an ample pop-
ulation or a large home market, not even on
natural resources equal to ours, but on a sys-
tem of tertiary education with the technical
university playing a prominent role. These well
educated nations are able to sell their tech­
nology: in other words, their industrial profi­
ciencies and the quality of their products.

The position of Britain today is, by compari­
son, far less favourable — her economy is ex­
panding more slowly and this slowness has been
attributed to the inadequacies in her education­
al system which had not been spurred onwards
in the past by the same pressing need to atone
for lack of natural advantages.

Belatedly, Britain realised her backwardness
in technological education in 1955 and created
eight Colleges of Advanced Technology (now
ten). This was the first time that the concept of
the Technical University had been adopted in
Britain — about a century and a half after its
adoption in Germany.

It is little wonder that Britain has lost her
industrial dominance in Europe and the world
when she has failed to adapt herself to the
changing environment of world trade. This has
occurred despite the lead she enjoyed last cen­
tury in the world of industrial technology that
she herself invented.

In modelling our own policy in education, we
in Australia, would do well to note the experi­
ence of other countries. We must not be too
blind or too proud to learn from the practice of
the most progressive of these countries. They
have recognised the importance of adaptation
in the changing environment and we must do
likewise with determination and alacrity.

An increased investment in education will be
necessary to achieve this objective, particularly
in the sphere of science and technology. Costs
in education have already increased over the
last decade with South Australia having doubl­
ed her expenditure in the last five years and
Victoria increasing hers by 53 per cent. over the
same period.

It might be concluded from this that there
exists a full appreciation of the needs of educa­
tion in Australia. Much of this increased spend­
ing, however, would be due simply to the sub­
stantial increase in enrolments that has occurred
at all levels. There is no positive evidence,
therefore, that the need for education has had
greater acceptance so far in Australia.

Some estimate of the importance which a
country attaches to education may be formed by
the amount of money it spends on it. Although
not necessarily a precise yardstick, expenditure
does convey, nevertheless, a rough measure of
this importance. Comparative data on the sub­
ject can be found in the latest Unesco Report of
1961 which shows Australia's public effort in the
field of education for the year 1959/60 as little
more than 3 per cent. of her national income.
This is well below that of countries which enjoy
comparable living standards. Significantly,
Russia's contribution is 7 per cent.; but what is
equally impressive, perhaps, is to find the small
countries such as Norway and the Netherlands
spending over 5 per cent. on education.

A similar conclusion with respect to our ed­
cucational effort was made recently by Professor
Karmel in his address to the College of Educa­
tion in Melbourne. In a group of countries
which included Western Europe, the U.S., Can­
da and the Soviet Union, Australia ranked fif­
teenth in the list for current expenditure in ed­
cucation as a proportion of her national income.
He stressed that Australia could well afford to
make a bigger contribution to education. “We
should aim to increase this substantially over
the next 10 years”, he stated. He went on to say,
“Compared with countries of similar economic
structure and wealth, Australia is spending re­
latively a small proportion of her national in­
come on education”.

With our relatively poor record of expendit­
ure on education, it is not altogether surprising
perhaps, to find a serious shortage of gradua­
tes in science and technology. The full extent of
this shortage is not known, simply because a
comprehensive national survey has never been
undertaken. However, limited surveys in New
South Wales and Victoria demonstrate quite
clearly the seriousness of the problem.

In their report of 1958, the Appointments
Board at the University of Melbourne listed 126
vacancies for mechanical engineering graduates
and 108 vacancies for electrical engineering
graduates. In both cases, there were available
only 23 graduates. Similar surveys by this Board
show the demand to be increasing, and this is the experience of all other countries.

Despite our present shortage and the possibility that the position will be aggravated with the prospect of increasing demands, there is little likelihood that our numbers qualifying will increase. The enrolments in the engineering faculties in Victoria, for instance, have been actually falling during the past five years. With a four-year course to be covered, we can, therefore, expect the graduate numbers to gradually fall until 1966.

Although the position for all Australia is slightly better, our output of graduates in science and technology is much too low and compares most unfavourably with other countries. On a per capita basis, we produce only a quarter to a third of the numbers produced in Russia and the United States, and half of the total currently produced in Britain.

It may be argued that these countries are, perhaps, over-producing. If that be the case, then their penalty is that they have produced too many scientists and technologists and will have some to spare for the underdeveloped countries. They become the missionaries of the modern age and the astute Russian is fully aware of this fact.

If the problem is not over-staffing but understaffing, then the penalty is far more severe and crippling to the country's economy. Retarded development and industrial stagnation will eventually result and it is immensely important that we in Australia, bear this constantly in mind.

Although our number of graduates in science and technology is relatively small, the percentage of all students at our Universities is, by world standards, fairly high. It follows, therefore, that too few of them are in the science and engineering faculties. This situation has not improved since 1957 when the Murray Commission on Australian Universities stressed the need to improve the position. They remarked then that the study of these subjects had not the same public recognition as in other countries which are forging ahead in this branch of education.

Besides scientists and technologists, we must ensure that we also have the supporting army of technicians and craftsmen. This is vitally important as industry in this country has already been seriously handicapped by the lack of the right grade of trained person. A recent report for instance, shows the very serious shortage of tradesmen or craftsmen. The number coming forward for apprenticeship has not improved since 1955, despite the much larger population in that age group. In view of the 5-year course, no improvement in tradesmen numbers can be expected before 1966. This is depressing news when one considers that already there are shortages of varying severity in all trades, and the indications are that tradesmen will, each year, be required in increasing numbers.

The place of the technician in industry has long been one of the most neglected matters in our educative system. This is my personal opinion, but I think that the matter will be rectified now that the Board for Professional Engineers has been established. In the past the appointment and payment of qualified engineers were subject to misuse and so the need for the technician, the technologist's chief assistant, became obscured.

The position should now be clearer, and Industry, which consciously or unconsciously, must have suffered severely from a lack of trained technical assistants, should welcome and support technician courses. More than that, the qualification should be recognised financially so that we have adequate numbers of recruits for these courses. New South Wales, with the introduction of the first of their 26 different courses in 1954, has gone a long way with technician training, and Victoria, I notice, introduced a similar scheme in 1959.

There is much to be done to expand our technological education at all levels. Future leadership in this age of rapid technological change is one of Industry's fundamental needs. This need can be fulfilled only if we measure up to our most progressive contemporaries in our education in science and technology. The future of the world is not to those countries with the largest populations but to those with the best systems of education.

Our national well-being and the nation's future will depend upon the imagination, skill and ingenuity with which technological education is planned in the years ahead.

"Technology is the millstone of our daily bread"