



The Gate



The Magazine
of the
Dandenong High School

VOLUME 6 :: :: 1932



Lorna Colwell.

The Gate

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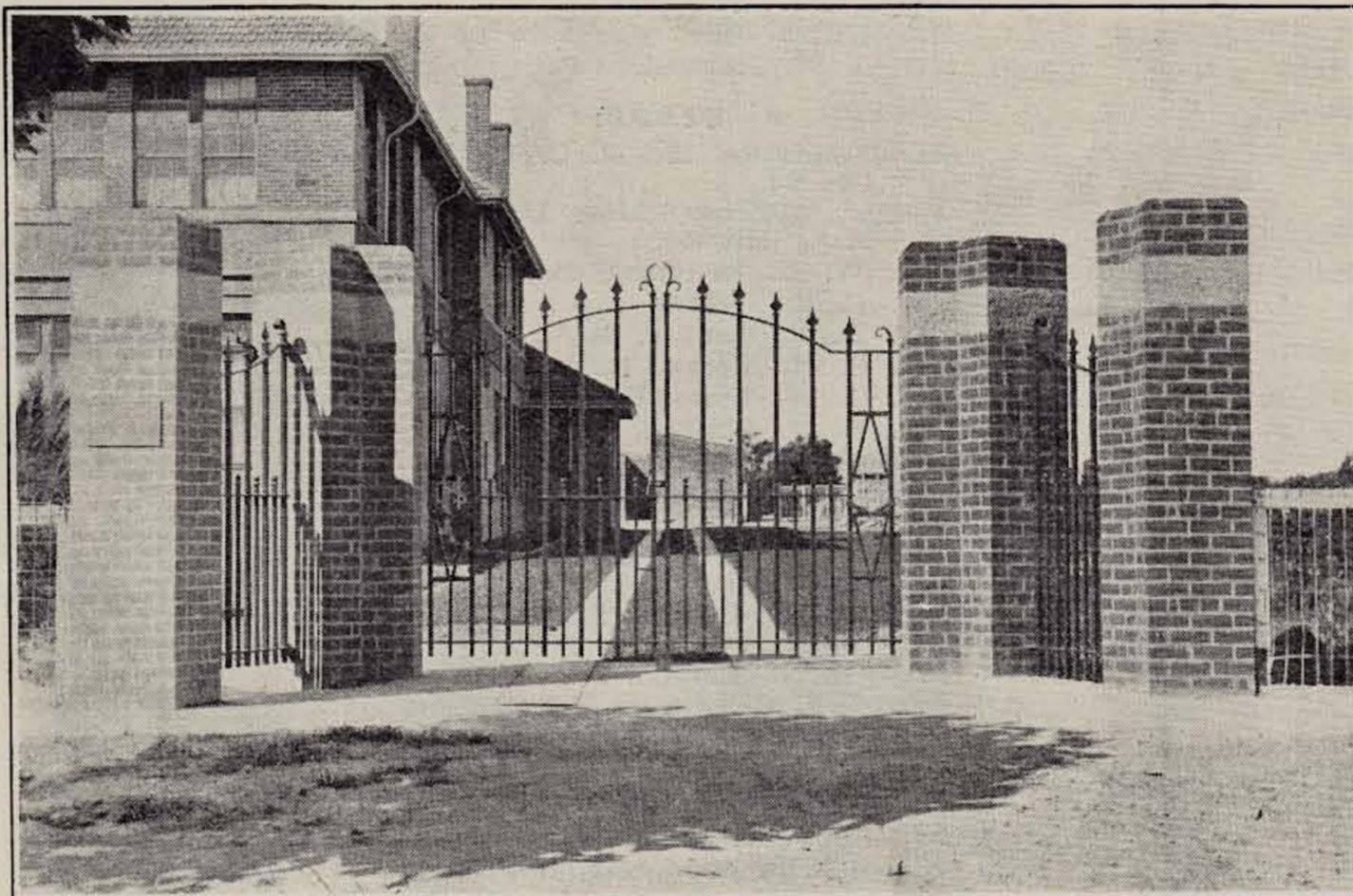
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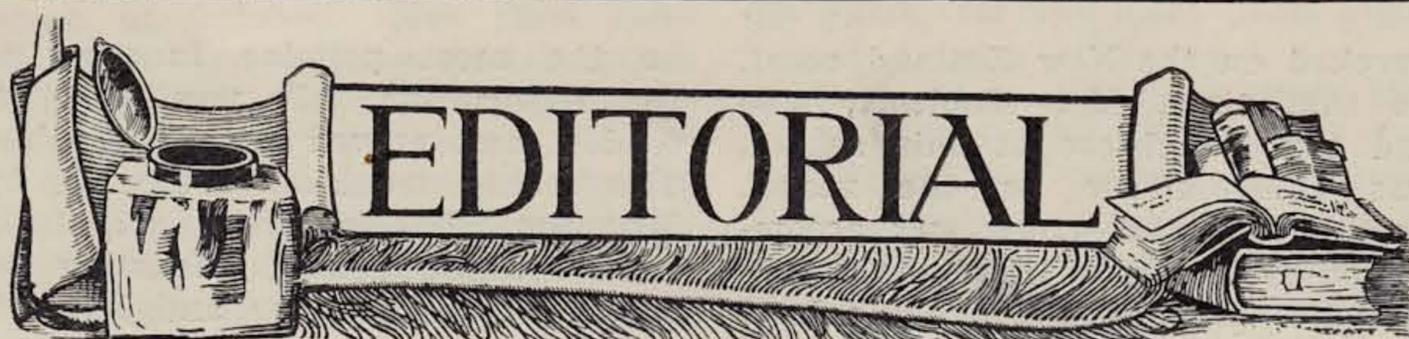
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(Man. Arts).
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Miss L. H. Sweetman, T.T.C. (Dom. Arts),
Dip. Dom. Sc.

PREFECTS:

L. Bowen (Senior), K. Angus, H. Garlick, F. Morley,
C. Oldmeadow, G. Smith.
T. Hocking (Senior), N. Butler, R. Cox, M. Lee,
N. Stephenson, N. Thomson.

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Bluegum: Rita Cox, Leigh Baker.
Clematis: Thelma Hocking, L. Bowen.
Orchid: M. Christensen, C. Oldmeadow.
Wattle: Vida Wright, G. Smith.



Vol. VI.

DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL.

1932.

In our issue for 1931, we expressed the hope that the outlook for our exit pupils might be considerably brightened in the near future. Another year has passed, and we are reluctantly compelled to admit that conditions have not improved to any very appreciable extent. Great difficulty is still experienced by well-qualified pupils to obtain a start, and those who are placed in permanent employment are indeed fortunate. This inability to obtain employment is construed by some to mean that post-primary education is being overdone. We do not subscribe to this belief, but we feel that the economic conditions are entirely to blame for the present position. We are optimistic enough to believe that the outlook is a little brighter, and we fervently hope that the time is not far distant when those who reach the school-leaving age may reasonably expect to find numerous avenues of occupation open to them.

It is now nearly fourteen years since the High School was opened in Dandenong. It may be of interest to present pupils to know, say, the origin of the school colours, the romance of the school flag, how the school motto was selected, and the story of our early days in the old Fire Brigade and Temperance Halls.

The junior pupils were accommodated in the old Fire Station, where Mr. L. Brookes, now Head Master of Horsham High School, corresponded nightly, through the medium of the blackboard, with the members of the Fire Brigade, about their disposal of school property.

The other building and grounds were occupied by the senior students by day, and impounded horses at night. During the two winters we spent in these buildings, the

grounds, with the help of stray horses and cattle, contrived to resemble a badly drained cow-yard. Often, the pupils had to climb to dry land along the bottom rail of the fence. Those days are gone for ever.

Prior to our moving into the present buildings, a motto had to be selected. Pupils were asked to help, and a likely French motto was submitted by Mr. J. Abbott. This, however, was obsolete French, and was judged unsuitable. Another was chosen, but it had long been the motto of the Brighton Grammar School, and had to be discarded. After sundry excursions to the Public Library, we decided on the present motto, but it was by the merest coincidence that the word "fortunæ" was not engraved with a final "i." The inscription for the stonemason had been written, and was about to be sent, when the error was discovered, and the defacing of the stone avoided.

The choice of the school colours occupied some considerable time, but eventually Miss Jean Abbott, then a small girl in E Form, suggested that the colours of the 4th Light Horse Regiment, in which the Head Master had served overseas, should be used. The original Light Horse colours were red and white, but, when the regiment was divided into two sections, one going to Palestine, and the other to France, a new set of colours—the two blues—was given to the unit serving in the Eastern Sector. The red and the two blues were blended to make our ribbon, Miss McKinnon, now Mrs. Roche, being responsible for the arrangement.

The flag and flag pole have a very interesting history. Somewhere about 1921, the "Perth," a vessel trading between Australia and New Zealand, was totally

wrecked on the New Zealand coast. At that time, Mr. Woolcott, who had two daughters at this school, was chief officer on the vessel. Fortunately, the wreck was accompanied by no loss of life, but the only memento rescued by Mr. Woolcott from her was a new Australian flag which was on its maiden voyage. As the school had no flag, Mr. Woolcott generously presented this one to us.

We now had a flag, but no flag pole, and Mr. Woolcott, not satisfied with his original donation, shortly afterwards presented us with the pole also. On the first occasion on which the flag was hoisted, the rope broke, and Mr. L. R. Brookes volunteered to climb the pole and rescue the flag for the second time. When he was about six feet from the top, the wind aggravatingly took charge, and kept the flag just out of his reach, while Mr. Brookes had to cling to the pole for over a quarter of an hour, until the wind abated sufficiently for him to secure a fold and effect repairs. All this caused great amusement to the small boys in attendance. The flag was later officially unfurled by Mr. Woolcott. In a later edition, more of the early happenings at the school may be recorded.

SCHOOL ORGANISATIONS.

Old Pupils' Association.

Much of the success of our various functions is due to the genial personality of Mr. Jim Sharkie, and the unassuming capability of Mr. Arthur Butler, who continue to act as president and secretary respectively. This year's syllabus included the annual ball, reunion, and three socials. The ball held in May was a social success, all enjoying themselves thoroughly. The proceeds, as in previous years, were donated to the School Library Fund.

In spite of the climatic conditions, the fifth annual reunion, held at the school on Show Day, was a decided success. The tennis tournament, which gains in popularity each year, was won by Mr. Ron Henshaw and Miss Janie Corrigan, both popular old pupils. The social held in the evening continues to

be the most popular function of the Association. It was well attended, and proved most enjoyable. The tennis trophies, presented by Mr. Jim Sharkie, were gracefully acknowledged by Mr. Henshaw on behalf of his partner and himself.

In view of the unfailing interest and support Mr. Langford has always shown the Association, he having been for many years its president, members felt they would like to show in some material fashion their goodwill towards the Head. On the occasion of his marriage, a complimentary social was tendered to him and Mrs. Langford, and Mr. Sharkie presented to them, on our behalf, a brass wood box and a set of carvers, for which Mr. Langford expressed the sincere thanks of himself and his wife.

In recent years, it has been disappointing to find so few of the "new" old pupils joining our ranks, and we take this opportunity of inviting present and old pupils not yet associated with us to become active and financial members of the Old Pupils' Association of the Best School of All.

SCHOOL COSTUME.

Girls.—In summer, a navy tunic, a white blouse with long sleeves, a straw hat with school band and badge, black shoes and stockings.

In winter, a school hat or a woollen beret replaces the straw hat, and a school pullover and blazer provide the additional warmth required.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Both Miss Taylor and Miss McLean were seriously ill at the beginning of the year, but, we are pleased to say, have since recovered and resumed duty.

The Head Master and Mr. Moore both carried out their threats, and married at the end of May.

Miss Pollard, early in the year, was transferred to the staff of the Footscray Domestic Arts School.

The ex-students gave a donation of 14/- to the School Library.

A small fete held at the school in September realised £32/16/5.

Miss Axford resigned in the first

week of October. Her good comradeship and efficiency will stand her in good stead in a home, as they did in the staff room.

The school gardener is to be complimented on the appearance of the lawns and garden beds.

We wish gratefully to acknowledge copies of the magazine of the Girls' Grammar School, Leigh, Lancashire.

SPEECH DAY, 1931.

Departing from the usual custom, the Principal held the Speech Night celebrations at the school in the afternoon. Dr. R. Patten presided, and the prizes were presented by Mrs. Patten. The visitors were then entertained at afternoon tea.

The prize list was as follows:—

Dux of School: James Hurley.

B Form, 1st and 2nd: James Hurley, and Nancy Lee.

C1 Form, 1st and 2nd: Mervyn Brumley, and Mary Lee.

C2 Form, 1st and 2nd: Olive Colvin, and Keith Angus.

Cc Form, 1st and 2nd: Douglas Brumley, and Gwen Parker.

Ds Form, 1st and 2nd: Colin Jones, and Doreen McCahon.

D Form, 1st and 2nd: Olive Marshall, and Eric O'Shea.

De Form, 1st and 2nd: Muriel Dennis, and Clive Gilbert.

"Remove" Form, 1st and 2nd: Molly Colvin, and George Fraser.

E1 Form, 1st and 2nd: Joyce Stranger, and Mervyn Board.

E2 Form, 1st and 2nd: Ruby Hopkins, and Una Murray.

F2 Form, 1st and 2nd: Phyllis Kirkham, and Jessie Curtis.

F1 Form, 1st and 2nd: Eva Baird, and Isobel Barton.

Old Students' Prizes: Marjorie Herbert, Stanley Kirk.

Cookery Prizes:

E1, Catherine Ekberg and Joyce Stranger, equal.

E2, Olga Odgers.

Remove, Bernice Parkhouse.

Rechabite Prizes: Colin Jones, Alan Ebsary, and Doreen McCahon.

Dried Fruit Essay—Prize for Gippsland Section: Edward Mawdsley.

Shell Company's Essay (Consolation Prize): Doreen McCahon.



PREFECTS.

Back Row: H. Garlick, Nell Stephenson, Geo. Smith, F. Morley, Rita Cox, Mary Lee, K. Angus.

Front Row: Nina Thomson, L. Bowen (Senior), Thelma Hocking (Senior), C. Oldmeadow, Nancy Butler.

UNIVERSITY RESULTS, 1931-1932.

Leaving Certificate.

Passed in six subjects: Lucey Alford.

Passed in five subjects: Ruth Greening, James Hurley, Enid Keddie, George Kerr, Stanley Kirk, Nancy Lee, Frederick McFarland, Edward Mawdsley, Alan McCahon.

(The following may subsequently complete the Leaving Certificate):

Passed in four subjects: Eva Hempel, Keith McKay, Ian Milne, G. Morrisby, M. Taylor.

Passed in three subjects: Josephine Bergin, Leslie Bowen, Maisie Corrigan, Joseph Lawrence, Margaret Petterson.

Passed in two subjects: Rita Cox, Joy Dawson, John Dixon, Arthur Farrant, Marjorie Herbert, John Hillard, James Lineham, Roma Monti, Leonard Osborne.

Passed in one subject: Marjorie Ahern, Robert Glassborow, Donald Hooper, William Kelly, Clifford Llewellyn, Frederick Morley, Carmel Rice, Clare Ryan, George Smith.

Intermediate Certificate.

Passed in ten subjects: Harry Garlick.

Passed in nine subjects: Mervyn Brumley, Olive Colvin, Courtney Oldmeadow, Thomas Rothfield, Nina Thomson.

Passed in eight subjects: Ossie Grant, John Knight, Mary Lee, Joyce Taylor, Lorna Taylor, Charles Wallace, Leo Warren.

Passed in seven subjects: Keith Angus, Henry Cane, Margrethe Christensen, Peter Donnelly, Norman Emery, Marjorie Glover, Clifford Hunt, Allan Morton, Gwen Parker, Ray Ryan, Nell Stephenson, Vida Wright.

Passed in six subjects: Douglas Brumley, Nancy Butler, Muriel Cox, Grace Douglas, Vaughan Francis, Lawrence Green, Enid Jeffery, Eric Kendall, Edith le Fevre, Frederick Limbrick, Jeffrey McAfee, Ronald McLerie, Gilbert Pocknee, Errol Robinson.

Eleven students obtained either **four or five** subjects, and these will

be able to complete the Intermediate Certificate at a subsequent examination.

Passed in five: Evelyn Bonney, Sydney Carpenter, Beth Mills, Harold William Simpson.

Passed in four subjects: Clare Beecher, Leonard Holt, Sophia Punshion, Bernard Robert, Joan Tinsley, Elva White.

Technical Examination Results.

Typewriting, Advanced. — Pass Credit: R. McLerie, E. Jeffery, J. Tinsley, D. Brumley, C. Rice, I. Twyford. Pass: C. Beecher, G. Carter, G. Parker, T. Hocking, J. McGuire.

Shorthand Theory, Advanced.— Pass Credit: B. Roberts (75), W. O'Brien (75), J. McGuire (75), E. Tinsley (75), D. Brumley (95), G. Carter (75), M. Smith (80), G. Parker (90), R. McLerie (80), E. Jeffery (85). Pass: I. Twyford (65), K. Francis (65), C. Beecher (65), C. Rice (65).

Shorthand, Speed, 80 words per minute.—Pass Credit: M. Smith, E. Tinsley, K. Francis, G. Carter, R. McLerie, C. Beecher, B. Robert. Pass: J. McGuire, I. Twyford, W. O'Brien.

100 words per minute.—Pass Credit: B. Robert, D. Brumley, E. Jeffery, G. Parker. Pass: K. Francis, R. McLerie, A. Bugg, C. Beecher, E. Tinsley, T. Hocking, D. Monahan.

120 words per minute.—Pass Credit: D. Brumley, L. Butler, E. Jeffery, N. Stephenson. Pass: T. Hocking, G. Parker.

140 words per minute.—Pass Credit: N. Stephenson, T. Cadd, N. Lee.

150 words per minute.—Pass: T. Cadd.

Education Department's Examination.

In 1931, 68 pupils obtained a pass in the examination for the Merit Certificate.

JUNIOR RED CROSS.

The first meeting for 1932 of the Junior Red Cross Circle was held on 7th March. Miss Jukes

presided, and the following office-bearers were elected:—

Members of the Committee: Thelma Hocking, Mary Lee, Nina Thomson, Betty Stephenson, Jean Mitchell, Muriel Cox, Dulcie Wright, and Joan Pugh. Treasurer, Rita Cox; Secretary, Nell Stephenson.

It was decided to direct the efforts of the Circle this year towards assisting the Junior Red Cross Cupboard Fund, which has received greater demands for boots and clothing this year than in previous years. Several parcels of clothing were despatched to the Cupboard.

The Dandenong Baby Health Centre was also assisted with donations of infants' clothing.

To augment the fund, a palais, and a cake and sweets stall held at the school realized 26/5.

At the final meeting for the year, held on 3rd October, the bank balance of 30/- was distributed as follows:—10/- to each of the three funds, the Blind Institute, the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and the fund for the Junior Red Cross Almoner.

The activities of the Circle for 1932 ended at this date, and we wish to thank the members for their consistent efforts during the year.

UNIVERSITY RECITAL.

On Monday, August 28th, the school enjoyed a new experience. The University held the first recital of its Gippsland tour in our hall. Miss Hermia Barton, Mus. Bac., violinist, and Mr. John Simons, Mus. Bac., pianist, the artists, were introduced by Mr. Sutton Crow, Secretary to the University Conservatorium, and were cordially received by an expectant audience comprising ten scholars from St. Mary's, about ninety of our own students, and twenty music lovers from the town.

The recital opened with a group of eighteenth century dance pieces for violin; a Bach gavotte, bright and vigorous; a Handel Minuet, both graceful and stately; and a Couperin gavotte, a French dance, dainty and charming, in contrast

to the deeper moods of the German, Bach. Miss Barton prefaced each piece with a short description that enabled the hearers to follow the music more easily. Mr. Simons then played two dance pieces for piano from one of Bach's suites of dances. The two chosen were a passepied, and a gigue in lively, lilting rhythm. The pianist entered so happily into the atmosphere of these dances that he caught up his audience with him, and carried them along, especially in the jig spirit of the second.

Miss Barton then brought us into the nineteenth century music with a passepied of Delibes, followed by a violin setting of Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song." This beautiful melody, begun in the rich low tones of the instrument, was soon soaring into the upper register, and singing its way into the hearts of its hearers. The excellent rendition was enthusiastically demanded again, a genuine tribute to the fine playing of the artist. The piano responded with another song setting, Liszt's piano arrangement of Schubert's "Hark, Hark the Lark." This item was followed by a short piece entitled "Poem," by a Bohemian composer.

Coming to music of to-day, the violinist essayed Kreisler's "Tambourine Chinois." The Chinese rhythms of the opening part were well emphasised and contrasted with the smoother and more Western style of the middle section, while the tambourine effect was brought back again by the repeat of the first part. This realistic number was repeated.

The last item of the recital consisted of a group of humorous pieces, the first of which was by the Australian composer, Roy Agnew. Mr. Simons said that modern composers believe they can suggest anything by their music. We have all heard twittering birds, rustling leaves, a storm, and other effects on the piano; but a recent composer wrote a piece to represent a steam engine, while others think the time is not far distant when we should hear a piece played and then say immediately,

"Yes! that represents a chair!" Having thus prepared the audience to supply their own mental pictures, Mr. Simons then played "Rabbit Hill," "Thunder and Lightning," and "Rush Home in Hong Kong." The second number proved the most realistic to the audience, and was asked for again.

With suitable thanks and responses, the afternoon was brought to a close. May we hope that the function becomes an annual one, and an integral part of our school work.

C. F. J.

B FORM NOTES.

We are thirty-six in number, a very happy lot, with Nina Thomson and Cliff Hunt as form captains, and an excellent form mistress in Miss Jukes. Indeed, we really are the form of the school, for do we not boast of the whole of the twelve prefects? We have all been very interested to note that the heavy duties of senior prefect have induced Leslie to arrive in time almost every morning—a great improvement on last year's record. Then what would the school sports teams do without us? We contribute six to the hockey, two to the basketball, two to girls' tennis, four to senior football, one to cricket, the whole twelve to lacrosse, and four to boys' tennis.

We congratulate Olive Colvin on being dux of the school, and are all earnestly studying to obtain our Leaving Certificates at the rapidly approaching exams.

C1 FORM NOTES.

We are Mr. Tonkin's cherubs, and any morning at 9.30 may be seen on the balcony waiting to be led to our abode. If the next period is Algebra, the captains, Joan McBurney and Gordon Graham, will vie with one another in not going for the teacher, but we have learnt at Algebra never to doubt the teacher's result.

The hockey team includes two of our members, the basketball three, the football two, and cricket three, though these last, unfortunately,

did not score in the first match of the season. In school sports, Molly Colvin won the Junior Girls' Cup, and Gordon Graham the Intermediate Boys'.

Jack Sharkie is our best writer? The girls object! We have some very clever members in our form, and could distribute some of their marks among the other C forms. We have all entered for Intermediate, and hope to succeed.

FORM C2.

We supply the brains of the school. Don't all the teachers think so? Mr. Tonkin does. Our form captains are Gwen Thomson and Russell Giles, and we are very fortunate in having Miss Taylor as our form mistress. We number nineteen in all. At the beginning of the year there were six girls, but three were unable to stand the strain of associating with so many rough, burly boys, and so we dwindled to three.

The school basketball team is honoured with one of our select three, and the beauty of the school football and cricket teams is considerably enhanced by several of our boys, including the redoubtable Sammy Newbound. We congratulate Tom Welsford on being first in form, and hope we are all successful in the rapidly approaching Intermediate exams.

Cc FORM NOTES.

Miss Banks is still our form teacher, but, this year, we number only twenty. Freda Secomb and Norman Tulloch are our form captains. To our disgust, we were banished, through the year, from the old Sloyd room to the old De room, which, we think, is too near the Chemistry room.

We are well represented in the school teams, contributing the captain and the vice-captain to football, one member to basketball, one to tennis, and two to cricket. Many of our members won places recently in our own athletic meeting. One member worthy of note is Lloyd Andrew, who won the 880 yards as a sprint. We all wish

members of our form success in the University examinations.

D FORM NOTES.

"Who are we," did you ask? Why, D form, of course! We claim to be the smallest class in the school, our class consisting of three girls and twelve boys. We are, however, a very happy form with our worthy form teacher, Miss Cordner. Our only trouble is that, during the year, we had to be combined with Dc, except for Drawing and Physics or Chemistry.

One of our members was very unfortunate during the term. That was Maurice Stokes, who broke his wrist. We are fortunate in having Bindley, the Senior Champion, in our form, and also Lorna Colwell, the runner-up for the Intermediate Championship.

Once again little Miss Una Murray has topped our form. She swots too hard for the rest of us. We all want to thank our teachers for trying so hard to prepare us for our Intermediate year, especially Miss Cordner, who has truly been an efficient form teacher.

D COMMERCIAL FORM NOTES.

Room number twenty-three is our cheerful abode (?), where quietness prevails. Early in first term, we lost our form mistress, Miss Pollard. Owing to the small number of teachers now on the staff, we were forced to combine with Form D. We continued during the year as one form, with Miss Cordner as form mistress, the form captains being Lorna Parker and Don Pridham.

In this room, we are interrupted by the noisy E2 Form at the other end of the hall. Jim Thomson, our jester, having left, only sad and serious faces remain. We are fairly well represented in sport, and obtained fairly good marks in the June examinations, Marjorie Bartlett topping the form.

We appreciate the teaching of the teachers, who have set us the way towards completing an Intermediate course next year, even if they have had trouble with us.

Ds FORM NOTES.

Ds, the form!!! Although only a small form consisting of sixteen pupils, we are a very happy family, well cared for under the helpful guidance of our new form mistress, Miss Blankley. During the course of this year we were very unfortunate in losing our previous form mistress, Miss Axford.

Our room, which is situated between the Sloyd room and the B Form room, contains the school library, which is now managed by Miss Steel. Another noted member of our room is Maria Theresa, the pot-plant, who, residing on top of the cupboard, must envy (?) us as we are daily given homework or French verbs. Besides being noted for our brains, we are very active on the sports fields, having two girl representatives in the hockey team, and one boy in the cricket team.

Recently six girls and four boys were chosen to compete in the annual essay competition, organised by the Shell Oil Company. One afternoon, under the care of Mr. Moore, we visited the company's works at Spotswood, where we spent a very interesting and enjoyable afternoon.

REMOVE.

Our very name seems to invite others to purloin our property: one junior form has stolen our ink bottle, and our chairs, dusters, and chalk are daily spirited away. Our numbers, too, are decreasing. Two years ago, we are told, Remove numbered forty-eight; last year the class was thirty-three strong, but we, this year, number only nineteen, and not often that.

The same fate pursues our Form Captains. We began the year with Jack Gray; he left in August, Laurie Ash was then elected, and immediately had to enter hospital for a serious operation. Nessie Donaldson, the Form Captain of the girls, has not so far been removed, though we might all have been wafted out through the windows this winter, if Miss Steel had not closed the fanlights on the weather side.

We are always being removed from our own room to combine with other forms for lessons. On Fridays, we have two lessons in our own abode. Our small numbers prevent us from living up to the sports achievements of previous Removes, but we did have one Removeite in the Senior Football Team. Our girls, however, can talk down twice their numbers in other forms: the volume of sound proceeding from us seems to increase as our numbers diminish. The form mistress, Miss Steel, will be lucky to be confronted by one Removeite next year, though she protests it is not her fault.

E1 FORM NOTES.

In our form there's a champion yawner,
And the teacher I think he does scorn her,
When she gives him advice (which is not very nice).
If she died, I don't think he would mourn her.

That's "Buck." Two other famous personages are Wee Douglas and Pop Ahern, our two form captains; the form teacher is Miss McLean.

We may learn the same English, Geography, and French as the C Forms, as they never clean the board after turning us out of our room, but Miss McLean deals with them. E1 had a basketball team, captained by Lorna Williams, and came third in the local competition; our boys also helped the Junior Football Team to win, so you see we are a distinguished and happy form.

E2 FORM NOTES.

We occupy the more draughty end of the hall, and brighten our lives with exquisite pot plants, ferns, and flowers. The boys boast of an exceptionally good runner (who is also a most original speller), and the pride of the girls is Nola Cornish, who is in the Senior Basketball Team, and plays very well.

Let B Form have their socials and slippery dancing floors, and arrive heavy eyed next morning;

we, too, can sit down heavily, though we have not attended the function.

Our form teacher loves flowers, and hates dust. He also disapproves of combs, though such an article has been seen on his own table. Miss Sweetman, our cookery teacher, strongly disapproves both of yo-yos and of the habit some people have of developing colds on Thursdays, preferring bed to the kitchen. Their date pudding, though heavy, disappears into thin air by next morning. Though most of us are model pupils, one or two can generally be found in detention at four o'clock.

F1 FORM NOTES.

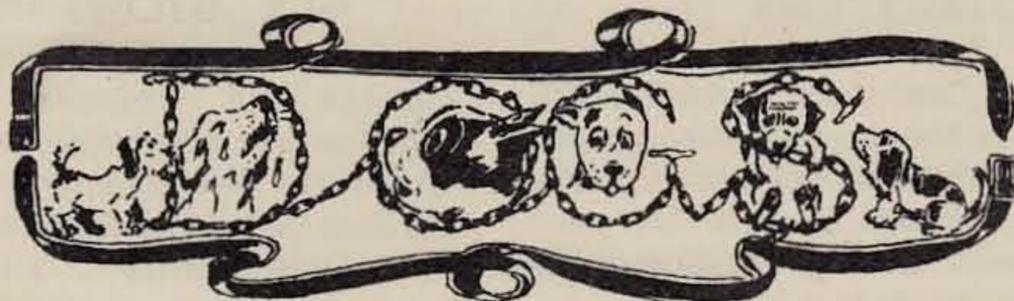
F1 Form is by far the best in the school. We occupy room number eight, and Mr. Moore, our form master, is, we think, the best teacher in the school. His pet subject is Mental Arithmetic. Our form itself contains thirty-one pupils, and the form captains are Joyce Makepeace and Clarence (Nugget) Burns.

Just lately we have met with a sad accident in having to combine with our rivals, the F2's, for Algebra. Several of our form were successful in the annual House Sports, and helped Orchid House to gain points. We all hope to be successful in our exams. in order to gain promotion to the higher forms.

FORM NOTES F2.

Our room contains twenty-five bright and diligent pupils, captained by Sam Page and Beverley Good. We had five representatives in the junior football team, and helped them win the premiership. Wednesday is popular as our industrial day, when the boys enjoy Sloyd and the girls do Sewing.

During the year we were greatly upset by losing teachers, and thought we might have to be combined with those F1's, but we have not fared so badly, being combined for only one subject, Algebra. This has not lowered our prestige, and, at the end of the year, we hope to reward our teachers with creditable passes.



SANDY.

"Dandenong was still asleep
When the sun came up with a
shout and a leap;
In the lovely streets, unseen by
man,
A little dog danced, and the day
began.

He fought with the he-dogs, and
winked at the she-dogs,
A thing that had never been heard
of before;
'For the stigma of gluttony, I care
not a button!' he
Cried, and ate all he could swallow
—and more."

Rupert Brooke (up to date).

I used to be an habitu  of the High School some three or four years ago, but things are not what they used to be. The older a dog gets, the more he realizes that change and decay are inevitable in this life, but, all the same, that does not reconcile him to changes in his own beloved haunts.

You may not think I am old enough to talk in this strain, but a dog of my particular breed (which is mixed), especially when he is sandy, gets his experience early, and it is usually hard. That is why my left ear is so dilapidated, and why it droops so forlornly over my left eye, though, since my tail was cut short in my youth, my experiences have not been as bitter as they might have been.

No! The High School is not what it was. All the paths now are hard and cold to the feet. I miss the soft and yielding mud where a tired dog could cool his pads, and feel at peace with all the world. The front of the school, which used to be a favourite haunt of mine, I detest, although there is pleasant green grass where a dog

could roll, but if he ever does, there is a howl of "Gerrouutt" from some door or window, and the teacher, as usual, is left victorious on the field. Besides, out there, on the "lawn" as they call it, there are now no crusts, no entrancing papers with delicious smells, and never a piece of broken cake for a doggy visitor, as there used to be. Tidiness can be overdone.

If I come early enough, I get a game with the boys, but soon someone blows a whistle, and they all line up quickly, although some do grumble beforehand about the uselessness of lessons. I play hard when they are out, so that they won't be disappointed because they can't amuse me, and, during the intervals of silence, I dream of good things to eat, or play my game of "hunt the lunch" which I am so good at. Sometimes a kind boy leaves his bag of books on the ground by the little white fence where they kick that big ball about. He thoughtfully leaves the straps unbuckled, so that a dog with brains—like me—knows he is meant to take the contents, and it is part of my game to gnaw the books as well, if I have the time.

I remember one day I did this, and was just playing my part of the game nicely as I should, while the boy was inside for one of the intervals of silence, when a long-legged man came out, and made monotonous remark I hate—"Gerrouutt." The lunch was meant for me, I knew. I couldn't disappoint the boy who had started the game, so, with my heart in my mouth (but behind the lunch), off I flew down the road. I was so nervous and upset that I never looked back, and, though the man did add some other remarks, I couldn't have heard a word if I had tried.

There are still some places at the school that I love because of the smells. One dark, small room with coats and caps and nice smelling bags, and, sometimes, many boys, is a delight to me, but not when the boys are in it. I can lie and dream of meals, dreams inspired by active smells of cake and meat and bread which hover round me. There is another room not far away where the smell of food lingers at times. Teachers go there after the second interval of silence in the morning, but no crumbs are ever let fall for a poor dog, and if I even look at the milk bottles outside the door to see if I know the milkman, there are nasty scurryings from within, and I am shoo-ed ignominiously to the hard, cold square, or into the gutter, which is generally full of horrid wet water.

Just near there, under the stairs, is my favourite smelling-place, though I cannot say my hopes have ever been realized. Smells are there—past, present, and old echoes of smells, pleasant and unpleasant even to a dog, but the "pantry" there has a heavy lid which will not budge even for my expert pushing.

On the other side, too, delicious and tantalizing smells are to be found, but that door is never open. The smells come from beneath, and sometimes I lie down and sniff my fill, with my mouth watering. Next to this is the hat room of the girls, but it is no use going there, for everything is always in its proper place; no lunches, or coats, or hats are left on the ground for me to chew as there are in the boys' hat room. Boys are much kinder than girls.

I hope now that you realize a dog has his feelings, too. Please remember that I shall be coming here from time to time, and it is your duty to see that my life has some sunshine in it. When you see a little sandy something, with one ragged ear, trotting up the road, please turn your backs on papers and crusts, and walk in the opposite direction.

Margot Bergin, C.2.

OUR WILDFLOWERS.

Heath and "eggs and bacon" are well known to every boy and girl, but bright eye and love creeper are less familiar. Bright eye is a small shrub with bright pink flowers. There are four petals, and a tiny black centre which is not noticed at first, as the flowers hang down like a group of fairy bells. It grows on sandy rises, and is generally a compact bush of nine to eighteen inches in height, but, in sheltered spots, I have sometimes found slender sprays up to three feet in length, and covered with flowers.

Love creeper also grows in sandy country, among bracken and unfriendly scrub. The flowers are a delicate blue, and the plant glides among and clings to the bracken and dead twigs. The flowers appear on spikes branching off from the main stem, and the stem is green and slender, and almost leafless. From a little distance away, the flower appears like a blue mist, or a wisp of smoke.

Wedding-bush, another favourite of mine, also grows on sandy rises, amongst bracken and tall eucalypts. The flowers are starlike, with four petals, and creamy white in colour. The leaves are very thin, and about one inch long, and, when the plant is blooming, it looks like a mound of stars. Sometimes the bushes are seven feet in height, and present a striking picture when they are in full bloom, about October.

Another lovely flower is the correa, or wild fuchsia, which also thrives in sandy soil. Its bell-shaped flowers are about an inch and a half long and a soft green in colour. They are very lovely against the dark, shining, green leaves of the bush. Native fuchsia usually grows in a compact round bush about three feet in diameter and two feet high. There is another correa with red flowers, but it is found more generally in mountainous districts like the Grampians.

Orchids are very fascinating wildflowers, and vary greatly in size and habits. One of the tallest in our district is the Wild Hyacinth,

which reaches a height of three feet or more in favourable conditions. It is leafless, and the pink flowers, spotted with brown, grow up on one straight, brown, fleshy stem. This orchid grows in sandy soil, in sheltered places, and blooms from December to April.

The helmet or lantern orchids are very tiny, some being half an inch high. They are a deep prune colour, and grow on sandy hill slopes. Sometimes we find them among ti-tree, on thick green moss, and looking like tiny red lanterns on a rich green lawn.

The greenhoods are much more common, and grow in colonies. The sickle greenhood grows in marshy country; the "parrot's beaks" or nodding greenhoods are well known, but the blunt greenhood is not so common. It has a stiff, military appearance, and grows with the maroon heads, which are smaller, and reddish brown at the top.

Doubletails are as well known here as greenhoods; we find snake orchids, brown doubletails, and the mauve one. Sun orchids are to be found, too—rabbits' ears, the salmon sun orchids, and the blue, mauve, and spotted sun orchids. Rabbits' ears and the salmon one grow in sandy soil, but the others prefer swampy conditions.

Spiders are found everywhere, and need no description. The hare orchid is another dainty orchid of the spider family. It grows in colonies, and the leaves are seen more often than the flowers. The flower is small, but two thin, long, dark red ears stand up bravely, and two white petals hang underneath, like a white collar.

These are some of my favourites, but everyone will have some special pets of his own. Near our place is a lane we love, and it produces all sorts of treasures. It is sheltered from hot, drying winds, and, besides, we feel it is our very own, so as the days get warmer and brighter, I shall find plenty to interest me there, and shall envy nobody.

June Moran, Ds.

DANDENONG.

The dark blue hills of Dandenong
are gleaming in the sun,
The larks are rising everywhere to
show that Spring's begun,
The wattle trees are covered with
a wealth of golden down,
The earth has now bedecked herself
in multi-coloured gown.

Our lovely town of Dandenong lies
basking in the sun,
The girls go skipping through the
streets, and crying, "Winter's
done."

Our little creek goes rippling on its
way to far-off seas,
At times, it murmurs happily like
swarms of drowsy bees.

Within the shops of Dandenong are
Springtime fabrics bright,
Muslins and voiles and flimsy
things to set girls' eyes alight.
There's laughter on the way to
school. "Farewell," we cry to
gloom.

"Spring cleaning's here again, hur-
rah! Let's buy a brand new
broom."

Forget-me-nots and violets give
fragrance to the air,
The fruit trees are in blossom,
almond, apple, plum and pear,
And all combined they form, I
think, a very lovely thing—
Dandenong in Springtime, yes, our
Dandenong in Spring.

A. C. Donaldson, Remove.

COMING TO SCHOOL.

Six o'clock! The morning is cold
and wet, the bed deliciously warm
and attractive, but still we have to
get up. Six fifty-five! The train
is whistling at the signal, so we
shall have to run to catch it this
morning. After a swift rush down
the road, and a wild scramble over
a network of rails, we just manage
to catch it. It is two and a half
minutes past seven.

Seven three! The guard thinks
he is warm enough, and, emerging
from that room sacred to guards
and station-masters, he gives the
signal to the driver. After much

screeching of brakes and whistling from the engine, the train starts.

She has a heavy load this morning, and so the speed is slow. Bumpety bump, bumpety bump, bumpety bump, we go on our leisurely way. We gaze from the windows, and the only colour to be seen is the crimson and gold of the rising sun. All round are submerged paddocks and ti-tree, with a few depressed-looking cattle on the higher ground. So, by the time we reach the first station, we are tired of this beautiful scenery.

We stop here to pick up a traveller. He is wet and peevish, the station-mistress is late, and he vents his anger on the guard, who, taking it all in good part, helps him to put his luggage in the train, closes the door after him, and gives the signal to start.

At seven twenty-five we arrive at the next station. Only five miles from home! It seems like twenty! Now we learn we have to wait a quarter of an hour until a train arrives from the next station, and so we freeze (there are no foot-warmers on our train). The other train arrives, and we think, "Now we will start." But no—the engine drivers have to change over. Out they get, with much deliberation, unpack shovels, bags, and lunch, stop to light their pipes, and transfer their luggage, in just as leisurely a fashion, to the new train. Then, with sighs of relief from us, the train starts; but all our high hopes are soon dispelled, because the new engine drivers are worse than the others.

The next part of the journey is long and tedious. There is a hill about two miles in length to ascend. The train starts off with a flourish, but repents of its sudden burst of energy, and pants, and wheezes, and pants, until, by the time it gets to the top, we are holding our breath for fear it may not stagger up the last yard. But it does, and we steam triumphantly into the next station. We have to wait here, as the passengers are late, and the guard is nothing if not obliging.

From here to the next station

usually takes about a quarter of an hour, and we now feel that we are making some headway. Two-thirds of the way to Dandenong now! We sit up brightly, but—no—here we have to wait. We go into the station for passengers; we go back on another line to let a passenger train pass; we pull into the station again to pick up some stout ladies who could not climb into the train, and then, our courteous activities over, we leave. The time is eight twenty-five.

At the next station the station-mistress is young and pretty, but the guard does not succumb to her charms, and so we soon depart on the last lap of our journey to Dandenong. We arrive at eight fifty, having accomplished twenty-three miles in one hundred and ten minutes! And this is the age of speed! Now we must hurry to school, because if we don't, we shall be late.

O. Colvin, B Form.

THE ELVES OF DANDENONG.

Yes, Dandenong is haunted
By fairy folk at night,
No mortal ever sees them,
They vanish with the light.

In every bud and blossom
Is concealed a fairy sweet,
But after night has fallen
They dance on twinkling feet.

The bull-frogs sing their chorus,
The crickets twang their strings,
Sometimes a lively cuckoo
A flute-like solo sings.

They visit secret bowers
Where baby blackbirds sleep;
They chase the tiny field mice
That through the grasses creep.

They chase the fitting night moths,
They race on filmy wings,
On shining toadstool tables
They set a feast for kings.

A. C. Donaldson, Remove.

The Editors wish to thank those students who have helped in compiling the Magazine, and others who submitted interesting work which was, however, not quite suitable for inclusion.

THE ENTHUSIASTS.

We were all leaning over the table, with our various noses almost in a long, slim, blue-covered box still smelling strongly of the perfumed soap it had once contained. "I know this one, at any rate," said Joan, holding up a slender-stemmed specimen, "that's a spider." "Yes, that's *Caladenia dilatata*," said Les, to whom these mysterious Latin terms really mean something. "Here is another," said the Ignoramus. "No, that's not quite the same," said Laurie quietly. "These 'legs' are longer and more slender than those, the lip is not nearly as widely spread, and these purple markings are in lines—just like parallel lines of hairs." "Well," said the Ignoramus, "I have seen a prune-coloured one like this slender one, but in sandy country in the North." "Yes, there are others," said Les. "I found one that shape at Beaconsfield the last time I was there, only it was straw coloured all over—even the stem."

"I've never seen this before," said June doubtfully; "look at the red and white stripes. It's like a barber's pole." "That's the 'Flower of Sadness,'" said her brother. "It doesn't grow up our way, but there are plenty at Spring Vale. Some people call them 'Red Beaks,' and others 'undertakers.'" "Yes," Les interposed, "and they seem to grow best after a fire has swept through the scrub. When you press them, they go as black as coal. That's why they are called undertakers."

"Here is the one Fred Kay brought from Warrandyte," said the Ignoramus. "Did anyone find out its name?" "That?" said the Superior Person, tramping at this moment through the room; "I've picked thousands of those in the Grampians." "What's its name?" we asked in chorus. "Just the brown orchid," he flung at us as he strode off. "It looks a bit like a crow," ventured the Ignoramus. "Well, it's not the Crow Orchid, I'm sure of that," said Les firmly, "because I have one of those. This one cer-

tainly has a grass-like leaf, but its two thin brown ears are erect and separate, and the other two petals are more widely spread in the Crow Orchid." "Well, it looks like a crow," said the Ignoramus obstinately, after the manner of ignoramuses the world over. "Look at the lovely purple bloom on the stem," she murmured ecstatically, but no one was paying any attention to her.

"Here's my snake orchid," said Joan. "I found that at Beaconsfield last Saturday. There were dozens of them along the railway line. I found this nodding greenhood, too. He's late, isn't he? Most of them are gone now." "This is one of mine, too," she continued, tenderly drawing forth a magnificent specimen of *Glossodia major*, the large blue wax-lip. "Oh," said the Ignoramus, "they grow in thousands in stony places up North. Have you ever noticed the strong smell they have at night? I think they must be pollinated by night-flying moths."

"Have you ever seen the 'flying duck'?" June enquired brightly. "Oh, yes, I had a lot of those last year," said the Ignoramus, "but they bloom a little later than this. They bloom in wooded hills. Mine came from Nar Nar Goon." "Is it much like a duck?" asked Joan. "Yes," in profile it is exactly like a wild duck," said the Ignoramus, "especially the head and beak. When an insect alights on the beak, it ducks its head with a snap into its hollow 'body.' If you leave it in water for a day, the head will come up again, or, if you are careful, you can lift it up yourself, but it is easy to snap the neck."

"Well, the box is nearly empty now," said Joan, after (for her) an unusually long period of silence. "What are these long-legged things? Blue Fairies? Only (with a giggle) they are white." "No," said Les scornfully, they are *Caladenia Carneae*, ladies' fingers." "Oh, my helmet orchid didn't grow," said Joan ruefully. "Which helmet orchid?" asked June. "Well, I don't know," said the other, "it isn't quite like the picture of any hel-

met orchid I've seen. Mine had a little rounded leaf set low on the ground, like the leaf of a wood violet. And, cuddled against the stem was a tiny red helmet with greenish transparent stripes. It was all rather like a snail shell." "Did it have a fringe on the shell?" asked June. "No, I'm positive it didn't," returned Joan. "Then I don't know what it is," said her companion; "I don't know more than two helmet orchids, and they both have fringes, I'm sure."

"Here's rabbit ears," said Laurie, securing the last but one in the box. "That's only a bud," said the Ignoramus, "and the three outside petals are reddish brown." "Yes," said Laurie, "they don't come fully out except in strong sunlight. Have you seen the ears?" "Oh, yes; they are like little reddish brown wings on either side of the column. Is that how it gets its name?" asked Joan. "It hasn't a 'Lip' as most have," said the observant June. "Well; it's not quite so much altered," said Les, who has all these points at his fingers' ends. "This front petal is a little shorter and narrower than the others, but so little that you would hardly detect it." "Oh, it has a lemon scent," said Joan. "I thought no orchids had perfumes?" "Yes, the sun orchids have," said Les, "though I did not know that myself till recently."

"Here's where I come in," interrupted June, lifting out the very last from the box, a brown diuris. "We find this one at home, though not so often as we once did. A man who worked at our place called these 'brown dogs.'" "Not a bad name either," said the Ignoramus, "they are like the 'tiger,' but bigger and more handsome." "We call this the broad-lipped Diuris," continued June. "Once we used to see plenty of the purple Diuris with the very long 'tails,' but they are much rarer now. It is a good thing there is a law preventing the wholesale picking of orchids." "The law prevents any picking at all," said Les, seriously, and we all gazed at one another in consternation.

THE DANDENONG STATION AT NIGHT.

How quiet everything is! On one side, the silver cylinders of the Shell buildings gleam out against the blackness of the sky; on the Melbourne side, the coloured signals are more vividly beautiful. High up, two pairs of red lights shine out like fiery stars in the darkness; set close to the rails, gleam two purple dwarf signals, a curious and unexpected note of colour. The rails themselves, gleaming red under the lights, converge, and slip away into the darkness.

"Her! She's the worst woman that's ever been born." A disgusted cook pours out his woes to a shadowy companion. "The boss, he's alright; but the missus! She's the worst woman that's ever been born. Lets the kids come in, and dirty me tidy kitchen. And a man taking a pride in his work! Three bob a day I get! Me that used to have me own chef and all! Why, I could cadge three bob a day in Melbourne—if I was low enough."

His disgust is drowned by the noise of an approaching steam train. A red signal changes to green, a bell clangs, and she puffs in. Columns of dense black smoke pour forth, and steam rises in the clouds from both sides of the engine. Then she slowly steams out, gathering speed as she goes, and the three red tail lights, set in triangular formation, gradually recede and disappear altogether round the bend.

Some minutes after, from the Melbourne side, an electric train approaches, swaying rhythmically. She rushes with a deafening roar between the platforms, and then there is comparative silence. What a hurry and bustle there is, as everyone gets out and hurries away! What a curious contrast their backs afford—tall backs, short backs; narrow backs, broad backs; bent backs, straight backs, but all departing backs. Here are some new passengers entering, with faces fresh and youthful, or lined and weary. The train begins a monotonous throbbing, and keeps it up

till, at last, a whistle sounds, the green light is shown, and she moves off, the throb of her motor rising to a hum, as she, too, sways round the bend, and disappears into blackness.

Scarcely has she gone when, round the same bend as before, comes another steam train from Korumburra, gliding gently in, it seems, after the shattering roar of the electric. Out steps one of the crew, a small man in blue dungarees and a flat blue cap, seizes his kit-bag, and strides off wearily to a well-earned rest. Clouds of steam, ejected from the engine in a whistling sigh, rise up, and turn red against the signals, then green, as the signals change. Out puffs the train in a red glare, her wheels clumping rhythmically as she gathers speed. Then she, too, disappears, and silence again descends upon the station.

Nina Thomson, B Form.

OUR BIRDS.

Though Dandenong is close to the city, we find a surprising number of birds here. The pallid cuckoo is heard every day now, running up the scale so continuously as to be irritating, and we often see one in full flight, pursued by some smaller bird which knows too well her lazy and treacherous habits.

Another, the bronze cuckoo, is very remarkable. The plumage of the upper surface is bronze-green, while the breast is regularly banded with brown and white; birds as regularly marked are rarely found. The eggs of this bird are the same colour as its bronze-green plumage. The egg looks something like a seed, but when you rub it the colour comes off, and leaves the shell a dull, dirty brown.

By the edge of a pool, we may see a blue crane or heron moving its long legs deliberately. It looks down intently into the water, with its head first on one side, and then on the other, in search of frogs or small fish to eat. It has a dismal cry as it flaps slowly overhead, trailing its long legs behind it,

though it doubles its neck up. The bird's body is very neat, but its nest is untidy. Sometimes, when we look up, we can see the bird itself through the sticks—the nest is so carelessly flung together. The eggs are large and completely blue.

The goldfinch lays blue eggs with a few red spots in her nest of fine roots. Like the swallow, a goldfinch migrates in winter to other countries, but a swallow has a swift, easy wing movement, while the goldfinch has a sharp, jerky movement. A honey-eater's nest, made of onion grass loosely woven together, hangs like a hammock, but from five points. The wind seems to pass through the unlined top part, without rocking the nest and its pink eggs with darker spots.

A pardelote finds a hole in a creek bank, and scrapes a tunnel a foot long and an inch and a half in diameter. At the far end she makes a hollow, and builds a nest of dried onion grass and a little bark. Should you come near, she will never fly out and give its position away, but will sit there, even if you dig it out, and never move until it is finally withdrawn, when she flits off.

The terror of all these little birds is the Tasmanian Jackass, or Butcher Bird. He is a lovely songster, but he kills the smaller birds, even caged ones, if he gets the chance. At nesting time, these birds are even more savage than the magpie. Two other fine song birds are the thrush and the blackbird. The brown mother blackbird may be seen with several worms twined round her beak to feed the young ones. She is an English bird, like the skylark. This Spring two skylarks have nested at the back of the school, and, on sunny afternoons, we can hear their notes, canary-like, but much more piercing and continuous. On looking up, we can see our lark wheeling in wide circles against the blue sky, until, at last, he disappears from sight, but his music still comes floating down.

Don Bowman, E2.

THE NEW CHUM BUYS A HORSE AT DANDENONG.

Although I knew nothing of fruitgrowing, perhaps because I knew nothing about it, I once bought thirty acres of dense forest, in the heart of which lay, like a wee baby in its green cradle, two acres of trees in full blossom. As one sin leads on to another, I soon found it necessary to buy a horse. I knew still less about horses than I did about the orchard, and the family with great unanimity confirmed this belief. "You'll have to see Hughie," they said in chorus.

Now Hughie was our neighbour, an ever-present help in times of trouble. He always had half an hour to spare to discuss the many problems that beset us, though his own troubles, if he had any, were never obtruded into the conversation. He had the happy knack of laughter, and in his presence it was easy to believe that all would come right in the end.

Yes! Hughie would come with me, and a certain hot January day found us perched on the high railings of the sale-yards at Dandenong. It was my first experience of a sale ring, and it was good to see the horses trotting round the ring to the whip cracks of the drover, who was long and lean as his coiling whip.

On the rails, too, sat a motley crowd. Some stayed only for a few minutes, others sat immovable for hours, sucking their pipes, and spitting dexterously and decisively into the ring. The auctioneer was flushed and hoarse at midday, and in my ignorance of auctioneers, and of the refreshing quality of the Dandenong brew, which was handed up to him periodically, I wondered how he could keep on shouting all the afternoon.

Some nice-looking farm horses were being sold when we arrived, and I looked enquiringly at Hughie, but he said in his slow way, "There's plenty of time. We'll wait till we get the feel o' the market."

The flies buzzed in our faces, and the indescribable smell of horses was in our nostrils. The auctioneer shouted encouragement and rough jokes at the crowd; men and horses came and went, and still we sat on the rail getting "the feel o' the market."

There seemed to me to be no recognizable order in the procession of horses that trotted the little circuit before the appraising eyes of the critics on the fence. Farm horses followed ponies, and hacks followed farm horses in bewildering succession. The afternoon was wearing away, but Hughie still sat intent on the rails. Once or twice I said, "How about that one, Hughie?" but his invariable reply was, "No hurry! Wait till we get the feel o' the market."

At last he showed signs of animation. He climbed down into the ring, seized a horse by the nose, and, opening its mouth, gazed meditatively at its greenish white molars. But before Hughie regained my side to whisper the results of his investigations, the horse was sold.

"You don't want an old screw," he said in explanation of his activities, and took up his watch again, reminding me somewhat of a kookaburra on a low branch on the watch for a worm.

It was now four o'clock, the crowd had thinned, and bids came more slowly. The wind had swung into the north, and drove chaff and dust upon us. I was hot, and dry, and weary of the endless procession. I envied the auctioneer his gurgling bottle, but I did not dare to seek for one in case we should lose that horse which would just suit us. I began to wonder what sort of an animal Hughie had in mind, when a quiet chestnut came into the ring.

"Six years old," roared the auctioneer, "and 'ow much am I offered?" To my surprise, I heard my voice saying, "Ten pounds!"

"Eleven!" said a broken-nosed greengrocer on my right.

"Eleven, I'm offered. Any advance on eleven? Come on, gentlemen. She'll plough, or drag logs,

or play with the baby. Quiet as a lamb."

I glanced at Hughie, but he said nothing. He began to climb down into the ring. But I would take no more risks. My blood was up. I was not going to be beaten by a greengrocer with a broken nose. "Twelve!" I said.

"And a half!" he shouted fiercely.

"Thirteen!" I cried, while Hughie looked anxiously at Doll's mouth.

"Fourteen!" came unexpectedly from the other side of the ring.

What was I to do? There was still no sign from Hughie.

"Any advance on fourteen? Going—going——!"

"Fifteen!" I said.

My rivals shook their heads.

"Gentleman on the rails," said the auctioneer, as the clerk came for my name and address.

"Well, Hughie?" I asked anxiously.

"She'll do," said Hughie. "Best wait till you get the feel o' the market."

New Chum.

F1 BEDTIME STORY.

On a FOURACRE estate in the north of IRELAND, surrounded by immense forests, lived the family of MARSHALL GLOVER. On this particular night, the old BUTLER, O'SHEA, had been left in charge of the children, while his master and mistress went to a great ball at Lord LUXFORD'S.

Knowing what mischievous little mites these children were, the butler carefully locked the doors, hiding the KEYS in his pocket. Then he settled down to read his book, a story about a famous BOWMAN who had distinguished himself in the French wars.

But the children were not to be thus easily thwarted, for they had chosen this very night to go on a carefully planned adventure in their PLEY-DELL. ALLEN, as determined to have his own way as the CAYSER used to be, ordered his brother HERBERT and his two cousins, Cyril WHELLER and Ada HEMPEL, to follow him.

Strapping an old CAMERON his shoulder, and taking a sheet from the bed, off they started, Allen climbing first through the window, on their jaunt. Wading through BROOKS, running across the LEE, they were hurrying towards the appointed spot, when, loud and piercing, came the order to halt.

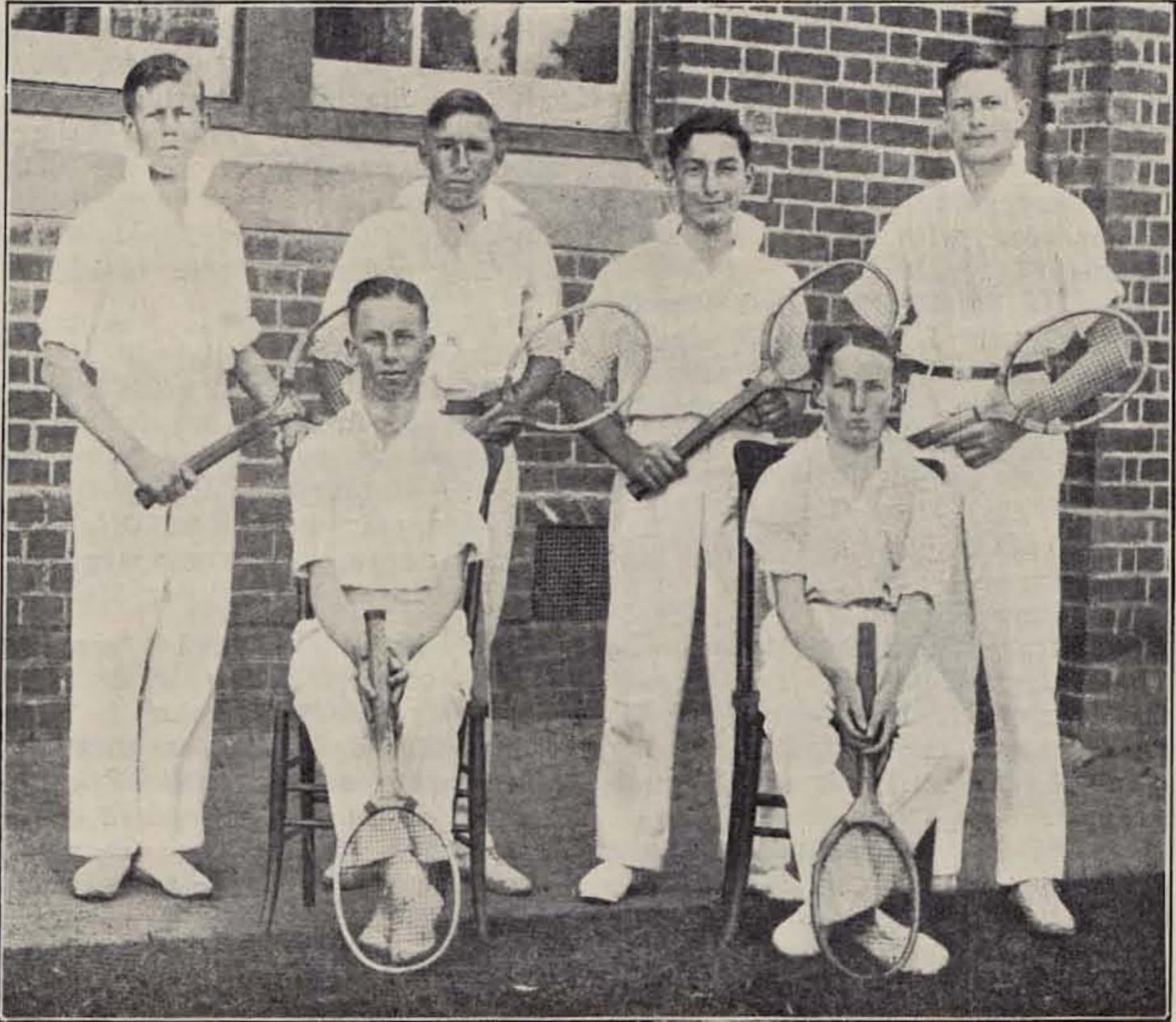
Now the fun began. The previous DAY the boys had built a kind of TEMPLE, by piling BLOCH upon BLOCH of firewood which lay already cut in the dell. Tom, the son of the forester, WHITWORTH, and his pal, Bob EASTON, were already there, by arrangement. It was Bob who had cried, "Halt."

Now these two had two pet crows, one of which was much cleverer than the other. When Tom said to Belle (for that was one crow's name) COR-BEL, she turned her beak skyward and cawed vigorously. Tom was naturally very proud of her accomplishment. The other crow they were not so fond of, and they now said they would sell him to the highest BYDDER.

Tom WHITWORTH, draped in the WHYTE sheet, which he has arranged like a SURPLICE, is to be the auctioneer. He looks very weird as the moon shines on him, and one bright star BURNS like a candle in the heavens. Shrieks of laughter from the others cause a stir in the trees, where birds are sleeping: an owl blinks lazily, a HAWKE screeches, and a dozen crows huddled together, as if in a PUGH during service, caw woe-fully.

All this noise attracted the attention of O'SHEA, who, knowing their favourite haunts, was soon on the track of the boys. The auctioneer had evidently made a sale, for, just as O'Shea hurried up, Tom was taking the long-coveted camera, and Allen the crow, Belle, in exchange. The BUTLER, angry and threatening, carries his charges off home. They MAKEPEACE with him, and promise to be very good in future.

Joan Pugh, Form F1.



BOYS' TENNIS TEAM.

Standing: D. Brumley, S. Carpenter, J. Rothfield, C. Oldmeadow.
Seated: K. Angus, G. Westaway.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM.

Joan Thomson, Thelma Hocking, Lorna Taylor, Gwen Stimson.



SWIMMING NOTES, 1932.

The swimming season again came to a climax with the Swimming Carnival, held towards the end of March of this year.

At school, it was preceded by the usual House Meetings, when each captain found it necessary to cajole and bully the more modest swimmers into entering for events for the honour of their respective houses.

For the first time for five years, Orchid House lost the Championship, which, this year, went to Bluegum. Previously, it had seemed that the gift of "smelling out" likely swimmers had been invested in the Orchid captains, but this year, apparently, they were at fault.

The Swimming Cups for the Boys' and Girls' Championships were again contested by a fair number of entrants, the boys' cup being won by J. H. Pocknee, while Nancy Butler carried off the girls' championship.

Final results:—

Bluegum, 109 points, First.
Orchid: 87 points, Second.
Clematis: 82½ points, Third.
Wattle: 38½ points, Fourth.

Although both girls and boys did their best in the Combined High School Sports, which were held at the Brunswick Baths, we were unable to gain a place. This is not surprising, when you remember that many of the other schools possess swimmers who belong to various clubs outside their own school, where they receive expert coaching and advice. In the meantime, we are living in hope that

one day we may produce a band of expert swimmers who will wrest the swimming championship from our more powerful opponents in the Metropolitan area.

Those pupils who had attained a fair standard of proficiency in diving, swimming, life saving, and resuscitation, were examined for the Education Department's Medallion, and the Senior and Junior Certificates, the following candidates being successful:—

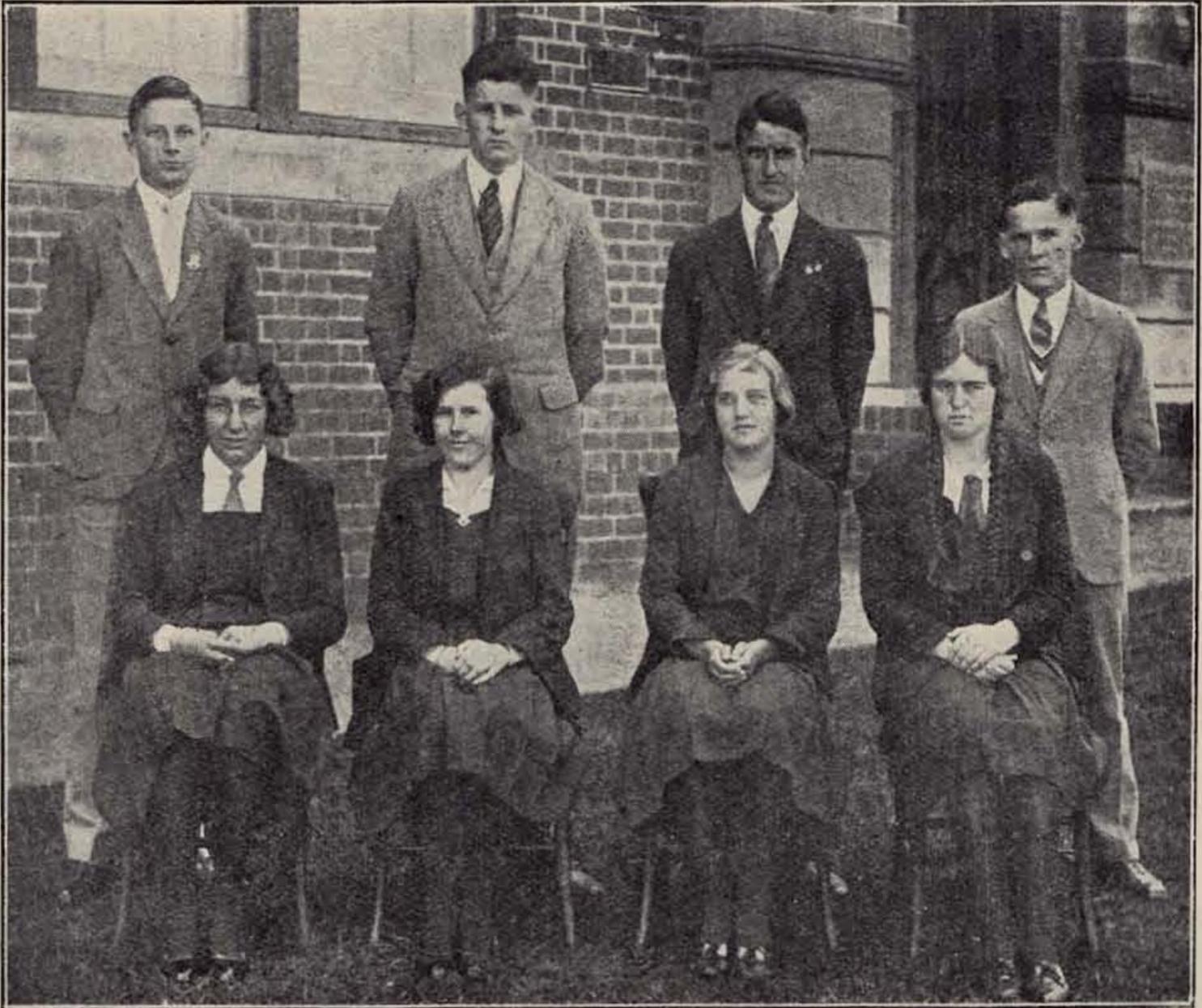
Medallion.—Girls: Nancy Butler, Grace Douglas, Jean Hillard, Joyce Stranger, Gladys Wood.

Boys: Lloyd Andrew, Alan Bishop, Ronald Brooks, Clive Gilbert, Russell Giles, Peter Handley, Frederick Kay, John Lovell, Maxwell Mitchell, James Pocknee, Herbert McConnel, Keith Ray.

Senior Certificate.—Girls: Nancy Butler, Margrethe Christensen, Marjorie Nash, Nola Cornish, Jean Mitchell, Vida Wright, Jean Hillard, Margaret Brumley, Margaret Douglas, Joyce Stranger, Lou Oldmeadow.

Boys: John Beswicke, Trevor Perry, Dudley McLerie, Allan Douglas, Arthur Brooks, Keith Buchanan, Donald McLeod, James Williamson, Maxwell Mitchell, John Short, Frederick Kay, Charles Bloch, Samuel Newbound, David Corrigan, Clive Gilbert, Clive Walton, John Lovell.

Junior Certificate.—Girls: Iris Thomas, Yvonne Cross, Barbara Jowett, Nancy Wilson, Kathleen May, Nellie Smith, Molly Colvin, Gwen Barkla, Betty Stephenson, Dorothy Smith, Joan Swallow, Margrethe Christensen, Nola Cornish, Margaret Bergin.



HOUSE CAPTAINS.

Back Row: C. Oldmeadow, Orchid; L. Bowen, Clematis; G. Smith, Wattle;
J. Lovell, Bluegum.
Seated: M. Christensen, Orchid; T. Hocking, Clematis; V. Wright, Wattle;
R. Cox, Bluegum.



CRICKET.

Seated: R. Bindley, J. Lovell, L. Baker (Capt.), S. Newbound, G. Greig.
F. Field, I. Harvey, L. Else, A. Monti, G. Welsford, E. O'Shea.



LACROSSE.

Back Row: J. Beswick, J. Lawrence, A. Ryan, C. Hunt, J. Knight,
O. Grant, S. Carpenter.
Front Row: J. Lovell, C. Oldmeadow, K. Angus, H. Garlick,
C. Wallace, W. Bowie.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back Row: G. O'Shea, D. Corrigan, L. Else, C. Walton, G. Smith,
G. Graham, R. Cross, J. O'Donohue.
Middle Row: E. O'Shea, J. Styles, G. Welsford, J. Lovell (Captain),
S. Newbound, H. McConnell, J. Pocknee.
Front Row: P. Donnelly, R. Bindley.

Boys: Eric O'Shea, Thomas Halliday, Ray Trueman, J. Thomson, G. Doherty, L. Pleydell, S. Ireland, J. O'Donoghue, R. O'Shea, F. Mansell, D. McLerie, J. Brown, J. Major, F. Storan, D. Howship, Murray Giles, Sydney Carpenter, Keith Angus, Ian Harvey, Alec Stewart, Dal Lethbridge, Charles Wallace, Kenneth Evans, Clive Gilbert.

M.H.S.S.A. MATCHES. CRICKET.

Frankston, 7 for 111, drew with Dandenong, 4 for 78 (Baker, 38 n.o.; McLerie, 12; Handley, 12).

Dandenong, 112 (McLerie, 39 n.o.; Baker, 23; Harvey, 12) were defeated by Mordialloc, 3 for 112.

Dandenong, 67 (Baker, 20) defeated Frankston, 50 (Greig, 5-19). Dandenong, 2nd innings, none for 40 (Baker, 23 n.o.; O'Shea, 11 n.o.).

Mordialloc, 2 for 163, defeated Dandenong, 53 (Baker, 16; Handley, 13).

Dandenong, 19, were defeated by Frankston, 3 for 25 (Greig, 3 for 8).

Batting Averages.

	H.S.	Tl.	Av.
L. Baker	43	182	30
J. Lovell	33	48	9
P. Handley	15	47	9

Bowling Averages.

	R.	W.	Av.
G. Greig	81	10	8.1
J. Lovell	82	4	20.5

SENIOR FOOTBALL.

This year our senior team again competed in the B grade competition.

Owing to many of last year's players having left, the team this year was very young and inexperienced. However, our captain, J. Lovell, proved an efficient leader for the young team, and, as the season advanced, the standard of football considerably improved.

We began the season with two defeats, and great was the excitement when we lowered Mordialloc's colours in the third match on our own oval. This was our only win for the season, however, and when

we met Warragul to compete for the A.N.A. Shield, we suffered a heavy defeat.

Notwithstanding our numerous defeats, we feel that we can look back on a happy season, and say, "We did our best, and played the game."

Results of the Matches.

Mordialloc, 11.16; Dandenong, 11.4.
Frankston, 14.12; Dandenong, 8.6.
Mordialloc, 7.7; Dandenong, 8.6.
Frankston, 15.9; Dandenong, 10.10.
Warragul, 19.17; Dandenong, 8.6.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL.

The usual competition between Dandenong West, Dandenong East, and our own two E Forms occupied most of the winter months. Each team played twelve matches, and Dandenong West was victorious in every match, thus winning the competition.

Lorna Williams (captain), Marion Ahern, Irene Pengelly, Enid Hutchinson, Norma Beckham, Mollie Date and Margaret Brumley comprised the E1 team; and Nita Sandon (captain), Olive Glassborow, Leon Rice, Dorothy Monahan, Jessie Curtis, Muriel Howitt, and Nola Cornish, the E2 team.

Bluegum and Orchid each won two matches, and the final resulted in a win for Bluegum, six goals to four.

LACROSSE.

This year we entered the Metropolitan High Schools' Competition, and, at the end of the season, finished fourth out of the six teams in the competition. As well as our five competition matches, we had two other matches, one against Melbourne Boys' High School, and the other against Williamstown High School. We won two matches out of seven—a very creditable result, as we had only fifteen players, many of whom were beginners, from whom to choose a team of twelve.

The results of the matches were as follow:—

Essendon H.S. d. Dandenong H.S.,
21—0.

Dandenong H.S. d. Williamstown,
7—6.

Dandenong H.S. d. Coburg H.S.,
12—4.

Melbourne H.S. d. Dandenong H.S.,
14—6.

University H.S. d. Dandenong H.S.,
22—2.

Williamstown d. Dandenong H.S.
13—12.

Melbourne H.S. d. Dandenong H.S.,
6—4.

About three-quarters of the team were beginners, and many of these showed great improvement towards the end of the season.

During the season the members of the Lacrosse group raised money by selling cakes and sweets, and, assisted in part by the school funds, bought a goalkeeper's stick.

Although we did not win the premiership, we all did our best, and we wish the 1933 team the best of luck.

HOCKEY.

The eleven this year included the following girls:—Thelma Hocking, Rita Cox, Muriel Cox, Nell Stephenson, Elva White, Vida Wright—all veterans; and new members: Gwen Barkla, June Moran, Nancy Butler, Joan McBurney, Phyllis Sneddon, and the emergency, Margaret Douglas.

We defeated Mordialloc by nine goals to four, and again by eleven goals to nil; and then Frankston by nine goals to five, and ten goals to nil. We were now winners in our section, and had to meet University High School, the winners in the other section. We played at the University, and, at the end of a fast and thrilling game, U.H.S., who had scored four goals to our two, won the shield which we had held for the last two years.

We played Warragul at Dandenong, defeating them by twelve goals to nil. In spite of the score, Warragul enjoyed the match, it being their first for the season.

We wish here to express our regret at losing our popular and consistent coach, whose expert help and unfailing interest have made us successful in the past. May she

have success and happiness in the future! As a small token of their love, the team presented Miss Axford with a silver dish, suitably engraved.

The Staff match is the match of the year, though several of them funked it this year, the lameness of their excuses being counter-balanced by their team's originality in interpreting rules. Why did they play three quarters? Two would have been less wearing. One of the three rash lads who assisted the staff was heard to groan, "Give me football any day."

Miss Jukes was an excellent, if reckless, umpire, exposing herself to unnecessary danger, as she reproved the more outrageous tactics of the staff. So original were her decisions that "Change the umpire" was often heard, especially when the staff goalie was penalised—"for giving sticks in an anti-clockwise direction" (instead of the staff's usual method). He was quite dazed at the decision.

Our nippy forwards, laid prostrate by treachery and brute force, were unable to score. Miss Axford, who had returned for the day, in her usual dashing style tore up the wing, and scored the only two goals. Thus they defeated us. We hope to meet Miss Axford again when (as we soon will be) we are Exies. We won't be in awe of anyone then!

"Then shall their names,
Familiar in our mouths as household words,
Percy the King, Slater, and Umpire Jukes,
Roy and Miss Cordner, Tonk, and good old Jeff,
Be in our flowing cups freshly remembered."

BASKETBALL.

The basketball team this year included the following girls:—Rita Curtis, Joan Anketell, Dulcie Wright, Mary Lee, Mavis Smith, Nola Cornish, and Margrethe Christensen.

Both our matches played against Mordialloc resulted in a win for

Mordialloc, the scores being 26—15 and 18—15 in Mordialloc's favour. Of the two matches played against Frankston, we were successful in one, the scores being 25—20 in our favour, but were defeated in the other, the scores being 27—19 in Frankston's favour.

During the season, Melbourne High School challenged us to a friendly match. They proved to be much our superiors, and the match resulted in a win for Melbourne, the scores being 29—13.

Towards the end of August, Warragul High School paid us a visit, and we played the usual annual match. The weather was ideal for playing, and, as a result, the match proved interesting. The score was fairly even throughout, Dandenong maintaining a slight lead, and eventually winning by a goal, the score being 15—14.

An amusing match was provided when the team played the staff; and after much brilliant (?) play by the staff, we were defeated, the score being 5—4.

We were all very sorry when, at the beginning of the year, we heard that our former coach, Miss McLean, was ill, and would not be back for the basketball season. However, her place was taken by Miss Cordner, who has proved an able and enthusiastic coach.

GIRLS' TENNIS.

The team consisted of:—Thelma Hocking, Joan Thomson, Lorna Taylor, and Gwen Stimson, with Dulcie Wright and Muriel Cox as emergencies. We defeated Mordialloc twice, but lost to Frankston.

M.H.S.S.A. COMBINED SPORTS.

Representatives from Dandenong were successful in the following events:—

Junior Boys' Championship, 100 yards: Fred Kay, fourth. 75 yards: Frey Kay, fourth.

Junior Boys' Long Jump: Fred Kay, tied for third place.

Girls.

Senior Championship, 75 yards: Thelma Hocking, third.

Intermediate Championship, 75 yards: Mary Lee, third.

Junior Championship, 75 yards: Molly Colvin, second.

Junior Flag Race: Dandenong, third.

Basketball Goaling, Senior: Rita Curtis, tied for fourth place. Junior: Marjorie Bloch, tied for fourth place.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL, 1932.

The School Junior Team has had a very successful season, winning the premiership of the Dandenong and District's State School Football Association. During the season, the games played were mostly very evenly contested, as will be seen by the scores below. Dandenong East team was the only team to defeat the High School. The High School team finished the season on top with Dandenong West, and therefore had the advantage of a second chance, which the team did not require, as they had defeated Dandenong West in the second semi-final, and again defeated them in the grand final. The grand final was an excellent finish for the season, and it was not such a comfortable win as the scores indicated.

The team was well led by D. McLerie, the captain, who played excellent football wherever he was placed, and Jim Williamson, the vice-captain, was very valuable in the ruck. Perhaps the best asset to the team was the inclusion of James, whose roving was outstanding, while the best of the rest were: Alf Cameron, forward; Ian Jack, half-forward; Ken Evans, back; and Fred Kay, a valuable ruckman. The rest of the team backed these players up well, and consequently we came out on top.

Results.

High School, 8.16, d. Noble Park, 1.4.



HOCKEY.

N. Stephenson, R. Cox, E. Smith, G. Barkla, N. Butler, E. White, T. Hocking,
J. McBurney, V. Wright, J. Moran, M. Douglas.



GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM.

V. Wright, R. Curtis, Mary Lee, M. Colvin, N. Cornish, M. Smith.
Seated: M. Christensen (Captain).

High School, 3.4 v. Dandenong East, 4.5.

High School, 4.5, d. Dandenong West, 4.4.

High School, 11.7, d. Spring Vale, 2.6.

High School, 10.13, d. Noble Park, 4.2.

High School, 6.11, d. Dandenong East, 6.5.

High School, 6.10, d. Dandenong West, 6.8.

High School, 8.17, d. Spring Vale, 4.6.

Semi Final: High School, 9 goals 15 behinds, d. Dandenong West, 8 goals 6 behinds.

Grand Final: High School, 7 goals 4 behinds, d. Dandenong West, 4 goals 6 behinds.

BOYS' TENNIS, 1932.

The team this year consisted of T. Rothfield, D. Brumley, K. Angus, and C. Oldmeadow, with S. Carpenter as emergency. Two of last year's team returned, and their match experience helped the whole team.

The season was not successful, ending with the result:—Played 4, Lost 3, Won 1.

HOUSE SPORTS.—GIRLS.

Rounders.

Clematis d. Wattle, 25—19.

Bluegum d. Orchid, 33—22.

Wattle d. Bluegum, 19—4.

Clematis d. Orchid, 16—8.

Wattle d. Orchid, 22—2.

Bluegum d. Clematis, 18—7.

Semi-Final: Clematis d. Wattle, 23—19.

Final: Bluegum d. Clematis, 17—13.

Hockey.

Bluegum d. Wattle, 2—0.

Clematis d. Wattle, 5—0.

Bluegum d. Orchid, 2—1.

Wattle d. Orchid, 3—1.

Clematis drew with Bluegum, 0—0.

Clematis d. Orchid, 7—0.

Final: Clematis d. Bluegum, 2—1.

HOUSE SPORTS.—BOYS.

Football.

Wattle, 4.12, d. Clematis, 4.4.

Bluegum, 1.5, d. Orchid, 0.6.

Wattle, 8.7, d. Orchid, 0.3.

Bluegum, 17.14, d. Clematis, 1.1.

Bluegum, 5.6, d. Wattle, 3.2.

Clematis, 12.7, d. Orchid, 6.6.

Bluegum won.

Cricket.

Bluegum, 4 wkts. for 116, d. Clematis, 66.

Wattle, 155, d. Bluegum, 88.

Orchid, 50, d. Clematis, 44.

Wattle, 5 wkts. for 81, d. Orchid, 40.

TENNIS CUPS, 1931.

The cups were won by Don Hooper and Thelma Hocking.

ATHLETICS.

The fourteenth annual sports meeting was held on the school oval on Wednesday, October 26th. Rain threatened all day, and spoilt the last part of the afternoon, the postponed events being completed the following morning.

The following are the results:—

Senior Girls.

Points for Championship: Thelma Hocking, 14; Elva White, 10; Mavis Smith, 2; Olive Marshall, 1.

Intermediate Girls.

Points for Championship: Mary Lee, 15; L. Colwell, 9; G. Barkla, 1; I. Thomas, 1; A. Dowling, 1.

Junior Girls.

Points for Championship: Molly Colvin, 15; B. Stephenson, 7; M. Date, 4; J. Patterson, 1.

Senior Boys.

Points for Championship: B. Bindley, 23; J. Lovell, 8; L. Andrews, 5; G. Welsford, 4; D. Corrigan, 2; Hill, Lethbridge, Secomb, 1 each.

Intermediate Boys.

Points for Championship: G. Graham, 24; J. O'Donohue, 13; L. Finger, 3; J. Short, 2; L. Hopkins, 1; F. Chalmers, 1.

Junior Boys.

Points for Championship: F. Kay, 20; J. Lang, 7; N. Canterbury, 6; J. Brown, 5; A. Bonar, 3; D. McLeod, 2; L. Marshall, 2.

Final Results.

Orchid 133 points.
 Clematis 106 points.
 Bluegum 92 points.
 Wattle 33 points.

DANDENONG v. WARRAGUL.

Boys' Tennis.

Rothfield & Angus d. Maher & Martin, 6-5, 6-3.

Brumley & Oldmeadow d. Ashcroft & Barty, 6-0, 6-0.

Carpenter & Westaway d. Ware & Waugh, 6-1, 6-4.

Dandenong: 3 rubbers 6 sets
 36 games.

Warragul: 0 rubbers 0 sets
 13 games.

Girls' Tennis.

T. Hocking & J. Thomson d. E. Dryden & E. Martin, 6-4, 6-1.

G. Stimson & L. Taylor d. N. Appleton & E. Price, 6-3, 6-5.

D. Wright & L. Williams lost to R. Puddy & E. Watt, 2-6, 6-5, 5-6.

Dandenong: 2 rubbers 5 sets
 37 games.

Warragul: 1 rubber 2 sets
 30 games.

Cricket Match, 11/11/32.

Warragul, 9 for 127 (declared)—
 Griggs, 45; Chambers, 23.

(Bowling): Bindley, 3 for 28;
 Greig, 4 for 32; Williamson, 2
 for 52.

Dandenong, 45—Baker, 16; Bindley, 14.

Dandenong having previously won hockey and basketball, and lost football, retains the A.N.A. shield.

DISCONTENT IN THE KITCHEN.

"Oh, dear me, how I hate being used every day," sighed the soup pot. "I wish I could have a change sometimes from the eternal round of curry soup, Scotch broth, soup maigre." "Well," said the black clarified fat saucepan, "you needn't grumble. At any rate, you do have a change sometimes, which I never do." "Indeed," retorted the indignant soup pot, "and how often does anyone shake into you pepper enough to make you sneeze for hours, I ask?"

At this moment the twin Cornish pasty trays butted in. "Why," they wailed, "we have to put up with Cornish pasties until we are sick to death of them. Oh, how we wish we were the cake tins. They are used only on special occasions. They often have a rest for nearly a week." "Well, I don't know; perhaps we do have an easy time," said the cake tin that was nearest the scene of the dispute; "still, we have our ups and downs like anybody else. I remember—" At this juncture "Cook" appeared from her daily conversation with Arthur, so all was quiet in her department for the time.

Half an hour later, the tea towel, in his usual grumpy fashion, exclaimed, "Huh! look at the dirt all over me. Now I'll have to endure another wash to-day." "But," said the peaceful teapot, "think of the wonderful view you will have of the Highway. What exciting things you always have to tell us of your adventures in the great world! I really think you should all look on the bright side; I'm tired of pessimists." And, after giving this advice, he turned his back, and would say no more.

Crash! Down had fallen Mr. Broom. "Gracious," said he, mournfully rubbing his head. "I do wish people would put me in the correct place. Oh, my poor head!" And there was silence among the grumblers while he tenderly rubbed the afflicted part.

Jessie Curtis, E2.



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