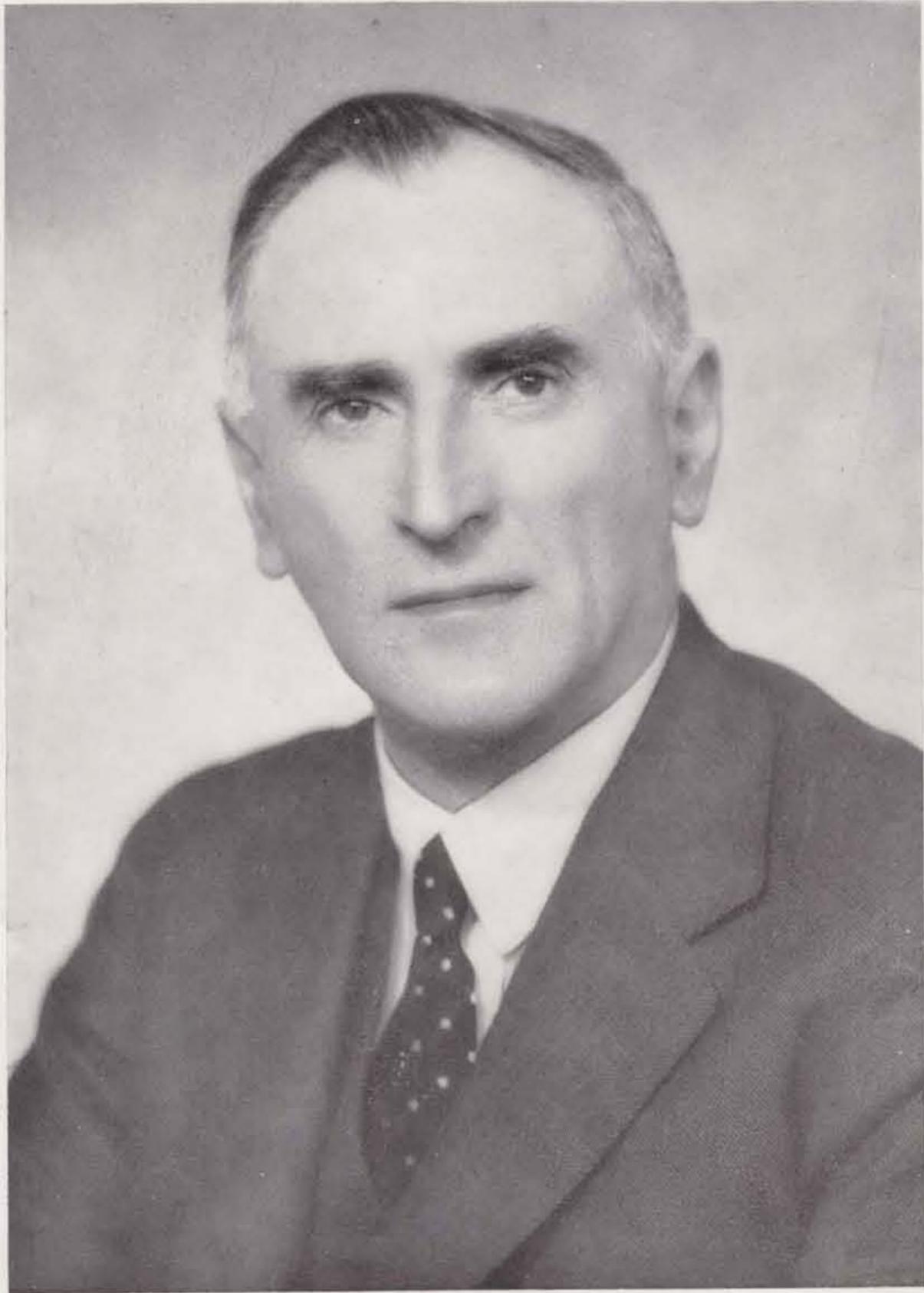




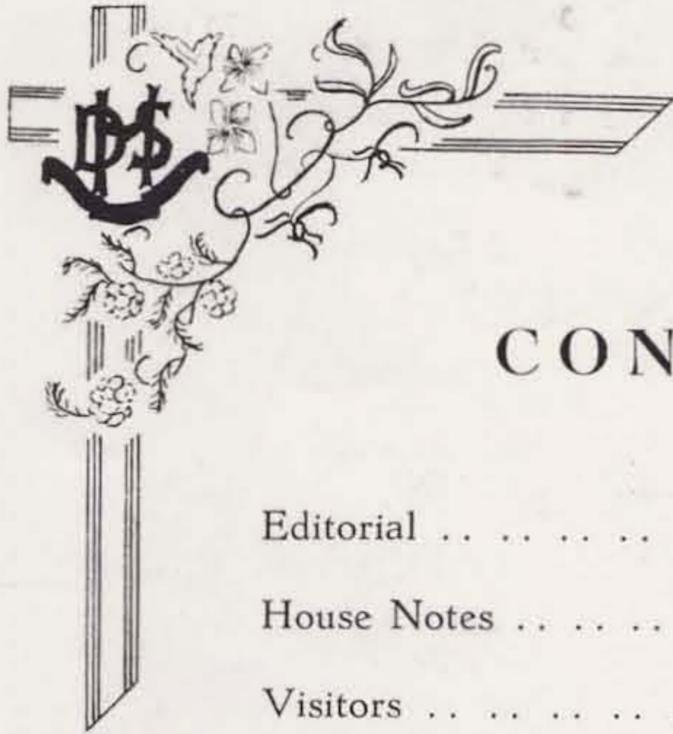
THE GATE



1939



MR. J. L. GRIFFITHS, B.A., Dip.Ed.



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THE GATE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL

December 1939

Editors: Mildred Carpenter and K. Griffiths

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Girls

Norma Fyfe
Heather Smith
Jean Sinclair

Boys

M. Hamilton
R. Hurley
M. McCallum

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1939

PREFECTS

Girls

Norma Fyfe (Snr. Prefect)
Marjorie Aspinall
Ruth Bean
Mildred Carpenter
Constance McFarlane
Marion Dawson

Boys

David Morris (Snr. Prefect)
Keith Fryer
Maurice Hamilton
James Reid
Ranald Webster
Robert Hurley

HOUSE CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS

Bluegum—

N. Fyfe
J. Cameron

T. Jones
R. Powell

Clematis—

H. Smith
M. Breen

K. Fryer
R. Webster

Orchid—

M. Carpenter
M. Dowling

M. Oldmeadow
L. Phelan

Wattle—

R. Bean
M. Aspinall

D. Morris
S. McLeod

FORM CAPTAINS

Form V.—N. Fyfe

D. Morris

Form IVa.—B. Robinson

R. Weeks

Form IVb.—T. Turner

S. McLeod

Form IVc.—B. George

Form IIIa.—N. Young

A. Pedder

Form IIIb.—

A. Baird

Form IIIc.—A. McDowell

Form IIIId.—S. McPhee

Form IIa.—F. Derrick

R. Henry

Form IIb.—M. Hall

K. Bennett

Form IIId.—D. Blanksby

N. Little

Form Ia.—M. Ferguson

L. Brinsmead

Form Ib.—P. Sproat

Form Id.—A. Brewer



"Education," as some wise person remarked, "is learning more and more about less and less." The more we learn, the more bewildered we become at the amount of which we are ignorant.

Yet, at high school, education is more than merely learning things consciously. We pass through an intermediate stage in our careers while at the secondary school. Instead of

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE, 1939



Boys: M. Hamilton, K. Griffiths, R. Hurley.
Girls: M. Carpenter, N. Fyfe, H. Smith.

our being precipitated into the world, this period gives us time to stand still and consider, until we have had time to formulate a plan of action.

At primary school, we are allowed very little freedom, and when we leave secondary school we have to take the initiative, to be

definitely one thing or the other, to make our own decisions. But at high school we can, as it were, test our theories, and have tentative opinions, without having to defend them too strenuously.

Our teachers not only direct our studies, but guide us and endeavour to give us the right angle on things, to "start us off on the right foot." We do not always realize this at the time, or, if we do, we take it as a matter of course, and are not duly grateful. This more valuable guidance is unnoticed in the conscious absorption of Maths. and French.

At school, students meet on the common footing of work and sport, enjoying the society of people who are very similar to themselves, but whose diversities of character lend an interest to life. Temperamental spirits are met, placid ones, conscientious, careless, happy and anxious ones! We get a foretaste of every disposition we are likely ever to meet, before the traits of the character are too definitely developed. Consequently, the impression on our own outlook is not too great.

When we were eight, we looked forward to the time when we would be sixteen. Then, all the problems with which we struggled would be solved. Since then, we have indeed solved many problems for ourselves, but are both exasperated and tantalized to find that the solutions are riddles in themselves, the enigmatic answers to which we must endeavour to find in the future.

When we were younger, there were many things that pleased us, and some which did not. We believed that when we became older we would have many new experiences which would afford an entirely new scope for pleasure.

We still look forward in the same way, but we find, whether eight or sixteen, one reacts to new experiences in much the same way, and there are still many things which please us, and some which do not. We see new wonders, have new adventures, but we never really change.

When we leave the school, it will be with a deep sense of gratitude for all it has done for us, and a sorrow to break all its happy associations, but with the exhilarating feelings of explorers setting out for an unknown country.

For we are indeed going to discover new

[Continued foot next page.]

O B I T U A R Y

F. A. BISHOP

Frederick Alan Bishop, a former pupil of this school, was the first Australian killed abroad after the outbreak of war. He was only twenty-three years of age.



Alan was a motor engineer, and he went abroad to obtain experience, working his passage to England in June last year. He arrived in London a few weeks before the September crisis and immediately offered his services in any capacity to the War Office.

While working as a mechanic at Hatfield he received the opportunity of becoming a pilot, the Air Ministry then sending him to Scotland. While under special training he was killed, being buried, with full service honours, at Dirlton, near Edinburgh.

A recent letter of Alan's sums up his philosophy regarding the war:—

"I have made up my mind to go through this business. If things take a turn for the worse, I will do my job just as the boys will back home. It is not much good living in times like these with two men dominating the world, causing such dread, such enormous expense in armament, disorganizing the whole civilized world and wasting money that could be well spent on better things."

EDITORIAL—Continued.

regions. Nobody has ever done the things that each of us will do. They are our own to discover, for there never has been a person exactly like any one of us.

Twenty-one Years Ago

Here is a letter which has now an historic interest for Dandenong scholars. Mr. Hansen was the Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools and later became Director of Education. He wrote to a Dandenong citizen who was interested in the opening of a high school.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, VICTORIA

Education Office, Melbourne.

29th August, 1918.

Rev. H. A. Buntine,

The Manse, Dandenong.

Dear Mr. Buntine,

The Public Works Department are now preparing plans for the new High School at Dandenong, but it is necessary that we should go slowly as the amount of money available for building is very limited, and the expense of building at present is very high. I do not think it is possible to squeeze more out of our present Vote than is sufficient to build rooms enough to accommodate about 100 pupils, but I am anxious that good plans should be prepared so that extensions, which I have no doubt will be very much needed, will be possible during the next financial year. The limitation of buildings is purely due to the present financial stress. Personally, I do not think we would be making provision for more than sufficient if the school were made for 200 pupils, but the cost makes this out of the question for the present. I am, Yours faithfully,

M. P. HANSEN.

A DRAMATIC SUCCESS

Had you asked "Scotty" Rothfield a few years ago what he wanted to be, he would have promptly said, "a lawyer." This desire led him to use a scholarship he won for evening classes so that he might work during the day to pay University expenses.

This year he has been in London attending the Torch Theatre in the West End, where the play performed was his own, entitled "The Immigrant," produced under the pseudonym of David Athens. This young man from Dandenong left Australia about a year ago, taking with him two plays and the beginnings of another, which he completed at sea, calling it "The House of Cards." This will soon be played in the British provinces.

It seems very unlikely, therefore, that Thomas Lewis Rothfield, to give him his full name, will ever be a lawyer. He is reaching the pinnacle of fame by rapid bounds, and we, as a school, have good reason to be proud of him.

HOUSE NOTES

House competition has been keener this year than ever. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the leading Houses of the last few years, Bluegum and Clematis, were severely beaten in the swimming sports at the very beginning of the year by Orchid. Fired by this success this latter House has fought fairly successfully to keep its lead.

In the girls' sport, Orchid was mainly successful, winning the rounders, junior basketball and hockey. The senior basketball was

The athletic sports brought House feeling to a climax, and Bluegum carried off the honours, with Orchid nine points down, and Wattle third. The positions in form are yet to be counted, with other future events for House points, and competition is growing tense.

Bluegum has drawn closer and is fighting for the honour of champion house, and to have its name once again on the honour board. The other Houses whose names have not appeared so frequently on the board, are fighting even harder, if that is possible, for the same honour. House activities for the year will be brought to a glorious climax with the presentation of the Cup at Speech

PREFECTS, 1939



Back Row: R. Webster, K. Fryer, Dave Morris (Senior Prefect), J. Reid, R. Hurley, M. Hamilton.
Front Row: M. Aspinall, R. Bean, M. Dawson, N. Fyfe (Senior Prefect), M. Carpenter, C. McFarlane.

won by Wattle who, having gained second place in the swimming sports, was also working well to the fore.

On the boys' side, Wattle with Clematis second, and Clematis with Wattle second, won the two sections of cricket. The junior football also went to Wattle, and the senior to Bluegum with Wattle second. Orchid, in this section, was conspicuous by its absence, and strove to make it up in other ways. The Verandah Stalls and the socials, therefore aroused keen interest, and the egg appeal was won easily by Orchid.

The position of the best stall financially at the fete was wrested by Orchid from Wattle, who had the most popular stall but had heavy expenses.

Night, and it is then that everyone in the school will show loyalty to a House and good sportsmanship in a willingness to congratulate the winner.

"I wish to exchange this dinner gong for something else."

"Don't you find it useful?"

"Not in my house; the boys are sitting at the table before I have a chance to ring it."

* * *

Teacher: "What were the Romans famous for?"

Smith Minor: "Please, sir, they could speak Latin."

than the other members of the form in a year.

At present we are all striving to obtain our Intermediate Certificates in all subjects, and we are hoping to eclipse the fine performance of last year's IV.a.

FORM IV.b

Our form teacher this year is Miss Hill, and the form room, No. 22. Although it is called the "Stinks" room, no justifiable complaints are made. This is due to our able and willing monitors. The form captains were Teany Turner and Russell Pactor, but Stuart McLeod succeeded the latter, who unfortunately left us. Before leaving he was an enthusiastic worker in sport and school affairs, so we were all sorry when he went. Most of the scholars have taken an active part in the sport of the school, T. Turner, R. Payne and S. McLeod competing in the combined sports.

FORM IV.c

We are only a small band, though a cheery one, consisting of twenty young ladies (??) and two young gentlemen (???). Far be it from us to boast, but we often wonder just what "Dandy" High would be without us. We were well represented in all the school sport, especially the crazy sports.

We sometimes ask how we could possibly have been overlooked in the case of prefects (our respects to Form V.) for, as all members of the staff will tell you, they are never afraid to leave us alone to work. Our form room is always overflowing with flowers (noise, too, even more noticeable than the flowers) the ink-wells are never empty, and papers are never left lying round, thanks to the supervision of our form mistress, Miss Banks, and form captain, Bessie George.

The dull monotony of our studious lives was enlivened this year by several incidents which inspired us with idealistic thoughts of setting up a "Stray Animals' Institution." We were visited by dogs, and even frogs were let loose by a person or persons unknown. A mouse caused great nervous reaction, and it was then that two would-be murderers were unmasked. They savagely attacked the little creature with ruler and hearth-brush. Such cruelty is incredible. The howls of a cat (tuneful or otherwise) provided an interesting accompaniment to the voice of our commercial teacher not long ago.

Cherry stones placed carefully under the seats shattered the profound silence (?) which usually prevails.

But our talent does not stop at lessons and sport. Our dramatic presentations have attained world-wide fame. We must admit, however, that they are a source of much amusement to the other forms.

In the second term, lockers were placed in our hitherto tidy form room, Room 8. It was then we discovered we had to tolerate hordes of rushing, scrambling, screeching young hooligans from the inferior III.c. Of course, we understood they were pining to join us, so we gracefully submitted to their invasion.

At our form assemblies we had a small magazine entitled "Form IV.c Gossip," which brought the tell-tale colour to many a fair cheek.

Our two boys attend to the fires. We wonder if this was the reason for the epidemic of 'flu which swept our form during the winter. They indignantly deny it.

The windows on the east side of Room 8—those which overlook the boys' staircase—often have to be closed during the period—much to the chagrin of the inmates of that room. Who or what is the unseen force that draws their eyes?

Many of our members will leave us this year. We realize (with sorrow) what the school is losing, but the thought that is foremost in our minds is the tremendous asset they will undoubtedly be to the commercial world.

We take this opportunity of wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year.

FORM III.a

Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! This is Form III.a speaking, and what a form we are, consisting of about forty-four pupils.

We are well represented in the sporting sphere, having the captain of the junior football team, a member of the school hockey team, and two members of the basketball team in our form. Our form captains are Nancy Young and Allan Pedder, and we are ably led by our form teacher, Mr. Richards. We live in Room 17 but, unfortunately, are in it only about six times a week. Two of those times are at form assemblies, when Mr. Richards tells us of our misdeeds of the week.

Our form is honoured by having A. Pedder

as the school whistle blower. It is really a great delight to us when, in say an Algebra or Latin period, Allan gets up, goes to the



"Little Sir Echo."

door, takes a mighty breath, and blows hard, as if to say: "Well, that's the end of that period."

Next year we all hope to be promoted to a fourth form, in which we will strive (?) to obtain our Intermediate Certificates.

FORM III.b

Form III.b is the only form of boys in the school. Our form master is Mr. Ford, and our form room is No. 16, on the eastern wing of the school building.

Arthur Baird is our form captain, and Hugh Adamson vice-captain. In our form we have members of the school's athletics, football and cricket teams.

When the final results are received, we hope that all the boys of the form are promoted to the fourth form. Form III.b is by far the best form in the school as it is full of jolly boys. We have form assemblies on Monday and Friday mornings, and discuss current events.

FORM III.c

What a wonderful form we are! III.c is the best and brightest form in the school. There are twenty-one girls in our form. Ailsa McDowell is our form captain; Miss Mitchell

is our form teacher. Our room is No. 28, and we try to make it attractive with flowers. From our room we enjoy a fine view of the Highway and the hills.

We are good at sport and are well represented by Kathleen Murphy, Margery McPherson, Jean Hind and several others.

Next year, although some are leaving, the rest of us hope to gain our Intermediate Certificates.

FORMS II.d and III.d

Here we are again, sparking on all sixes, Forms II.d and III.d. From the beginning of the year II.d has been working with us so as to make a bigger form. There are eight girls in II.d and ten girls in III.d, and we are very respectful to our form captain, S. McPhee. The form did not behave very well until Miss Egerton was placed as our form teacher.

We are clever little cooks in the kitchen. Under the supervision of Miss Egerton we can cook Christmas cakes, pies, soups, and sweets, among many other things.

Miss Begg teaches us some Home Crafts such as stencilling, painting wooden articles and tapestries, as well as shading in paints.

Many of our girls entered exhibits at the Dandenong Show and carried off some prizes.

We have some champion gigglers in our form, perhaps the best in the school. At the end of second term Miss Egerton and Miss Orr took our girls on an excursion to a kindergarten in Richmond where the children played with the toys we brought.

We walked from the Kindergarten through the Botanical Gardens to Flinders Street Station. Then we went out by train to North Port, where Kitchen's Soap Factory is situated. We all saw how different soaps were made and how Persil was packed. As we were about to leave the factory we were each presented with a packet of samples of Kitchen's soaps.

So we came home after a very happy day, and every one in the form was nice and clean the next day after using the soaps.

FORM II.a

Our form consists of thirty-eight pupils, whose form room is No. 31, Miss Braith-

waite's adorable library. Our happiness is completed by having for our form mistress Miss Braithwaite, who is assisted by Fay Derrick and Ronald Henry, our form captains. Gillian Ward and Glen Warburton are our vice-captains.

For the combined sports at Olympic Park we were represented by Patricia Roberts, Elizabeth Gardiner and Graham Brown.

At our school concert there were twelve of our girls in the Irish Jig, and four of our boys in the physical culture display.

On Wednesday the girls enjoy cooking in Room 11, and the boys enjoy having sloyd in Room 18. At the beginning of the year we were described as a model form, but now we are not sure if our teachers are agreed on the point. There is still no doubt in our own minds about it.

Gillian Ward has come first in form for this year, but most of us were recommended for our Merit. We all hope to go up to Form III. for the year 1940, and be another model form.

FORM II.b

Miss Tobias has been our form mistress for the greater part of this year. Margaret Hall was elected form captain for the girls, and Bruce McKinnon holds the same position for the boys.

Our form has entered enthusiastically into all the school activities throughout the year.

Two of our boys were chosen, with a few others from the whole school, for the Physical Exercises, given as an item at the annual High School Concert. This item was particularly well given and much appreciated.

Two of our girls were in a Mannequin Parade given in aid of Red Cross Funds.

One of our number, Jean Edwards, took part in the Combined Sports held at the Olympic Park in October.

Altogether we have spent a very happy and, we hope, profitable year.

FORM I.a

This is Form I.a speaking!

This is the best class at the "High," and it consists of forty-one members. Mr. Rice has conducted our form meetings through the year and we hope that he will be our form teacher again in 1940.

Bob Canterbury topped our form first term, and Claire Cornish second term. Our form

captains are Mary Ferguson and Neil Little, and our vice-captains are A. Ellen and R. Armstrong.

This has been our first year at the school and many of us felt very strange at first, but we soon settled down and have enjoyed our work. There has been a very keen competition for top of the form, and we wonder who will gain that position.

Notable personalities in the form are Neil Little, form captain, who eats lollies in school, Bob Baker (Scragger), basket-kicker, and Stan Payne, our artist and athlete.

FORM I.b

There are forty-one pupils in our form, and the form captains are Patricia Sproat and Lawrence Brinsmead. The girls outnumber the boys by two to one, and some of the teachers say we out-talk them by at least fifty to one. Mr. Miller is our form teacher. Our room is No. 24 and commands a good view of the Highway and gardens. We do our best to make the inside of the room bright and tidy.

In fact, our room is so beautiful that it is used for school assemblies, socials, and other important functions. Of course the other forms will say that our room was chosen because of its size, but that is only jealousy.

This is our first year at Dandenong High School, and now that we have settled down we are enjoying both the work and the play. We all hope to be promoted at the end of the year.

For sport we have to combine with the other lower forms, and so we do not have much rivalry with them.

We are proud of N. Brinsmead and K. Madigan, who represented our school at the Combined School Sports during the year, and we look forward to the time when we have many more representatives in the school teams.

FORM I.d

Form I.d consists of thirteen girls. It may lack in quantity but not in quality. The form room is the sewing room (Room 4), in which we have sewing and a few other lessons, too. The form teacher, Miss Begg, whom we are very lucky to have, takes us for drawing. Alice Brewer makes a fine form captain, with Janet Walden as vice-captain.



SENIOR CRICKET

With many of last year's premier team absent, we relied on the new blood and the remainder of last year's team, many of whom were showing greatly improved form.

We commenced our competition matches against Hampton, and played at Dandenong.

dialloc batted first and knocked up 114, but Dandenong went in and scored 116 for the loss of only one wicket. Our captain, Dave Morris, scored 81 not out, and Bob Hurley 30 not out.

Our next and final match, against Frankston, was played at Frankston. This match was very interesting as it was only in the last two overs that we were able to snatch victory. Frankston batted first and made 89, D. Morris taking 4 wickets for 21, and K. Fryer 3 wickets for 49. Dandenong batted and lost the first wickets cheaply. However, with enterprising batting by K. Fryer, who made

CRICKET TEAM, 1939



Standing: S. McLeod, R. Witham, W. Adamson.
Centre: J. Reid, K. Fryer, D. Morris, R. Hurley, T. Jones.
Sitting: W. Giles, G. McPherson.

Our capable captain, Dave Morris, won the toss and decided to bat as it was a one-day match. Jim Reid played a sterling knock and was top scorer with 25 runs to his credit. The other batsmen were extremely uncomfortable against Hampton's shock attack, and we were all out for 96. Hampton went to the wickets but were also at sea to the wiles of Keith Fryer and Bruce Ward, being all out for 72. K. Fryer took 5 wickets for 40 and B. Ward 3 wickets for 3.

Our next match needs little description, for we gained a somewhat hollow victory. Mor-

top score with 23, and T. Jones and R. Witham, both with 16 not out, we were able to win, and this gave us the 1939 Premiership.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

With several of last year's premier team again available, and with the inclusion of promising new material, we had high hopes of another successful season. Under the watchful eye of our experienced coach, Mr. Rice, this side moulded into a very fast, even combination. D. Morris was elected captain with T. Jones second in command.

Our first engagement was with Melbourne High School's under 16 team, played at home. Displaying fast systematic football, we had at the half-time interval a match-winning lead when the scores showed:—

D.H.S., 9.2; M.H.S., 1.2.

After half-time the result was never in doubt, despite the fact that Melbourne improved in the final stages. The leeway was too great and the final scores showed us as easy winners.

D.H.S.: 14.8, 92 points.

M.H.S.: 4.2, 26 points.

Heartened by this smashing victory, we

sawed in the last quarter and it was only by a sustained final effort in which we added two goals that we were able to claim victory. Scores:—

D.H.S.: 11.11, 77 points.

F.H.S.: 8.13, 61 points.

Our next match was against Mordialloc, played at home. There is little need for a detailed account of this match for, as the final scores indicated, we were far superior in every phase of the game.

D.H.S.: 23.22, 160 points.

M.H.S.: 2.2, 14 points.

With two wins to our credit and with only

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1939



Standing: S. McLeod, J. Reid, W. Adamson, L. Courtney, C. Cole, K. Griffiths, M. Hamilton.
Centre: D. McFarlane, T. Jones, A. Baird, R. Weeks, M. Oldmeadow, M. Powell,
G. McPherson.
Sitting: R. Powell, R. Payne, D. Morris (Capt.), K. Fryer, R. Hurley.

journeyed full of confidence to the "carpet like" Frankston Showgrounds, where we were to commence the competition series. Suited by the wide open spaces we again raced away to a fine start and rattled on 9 goals by half-time, the work of an extremely snappy and accurate forward division. Frankston made a grand recovery to draw within two goals of us at three-quarter time. The stage was set for a desperate last quarter and the spectators were not disappointed. The lead see-

the Hampton match remaining, we were confident of winning another pennant. Throughout the Hampton match there was never a great deal of difference in the scores, and the game became a trifle willing and vigorous in the closing stages. In the desperately fought final minutes we found the "big opening" three times to ensure that victory and the 1939 pennant was ours.

Eager to avenge the defeat so ruthlessly inflicted on their under 16 team, we were

invited to meet a greatly strengthened Melbourne team on the Melbourne ground. It was in this match that we met our Waterloo, but although defeated we were by no means disgraced, as the final scores showed only 5 points difference in the scores.

D.H.S.: 9.10, 64 points.

M.H.S.: 10.9, 69 points.

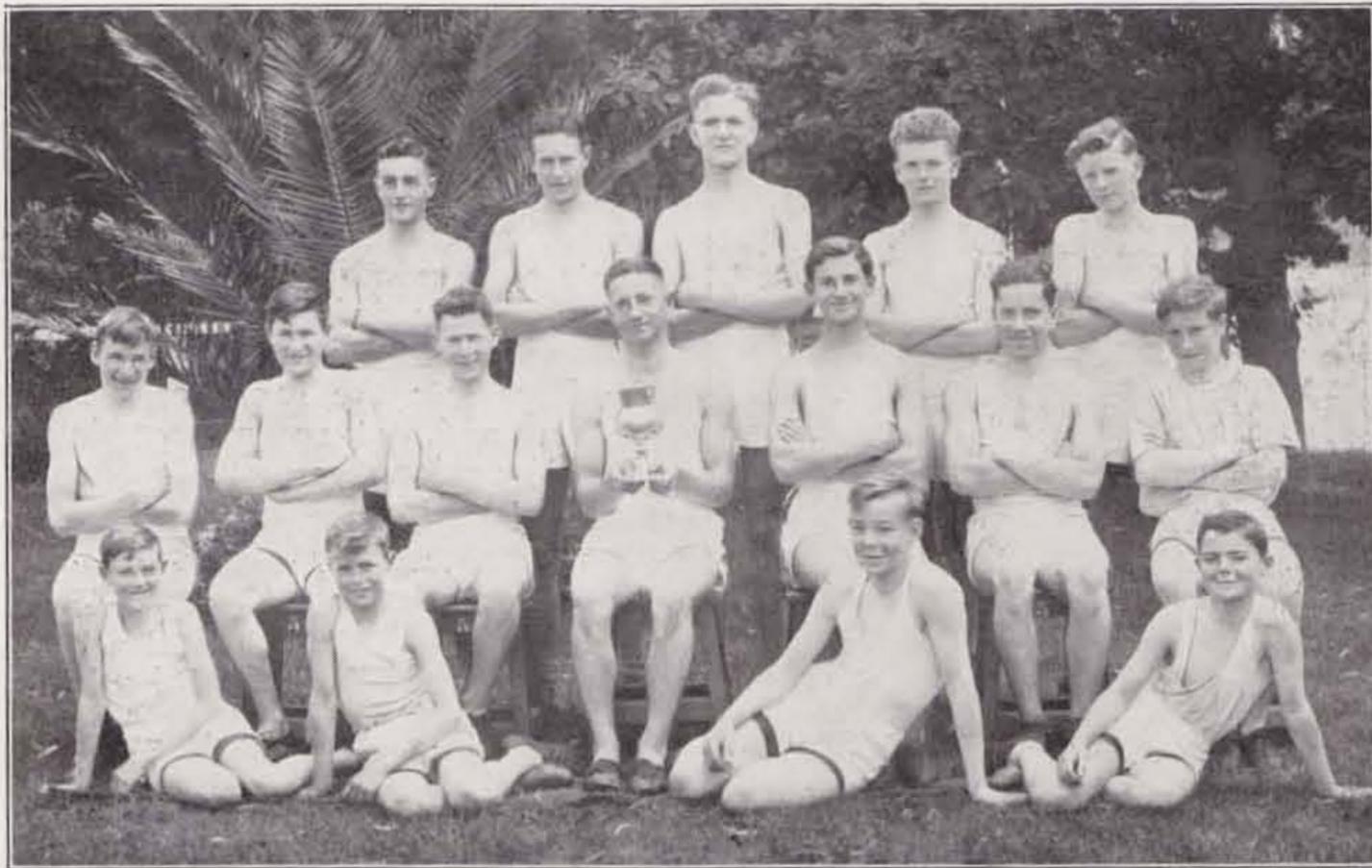
We concluded the season with the greatly appreciated Warragul trip, when we were the guests of the Warragul boys. This match was by far the most enjoyable of the series, being played in a happy-go-lucky fashion.

ATHLETICS

HOUSE SPORTS

The 21st annual inter-house sports took place on the school oval on 14th October in brilliant sunshine. There were quite a number of parents present in the crowd and all present enjoyed the afternoon. The house rivalry was just as keen as that of other years and the competitors put all they knew into it to bring honour and glory to their house. The

ATHLETICS TEAM, 1939



Standing: T. Jones, S. McLeod, M. McCallum, R. Powell, M. Powell.
Centre: G. Gabbé, C. Cole, K. Fryer, D. Morris, K. Griffiths, R. Payne, G. Brown.
Sitting: K. Madigan, L. Brinsmead, K. Johnson, N. Little.

The final scores showed:—

D.H.S.: 16.14.

W.H.S.: 11.14.

They do not accurately indicate the evenness of the encounter, for with a shade of luck the other way the results might have been reversed. With five wins out of the six matches played, we regard the past season as having been an extremely successful one.

Unpopular sergeant: "Hi! That bullet just missed me!"

Recruit: "I'm awfully sorry, sergeant."

ground was in good condition after the rain, and the weather conditions were ideal for a sports meeting. Many striking performances were put up during the afternoon, the most brilliant being the spectacular feat of Max (Whisky) McCallum, who recorded 5 ft. 5 ins. in the senior high jump. Novelty numbers, the girls' hockey dribble and basketball passing, added variety to the ordinary running events. At the end of the day the points scored by the respective houses were:—

Bluegum, 309.

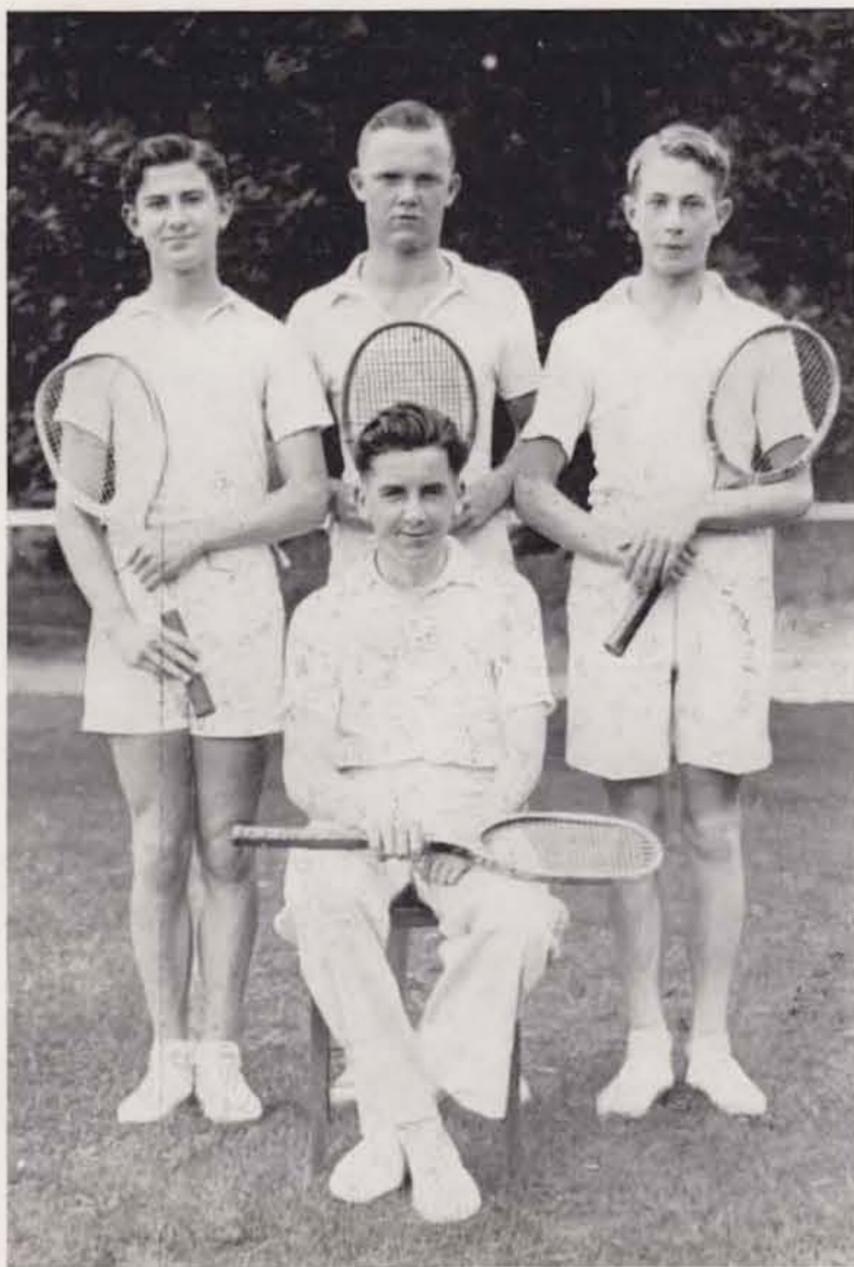
Orchid, 302.

Clematis, 211.

Wattle, 267.

With the addition of points gained beforehand in the trials, Bluegum proved to be too strong for the other houses. Orchid were a close second, with Wattle and Clematis third

BOYS' TENNIS TEAM, 1939



Standing (from left): K. Griffiths, R. Witham,
M. Oldmeadow.
Sitting: R. Hurley.

and fourth respectively. Veranda stalls and afternoon tea topped off a very enjoyable afternoon.

COMBINED SPORTS

Dandenong High School was represented by a band of sturdy young athletes at the combined sports meeting for Metropolitan High Schools, held at Olympic Park on October 20, just one week after our house sports. The weather conditions were again ideal, and the splendid condition of the tracks helped to establish more records. The boys and girls

were considered as separate groups at this meeting. The boys were well trained by Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Rice, and it was a tribute to their efforts that they were able to win the coveted cup donated to the winner of "B" section boys. This school had previously won the cup in 1934.

With victories in the intermediate long jump, intermediate high jump, intermediate 440 yards, senior 120 yards hurdles, and senior 100 and 440 yards, and also placings in many other intermediate and junior events, the boys needed to gain a place in the greatly dreaded 880 yards—the last event of the programme—to win the cup. This was left to Trevor Jones, who unwound a brilliant finishing burst to achieve victory by yards and thus give Dandenong their second cup.

The girls were not quite so fortunate as the boys, but they put up a good effort to occupy second place at the end of the day. Their outstanding triumph was scored by the junior hockey dribbling team, who broke the existing record by three seconds. Next year the boys join the ranks of the mighty "A" section and, given reasonable luck, they should perform creditably again. Points scored:—

Boys.—Dandenong, 59½ points.
Hampton, 52 points.
Mordialloc, 51½ points.
Frankston, 51½ points.

Girls.—Hampton, 84 points.
Dandenong, 47½ points.

GIRLS' TENNIS MATCHES, 1939

Teams:—

1st Pair: Grace Black, Joan Cameron.
2nd Pair: Joyce Wright, Marj. Aspinall.
Emergencies: Ruth Bean, Mildred Carpenter, Dawn Brunet.

The first tennis match for 1939 was played at Dandenong. The match, Dandenong v. Hampton was won by Hampton, the scores being 3 rubbers to 1.

The next match, Dandenong v. Mordialloc, was won by Mordialloc, also at 3 rubbers to 1. This match was also played at Dandenong.

The third and final match, Frankston v. Dandenong, was a little more successful, the

scores being 2 rubbers each. Unfortunately Dandenong lost on games, Frankston gaining the victory with 6 sets to 4.

BASKETBALL MATCHES, 1939

Senior Team: Dorothy Masterton, Melva Knight, Margaret Breen, Alison Donaldson, Betty Couper, Teany Turner, Marj. Aspinall.

Emergencies: Jean Grogan, Pearl Ladlow.

Junior Team: Thelma Whitehead, Mavis Smart, Joyce Mitchell, Joyce Cameron, Joan Taylor, Jean Hind, Nancie Donnelly.

Emergencies: Pearl Ladlow, Kitty White.

After three practice matches against the University High School and MacRobertson's

ful, Mordialloc winning both matches. The results were:—

Senior: Mordialloc, 26 goals; Dandenong, 22 goals.

Junior: Mordialloc, 13 goals; Dandenong, 11 goals.

On July 26 the final match was played at Dandenong. The senior match was won by Hampton and the junior by Dandenong. Following is the result:—

Senior: Hampton, 32 goals; Dandenong, 14 goals.

Junior: Hampton, 15 goals; Dandenong, 19 goals.

On August 11 the junior basketball team played the final match at MacRobertson's High School. This match, to decide the premiers of the Association, was won by Hampton. Hampton, 21 goals; Dandenong, 5 goals.

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM, 1939



J. Grogan (left), M. Aspinall, M. Breen, A. Donaldson, M. Smart, D. Masterton, M. Knight.

High School, the Dandenong basketball teams played the usual association matches.

The first match, played on June 28, was Frankston v. Dandenong. Frankston was successful in winning the senior match, and Dandenong the junior match. This match was played at Frankston, and the results were as follows:—

Senior: Dandenong, 19 goals; Frankston, 25 goals.

Junior: Dandenong, 17 goals; Frankston, 16 goals.

The second match, played on July 12, Mordialloc v. Dandenong, was entirely unsuccess-

ful, Mordialloc winning both matches. The results were:—

Senior: Mordialloc, 26 goals; Dandenong, 22 goals.

Junior: Mordialloc, 13 goals; Dandenong, 11 goals.

On July 26 the final match was played at Dandenong. The senior match was won by Hampton and the junior by Dandenong. Following is the result:—

Senior: Hampton, 32 goals; Dandenong, 14 goals.

Junior: Hampton, 15 goals; Dandenong, 19 goals.

On August 11 the junior basketball team played the final match at MacRobertson's High School. This match, to decide the premiers of the Association, was won by Hampton.

Hampton, 21 goals; Dandenong, 5 goals.

3rd team: Pearl Ladlow, Jessie Boyd, Janet Lee, Pat Scala, Berna Breen, Kitty White, Nancy Young.

Emergencies: Phyllis Bush.

The third basketball team played two matches against the Upwey High School on July 5 and September 27.

The first match, played at Dandenong, was won by Upwey.

Upwey, 15 goals; Dandenong, 8 goals.

The second match, played at Upwey, was won by Dandenong.

Upwey, 17 goals; Dandenong, 26 goals.

A visit was paid to Warragul on September 29. The senior and junior teams played and were successful in only one match, that of the juniors.

Results:—

Senior: Dandenong, 15 goals; Warragul, 21 goals.

Junior: Dandenong, 29 goals; Warragul, 6 goals.

ROUNDERS

This year Dandenong was fairly successful in the rounders matches. The first match,

Although we were defeated in the last match, we were equal with Frankston for top.

House Matches

The final results of the rounders house matches were as follows:—

Orchid, 6 points; Bluegum, 4 points; Clematis, 2 points; Wattle, 0 pts.

HOCKEY

A very successful season of hockey was enjoyed this year, for not only are we pre-

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM, 1939



M. Smart (left), J. Hind, N. Donnelly, T. Whitehead, J. Mitchell, J. Taylor, J. Cameron.

which was played at Dandenong against Hampton, was won by Dandenong, the scores being:—

Dandenong, 30; Hampton, 10.

The next match against Mordialloc was another easy victory for Dandenong, who scored 50 while Mordialloc scored only 22.

The match Frankston v. Dandenong at Frankston was the last for the season, and proved rather disastrous from Dandenong's point of view, for we were defeated by one round.

The girls in the final team were: Nancy Young (captain), Thelma Whitehead, Elvie Besant, Jean Hind, Jean Platt, Ailsa McDowell, Joan Taylor, and Jessie Boyd (emergency).

miers of our own section, but we also defeated the premiers of "A" section, thus winning the shield. The team is worthy of every praise for their outstanding success, much credit for which is due to the expert guidance of our coach and umpire, Miss Braithwaite.

The team: N. Fyfe (captain), M. Carpenter (vice-captain), M. Dawson, M. Dowling, R. Bean, J. Cameron, J. Sinclair, M. McDowell, B. Rodd, N. Heap, G. Vinen.

The Association matches were all victories for Dandenong. The scores were as follows:—

Dandenong defeated Frankston, 2 to 1.

Dandenong defeated Mordialloc, 9 to nil.

Dandenong defeated Hampton, 8 to nil.

In addition to the Association matches, several enjoyable challenge matches were played. At Dandenong, Melbourne defeated us 2 to 1. The return match was a victory for Dandenong, who scored 3 to 2. On the University ground we scored a victory of 3 goals to 1 over the University team, who later, being premiers of "A" Section, played Dandenong for the Shield. This match was played on the Middle Park ground, and after a hard struggle, Dandenong won by 2 goals to 1.

SWIMMING

The D.H.S. has had a most successful year in life-saving and swimming. At the combined High School swimming sports on March 17, both the girls and the boys gained third place in their section.

In life saving we won the premiership of Victoria, which brought us the Treadwell Shield, the Premiership Certificate and Pennant. We won also the Wilma Yarborough Lewis Excellence Cup for the best women's club, the Councillor Carden Cup for resusci-

HOCKEY TEAM, 1939



K. Keighery (left), K. Murphy, S. Bloch, B. Rodd, N. Fyfe, M. McDowell, R. Bean, M. Carpenter, M. Dawson, M. Perry, M. Dowling.

Our second team played University seconds, and defeated them by 5 goals to 1.

At Warragul we played the Warragul hockey team, which had only just commenced, and defeated them 11 to nil.

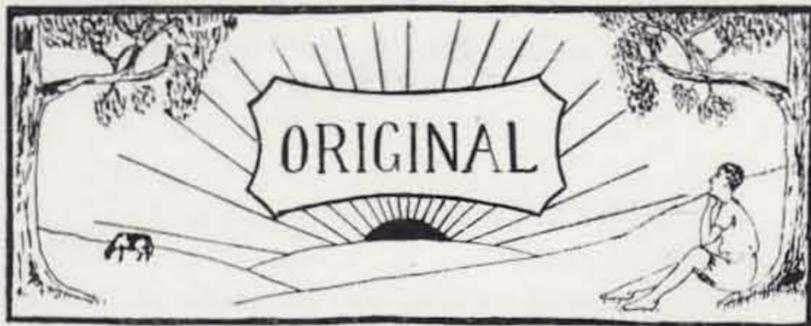
House Matches

Orchid, whose team contained six members of the school hockey team, were the victors. Results:—

Orchid, 5 points; Bluegum, 4 points; Wattle, 3 points; Clematis, 0 points.

tation, and the William Henley Cup for the best secondary school.

This magnificent performance has never been equalled by a High School. It is the first time that a High School has won the Premiership, which has always gone to one of the adult bayside clubs. We hope to give a good account of ourselves next year, as some of us are going to try for the Award of Merit. Our success was due mainly to two factors, the great interest taken in the pupils by Miss Broughton and Mr. Hesketh, and the large number of willing swimmers who followed the lead they gave.



ON TIME

The clock at our house is a striking affair,
 And its chimes are extremely melodious,
 But the times when its time is correct are quite rare,
 Which habit is perfectly odious.
 In my short career there's been many a time
 When I've wished that old clock a good riddance,
 For, if the right hour it happens to chime,
 That would seem to be mere coincidence.

Oh! What is the use of a clock that's not right,
 No matter what hour I go
 To consult it, and if I allow for its flight,
 Then it's equally sure to be slow.
 A day will soon come when this clock, I've no doubt,
 Will have ceased to receive my abuses,
 And, though I'll be glad that its chime is worn out,
 I'll have lost my most glib of excuses.

—K. Keighery, V.

DUSK

Star of even, star of rest,
 Star of peace and loveliness,
 Glimmering in the tinted sky,
 Watching as the last rays die,
 Behind the mantled hills;
 As the golden turns to red,
 As the red to purple shades,
 Slowly deep'ning into Night,
 Coming from his gloomy glades;
 A flock of swans fly overhead,
 Clanging loudly and are gone;
 A cricket chirrups in the grass,
 And day is done.

—M. Carpenter, V.

I INTERVIEW SATAN

One night I sat by the fire reading a book called "The Poisoners." In this story, accounts were found of a vast society who worshipped the Devil, who held Black Masses and practised sorcery, witchcraft, blasphemy, poisonings and other more horrible things of this nature.

I closed the book, and gazed into the lurid flames of the fire, and gradually strange visions revealed themselves there. As I sat thus, horror-stricken and spell-bound, I sud-

denly found myself confronted by the editor of the school magazine, wild-eyed and distraught. "You," said he, "are to interview Satan for us. You will leave on the next down-going lift. And," he added, "make sure you get a good story." I was by this time so interested in the personality of the Devil that the idea of an interview with him appealed to me. "All right," I answered, "but I must get an asbestos suit." "Very well," he snapped, "get what you like, but hurry up!"

So off I went, and just managed to slip into the lift in time. The further down we got the more my courage evaporated; I suppose it was the increasing temperature. Soon we reached the bottom. I stepped out, and looking round espied huge gates made of red-hot iron. These were guarded by two fiends holding their fabulous pitch-forks. I went up to these, and feeling very nervous, I enquired as to the whereabouts of the boss. "Oh," snarled one of them, "he's gone up on earth to persuade some more of you silly mortals to join our pleasant little gathering. He'll be back in about half-an-hour." "H'm," said I, "then I'll wait." And I sat down on a nearby rock, but finding it rather warm, I got up quicker than I sat down.

Soon came a great noise like the roaring of a scorching north wind, and then His Satanic Majesty appeared complete with horns, pitch-fork, tail, etc. "Well," he yelled, "what do you want?" "I've been sent to interview you," I replied, feeling not quite as bold as I sounded. "What do you want to know?" he asked ungraciously. For a moment I was at a loss. I hadn't thought of what I wanted to know! "Hurry up," he shouted, "don't stand there looking at me. What do you want?"

"Well," I stammered, saying the first thing that came into my head, "will you show me over your domain?" "H'm!" he demurred. "It's not usual for mortals to see it until they come to live here. However, as you've ventured so far, I'll make an exception for once."

He turned to the guardians of the gate and ordered them to admit us. I followed him through and immediately the heat became almost unbearable. We were surrounded by his followers, and making their way through the crowd were a number of small devils, each

carrying a bag. "Where are they going?" I asked. "They are school children," Satan replied. "They go to the H.H.S. We are in need of an extra teacher," he added; "I'm keeping a look-out for one." "They shouldn't be hard to find," I thought.

Then a great clanging came to my ears. "What's that?" I asked. "Hell's bells," was the reply. "Oh," I said, "I've heard of them." "Well, come along," Satan said, "I'll take you to my kitchen." "Wouldn't it be rather warm there?" I objected. "Perhaps it would," he agreed. "Would you like a little refreshment? Here are some rock cakes and a glass of fire water." When I took a bite of the cake my mouth turned into an oven, and sparks flew everywhere. I took a draught from the glass of water to soothe it, but this was like a stream of molten lead. "Ha! ha!" laughed the Devil. "That doesn't seem to agree with you." "No," I returned, "I've a stomach lined with lead now, I think. I'll be able to stand anything after this."

Then I felt a stinging sensation on my leg, and looking round, found that a playful little devil was poking his small but sharp pitchfork into me. "His name is Ronnie, the Red-hot Roman," I was told.

At this juncture I realized that the magazine would be going to press in five minutes, and if I did not catch the next lift, my story would not be presented in time. I thanked the Devil very warmly for his kindness, and rushing out of the gates, managed to catch the lift just in time.

Although I had found Satan really quite pleasant, my interview with him made me decide that never would I take up permanent residence in his domain!—Jean Sinclair, IV.a.

MY RETREAT

To me that place was dearer than all else,
Save my dear home now but a memory,
And to it I would always flee for rest,
Away from toil and thoughtless revelry.

It was a leafy glade beside the stream,
That rippled by the rock that was my throne,
And drenched with foam the stones about my feet,
The banks of maiden-hair—'t was mine alone.

At least I thought for no path led by it,
It lay deep hidden in the deepest glen;
The wandering herd came not to rest by it,
It was the home of Nature, shunned by men.

—M. Carpenter, V.

TRIOLET

The watery kingdom is wild and rife,
Neptune is fighting the wind,
Snorting sea-horses roar to the strife,
The watery kingdom is wild and rife,
Coral caves tremble with Triton's fife;
Fired by the whip of the fiend,
The watery kingdom is wild and rife,
Neptune is fighting the wind!

—Mac., V.

A SCHOOLGIRL'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE

As we leave home at 7 a.m. in the morning, having previously left a warm bed and breakfast, what bitter thoughts enter our minds that Dandenong High School is so far away.

My thoughts as I pedal along would not be fit for publication, so I will save time and omit them.

Arriving at the station at 7.25, we are informed, politely, of course, that the train has left fifteen minutes late and will not arrive till 7.45. Out comes a text-book and we settle down to "swot" and freeze for twenty very cold minutes. Something seems to have gone wrong with the Victorian Railways' slogan, "On time all the time," and it is 7.50 when the protesting train finally pulls into the station. We pile in and after another wait of ten minutes, while a sheeptruck is being loaded, we start with a jerk. All goes well until the next station is reached, and then the fun begins. A lady with two children tries to enter a reserved compartment and is led away, protesting loudly, by the station official. The train starts again, but stops suddenly as the obliging guard sees a late passenger arriving. After purchasing his ticket, changing his gum-boots and kissing his wife good-bye, he enters the train. We again proceed on our journey, this time with more success.

Luckily, no further mishaps occur and we finally arrive at Dandenong only ten minutes late.

Then comes a rush to get to school at the prescribed time. And then they say the school-child's life is a happy one!—E. Goepel, V.

Teacher: "Remember, Jimmy, a job well done never needs doing again."

Jimmy: "Have you ever mowed the lawn, sir?"

THE OCEAN

The ocean is as blue as blue
 As any summer sky,
 The white foam rides upon the waves
 Along the beach to lie.

At sunset, calm pervades the blue,
 And a great stream of gold
 Is all that shows across the bay,
 Where late the breakers rolled.

At midnight hush, the moon will peep
 Above the deep grey wall,
 And silver gleam where sunset gold
 Across the blue did fall.

That silver sheen will be replaced
 By the glow of the rising sun,
 And then the sea will blue again,
 And the round day be run.

—Joyce Wright, IV.a.

ON ALGEBRA

I have been asked quite a deal about the history and meaning of Algebra, so for those lucky people who know nothing about it, I will endeavour to explain it. Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some become mathematicians—don't ask me, I don't know why. These mathematicians get together, and we find that, as far back as Euclid, they devised rules to work out all the problems that no one had ever been able to solve before. Thus Algebra was made, and now we have an absolutely marvellous method of working out simple problems by intricate methods. It is taught in all the best schools, and when one has learnt all the points of it, one may become a commercial traveller, a lawyer, or even a lighthouse keeper. Think what fun it would be to work out how much oil the lamp would use in a million years!

Now to fully explain this subject I must give examples, so here are some:—

(a) If six mushrooms are growing in a row, and two cows, a bird and a mouse come along, and each eats x , or y , mushrooms, find their whereabouts.

(b) A man has x pounds in the bank. At the end of six years, at an interest of 5% per six months, he has £999/19/9-8/9ths. Find the object of his interest.

(c) Two trains set out from different stations, one travelling at 60 m.p.h., the other at 75 m.p.h. One travels in a north-south-

westerly direction, the other in a south-north-easterly direction. When will they meet and why?

(d) Two ships are sent to the Sandwich Isles with a load of bully beef. The current flowing with them, they arrive in 6 hours. If the tide had been against them, they would have arrived in x hours. Find the velocity of the current and whether current sandwiches are better than current news.

Oh, it is a most interesting subject! I could go on enumerating its uses for a couple more pages, but as I am needed to write a treatise on "The Paring of Centipedes' Toenails," I had better not waste any more of my valuable time. So, my dear readers (both of you), I leave you with just one last word. You simply must learn Algebra! It's just too, too, exciting!—H. Smith, V.

FAIRIES

Have you ever seen the fairies,
 Play in their little fairy ring,
 Clustering round the flowers and berries,
 And listening to the bluebells ring?
 At stroke of midnight out they dance,
 While all the world is sleeping,
 Each carries a blade of grass for a lance,
 All is joy; there is no weeping.
 And Princess Mab is there to-night
 Leaping over the mushrooms tall,
 Until there comes a glimmer of light,
 Which scatters the fairies one and all.
 Oh! the fairies frolic where nobody walks,
 In a bright green fairy ring,
 A spider-web tied between buttercup stalks,
 Makes them a capital swing.

—Betty Hopkins, IV.c.

GOLD

Each day at dawn the sun doth rise,
 To send its rays across the skies,
 He peeps above the hills and sees
 Golden blossoms on wattle trees;
 Over the rugged ranges gleaming
 He comes, to rouse the bushland dreaming;
 Golden fish in the glittering beams,
 Dart as they search the limpid streams;
 A golden chaffinch flutters by,
 As a buttercup opens to peep at the sky;
 The nodding daisies of every hue,
 Are now bejewelled with glistening dew;
 The golden apples all sway with ease,
 Slowly and gently in the breeze.

—Marie Perry, III.a.

A FROSTY MORN

How cold it looks at half-past six,
 How nice and warm in bed,
 How fast the clock those minutes ticks,
 "That blessed clock!" is said.

A rush of clothes! 'tis nearly eight,
 How will I catch that train!
 I push along, I'm here at last,
 That ride has cleared my brain.

I'm greeted with, "It's slightly cold,
 Do come and warm your toes,
 On these footwarmers, near as warm
 As your frostbitten nose."

And then to school with hands all numb,
 We think of bright warm fires,
 Ah, woe is me! the sight we see,
 But sharpens our desires.

—H. Pagan, IV.c.

SOMETHING FUNNY

"Oh, Miss Jones."

"Yes, Mr. Chips?"

"The Editor wants you; better look out,
 he's in a bad mood this morning."

"Thanks for the warning, Mr. Chips." I
 proceeded towards the Editor's office with a
 sinking heart. What had I done now? He
 had never wanted me so early before. I
 knocked on the door nervously.

"Come in," bellowed a very large, cross
 voice. I entered, my knees shaking.

"Ah! Good morning, Miss Jones. I have a
 little job for you to do. I want you to write
 an article for the 'Daily Herald.' Anything
 at all so long as it's amusing. Must be funny
 you understand. That's all for now, good
 morning."

"Good morning, sir," I chirped. This was
 easy. Why, there were hosts of amusing
 things to write on. Why, there was—um—
 yes—well there were, well, dash it all, what
 was there? Er—let me see—I could make
 quite an amusing article on funny, fussy old
 women buying hats. They are terribly funny.
 Now, how do I start? Let me see—they used
 to be funny, anyhow—not so funny now—in
 fact, not funny at all. Goodness, this isn't
 as easy as I thought it was.

Now, what next? What on earth was some-
 thing amusing? Ah, I know! a small boy
 visiting the dentist. That always raises a
 laugh. Come to think of it though, it's not
 amusing from his point of view. Why, I

distinctly remember when I was small—I was
 going to the dentist—not funny—not a bit
 amusing—hey! hold on! this won't keep me
 my job.

Wonder has old Hippelwater ever tried
 writing a funny article? Bet he hasn't. Ah!
 I have it, I'll write an article on him. He'd
 make anything laugh—bushy eyebrows, triple
 chin, shiny bald head—stop a bit; he's the
 editor, that won't do—he might recognize
 himself, not that he would, he's too vain; but
 still, better to be sure than sorry. Too bad.
 The only funny thing so far, and I can't
 write on it.

Well, I don't know. Cats are funny some-
 times—sometimes—when though? Now tell
 me, when are cats funny? I've never seen a
 funny cat, but that's not unusual because I've
 never seen anything funny.

"Mr. Chips," I called in despair.

"Yes, Miss Jones?"

"Do you know of anything in this dreary
 world that is funny, humorous, amusing?"

"Why, Miss Jones, there's lots of things
 if you only think for a minute."

Good heavens, was the man mad? What
 had I been doing for the past hour but think?

"Something funny, amusing, funny, humor-
 ous article, amusing," the words ran through
 my head—a dismal lugubrious monotony—a
 succession of meaningless words.

Old women—babies—dogs—always used to
 be funny—roars of laughter—not a bit humor-
 ous now.

Puffing old men running for trains—young,
 pimply men—giggling, affected girls—I used
 to think they were funny once—come to think
 of it, I laughed at them once—why, I wonder?
 I must have been crazy—they're not
 funny—not a bit. But then, there never was
 anything funny, never will be anything funny
 again. This world is altogether too dull and
 dry.—Bessie George, IV.c.

AUTUMN GOLD

Softly blows the wind through the golden trees,
 Fall the golden autumn leaves, rustling in the breeze;
 Golden, russet, red and yellow,
 Gentle movement, colours mellow,
 To the golden carpet, 'neath the thinning boughs,
 Many a golden shower in beauty flutters down;
 Golden sunbeams tremble, limpid bird-notes ring,
 Autumn's golden messengers softest memories bring.

—F. Adamson, IV.a.

THE STREAM

The stream has a life of leisure and ease,
As it twists and winds among the trees,
Sometimes slow and sometimes fast,
Until it reaches the sea at last.

Never has all the water gone,
For there's always more; hurrying on
To flow into a bay close by,
And reflect the moonbeams to the sky.

The moonbeams shine on the waterfall,
As over the rocks the torrents sprawl,
And the water clear is gleaming bright,
Till at last it passes out of sight.

And after every shower of rain,
The stream begins to run again.
On and on the currents go
With eddying rush or even flow.

—F. Prossor, IV.a.

EXTERNAL TORTURE

It was exam. morning and breakfast for me was out of the question. Jealousy overcame me as I proceeded to the exam. room to see business people going to their work seemingly without a care. Yet they may have, in past days, gone through the very ordeal through which I was passing. Although the country was bright, I was greeted by a sea of glum faces at the examination hall, while my arrival added yet another patch of misery to this miserable whole. My mind was in turmoil, the thought of the coming exam. permeated every small corner of it whilst the overflow seemed to have been deposited in the pit of my stomach, where it was causing havoc. During the last few minutes overlooked points were looked up with feverish haste. The hall doors opened and the superintendent appeared, seemingly beckoning us to our fate. Papers were passed out and the questions were read with an occasional sigh or groan from some ill-fated student. The first question was on Napoleon, but owing to the preliminary fright I wrote on King Alfred, but I found my mistake and this little incident cleared away all fear and confusion. The pen flew, and soon the exam. was over, and was I thankful, because the room had become stuffy and the seat hard. The tired pen was left lying exhausted on the desk and work was left which would decide my fate as to pass or fail. I passed out of the hall and everything was very bright. It was like throwing off a great load, as I came out. My

step was springy and I was happy, my spirits were high and they were not dampened when I tumbled into a pool of muddy water. So I went home wet but happy; exams. were over, and all that remained was to wait in increasing nervous agitation for the results.—J. Griggs, IV.a.

TREE TALK

Aurora, flinging wide the gates of day
To let the splendour of the sun-god break
Across our waking sphere,
Lends to common earth her regal sway,
And green against the flushing sky, the oak
My freshened mind holds dear.

But when the fiery gold has reached his height
The proud oak droops beneath his cruel ire.
Yet strong against the blue.
The towering gumtree sways in borrowed light
Its dusky leaves and naked trunk afire—
My heart feels warmer, too.

My changing moods change with the changing
day,
My thoughts grow deeper with the deep'ning light
Till seeking rest from care
The pine, in mystery clad, becomes my stay,
Its strength, its tapering pride are lost from sight—
My soul bows down in prayer.

—Mac., V.

THE SECRET OF THE BLACK APE

"Inspector" Donaldson was worried. Situated in the grounds of an ancient castle believed to be haunted was a quaint old shed. He had studied this shed and had found it not only covered a trapdoor, but it also concealed the tracks of the "Sea Fang."

"Inspector" Donaldson had thought a great deal about this "Sea Fang" organization which, as well as smuggling goods into the country, held the secret of the "Tomb of the Black Ape." One day while he was engaged in his ordinary duties, his attention was attracted by a beautiful young blonde. On following her he saw that she entered the Casino, a place where undesirables could easily meet. Without a sound he managed to conceal himself behind a chest near the table where she was sitting. After hearing her conversation with See-Kin-Su, a suspected agent of the Sea Fang, he was thoroughly convinced that she was somehow connected with the "Criminals." He immediately set out to find his friends Cole and Webster, and persuaded them to accompany him to the

"tomb of the Black Ape." Forming a strong party they set out. It was dark when they reached the vault, and the raven was the only creature that announced their arrival. Finding a back door, they crept in and beheld the "Sea Fang" at a meeting. He was addressing a group of glowering and desperate characters. All at once he turned to our hero and seemed to assume a more familiar, though hardly less terrible form. "Donaldson," he said deliberately, "do you know the place? Go on where Jones left off."—Gwen Markley, II.a.

NIGHT ON THE MURRAY

Wafted softly 'cross the river,
Come the tinkling cattle-bells,
Borne on breezes cool and sweet,
Hear the murmuring waterfalls.
Sharply on the still night air
Barks a dog, then silence reigns,
Stars are shining, over all
Moonlight softly clothes the plains.
Frogs are croaking in the creek,
Owls are hooting in the trees,
Black shapes 'gainst a starry sky,
Sighing through them moves the breeze.
In the darkness move the cattle
Lowling softly now and then;
Restless shadows, munching, breathing
Heavily; and now a hen,
Feeling some imagined dread,
Cackles once, her voice then dies;
From a dimly distant farm
Crows a cock to moonlit skies.

—Flora Moller, V.

THE FAIRY FOLK

Midst the swans and lilies,
That float upon the streams,
The fairies gaily laugh and dance
Beneath the white moonbeams.

In pink and red, blue and mauve,
They laugh in the lilies fair;
I see their tiny faces,
And their shining golden hair.

While o'er the moonlit waters,
The pixies sail around,
The blossoms are their galleons—
And move without a sound.

And when Night lifts her mystic veil,
To beckon to the sun,
The fairy folk will run and hide
And sleep till day is done.

—Marie Perry, III.a.

A DREAM

As I lay basking in the sun
Upon the golden sand,
My thoughts had gone a-wandering
To many a far-off land.

To Sweden's land of ice and snow,
To India's wandering street,
To Spain, the land where olives grow,
To Russia's snow and sleet.

I saw the people of these lands,
In all their gay array;
The tongues of none could I understand
As they passed on their way.

And in a flash this scene was changed—
The babble of tongues had ceased,
A roll of drums dinned in my ears,
It was a cannibal feast.

I woke! My heart was pounding fast,
I started to my feet.
The threat'ning throb of drums had passed—
It was traffic in the street.

—R. Fletcher, IV.a.

MY FARM

I obtain a great deal of pleasure out of what I term, "My Farm." It consists of a cow, eighteen hens, three roosters, a cat and a dog. A very small farm it is, you will say, but quite enough for me to manage.

The cow, whose name is Blossom, is a Jersey, and very quiet and docile. She shows her delight at a choice feed. Especially does she like the parings of the table vegetables, carrot tops, cabbage leaves, pea pods, etc. She very frequently visits the spots where these are likely to be deposited. Poor thing! Two or three years ago she broke one of her horns, through sparring with an imaginary cow, which proved to be a paling fence. The blood flowed, but Friar's Balsam and a roller bandage fixed it. The bandage remained on for weeks. Eventually it came off like an old glove. Ever since that Blossom has been disfigured. It must hurt her feminine vanity. But then, cows don't use looking glasses.

The roosters cluck their persuasive best to attract their favourite hens to a choice morsel, or I should say an imaginary choice morsel, for it is noticeable that the greedy males eat their fill first. One little hen named Sarah is especially quick and active. When she lays an egg, everyone knows, for she clucks her hardest, strutting around as proud as a pea-

cock. She was given me by my Grandfather, together with a solitary chicken she had hatched without her owner's knowledge. The three roosters are for the dinner-table when fat enough. If they grow any more handsome no one will have the heart to kill them. The fowls are the most profitable part of my farmyard for they provide my pocket money. The trouble is that when my hens start laying, the price of eggs invariably falls to about 6d. per dozen.

Micky, my dog, is my constant companion. He is an Irish terrier, with a square, ugly, but lovable face. He keeps me in constant rows with Dad for burying his bones in the garden, or breaking down the flowers.

Manx, the cat, is white with a funny little bent tail about two inches long. When she is pleased she wags it like a dog. Her favourite place of rest seems to be on my shoulder. She and the dog are friends and enemies by turn.

Five o'clock in the afternoon generally finds me milking the cow, with the cat on my shoulder and the dog by my side. No matter how trying the day has been, I always end it happily in this company.—M. Platt, IV.a.

SPRING

Oh, Spring, I know thee! Seek for sweet surprise,
In the children's eyes.
But I have learnt, these years, and know the yet
Leaf-folded violet.
My ear, awake in silence, can foretell
The cuckoo's fitful bell.
I wander in a dull time that encloses
June,—and the wild hedge-roses.
All you sweet birds so slient yet; I know
Those notes which stir you so.
Your songs yet have devised in the dim, dear,
Beginnings of the year.
I know the secrets of the seeds and flowers,
Hidden, and warm with showers;
But not one flower I think of, is
My own, but memory's.
The poet mused upon the dusky height,
Between two stars, just in the night,—
His purpose in his heart, I watched, awhile,
The meaning of his smile.
My heart, and all the Summer, wait his choice
And wonder for his voice:
Who shall foretell his poems, and who suggest
The truths within his breast?
Sweet earth, we know thy hardest mysteries—
But he, alone, is lord of his!

—Shirley Stone, III.a.

THE SEA

Ye rolling waves who smite the rugged shore,
What damage have ye wrought in distant deeps,
What drowned men upon your bosom sleep,
While ye with gay and carefree hearts roll o'er?
Though they this pleasant earth will view no more,
Ye roll along and over crags do leap,
Then with a rush upon the shore ye sweep
As if your life had passed to be no more,
If man, like ye could cover every trace
Of evil wrought in his deep tide of life,
If bitter deeds and words were smoothed with grace
Instead of cutting like a two-edged knife,
Death's vale wolud be a calm and pleasant place,
He'd face the shore without the sense of strife.

—R. Wilson, IV.a.

LITTLE KNOWN AUSTRALIAN INDUSTRIES

"Advance Australia Fair." What familiar words these are! They ring through our hearts as we look on all our sunny country and think of her chief sources of wealth. Her primary products are familiar to us all—wheat from her far-stretching plains; wool, from millions of sheep on the rolling grasslands; cattle from the hinterland; and every variety of fruit from tropical Queensland to the cool blue distances of Tasmania. Do we know of her many minor, but none the less interesting industries?

Up on the Barrier Reef, a marvel of natural loveliness, is an industry which is both interesting and important.

The trochus shell is the chief source of the mother-of-pearl from which buttons are made. In the past the reef has been extremely valuable for pearls and beche-de-mer, and the trochus shell was despised as a useless molusc of the reefs. Now all this is changed, as trochus and trepang fishing go hand in hand.

The trochus fishers operate chiefly from Thursday Island. They seek the shell in the Torres Strait and the shallow waters inside the Reef. The shells are gathered from the sea floor by skin divers and are left on the smooth sands of some island beach or sandbank. Here they are allowed to rot before being washed, bagged and stowed away until the cutter reaches port. In calm weather a single ship may gather shells worth from £400 to £600.

And so we leave the little ships, happy methinks in serving the embodiments of true

Australian courage, sailing into the sunset.

Do you know what mohair is? Let me tell you. It is the fine, long, silky fleece of the Angora goat. From these fleeces mohair fabrics are made. As the name implies, this goat came originally from Angora in Turkey.

A Melbourne merchant named Sechel was the pioneer of the mohair industry in Australia. In 1856 he imported seven Angora goats to Melbourne and they were kept at Royal Park. To-day the industry is confined mainly to South Gippsland, principally in the Lakes' district. If you should ever happen to see in South Gippsland a flock of goats reminiscent of Biblical Egypt, it will probably be a flock of these aristocrats of goat land.

Up amongst the gum and pine forests in the south-east and north-west of Western Australia there grows the sandalwood tree. This is a small low tree not much larger than a hedge shrub, and from its tender heart comes the sandalwood to satisfy the wants of the world.

The sandalwood is used for several purposes, for when dry it has a beautiful fragrance and is much esteemed for incense. A medicinal oil may be distilled from it also. And how many little sandalwood boxes contain a queen's jewels or rest in the dusk and peace of a Chinese temple?

From the cool groves of the west it is taken and transported by camels, whose silver bells tinkle softly through the silence as the train, guided by its Afghan driver, winds its way through the shining sand dunes.

Undoubtedly Australia has many more little known industries. May they prosper and help to place Australia in its rightful position amongst the foremost nations of the world.—Noreen Hume, Form III.a.

BEAUTY

The rose of many a tender hue,
Suffused with pearls of morning dew,
Stands glistening, haughty in its pride,
Showering its beauty far and wide.
But 'neath this form of beauteous grace,
A violet shyly hides its face,
It has not beauty as the rose,
But still with happiness it glows.
Yet, both these flowers are much the same,
They thrive upon the falling rain,
As Nature made them, so they stay,
Eternally, through time's long day.

—S. Bloch, IV.c.

LITTLE EFFORTS

A little child I am, indeed,
And little do I know,
Much care and help I yet shall need
That I may wiser grow.
If I would ever hope to do
Things good, and great, and useful, too.
But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only like to play,
And talk, and laugh, and eat, and drink,
And sleep, and wake, and think.
One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed.
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?
Then let me try, each day and hour,
To act upon this plan;
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus, I try,
I may do better bye and bye.

—Shirley Stone, III.a.

"DIARY OF A DANDY"

(Being the Remembrances of Montmorency Archibald Fahle-Bretherton.)

Febwuawy 6.—Bai Jove! Eh! Quate an interwesting day. Ai expewienced quate a feeling of pwide at seeing the deah old School again. Mai pater says at the beginning of every yeah: "Montmowency Archibald Fahle-Bwetherton, you are now commencing a fwesh yeah's work. See that you uphold 'the honawh of yawh name.'" It would saim that the pater wegards mai as not having worked vewy hard last yeah. Deah mai, it was hawdly mai fault that ewewyone else worked slightly hawder. O cawhse, Ai just had to give the othah fellahs a chawnce, don't you know?

Febwuawy 21.—The Head announced the pwefects to-day. Ai was quate weady to weceive the awe-inspiwing badge but no one offahed it to mai, dweadful paiple! Ai nevah could compwehend, all the yeahs that Ai've been a seniah, the weason whai Ai wasn't made a pwefect. So disappointing for the Fahle-Bwethertons, what?

March 13.—Combined Swimming Sports to-day! Quate cool in the watah, so Ai was told. But Ai became feahfully hot from mai

exertions at encowagement and was fawced to wesort to the time-worn wemedey of a bottle of Owange Champagne.

May 20.—Exams. are just ovah. Stwange, vevy stwange, indeed Ai could have positively sworn Ai would bai top this term. Fwightfully disappointing to find that all the form had the same bwight ideah, and that they came neawah to it than Ai did. You should have heard what the Head said to mai—.

June 29.—Well! Well! Holidays are ovah. Tewwibly beautiful sunshiny day (such a wawe occuwvence). Ai felt so fwee this mawhning that Ai stopped and suweyed the landscape. Awwived at school wathah late though, and it needed quate a lot of persuasion to make the taichah accept mai explanation and aiven then he was wathah doubtful. And some dweadful boundah of a pwefect dwopped a hint that perhaps Ai had dallied on the way to spaik to mai lady-fwiend. Feahful cad. Of all the beastly chaik.

July 18.—Saw a jolly old girl pwefect to-day weawing bwown shoes! Disgwaceful! Ai mentioned the feahful fact to her. Ai expected her to at least thank mai gwatefully and then wush off home to change them, but what did the beastly girl do but wathah wudely weply. "Maind yawh own business, you!" Ai was quate dumbfounded at that. Fancy wefewwing to a Fahle-Bwetherton as "you"!

August 8.—Exams. neah again. Ai simply must get to work, but it will be tewwibly bawing. The jolly old form-captain weminded mai that since the exams. were but two days off it maight bai as well to stop mai forty winks duwing Chemistwy.

October 20. — Combined Sports again. Fancy our deah boys topping the list. Ai simply had to celebuate, what? The pawh girls were unfortunate, of cawhse, since Ai was unable to give them the personal encowagement that they naided; but it was pwobably because Ai waved the deah old School cap to them that the hockey taim won.

November 15. — Mawvellous fete to-day. The little Juniah boys were pewhaps wathah wude or othahwise for when Ai told them that the pater was wich enough to buy the whole place faive taimes ovah, they fairly thwew aniseed balls at mai.

November 20.—Howwid exams. are looming ahead. I weally must work now. Ai'm sure mai knowledge will surpass eveybody's: English—Macbeth is a comedy; Maths. II.— $y = x^2$ is a hyperbola. Bai Jove! Ai think Ai'll come top this yeah!—D. Gilbert, V.

THE RIVER

Far down among the gleaming reeds,
That stir the silent river,
Long gleaming eels swim silent past,
And gleaming fishes quiver.
And out behind some waving wands,
A mother swan glides by,
And, with her slowly churning feet,
Swims on with gleaming eye.
Up far above amidst the gloom
And outlined by the moon,
A circling teal wings on its way
To land in some lagoon.
And Time himself, glides slowly on,
Nor does his steps retrace,
And, but our everlasting thoughts
Are mirrored on his face.

—G. Cowe, IV.a.

NIGHT TERROR

I ran madly along the stony country road. My heart was thumping within me. I glanced behind. Yes, it was still there! How I wished there was more cover on the dreary plains! The mists were rising over many a stony rise, giving a creepy atmosphere to the rugged hills. To left and to right of me were treacherous bogs. Oh! how I wished for some company! Once more I glanced behind to see a dark-clad figure—masked and brandishing a murderous-looking dagger. The moon shone down on his sinister eyes. Momentarily I saw them. I recognized him as the evil-smelling shipowner near the market. What had I done to him? I knew not but, fear swelling within me, I stumbled blindly on. I fell, and yet he did not catch up. His footsteps echoed mysteriously in the silent night. Oh, how I wished I was in bed at home!

He was coming nearer. My breath was coming in gasps. I could not go much further. I fell over a jagged stone, tearing my legs. With a gasp of joy the villain ran up to me. He grasped me brutally by the collar and sat me on a small rock.

"Now I have you!" he hissed in my ears.

A shiver of terror ran down my back as he waved his glittering dagger. He made a downward swipe. I took a breath—I knew it to be my last. My scream rent the night!

I woke up! My forehead was drenched in perspiration! Oh! the blessed relief of knowing that I was safe. That all the dreadful horrors I had just been through were unreal! Never had my bed seemed to me such a haven of security—Thelma Whitehead, IV.c.

SILVER

Underneath the willow-trees are depths so green and dim

They almost hide the crystal creek, where silver fishes swim,

The creek comes tumbling over rocks by fern and maidenhair,

But the silver chatter ceases, where the willows stand so fair.

And in those depths so green and dim, the silver fins and gold

Turn gently backward—to and fro—as silently they fold,

They make the hottest day seem cool and something like a dream,

Where silver fins and silver leaves are mirrored in the stream.

—M. McCallum, IV.a.

"WE'LL BE SORRY . . ."

When we leave school
And go to work,
We'll often think, I vow,
Of good times we all had then,
And bad times, too—and how . . . !
Of crocky chairs,
And drawing pins,
And balanced books o'er doors,
And tables put near platform's edge,
And books dropped down on floors.
Of teachers fat
And teachers slim,
Of teachers tall and short,
Of teachers who were grim and dour,
Of teachers who were sought.
Of term exams.,
And tests and tasks,
And how we used to swot
Just for the honour of the thing,
And not for what we got.
And we'll be sorry
Then, I know,
To think we've left behind
Our school and pals we've known for years
Though we keep them all in mind.

—H. Smith, V.

SUNRISE

A mirrored wake of water 'neath the dawn,
Shivers in the coolness of the waking morn.
An eerie light as of another world
Glow through the fleecy fog banks, which like unfurled
Banners, that part to let forth the rising sun,
Disperse, and glide away by fresh winds borne.

The chill dark greyness of the mystic hour
That comes before the sun leaps from its bower,
Melts fast away, a gentle glow of gold
Appears, and by the shore stand out in bold
Relief, the slender masts of sleeping ships;
And golden sunbeams wake each pretty flower.

—Noreen Hume, III.a.

MORNING

At last the sun is on her way,
Heralding another day,
Her golden rays around her gleam
And find their way to a tranquil stream.

The fields of rippling golden rye
May be seen by any passer-by;
The little busy working bees
Now wend their way through golden trees.

The brilliant birds around us fly
And make their way across the sky,
They cross the plain to the purple hills,
As day, uneasy nature stills.

—A. Gilchrist, III.a.

Policeman: "What is your name?"

Chinaman: "Sneeze."

Policeman: "Is that your real name?"

Chinaman: "No, that's in English."

Policeman: "Well, what is your real name?"

Chinaman: "Ah Choo."

* * *

Mother: "Well, William, did you do anything else at the Sunday School picnic besides eat?"

William: "Yes, Mother, we sang a hymn called, 'We can sing, full though we be.'"

Mother: "Why, William!"

Big sister: "The hymn, Mother, was 'Weak and sinful though we be.'"

* * *

Schoolmaster (to son of doctor): "I'm sorry to say I shall have to send for your father to report your conduct to him."

Son: "You'll be sorry if you do, 'cos Dad charges five guineas a visit."



INDIAN CURRY!

India, land of contrasts! Slow moving bullock carts with almost-naked, dusky drivers, are jostled by liveried-driven, speedy limousines. East meets West at every turn. Electric light displaces the crude oil-lamp with spluttering wick. Telegraph and wireless speed messages formerly carried by runners. Modern electric and steam trains rush past sleepy villages. The princely dwelling of the big landlord overshadows the straw hut of the outcaste poor.

The proud and lordly Brahmin priest of Hindus walks down the road; the lowly untouchable shrinks to the side to let him pass lest even his shadow might defile.

Time has little value to the slow-moving East. "Don't do to-day what you may be able to do to-morrow," seems their motto. It takes three days to complete a marriage in India. The young people do not choose their own partners—their parents do that—and they are often strangers till the day of the marriage. But, as ten is the average age of Hindu brides, this does not matter very much. The mother-in-law has to teach the little bride how to manage the home, but until she grows up, she spends most of her time in her mother's home.

The farmers still plough their fields with little wooden ploughs, drawn by oxen. During harvest time small boys and girls as well as men and women, watch the fields by night and day to drive away the birds and animals. Mounted on a rough platform above the crop, they use the sling with unerring aim. When the crop is ripe it is cut by hand with a sickle and carted to the threshing floor. The grain is threshed out by bullocks trampling over it, while the warm northerly breezes act as winnow. At the commencement of the sorgam harvest (sorgam — a type of millet) the farmer invites his friends to eat unripe grain roasted among dried dung-cakes. After the

gods have been appeased by having the first fruits offered them, the household may partake. Then with great rejoicing among the family and friends, the occasion is celebrated with a feast. This is served on a large platter of brass and various smaller dishes, and comprises numerous tasty concoctions.

When one feels completely satisfied a dish of fruit is brought out from the dark kitchen by a woman. A good cup of well sweetened and seasoned tea then follows. After lengthy conversations and performances by a visiting juggler, adieus are said and the visitors are allowed to proceed home.

Sugar cane is grown very widely in Western India below the Nera canal, which is fed from the Lloyd Dam in the Western Ghats. This dam is one of the largest in the world. It is one mile long and a hundred and seventy feet high. The masonry in the dam, if built into a wall six feet high and eighteen inches thick would stretch six hundred miles. The juice of the sugar cane is crushed out between rollers. This is boiled and made into jaggery, which is used widely by the Indians. The juice with a dash of lemon juice makes a very tasty beverage.

The jaggery is paid to the avaricious merchant who has helped the ignorant farmer with finance. Hence the wealthy merchant and the poor farmer. He must never doubt the merchant's word, for, are there not his servants, the low caste mahars, to fear? They have a right to every dead animal, and they are always willing and ready to carry out orders from a superior if it means a feed of animal flesh.

This caste of people is very low down in the scale of the caste system, and they are not allowed to live inside the village wall. There is still one lower caste, the "Mangs." By profession they are rope makers and broom makers, and, unprofessionally they are first class thieves and liars. They are riddled with family feuds that last from generation to generation; and a Mang quarrel is the last thing in expressiveness.

The professional thieves are many, some of high caste and some of low; they have no dealings with one another. One caste thieves by day, another by night; one does petty bazaar thieving, another plans large robberies; another works in gangs and runs

through trains all over India, another does false coining and very cleverly passes off the coins, while others trade in false jewellery.

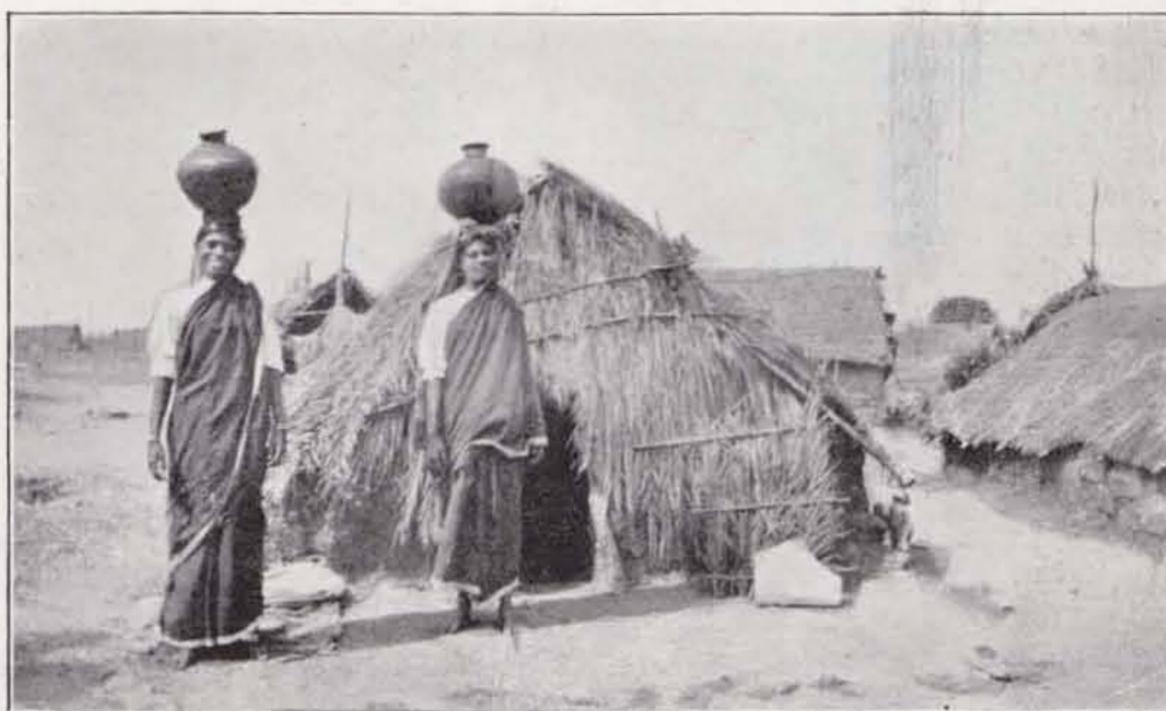
Then there are religious mendicants who number about five millions. Let me picture one or two to you. Here is a wild-eyed "holy" man with unkempt locks and loose saffron robe. He carries a brass begging bowl, and a small dagger. As he goes from door to door, he tries to arouse sympathy by piercing his legs with his dagger.

Here is a group of three "holy" men; they are dressed in Indian women's clothes and wear high sugarloaf hats made of peacocks feathers. They are beating their kettledrums

DAILY VISITORS IN INDIA

Fancy a scorching wind that seems to gather the heat as it travels across the great plains blowing dust that nearly hides the landscape and blinds one, as one struggles along the bullock-cart track. At the end of a morning's walk there is little left of one but a pool of water. When you take a change of clothes from the drawer it feels and smells like new baked bread.

Even in your bungalow, in the middle of the day, you feel as if you are in a lime-kiln. So we seek the shadow of the bungalow. The choice place is that moist spot at the back of the bungalow, under the pomegranate trees,



Kaikadi Women-Guides.

and raking in the coins of the credulous. Farther on we catch sight of still another kind of "saint" standing on one leg. An admiring bystander informs us that he has been in this position for three hours and has nine more hours to fulfil his vows. On a little mat in front of him are scattered many coins which he will, no doubt, appropriate when he finishes his amazing balancing stunt. To an outsider it seems like ludicrous child's play, but the tragedy of it overwhelms one and chokes back any momentary inclination to be amused.

To direct the masses of India into healthy, useful channels, and to give the great hungry heart of India a noble outlook for her overflowing instincts of devotion, is the problem that lies before her reformers.—Vera Coventry, V.

where the bath-water runs out into the grounds. We do not mind sharing with the fowls, for they have already taken possession, and are fitting themselves into little hollows scraped in the cool, damp earth.

The next best place is the wide verandah, where long before noon the birds have begun to gather, away from the scorching heat of the sun. Up in the rafters we see the thrush sitting, solitary and speechless, then down among the roots of the creeper, hopping idly about, turning over a dead leaf here and there and talking to one another in a quarrelsome manner, are the "Seven Sisters." Then two or three well-breakfasted and well-behaved mynas drop in. On one of the beams of the roof sits the meek turtle-dove that coos patiently to his mate, sitting on her eggs in

the prickly pear hedge. The nest was first built on the rafters but was destroyed by that most shameless ruffian, the squirrel, that haunts the house; see him lying flat down upon the stone step crunching a crust of bread, stolen, of course.

Our next visitor is the crested Hoopoe, which every minute or two trots to one of those cup-shaped little holes which it makes and into which the ants slip. The Hoopoe knows exactly what is there, pokes its long beak down and pulls out the ants, to be swallowed like pills.

Along with the birds used to come a chameleon (lizard) every day, hunting ants and other insects; but a day or so ago it was breakfasted on by a sinister looking butcher-bird, and if it had been possible for me to have walked out among the thorny acacia trees, I should probably have seen the poor thing pinned up, with other creatures such as sparrows, ants and beetles, on the thorns of the trees which form the butcher-bird's larder.

On a large leafed begonia at the end of the verandah, the tiny tailor bird is busy sewing a leaf together for its nest. The little beak stitches away with its home-spun thread, and in a day or so, if we dare peep, we will see three tiny speckled eggs.

Out on the shrubs the beautifully-plumaged, purple sun-bird is gaily flitting from flower to flower sucking nectar. The sweet-songed bul-bul is busily tending her young on the same shrub. While over at the pond the kingfisher is watching his chances for his morning meal.

I can call up no vision of Indian life without the crow. It begins the day by watching the verandah, where you take your chota hazree (little breakfast), in hope to steal the toast. Then off it flies to the bazaar, where it quarrels with another crow for the remains of a dead bandicoot flattened by a passing cart-wheel. Remembering then that breakfast hour is near it hurries back to lose no chance of an eggshell or fishbone. On the way it notices the new-fledged sparrow and pounces ruthlessly down upon it. In April and May crows make nests of sticks, line them with coir, and love to add nick-nacks, such as spectacles and spoons, from the bungalow.

I must speak of the bat which spends the day in crevices about the caves or in the chinks of the window-shades, squeaking and

quarrelling on a small scale with its neighbour. At dusk it sallies forth after mosquitoes, beetles, flies and cockroaches. In turn the bat is a great attraction for the many snakes that frequent the bungalow grounds, and often the bat's peace is destroyed by this intruder.

The flying bat, or flying fox, spends its nights filling itself with green indigestible fruit, and it is not strange that they should be disagreeable by morning, and they all must sleep on the same tree within quarrelling distance of one another.

During the rainy season our visitors grow in number: white ants, moths and Spanish flies swarm into the bungalows. The little house "pal" (lizard) gorges on them.

Outside, the trees and bushes are intermittently lit up with myriads of little fireflies; I can only liken them to millions of twinkling stars.

Now, after a full day of nature study in the wonderful land of India, I think it time to crawl in under the mosquito-net, the only place where one is assured of a good night's rest, and protection from mosquitoes, rats, scorpions and snakes.

Good-night.—Muriel Coventry, I.a.

MY IDEAL

I'd like to be a sailor,
To sail o'er endless seas,
To see strange sights, to fight brave fights,
And visit far countries.

My fortune I'd set out to make
Of jewels and glittering gold,
Of ivory and ebony,
I'd win from pirates bold.

And haunting music I would hear,
Of mystic tales untold,
Of love and tears, of joy and fears,
Of magic bought and sold.

And when I'd seen and drunk my fill
Of the wonders of the world,
O'er the tossing foam I'd hie me home
Where my sails would be refurled.

—Bessie George, IV.c.

Second: "You're all right, Bill, the crowd's with you."

Battered Boxer: "I wish I was with them."

"OUTWARD BOUND FROM PORT LINCOLN"

With white sails gleaming in the dawn,
The good ship rolls from side to side;
Her hold contains the yellow corn
For which she's ranged the oceans wide.

At dawn she left an Austral port,
And towards her home she turned her bow;
Soon leaping waves will round her sport,
For sailors man the rigging now.

In peace she moves with sails aglow,
Too soon she'll reach the dreaded Horn,
There to be pitched both high and low,
Till all her shrouds are sadly torn.

Oh! may she gain her native port,
Her cargo all quite safe and sound,
May stormy oceans to be fought,
But speed her on the wide world round!

—D.P., V.

BUCHAN CAVES

The Buchan Caves are situated about 240 miles from Melbourne and twenty to thirty miles from Orbost in the south-east of Gippsland. To reach the caves, which are under a stony hill, one must pass through a park beautifully laid out with lawns and gardens and with every provision for camping and picnics.

The caves, which are composed of limestone, were discovered in 1907 and are now controlled by the Victorian Government. The first cave to be discovered was the Fairy Cave, so named because its formations resemble fairies and such things. Its colouring is almost all white.

The next one to be discovered was the Royal Cave, and the last the Federal, which is the smallest. The Royal Cave is the largest and has more colouring than the other two.

One cave is open for inspection each day. The day we visited them we were shown through the Royal Cave. After entering by a door cut in the side of the hill, we descended a long dark passage for some distance until we reached a larger and more airy space which is lit by electricity. Lights are placed behind many of the formations to show them off to better advantage; the formations themselves are made from tiny drops of water falling from the roof. Those rising from the ground are called stalagmites and the ones coming from the roof, stalactites, many of

them having taken thousands of years to form. In many parts the roof is covered with small twisty things called mysteries.

Many of the formations are thought to resemble actual things and people from which they derive their names, such as Queen Victoria, the elephant's trunk, and Father Time. One of the most beautiful and well known of these is the Font of the Gods, which is in an



open space with a pond in the centre, and is surrounded by images which look like Biblical figures. In places there are stalactites which resemble blankets, and in one place there is one resembling rashers of bacon. They are made of differently coloured strips of limestone and a light is placed behind them to make the colours appear more delicate and beautiful.

Other formations in the Royal Cave are the Bridal Chamber, the Crystal Altar, the Ivory Palace and the Tree of Knowledge.—Joyce Stooke, IV.a.

A little girl sitting in the front desk sniffed incessantly. The teacher became annoyed, called the child to her and said: "Have you a handkerchief, my dear?"

"Yes, teacher," replied the child, "but mother doesn't like me to lend it to anybody."

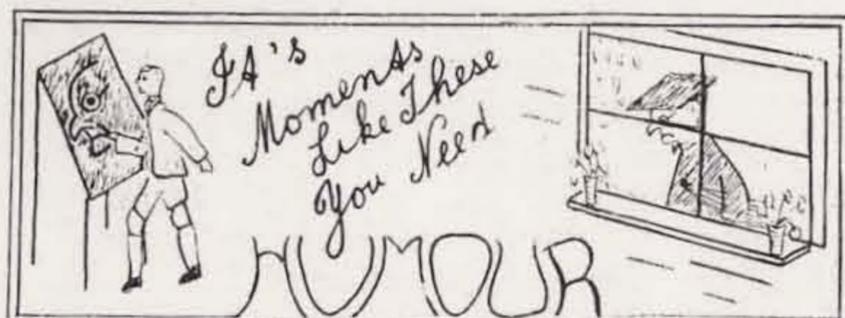
* * *

Teacher: "Now, Tommy, which would you rather have—a whole apple or two halves?"

Tommy: "Two halves, sir."

Teacher: "But why?"

Tommy: "Well, then I could see whether it was bad."



Chem. Master: "Now, boys, I am about to do a very dangerous experiment, and if anything goes wrong, I shall be blown through the roof. Please come nearer, so that you follow me more closely."

* * *

The eternal wrangle was in progress: "Anyhow," was the South Australian's parting shot, "you must admit Adelaide is a very well laid-out city."

"It ought to be," came the Victorian's retort, "it's been dead a long time!"

* * *

Teacher: "Do you think you're the teacher of this class?"

Boy: "No, sir!"

Teacher: "Then stop making an ass of yourself."

* * *

Teacher: "Watch the board carefully for a minute, while I go through it!"

* * *

The pupil was asked to paraphrase the sentence: "He was bent on seeing her." He wrote: "The sight of her doubled him up!"

* * *

Teacher: "John, can you tell me the difference between perseverance and obstinacy?"

John: "One is a strong will, and the other is a strong won't!"

* * *

Little girl: "I'm going to marry a Dutchman when I grow up."

Mother: "Why?"

Little girl: "Because I want to be a Duchess."

* * *

Mrs. Jones: "Everybody in town is talking about it. Some are taking her part and some his."

Mr. Jones: "And I suppose a few eccentric people are minding their own business."

Smith: "There's a price on your head."

Robson: "Goodness! What have I done?"

Smith: "You've forgotten to take the price ticket off your new hat."

* * *

Short-sighted hunter: "What is the name of the animal I have just shot?"

Guide: "Well, sir, he says his name is Brown."

* * *

Mother: "Tommy, go and see how old Mrs. Brown is to-day."

Tommy (returning five minutes later): "Mrs. Brown says it's no business of yours how old she is."

* * *

There was a hold-up at a busy London crossing, and the traffic was getting into a jam. In front of one of the waiting lines of cars and buses was a luxurious limousine, and its occupant could not restrain her impatience. Leaning out of the window she cried in imperious tones: "Officer, I demand that you let me proceed; I am the wife of a Cabinet Minister."

The Scottish policeman turned to her with a tolerant smile. "Lady," said he, "I could'na dae that even if ye were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

* * *

A lunatic was trying to knock a nail into a wall but he had the head of the nail against the wood and was hammering the point. At length he threw down the nail in disgust and said: "Bah! Idiots! They gave me a nail with the head at the wrong end."

Another inmate who had been watching began to laugh: "It's you that's the idiot," he said.

"Why?"

The other jerked his thumb at the opposite wall. "That nail was made for the other side of the room," he said.

* * *

Patient: "I feel so nervous, Doctor. This is my first operation."

Doctor: "I know the feeling—this is my first, too."

* * *

Cinema attendant: "You can't come in for 3d. my lad. Tickets are 6d."

Small boy: "Well, let me in and I'll shut one eye."

The Ex-Students' Page

The Old Pupils' Association has been carrying on its activities regularly during the year, and has been greatly assisted by the energetic work done by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Buckley (the President and Secretary respectively) and an enthusiastic committee.

As usual, the main function of the year was the Annual Reunion Ball, held this year in the Scout Hall. It was really a splendid entertainment, and was in every sense a reunion. All round the hall, small groups seemed to gather, and by walking around one could hear a flood of reminiscences; which is just what we want to occur at these functions.

In addition to the Ball, many small dances were held at approximately monthly intervals. Although not always a financial success, because of poor patronage, they have proved to be very popular socially.

Next year some more elaborate entertainments are proposed, including a moonlight hike, a bay trip, and a week-end visit to Ballarat.

No great activity has occurred in the sporting branch of our activities, with the exception of hockey and basketball. About six matches have been played against present pupils with varying success, and have proved to be most enjoyable. It is hoped to continue these next season.

In conclusion, a more loyal support by past pupils is requested by the Association. It is urged that those who are not already members of the Association should join up as soon as possible (the annual subscription is only 1/-); and that those who are members should come along to our functions, which are advertised in the local press, and help us all to have an enjoyable time.

* * *

Harold Heathcote is now an officer of the State Savings Bank, Dandenong, and **Bill Rodd** is with the E.S. & A. Bank in Oakleigh.

* * *

Stan Smithers, **Angus McDowell** and **Jim Harding** have taken up duty with the State Electricity Commission.

Jeff McAfee has just returned from a business trip to America and Canada. He is with **John McIlwraith Pty. Ltd.** as a metallurgist, and was married last year to **Grace Douglas**.

* * *

Ron McLerie, after completing his Accountancy and Secretarial courses, is now in an executive position with the **Electro-Chemical Engineering Company**.

* * *

Norman Emery did a very successful course at the **Dookie Agricultural College**, and is now with the **British-Australian Tobacco Company**.

* * *

Cliff Hunt and **Harry Garlick** are at present studying Medicine at the **Melbourne University**.

* * *

Roy White, **Jack O'Meara**, **Laurie Green**, **Murray Hall**, **Cherry Angus**, and several others are with the Education Department in various schools throughout Victoria.

* * *

Tom Rothfield is at present in England making a name for himself as a playwright, under the nom de plume of "**David Athens**."

* * *

Nessie Donaldson, after some years at the **Dandenong High School** as a student teacher, is now in the **Teachers' Training College**.

* * *

Ian Harvey has been making himself known as a cricketer, having represented **Dandenong** in **Country Week** for several years, and hitting up some good scores.

* * *

Douglas Brumley has just completed a course of **Cost Accountancy**, and is now with the **Country Roads Board**.

* * *

Leo Quigley has had some splendid successes at golf, being champion of the **Forest Hills club**, and **Champion of Champions** of the **Victorian Golf League** this year.



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