

# THE GATE



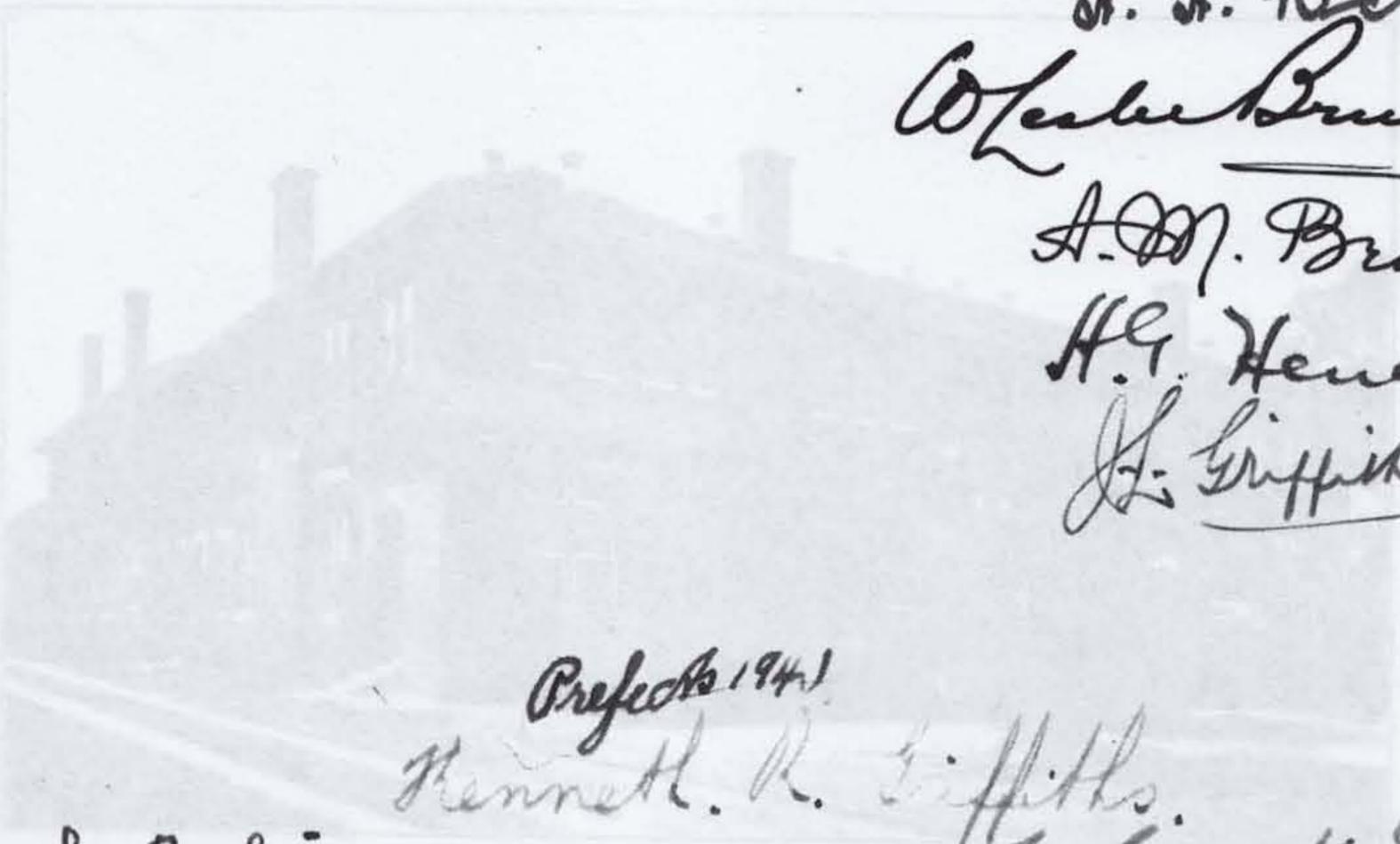
1940



1940

J. M. B.raithwaite  
J. H. Mitchell  
M. B. Dawey  
L. H. Thompson  
J. M. Ryan  
Edna H. Dawson

A. H. Hurler  
B. A. Mule  
L. C. Miller  
L. L. Treacey  
~~Wood~~  
J. H. Richards  
Walter Brumley  
A. M. Broughton  
H. G. Henry  
L. Griffiths



Prefects 1941

Kenneth R. Griffiths

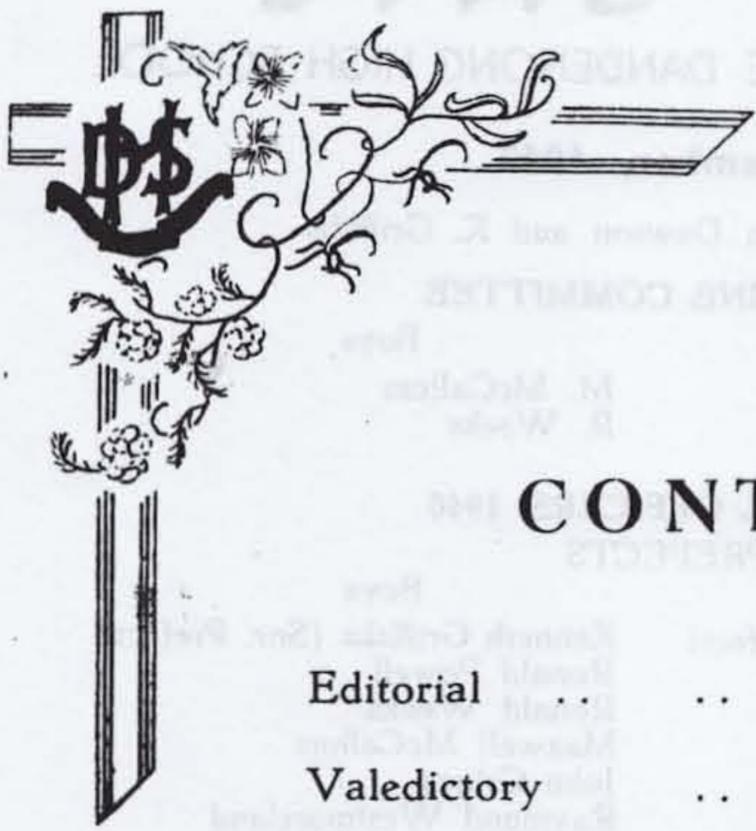
Beryl Robinson  
Klein Pagan  
Betty Dodd  
Jean Hinclan  
Marion H. Dawson

John V. Gungg  
Raymond Moreland  
N. Weeks  
M. McCallum  
Powell



THE SCHOOL

Beth Thompson (Gardener)  
 7 Eden Place  
 Wheeler Hill 3150



## CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial .. .. .	5
Valedictory .. .. .	6
Ex-Students .. .. .	6
House Notes .. .. .	7
Form Notes .. .. .	9
Sport .. .. .	15
Humour .. .. .	24
Original Contributions .. .. .	26
Examination Successes .. .. .	43

# THE GATE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL

December, 1940

Editors: Marion Dawson and K. Griffiths

## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Girls

Heather Smith  
Jean Sinclair

Boys

M. McCallum  
R. Weeks

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1940

### PREFECTS

Girls

Marion Dawson (Snr. Prefect)  
Heather Smith  
Betty Rodd  
Helen Pagan  
Beryl Robinson

Boys

Kenneth Griffiths (Snr. Prefect)  
Ronald Powell  
Ronald Weeks  
Maxwell McCallum  
John Griggs  
Raymond Westmoreland  
Ranald Webster

## HOUSE CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS

Bluegum—

J. Taylor  
E. Goepel

R. Powell  
R. Weeks

Clematis—

H. Smith  
M. Breen

B. Ward  
R. Westmoreland

Orchid—

M. Dawson  
N. Young

K. Griffiths  
J. James

Wattle—

B. Rodda  
H. Pagan

M. McCallum  
M. Rodd

## FORM CAPTAINS

Form VI.—M. Dawson  
Form V.—B. Robinson  
Form IV.a—L. de Graaff  
Form IV.b—  
Form IV.c—K. Murphy  
Form IV.d—  
Form III.a—G. Ward  
Form III.b—  
Form III.c—P. Cline  
Form III.d—W. Evans  
Form II.a—P. Sproat  
Form II.b—M. Biffen  
Form II.d—A. Brewer  
Form I.a—P. Singleton  
Form I.b—N. Harvey  
Form I.c—  
Form I.d—M. Roberts

K. Griffiths  
R. Powell  
W. Scott  
H. Adamson  
  
R. Miller  
M. Nixon  
  
R. Canterbury  
K. Madigan  
  
E. Mitchell  
E. Aspinall  
F. Miller



"And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year: 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'

"And he replied:

"'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'"

Thus it is in our world to-day. The world has been precipitated from its Throne of Peace into the Chaos of War. It is a world of fear and terror. Millions of refugees, civilized, peace-loving people, tramp the roads of Europe—driven from their homes by a barbarous enemy, they flee be-ridden with fear of a terrible death. Beautiful cities are being destroyed and thousands of men, women and children killed, by bombs that modern man has made. For the first time in our lives we, the school children all over the world, are witnessing scenes of pain and human suffering, more terrible than any before in the history of man. We live in a world in which man is taught to hate his fellow-men, where gallant men strive against gallant men.

And the thought comes,  
 "How are ye blind,  
 Ye treaders down of cities, ye that cast  
 Temples to desolation, and lay waste  
 Tombs, the untrodden sanctuaries where lie  
 The ancient dead: yourselves so soon to die."

But the light of peace burns faintly in the distance, penetrating the horrible darkness, giving us the hope of living again in a world of happiness. And it is on our shoulders, we the children of to-day, to build for ourselves and our children a world where lasting peace shall dwell and man shall love man. The responsibility is great and the way will be hard. It is here, at school, that we can prepare ourselves for the task. By trusting in

God and striving manfully with every task we will succeed.

"So I went forth and finding the Hand of God, trod gladly into the night. And He led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East."

#### EDITORIAL COMMITTEE, 1940



Boys: K. Griffiths (Editor), M. McCallum, R. Weeks.  
 Girls: M. Dawson (Editoress), J. Sinclair, H. Smith.

"That's an awful gash you have in your forehead."

"Oh! next to nothing, next to nothing."

## VALEDICTORY

Mr. Henry has been appointed Headmaster of Maryborough High School. He came to us at the beginning of 1939, taking up the position of senior master. Mr. Henry's departure will be regretted by all, but especially by the boys of the last two fifth forms, of which he has been form master. He has always been ready with helpful advice and encouragement, and many of these boys owe their positions to his efforts.

He has acted as adviser to the editorial committee of "The Gate," and much of its success has been due to his untiring energy.

The school wishes Mr. Henry every happiness and success in his new position.

Miss Braithwaite will be leaving us at the end of this year for Echuca High School. She came to the Dandenong High School in 1938 and in the past three years has won many friends amongst the boys as well as the girls. She has successfully coached the girls' hockey team, which has been premiers since her arrival. Miss Braithwaite has been in charge of the library and has been largely responsible for the popular books with which it has been replenished.

It is with great regret that we say good-bye to Miss Braithwaite, and we hope that she will be very happy in her new position.

Miss Hill has been appointed to Bairnsdale High School. She has been with us since 1937, and the school has been fortunate in having a teacher so highly qualified in Mathematics and Physics. She has taken a great interest in the girls' sport, being the coach of the basketball teams.

Those who have had the privilege of having Miss Hill as form mistress have appreciated her quiet but compelling influence. The school sincerely regrets her departure, but she leaves us with the best wishes of every boy and girl she has taught.

Miss Mitchell came to us as a teacher in 1939—she had herself been a pupil at the Dandenong High School, and had succeeded in placing her name on the list of scholarship winners. It was only to be expected that she should fit happily into the scheme of

things during 1939-40. She has very ably assisted with the sport and in the social life of the school, and will be very greatly missed when we re-assemble in 1941. Our loss will be the gain of the pupils at the Matthew Flinders Girls' School in Geelong.

### Quotations! Quotations! Quotations!

Head Prefect:

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute."

Schoolboy's Dream:

"How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will."

After Swotting for Exams.:

"Come, sleep; O, sleep! the certain knot of  
peace,

The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe."

Awaiting Results:

"We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not."

Exam. Results:

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's  
eyes,

I all alone bewep my outcast state."

The Head and Misdoers:

"And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's  
hand,

We wish we'd been of those to leave the  
land."

Guess Who:

"A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well as every truant knew."

Singing Classes:

"Swans sing before they die, 'twere no bad  
thing

Should certain people die before they sing."

Football Team:

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one."

Athletic Team:

"Victorious men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are."

When the Science Room was Flooded:

"Why weep ye by the tide, laddie?  
Why weep ye by the tide?"

—F. Goepel.

Teacher: "Tommy, tell me where Mexico  
is."

Tommy: "It's on page ten of the geography  
book."

## HOUSE NOTES

The competition for the House Cup was as keen as ever this year and the various competitions were contested with vigour, with close results in many.

Orchid, fresh from their success in 1939—the first for many years—started well by

decided. The rounders competition was won by Orchid.

With regard to the boys' sport: Wattle secured the cricket from Bluegum, while the football was won by Clematis, with Bluegum again in second place. Orchid won a decisive victory in the tennis.

In addition to the sporting competitions, the houses participated in egg and paper appeals. Orchid maintained their reputation by again

### PREFECTS, 1940



Back Row: R. Westmoreland, R. Powell, J. Griggs, K. Griffiths (Senior Prefect),  
M. McCallum, R. Webster, R. Weeks.  
Front Row: B. Robinson, J. Sinclair, H. Pagan, B. Rodd, M. Dawson (Senior Prefect),  
H. Smith.

winning the swimming sports. The victory was wrested by one point from Bluegum, the last event being the deciding factor. Third place was obtained by Wattle, with Clematis fourth.

In the girls' sport, Orchid and Wattle were the most successful houses. The senior hockey resulted in a tie between them. Wattle was successful in the junior basketball, while Clematis scored in the senior basketball. The junior tennis and senior tennis have yet to be

winning the egg appeal, although Wattle was a close second. In the paper appeal Wattle won outright, with Clematis second.

House competitions will be brought to a conclusion on Speech Night with the presentation of the House Cup to the successful house.

---

A Japanese national hobby: Collecting China.

### OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

In spite of the war, the committee of the O.P.A. has endeavoured to carry on during the past year.

Because of many functions held in aid of the various war funds, our activities had to be curtailed, but three dances and the annual Reunion Ball were held.

Although the dances were not particularly

blamed for much of the falling off in the support of old pupils, I do not think it can be blamed for all of it. I would like to point out that the committee, willing though it may be, can do very little without whole-hearted support and co-operation of the members. Membership of the Association is open to all past pupils of the school, and any new members, particularly those who have left school re-

### HOUSE CAPTAINS, 1940



Boys: R. Powell (Bluegum), M. McCallum (Wattle), K. Griffiths (Orchid), B. Ward (Clematis).

Girls: J. Taylor (Bluegum), B. Rodd (Wattle), M. Dawson (Orchid), H. Smith (Clematis).

successful financially, they were very enjoyable, and everyone who attended had a good time.

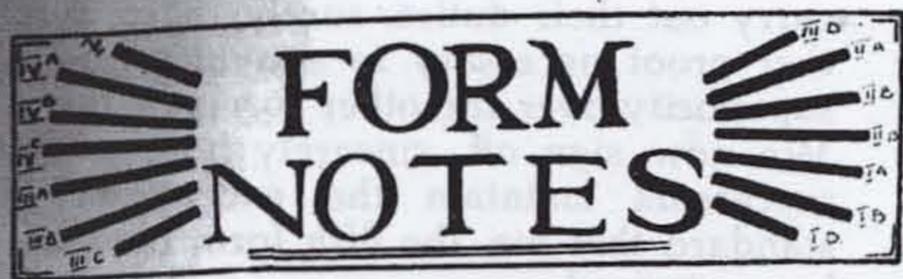
The annual Reunion Ball, held in the Scout Hall on 3rd July, was a success from every angle. The attendance, while not quite up to expectations, was quite satisfactory, and dancing continued till the early hours. It was really a reunion ball, and little groups of people could be seen all around the hall discussing "old times." The proceeds this year were donated to the work of the Red Cross.

From one aspect, the year has been a very disappointing one. Although the war can be

cently, will be warmly welcomed. Particulars may be obtained from the headmaster, Mr. Griffiths, or the Secretary of the Association, Mrs. C. Buckley, Prince's Highway, Hallam.

### Ken

A certain young laddie named Ken  
Once sold his old watch for two yen;  
With the fruits of the spoil  
He bought some hair-oil,  
And so quite outshone other men.



# FORM NOTES

## FORM VI.

This year we have the distinguished honour of being the first sixth form in the school for many years. Although we are rather lacking in quantity—only consisting of four girls and one boy—we adequately make up for it in quality. (This remark, we feel sure, will be endorsed by the teachers (?).) Of course, we don't have very much to do with those aforesaid "necessary evils," as most of our work (!!!) is done "solus." As a matter of fact, in regard to these "spares" for which we are the envy of the junior school (oh, how young and so unwise!)—owing to a serious defect in accommodation we are treated as the surplus, rather than the necessities of the school. In the winter months, when the icy blasts do blow and whine across the oval, and even the majestic pines moan at its lashing tongue, our numbers bravely face the biting wind and may be seen placed at various intervals around the verandah, pale and shivering. But have no pity, for their souls are not daunted and they will still get honours and carry off the exhibitions. (Nay, we do not boast, but are merely confident.) Then in the summer time we swelter in the scorching sun—we, the highest form in the school—preposterous!

We are well represented in the sphere of sport. All our members are either house captains or vices—having four captains and one vice—and we are also well represented on the field—Marion Dawson being in the hockey team, Heather Smith and Freda Goepel in the swimming, Joan Taylor in the basketball, and Ken Griffiths in the tennis and football.

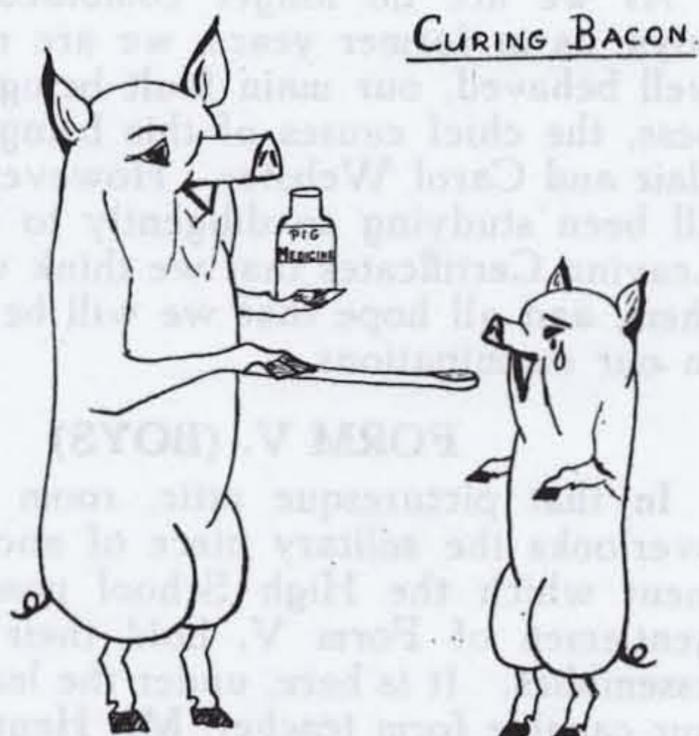
The boy is ruled with an iron hand by Ken Griffiths, whilst the girls have Marion Dawson as their leader. Marion and Ken are also the senior prefects.

Well, we can't list all our good qualities—that would be far too lengthy—and also the dinner-bell is ringing in our ears—a matter far too important to be neglected—so we say "cheerio," with best of luck to next year's

sixth form, hoping they'll "keep up the old traditions."

## FORM V. GIRLS

Our form, consisting of 26 well-behaved, hard-working girls, is the second highest but, of course, the most important form in the school. We are fortunate in having Miss



When the Geography "Experts" from the Fifth Form visited the Bacon Factory this is the impression they received.  
—Doris Crockett, V.

Broughton, the Head-mistress, as Form Mistress, while our Form Captain is Beryl Robinson.

Four prefects, Betty Rodd, Jean Sinclair, Helen Pagan and Beryl Robinson have been selected from our form. Also Betty Rodd

One of our Teachers when our work is bad.



One of our Teachers when our work is good.

and Helen Pagan are House and Vice-Captains respectively of Wattle House, and Margaret Breen, another fifth form member, Vice-Captain of Clematis.

The members of our form excel at sport.

Betty Rodd and Teany Turner gained their Award of Merit, being the first girls in the school to do so, while quite a considerable number formed part of the Hockey, Senior Basketball and Tennis teams.

Our form assemblies, conducted in our form room, room 25, have been spent in interesting discussions between Miss Broughton and the girls.

As we are no longer combined with the boys, as in former years, we are much more well behaved, our main fault being talkativeness, the chief causes of this being Jean Sinclair and Carol Webster. However, we have all been studying so diligently to obtain our Leaving Certificates that we think we deserve them, and all hope that we will be successful in our examinations.

### FORM V. (BOYS)

In that picturesque attic, room 19, which overlooks the solitary piece of ancient armament which the High School possesses, the gentlemen of Form V. hold their bi-weekly assemblies. It is here, under the leadership of our capable form teacher, Mr. Henry, that we dutifully respond to appeals for the improvement fund, War Savings Certificates, and *plenty* of good ink. These assemblies are often converted into political debates or, when spring is in the air, sessions of community singing to which we cordially invite the weaker sex of Form V. Although some of the girls say that they are invited only to render this session tuneful, we overlook their ignorance of our usual courtesy. It may be mentioned that occasionally these assemblies interrupt the studious nature of the boys who are always anxious to learn their French verbs or complete a troublesome Chem. problem.

Now perhaps it is convenient to introduce our honorable Form Captain, "Dick" Powell, and Vice-Captain, Maxwell Ainslie McCallum, who are almost continually drawing up rosters which seem to have the strange habit of disappearing when it comes to the turn of a certain group of boys. Well, to mention sport; naturally the larger portion of each of the school's teams was chosen from our esteemed number, and when it is brought to your notice that we are solely responsible for six very capable prefects, who unceasingly

carry out their duties, surely there is no further proof necessary to convince you of our superiority over the other forms of the school. We now sign off, sincerely hoping that our successors maintain the exceptionally high standard that we, the fifth form boys of 1940, have attained.

### FORM IV.a

It's all very puzzling. . . . Take anything—take the problem of making both ends meet—as witness the perplexity of a dog desirous of biting its own tail, or even a conscientious butcher anxious to achieve that extreme rarity, the consistent sausage. Things are so much up and down as to be a Chinese puzzle, in fact—Oy, Oy, that last bit was purely Occidental, be assured. It is a puzzle in fact to know that we are the best form in the School, even though we are everlastingly being told by our Form Teacher, Mr. Richards (who, by the way, held that coveted position last year) that we are the most talkative.

We are lucky to have in our midst the Vice-Captain of Orchid House (Nancy Young) and the Captain of Clematis (Bruce Ward). There is great contrast between our boy Form Captain and Vice-Captain. One is 2 feet 6 inches in his shoes, and the other 6 feet 2 inches in his bed socks.

In the sporting line we have Max Newbound, Ken Child, Kent Lamb, and Bruce Ward in the football team; Pearl Ladlow and Nancy Young in the basketball team; Marie Perry, Jean Platt, Ira Stooke, and Lois de Graaff in the hockey team.

Mr. Ford, our History teacher, took us to Parliament House for an excursion this year, and we are sure that he was delighted with the models of perfection—his pupils, not the Parliamentarians. We were also taken to hear the Declaration of the Poll following the recent Federal election, and Form IV.a outshone all the other fourth forms by being remarkably well behaved.

We have with us two very energetic collectors of waste for the School's War Effort. These boys are Ron Melgaard and Allan Pedder, and they are always at the beck and call of Miss Broughton when she needs them to help in her search for this very valuable material. Our bold treasure-hunting pirates

have provided themselves with sugar-bag aprons to keep some of the dust off their clothes—my, they are neat. Another puzzle—Find how the dust disappears from Room 22, and why the ink-wells are always full. The answer is that the Form Captains, Bill Scott and Lois de Graaff, rule the form with an iron rod and a firm hand.

#### FORM IV.b

Form IV.b is a form of jolly boys. We are the most talked of form in the staff-room, as our Form Master, Mr. Ford, tells us. We have form assemblies on Monday and Friday mornings, when Mr. Ford tells us what a bad crowd we are. We also have talks by individuals, when each member takes his turn to give a talk. Our form room is the lavishly decorated room, No. 30.

Our Form Captain is Hugh Adamson, Vice-Captain, Les. Skinner. We are well represented in all the boys' sports teams. We are, however, not so well represented at school work, but are all striving to obtain our Intermediate Certificates. Most of the boys are leaving, but the rest will be a great asset for the school in 1941!

#### FORM IV.d

"We Three" calling—

We are only a small party, consisting of girls and are highly honoured to be the 1st Domestic Intermediate Form in any high school in Victoria.

Being such a large form we could not have a form room. We have no real form teacher, because it is unnecessary (?), but Miss Eger-ton has taken us in her charge.

During the year we have had the pleasure (?) of working with IV.c, IV.a and IV.b. Mr. Ford, our History and Geography teacher, says we are the best form in the school (If you don't believe us, IV.c, ask Mr. Ford.)

We are very much envied by other Intermediate forms because we have five spares a week in which we swot. (?) We are the air cushion for the teachers, taking all the blows but with no effect.

In the Combined Sports at the Richmond Cricket Ground we had the honour of being represented by one-third of our form.

Now we have told you all about our good

points shall we let you into a secret? Our form consists of three girls—a swindler, Elvie Besant; a swot, Marion Gorwell; and a mischief-maker, Noela James.

Now we have told you all, "We Three" wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

#### FORM IV.c

We are a happy, high-spirited band of fifteen young ladies. Although there are not many of us, we are well known all over the school for the wonderful deeds we perform. We are very lucky to have our Commercial teacher, Miss Thompson, as our form teacher; and Kath. Murphy as Form Captain, and Lorna Stephenson as Vice-Captain. The quiet peace of our form room, Room 8, is broken by the entrance of the rowdy forms III.c and V.c, who have their lockers in our room. This winter several members of our form have developed their muscles cutting wood, as a certain form of boys did not seem very keen on "taking us under their wing" and supplying us with cut wood. We are very well known in the sporting sphere, having representatives in hockey, basketball, tennis, rounds, swimming, and the Combined Sports. Our Form Captain is the champion girl runner of the school. Perhaps our good luck is due to our lovely mascot, Thomas Adolphus, who is a blue teddy bear; and is becoming increasingly popular with everyone to whom he is introduced. At present we are all striving to obtain our Intermediate Certificates, and we are sorry to say that on our obtaining these certificates the school will suffer the loss of several members of our form. But we are sure we will always remember the happy year we have spent together.

#### FORM III.a

Time marches on! Another year is drawing to a close; what an energetic form we have been, although some of the staff may not quite agree on this point.

Miss Braithwaite has been our form mistress for this year, with Gillian Ward and Robert Miller as Form Captains. We have had the pleasure of having as our form room, No. 31, the school library, which we have dutifully kept in excellent order.

At the recent combined sports we were well

represented by Graham Brown, Robert Miller, Jack Smale, and Les. Vick.

We are very glad to welcome into our form Shiela Cameron, who has come from Scotland to make her home in Victoria. We all hope that Shiela will be very happy and make many friends at the High School.

At present we are all striving to obtain our Proficiency Certificates, thus reaching another stage in our school careers.

### FORM III.b

Our form is III.b. It is composed entirely of boys. Mr. Steele is our form master, and Maurice Nixon our Form Captain. We are very proud to have Mr. Steele as our form teacher. He takes us only for History, but at our form assemblies we have talks on current affairs.

We have contributed largely to War Savings and Improvement Funds. On looking up past records, Mr. Steele finds that this year has been one of the most outstanding years of Form III.b.

Our form has done very well in the sporting activities of the school. Under the leadership of Mr. Miller we put on a pyramid exhibition at the School's Gymnastic Display. The item was very good, and we are pleased to say that the gymnastic team consisted entirely of III.b boys. We were represented at the Combined Swimming Sports by Maurice Nixon and Barry Glover, and also by the former at the Combined Athletic Sports.

We are all hoping to be promoted to the fourth form next year, where we will endeavour to obtain the Intermediate Certificate.

### FORM III.c

Our form of thirty happy smiling girls occupies Room 4, which commands a fine view of the Prince's Highway and the garden. Miss Ryan, our Form Teacher, with the help of Pat Cline, our Form Captain, keeps us on the straight and narrow path.

In the world of sport the form has many representatives. Some are basketball players, others represented the school in the combined sports. They were: Dean Dennis (B.B.), Beth Gardiner (H.), Dulice Smith (C.S.), Audrey Wigg (C.S.) and Jean Edwards (C.S.).

This year we have had a most pleasant

time, and most of us hope to come back next year and get our Intermediate.

All being well, we hope to arrange a picnic at the end of November. We take this chance to wish all a Happy Christmas and a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

### FORMS II.d and III.d.

Well, the honour is yours to hear the year's report on the dashing Forms II.d. and III.d.

We are comprised of twenty-three young ladies, perhaps young, and perhaps ladies, with Wilma Evans as our Form Captain. We hold in high esteem our Form Mistress, Miss Egerton, who has us for form assemblies twice a week in our lovely form room, No. 11, which overlooks the school gardens and the Prince's Highway.

The form (although young ladies) gave a very good account of itself in the sporting sphere, especially in swimming; many of the form obtained high awards. The girls have done well in the basketball team throughout the year.

The form has given up five periods a week to knit for the soldiers; one very outstanding effort has been made by a II.d girl, Ivy Smart, who has knitted up 60 skeins of wool. II.d held two very successful verandah stalls to aid the wool appeal.

We regret that most of us will be leaving at the end of this year, and our hopes are to take with us Merit and Proficiency Certificates, so we take this opportunity of wishing all those who are leaving and those who will return next year, a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

### FORM II.a

Ho! hum! well! well! well! Here we are again; this time as Form II.a. It hardly seems that a year has slipped by since we made our last appearance.

There are forty-one pupils in our form, fourteen of whom are boys. Our Form Master is Mr. Treacey. He is assisted by "Paddy" Sproat and Robert Canterbury, our Form Captains. Jean Falloon and Murray Gibson are Vice-Captains for the form. We are very lucky to have Mr. Treacey, who has conducted our form assemblies for the year. We hope that we shall have him as our Form Master in 1941.

Our form room is No. 24. We always keep it bright with flowers and we fill the ink-wells regularly. (?)

Our form has played a good part in sport this year. Two of our pupils gained the Bronze Medallion, and five girls were in the Combined Sports meeting for High Schools held at Richmond recently. Three of these girls were in the basketball passing. We are proud of Laurence and Noel Brinsmead, who have shown keen sportsmanship this year.



This is what we expected!



THIS is what we SAW!

The cooking centre is below our form room. Frequently beautiful odours assail our nostrils from this source. This makes us smile happily and our appetites for a future meal are whetted.

Our girls are very good cooks. (?) One day a loud crashing noise was heard coming from the region of the cooking centre. We were all inquisitive.

We also have a little remembrance of an

incident which occurred a few weeks ago. Two of our pupils (let's call them  $x$  and  $y$ ) forgot to turn off a sink tap in the Science Room. The water soon overflowed and splashed over the floor. Shortly afterwards it went through the cracks in the floorboards and left a mark on the ceiling of the Art Room below. This incident has become a standing joke. It is always inspected by the Art teacher with *keen interest* when our form enters the room. It is called the trademark of  $(x + y)$ !

Pupils also represented our form in the annual High School Concert and Red Cross Concert held in the Boomerang Picture Theatre and Town Hall respectively. Shortly now we will be holding our form party. We are eagerly looking forward to it.

We have all been studying hard for our Merit Certificates this year, and are excitedly awaiting results concerning them.

"Au Revoir!"

### FORM II.b

This year we have had Miss McLean both as Form Mistress and French teacher. Under her guidance and tuition we have had a happy and progressive year. The elections of Form Captains gave the position to Mary Biffen and Keith Madigan. Our form room (No. 28) commands a very attractive view of the Dandenongs, which lovely aspect is added to by an interior which we endeavour to make nice by the flowers we bring each week.

Marian Burden and Maureen Bailey were our representatives in the Combined Sports. Altogether we have had a very happy and profitable year, and we are already looking forward to 1941.

### FORM I.b

"Hello!" This is Form I.b appearing for the first time (but not the last). Our behaviour is good because of the good influence of Miss Mitchell, our Form Teacher, who we are sorry to lose. After a lot of experience the boys have hard hands, and the girls are good at writing (lines). Our nice form room, No. 23, is used at socials.

At the house sports many people from our form competed and gained points.

Our slogan is:—

"Come and see I.b, the best form of the three."

**FORM I.c**

We are the boys of I.c, the best form in the school. We share Room 16 with the I.d girls, who keep the room well decorated with flowers, but they all like the fire we make in winter.

Miss Davey is our Form Teacher, with B. Clarke as Form Captain and R. Hetherington as Vice-Captain.

Ron Cunningham was the only boy from our form in the Combined Sports. F. Millar was top in the first and second terms, and is well on his way to being top again this term. He is better known as "Tubby," because he is fat.

**FORM I.d**

Hello, everyone! This is I.d calling. Our form consists of twenty-one girls, and our form room is No. 16, which we share with the boys of I.c. Miss Davey, whom we like very much, is our Form Teacher, and is assisted by Mary Roberts as Captain, and Heather McPherson as Vice-Captain.

On Monday mornings we enjoy cooking in Room 11 with Miss Egerton, and on Tuesday afternoon we have Miss Begg for sewing in Room 4.

We were well represented in the Physical Culture Display, but only had one member of our form, Mary Roberts, in the Combined Sports.

Heather McPherson has come top of our form for the first two terms of this year. This is our first year here at the High School, but we like it very much.

**FORM I.a**

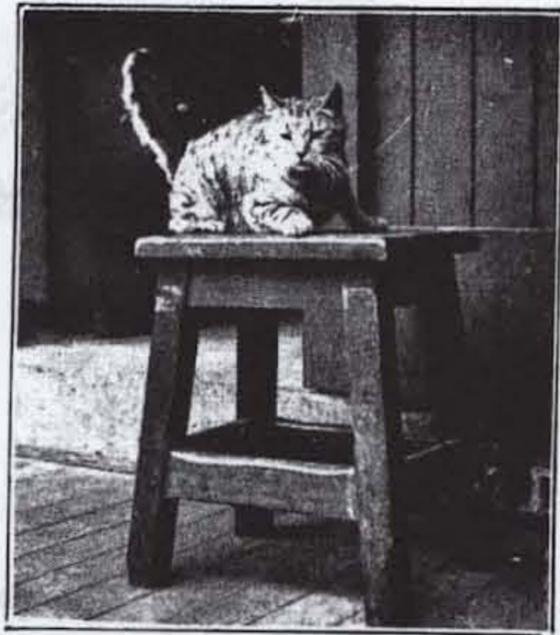
Hello everybody. Forty-three little Australians are calling to you from Room 17 for the first time, but not the last, we hope. The Captains are Eric Mitchell and Noel Courtney (who talks to himself) for the boys, and Pat Singleton and Joyce Liscombe for the girls. Notable persons in the form are: Lucy Robinson, champion talker, with June Cashmore and Mary Murphy running a good second. Hazel Gascoigne and Pam. Saunders often startle our peaceful grade with their loud explosions of giggling, and Professor Ron Heath insists on looking at you over his glasses.

Our form was represented by Eric Mitchell in the athletic team, and this honour went to only one other junior form. In the Combined

Sports Jean Browne and Norma Wood took part in the basketball passing. Several members took part in the house sports, and the swimming sports.

We have Mr. Miller this year as Form Teacher. He has us for English, Geography and Hygiene, and takes the boys for Physical Culture. We while away the time at our form meetings mainly by talking, but earlier in the year, when we were a model form (?), several pupils gave talks on various subjects which enlarged our store of general knowledge, we hope. The girls outnumber the boys by about two to one (thank goodness), and the laurels for brains go to Betty Beavis and Patsy Dow. Having finished our first year's work, we all hope to be promoted to Form II., where we intend to obtain our Merits, and thus keep up our wonderful reputation.

So we're signing off now, until next year, when we shall be a little older, and I hope a little wiser.



**The Only Boarder.**

**Whacker**

A certain young fella named Whacker  
 Once swallowed a large bon-bon cracker;  
 The wretched thing burst,  
 And, oh, how he cursed!  
 And for weeks he was not the same Whacker.



### FOOTBALL NOTES

When the football season first began, there was some doubt as to the quality of the team we could put forward, but with the few experienced players who remained from last year's premiership team, and with the inclu-

nong Rugby Ground. Suited by the big ground, we dashed away to an early lead, but, due to the lack of practice matches, we faded, and our lead was quickly reduced. However, at the final bell, we were still in the lead, the scores being:

Dandenong, 11.11.  
Malvern, 10.11.

Heartened by this victory, we eagerly awaited the next match, which was played against Mordialloc at Dandenong, and this match marked the opening of the competition matches. There is little need for a detailed description of this match, for, as the final

### FOOTBALL TEAM, 1940



Standing: M. Powell, B. Ward, P. Child, M. McCallum, W. Adamson, R. Webster, M. Newbound.

Centre: G. Cowe, K. Child, K. Griffiths, J. James, R. Weeks, A. Baird.

Sitting: D. McFarlane, A. Reid, R. Powell, K. Johnson, K. Powell.

sion of promising new material, we became a fast, even, systematic team. Under the leadership of Ron ("Dick") Powell, and with Ron ("Wacka") Weeks second in command, we presented a formidable barrier to our opponents.

Our first engagement was with Malvern Grammar, and it was played at the Dande-

scores show, we outclassed them in every phase of the game, the final scores being:

Dandenong, 21.15.  
Mordialloc, 8.8.

Journeying to Frankston in our new parlour coach for our next match, we had a hard game, but our training showed in good stead, and towards the closing stages of the match

we forged steadily ahead to win comfortably. The scoreboard at the end showed:

Dandenong, 12.6.  
Frankston, 8.7.

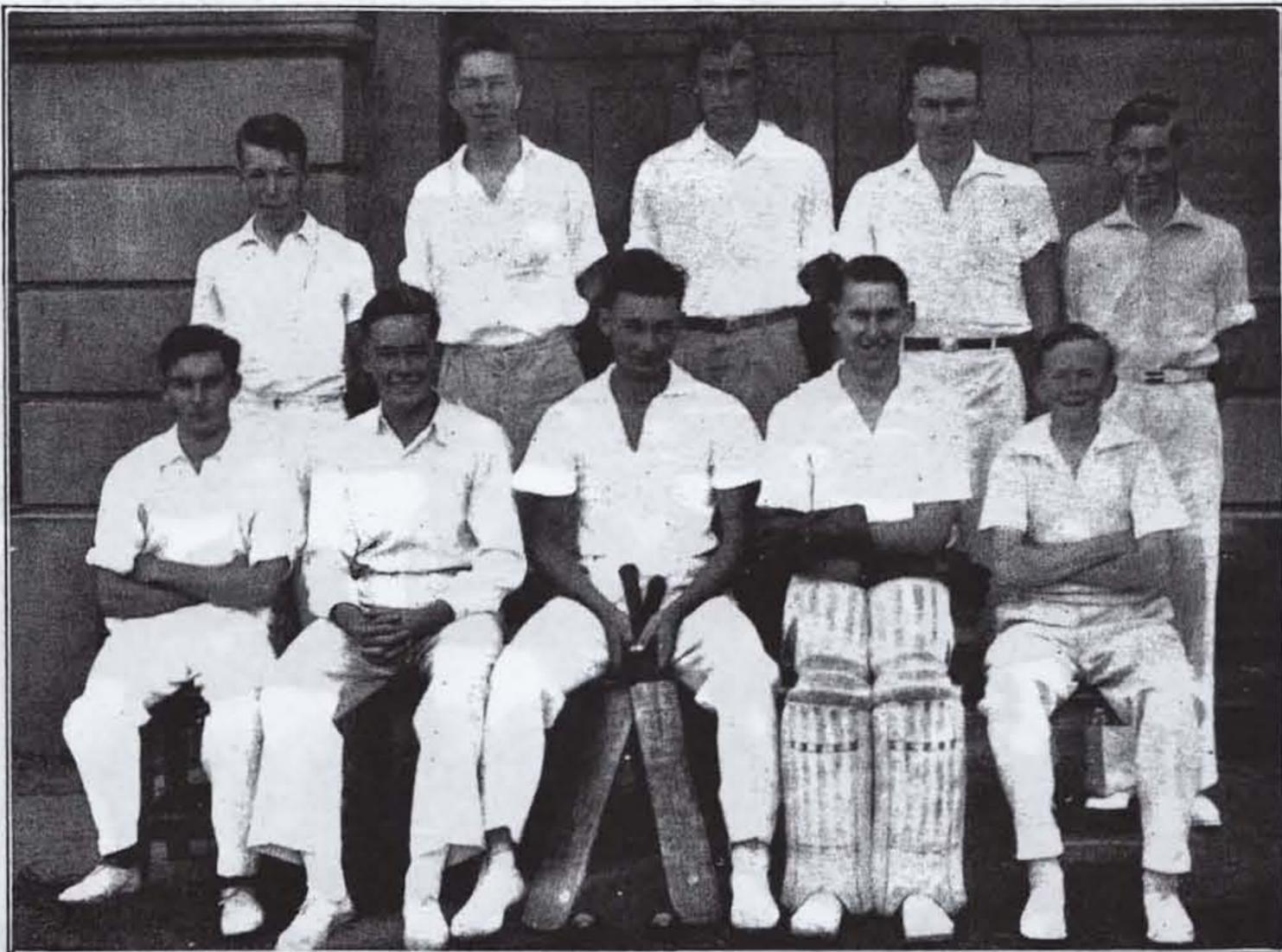
The next match was the return match against Mordialloc, and with two wins to our credit we travelled down with high hopes of victory. However, we found Mordialloc to be a vastly improved team, and it was only our more systematic play that enabled us to resist

over our opponents, and although Frankston gained considerably in the second half, Dandenong withstood their shock-tactics and held their lead. The final scores were:

Dandenong, 8.6.  
Frankston, 6.10.

Thus, owing to the fine training and coaching we received at the hands of Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Miller, we were able to carry off the 1940 premiership.

### CRICKET TEAM, 1940



Standing: M. Newbound, W. Adamson, P. Child, K. Child, A. Reid.  
Sitting: D. McFarlane, P. Ward, W. Giles (Capt.), A. Webster, M. Rodd.

their fierce attacks and be in the lead at the final bell. The final scores were:

Dandenong, 13.15.  
Mordialloc, 7.5.

With only the return match against Frankston between us and the pennant, we eagerly awaited their visit. With our captain unavailable, the first quarter was fiercely and evenly contested, but in the second quarter, however, Dandenong broke away and gave an excellent display of fast, systematic football. This gave us a match-winning lead

### CRICKET NOTES

Although there were many of last year's premier team absent, our cricket team this year was fairly strong and was improving rapidly as we practised daily at the nets. With Bill Giles captain and Bruce Ward vice-captain, we commenced the season with high hopes of repeating last year's successes.

For our first match we journeyed to Mordialloc, where we met with fair opposition. After winning the toss our captain decided to let them bat first, and Mordialloc were at sea

took six wickets for 18 and four wickets for to the wiles of W. Giles and B. Ward, who 18 respectively. Mordialloc were all out for 68, and Dandenong batted, scoring 77, with W. Adamson scoring 19, B. Ward 14, and G. McPherson 15.

The next match needs little description, as it was a somewhat easy victory for Dandenong. We batted first and knocked up 110 for the loss of nine wickets, G. McPherson making 42 not out, M. Newbound 16, and R. Webster 13. Losing six wickets for 14 to B. Ward, Frankston struggled to reach the total of 49 runs.

Heartened by this victory, we eagerly awaited Mordialloc's visit, and, on losing the toss, we were sent in to bat. Reaching the total of 118, with A. Reid 32 and G. McPherson 27, we attained too high a score for our opponents, who failed to overtake us. They made 94 for the loss of nine wickets, M. Newbound securing all the wickets for 24.

But at the next game, the return match against Frankston played at Dandenong, we met our Waterloo; but although we were defeated, we were by no means disgraced because, given more time, we could have probably overtaken our opponents. However, we put up a good show and knocked up 89 for the loss of seven wickets, W. Adamson making 22, A. Reid 21, and G. McPherson 17. Frankston were all out for 95, our captain, W. Giles, taking four wickets for 17, and P. Child three for 17. Dandenong had had three victories and one defeat, and, as the next team on the list was Frankston, with two victories and two defeats, we were awarded the 1940 premiership.

The only other match played the season was the annual social match against Warragul, when they were our guests. This match was very enjoyable, as it was played in the usual happy-go-lucky fashion in which these matches are played. However, the Warragul boys proved too good for us, as we had two innings and made 51 and 93, with M. Wenn making 26 and W. Giles 21. Warragul declared at 155 with only five wickets down, M. Newbound getting three for 24.

Towards the end of the year we were challenged to a game of cricket with the soldiers from the Medical Corps, and we accepted eagerly. However, the soldiers were no

match for us and we won easily. The return match was also won by the High School, but as they were purely social this did not matter as long as everyone enjoyed themselves.

Having lost only two matches out of seven, we regarded the past season as satisfactory, and we have won the premiership for another year.

## ATHLETICS

### HOUSE SPORTS

The 22nd annual House Sports were held on 9th October in splendid weather conditions. The fresh green of the oval, newly graded and sown, greatly improved the appearance of the grounds, and good running conditions prevailed.

House rivalry was as great as ever and competitors just as keen, so that parents and all present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. This year all the jumping events were held before the crowd and this addition to the programme was greatly appreciated. Good work was done by Mr. Ford at the microphone, and with Mr. Miller as starter events went off smoothly. The novelty events and girls' hockey dribbles and basketball passing added variety to the programme, while afternoon tea and verandah stalls were well patronized. A good performance was put up by Max McCallum in winning four senior events, but Clematis forged ahead to win fairly easily. The final points were:

Clematis,	280½ points.
Orchid,	253 points.
Bluegum,	209½ points.
Wattle,	194 points.

Clematis also won the Standards, which enable any boy or girl to gain some points for their House, whether they are competing in the sports or not. The points were:

Clematis,	80½ points.
Bluegum,	78½ points.
Orchid,	73 points.
Wattle,	68 points.

### COMBINED SPORTS

The combined sports meeting for Metropolitan High Schools was held this year at the Richmond Football Ground on 25th Octo-

ber. Weather conditions were ideal, but the upgrade of the track was a bar to record breaking in running events.

This year the school did not have as strong a representation as last year. Consequently the loss of several of our outstanding competitors told its tale, and we were unable to hold the coveted cup for "B" section. However, the good training given us by Mr.

dribbles, in which the senior hockey team was extremely unlucky to be disqualified. The final points showed:

Frankston,	66 points.
Dandenong,	52 points.
Mordialloc,	47½ points.
Coburg,	44 points.
Geelong,	17½ points.

Next year we hope to field a stronger team and carry off the cup for the third time.

### ATHLETICS TEAM, 1940



Standing: R. Powell, W. Giles, M. McCallum, P. Child, J. James, L. Vick.  
Sitting: M. Nixon, K. Johnson, M. Newbound, G. Cowe, B. Ward, K. Child, F. Booth.  
Front Row: —. Cunningham, G. Brown, E. Mitchell, J. Smale, R. Miller.

Sinclair and Mr. Miller helped us out and we gained many minor placings, not giving the winners much margin. Victories were gained by Graham Brown in the Intermediate High and Long Jumps, and by Robert Miller in the Junior Long Jump. Final points showed:

Coburg,	76 points.
Frankston,	66 points.
Geelong,	57½ points.
Mordialloc,	48½ points.
Dandenong,	44 points.

The girls were more fortunate than the boys, being able to gain second place. The most outstanding events were the hockey

### BASKETBALL MATCHES, 1940

Senior Team: Margaret Breen (captain), Nancy Donnelly (vice-captain), Joan Taylor, Thelma Whitehead, Jessie Boyd, Pearl Ladlow, Helen Pagan.

Emergency: Teany Turner.

Junior Team: Nancy Young (captain), Berna Breen (vice-captain), Dean Dennis, Maxine Copas, Ivy Smart, Alice Brewer, Hilda Hamilton.

Emergency: Jean Edwards.

The basketball season was opened this year by the Association matches, no practice matches being played as usual.

On June 26th the first match was played, Dandenong v. Mordialloc. The senior Dan-

denong team was successful in winning, as was the Mordialloc junior team. This match was played at Dandenong, and the results were as follows:

Senior: Dandenong, 31 goals; Mordialloc, 5 goals.

Junior: Dandenong, 12 goals; Mordialloc, 14 goals.

Having opened the season well, the senior team seemed determined to keep it up, which they did by the results of later matches. On

Senior: Dandenong, 30 goals; Frankston, 11 goals.

Junior: Dandenong, 22 goals; Frankston, 15 goals.

A challenge match was played against MacRobertson's High School on August 31st by the senior team. However, this was entirely successful for MacRobertson's. The following were the results:

MacRobertson's High School, 36 gls.; Dandenong, 6 gls.

Another was played against University

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM, 1940



Left to Right: A. Brewer, I. Smart, D. Dennis, N. Young (Captain), B. Breen, H. Hamilton, M. Copaz.

July 3rd a second match was played, Frankstone v. Dandenong, the senior Dandenong team again being successful, the junior match being won by Frankston.

Senior: Frankston, 10 goals; Dandenong, 35 goals.

Junior: Frankston, 23 goals; Dandenong, 22 goals.

A third match, played on July 17th, Mordialloc v. Dandenong, was lost by the Dandenong juniors, but won by the senior team. The results were as follows:

Senior: Mordialloc, 15 goals; Dandenong, 22 goals.

Junior: Mordialloc, 24 goals; Dandenong, 20 goals.

The final match, to decide the premiers of the Association, was played on August 7th, Dandenong being successful in winning both the junior and senior matches from Frankston, the results being:

High School on September 11th, the results being:

University, 15 goals; Dandenong, 11 goals.

The senior basketball team played brilliantly throughout the whole season, and were well rewarded by being premiers. The juniors, although not quite so successful, did their best, as we hope their successors will do.

"Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time," said the funny man.

"Oh! I don't know," replied the matter-of-fact man; "only this morning I saw a policeman enter a side door and stop a few minutes."

### GIRLS' TENNIS

The tennis team was increased from four to eight players this year.

Our first match was played on our own courts on February 28th against Mordialloc.

Dandenong were victorious, winning the match by 3 rubbers to 1.

Third Pair: Dawn Brunet, Jean Sinclair.

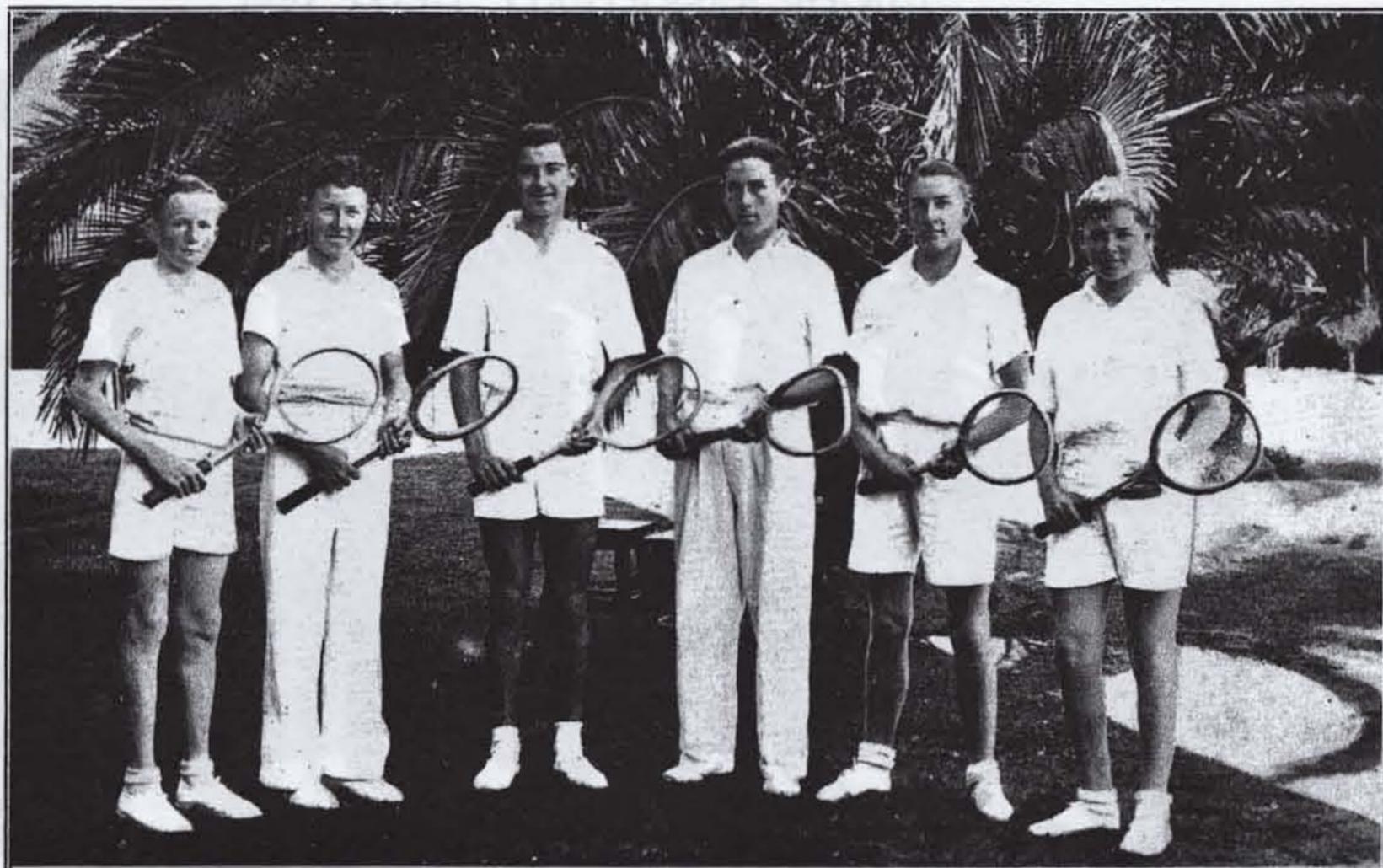
Fourth Pair: Ira Stooke, Nancie Donnelly.

Emergency: Carol Webster.

### SCHOOL TENNIS (BOYS)

This year the team was somewhat larger than usual, there being eight players in the

### BOYS' TENNIS TEAM, 1940



M. Rodd (left), E. Hubbard, K. Griffiths, A. Baird, R. Gray, R. Anderson.

Then on March 6th we played Frankston at Frankston, and were also victorious in this match. The scores were: Dandenong 3 rubbers to Frankston 1.

On March 27th we played a return match against Mordialloc, and were defeated. The scores being 33 games to 32.

Our last match was played on April 6th, when we defeated Frankston by 3 rubbers to 1. Thus making Dandenong premiers of the girls' tennis.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Miller for the time and work which he put into coaching them.

The team consisted of:

First Pair: Grace Black (captain), Joyce Wright.

Second Pair: Betty Rodd, Nancy Young.

team. The first match was played at Mordialloc, where we were defeated.

Mordialloc, 2 sets 33 games.

Dandenong, 2 sets 28 games.

The next match against Frankston was played at home, after having been postponed owing to the rain. In this match we defeated Frankston. Dandenong, 3 sets 33 games.

Frankston, 1 set 31 games.

The return match against Mordialloc was not played because of the rain. At Frankston the tables were turned, Frankston defeating us. Frankston, 4 sets 38 games.

Dandenong, - sets 30 games.

At the beginning of the year a match was played against Warragul, where the victory went to Dandenong by 2 rubbers to 1.

**SWIMMING**

This year the pupils of the school again gained distinction in the swimming sphere. At the combined sports at the Olympic Pool the girls were successful in obtaining second place. At the Richmond Pool the boys swam

two consecutive years, and the number of points gained this year was more than double last year's total. This year for the first time three of our students—Betty Rodd, Teany Turner, and Ray Westmoreland—gained the coveted Award of Merit. Many others gained

**SWIMMERS  
WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDALLIONS AND HIGHER AWARDS**



**Back Row:** N. Young, D. Crockett, J. Trewern, J. Platt, J. Taylor, M. Percy, M. Harrison.  
**Standing:** L. Williams, B. Crump, S. Harrington, W. Evans, P. Ladlow, H. Pagan, E. Goepel, V. Bell, D. McCabe.  
**Sitting:** A. McDowell, L. de Graaff, M. Walden, B. Rodd (Award of Merit), T. Turner (Award of Merit), M. Gorwell, H. Smith, F. Honeychurch, M. Hill.  
**Front Row:** M. Collier, J. Cameron, F. Derrick, J. Walden, B. Platt, G. Gunther.

well, but without much success. In life saving this year we added the Hurford Memorial Cup for Girl Guides and Boy Scouts to our previous collection of trophies, which consists of the Treadwell Shield for the premiership, the premiership certificate and pennant for 1939-40, the Wilma Yarborough Lewis Excellence Cup for best women's club, the Councillor Carden Cup for resuscitation, and the William Henley Cup for the best Secondary School.

No school has ever before won the premiership of the Royal Life Saving Society for

bronze bars, medallions, intermediate and resuscitation certificates.

Our successes were due to the help and assistance given to the pupils by Miss Broughton and Mr. Miller.

A manager thought his staff lazy, so he put up the following notice:

"Bread is the staff of life, but that is no reason why the life of our staff should be one continual loaf."—N. Alhadef.

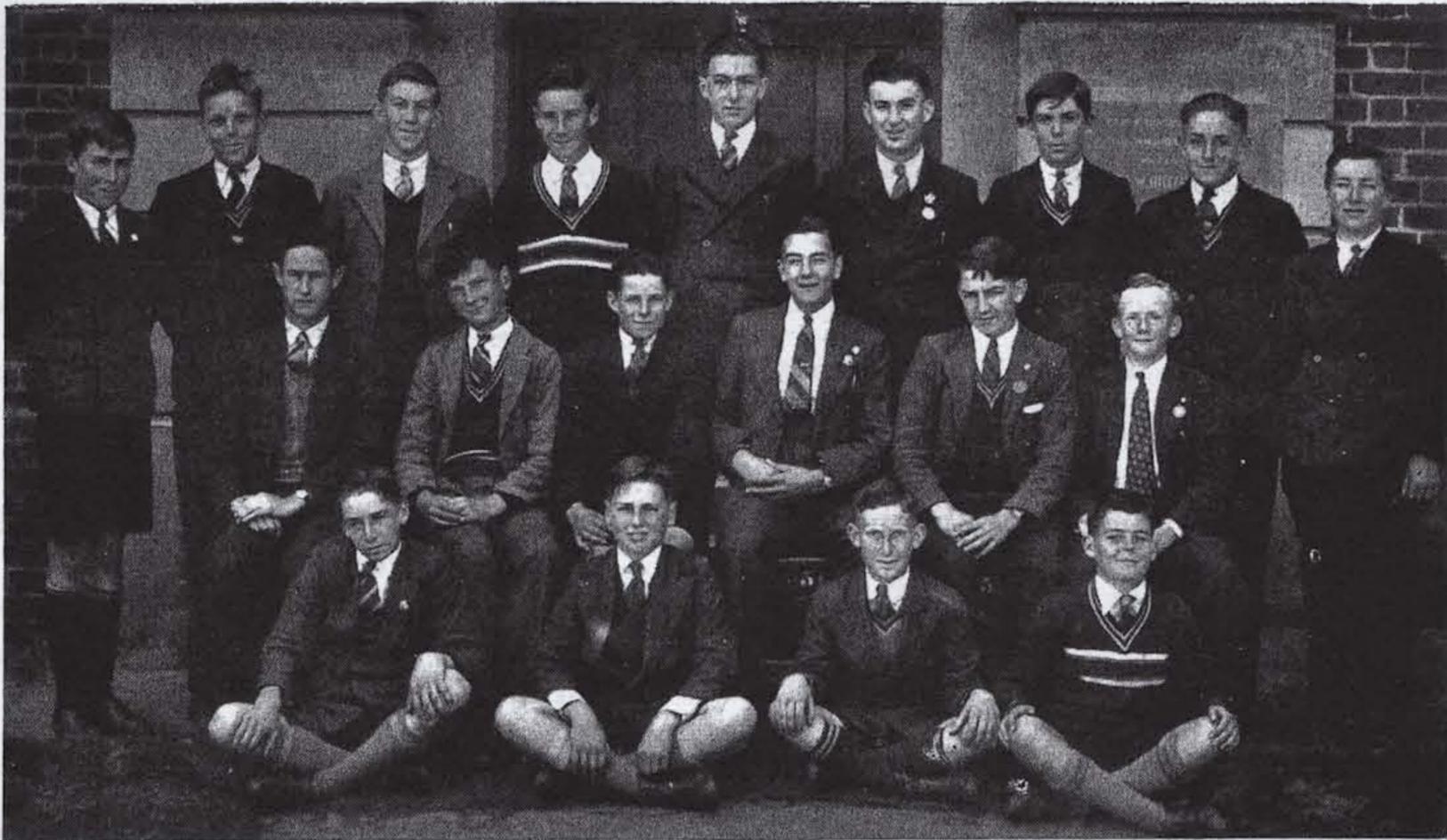
SWIMMERS

Winners of Bronze Medallions and Higher Awards



Standing: K. Lamb, D. Cattlin, G. Brown, N. Bradbury, R. Westmoreland, R. Fletcher, T. Cole.  
 Sitting: R. Dowling, R. Henry, J. Latta, M. Rodd, N. Woollard, W. Bracey.

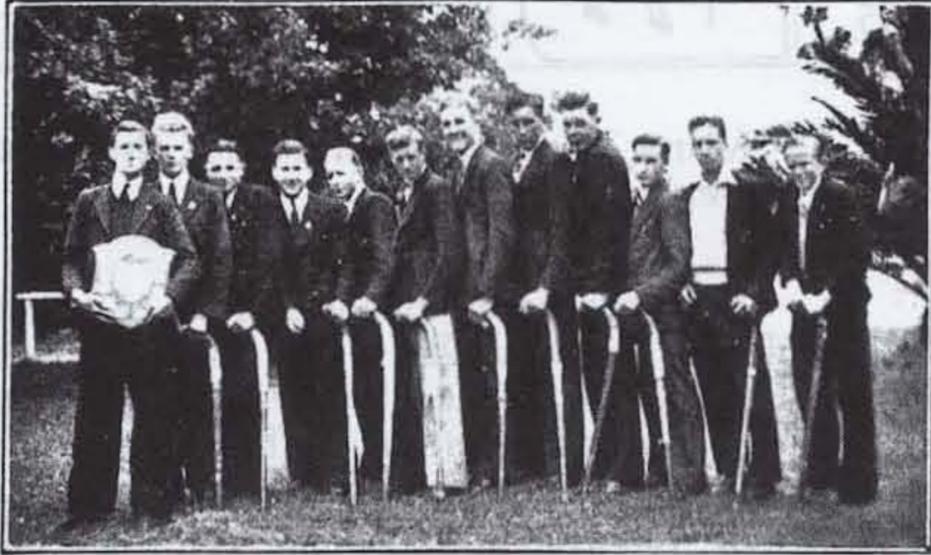
BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM, 1940



Standing: J. McPherson, W. Pobjoy, D. Cattlin, G. Brown, N. Bradbury, R. Westmoreland,  
 R. Little, W. Bracey, N. Turner.  
 Centre: M. Nixon, N. Woollard, N. Gartside, J. Latta, M. Rodd.  
 Sitting: B. Latta, B. Davey, J. Heath, N. Little.

**HOCKEY**

This year our hockey team, "keeping up the old traditions," had outstanding successes in every match, easily defeating our rival teams from Frankston and Mordialloc (Hampton



**The Pacemakers.**

having been promoted to the "A" section), and thus we became premiers of the "B" section.

The first match against Mordialloc, played at Dandenong, provided no excitement, as the

scores were 12-1 in favour of Dandenong.

The next three matches were very similar, the scores being:

Dandenong defeated Frankston, 9-nil.

Dandenong defeated Mordialloc, 6-nil.

Dandenong defeated Frankston, 7-nil.

At the end of these matches the team had created a record of having only one goal hit against them. Having done so well in these matches, the team then decided to play a few teams from the "A" section. The first match was against Melbourne Girls' High School at Melbourne, the scores being even 1-1.

Later, however, when we played the premiers of "A" section, University High School, we defeated them 2-1. These "A" section matches were very exciting and the team put forward its best effort. It is worthy of every praise for its outstanding success, much credit for which is due to the expert guidance of our coach and umpire, Miss Braithwaite.

The Team: M. Dawson (captain), B. Rodd (vice-captain), P. Dawson, E. Gascoigne, J. Sinclair, K. Murphy, A. McDowell, I. Stooke, J. Platt, L. de Graaff, M. Perry.

**HOCKEY TEAM, 1940**



**Left to Right: M. Dawson (Captain), E. Gascoigne, M. Perry, I. Stooke, L. de Graaff, P. Dawson, J. Platt, A. McDowell, B. Rodd, J. Sinclair, K. Murphy.**

## ROUNDERS

This year the rounder team was fairly successful. The first match, February 28th, was played at Mordialloc, was a drawn match; the score being 28 rounders each. The next match, March 6th, played at Dandenong, was a victory for Dandenong, whose score was 35 to Mordialloc's 21. The third match was again played at Dandenong, March 27th. It resulted in Dandenong being beaten badly; the scores being:

Mordialloc, 60; Dandenong, 33.

The match, Frankston v. Dandenong, which was the last for the season, proved rather disastrous for Dandenong, for we were beaten by 13 rounds. We came second for the whole season, Mordialloc being first.

The girls in the final team were: Noreen Hume (captain), Ailsa Quince, Beryl Breeden, Ailsa McDowell, Mary Ferguson, Beth Gardiner, Jean Edwards, Joyce Oliphant, Beryl Mosig, and Betty Platt emergency.

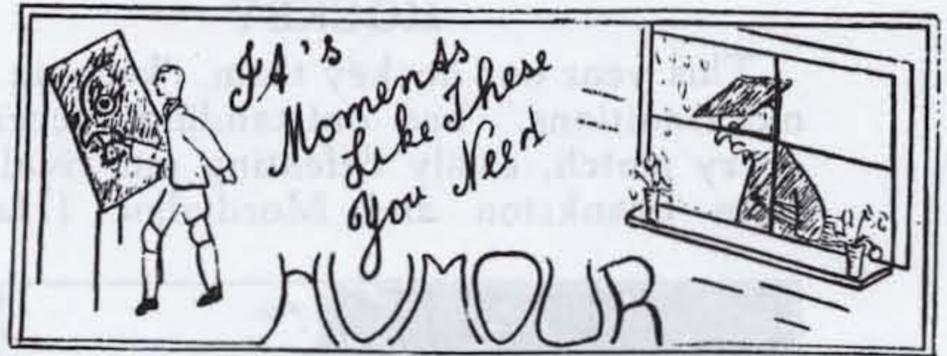
## THE FLOWER SHOW

On the afternoon of Wednesday, October 22nd, the Ladies' Welfare Club held a flower show in the hall. It was a great success, for over £9 was raised.

The flowers began to arrive early in the morning and soon there were so many entries that the ladies were almost overwhelmed with them. Any girl or boy displaying curiosity by a near approach to the exhibits was promptly requisitioned to carry flowers and cakes up the stairs, which were crowded with these and boys carrying various articles of furniture.

There were many beautiful flowers and the judges must have had a difficult task to decide the awards. A stall run by the ladies was very soon sold out, and the hall was crowded with people inspecting the exhibits.

A Scotchman was visiting Niagara with a friend. As they watched the swirling water his companion said, "They say that if you throw a penny into the falls it will bring you good luck." The Scotchman considered a minute and then added hopefully, "Ha' ye a bit o' string?"



Many a person will forget the past for a present.

\* \* \*

A man entered the vestibule of a hotel and placed his umbrella in the stand. Before going upstairs he tied to the umbrella a card on which he had written, "This umbrella belongs to a champion boxer. Back in ten minutes!"

In twenty minutes he returned, but the umbrella was gone. The card, however, was still there and on it someone had written, "Umbrella taken by champion long-distance runner. Won't be back at all."

\* \* \*

When the hungry Scot was served by the deaf barman with threepennyworth of potato "crisps" he tore open the bag, spread the contents over the counter and looked in vain for the usual packet of salt.

"No salt," he complained.

The barman cupped his ear in his hand. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't quite catch you."

"No salt," yelled the Scotchman.

"Oh!" said the barman. "I thought you said 'One short'."

\* \* \*

Skipper (who was giving men physical jerks): "Now, men, lay on your backs and do the bike-peddalling exercise."

Skipper to Smith: "Smith, why aren't you doing this exercise?"

Smith (who was lying on his back with legs in air): "Please, sir, I'm free-wheeling."

—Noel Turner.

\* \* \*

Said a boy to his teacher one day,  
"Wright has not written rite right, I say."

And the teacher replied,

As the blunder he eyed,

"Right! Wright, write rite right right away."

Q.: Why didn't the lions eat Daniel?

A.: Because most of him was backbone and the next was grit.

\* \* \*

Q.: Why does a dog wag its tail?

A.: Because no one else will wag it for him.

\* \* \*

Q.: When is a Scotchman like a donkey?

A.: When he stands on his banks and braes.

\* \* \*

Q.: What is the first mention of a bank?

A.: When Pharaoh received a check on the Red Sea and Moses crossed it.

\* \* \*

### Drama

It was very cold and the wind was whistling eerily in the trees as a stocky, swarthy man pulled his coat over his face, and his felt hat over his eyes. His left hand was in his pocket and in his right he held a small black gun. Slowly the seconds ticked away, the six adversaries lay before him. He raised his gun, then crack!

The hundred-yard race had begun.

—N. Alhadef.

\* \* \*

At the seaside a foolish old chap  
Lay down on some rocks for a nap.

He woke nearly drowned,  
With the tide surging round,  
And a lobster asleep on his lap.

A collie dog a melon saw,  
And, feeling rather jolly,  
The collie ate the melon  
And was feeling melon-collie.

The collie dog is in his grave,  
The melon proved too sour;  
And o'er his humble grave there grows  
A melon-collie flower.

\* \* \*

Why did the kettle sing?  
Because it heard the gas pipe.

\* \* \*

Why is the letter "E" most unfortunate?  
It is never in cash, always in debt, and never out of danger.

## EX-STUDENTS

David Morris and Maurice Hamilton are at present studying Agricultural Science at the Melbourne University.

Bernard Robert and Frank Webster are with the Army Medical Corps, and Frank McKay is at the Shire Office, Dandenong.

James Reid, Robert Witham, Norma Fyfe, and Mildred Carpenter are with the Education Department in various schools throughout Victoria.

Colin Cole is with Australian Council of Industrial Research, and James Adamson is continuing his work with the R.A.C.V. Insurance Company.

Donald Pollock and James Edwards are officers of the E.S. & A. Bank and the Commonwealth Bank respectively.

Marj. Aspinall has obtained a position in the Munitions Factory at Footscray.

Nancy Wilson is a member of the staff of the Dandenong Branch of the State Electricity Commission.

Moira McDowell, Sadie Cashmore, and Shirley Block are among those continuing their training at various Business Colleges.

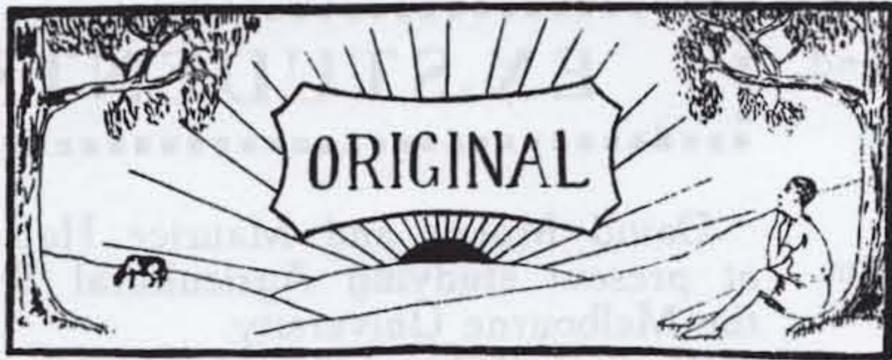


Their Worries!

Absent-minded Professor: "Where are my glasses?"

Student: "You are wearing them, sir."

Professor: "Thank you, my boy. But for you I would have gone out without them."



### TO IT AGAIN!!

Is it possible—my incredible ill-luck? Last year it was my fate to interview that menace to man—Satan. But this year it is even worse. I have to interview a worse menace to man—Hitler! The editor is heartless—the jobs he gives his poor reporters would make a hard-boiled “Times” reporter shudder.

Well, here goes. My first problem is to get there. I get special passports, etc., and finally arrive in Germany. But my journey is only begun. I have yet to find dear Adolf. I fly to Munich to the famous beer-house. “Nein, nein, Herr Hitler he iss not here. He hass been gone several days.” “Well,” say I to myself, “why not Berlin?” I arrive in Berlin in the early evening. Walking down the famous Unter der Linden, all is peaceful and natural. Suddenly a weird noise is heard. People run in all directions. An air raid! The good old R.A.F. is at it again. I run round in circles and cheer madly. But bombs are dropping around me. Buildings are collapsing. The air is filled with flying missiles. Whew! that was a bit close. “Hey! I’m Australian. Cut it out! Don’t bomb me,” I yell. But they don’t take any notice. I can’t understand it. The R.A.F. are supposed to be intelligent. Remarkable! Fancy bombing an enthusiastic patriot like me. As the explosions come closer I decide that discretion is the better part of valour and dive for the nearest shelter. “Well, boys will be boys,” think I; “perhaps they were only joking. Still, I don’t like their idea of a joke.” After several hours the city becomes quiet and I go out to continue my quest of that “wicked man.”

I march up to the Reichstag and enquire if Herr Hitler is at home. I am led through endless corridors and into a room where sits a fat German covered with medals. Did I say medals? I am so dazzled by their bril-

liance that I feel I am staring straight at the sun, but it isn’t the sun — it is only Herr Goering. The vision rises and demands my business. “I want a private interview with Herr Hitler,” I say. “Who?” bellows the fat one. “Herr Hitler,” I yell. “Ever heard of him?” (sarcastically). “Oh,” answers Goering, “well, you will have to go a long way. He is at Schneidemuhl inspecting a British pack of cards some rascal has had the audacity to buy. I’ll lend you a ‘plane if you like.” “No, thanks,” I reply; “I’d rather walk.”

At Schneidemuhl I continue my quest. On arrival I wander along the main street seeking my elusive Adolf. At the town hall my enquiries are met with nods. “Yes, the Chancellor was here, but has left for a secret destination a few hours ago. Perhaps if you see Herr Goebbels he may help you,” I am advised. Following a guide, I at last arrive at a small, luxurious room. A small man of amazing ugliness sits facing me. “The audacity,” he shouts. “The infernal audacity. How dare he to buy a pack of cards manufactured by those — those . ! ? ) ! \* — British. He will pay. He is to be shot at dawn.” Suddenly he perceives me—“Well, young woman,” he says, “what do you want? If it’s butter I’ll have you tortured till you admit butter made from wood is 100 per cent. better than butter made from cows.” “That,” I reply with dignity, “is not my mission. I only want to see Herr Adolf Hitler—you’re estimable colleague.” “Well,” answers the ugly one, “that’s different. How much will you give me to reveal his whereabouts?”

After several hours’ argument the price is settled. “He is at Dusseldoif,” I am told. So on to Dusseldoif.

In the cool of the evening I reach Dusseldoif. While walking along a wide street I go through the same experience as in Berlin. Again that weird noise. The R.A.F. is approaching for its nightly visit. Remembering the foolish mistake of the boys of the R.A.F. of the previous night, I again decide to go to a shelter. This shelter is large and crowded. Hundreds of people are settling down for the night. In one corner of this huge shelter I see a large space; thinking I can gain a comfortable place here, I make my way towards it. But as I approach I see that

the ring is guarded by storm troopers. In the centre is a huge bullet-proof glass cage and in the cage is Charlie Chaplain complete with moustache, flat feet, etc. But what can Charlie Chaplain be doing here? Perplexed, I ask my neighbour the name of the person who is in the cage. "Heil Hitler! 'Tis Der Fuehrer," I am told.

### THE ARUM LILY

Proudly she stands among her courtiers tall,  
With curling lip and high unbending mien;  
Around her head the swallows dart and play,  
And snails go sliding at her feet, but she  
Stirs not nor smiles; her calm and steady gaze  
Falls white upon them, coldly beautiful,  
(O swallow rend apart the spell)—a princess  
Pale, of carven gold and ivory.

—Pat Johns, IV.c.

### MORNING FROM THE HILL

The cool mist veils the city, blurs the sea,  
The sun swirls slowly out into the blue;  
Below, the strong spire points up steadily.

Smoothly the green hill slopes unto the plain.  
Deep in the lucerne hedge the sparrows cry,  
And willows' shadows dark the grass again.

But, from the misted beauty of the sea,  
And quiet town and fields, I turn to dream  
On the white wonder of the apple tree.

—Pat Johns, IV.c.

### A TRUE SON OF THE EMPIRE

"A true son of the Empire": what a story is hidden behind those words; what courage and bravery they may cover; but let us follow one of these fighters for the British Flag.

On the eve of September 1st, 1939, everything lay in the quietness of the night, when suddenly the silence was broken by the cries of "Extra! Extra!" as the paper boys brought their message. The headlines on the special papers ran thus: "Nazi Bombs Rain Over Poland." One mother knew at once what to expect, for she had experienced the same thing 25 years ago. She did not fail to speak her thoughts, for her only son was now serving in the Home Service Militia and she feared that she might lose him to the hands of war, which so long ago had taken her brothers and friends over the sea, to fight for the British Empire and all that it stands for. She was, however, comforted by her son, who was confident that there would not be a

world war. But, alas, came the day, September 3rd, when England declared war on Germany.

That same son was now forced to make the greatest decision of his life. Here was his duty clear before him. He must go and fight for his country, with the pals of his boyhood. About a week later that same boy enlisted at the nearest depot to his home. He had not yet reached his majority, but how could a mother stop her son from going to fight for such a cause?

After five months in camp at last came those words—"Final leave next week, then we're off. We don't know where we are going, but we're ready to fight old Adolf and we're not fussy where we do it."

These words, spoken with cheerful gaiety by the young soldier, brought sudden dread to those at home, but they would not dream of showing it. The night before that final leave ended the boy had one of the happiest times in his life, for he was given a farewell party. All were gay, wishing the young soldier and his friends the best of luck on their great voyage, and in reaching the goal which they were determined should be theirs. The last farewells, we will not linger on, for they were sad for all concerned. Here was an only son, an only brother, going away over the seas to a country many thousands of miles away, and the last good-byes are, therefore, best left to their memories.

The day on which our soldier turned 21 years of age he sailed away. The day was not of the best, for dark storm clouds floated in the sky and reflected in the sea, making it grey and cold-looking. But in contrast to this gloomy background were the smiling faces of the troops. Nothing could daunt these heroes. There they stood with happy faces, old as well as young, for there were quite a few old faces mingled with the young ones. They were quite fearless of what might be in store for them, for these were real, happy-go-lucky Australian boys off to do their part with a cheerfulness which is well worth remembering.

The day was a Sunday and although everything appertaining to the departure of the troops had been carried out in secrecy, crowds lined the railway station and the overhead bridge adjoining the station, to see

their boys going away. The rain came down in torrents, but in spite of it all there was not one of those people would have missed that sight. They were excited and hysterical as they clambered for a better view. The whirl of cinematographs, used by photographers for moving pictures, and the click of still cameras could be heard. Official armbands of red and black stood out against the unrelieved grey-ness of the misty day, and as the trains unloaded the soldiers on to the pier they quietly made their way to the next boat, for there were five of these huge troopships waiting to be packed with Australian soldiers. Everything was carried out in an orderly fashion. As the troops boarded the ships they climbed the rigging and stood on every visible part of the ship's deck until it seemed to the watching crowds as if they were but a sea of faces looking down upon the wharf. As 5 o'clock came the last ship moved off with its load of soldiers. A huge sea of waving arms was visible both on the ship and over the area covered by the crowds. As the ships drew farther and farther out to sea tears fell fast, but the faces of the troops still remained cheerful.

Here was perhaps the most moving scene witnessed in Melbourne for years. Here were our Australian lads sailing to the other side of the world, and among them was our particular soldier—a true son of the Empire.—Geraldine Fitz-Patrick, Form IV.c.

#### DAWN

Fair Dawn, on pearly wings, her lacy mantle flowing free,  
 Soars through the air, and frees the drops of dew  
 She bears in mystic palms,  
 And glittering, like a host of countless gems,  
 They light on slowly waking flowers,  
 To crown them with a myriad diadems.  
 And far across the mountain peaks a radiant glow;  
 The crimson glory of the rising sun,  
 Kisses the tow'ring spires on distant hill,  
 Where shadows of a dying moon are quivering still.  
 And crown, in radiance bright, with rosy hue,  
 Two slender trees outlined against the sky,  
 Guarding a brilliant cascade rushing by,  
 Where silver waves break on the golden strand;  
 Then spread, majestic, o'er the sky, and pause  
 To watch the golden glory of the sun pervade the  
 land—  
 And day has come.

—B. Beavis, I.a.

#### ORCHIDS OF MY DISTRICT

In my district, Beaconsfield, there are many different varieties of orchid. I have collected thirty-seven different species.

Orchids grow at all seasons and months of the year, although the majority of them flourish in the spring and summer.

Perhaps the most common of the orchids in Beaconsfield are the *Pterostylis* or Greenhoods, of which I have seven different varieties. The Greenhoods grow all the year around, and can be easily distinguished by the distinct green hood.

The *Diuris* are also common, and of them I have five different varieties. These five varieties grow in spring and summer time and are very numerous.

The "Blackie-potato," or *Diuris Longifolia*, are very widespread and grow in all parts of Victoria.

The *Diuris Punctata*, or Purple *Diuris*, is also very conspicuous in the spring months, often growing in very large colonies. A favorite place for this variety is the railway line.

Another of our fairly common species is the Spider orchid, or *Caladenia*, and many varieties grow in my district. These are noted for their beautiful labellum or tongue.

The *Dipodium Punctatum* is perhaps our most conspicuous summer orchid. This Hyacinth orchid often grows to a height of three feet and has twenty to thirty pink flowers dotted with brown. This orchid has no leaves on the solid brown stem.

The Potato orchid, or *Gastrodia Sesamoides*, is one of our more common summer orchids. It is so called because of the tuberous root, which resembles a potato. The flower is brown, and the stem is wholly dark brown.

The Mosquito orchid, or *Acianthus Exertus*, is very tiny and grows only to about six inches. The flower is correspondingly small and resembles a flying mosquito. This orchid is very much like the *Prasophyllum*, or tiny leek orchid, which grows at the same time and in the same parts.

The *Thelymitra Grandiflora* is one of our biggest Sun orchids, and grows to a height of two or three feet. The large flowers are about one inch in diameter and are wholly

blue. This species grows only on the hills and drier places.

The Horned orchid, or *Prthoceras Strictum*, is fairly rare in my district and is hard to see in the coarse grasses in which it grows. It attains a height of one to three feet.

Last autumn was a long season for the tiny but beautiful *Eriochilus Autumnalis*, or Parson's Bands. It grows to about six inches and has two white petals. The peculiarity of this orchid is that the leaf grows after the flower has died.

Many other species grow in my district and all are very beautiful. The majority of orchids grow in sandy places and very poor virgin soil, and they are rarely found where the ground is cultivated. Some orchids grow only where a fire has passed.—Frank Adamson, V.

#### THE HERMIT

High up in the mountains,  
Among the heather bells,  
Although we never see him,  
A bearded hermit dwells.

His tattered clothes are spotless,  
His brawny arms are brown,  
He draws his water from a tarn,  
Where a waterfall drops down.

Where the streams are wandering  
Down through the purple glens;  
To the merry, rippling, crystal tarn,  
The camp a beauty lends.

—B. Beavis, I.a.

#### SEASONS OF JAPAN

June, July and August are the summer months. During these months she well deserves the distinction of being considered the pleasantest recreation ground in the Far East. Many mountain and seaside resorts afford cool, refreshing places of retirement. Wherever you go there is a bracing climate and glorious mountain scenery.

The whole land becomes more picturesque with a velvety green mantle. Bright green rice plants picturesquely standing in water are typical of the Japanese summer.

The scenic beauty of the pine-clad shores, the rugged mountains with roaring cascades and falls of clear, ice-cold water from the alpine snow, and the placid waters of the

deep, tree-girt lakes peacefully cradled in the stillness of the woods—these are only some of the outstanding attractions of the Japanese summer.

As summer merges into autumn there is a crisp tang in the air, a bracing tonic. The weather is ideal, like the Indian summer in America. It is the season of Harvest and at night one sees the lovely harvest moon. Every village has a harvest festival, at which dances and songs are given.

Autumn's glory is typified in nature's lavish colouring of the parks and gardens, where the world-famed *Chrysanthemums* bloom in profusion.

The dark evergreens form the background for the splendid tapestries in which nature spills from her palette all the colours of the rainbow. There are the rich colours ranging from yellows that gleam like gold in the sunlight to every hue of crimson.

Autumn is nigh perfect in Japan.

And now for winter. Winter adds further charm to the already beautiful landscape. A wealth of snow-mantled mountains, including peerless Mt. Fugi, all in a setting of sylvan beauty, is another masterpiece of nature's handiwork. Japan enjoys a variety of climate from mild to cold.

This country is endowed with snow-clad mountains, mineral hot springs, magnificent lakes and rivers, picturesque isles and matchless forest scenery. This is winter in Japan.

And now comes spring. Cherry blossom time. Spring comes and the flowers flourish everywhere. Imagine a peaceful picture of the countryside: a farmer's thatched cottage; growing close by peach trees in full bloom, a cloud of deep pink in contrast to the clear white of the pear blossom.

Everywhere in spring you find the cherry blossom transforming the countryside into a big flower garden.

Young girls dressed in their holiday best. Children in their gay coloured kimonos indulge in the merry-makings of spring.

Oh, how beautiful is Japan!—Jean Edwards, III.c.

---

Notice: Do not touch this piece of wire— instant death. People found doing so will be prosecuted.

**WILDFLOWERS**

Tossed by the sea-blown breezes,  
Wet with the morning dew,  
Buttercups, sparkling, golden,  
Poppies of crimson hue.

Thick on the banks of a river,  
Foliage of wildflower grows,  
Sweetly on moss-covered branches  
Clusters the wild white rose.

The delicate trails of columbine  
Stretch up to the sapphire sky,  
And on the swaying tree tops  
The thrushes chirp and fly.

Wild clematis seeks the sunshine,  
Where the wattles whisper and wave,  
Tossing their golden blossoms,  
Where azure waters lave.

Tossed by the sea-blown breezes,  
Wet with the morning dew,  
Buttercups, sparkling golden,  
Poppies of crimson hue.

—B. Beavis, I.a.

**THE CIRCUS**

The audience was filing in and a burring sound resulted as they conversed together. There was a lady present at the entrance berobed in colourful clothing and giving a smile to those from which she received the tickets. A few minutes after the audience had seated themselves the entrance was closed—the circus had begun.

From a side of the circus tent the woman who had appeared before us as the ticket collector came into the ring. She gave a magnificent curtsey and then did a few antics on a sturdy Shetland pony, which was calmly waiting for her! She stood on its back, not holding the reins in her hand, and then very gracefully received a highly coloured umbrella, which she sent spinning from hand to hand.

After several items there came the event which perhaps gained the loudest applause. The clown scuttered into the ring, climbed on to a tight-rope, and began walking backwards and forwards on it, apparently in very great haste. After this he bowed to the audience, grinned feebly, and then again mounted the tight-rope. This time he made the audience stare with amazement, for he was given

a ladder whilst on the rope. Receiving this ladder, he placed it on the rope beside him; then he began the almost unbelievable task of mounting it. He quivered and shook slightly, but at last he righted himself, and next received some clubs, which he juggled! There was the clown standing on a quivering ladder, which had only the tight-rope as a base, juggling clubs. Well, it was excellent.

There were several other items, one outstanding one being that of a contortionist. This man was over 70 years of age, but completed the task with the greatest skill.

Then the circus drew to a conclusion and the audience was dismissed.—R. Canterbury, II.a.

**BUSHLANDS**

A crystal stream winding its prattling course  
Over the stones amongst the soft green fern,  
Wet from the sparkling drops of scattered spray,  
A bird's song greeting you at every turn,  
A carpet of delicate flowers and grass beneath,  
And the wonder of an orchard freshly sprung  
From its unpromising and fragile root,  
Clematis and sarsparilla around you hung,  
The colours of the sunrise caught and held  
By plant and tree alike in foliage and flower,  
The golden fire of wattle, boronia's scent,  
The intricate structure of a lyrebird's bower,  
These are the things which make us love our bush,  
And charm us always with its magic power.

—Heather Smith, VI.

**KATOOMBA—BLUE MOUNTAINS,  
N.S.W.**

Imagine cool, ferny glades, and the grottoes, the rock clefts, the overhanging projections, the miniature waterfalls, the sparkling streamlets, the towering high and dominating rocks that rear into majestic masses out of deep valleys veiled with haze.

This is the scene that met my eyes as I glided down the "Scenic Railway" at Katoomba, in the Blue Mountains, New South Wales. The "Scenic Railway," which drops over the edge of a cliff, down 1300 feet to a coal mine, is used for bringing coal from the mine to the power house. Visitors may descend to the depths down the railway, which has an average grade of 45 degrees and a maximum grade of 52 degrees.

After a thrilling ride we strolled along a leafy avenue of fern trees to a magic wonderland, where tall trees reared their heads to

the sun, and cool breaths of wind crept down the surrounding walls of sandstone. Occasionally the silence was intermittently broken by the mocking sounds of Australia's own lyrebird.

"Ruined Castle" loomed up before us, and a "Golden Stairway" led us from there to "Narrow Neck," where the changing sienna of the cliffs gleamed like burnished metal. Further on, near "Federal Pass," we rested in "York Cave," and gazed on Katoomba Falls, where crystal waters leapt from dizzy heights and crashed into babbling streams.

Katoomba is not only beautiful, but rich in coal, and in 1880 a kerosene shale was located at "Ruined Castle" and "Jamieson Valley" and through to "Narrow Neck."

Many enthralling features are engraved upon one's mind. An unforgettable sight is one seen from "Echo Point" of the famous "Three Sisters." Another is the solitary "Orphan Rock" that maintains its age-long watch over Jamieson Valley.

As the sun sinks and the shadows rise from the depths none of this beauty is lost, for at night valleys are flood-lit and all is eerily enchanting.—Pearl Towers, IV.a.

#### DAWN

I wandered thro' a bushland  
Where kangaroos and 'possums hide—  
A faint, white track before me,  
And tall gums at my side;

With the leaves of trees like diamonds  
'Neath the dark, bejewelled sky,  
And the earth's scent mingling slowly  
With the tree-scents wafting high.

A busy river weaves its way,  
Singing by fern and heather,  
O'er rocks it falls in a mass of spray,  
And rolls along forever.

Now a stir, and then a twitter,  
And the movement of a wing;  
And from some hidden valley  
The notes of bellbirds ring.

Then comes a dazzling flood of light  
From o'er the silent mountains grey,  
Dawn lifts her white and mystic cloak,  
And ushers in the day.

—M. Perry, IV.a.

#### DUNKIRK

The British Tommy's very brave,  
His job he does not shirk,  
He fought and died and tried to save  
The city of Dunkirk.

Many died to save old France,  
Others wounded in their work,  
Could not get through, but still they tried  
To save the town Dunkirk.

The nurses, too, they did their share  
Of most heroic work,  
They tended sick and wounded men  
Who fell before Dunkirk.

'Neath heavy fire of bombs and shells  
They fought where dangers lurk,  
Those famous men, the B.E.F.,  
The Heroes of Dunkirk.

—Janet Lee, IV.c.

#### LEAVING SCHOOL

On one's last day at school one usually experiences many strange feelings. There is one time at the beginning of the day when the person leaving school is just longing for the day to end. With friends standing round all happy and excited it seems that the saying of "Good-bye" will be a simple task, but, as the day wears on, and the time at school becomes shorter and shorter, a feeling of regret at having to leave the happy school pals, perhaps never see some of them again, is beginning to dawn. The last few hours are precious indeed, for they stand for the hundreds or even thousands of happy days we have been through. Wet days, dry days, days when we got into trouble, and days when we shone for having gained a place near the top of the form; they all seem alike now. Even the days when we did not particularly enjoy ourselves would be welcomed back now. It is strange how the longing to leave has departed and we are now wishing to stay longer.

The last minutes are very short. The "Good-byes" are said amidst a few tears broken by watery smiles, but at last the parting is over and we are ready to start out in the world. Many partings such as we have now experienced will face us again, but will any of them mean as much to us as does the parting which comes when we are leaving school?—Geraldine Fitz-Patrick, IV.c.

## A DIARY

## From England to Australia, 1939

**March 8th.**—With the white cliffs behind us and a new land ahead we said "Farewell for the present" to our homeland. The crossing of the English Channel was rough, but we found a remarkable contrast in the Bay of Biscay.

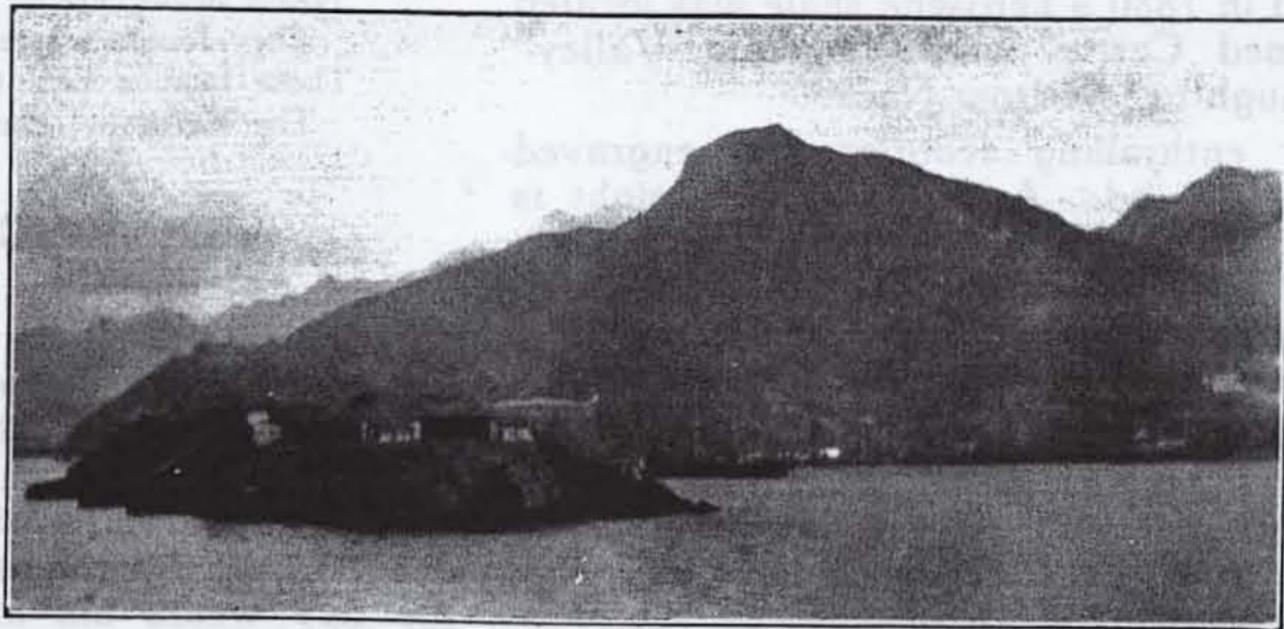
**March 11th.**—To-day we passed by part of the coast of Spain, and gazed upon the majestic rock of Gibraltar. We could not get too near, as the fleet was doing manœuvres.

**March 13th.**—To-day we passed part of the

Egyptians made a splendid scene in the golden sunset.

**March 18th.**—After being anchored twelve hours during the night, for other ships to pass us, we were welcomed by the beautiful sights at the end of our 88-mile journey.

**March 21st.**—To-day we stopped at Aden, but were unable to go ashore as our ship was in quarantine. But we were amused by the men in the little boats round the ship. The men throw a rope up for one of the passengers to tie on the rail of the ship, and then if you want any of their goods you pull



Aden.

coast of Africa, and we find that the weather is getting warmer.

**March 14th.**—We anchored in the finest and most secure port in the Mediterranean—Malta. We were taken ashore in gaily painted boats, and dusky men pestered us with their wares. We saw beautiful buildings in picturesque surroundings; including St. John's Cathedral, richly decorated with marble and gorgeous paintings. Our last glimpse of Malta was when it was shrouded in twilight.

**March 17th.**—We arrived at Port Said, the Western gateway of the Suez Canal. We reached the shore with the aid of a pontoon bridge and visited the big stores, where we saw many different races. We bargained with the impetuous salesmen about us, and have many interesting wares as a result. Among indescribable scenery we began our journey down the Suez. The camels and

the rope as it has a basket on the end. Then we send down the money in the basket.

**March 28th.**—To-day we arrived at Colombo. After paying one rupee (1/6) we were taken ashore in a motor launch, where we experienced our first ride in a rickshaw. The heat was intolerable.

We crossed the Indian Ocean, with only a few islands to break the monotony of the everlasting view of water. We played sport of all kinds and enjoyed ourselves for ten days.

**March 7th.**—This evening we arrived at Fremantle, our first contact with our new home—Australia. We went ashore for a few hours; as it was late we were unable to visit Perth.

**March 8th.**—We bid farewell to Fremantle and we are out of sight of land.

**April 11th.**—To-day we arrived at Ade-

laide. We visited the city and some of the big shops and gardens.

**April 13th.**—To-day we arrived in Melbourne. I was rather disappointed after some of the lovely harbours we visited coming out, but I discovered after that we have come into the docks at Melbourne.—Joan Parr, III.d.

#### "FRENCH"

French is a language  
As old as old can be,  
It's killed a lot of Frenchmen  
And now it's killing me.

—Janet Lee, IV.c.

### BRITAIN TO AUSTRALIA

On August 1st, at 10.30 a.m., the train bearing 40-odd children, evacuees for Australia, steamed out of the Caledonian Station, Edinburgh. After a weary journey lasting about seven hours Liverpool was reached and we were driven to a hostel, where we met more evacuees from other parts of Britain.

While in Liverpool we were divided into sections, each consisting of about 15 children and one escort. There were about 477 children altogether. Each section had, as a name, a letter—the Scottish sections having "S" and another letter. The boys, of course, were in different sections. In each section one evacuee, generally the oldest, was appointed "section leader." He or she had to look after the section generally.

We stayed in Liverpool four days, during which we had three or four air-raid alarms. On the 5th we embarked on the M.S. "Batory," a Gydnia-American liner, which was manned by a Polish crew. We sailed, much to everyone's great excitement, at 9 o'clock on Monday night. It may be an interesting point to note that the "Empress of Britain," which has been recently sunk, was a member of our convoy till we reached Cape Town.

Our captain, Capt. Deyezakowski, had had many adventures before he obtained command of the "Batory" a few months ago. Previously he was in charge of a liner which, on the outbreak of war, was trapped in a port on the Gulf of Bothnia. He decided to make a dash for Britain, which after many days spent hiding in fog-banks, he accomplished successfully. In his next adventure

he was not so fortunate. His ship was anchored in a Norwegian fiord—after Germany had extended the war—when a German bomber roared overhead and dropped a rack of bombs. The survivors were brought to Britain in a British destroyer. The "Batory" also took part in the Dunkirk evacuation.

Our cabins were very comfortable. They were well lighted and air-conditioned. There were no more than four persons in a cabin and only two in many. Each cabin contained a washhand basin with hot and cold water. This prevented queuing for a morning wash. We could take a bath, hot or cold, every night, but unfortunately we had only ten minutes to bath ourselves in, and after a hot day one wished to spend a long time in the bath. The food was excellent.

The older girls had to look after one or two younger children. We had to wash and mend their clothes and keep them clean and tidy.

At 10.30 each morning—except Sunday—we divided into three age-groups—seniors, intermediates and juniors. The seniors had talks, debates and physical training. Each afternoon from 1.30 to 3, was rest period, during which everyone had to lie down on their bunks and read or sleep. An occasional film, concert or sing-song helped to fill up the evenings.

Many kinds of competitions were held—ball games, deck tennis, whist drives, boxing matches, etc. Prizes, mostly chocolate from the canteen, but cups for the winning boxers, were given. The cups were presented by the captain.

There were a Company of Girl Guides, a Group of Boy Scouts, and a Pack of Wolf Cubs formed by certain industrious escorts. On the 13th October the captain presented the Scouts with a flag, which had been sewn by one of the stewardesses. This was a very enjoyable ceremony, especially the platefuls of ice-cream which followed it.

Lifbelts had, of course, to be carried everywhere, always, except while we were in port. They were generally a nuisance, but sometimes they came in handy as a seat.

We reached Freetown on August 15th. This West African port is extremely beautiful. Near it were mountains reaching almost to heaven, it seemed, covered

with green grass, greener trees, and with tiny brooks dancing down to an emerald sea. Nestling at the foot of these high hills, in the shade of leafy palms, were the houses of the dusky natives, stretching up, up the slopes to the golden-green-purple peaks. Natives, in canoes, gathering round the ship, dived for small articles and coins. The only incident marring a lovely day was the swallowing of the two spoonfuls of quinine, which were to protect us from malaria.

The first indication that we were about to cross the equator was on the 17th August, when the Tritons came aboard. Walking round below deck and visiting the dining-room, they warned us not to try and dodge the ceremony.

Next day we assembled on our boat-stations and went up for the ceremony, which was held on the sun-deck. At one end sat Neptune, his wife and the captain attended by slaves and courtiers. In order to be initiated one was lathered and shaved, then pushed through a soot-lined barrel and doused with salt water from a hose.

The certificates showing we had been initiated were presented to us by Neptune's chief Triton on September 2nd at a pleasant ceremony.

As the "Batory" approached Cape Town harbour and Table Mountain loomed into sight, one was thrilled with the view of that wonderful city. The impression gained from the sea proved to be inadequate and the hospitality of the inhabitants surpassed all expectations. It was evident, from the general public to those in high office, that the welcome was from the heart. Individual friendships were made and the happy hours spent will remain among our most treasured memories. The younger children will remember Cape Town by the oranges, apples, sweets, lemonade and ice-creams, which were abundant everywhere, especially at picnics.

The evening of one happy day was marred when we were told we would be changing ships next day, and the following morning was indeed gloomy as we awaited the order to transfer. To our great joy the order was cancelled and we were allowed to proceed to Australia among our Polish friends.

The only other glum period was when we discovered we were going north to India

instead of to Australia. When we reached Bombay, however, and were taken for an excellent picnic in the lovely "Hanging Gardens," we cheered up considerably.

We had many excellent picnics in the course of our trips, but the one spent at Colombo Zoo was among the best. The children were allowed to ride on the ponies and the elephants.

Our only "school day" was spent in Singapore. The boys went to a Boys' College and the girls to a Girls' High. We, the girls, were taken for a drive around the town, seeing the lovely Botanical Gardens and the wonderful airport.

The 9th October saw the "Batory" in a port which 56 of us had been waiting feverishly for—Fremantle. There the 56 of us, who were going to Western Australia, disembarked. We others had a picnic.

The next few days were a rush. We had to pass three or four medical examinations and one dental. One had to be interviewed by a very nice gentleman, a Mr. Nelson, from the Children's Welfare Department. The luggage of all those getting off at Melbourne had to be packed. Unfortunately, the Bight was very cold and rather stormy.

The great day for many of us dawned when on the 14th October we woke to find ourselves in Port Philip Bay. We proceeded, with luggage, to appointed spots on deck, where we sat and waited while the ship struggled, almost vainly, to get off a mud-bank on which we had become stuck.

Many tearful "farewells" were said to the crew and to chums who were going on to Sydney.

After those going on to Sydney had entrained for the Zoo we were taken to the United Services Cafe for a small party. Those going to relations were claimed and the others were taken to some hostel.

As we left, many of us, I am sure, felt, for the first time in over ten weeks, really happy. We had reached our "new homes."—Sheila Cameron, III.a.

---

Guard: "Keep your head in there."

Passenger: "Why?"

Guard: "Because we don't want any one of our bridges smashed."

### WE DEPART FOR A HOLIDAY

I arose early on the morning of our departure and, as usual, gave my wife her cup of tea in bed. Not that I begrudged it to her, but I do think that on that morning she could have risen a little earlier. But you know what women are! I prepared to take my bath and shave and was searching frantically for my shaving tackle, a sweet voice murmured from the pillows:

"Why, darling, I packed them yesterday, but you can't possibly get it because all my frocks are packed on top of it."

I swore softly, but determined not to do without the necessary shave, I defied my wife's warning, and quickly tossing out her fripperies departed hurriedly, my ears deaf to the nasty accusations she hurled at me.

I approached her dubiously at the breakfast table, but her anger had cooled and she was eager to discuss our forthcoming holiday. Our train left at 11.30, and as we had packed the day before we had little to do that morning. But my hopes of an uneventful morning were soon to be dashed, for from the bedroom came my wife's voice, demanding to know what I had done with her hair curlers. I replied coldly that, as I never used the wretched things, I had no idea where they were. It ended, however, in my turning out two cases and a trunk in search of them and then finding them under the cover on the bed. I held them out to her, a grim look on my usually placid features, and giving me an angelic smile she cooed softly:

"Thank you, darling; I only wanted to know if I had packed them."

I choked, and remembering that I had to lock the garage, escaped before I inflicted bodily harm on the person of my wife. I had just done this, when my spouse came running, demanding that the woodshed be unlocked. I complied with her request, an evil gleam kindling in my eye.

"Thank goodness," she breathed. "I nearly forgot the shoe polish."

I gasped with rage, for I had packed the wretched stuff only the day before.

After a nerve-wracking morning we managed by some miraculous means to be ready for the taxi, but when we had settled ourselves inside it my wife insisted on getting

out and once more trying the back door to see if it were securely locked.

At last, however, we were off and I settled back in my seat to relax on the way to the station. We had only gone half-way, when a feminine voice whispered urgently in my ear:

"Algy, I forgot to turn the gas ring off."

I wildly gave the order to turn, and we raced back to the deserted house. Hurriedly I dashed to the kitchen, only to find the gas ring safely turned off. I ground my teeth, but resolved not to give an exhibition of my rage in front of the driver, so I stalked majestically out to the taxi, slamming the door viciously behind me. My wife was not in the car and I glanced around hoping against hope that someone had abducted her, when I heard her cry from the house. For a moment I was tempted to leave the woman there, but my better feelings prevailed, so I rescued my then tearful wife and comforted her while we sped to the station.

At last we were safely in the train, and I leaned back prepared to enjoy the journey, when I suddenly remembered:

The electric light in the kitchen—  
I had forgotten to turn it off!!

### MOONBEAMS

When trees are etched by the sinking sun,  
And the day's long work is done,  
When birds sink into feathery nests,  
The Earth in a silver gown is dressed—  
A mystic mantle of moonbeams.

Then all is quiet, all is still,  
And from behind a distant hill  
The moon, its softly radiant light,  
Sheds abroad in the tranquil night—  
A mystic mantle of moonbeams.

On lacy webs the dewdrops shine  
Like fairy weavings of source divine;  
Then shrouded in silver, delicate, pale,  
The moon spreads over the deep, dark vale—  
A mystic mantle of moonbeams.

The moon, adrift on a velvet sea,  
Smiles down with sweet serenity;  
From a jewelled home, with a purpose high,  
Trailing across the cloudless sky—  
A mystic mantle of moonbeams.

—Pearl Towers, IV.a.

### THE WOMAN WITH A PURPOSE

Mrs. Simpson again rang the bell of No. 5 Union Street. Her first summons had had no effect, but Mrs. Simpson was not to be stopped by this. She was a short, thick-set woman with a pair of large, round, hard blue eyes behind a pair of equally large, round glasses which had bitten deeply into the bridge of her nose. Her upper lip was decorated with a moustache, of which any young man might be proud. Her voice was deep and full of purpose, as was her clothing, which resembled somewhat a Girl Guide's outfit, with a hat to match.

In her hand she held a shiny black notebook, and there was a purpose in that, too. It contained a list of subscriptions to the Babies' Home, on whose behalf Mrs. Simpson exerted untiring energy, as she received a substantial commission on all moneys collected. It was on account of this laudable charity that she rang the bell of No. 5 Union Street and caused Mrs. Hardie, the occupant, to respond.

She was a striking contrast to her belligerent caller. A small, weak-looking woman with a round face, out of which peered a pair of short-sighted blue eyes. In a shrill, weak voice she begged Mrs. Simpson to state her business; which that determined woman proceeded to do with great effect, and stood glaring fiercely at the grey-haired little woman, ready to carry on the battle if her demands were not acceded to. Then, to her astonishment, she was ushered inside, invited to have a cup of tea, and finally seated in a comfortable chair. Mrs. Simpson smiled both inwardly and outwardly; "Easy money, if ever there was," she thought; and proceeded to drive home the reasons why it was a public duty to subscribe to the funds of the Babies' Home. Soul-stirring was her pleading on behalf of the institution she represented. Her oratory surprised even herself. Then she paused.

"Mabel," shrilled Mrs. Hardie, "Mabel, bring some tea, dear. Now what were you saying, Mrs. Simpson?" Her weak voice and dreamy eyes had a sad, apologetic note in them as she again turned to her visitor. The lady collector sat stupefied with amazement. To think that she had been talking for nearly twenty minutes and then to be asked what

she had been talking about! A tear of rage and mortification rolled down her cheek, but she controlled herself. She began again, only to be interrupted by a dreadful nerve-shattering crash as the door was kicked open by a long, lanky schoolgirl carrying a tray of tea things. In crossing the room she managed to give Mrs. Simpson's chair a vicious jolt, which shook her nervous system from top to toe. She had scarcely recovered from this, when a cup of tea was thrust at her with such violence that she failed to grasp it, with the disastrous result that the cup and saucer and contents landed in her lap. Words of wrath rose to her lips, but she controlled herself as she thought of the purpose she had come for. What a mess she was in, and before a cloth could be found most of the brown liquid had soaked through her dress.

Mrs. Hardie was overflowing with apologies. "So careless of Mabel, but children are dreadful these days, aren't they?" Mrs. Simpson did not reveal her feelings, but inwardly she resolved to have her revenge in hard cash. That sub., when she got it, would be a stinger!

But she was a long way from it yet. As she began to take up the attack again, Mrs. Hardie suddenly remembered it was 5 o'clock and rushed to the wireless to tune in to a half-hour lecture on babies' ailments. The instrument, turned on to its loudest pitch, effectively drowned any conversation. The effect on Mrs. Simpson was devastating. Deafened by the noise of the wireless and soaked to the skin, she sat, until, by the time the lecture was over, she wished she had never seen or heard of a baby in her life. As for the purpose for which she had come, that had faded entirely.

"Now, wasn't that lovely?" chirped Mrs. Hardie. "So interesting and instructive." But the lady collector was definitely not of that opinion. With her ears almost bursting and her boots oozing tea, she picked up her notebook and fled from the house. "That'll teach her to come here cadging subscriptions again," murmured Mrs. Hardie, as she turned off the wireless.—T. L. Cole, IV.b.

---

Flood Notice: When this board is out of sight the river is dangerous.

## THE CASTE SYSTEM IN INDIA

The word caste is used in Europe to show the different classes into which the people of India are divided. There are four main castes, the most distinguished of which are the priestly Brahmins, the second in rank are the warriors, the third the merchants, and fourth the cultivators and artisans.

Each of the four main castes are subdivided into many others, the numbers of which it is difficult to determine because the subdivisions vary according to locality, and a sub-caste existing in one province is not necessarily found in another. Amongst the Brahmins of the south of the peninsula, for example, there are to be found three or four principal divisions, and each of these again is sub-divided into at least twenty others. There are about 15,000,000 Brahmins in the whole of India.

The second great division is not large in numbers and is to be found mainly in North India. Many of the ruling princes and chiefs belong to this group. Such men as Ranjit Sindhji, the great cricketer, were members of these warrior castes.

The third division is a larger one. The shopkeepers, business men, and mill and factory owners belong to this group. Mahatma Gandhi belongs to this caste.

The fourth group is the largest of all. It includes the great agricultural groups, as well as all of the different artisans, mechanics, etc. It consists of more than half of India's population, for about 75 per cent. are connected with agriculture.

The caste Hindus, apart from Brahmins, number about 170,000,000.

There are few castes which are not distinguished by some special custom, apart from peculiar religious ceremonies. It may be in the cut and colour of their clothes, in the style of wearing them, in the peculiar shape of their jewels and the manner in which they are displayed on various parts of the person. The various castes have many rules, each possessing its own significance. There are about 30,000 different castes.

When expulsion from a caste is the result of some offence, the guilty person who is

being readmitted into the caste has to submit to various ordeals. He may be branded on different parts of the body with a red-hot iron, compelled to crawl several times under a cow, or even to walk barefooted on red-hot coals.

The outcastes or untouchables, who number over 50,000,000 must live outside the walls of a town. They on no account must come in contact with the caste people. Not even may their shadow be allowed to fall on a passer-by. They may not draw water from the same well as the caste people. If they are not provided with a special well, the untouchables must beg someone from the caste people to pour water into their vessels. If the post-office is in the caste portion of the town and an untouchable wishes to send a letter, he has to take the letter and throw it into the street with the hope that some kind-hearted caste man will post it for him. Earth cleanses the defilement. If children of several castes assemble in the same school, the outcaste children never enter until all the other caste children are assembled; then they may enter and sit behind the door, but they must always leave the room first so that the caste children have a clear exit. Books or any other school accessories, when being passed from any untouchable children to a teacher or other students, must always be placed on the ground. No hand-to-hand passing between castes is allowed. When visiting villages, we had to be careful to visit the high caste portion of the town first. It would be against caste laws to visit the untouchables first. Dr. Ambedkar was one of these despised untouchables.

The untouchables are divided into 278 different castes. Some are the village messengers, some sweepers, some rope-makers, some leather-workers, some scavengers, etc. Some of these are to be found in every village to do their particular work for the caste people.

With the coming of trains and motor vehicles we are happy to say that the caste system is gradually breaking. The high caste man finds himself travelling alongside of the despised outcastes. The Christians, converts from all castes, are uniting in one faith and hope.

### TO A FRIEND

Don't worry, doggie, he'll be back again,  
 Back from those shores of strife  
 Where all is sorrow and pain.  
 He told us when he went away  
 To wear a smile and carry on,  
 And we must keep faith with him,  
 Now he's gone.

Remember, when you were a funny little chap  
 He used to pull your ears,  
 And hold you on his lap?  
 You're grown up now, and so is he,  
 And he has gone to fight for dear ones,  
 To a land that is far away  
 Across the sea.

He's upholding the cause of down-trodden nations,  
 Freedom and Honour and Truth,  
 So both of us must have patience  
 When things look black, and hope and pray  
 The war be ended soon, and he'll come home  
 With new hope and strength and vigour  
 For the days to come.

And when he's back and pats you once again,  
 You'll feel as though you've seen  
 A rainbow after endless rain,  
 And you'll bark and jump for joy.  
 We'll thank our God for the sight of him,  
 And our cup of happiness  
 Will be full to the brim.

—Heather Smith, VI.

### RIVER MURRAY TRIP

We left Melbourne by car at 2.30 in the afternoon and arrived at Charlton, a small town in the Mallee, where we stayed that night. We had dinner the next day at Ouyen, and travelled from there to Mildura, arriving at 4.30 in the afternoon. We spent the rest of the day sightseeing in this large and beautiful city. Mildura is very well laid out and has many fine buildings. The streets are not named, they are numbered. The next day we left Mildura in the River Murray steamer, P.S. "Marion," at 10.30, Adelaide time. The steamer is about two chains long, has sleeping accommodation for forty passengers, and a crew of ten. On the journey down and back the boat called at Wentworth, Renmark and Berri, three important river towns. Renmark and Berri are very prettily placed, because the civic fathers have paid great attention to the laying out of the cities,

and planting the streets with palms and generally adorning these centres with ornamental gardens. A few miles further on from Berri is a rather "sizy" town named Barmera. This town is situated on Lake Bonney, and a little further down is Lake Victoria. When we travelled the river trip the authorities controlling the irrigation system allowed one foot of water escape out of Lake Victoria into the Murray to raise the height of the water level so that the boat could navigate the shallow stretches between locks.

On returning to Mildura after covering seven hundred and twenty miles on the Murray we motored to Adelaide via Renmark, Berri, Barmera, Quiro and Chain of Ponds. We found this district exceedingly interesting, because of its intense pastoral and agricultural prosperity, and also its fine vineyards, which support some of the greatest wine distilleries in the southern hemisphere. The mountain scenery embraces the Chain of Ponds and the Gorge road leading out of the hills on to the evergreen plateau on which Adelaide is very prettily situated. Although Adelaide is small compared with Melbourne, we found it interesting and stayed there two days, driving round the city by day and exploring the shopping centres by night.

On the return journey we stayed at Mt. Gambier, and the party was amazed at the splendour and prosperity of this district. We visited the cottage of Adam Lindsay Gordon, situated at Kingston, about twenty-two miles south of Mt. Gambier. From Mt. Gambier we travelled on to Portland, which is a very pretty place, situated right on the coast. It is the landing place of the Henty brothers and many relics of the pioneers may be seen.

As the writer of this epistle, I have seen the journey through eyes that are only fifteen years old, and I offer my apology to others who may have seen it differently.—N. L. Gartside, III.b.

---

Visitor to Farm: "I'd like to know why on earth you call that white pig 'Ink'."

Farmer: "Because he's always running from the pen."

**MUST IT BE ?**

The brilliance of the sun rising over the distant hills sheds warmth and beauty, bringing with it peace upon the fields below. As if by a master's hand the darkness of the night is lifted from the surrounding countryside. Man and nature awake from their sleep to view the loveliness of the new day.

In the distance the smoke from a farmhouse curls lazily upwards to the sky. A farmer harnesses his team of horses for the day's toil upon the rich soil of the plains. At eventide he returns, bringing with him a just hunger and a knowledge that his toil will endure and benefit mankind.

Can anything be more peaceful and lovely than to gaze upon the rich, fertile plains stretching into the distance as far as the eye can see?

The sun rising over the distant hills, heralding another day, casts everlasting brilliance, not upon a field of peace and loveliness, but upon another day of killing and suffering. One does not look upon the once rich and fertile plain, but upon a raging furnace; a land where instead of Nature bountifully giving food to mankind, there is now a "No Man's Land" where men fight men against whom they hold no grievance.

Sane men ask why. Why must this bloodshed go on? Why must homes and buildings be destroyed? Why must the earth be ruined and torn asunder? Is it that a nation wants to expand? Is that the reason?

There is no reason on the face of God's earth why one man's lust for power should be allowed to plunge the whole world into misery. The farmer can no longer till the soil for mankind, but instead he grieves for his sons killed in battle. He has fought honourable wars with nature so that man will benefit from the land; but now he gazes upon a land of grief and suffering. He wonders why the world does not realize that the Almighty God gave peoples appointed lands. Lands not to be used as battlefields, but as lands to create full and plenty to the glory of God in man.

Let us—the future generation—strive to bring about a world of unity and brotherhood

—a world where all men will have equal opportunity, a world of equal rights and justice, in which shall live the glory of an everlasting kingdom whose motto shall be—

**"Security to all men upon God's earth."**

—Maurice Nixon, III.b.

**THE BERWICK 'BUS**

The Berwick 'bus is green and white.  
As o'er the hill it comes in sight,  
A groan goes up, "Here comes the tub,"  
Then there is a great hubbub.

The noise that goes on in that crate!  
"Done your maths.?" "Hope we're late,"  
A din of voices, tut! tut! fuss!  
The noise that goes on, on that 'bus.

Our drivers are expert throwers-out;  
The minute you're in a bit of a rout,  
Out you go and out you stay,  
Till the next of the 'buses comes your way.  
—Hazel Dennis, III.c.

**RAINBOW VALLEY'S SECRET**

For three days we had been residing at Rainbow Valley Ranch, which was situated on a lonely prairie in the Wild West. On this night the atmosphere was still and eerie. The wind moaned as if it were an ill-omen. Suddenly through the quietness of the night a fierce war cry rent the air—the Indians' war-cry.

As quickly as possible Miss Carroll gathered the girls together, sternly warning them not to get panicky. Jot, the only servant, then distributed rifles, giving us about five cartridges each. The twanging of bows was heard, a flash of flame seen, and a burning arrow settled on the roof, but before we could reach it, fluttered and went out.

"Fire!" Miss Carroll's command rang through the silence that was not broken except for the sound of the Indians' bows, and the hissing of burning arrows on the roof. We aimed steadily, and as a result about nine braves fell, the chief being amongst them. Others were seriously injured. We fired several times, then our cartridges ran out.

I volunteered to get more. I got a box of them, but as I was crossing the store-room I saw a pair of glittering eyes, gleaming with hostility, staring at me between the shutters.

Shrinking back behind the supply cupboard, I waited, cold with fright. The Indian spied me, shot, missed. Again he raised his bow to shoot.

At that moment an Indian boy crept up behind him, knocking the arrow from his hand. I quickly loaded my rifle and fired. My shot pierced the Indian's skull, instantly killing him.

"Hilary," the Indian boy cried, "follow me. I will show you a secret path. My name is Rising Moon."

I stood still, perplexed. How on earth could an Indian boy know my name? I was roused by his calling, "Hurry!"

"Just a moment," I cried, rushing back to the others; "quickly, all of you, follow me." I sprang back, Miss Carroll and the others following. Jumping over the window-sill, we followed Rising Moon. Down, down into the earth we went. At last light appeared ahead. Suddenly I noticed a passage almost hidden from view. I dropped out of the line. The others, not noticing me, continued to follow the boy.

Lighting my lantern, I began to follow the passage. I had walked about one quarter of a mile, when I came upon a trunk in a small room. Bending down, I opened the rusty lock with my knife. Trembling with excitement, I lifted the lid. What a sight met my eyes! Gold, great bars of gold, nuggets of it, altogether a fortune.

Then, and not till then, I began to wonder where the others were. Noticing another passage, I followed it and found it led to an opening. By a strange coincidence the others were just passing.

When safely in the nearest fort, Rising Moon related his story. He was Peter, my brother, who had been stolen by Indians. The sheriff went back to collect the gold which I had found, and which I proudly presented to my parents. They were overjoyed, too, at finding their lost son.

Then I woke to find it was all a dream, and my mother was standing by my bed with a bottle of "Hearne's Bronchitis Cure" in one hand and a medicine glass in the other. Ugh!  
—Betty Beavis, I.a.

### SEA SONG

I could not smock a stitch to-day,  
Nor draw a single thread,  
For watching leagues of ocean spray  
Across the Barwon Heads.

Yet think not I have idle been,  
This lucent spring day long;  
For though my needle stitched no seam,  
I've made a little song.

With fragrance of the flower bud  
That on the tea-tree sway,  
The rhythm from the sandy skud  
Of children's feet at play. . . .

With tones, low caught, from gulls that drift  
Above a deep, blue pool,  
Where, wondrously, the currents lift  
Sea-gardens, green and cool.

With folded wings upon the bay,  
Like flakes of sunset foam,  
That heard my song, beyond the spray,  
And set their prows for home.

Its warmth will flush the briar rose,  
Which down the sea roads creeps,  
And tinge with gold, as homeward go,  
The fishing ships to sleep.

—Elvie Besant, IV.d.

### TO MARKET! TO MARKET!

2 a.m., one Saturday morning. A chill, cloudless morning with the stars set in the sky like jewels in black velvet. We left for the Victoria Market with a load of vegetables wrapped up fit to defy any weather Nature might throw upon us. En route, as we sped along the lonely road<sup>1</sup> with only the stars above and the engine's hum as our companions, we passed a few trucks, the occupants of which were on the same errand as we. Here were two soldiers returning to camp, and there a lonely cow stirred in the midst of her slumber. Farther on man's wakeful guardian, the dog, sped us on with his invariable cry, and these were the only signs of life we encountered till we reached the outskirts of the city. Here, as we entered the suburbs, we were caught in the dazzling radiance of street lights. We met also more gardeners' trucks. Crawling along in the shadows of the oak trees along the road were numerous carts drawn by the faithful horse. They were the Chinamen's carts and perched back

among the wares were the Oriental owners looking more like Eskimos when all wrapped up. Sprinkled about the practically deserted city were members of the forces, some showing signs of revelry. The usually busy Flinders Street was deserted, except for a few newspaper carts waiting to send the early editions to the eager thousands outside the city area. We entered a new world on reaching the market, for it teemed with life. We took our stand and about 3.30 a.m. the Chinamen came round driving hard bargains, but firmness broke down their resistance. By 6.30 a.m. we had sold out and we left the city, where the trams were crawling sleepily out of the terminals and the trains were beginning to get into their usual rush.

We passed the Shrine, and a fine picture it was. The dark grey building silhouetted against the crimson sky, and around it hung a wreath of limped mist through which the new sun rays were slowly sifting. The dewy grass around the base glistened like the myriads of crystals. The Shrine's appearance suited its symbolism as it stood, sombre and majestic, alone while the light of a new era gently crept up behind. We soon reached the open and met the rush of frosty air, whilst the lonely factory chimneys unfolded their smoky tendrils to the azure sky. We arrived home when the sun had fully risen and had wakened the sleeping world.—J. Griggs, V.

## TUESDAY

The day dawns bright and clear with not a solitary speck looming on the horizon to mar its beauty; only its very name. Tuesday! When I dwell upon the horrors to be gone through I wish myself anywhere, so be it far from the Dandenong Market. Why, even the dentist's chair seems heaven compared to a Tuesday on our 'bus.

At 8 o'clock I board the 'bus and, even at this early hour, my eyes rest upon a box full of quacking ducks all bedecked in their youthful golden down, and I wonder what they think of these humans who ruthlessly snatch them from their mothers' side.

This evening I know I will see that box crammed full, not with ducklings, but with some commodities that this human deems a fit replacement for those big balls of fluff. And as I again enter the 'bus I perceive that such

is true. Small packages are peeping through the wire netting while in a sugar bag nearby a poplar lifts its leafy arms towards the vault of heaven, to be stopped only by the solid ceiling of the 'bus.

Gingerly I navigate my way through a sea of cases, big ones, little ones, grey ones, blue ones, brown ones, black ones, all shapes, all sizes, and as numerous as the flies that busily buzz to and fro in the doorway. At last I find a seat (which, of course, I cannot hold) next to a small, wizened old lady who holds in her hands a large paper bag, which, to my astonishment, wobbles precariously upon her knees. Then imagine my amazement, when suddenly, from that stifling cage, a rooster crows! Yes, a rooster!

Upon my neck the sun is shining down in full strength. Turing round to pull down the shade, I notice that, while my window is down, the next one and the rest are, in various degrees, up. A brisk wind blowing through the 'bus, the blinds rattle and shake, no doubt trying, I suppose, to contribute their share to the rowdy din of Tuesday.

Now a lady boards with three small children and a pusher loaded with parcels. Following her are two more pushers. I fail to see where they shall go, but evidently the passengers seem to overlook the fact that we school children, no matter how insignificant we may be, still require space to stand upon. But they, calmly depriving us of even this, wonder why we over-balance and fall on their ice-cream, or squash their new hats.

What a mingled crowd we find here! Short and tall are mixed together with fat and lean, and I think of a giant's spice cake wherein are mixed currants, raisins, sultanas, and nuts. I can see in the corner a tiny lady with her face painted to the highest degree, contrasting strikingly with her neighbour's freckled, untouched complexion.

Seated upon their mothers' knees, tired babies sleep or howl unceasingly, while the weary menfolk scowl and wish, I daresay, that they could get hold of the brats for a minute. "I could give it something to cry for," I can imagine them thinking.

And in this inferno, with young boys hanging on to the door with two fingers and half a foot, the poor 'bus driver anxiously consults his watch and wonders, no doubt, what

the lady in green will say if he misses the train at the other end. Thus pondering, he suddenly spurts forward, while I fall back upon the case of someone, who immediately demands, why I should flatten it?

Such then are the tortures of Tuesday, and in the thick of it I musingly repeat:

"Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the by-road nigh me."

—Thelma Whitehead, V.

### A DREAM

One evening I was walking along a lonely road on my way home; I had to pass an empty house, which was said to be haunted. Just as I was opposite it I heard an awful shriek and then a thud. I was frozen with horror, and as I watched the house the doors burst open and a horrible hooded figure came gliding towards me. I tried to move, but my legs seemed to be made of lead and I couldn't make them move at all. The figure came right up to me and then in a low mocking voice told me that I would be the next and that I had better go to the house and get ready.

Everything seemed to go black, and then I realized that I was slowly making my way to the house, although I did not want to. When I entered the house everything seemed to be deserted, the room was dimly lit by a candle; and as I became accustomed to the light I was horrified to see several persons lying as if dead near the window. On going closer I must have trodden on a spring, because a skeleton hand came out from an opening in the wall, and I realized how the people had been killed; and I shuddered to think that that same fate was in store for me and I could do nothing to prevent it.

Just then I glanced around and saw the figure returning; I started to run and I could hear it pursuing me. I felt it trying to grab me and I came to the top of a flight of stairs; I could not stop myself and I fell, and found myself on the floor beside my bed. I cannot say how relieved I felt, when I looked around and saw that the people I had supposed to be

dead were my two little cousins who were sleeping in my room. "You must have had a bad dream," said my mother, who had come into the room because one of the children was crying.—Kath Murphy, IV.c.

### TEN LITTLE COM. GIRLS

1. Ten little Com. girls,  
Walking in a line;  
One heard the school bell ring,  
And then there were nine.
2. Nine little Com. girls,  
Each desire's a mate;  
One found herself alone,  
And then there were eight.
3. Eight little Com. girls,  
Longing for eleven;  
One couldn't keep awake,  
And then there were seven.
4. Seven little Com. girls,  
Armed with hockey sticks;  
One failed to hit the ball,  
And then there were six.
5. Six little Com. girls,  
Very much alive;  
One talked too much in school,  
And then there were five.
6. Five little Com. girls,  
Going out the door;  
One tumbled down the stairs,  
And then there were four.
7. Four little Com. girls,  
Hastening home for tea;  
One couldn't find her hat,  
And then there were three.
8. Three little Com. girls,  
Side by side they drew;  
One dropped her books,  
And then there were two.
9. Two little Com. girls,  
Thought they'd have some fun;  
One broke a signboard,  
And then there was one.
10. One little Com. girl,  
Then commenced to run;  
She disappeared inside the "goal,"  
And then there was none.

—Jean Edwards, III.c.

# Examinations Successes Gained in 1939

## SCHOLARSHIPS

**Teaching:** Edna Gascoigne, Jean Sinclair,  
Frank Adamson.

**Junior:** Lois De Graaff.

**Free Place:** Doris Banfield, Ivy Mitchell, Gillian Ward,  
Hugh Adamson.

## LEAVING AND MATRICULATION

Stuart Cannard  
Colin Cole  
James Edwards  
Douglas Gartside  
Kenneth Griffiths  
Maurice Hamilton  
Robert Hurley  
Donald McLeod  
David Morris  
Donald Pollock

James Reid  
Robert Witham  
Bryan Woollard  
Marjorie Aspinall  
Ruth Bean  
Mildred Carpenter  
Lorna Corbel  
Vera Coventry  
Marion Dawson  
Muriel Dowling

Norma Fyfe  
Dorothy Gilbert  
Jean Grogan  
Mary Harmer  
Mary Higham  
Kathleen Keighery  
Gwendoline Longmuir  
Heather Smith  
Joan Taylor  
Cherry Watson

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Keith Fryer

Constance McFariane

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATES

Frank Adamson  
John Bishop  
Neil Bradbury  
Gordon Cowe  
Ronald Fletcher  
Andrew Giles  
Robin Gray  
John Griggs  
John James  
Trevor Jones  
Douglas McAlpin  
Maxwell McCallum  
Donald McFarlane  
Maxwell Oldmeadow  
Francis Prossor  
Montague Rodd  
Ronald Weeks  
Ray Westmoreland  
Robert Wilson  
Martin Alberni  
James Boyd

Dana Colles  
Stuart McLeod  
Glen McPherson  
Robert Mansell  
Larry Osburn  
Richard Payne  
William Rogers  
Allan Hassell  
Leonard Phelan  
Doris Capener  
Sadie Cashmore  
Phyllis Dawson  
Nancie Donnelly  
Edna Gascoigne  
Moir McDowell  
Martha Platt  
Beryl Robinson  
Elizabeth Rodd  
Jean Sinclair  
Joyce Stooke  
Joan Trewern

Joyce Wright  
Marion Allan  
Beryl Anderson  
Grace Black  
Dorothy Bowman  
Frances Northrop  
Teany Turner  
Caroline Webster  
Margaret Breen  
Elizabeth Couper  
Janet Flint  
Bessie George  
Elizabeth Hopkins  
Dorothy Masterton  
Jean Plowright  
Patricia Scala  
Mavis Smart  
Muriel Stevenson  
Thelma Whitehead  
Kathleen Wilson

# Examinations Successes Gained in 1959

## SCHOLARSHIPS

Teacher Edna Jackson Jean Seaman  
Frank Adams

Jane Lee De Grand

Five Place Four awarded by Mitchell Gilman Ward  
High Adams

## LEAVING AND MATRICULATION

James Fyfe  
Dorothy Gilbert  
Jean Green  
Mary Harman  
Mary Higgins  
Richard Kelsey  
Caroline Leaman  
Marilyn Smith  
Jean Taylor  
Garry Watson

John Bird  
Robert Wilson  
Bryan Woodard  
Marion Aspinall  
Ruth Bean  
Richard Carpenter  
Lynn Cudde  
Vera Cowley  
Lillian Dawson  
Marie Dowling

Shirley Grant  
Colin Cole  
Jane Edwards  
Daphne Edwards  
Kathleen Giffin  
Marion Hamilton  
Robert Hurry  
Donald Mitchell  
David Morris  
Dorothy Pollock

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Christina Williams

Keith Fyfe

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATES

Jane Wright  
Marian Allan  
Lauri Anderson  
Gwen Black  
Dorothy Bowman  
Frances Henderson  
Tara Turner  
Caroline Webster  
Margaret Ross  
Elizabeth Cairns  
Jane Hill  
Brenda George  
Elizabeth Hogbin  
Dorothy Macintosh  
Jane Macintosh  
Janice Seal  
Marie Scott  
Shirley Stewart  
Tina Whitford  
Kathleen Wilson

John Cairns  
Gwen Mitchell  
Glen McPherson  
Robert Marshall  
Laurie Green  
Richard Payne  
William Rogers  
Alan Hume  
George Hume  
Doreen Cairns  
Sally Cairns  
Sylvia Dawson  
Marion Douglas  
Edna Conroy  
Marie McDonald  
Marie Platt  
Faye Roberts  
Elizabeth Ross  
Jane Scott  
Joyce Scott  
Jane Turner

Frank Adams  
John Baker  
Neil Bradley  
Gordon Cook  
Rosalie Fraser  
Lillian Cole  
Ruth Gray  
Jane Gray  
John Gray  
Trevor Jones  
Douglas McAlpin  
Marion McCallum  
Gerald McPherson  
Marion O'Riordan  
Frances Ross  
Margaret Ross  
Robert Scott  
Alan Wilson  
John Boyd





Printed by  
The Ruskin Press Pty. Ltd.  
123 Latrobe Street  
Melbourne