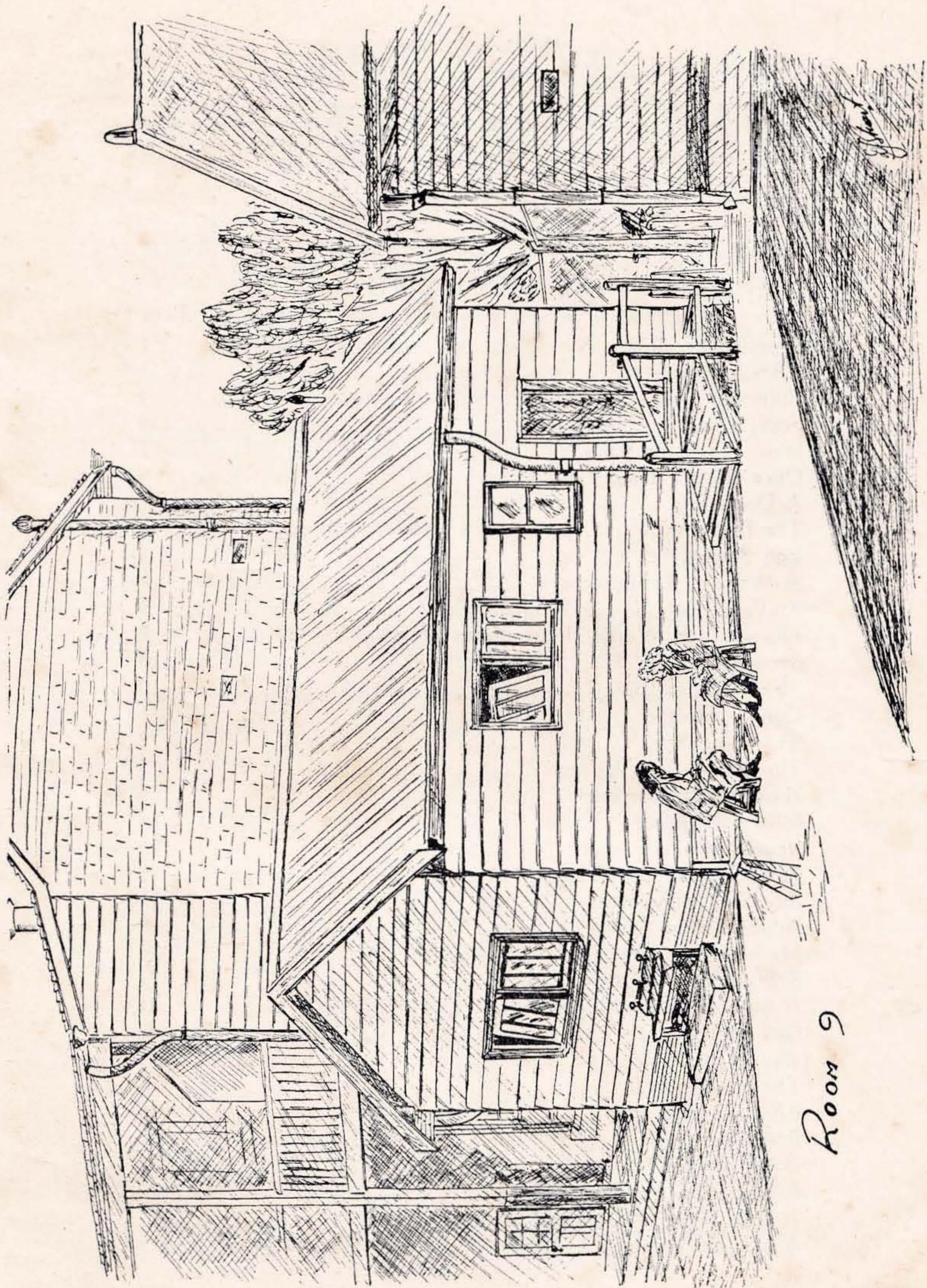


THE GATE



A REVIEW
OF
DANDENONG HIGH
SCHOOL, 1948



Room 9

MAGAZINE STAFF

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CONTENTS

	Page
Frontispiece: Room Nine	1
School Officers	3
Editorial	4
Staff Notes	5
Junior Dramatic Club	5
Once Upon a Time	6
A Dog's Life	7
The Dreamer	7
Egg Appeal	8
Sixth Form Reminiscences	8
Ex-Pupils	9
Bluegum and Wattle House Notes	9
Socials	10
The Dancing Class	10
Quality Street	11
Swimming	12
The House Athletic Sports	13
Highlights in Rhyme	14
John in Disgrace	14
Rogues' Gallery	15
Form Notes	15
Life Saving Awards	18
At the House Sports	19
Mathematical Dreamer	20
Splitting the Infinitive	21
A School Uniform for Boys	21
Girls' Inter-School Sport	22
The Rustler's Revenge	24
The Missing Boat	24
I.A's Alphabet	25
Interlude	25
Boys' Sport	26
Examination Results, 1947	27
A Visit to the Art Gallery	28
A Modern Jonah	28

THE GATE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL

December, 1948

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Patel Scholz (Senior)
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Mynys Evans
Julia Watson

Mair Evans
Marjorie Lanigan
Joan Russell
Bruce Kennedy (Senior)
Keith Anderson

John Cook
Alan Witham
Geoff Hayes
Robert Chalmers

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Bluegum—Margaret Jones, Allan Witham.
Clematis—Mynys Evans, Bruce Kennedy.
Orchid—Patel Scholz, Russell Campbell.
Wattle—Julia Watson, John Cook.

FORM CAPTAINS

VI.—Patel Scholz
V.—Margaret Jones
IV.A.—Beverly Stutterd
IV.B.—Fay Organ
IV.C.—Rosemary Orr
IV.D.—Hazel Kamp
III.A.—Barbara McKay
III.B.—Lois Marshall

Keith Anderson
Daryl Stuart
Graeme Simon
Kelvin Williams
—————
Colwyn Roberts
Ian Stuart
Lyll Hayhow

III.C.—Jean Crawford
III.D.—Patricia Asling
II.A.—Noela Thomas
II.B.—Dorothy Hunt
II.C.—Doris Latham
I.A.—Glenice Vance
I.B.—Merryl Street
I.C.—Shirley Rayner

—————
Ian Johansen
Barry Simon
Ken Edgoose
Alan Pascoe
Max Stuart
Roger Dickson
Robert Mackay

Those who are leaving school this year are important people. For, soon, they will be assessing the worth of their schooling and, after careful consideration, two thoughts will surpass all others. The first is—we are lucky. With very little strain, financial or otherwise, being imposed upon either his family or himself, a student may reach an educational standard which, as late as twenty years ago, was considered phenomenal. Quite easily, we may acquire the qualifications which will enable us to gain a congenial job in life which, in turn, presents us with happiness and contentment. Yes, education has given us the key with which to unlock the door of opportunity. Many folk (and not so old ones at that) never had the chance of enjoying the educational facilities offered today. Even our own parents . . .

But then, the second thought—a disturbing one. The present education system has many serious faults. Perhaps the most serious error in school government is the lack of information given to pupils about the Council of Adult Education. But, concerning school life itself, there are many glaring inadequacies almost as bad. They may be best drawn attention to by asking the following question: "Why is it that the school does so little in developing the character of a pupil?" Perhaps we will help you find the answer. It is because almost all of the official life of a school is concerned with subjects, text-books, examinations and other such academic objects. There are a few exceptions, but they are so comparatively small they are not worth considering.

And so, just as it was put to our not-so-far-away ancestors that compulsory education was necessary to avert a catastrophe, so it must be put to those around us and those who come after us that reform is needed, in the nature of that education, for the same reason. Those who are leaving school are the first to notice and acknowledge it, and from them the warning of impending danger spreads. The change which will inevitably follow may take ten years or, more likely, fifty, but certain it is that the day is coming when the pure, unblended learning taught today will be no more regarded as education than the infamous art practised by Dr. Squeers at Dotheboys Hall.



DAVID J. McDONALD



DOROTHY J. WILSON



Back: Messrs. Randles, Sinclair, Ford, Barnes, Toomey, Smerd.
 Centre: Miss Milne, Mrs. Harvey, Messrs. McDonald, Goldsmith, Brumley, Alexander,
 Miss Burkitt, Mrs. Nicholson.
 Front: Mrs. Skinner, Miss McDonnell, Miss O'Keefe, Mr. Griffiths, Miss Armstrong,
 Misses Smith, Mahoney, Dawson.

STAFF NOTES

At the beginning of this year we welcomed to the staff Miss S. O'Keefe, who came to take charge of the teaching of Commerce. In March, Mrs. A. E. Mackenzie left us to take up duty at Brunswick Girls' School, and Mrs. E. Nicholson joined the staff. Mrs. Nicholson has taken charge of the girls' Physical Culture. In October, Mr. R. Smerd, a teacher of Mathematics, joined the staff.

DEATH OF MISS A. E. DOHERTY

On the afternoon of Monday, 8th November, the school was saddened by news of the death of Miss A. E. Doherty.

Miss Doherty first came to the school in 1937 and, after remaining on the Staff for two years, transferred to Footscray Girls' School. She returned to Dandenong at the beginning of 1945. She was a most versatile teacher, and in all that she undertook she displayed outstanding ability. The high quality of her production of Gilbert and Sullivan operas on the occasion of school entertainments will long be remembered.

Miss Doherty's cheerful personality won the affection of all with whom she was associated. She will live long in the affectionate remembrance of Staff and pupils of the Dandenong High School.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

The Junior Dramatic Club of the Dandenong High School recommenced at the 2nd term with about thirty girls and one boy under the direction of Mr. Goldsmith, who has had many past successes. Meetings were held each week, and the club was divided into four sections, each having a play to work on.

We did not put on a play at the Annual Concert, as the Senior Dramatic Club acted the well-known and delightful "Quality Street."

Out of the four plays we chose "Murder at the Bugginses'." Next thing was to choose the cast, and I might well say that Mr. Goldsmith had a hard job in doing this.

We worked steadily on, with Mr. Goldsmith helping and advising us, till everyone, including under-studies, knew her part thoroughly.

Mr. Goldsmith and the talented young cast deserve credit from all who had the pleasure of watching the play on its night of success.

* * * *

Who said Clive Pointon had a 22-inch "waste"?

ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time there was a thriving school magazine. Even at the beginning of the school year the amateur photographers were busily getting candid shots, and the other students, almost without exception, sought out news of ex-pupils and noted them for publication in the Mag. Student vied with student for the honour of having bestowed upon them the title, "Magazine Representative of Form . . ." Everyone who chewed a pen and didn't drink the ink, produced a short story, a limerick or an article which was written to the best of their ability. Even poems, and serious ones at that, were pressed upon the editors of this wonder Magazine. For the pupils weren't

Pest: "I'm sorry there's not more. I'll see what I can do for Frday."

Even the staff co-operated!!!!

Alack and alas, as a pupil said when he first smelt the tip and saw the huts. How times have changed. Dear reader, the Gate is not what it seems. One has an easier task in getting an extra mark from Mr. Ford than the Editor has of getting an article from Xxxxxxxx Xxxxx*. And that's saying something. Two magazine representatives are chosen and they toss up, and the loser attends the Magazine committee meetings—if he thinks about it. The Editor is liable to lose his teeth if he is too persistent in his modest



THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

stupid to the extent of being shy. And the drawing—Boy-o-boy, they were stupendous, colossus—better than good. Editing this super-journal was easier than getting wet on a D.H.S. sports day. The editor was constantly being bothered with little pests (bless them) as hot as mustard and as keen as cress, who would accost this literary devil and say, "Excuse me."

Editor: "Yes?"

"I have two articles here, one by Jones and the other by Wilkes, and a short story and two drawings by Williams and . . ."

Editor: "Thank you, thank you, I'll take them."

desire for, "please, an article, please, from you, please, please." Even the first-formers insult him. Look at the two hunks of human misery who are in charge this year. She, a tired little thing, like a bee who just cannot find that honey flower; he, a decrepit youth, skin drawn tightly over his jaws, old before his time.

Students of '49, '50, '51 and ever after, take a pride in your school magazine. Make each "Gate" bigger, brighter, better.

*Let us think of this wretched miscreant and his like, and may they hang their heads in un-named disgrace.

A DOG'S LIFE

It might have been much better for me if I'd been sold at the same time as my brothers and sisters when we were all only two months old. But the man who was going to buy me got sick and the sale was put off, and, finally, cancelled altogether. So I stayed at Warrantdyte with my mother and father—two very well-bred beagles—and the young family until I was nearly nine months old. Then Mrs. Young sold me to a friend of hers who lived in the "city"; and one day they put me in the back of their car and set off home.

I quite liked the car-ride for a while—I put my head out of the window and let the wind blow my ears. It was a lovely feeling, but, after a while, I felt tired and a bit funny, and lay down on a bag on the floor. Suddenly, I felt awful, and was sick.

When the car stopped and my new owners saw what had happened, the woman said, "Poor little thing," but the man said, "Dirty little beast," in rather an unfriendly way. When they went inside the house I started to follow them, but the man said angrily, "Outside, sir! No coming inside," and they took me to a shed and shut the door. My word, I was unhappy. The shed was cold and smelt of cats, and I made up my mind to get back to the Young's as fast as I could.

I pushed at the door, but it wouldn't open. Eventually, I found a soft spot of earth in the corner and began to dig. We beagles have good, strong paws for digging. Soon I was out, and in no time I had dug another hole under the fence and had headed back to Warrantdyte.

It was evening, but there was a full moon and I lost no time. I didn't enjoy the trip, because I kept running into all sorts of obstacles. The first one was when I was crossing a railway line. All of a sudden, there was a dreadful rushing and clanking noise, and a great, long monster roared past. I was so scared, I must have lain there shivering for quite a long time, but, eventually, I started off again. After I'd left the houses and come to the paddocks, it was easier, but once I fell splish into a dam. Another time a very fierce cattle dog came out and chased me. If I hadn't been in such a hurry, I'd have fought him; but, as it was, I just went for my life.

After a long and tiring run, and just before the sun rose, I smelt home very strongly, and absolutely galloped up the last hill. It was good to lie down on my clean straw next to my mother and father, who hardly seemed to have missed me, and dreamed of bones.

What Mrs. Young thought when she saw me in the morning I don't know, but I still live in Warrantdyte.

—Gail Russell, Form 2b.

* * * *

THE DREAMER

(Dedicated to an ex-pupil)

A brilliant sun was shining
From a cloudless sky,
The school eleven was batting,
And I was standing by.

Kennedy was at the wicket,
He smote with might and main,
When his middle stump went flying,
Then he toddled back again.

Mathrick took up the running,
But he gave a sudden roar
When the ball removed his knee-cap,
Said the umpire, "Leg-a-fore."

Then Witham, Cook and Thomas,
Went in to try their luck,
But they all came back defeated,
For each one got a duck.

Cook broke down in manly grief,
He turned aside and cried,
"Arise, stout-hearted Stewart—
The last hope of the side."

Ian rose up like a Bradman,
And clasped his trusty blade;
When the fieldsmen saw him coming,
They staggered back, dismayed.

Two hundred runs were needed,
To give the school a win;
"The school shall win," he shouted,
"I'll try like anything."

He rattled up a hundred,
And then a hundred more;
Mr. Goldsmith advanced to greet him,
And marvelled at his score.

The school advanced to greet him,
"You're simply great," they said.
He gasped, he choked, he spluttered,
And sat up straight—in BED.

—"One who knows," V.1.

* * * *

The more we learn,
The more we forget;
The less we learn,
The less we forget;
The less we learn the more we remember,
So what's the use of learning?

—R. Chalmers, Form 6.

EGG APPEAL

During October, our annual Egg Appeal was held. As usual, the results were posted on the notice board, but all the week the "barometer" scarcely rose at all.

Anxious House Captains kept arranging House meetings to discuss latest "moves" and to swell the House's financial resource by collecting money. After the assemblies the House Captains could be seen putting bulging purses in their pockets, or whispering with other members of their Houses. The main difficulty seemed to be to obtain eggs cheaply.

To swell their funds each House had at least one palais. To prevent members of one House attending another's palais, fines were imposed, but I am led to believe that this idea was not altogether a success. This year much stress was laid on the financial side of the Appeal, but, as usual, many students went out

Altogether, 556 dozen eggs were collected, the final results being:—

Bluegum	191 doz.
Orchid	141 doz.
Clematis	113 doz.
Wattle	111 doz.

SIXTH FORM REMINISCENCES

One day, a MAN-n and his COOK were crossing a (HAT-)FIELD when they saw a COW-EN' her calf. THE MAN-n said, "I don't like the POINT-ON her horns; they look as though they could GOR-WELL. You'd better run." "Don't worry," said the COOK, "I WILL-SON, I will!" When they reached the road, they were nearly hit by a McGRATH trailer. "Don't get HARRIS-ed," said the MAN-n, "We'll go and see TOM; THOM-



PREFECTS AND HOUSE CAPTAINS

collecting, and those who could not do this bought eggs.

Because the Combined Sports were held during the week the Appeal was extended to Monday. Thus it was hoped to encourage the Houses to break previous records, but it was not to be. It was necessary for Mr. Griffiths to again extend the Appeal, thus this year's Appeal lasted for a fortnight.

On the last day, everyone cast anxious glances into the hall. On this day, Bluegum brought over fifty dozen eggs, to win an outright victory over Orchid.

AS a house with DAWS-ON it, but we'd better not LEE-n on the walls." The COOK, who had caught a cold, said, "KINNED-Y-one show us the way?" They asked a lady of CHALM-(ers) AND-HER-SON, who told them to go past WILLIAM'S house. When they reached the house the MAN-n said, "It's a nice house." "Yes," said TOM, "MAC-DON-AL-DE work around here, an' he sure needed an ARM-STRONG as a lion to lift that coral fountain. SCHOLZ of fish have lived in it when it was in the sea."

—F.C., Form VI.

EX-PUPILS

Jean Paxton—is now training to be a nurse.

Joy Blake—is now a typist in Gartside's Canning Factory.

Rosy Javis—now works in Peter Fox Photo Company.

Gilbert Savory—works in the State Electricity Commission.

Peter Kealy—I.B last year—Melrose Farm, Harkaway.

Don Jackson—Berwick Shire Council Hall, Pakenham.

R. Andrews—Bon Speil Farm, Harkaway.

Joan Dalgleish—in IV.D last year, is now at Bradshaw's Business College.

Phyllis Price is a member of the staff of the Bank of New South Wales in Dandenong.

Pat Perkins and Joan Hine are student teachers at Dandenong and Hughesdale respectively.

Alf Genevra is at General Motors, Dandenong.

Keith Robinson shines as full-back for the Carlton thirds.

Lois Plant, who left at the end of term two, is a salesgirl at a Dandenong department store.

THE EX-SIXTH FORM

It has come to our notice that Dorothy Griffiths, who did most things once and matriculation twice, is now doing first-year Arts at the University. Also there are Judy Bonser and Graeme Ward. At the Mildura branch are Graeme McCahon and Stuart Brown. Helen Wilson, William Heyward (the Mouth) and Phillip Newell are student teaching. Joan McKeon works as a laboratory assistant and Olive Egerton is a member of the staff of the Queen Victoria Hospital, and studying to become a nurse. Peter Waters has returned to the bank, while his friend, David Murden, is employed by Dunlop Rubber Ltd. Don Jackson holds the position of Assistant Shire Engineer at Pakenham. Also at Pakenham, in the local chemist's shop, is Max Gregory. Three business-like bodies are employed at Myer's; they are, Helen Oswell, Rosalie Brown and Don Gibson. Naomi Ward and John Duke are repeating their matriculation at other schools. Robert Chalmers and Garreth Mann returned to Dandenong again this year. Last, but not least, the former form captain, Frank O'Shea, has a position at his father's timber mill.

BLUEGUM HOUSE NOTES

Although Bluegum of 1948 has not had quite the same success in sport as in 1947, the co-operation given and the enthusiasm displayed by its members have compensated for the misfortune.

We began the year very well with a clear win in the Swimming Sports, the runner-up, Orchid, being some 30 points behind. Our good fortune did not last, however, for we were placed third in the Senior Basketball, fourth in the Junior Basketball, second in the Junior Hockey and fourth in the Senior Hockey. In the Rounders both our seniors and juniors gained second place. The Girls' Tennis and Cricket matches have still to be played.

In the boys' sports, our seniors finished in third place in Football, while our juniors came equal first. The Junior Cricketers gained second place, but the Senior Cricket and Tennis have not yet been decided.

In Athletics, the loss of several of last year's champions was felt, and, after a hard fight, we were beaten to the post by Clematis, the difference being some 12 points.

Second term was rounded off with a successful and profitable social, in which we combined with Wattle; our thanks are due to Mr. Ford, who acted as Master of Ceremonies.

At last came that D.H.S. institution which is viewed with some apprehension by all House Captains—the Egg Appeal. Our "fowl" reserves yielded sufficiently well to put us in first place.

We desire to thank our House Teachers—Miss Smith, Miss Mahoney, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Horsfall—for their assistance and encouragement, and also the members of Bluegum House for their consistent support.

In conclusion, we extend congratulations to the other houses on their successes, and express appreciation of the fine sportsmanship which has been pre-eminent in their attitude to us throughout the year.

WATTLE HOUSE NOTES

Wattle set out this year determined to redeem itself after last year's failure. However, our efforts were doomed to bitter disappointment, as we are at present holding last position, with only tennis and cricket to be played.

In the Swimming Sports our boys were first,

but the poor showing from the girls resulted in our being last in the aggregate. We also filled that position in rounders, and so ended a most unsuccessful first term.

During the winter term our efforts were little better. In hockey and basketball we could only secure third placing, while in football we were last.

Then came the Athletic Sports. We practised with zeal, but, lacking good athletes, except in isolated cases, we again filled last position in the aggregate, the girls being fourth and the boys third. The Egg Appeal has just been completed, and we were again in the woeful position of fourth. Throughout the first week we led by quite a large margin, but during the second week our donations dwindled, and it was not long before we were last.

Thanks are due to House Masters and Mistresses for their efforts to spur us on. We ardently hope that next year may bring to Wattle enthusiasm, together with stars in the sporting field. Good luck for next year!

SOCIALS

This year there have been, as usual, three term socials. Our socials are beaut. The supper is good, the floor is fast and the M.C. is excellent. Year after year, Mr. Ford gives up his evenings and the use of his voice to organize and officiate at our socials. To provide eats for the first term social was the lot of Clematis and Orchid houses, while Bluegum and Wattle undertook this duty second term, and third term we saw the prefects looking after catering arrangements. These are officially known as Senior Socials, but we also have Junior Socials, usually held on the afternoon preceding the Senior Social, when the juniors have their outing. The whole school wishes to thank Mr. Ford especially, but also those other teachers and the pupils who made the socials of 1948 not only possible but a topping success. They are such a welcome diversion that many pupils would like to see them held more than once a term. Why not?

* * * *

Mr. Ford: "The three ideals of the French Revolution?"

Nervous Student: "Liberty, Equality, er, er, Eternity."

Laughter from Form IVa.

THE DANCING CLASS

Many boys in the senior school, particularly Forms Five and Six, found that they were missing out on a lot of fun by either not being able to dance correctly or not being able to dance at all. After the first term social, they couldn't stand it any longer, and so they searched round for someone to teach them the correct steps. At long and lengthy last, they found that someone—Mrs. Nicholson. That lady, seeing the urgent need for such a class (having attended the first term social), offered her services, which were very eagerly accepted.

It continued throughout the second term. From 12.30 until 1 p.m. each Friday, boys could be seen learning to glide gracefully across the dance floor to the strains of Victor Sylvester and his orchestra. It seemed almost as though the class would fall through when it was announced that boys would be required to bring their own partners. However, after this little setback was overcome, two things soon became noticeable. These were: The girls came along to learn, too; the general standard of the boys' dancing showed slight improvement. Also, many boys who previously couldn't dance now picked up the basic steps.

Everyone who had the pleasure of learning at these lessons feels indebted to those who gave their time, knowledge and energy to the establishment of the class. It is indeed to be hoped that this will become a regular school feature and will be given more prominence in the following years.

* * * *

TO G.F.D.

O Geoffrey, light-hearted and gay,
Will truthfulness ever come thy way?
Shalt thou never look me in the face
And speak with unaffected grace?
Away with words and looks so cute,
Say, "Nay, I don't possess a dinner suit."

* * * *

She said, "I hate you,
I loathe you,
I despise you."

Who is she?

* * * *

A Quaint Question: Is everybody except Kennedy here?

* * * *

Nets are holes surrounded by bits of string.

QUALITY STREET

By J. M. Barrie

On Monday the 23rd and Tuesday the 24th of August, the Dandenong High School presented "Quality Street," in the Dandenong Town Hall, both nights being well-attended. The play, written by J. M. Barrie, is based on Miss Phoebe Throssell's love for Valentine Brown.

It takes place in the little community of Quality Street.

In the beginning of the play, the Throssell sisters lose nearly all their money when Valentine Brown invests it for them and the

as the Phoebe of the school-room. She tells him that she is "Miss Livvy," Miss Phoebe's niece. He invites her and her Aunt Susan to go to the ball with him. Just as they are leaving, the Throssell's three inquisitive neighbours, Fanny Willoughby, Mary Willoughby and Henrietta Turnbull, arrive, and make things difficult for Miss Livvy. In the end all is well; Valentine Brown finds out about the deception, and he and Phoebe are both happy.

The play was of a very high standard, and Mr. Alexander must be congratulated, for it



THE CAST

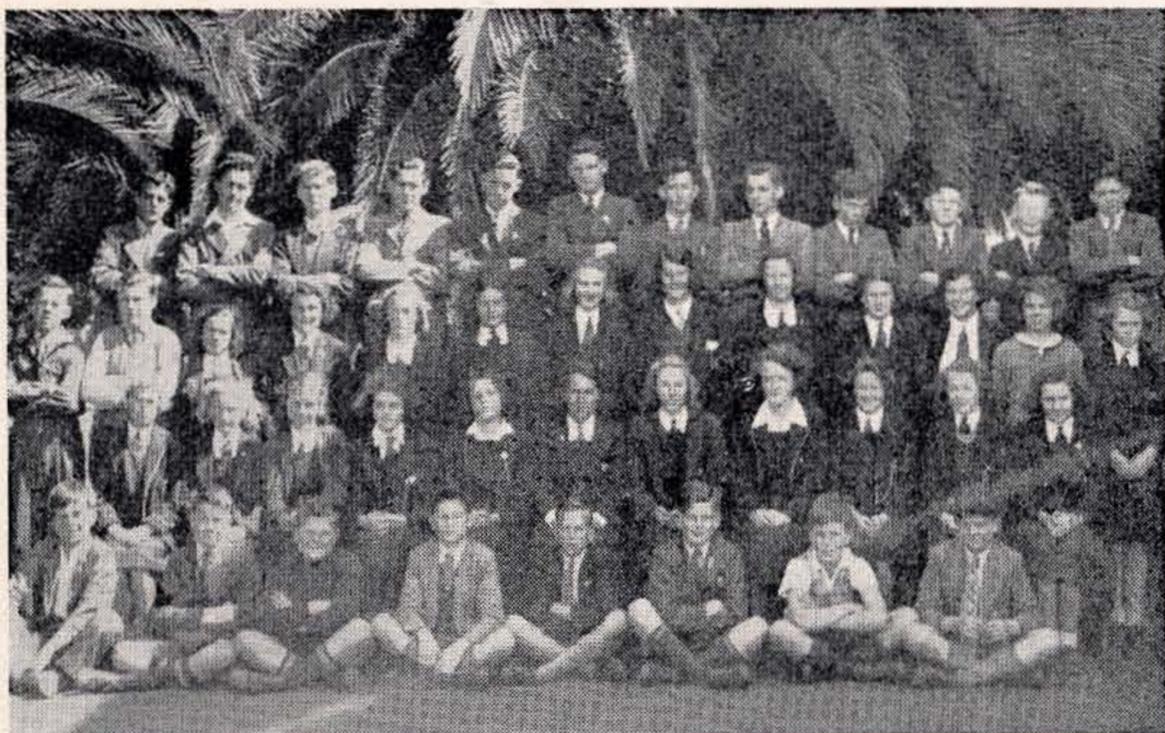
investment is a failure. Valentine Brown then joins the army; they are left almost penniless, and decide to conduct a small school. After ten years, Valentine unexpectedly returns, and finds Miss Phoebe teaching. He is astounded at the difference in her, and Phoebe is almost reduced to tears by his changed attitude. There is a ball to celebrate the end of the war, and Valentine Brown has two tickets for the ball, and he asks the two Throssells to accompany him, but they decline to go. When Phoebe hears the ball music, she puts her ball dress on, but she intends to take it off in a short time; however, Valentine Brown enters and sees her in it—he does not recognize her

was only due to his tireless efforts that it was possible to reach this high standard. David McDonald played the part of the hero—the dashing Valentine Brown—his acting was superb, and he certainly is one of the most talented members of the school.

Judith Russell, as "Phoebe of the Ringlets," was very attractive and handled her part competently.

Beverley Stutterd cleverly portrayed the character of Phoebe's elder sister, Susan. The parts of Fanny Willoughby, Mary Willoughby and Miss Henrietta Turnbull, Phoebe's three inquisitive neighbours, were

[Continued page 14.]



**SCHOOL
SWIMMING
TEAM**

SWIMMING

Bluegum Takes 1948 High School Swimming Title

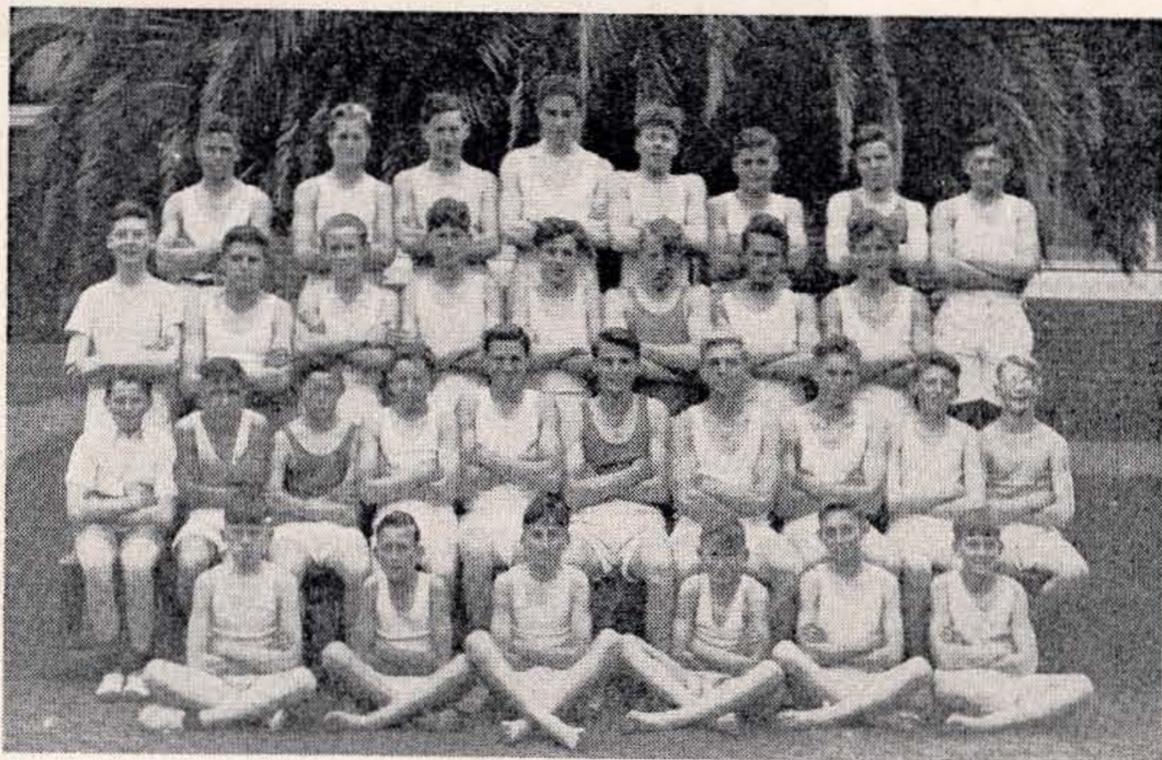
Conditions were ideal for our annual house swimming carnival, held at the Dandenong Baths on Friday, 27th February. Competition was keen throughout, with numerous thrilling finishes. Bluegum emerged victors, and very triumphant ones at that, with only a few points separating the other three houses.

The outstanding performers were: Leslie Barnes, who succeeded in winning four events in the under-fourteen section, Glen Prior, with three wins and an equal first, all under fourteen; Peter Heath, three wins over fifteen; Graham Hogg, three wins under thirteen; and Margot Pegg, with two wins and an equal

first, over fifteen. All winners and most place-getters represented our school at the Metropolitan Combined High Schools' Carnival at the Olympic Pool. Not only was there keen competition among individual competitors, but relay teams also fought for first place, and very closely defeated each other. Wattle took the under-fifteen and under-fourteen, while Orchid secured under-fifteen and under-thirteen events. Clematis took the under-twelve. Bluegum girls brilliantly secured the over-fifteen and under-thirteen events.

The final scores were:—

1. Bluegum	210½
2. Clematis	173½
3. Orchid	177
4. Wattle	171



**BOYS'
ATHLETICS
TEAM**

**GIRLS'
SENIOR
ATHLETICS
TEAM**



THE HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS

After being twice postponed, the House Sports were finally held on Friday, 15th October. There were noticeably fewer parents and ex-students present, but the usual keen enthusiasm was well maintained.

Because the oval was not quite ready after being harrowed and top-dressed, the setting for this year's sports was the hockey field. Rain on the preceding days made the going heavy for competitors, but several new records were established. As usual, the afternoon ran smoothly. The weight-putting and the boy's mile race were new events, included for the first time in this year's programme, and both proved very popular with the competitors.

As a result of the two postponements, afternoon tea, kindly provided by the Mothers' Club, was disposed of by the present pupils on the Wednesday prior to the sports. This had an excellent effect in raising the rain-dampened morale of the competitors.

At the end of the day, Clematis finished for the first time for many years on top by a margin of 16 points. Sixteen points behind were Bluegum, last year's victors.

Final scores were:—

Clematis	288 pts.
Bluegum	272 pts.
Orchid	216 pts.
Wattle	186 pts.



**GIRLS'
JUNIOR
ATHLETICS
TEAM**

Quality Street—continued from page 11.

expertly handled by Lorraine Rudge, Mary Howell and Jean Parker, respectively. Elvie Ellet, Carmel Hucker, Glenice Vance, Nola Sheehan, Max Stuart, John Nielsen, Leslie Minotti, George Gill and Alex Scadden, who played the parts of school-children at the Misses Throssell's school, were all delightful. Fred Cowen was very impressive as an Irish Recruiting Sergeant, while Madge Bailey as Patty, the maid, also acted well. Violet Dines as Charlotte Parrot, Glen Prior as Ensign Blades, Patricia Harding as Harriet, Keith Anderson as Lieutenant Spicer, Kevin Thomas and Graeme Simon as old soldiers, Loxan McGrath as a Gallant, Nell Griffen, Elaine McIntosh and Julia Watson as Ladies, all acted convincingly.

During the intervals between the acts we were entertained by Mr. P. Prior on the violin, Mr. S. Prior on the 'cello and Mrs. S. Prior at the piano. Thanks must be expressed to them and to all those who generously loaned furniture or properties, or otherwise assisted in the staging of the play

HIGH-LIGHTS IN RHYME

This dear old nineteen-forty-eight
Is drawing to a close,
And with this issue of "The Gate"
There's quite enough of prose.

So now this chronicle I write,
Despite my lack of time,
To tell the naughty deeds of might,
In honeyed words and rhyme.

We won five premierships at games
The girls were really best,
The cricket team has won great fame
In many a stirring test.

In "Quality Street" we won renown,
The play went with a zest;
The players entertained the town,
And gave us of their best.

A terrific effort this has been,
I'll have to ring off now;
And as it is the final scene,
I make a hasty bow.

HEARD THIS BEFORE?

"Now, look, I was a boy once, myself."
"Your work is appalling."
"What's the matter with you, sport?"
"Don't pay any attention to my figure, it's
a little out of proportion." —W.F.J., IVa.

JOHN IN DISGRACE

I'm sitting in the corner and I'm feeling very glum,
My mother said to stay right here, without a toy or
shum,
I'm such a lonely feller, and I think it's quite unfair,
That I have to sit for hours on this hard, old, wooden
chair.

She says I'm very naughty, but I don't think that I am,
I didn't mean to drop the jar when I took some rasp-
berry jam;
I was told to get some Marmite to spread on my piece
of bread,
But I thought she wouldn't mind it, if I had some jam
instead.

I accidentally dropped the jar (Oh, golly! what a crash);
My mother said that nearly everything I touch, I crack;
She said if I break another thing she'll throw it at my
head;
Oh, I do wish Dad would come home now and put me
into bed.

She said that Santa Claus won't come to naughty boys
like me,
And she also said I'd go to bed without a scrap of tea;
I'm not so very hungry, but I would like Santa to come,
So I'm sitting in the corner and I'm feeling very glum.
—Margaret Burge, IV.A.

* * * * *

Did you see some teachers slinking home
with parcels wrapped up in newspaper during
the bread strike?



FORM NOTES? For the inferior form of the school, maybe. But not for the sixth. The only term which will cover this collection of ratbags or just plain rats is

ROGUES' GALLERY

Fred Cowen speaks Esperanto and, with one exception, all the rest speak jargon, and so it falls to me to show you, if you will be so good as to read on, the usefulness which the sixth form serves—and the other things they do.

First of all, they serve on the hot-dog stall, which is held every Monday during the second term, and the proceeds of which go into the Improvement Fund.

We are lucky in having the best form-teacher in the school (someone tell Miss Armstrong who wrote this), who has needed the courage and tenacity of a lioness to keep the form working. We do appreciate your efforts, Miss Armstrong, because each of us knows what an objectionable fellow the other chap is. But, wait, I'm missing the two rays of sunshine—Dorothy Wilson and Pat Scholz. They are the only girls in a form of 17, and are they overworked? No, they're not! The boys do all the work and all the girls have to do is to smile and keep the boys happy.

Several strange ideas rest in the hollow, bony globules of certain of the males. One curly-headed Romeo, whose eyes glare out at you from behind powerful glasses (without which he can see much better), will tell you of his idea of liberty at eighteen. Tch! Tch! From the sixth form come most of the house captains and prefects and the two editors of "The Gate." So you see that we do realize our own importance, by filling so many positions of honour and trust.

Of course, we do all those other things indulged in by other forms, and, in the course of the year, we have held palais, sent parcels to Britain and helped many worthy appeals.

We are unanimous in declaring the life of a sixth-former the most enjoyable of anyone's in the school. You see, teachers give us up in disgust after five years' attempted correction, and merely watch in wonderment that we can continue to be so . . . Oh, by the way, you have not heard the last of us. Look in "The Gate," of 1949, for examination successes or, rather, read the examination results there. Wish us luck.

Form Notes

FORM V. GIRLS

The girls of this year's fifth form number seventeen. We are fortunate to have Miss Smith for form teacher and Margaret Jones as our capable captain. We would all like to take this opportunity to thank both for their untiring efforts to brighten this school year. Three house-captains and six prefects have been chosen from among us, and all but four of our band have participated in school teams.

During the year, our untiring efforts have financed five food parcels for Britain. Miss Smith kindly paid the postage and sent them for us. Already we have received four acknowledgments. We spent our spare time during the second term knitting for the "State Schools Relief Fund," and sent away a parcel of lovely garments.

Early in February, the form went to the Atomic Age Exhibition at the Exhibition Buildings. The geography class went on five other excursions, namely, to Studley Park and Heyington, Frankston, Lilydale and Cave Hill, the Beau Monde factory in Dandenong, and, lastly, to the Silvan Dam, where, I am told, the pupils had a boat-ride around the outlet tower.

Our form was fortunate this year in being present at two recitals, one given by Eileen Joyce in the Melbourne City Hall, the other by Alan Eddy and Henri Penn in the Dandenong Town Hall. Some members of the form were fortunate to miss English and Maths. II one Friday afternoon when they went to see Sir Laurence Olivier's film, "Hamlet." Those members of the form who went would like to thank Miss Smith for her suggestion that the film should be seen. The Art class went to an Exhibition in the National Gallery late in September.

As all but two are leaving school this year, we are waiting to step out into the big, wide world and to say "Good-bye" to school life forever.

FORM V. BOYS

Twenty boys, who comprised this year's Leaving Form, were privileged to have Mr. Alexander as form teacher, with Daryl Stuart as captain. Mr. Alexander's novel technique of extracting our money painlessly at form

assemblies is said to have been used with great success by certain members of the form at lunch-time outside the tuckshop.

The interests of the form are widespread; numbered amongst our members are "authorities" on radio, golf, debating, photography, and that blonde, debonair gentleman who is an authority on the fair sex. Also, there is our weight-putt champion, whose knowledge of Koo-wee-rup and the Welsh language is truly amazing.

From our ranks is drawn the majority of the cricket, football, swimming and numerous other school teams. Thus, our claim that we are the most athletically-inclined form in the school is fully justified.

Most of us will be saying good-bye to D.H.S. this year, and we would like to express our sincere appreciation to our teachers, who have done so much to make our school life a happy and interesting experience while preparing us for our part in the future development of Australia.

IV.A FORM NOTES

Under the able leadership of our two form captains, Beverley Stutterd and Graeme Simon, we have, in our opinion, completed a very successful year. Physical culture has become more interesting than usual this year, as the boys have devoted much time to softball, although the rules are apparently rather changeable. There were many diversions last term, among them being a geography excursion to Silvan Dam, a concert given by Eileen Joyce, several Orchestral Concerts, a concert given by Alan Eddy and Henri Penn, and a visit to the National Gallery.

Mr. Ford, our form teacher, has read us an interesting story during Form Assembly, with appropriate actions. Mr. Ford also intends to take us on an excursion to Parliament House this year. IV.A ran three or four palais this year to raise money for vases to improve our form-room, room 19. Many boys in our form worked behind the scenes in the play, "Quality Street," while two girls, Beverley Stutterd and Judith Russell, acted in the play.

Altogether, we have had a very successful year. How's our form!!

IV.B FORM NOTES

Form IV.B did not keep up the reputation in the year 1948 of previous IV.B's. We are a much more refined, sophisticated and well-

behaved form—could we help it, with such distinguished members as Firth and our dear captain, Williams, who almost refused to lie on the locker room floor during Physical Training (Physical Torture) period? By the way, did you know that a very keen student in our form won the Dandenong High School car-breaking championship, with honours? Throughout the year, we have been advised, instructed and helped a great deal by a very capable form teacher, Mr. Goldsmith, who has indeed broadened our outlook considerably—not only on school matters.

We visited the Art Gallery and an orchestral concert during the month of October. They were very enjoyable and, at the same time, educational. Our form has the honour of having the strangest lessons in the history of the D.H.S. Miss — told us some shaggy dog stories. Don't worry, she had her reasons—explaining the statement that "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." The females in IV.B have very little to say in most matters, as they are greatly outnumbered. Of course, if you make an attempt to ask a male IV.B-ite, he would deny it—or say it was the correct thing.

Well, friends, IV.B will make its exit, until 1949. A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

FORM IV.C

This is graduation year for form IV.C. We have graduated from the huts to the big school. Gone is the fevered rush and the hurried packing of books. Peace and quiet??? now reign supreme. Rosemary Orr and Eileen Way, our popular form captain and vice-captain respectively, find us so easy to manage that their positions are sinecures. Ask them.

Anyone who knows can certify that IV.C is a hard-working form, but there have been a few breaks. We have conducted two successful stalls and several palais during the year. Many thanks to Miss O'Keefe, who has been our guide, mentor and friend in all these activities.

In sport, we have been well to the fore, with Faye Himbeck, June Barrows and Melva Jennings in the basketball team; Joan Gardiner and Rosemary Orr in the hockey team, and Lorna Perkins is our representative in the school tennis team. Incidentally, June, Melva, Rosemary and Beverley Hindson represented the school in the combined sports.

Apart from our scholastic achievements,

there have been other highlights during the year. Our love of dogs is well-known, but, sadly enough, not always appreciated. We also have some artists of imagination and renown, as was well illustrated by the famous (infamous) balloon incident. Just to conclude, here's a question. Who wears a beret? Hint: She's a belle.

IV.D FORM NOTES

Hullo! This is that studious little form, IV.D. with Miss Dawson as form mistress. Our form consists of nine girls and eleven boys, captained by Hazel Kamp and Colwyn Roberts, and helped by June Weaven and Mick Hughes.

We are represented in the junior cricket and football by Mick Hughes. In the senior cricket there is Syd Shaw. In the senior football there is Max Way, Bryan Young, John Favero and Syd Shaw, who left second term.

During first term we held a concert in which was staged a mannequin parade by the boys. Also, first term, we held a stall to help raise money for the Improvement Fund.

Well, that is all we have to say. Goodbye for the present.

III.A FORM NOTES

This year III.A was well represented in sporting events. Even the boys who gained first and second placings in the cross-country run were members of our form.

We made good use of our Form Assemblies during second and third terms. Members of our form gave talks on a variety of interesting topics. At Form Assembly on the last day of second term we held a concert, which must have been good, judging by the crowd which gathered outside Room 16, which we borrowed for the occasion, although our form room is 25. We even enticed Mr. McDonald, our form teacher, to sing for us, and a number of boys sang a well-known song with sound effects. There were many other items, some of which were amusing.

Nous avons un excellent form average en français (over 80 per cent.), for which Mr. Goldsmith should be commended for his teaching. We also gained high marks in Maths., for which Mr. McDonald is to blame. Congratulations, III.A, on your year's activities, and thank you, Mr. McDonald, and other members of the staff, for your wonderful co-

operation throughout the year. We are looking forward to being next year's IV.A, and expect the year to be better than the year just past. Christmas and New Year greetings, folks, from III.A.

FORM III.B

This year room 33 has been our form room. We have a great collection of personalities; a few of them are: Ghandi, Horsy, Sandy, Spencer, Darby, Hicky. Although we have not had any palais or stalls, we have done "our bit" for the starving children of Europe and other appeals. A member of our form, Lorraine Rudge, played the part of Fanny in "Quality Street." Mr. Twomey has been our form teacher.

III.C FORM NOTES

Well, we have had a very enjoyable year. Many of us are new to the school, but we were welcomed by the other members, and soon settled down. At the beginning of the year we had a stall and raised a good amount of money for the Improvement Fund.

Four members of the class were in the junior basketball team. Most of us went to the Orchestral Concert. And, in the Choir at Melbourne Town Hall, we again excelled.

Violet Dines starred in the play, "Quality Street," and June Wildes earned fourth place at the Dandenong Youth Festival.

At the Combined Sports there were nine members of the class in various events. Jean Crawford is our form captain and Miss Doherty our form teacher.

III.D FORM NOTES

III.D has been responsible for nine food parcels being sent to Britain, the Royal Navy and to France during the year.

Also, we have held three stalls and three collections and a palais in aid of various funds.

Credit should be given to this form for its effort.

II.A FORM NOTES

II.A had a stall which made a profit of about £4. The main attraction was a penny dip. With the proceeds II.A decided to buy a picture for the form room. The stall was held during the first term.

During the 2nd and 3rd terms we had a Quiz. The Quiz questions were on general knowledge. The finals were held after the holidays. The Quiz Champion was Peter Bruce.

II.B FORM NOTES

This year II.B, under the leadership of Miss Mahoney, has sent four parcels to Britain. We are a happy form and wish to thank our form captains for the way in which they performed their duties throughout the year.

II.C FORM NOTES

We started the year off with 52 members in our form, 32 girls and 20 boys. Mrs. Harvey is our form teacher and D. Latham and A. Pascoe our form captains.

In the second term we had a coffee day and, on the suggestion of E. Smith, R. Ferguson held a guessing competition, which was won by D. Ferguson. We raised the sum of £3/17/6. The attendants for the stall were J. Favero, R. Arnold, E. Smith, J. Penfold and D. Penfold.

I.A FORM NOTES

Hello, friends, this is I.A calling. Our form mistress is Miss Milne, and a very good one, too. There are approximately fifty pupils in the form. We produced more money than any other form in the school for the "Save the Children Appeal," and also in the "United Nations Appeal."

There were representatives in both the swimming and athletic sports. Max Stuart was one of the outstanding ones. We have held several successful stalls and a concert. We also had members of the form in the football and cricket teams, and also in "Quality Street."

The form captains are Glenice Vance and Max Stuart, and the vice-captains are Margaret Long and Ron Dobson.

This is I.A signing off.

FORM I.B

The year's work, now completed by the form, has been very interesting. Although we all came from various schools and had to meet new friends and subjects we soon settled down to the task. The form has been a happy little community and a great quantity of useful work has been done, thanks to Mrs. Nicholson. We were sorry to lose Mary Beveridge and John Wilde, who left during the year. We are very grateful for the help and guidance we received from our form captains, and they were equal to the faith we had in

them. We have been very happy to help the "Starving Children of Europe Fund" and the "School Improvement Fund" by organizing, in the form, collections, concerts and stalls. We wish once more to express our appreciation and gratitude for the help, guidance and friendship we received from our form mistress, Mrs. Nicholson.

I.C FORM NOTES

I.C is very active and continues to play its part in school life on the sports field and in connection with school appeals. Interest is added to our form assemblies by the reading of "Martin Rattler." Our girls played against I.A at basketball and won, 21 goals to 11.

Ray Mayo showed some real pre-Olympic form by coming third in the cross-country race. Look out, 1956!

A stall, which we held at the beginning of the second term, raised great enthusiasm (and a little money!). Kelvin (Doc) Hobson is now busy on a course of cycling—someone suggested to him that bicycle-riding was better in the spring than in the fall; and that grazing was better in the paddock than on the face.

Lloyd Wright blossomed out in the wrong place with his venture at chicken-raising in the class-room. It is reported that our teacher would have been much less mystified had those chickens not raised their voices at the wrong time.

I.C does not exactly encourage these sidelines; but it is keen, and promises that the school will not be allowed to forget its achievements, whether among the books or the balls.

SWIMMING AWARDS GIVEN BY THE ROYAL LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY TO 1948 STUDENTS

BRONZE MEDALLION

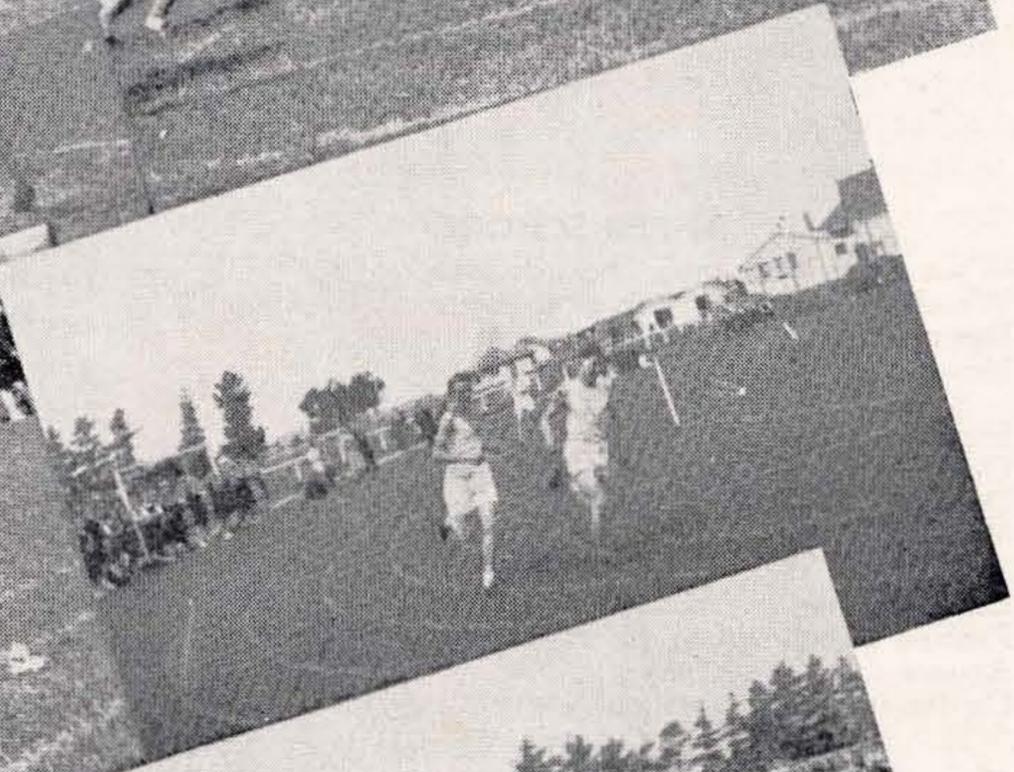
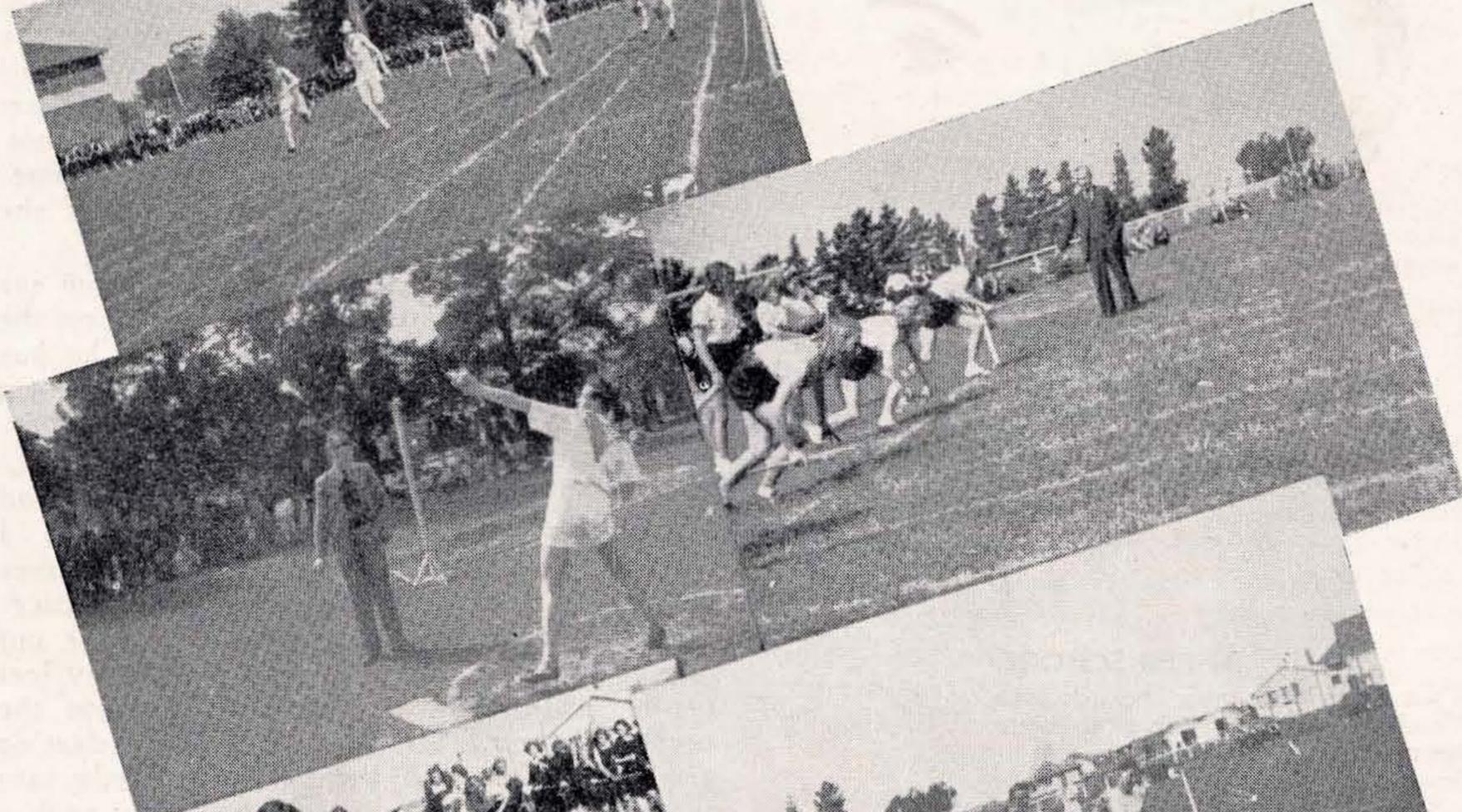
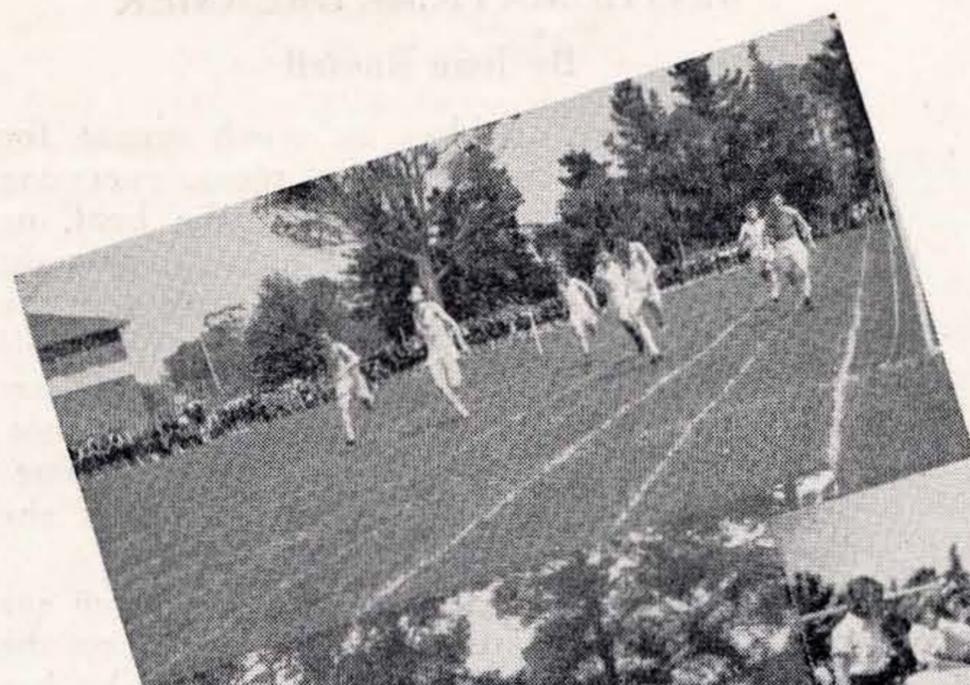
Graham Ward, Kevin Thomas, Walter Harris, Grahame Wilkie, Lesley Barnes, Valerie Ball, Patricia Harding, Barbara McKay.

Bronze Bar

Bryan Hill, Bill Gray, Margot Pegg.

Instructor's Certificate

Valerie Bowman, Judith Russell, Doreen Kernot, Margaret Seul, Margaret Crabtree, Diana Murphy, Helen Bonar.



AT THE HOUSE SPORTS



MATHEMATICAL DREAMER

By Joan Russell

The weather couldn't be much worse for exams. As I enter the exam. room, everyone seems to be complaining about the heat, or quickly revising some minute detail they want to remember. Today, I am sitting for the Maths. II exam. . . "Hello, how do you feel? . . . Oo, um, what's $\sin 2a$ equal?" . . . I am asked. "You know, \cos . . . oh, no, it's not. It's $2 \tan A$ over —" "What!! Tan something? Where's my Maths. book?" Off she dives for her book.

Mr. Sinclair comes in, with a grin from ear to ear, and thumps a stack of foolscap on the table. He is correct in assuming that he has us properly scared. All members of the form are either wiping perspiration from their foreheads or else biting their fingernails.

When the exam. papers are given out and I read mine a chill runs down my spine. I imagine I am walking lazily down to the river in the late afternoon. It is wonderfully peaceful, and I take off my sandals and wade out to a flat rock. I sit down and dangle my feet in the icy-cold water. As I peer into the crystal water I see a trout quickly darting after an insect, and then gliding calmly into the inky darkness under a big, pointy rock a few feet away from me. Another fish, but much smaller, spies me, and warily examines me. I must appear as a strange giant to it. The stone is warm beneath me, and from it I tear little clumps of cold, green moss out into the current and watch them disappear downstream, bobbing about, encircled by ever-widening ripples. A delicately-patterned butterfly flits idly by.

The light is fading now, and the clump of trees on the far bank becomes an ever-darker green, but I still sit on in an ever-increasing contentment. I put my arm into the crystal water and feel— a nudge on the shoulder as the girl behind me brings my thoughts back to earth.

I never thought that an exam., let alone Maths. II., could make me feel so happy and contented before.

* * * *

Q. Which form is the worst in the school?
A. Whichever one Mr. Sinclair happens to be talking to.

AFTER SCHOOL

When the whistle goes at ten-to-four,
We children think of school no more;
Down to the locker room we run,
Now that another day's work is done.

Into the locker room, seize our hats,
Out of the room, we rush like cats,
Down the drive and through the gate,
We're making sure we won't be late.

On to the bus, our seats to find,
Pushing or scrambling we do not mind,
Aboard the bus we pay our fare,
On the way to the station, without a care.

—Lesley Barnes, Form III.A.

THE GLADE

Down beneath a steep, green hill,
There's a glade of most lovely trees;
Of ferns, in shape like a fairy frill
Wafted on a summer hreeze.

Down the leaf-strewn path I walk,
Till I come to a winding brook;
There the birds chirp their cheery talk
Beside my favourite nook.

The colours of the sky tonight
Are red and gold and blue;
These shades in the paling light,
Are of a gorgeous hue.

—Katherine Eyre, Form I.A.

SPLITTING THE INFINITIVE

By B. W. A. Kennedy

One of the most closely guarded secrets of the era can at last be told; how an anonymous group of grammarians, working in secrecy in a remote section of the country, have finally succeeded in splitting the infinitive.

The so-called "Alexander Project" got under way in 1943, with the installation of a huge infinitron specially constructed for the job by Melbourne Tech. philologists. Though the details are still withheld, for reasons of national security, it is possible to describe the general process.

From a stockpile of fissionable gerunds, encased in leaden clichés to prevent the spread of radio-activity, a suitable subject is withdrawn and placed in the infinitron, together with a small amount of syntax. All this material must be handled with the greatest care, as a small slip may lead to a painful solecism. Once inside the apparatus the gerund is whirled round at great speed, meanwhile being bombarded with small participles. A man with a Gender Counter stands by, ready to warn the others if the Alpha-Beta rays are released in such high quantities as to render the scientists neuter.

The effect of the bombardment is to dissociate the whirling parts of speech from one another until at length an infinitive splits off from its gerund and is ejected from the machine. It is picked up gingerly with a pair of hanging clauses and plunged into a bath of pleonasm. When it cools it is ready for use.

The question is often asked: Can other countries split the infinitive? I think we can safely answer: No! Though it is true that Russia, for one, is known to have large supplies of thesaurus hidden away behind the Plural Mountains, it is doubtful if the Russians possess the scientific technique. They have the infinitive, but no the know-how.

And it is something on which to congratulate our own brave pioneers in the field of grammatical research. Once, it was thought that the infinitive could never be split—at least, not without terrible repercussions. We have shown that it is quite possible, given the necessary skill and courage, to successfully, effectively and triumphantly accomplish this modern miracle. See how easy it is once you know how.

A SCHOOL UNIFORM FOR BOYS— TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

By D. McDonald

It is only right that "The Gate" of 1948 should carry a paragraph to bear witness to the controversy that has been raging throughout the school this year. Should the boys wear a uniform? "Why not?" say some. "Already the girls wear one—and it is a generally accepted fact that the girls are dressed neater than the boys." But it is also a generally accepted fact that the girls are less happy about the dress they wear to school than the boys. A new idea seems to be rising amongst the students—indeed amongst teenagers of any class. They feel that a rigid uniform tends to strip the wearer of some of his individuality. And this in an age of rugged individualism! Perhaps the problem might be solved by making a general order about the type of clothing to be worn. Make every boy wear a suit, but leave the choosing of the colour and design to him. But, even so, many boys prefer to wear a sports suit, and no one has any right whatsoever to prescribe what a student shall wear. Let a student wear a suit or sports clothes, so long as he is tidy and well-dressed in whatever style he chooses.



Lesley Barnes.
drawn by
James Cravino.

THE RUSTLER'S REVENGE

It all began in the bar of Jameson's hotel one Saturday afternoon. Alec Chinwall, a drover, who was droving cattle down from Valhalla to our little city of Eucolypt, was leaning against the counter with his feet firmly planted on the rail. The Fahrenheit thermometer on the wall of the hotel informed us that the temperature was 118 degrees in the shade. It was a typical hot summer day in Eucolypt. We had ordered our beers and were waiting none too patiently for them when, right out of the blue, Alec said to me, "Jack," for my name was Jack Creers, "do you believe in ghosts?" I received quite a shock, for I had never heard Alec speak of anything that wasn't in the general line of talk in little, out-of-the-way cattle towns. For a moment I was speechless, but, when I recovered the use of my tongue, I said, "What makes you ask me that question?" "Well," he began, "I don't know whether to tell you or not; you might think I was mad!" "You know, you are my best friend," I said, "I'd believe you even if no one else would!" "Well, thanks, Jack," said Alec, "I —" "Two beers," growled the bar-tender, "That'll be one shilling and sixpence." "The drinks are on me," I said to Alec as I tossed a florin on to the counter. "Sixpence change!" yelled the bar-tender and, with a flick of his hand, the coin rattled on the counter in front of me.

As we sipped our beers, Alec spoke up, "You know, I wasn't joking when I asked you if you believed in ghosts, Jack! I meant every word I said, and if you listen I'll tell you why. Three nights ago, while I was on watch on the cattle, I rode, on my horse, Nigger, down a little valley called Dead-end Valley. There is only one entrance to this valley and, once shut in there, no cattle could possibly escape. When I was riding past a small clump of trees in this valley, I heard my father's name shouted in a deep, harsh voice. When I rode to the spot from which I had heard the voice, a man rode past very close to me. Both the man and the horse upon which he was riding seemed to be surrounded in a luminous green light. That man was Joe Herbson. You mightn't remember Joe. Twenty years ago he was a large-scale cattle-rustler, until my father was killed. Then Joe was caught red-handed stealing cattle. While he was dying, Joe vowed that one day he would get even

with us. As soon as I saw that apparition of Joe Herbson, all the cattle, even to the smallest of the calves, stampeded. When we had rounded up all the cattle, we found that out of a herd of five hundred head, only two hundred head remained. Luckily, the herd was insured, but had it happened three weeks before we would have been ruined—so the joke was on Joe, wasn't it?"

—D. Darbyshire, Form IIIB.

* * * *

A SUN-LIT SCENE

Down beside a rippling rill,
The moss and hair-fern run;
While high on the bend an old mill,
Stands dauntless in the sun;
Now there is a laughing breeze,
Soughing through the willow trees.

—Beryl Smith, Form III.A.

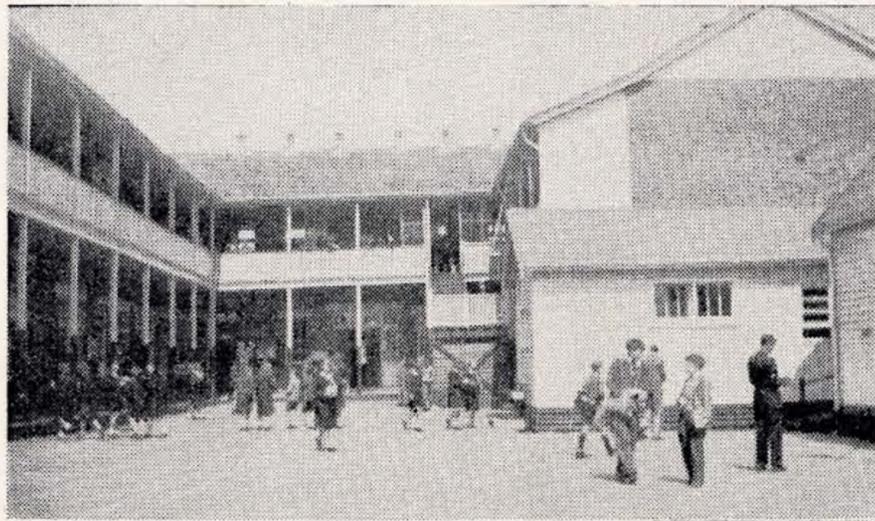
* * * *

THE MISSING BOAT

Father had promised the three children, Barry, Grace and Geoff, a ride in his boat on the bay. So, when the three of them arrived at the pier, they were disappointed to find the boat was gone. They hurried back to tell their mother, when they met their father on the way down. Telling him the news, the four hurried to the pier, and then to the police station.

Five minutes passed and they were speeding down the bay in a speedy police launch in search of the missing boat. However, no trace could be found of the boat, so an air search was made, which also was unsuccessful. A week later, a fisherman telephoned the police station to report that he had seen a boat like the missing one making for the mouth of the bay. He therefore gave chase and was nearly killed with a bullet from the fugitives' guns. Immediately, a boat filled with police set out. They found the boat pulled up on a strip of sand under a cliff. The detective with them saw footprints leading to a supposed wall of solid rock. The 'tec followed these and pressed a piece of rock where there were thumb-prints. Suddenly, the rock swung inwards and the 'tec, with the police at his heels, ran into the cave to surprise the gang of jewel thieves hiding some gems. When they were questioned as to why they took the boat it was found out that there was a lot of gold and silver hidden in the old boat. When the thieves were locked up, Father took the children for their treat.

—Harold Grosvenor, II.A.



THE MIMIC

Come, listen, friends and neighbours all,
To the story told
By the lyrebird bold,
Where the trees grow straight and tall.

'Tis a tale of the birds and their weird calls,
Whom he mimics daily,
Though at night more gaily
Than the birds who screech and squall.

The mopoke in the night's dark halls,
Then the thrush's trill
Near the empty mill,
An endless concert, where the river falls.
—Gail Russell, Form II.B.

* * * *

I.A.'s ALPHABET

A is for Ashton, a name very queer,
B is for Barratt, who thinks she's a dear;
C is for Carmel, who is a big swot!
D is for Dorothy, known as "Dot!"
E is for Elvie, pretty and small,
F is for Facey, who plays basketball;
G is for Glenice, our leader supreme,
H is for Hill, who's an absolute scream;
I is for Iris, a red-head, you know,
J is for Joy, but we all call her "Mo!"
K is for Kath, who talks quite a lot,
L is for long, but she really is not!
M is for Miss Milne, who's our form teacher,
N is for Nobody, for nobody can beat her;
O is for Others, the ones we've left out,
P is for Page, who's always about;
Q is for Quality, ours is the finest,
R is for Robinson, who is the kindest;
S is for Stuart, who's not beaten yet,
T is for Thompson (Mrs. Harvey's pet);
U is for Untidy, describing other class rooms,
V is for Victory, the class will have soon;
W is for work, the money we raise,
X is for "Xtra," which wins the form praise;
Y is for Yvonne, our representative of the "Gate,"
Z is for Zero, I've no more to relate.
—"Three Musketeers."

* * * *

Q. What is a leg and a foot that goes on?
A. A stocking.

INTERLUDE

By David McDonald

Vincent looked . . . and, feeling himself flinch, inwardly urged himself onwards. "Go on," he was saying, "go on, you fool. If you back out now, people will start talking. And then the worst will have happened. You'll be a marked man. No one will want you; they will either shift nervously about in your presence or try to avoid you. People have their morals, you know. And that girl you're going steady with—how would she feel if she saw you as you are now. Go on, get it over and done with, now."

Vincent grunted. He was an educated man, M.A. with honours, and yet all his knowledge had proved of no practical use in this business. Could he never be rid of this awful thing? Would it hang over his whole life, haunting him every morning and evening? Before he met anyone or went to a party, would this be his first concern? He knew no one who could help him. At first, his friends would ridicule him, but later—perhaps they would think him mad.

Vincent gave it up. He wasn't the first to do it, he reflected, and he supposed he wouldn't be the last. He moved, quickly but cautiously, making the final preparations. The light flickered and the silence became suddenly eerie. He felt cold steel—and flinched again. Nonsense. He had a job to do and do it he would, no matter how unpleasant it might be to the civilized mind. He felt the muscles of his face tighten, involuntarily. Was that sweat on his brow? There would be no pain—he had promised himself that over and over again. Bah! He was getting soft. He picked it up.

Vincent began to shave.



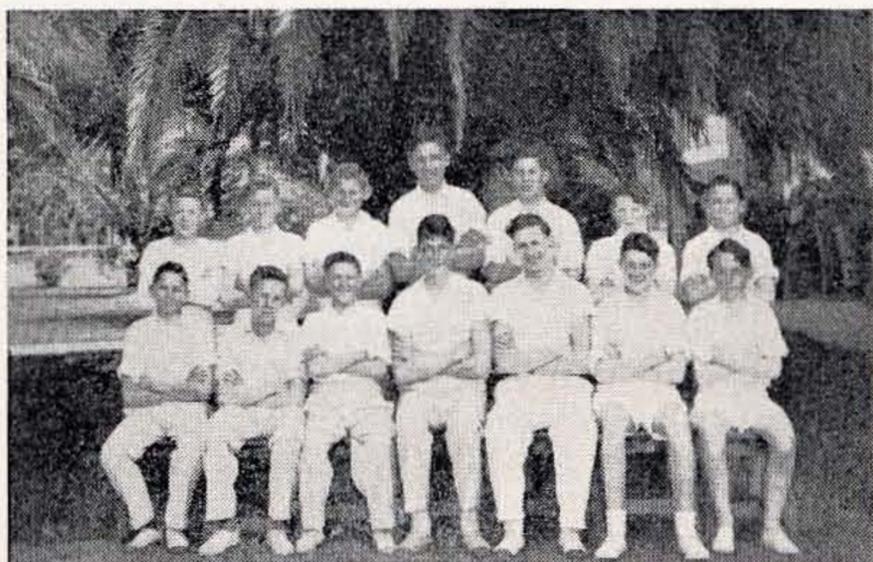
**INTER-SCHOOL
FOOTBALL—SENIOR**

Dandenong 8-14; Upwey 2-7.
 Dandenong 6-8; Hampton 11-8.
 Dandenong 7-5; Frankston 12-16.
 Dandenong 8-12; Mordialloc 8-2.
 Dandenong 1-4; Hampton 3-4.
 Dandenong 15-15; Mordialloc 5-5.
 Dandenong 7-3; Warragul 7-8.
 Dandenong 2-1; M.B.H.S. 7-11.
 Dandenong 8-5; Oakleigh Tech. 9-5.
 Dandenong 9-7; Upwey 3-8.



**INTER-SCHOOL
FOOTBALL—JUNIOR**

Dandenong 6-7; Upwey 4-6.
 Dandenong 3-8; Hampton 13-9.
 Dandenong 6-5; Frankston 7-14.
 Dandenong 2-1; Mordialloc 7-2.
 Dandenong 3-5; Hampton 6-9.
 Dandenong 5-2; Frankston 4-7.
 Dandenong 0; Mordialloc 21-13.
 Dandenong 2-4; Upwey 4-8.



INTER-SCHOOL SENIOR CRICKET

Dandenong 90; Mordialloc 6—69.
 Dandenong 9—115; Caulfield Tech. 3—125.
 Dandenong 100; Hampton 4—41.
 Dandenong 7—91; Frankston 7—104.
 Dandenong 86; Mordialloc 8—39.
 Dandenong 8—97; Hampton 7—73.
 Dandenong 109; Frankston 28.

INTER-SCHOOL JUNIOR CRICKET

Dandenong 6—25; Mordialloc 2—40.
 Dandenong 7—60; Hampton 6—61.
 Dandenong 9—58; Frankston 9—61.
 Dandenong 8—59; Mordialloc 1—109.
 Dandenong 40; Hampton 6—54.
 Dandenong 55; Frankston 30.



EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1947

Matriculation

The following pupils passed the Matriculation Examination in 1947:—

Stuart Brown, John Duke (Second Honours in English Expression), Maxwell Gregory, William Heyward, Donald Jackson, Graeme McCahon, Phillip Newell (Second Honours in Pure Mathematics), Frank O'Shea (Second Honours in Pure Mathematics), Graeme Ward (First Honours in Geology, Second Honours in Chemistry), Judith Bonser (First Honours in British History, Second Honours in English Literature and Modern History), Rosalie Brown (First Honours in French, Second Honours in English Expression and English Literature), Olive Egerton (Second Honours in Geology), Helen Oswell (First Honours in Modern History, Second Honours in British History and Geology), Helen Wilson, Dorothy Griffiths, who passed Matriculation in 1946, obtained First Honours in British History and Modern History, and Second Honours in French in 1947.

Leaving Certificate

The following pupils either passed or completed their Leaving Certificate in 1947:—

Keith Anderson, Bruce Carrott, John Cook, Fred Cowen, Geoffrey Dawson, Fred Ferguson, David Goodlad, Rex Gorwell, Clive Green, Leslie Grenda, Brian Hatfield, Fred Jones, Peter Jones, Bruce Kennedy, Kenneth Lee, David McDonald, Loxam McGrath, Clive Pointon, Donald Prentice, Keith Robinson, Ian Smith, Edward P. Taylor, Fred Warr, Wilfred Williams, Joan Hine, Brenda Jeffrey, Marie Lee, Jill McGuire, Patricia Perkins, Lorna Prior, Patel Scholz, Dorothy Smith, Beverly Vance, Dorothy Wilson.

Intermediate Certificate

The following pupils either passed or completed the Intermediate Certificate in 1947:—

Edwin Cadwallader, Walter Harris, Geoffrey Hayes, Bryan Hill, Edward Minotti, Alexander Morgan, Colin Pierrehumbert, Keith Pocklington, Geoffrey Rossetti, Ian Swanborough, Thomas Thomas, Valmont Wilson, Eric Woods, Dorothy Aspinall, Pamela Bedwell, Patricia Bennett, Lorna Cullen, Nell Griffin, Barbara Hogg, Lorna Hosking, Marjorie Lanigan, Lois McCabe, Lorna McDonald, Elaine McIntosh, Jennifer Newton, Margot Pegg, Joan Russell, Audrey Stead, Diane Streeter, Fay Webster, Yvonne Wheelhouse, Margaret Clucas, Julia Watson, Ralph Biddington, Peter Davidson, Alan Owen, Cyril Smith, F. Barrymore Smith, Peter Speed, Ian Stafford, Daryl Stuart, Madge Bailey, Aileen Cobble, Heather Champion, Norma Detez, Winifred Emmett, Ann Evans, Elizabeth Holloway, Beryl Johns, Margaret Jones, Margaret Perrin, Margaret Robertson, Merle Wanke, Lorna Whiffin, Kathleen Whiteside, Edna Gallus, Wilfred Manning, Ronald Moss, R. Douglas Pollock, Laurence Trebilco, David Whiteside, Marjorie Castle, Phyllis Collins, Joan Dalglish, Evelyn Detez, Mairionydd Evans, Dorothy Harries, Lorraine Harris, Pamela Kilbrick, Rose Ridgway, Greta Schoon, Alfred Ginevra, Valma Hawkins.

Scholarships

Senior Scholarship (Teaching): Dorothy Griffiths.
 Junior Scholarships: John Guest, Marion Pearce, Graeme Wilkie, Marion Barraclough, Marilla Bird, Jean Parker, Richard Speed, Arthur Weaven, Elsie Fisher, Jessie Johnson, Mary McDonald, Margery Schultz, Gwenneth Wilson.

Free Places: Lorraine Harris, Walter Harris, Lesley Barnes, Barbara McKay, Ernest Perkins, Kathleen Smith.

A VISIT TO THE ART GALLERY

Form IV.B and the Fifth went to visit the Art Gallery on 29th September, a date which, to some of the IV.B boys, will be remembered as Show Day; no! Williams' name was not mentioned. After an eventful train trip, the nineteen of us arrived at Flinders Street, and most of us made a bee-line for the Museum, passing all the attractively decorated windows without even stopping to look!!

We arrived at the Art Gallery, at the rear of the Musuem, just five minutes late, and the lecturer gave us a one-and-a-half-hour brief account of painting, painters and some of their works; then we had half an hour left to run through any section of the museum desired, and also a quarter of an hour to get to the station. Because one boy had other business to attend to, and two more missed the train, only 16 of us boarded the home-train.

We alighted at Dandenong somewhat down-hearted, for we were supposed to do the sixth period—Arithmetic. Without a doubt the most peculiar coincident of the day was that every single boy in the class had forgotten to bring his locker key to school. The boys were amazed to think that our Maths. teacher suspected foul play, for she promptly went and secured some pencils and sheets of paper for us. But whether we had done injustice to our IV.B good name or not, we thoroughly enjoyed the day's outing.

IV.A ART EXCURSION

On Monday, 27th September, under the able direction of Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Harvey, we were taken to the National Gallery to see an art exhibition. This was obviously well-planned, for all the exhibits were of an interesting nature, and I do not think many who attended it were bored.

After being shown some delightful Chippendale and Sheraton furniture, and some paintings by masters such as Rembrandt, Whistler, Velasquez, Corot and the Australian, Streeton, all of which were admired, we were disappointed to find that the time had come to depart. Our party then split up into groups, some of which, strangely enough, went back to school.

—W. F. Jamieson, IV.A.

A Hexagon is a person from Hexaga.

A miracle is something that someone does that can't be done.

A MODERN JONAH

There was great excitement and consternation in every member of the crew's face, as they fought the sea's longest fish—a whale.

Again and again this great creature had lashed the sides of the ship and, without warning, swept several terrified men overboard. The crew, seeing what great peril the men were in, swiftly came to their aid, as the whale seemed occupied with something else, and, as the much-shaken men were climbing to safety, they noticed, to their horror, that one of them was missing. As they turned, to their horror, they saw their companion engulfed by the whale.

Tirelessly, the crew struggled on with the monster of the deep, until at last the mighty form was still, and the crew set to work with a will, first skinning it and then obtaining the blubber, when they heard sounds issuing from the belly of the whale. The superstitious sailors fled, but the captain, a sensible man, called them to investigate and finish their task. When they came to the liver the sounds were more audible, and then, what did their startled, incredulous eyes behold?

There, doubled up and raving, was their ill-fated compainion, alive, so, without much ado, they carried him up to a cabin, and there he spent three weeks raving and restless, then he started to recover and told the following narrative:—

I felt myself swept into a darkness and felt a slimy mass and intense heat, in which I could hardly breathe, and had a sensation of sickness and faintness, and knew no more until you found me raving and doubled up.

Altogether, he recovered and lived for many years. His skin was the colour of parchment from that day forward. It was said that the gastric juices from the whale bleached his skin to this horrible whiteness.

—Geraldine Burke.

* * * *

I am very anxious to write for the "Gate,"
I really thought I was too late;
Now, I am not, as you can see;
When I heard, I danced with glee.

The "Gate" is really a lovely book,
It brings joy to all those who look;
Essays, poems, jokes and all,
There's room for yours next time they call.
Margaret Edwards, Form II.C.

