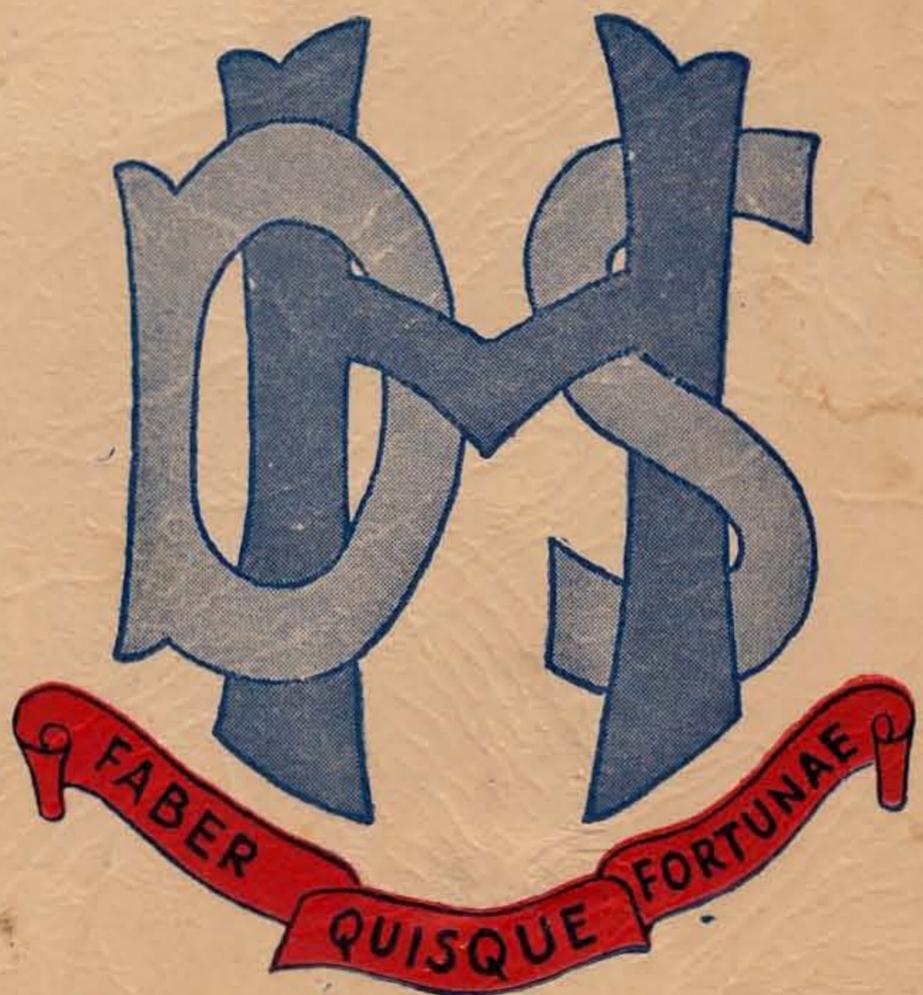


THE  
GAMES

1954



# THE GATE



DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL,  
VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA



## DECEMBER, 1954

### MAGAZINE STAFF

EDITORS: Helen Downes, Ken Carroll.

FORM REPRESENTATIVES: Gordon Finnie, Elayne Wanke, Juliette Zeelander, Rhonda Smith, Arthur Holland, Anthony Scott, Irene Petzke, Judith Landsdowne, Margaret Starr, Aileen Law, Don Ryan, Reet Sark, Elaine Sherry, Jeanette Barnes, Robert Kassell, Hilda Hewson, Beverly Billing, Alison Bates.

STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Mr. F. Milne.

# Dandenong High School, 1954

HEAD MASTER: Mr. R. W. Andrews, B.Sc., B.Ed.

## ADVISORY COUNCIL:

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Cr. G. T. Andrews, Cr. L. W. Allen, Cr. G. F. Knowles, Cr. G. F. Rae, Mr. A. J. Hillard, Mr. J. S. G. Prior, Mr. S. R. V. Roberts, Mr. W. G. Wright, Mr. J. J. Syer, Mr. A. H. Brown, Mr. A. H. Crump, Mr. J. C. Russell, Mr. R. R. Simon, Mr. D. C. Streader (District Inspector.)

## STAFF:

Mr. K. E. Higgs, T.T.T.C., D.T.S.C., etc. (Senior Master).	Miss D. Taylor, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mr. J. R. Carroll, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.	Miss E. B. Stainforth, B.A., B.Ed.
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Mr. J. E. McCarthy, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Miss M. Power, B.A., T.P.T.C.
Mr. L. D. Randles, Tech. Certs.	Miss E. H. Dawson, T.P.T.C.
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Mr. R. T. Everett, B.A., Qual.Dip.Ed.	Mrs. J. Eckstein, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mr. C. H. Worrall, B.Com., Dip.Ed.	Mrs. M. R. Windsor (Man. Arts).
Mr. M. S. Rich, F.D.M.Sc., B.Ed. (Berlin).	Mrs. A. T. Everett, T.P.T.C.
Mr. D. J. MacDonald, T.P.T.C., Qual.B.A.	Mrs. D. Finn, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts).
Mr. M. W. Oldmeadow, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Miss S. Swann, Clerk.
Mr. J. B. Robertson, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Miss L. Hicks, Clerk.
Mr. R. Baines, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.	
Mr. J. W. Menadue, Mus. Bac., Qual. Dip.Ed.	
Mr. E. Byrt, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.	
Mr. W. L. Brumley, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.	

## PREFECTS:

Barry Burke (Head).	Loris Hewson (Head).
Max Syer.	Elaine Fenn.
Ken Carroll.	Bessie Poole.
Jim Viggers.	Jeanette Orr.
John Brady.	Diana Begg.
John Harris.	Elsa Carroll.
Terry Kinsella.	Rosemary McKenry.
Alan Robert.	Dawn Campbell.
Ray Leeson.	Megan Evans.
Ted Hook.	Dorothy Harmer.

## HOUSE CAPTAINS:

BLUEGUM: Bessie Poole, Ted Hook.	ORCHID: Jeanette Orr, Max Syer.
CLEMATIS: Loris Hewson, Barry Burke.	WATTLE: Kay Gillespie, John Harris.

## FORM CAPTAINS:

VI.—Helen Downes, Ken Carroll.	IIIe.—Glenys Hobson, John Williams.
V.—Megan Evans, Charles Zoutendyk.	IIa.—Andrea Hansen, Howard Roberts.
IVa.—Wendy Osborne, Joseph Hajdu.	IIb.—Pat Kirwan, Bert Rae.
IVb.—Carole Hunter, Peter Robinson.	IIc.—Margaret Gribble, Don Elso.
IVc.—Carmen Cruickshank.	IId.—Pat Sherratt.
IVd.—Valerie Arnott, Frank Whyte.	Ia.—Jacqueline Boucher, Fred Noblet.
IIIa.—Winsome Andrews, Ken Hudson.	Ib.—Marjorie Anderson, Brian Kenneally.
IIIb.—Laurel Kendall, Colin Macauley.	Ic.—Jean Dunkley.
IIIc.—Pam Cruickshank.	Id.—Julie Hobson.
IIId.—Pam Paroissien, Jim Young.	

## HEADMASTER'S PAGE

With the close of the school year many of you in the upper forms will have completed your secondary school education. For some there will follow a further stage but, for most, this year will mark the end of your formal schooling. A mile-post in the great adventure of life will have been reached and although youth shows little inclination to look backward, but with its enthusiasm and energy presses forward, it may not be unprofitable to pause for a moment at this point to contemplate the purpose underlying some of the many activities that make up school life. For as an observer from a height may see in bolder relief the contour of the terrain below, so may one who has reached the end of an educational stage see more clearly, in retrospect, the design and purpose of that stage.

Thus you may perceive that the daily lessons of the classrooms were designed not merely to help you acquire basic factual knowledge and certain skills or masteries over words and symbols but also to teach you to think for yourselves, to test and verify principles and thence to draw valid conclusions; that the purpose of your organized games was not so much to increase your proficiency at sport as to develop your physical powers and to teach you sportsmanship, self-discipline, and co-operation; that the system of school control and government through your elected fellow students made you a sharer in that government and gave you responsibilities as well as privileges; and that the encouragement of your active participation in the corporate life of the school had, as its purpose, the development of habits of industry, of honest endeavour, of service, and of happy association with your fellows.

As you look back over your school years you may regret that these happy days of comradeship are drawing to a close. But, by taking an active part in youth organizations of good report and unselfish aims, you may continue and extend those friendships and you will enjoy the satisfaction that comes from rendering service to others who may indeed include some who will take your place in this school. The wider life of the world you are about to enter will provide full scope for the exercise of those qualities of good citizenship that the school has endeavoured to foster while for advancement in your chosen occupation you may still take as your guiding principle the school motto "faber quisque fortunæ".

R. W. ANDREWS.

## EDITORIAL

"Faber quisque fortunæ": "Every man is the maker of his own fortune". This motto is becoming increasingly true in the modern Australia of intense competition and activity, where secondary education is practically universal and is required for any occupation requiring <sup>an</sup> degree of skill. In this editorial we wish to point<sup>on</sup> out the need for educating yourself as fully as possible.

All of you have seen the rapid changes of your childhood and youth. Possibly you can imagine the vast changes to come in the next half-century. All of the inventions to come will either make Man the master of nature or the victim of his own nature. He must be educated to live with others in peace and to work for the happiness of his fellows.

A higher standard of education is also needed if we are not to be deceived by the propaganda which has been used and is still being used indirectly to attack the

freedom of thought and speech. Think your own thoughts and do not carelessly accept those that are thrust upon you.

There is a vast range of scholarships open to those who wish to improve themselves and who do not mind work. You should take advantage of them.

At the end of each year, if you do not honestly believe that you have progressed in your knowledge and in your relations with others then your year is wasted. Time is precious. Do not waste it.

—Helen Downes, Ken Carroll, Co-editors.

## STAFF NOTES

At the end of this year, Mr. J. E. McCarthy, the Senior History Master, will leave on promotion to Caulfield North Central School. Mr. R. T. Everett, a teacher of English and French, leaves on promotion to Williamstown High School. We wish these teachers success in their new positions. Mr. Worrall has also received promotion, but fortunately he will be remaining with us.

During the year, Mr. E. Eckstein was transferred to Springvale High School; Mrs. Kelley to McKinnon High; Miss Rofe to Moreland High and Miss K. Brumley left on a tour of Europe. Mrs. Harvey, who left during Term I, returned to take the place of Mrs. Finn. Miss Stainforth, who left to go to Footscray High, returned to take her promotion at Dandenong.

We welcome to the Staff this year, Miss Taylor, Mr. Higgs, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Milne, Mr. Menadue, Mr. Byrt, Mrs. Pedder, and Miss Hicks.

Mr. McCubbin, who leaves in December to spend 1955 on exchange duty in Scotland, leaves with the best wishes of all.





### THE STAFF

**Back:** Mr. Robertson, Mr. Oldmeadow, Mr. Rich, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baines, Mr. Milne, Mr. Worrall, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Bryce.  
**Centre:** Mr. Menadue, Mr. Everett, Mr. Russell, Miss Dee, Miss Banks, Mr. Brumley, Mrs. Finn, Mrs. Everett, Mr. McCubbin, Mr. Carroll, Mr. Randles.  
**Front:** Mrs. Skinner, Miss Stainforth, Mrs. Eckstein, Miss Hicks, Mr. Higgs, Miss Taylor, Mr. Andrews (Headmaster), Miss Dawson, Miss Banks, Mrs. Windsor, Mrs. Pedder.  
**Absent:** Miss Swann.

### EX-STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Ex-Students' Association has this year had probably its most successful year since its inception in late 1951.

We "old-stagers" were very gratified to see, at the Annual Meeting in February, numerous new faces. This fine start heralded a year packed with many of our most successful functions to date although a few early functions were marred by smaller attendances than were anticipated.

However, this was soon overcome, and the remainder of the functions were particularly well attended.

The Annual Meeting saw the return to office of the three Executives: Gordon Young (Pres.); Richard Speed (Sec.); and Graham Delmenico (Treas.), but the majority of the remainder of the Committee were new faces, and it was with pleasure that we noted that many more girls were on the Committee as there has been a sad lack of the fairer sex in previous years.

The highlights of the year as at writing have been the Tennis Afternoon in March; the Annual Ball in June; the Snow Trip in August (most successful despite the scarcity of snow); and the Theatre Night in September (unfortunately, tickets for "Rose Marie on Ice" were limited).

Our remaining functions promise to be as successful as those mentioned and are as follows:—Dance in October, our Annual Cup Day Tennis Afternoon and a Salamagundi Night, both in November, and our Christmas River Trip in December.

Next year will be just as successful as this, and with the new ideas and the efforts of the younger set now leaving school to join us, could even surpass the standard set this year.

For the benefit of those about to join, the first subscription is 15/-, which includes cost of badge, and thereafter is 10/- annually, due January 1st each year, but payable in advance.

The Annual Meeting for 1955 is on Friday, February 4th, so be there to elect your Committee and plan the programme for 1955.

Richard V. Speed, Hon. Secretary.  
Halliday St., Mt. Waverley.

### SOCIAL SERVICE

The Social Service League was again under the leadership of Mr. Randles, who conducted the activities with his customary zeal and efficiency. The total amount of money raised during the year ending June 30th, 1954, was £108/2/-. The organizations which benefited from this were the Royal Children's Hospital, the Yooralla School for Crippled Children, the Mentally Retarded Children's Welfare Association (Oakleigh), the Red Cross Society, the Coronation Commemoration Appeal, and the Dandenong Branch of the R.S.S.A.I.L.A. (Anzac Day Tokens and Poppies). In addition to this, eggs, fruit, vegetables and groceries were supplied weekly to the Menzies Home for Boys at Frankston.

Wooden toys made by pupils of the school were donated to children of deceased and incapacitated ser-

vicemen, the Dandenong Pre-School Centre and the Presbyterian Babies' Home.

The annual Egg Appeal this year was won by Wattle House. In all 1715 dozen eggs were collected—a very fine effort. The pupils of the school are to be congratulated on their generosity in helping those less fortunate than themselves. As well as helping materially, they are receiving a valuable training in community service, which should help to make them good citizens of the future.

### JUNIOR RED CROSS

The work of the Junior Red Cross was continued this year, first of all under the leadership of Mrs. Eckstein, with Mrs. Windsor taking over later in the year. The activities have been many and varied. Stalls have been held, a quantity of lead scrap has been sent to headquarters, woollen toys have been made, and arrangements are under way for another stall to raise further funds. The members of the Dandenong High School Branch are very keen and active, and in carrying on this work they are performing a valuable service to the community.

### HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR

During the year occurred a number of events which we feel are worth recording. Some of these which come to mind are as follows:—

In the field of music, Elaine Fenn, our school pianist had quite a deal of success at South Street and on the Australian Amateur Hour. Ex-student Mary Nemet, a violinist of note was voted the best artist in Top Town, 1953, and is in the finals this year. She was also guest

artist at the Sun Aria finals, in which another ex-student Lauris Elms, was placed second. Ian Cocks was successful in the field of Highland Dancing. On the sporting side, teams were entered in a Cross-Country Championship conducted by the Melbourne University Athletic Club. The junior team obtained second place, a very fine achievement. Tennis champions of the school last year were Jeanette Orr and Ken Begley, whilst in the Victorian schoolboy and schoolgirl tennis championships this year Jeanette Orr, Robyn Gillies, Lorraine Hicks, Ian Cocks and Bruce Young performed very ably. In swimming, Norman Hogg won the Junior Breaststroke Championship of Victoria, a really wonderful performance. School colours were awarded for the first time this year, and a list of these will be found at the end of this publication.

These are some of the highlights of the year. We apologize to any who may have inadvertently been omitted and congratulate all who have helped to put Dandenong High School on the map.

JOHNNIE: (Coming home from school one day), "Dad, can you write with your eyes shut?"

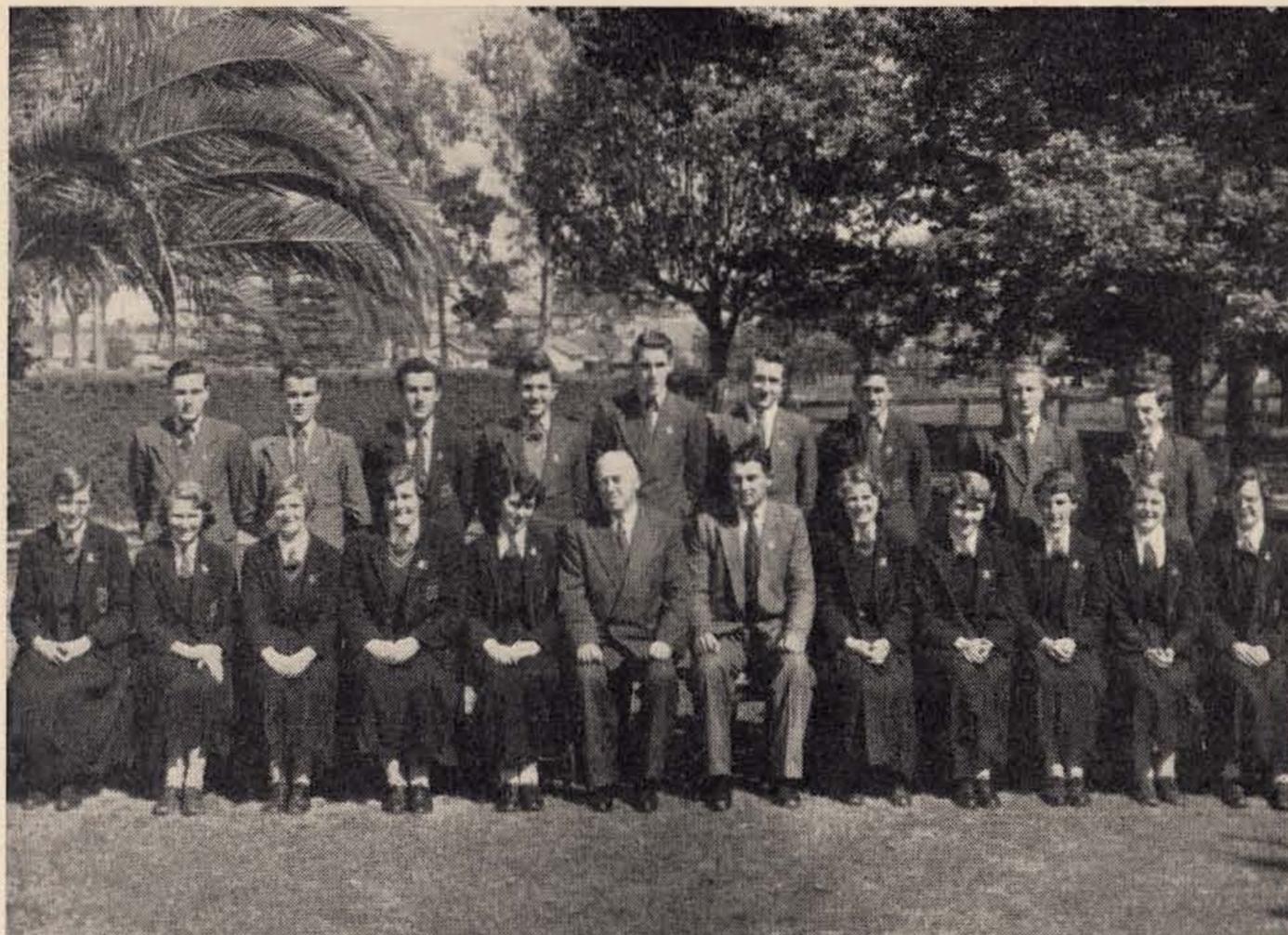
FATHER: "Of course I can". "Why?"

JOHNNIE: "Well, shut your eyes and sign my school report".

MISTRESS: (Hearing crash in the kitchen), "More dishes, Jane?"

JANE: No Ma'am, less.

—Lorraine Davidson, Ib.



### PREFECTS

**Standing:** T. Kinsella, K. Carroll, J. Brady, E. Hook, A. Robert, R. Leeson, J. Viggers, M. Syer, J. Harris.

**Seated:** D. Harmer, R. McKenry, D. Campbell, B. Poole, L. Hewson, Mr. Andrews, B. Burke, E. Fenn, M. Evans, J. Orr, E. Carroll, D. Begg.

# Form Notes

## FORM VI

"O ye sixth form — ye glorious gods of strength, beauty and wisdom — Ye, to whom we bow down in humble adoration. We, the rabble of the school, revere you."

We, the illustrious sixth, graciously accept this trivial acknowledgment of our superiority. We will now permit you a glimpse of our superb characters. First, the Angels:

HELEN DOWNES, F.C., Co-Editor of "Gate".

Ambition: Architect.

Probable Fate: Tax-gatherer (She gets her practice on Social Service days.)

Pet Aversion: Monday morning misers.

Favourite occupation: Trying to trap the infallible Chemistry teacher.

Favourite saying: "Do you want to buy a dog?"

LORIS HEWSON, H.P., H.C., V.V.C., V.F.C.

Ambition: Nurse.

Probable Fate: Housewife.

Pet Aversion: Dogs.

Favourite Occupation: Cross-examining the inimitable History teacher.

Favourite Saying: "Hey, you kids!"

DAWN CAMPBELL, P., V.H.C., B.B.C., V.C.

Ambition: To be —

Probable Fate: Not to be —

Pet Aversion: Water Pistols.

Theme Song: "Singing in the Rain"?

Favourite Saying: "I dare you to."

ELAINE FENN, P., V.H.C.

Ambition: Famous concert pianist.

Probable Fate: Organ-grinder.

Pet Aversion: Jazz.

Favourite Occupation: Composing tunes for a tin whistle.

Favourite Saying: "Will you fix up — I won't be here tomorrow."

ROSEMARY McKENRY ("Bunty") P.

Ambition: To marry the resident surgeon.

Probable Fate: Nurse.

Pet Aversion: Bow ties, fur coats, moustaches.

Favourite Occupation: Arguing with Bessie about Collingwood and St. Kilda football clubs.

Favourite Saying: "What've we got now?"

MARGOT MUMME, Dip.Ed. (in water).

Ambition: To run in the Olympic Games.

Pet Aversion: Good-looking girls?

Theme Song: "Poor Unfortunate Lover."

Favourite Occupation: Nothing to do with school.

Favourite Saying: "Isn't it ghastly?"

BESSIE POOLE, P., H.C., V.H.C.

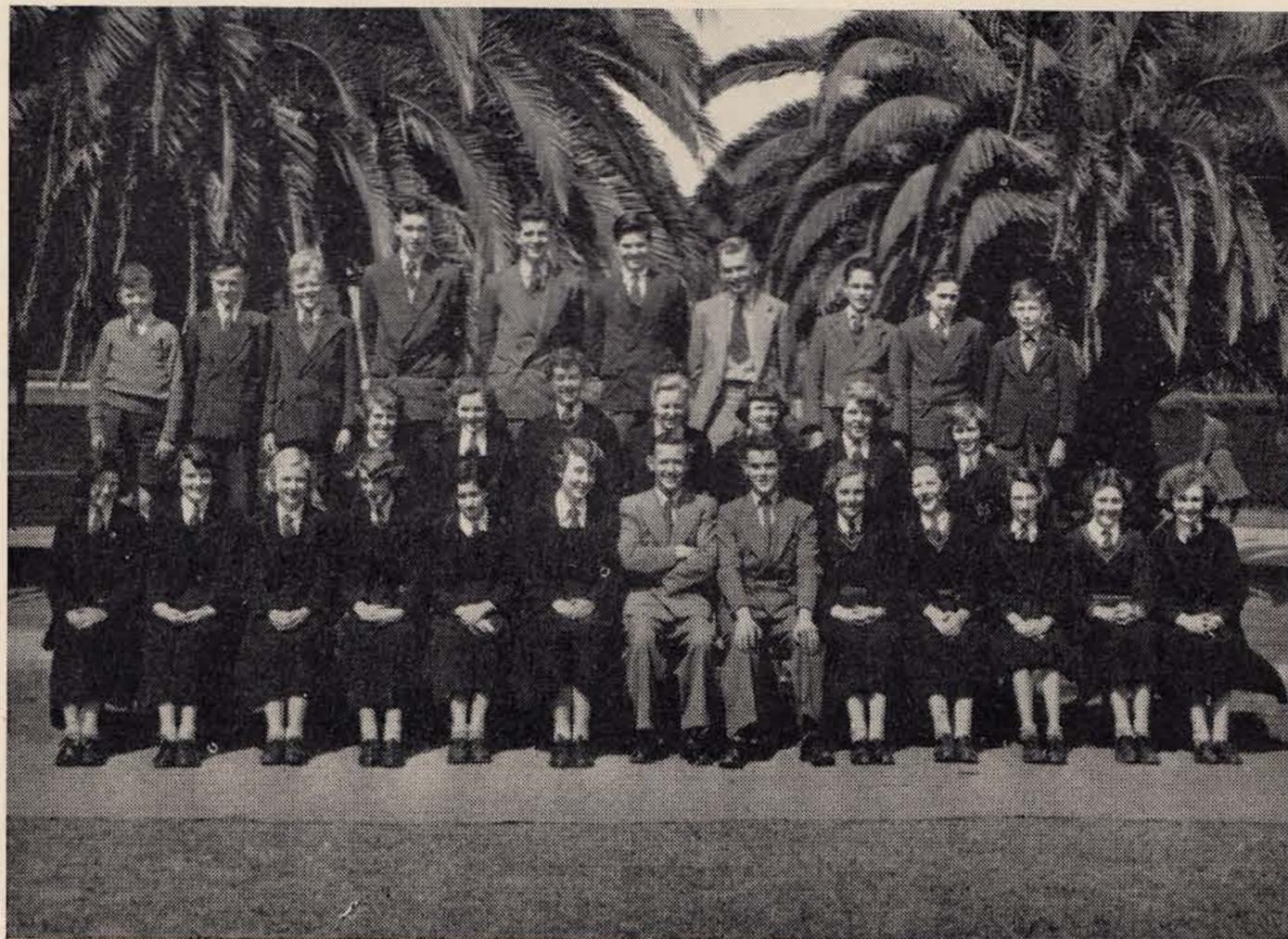
Ambition: Teacher.

Probably Fate: Cow-puncher.

Pet Aversion: A certain Essendon footballer.

Favourite Occupation: Stopping goals (Perhaps?)

Favourite Saying: "But! . . . We'd better not."



MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES

HELEN SHAW, H<sub>2</sub>S (gas).

Ambition: Not for publication.

Probable Fate: Isn't it obvious?

Pet Aversion: Street lights.

Favourite Occupation: Eating.

Favourite Saying: "Guess who rang up last night?"

AILEEN STUART, M.A. (Poor Pa).

Ambition: To grow (Up?).

Probable Fate: Fashion designer.

Pet Aversion: Hats!!!

Favourite Occupation: Decorating exercise books with anatomies.

Favourite Saying: "Sir, I read a book last night, but I've forgotten its name."

WENDY WILLIAMS, D.R. (IP)?

Ambition: To have DR. **before** her name.

Probable Fate: To have a number **after** her name.

Pet Aversion: Ballrooms.

Favourite Occupation: Collecting foolscap.

Favourite Saying: "Hooway! Hooway! Hooway!"

Now the Archangels.

MALCOLM BAILEY, Honourable Member of VI Form.

Ambition: To become a civil(ised) engineer.

Probable Fate: Ken's punching bag.

Pet Aversion: Writing essays.

Peculiarity: Likes Maths.

Favourite Saying: "Got any ink?"

BARRY BURKE, Head Prefect, Captain of Clematis and football.

Ambition: To leave school.

Probable Fate: To become a teacher.

Pet Aversion: Bookmakers.

Peculiarity: Grows moustaches.

Favourite Saying: "What won the last?"

JOHN HARRIS, Prefect, Captain of Wattle and cricket.

Ambition: To play cricket for Australia.

Probable Fate: Orange boy.

Pet Aversion: Latin Homework.

Peculiarity: Has never heard the bell in the morning.

Favourite Saying: "D'ya reckon?"

COLIN GRAY, Tennis Team, V.C. Football.

Ambition: To get married.

Probable Fate: Will raise vegetables.

Pet Aversion: The censors of this magazine.

Peculiarity: His friends.

Favourite Saying: "Where's Tom?"

TERRY KINSELLA, Prefect.

Ambition: Atomic scientist.

Probable Fate: Will blow himself up.

Pet Aversion: Opposite sex (we wonder).

Peculiarity: Accuracy.

Favourite Saying: "I'm sure to fail in Matric."

ALAN ROBERT, Prefect.

Ambition: None in particular.

Probable Fate: Rolling in the "dough".

Pet Aversion: Schoolboys without caps.

Peculiarity: Teachers look up to him.

Favourite Saying: "Quiet, you twerps."

MAC SYER, Prefect, Captain of Orchid.

Ambition: To own a car.

Probable Fate: Will become a trumpeter.

Pet Aversion: Interruptions to after-school solos.

Peculiarity: Likes lunch at 11 a.m.

Favourite Saying: "She was a fabulous sort."

KEN CARROLL: Last but ?? least, also Prefect, C Form and Swimming captain and co-editor of this rag.

Ambition: To be heavyweight Champ. of D.H.S.

Probable Fate: Mad professor.

Pet Aversion: Clever people.

Peculiarity: Well---??

Favourite Saying: "Yeah, sure, sure."

We would like to thank all teachers who have guided (and guarded) us throughout this year, especially our invaluable form teacher, Mr. Carroll, who has never failed to remind the physics students that a physics lesson is about to commence in Room 25 immediately after form assembly.

In conclusion we would like to wish next year's sixth formers the best of luck and hope that they try and keep up the standard of the

"Best Sixth Form Ever".

## FORM V GIRLS

Well, here we are after a very happy year in the best form in the school. We have the best form teacher and form captains in the school, respectively Miss Taylor, Megan Evans and Jeanette Orr. Megan, unlike the boys' Form Captain, Charlie Zoutendyk, returns the roll to the office regularly.

Of course, you all know we are the best form in the school, but the teachers don't seem to think so. We just can't understand it; they want all work and no play. The only things they are enthusiastic about are correcting homework, and exam papers, as well as dishing out lines, various numbers of sums, and other fiendish inventions calculated to take up all our time and theirs. If you don't believe it, go and ask any one of them.

However, we all got together to find some way of warning pupils (and teachers), for next year's Form V of what is in store for them.

1. Always laugh at the teacher's jokes—even if they aren't funny. This method of encouragement produces some really good jokes, e.g., The pages weighed in the 18th Century were small—British History. We have no specialist in laughing at the teacher's jokes, but as you can expect, we have a teacher who laughs at his own—Mr. Russell.

2. Always arrive late to at least one period a day. Up to four periods a day is quite safe, but after that it gets a bit risky. Best Examples: Mr. D. Prior and Mr. H. Van Delft.

3. Ask intelligent questions. If this is not possible, at least try to look intelligent. You needn't necessarily listen to the answers, but do stare at the teacher with a thirster-after-knowledge-being-filled expression.

Unfortunately, none of our numbers are particularly proficient in this field.

4. Make as much noise as possible, blame it on the person sitting next to you.

Best Examples: Mr. K. Rout, who can produce resounding cackles with a range of 2½ octaves.

5. When you are over at the Huts always tell the teacher it's time to go, no later than five minutes after the time you arrive. If you keep Rule 2, this will probably be correct.

Best Example: Ted Hook.

6. Take advantage of April fool's day, sports days, end of term days, and when you have run out of these, use ordinary school days to enjoy yourself, and waste as much time as possible (without being caught). This will ensure your return next year.

Best Examples: Everybody.

And so with these Words of Wisdom, we leave you, passing on our motto . . .

"Never put off 'til tomorrow, what you can put off To the day after."

## FORM V BOYS

Let us conduct you to Room 30, where Sgt.-Major Russell is trying to extort from us our weekly pocket money for social service.

Form V is composed of the following notables:—

Maxwell Adlam—Shrimp of form, noted English Student.

James "M.U.G." Athorn—Remember Maths class with Mr. Andrews?

John Brady—Plays school tennis and football when not chasing girls.

David Cox—Future nuclear physicist.

Ken Dimsey—School baseballer; know that laugh anywhere.

Gordon Finnie—Our bonnie brae Scotch magazine representative.

Barry Gilbert—Form crooner and envy of all cats in the neighbourhood.

Bruce Grant—Chemist of the form, his love potions are well known.

John Hartnell—Country bumpkin from Poowong; always missing that Monday train.

Kelvin Hazlett—Test pilot, now breaking teachers' sound-barrier.

Edward Hook—Chief School "organizer" and radio identity.

Robert Jones—Form(er) pupil conspicuous by his absence.

Raymond Leeson—Artist of form; noted for figure studies.

Kees Muskens—Soccer captain; also runs and plays tennis.

Hank Muskens—Noted for outstanding conduct in British History.

Christopher Neville—Lover Boy and future island inhabitant.

Derek Prior—Unavailable before recess, and thereafter only in limited quantities.

George Robinson—Noted for pick and shovel work.

Kenny "Do" Rout—Star sprinter, who often goes into smoke.

Colin "Thos" Snell—Diplomat of form and future P.M.

Ewan Slater—Swimmer and humourist of form.

Geoff Stephens—Outstanding at everything he attempts???

"Schubert" Van Delft—Star pianist unavailable after lunch.

James Viggers—Star athlete and (C) weeder.

George Vincent—Remember the Hut C affair and quadrangle exhibition.

Charles Zoutendyk—Future inventor of Z Bomb, also our form captain.

We would like to thank all the teachers who have put up with us throughout the year and who have helped us obtain our leaving certificates (maybe!)

## FORM IVa

Hail! O Honourable creature. You are interested in velly honourable IVa. No? This velly brilliant gathering of intellectual maniacs has completed an equally brilliant year's work.

Among this honourable congregation are Shoguns Osborne and Hadju and Damyos Burrell and Hough. At a market of miscellaneous merchandise a fabulous sum of yens was amassed. We velly willingly contributed to honourable Menzies Boys' Home.

The central power is radiated from velly monotonous room 23.

In our honourable midst are many Anti-Confucius believers—(anti-honourable public servants). Velly disrespectful. During the year we paid honourable visit to Shrine of Anti-Confucius believers (Dandenong Law Courts) which was velly interesting.

Emperor Everett has tried his velly best to make us honourable citizens; however it might not be <sup>any</sup> vain, so we await velly loathsome results.

Our Teachers (poor old shades) have finally drummed into our velly thick heads we are at this academy to learn. We believe one of honourable shades would like us to "Stop your talking now"; he has also been heard to state that he "has had enough now". In velly monotonous History room we are told, "Sit down ever so quietly". We smile when honourable form teacher tells us to "Lower your voices to a scream"; and in Latin room after velly ingenious suggestion: "Ah! there's a good word". Whilst in Art we are reminded, "You'll be sorry at the end of the year".

So bearing this in mind we wait for end of the year with velly mixed thoughts.

Fare thee well, O Honourable one, from velly brilliant form IVa.

## FORM IVb

This is Form IVb calling from Room 22. Mr. Baines is our form teacher, Carol Hunter and Peter Robinson our form captains.

We have had a successful year, with many representatives in the school teams. Helen Gill and Margaret Fink starring at tennis and softball respectively, whilst among the males we have "Robo, Cocky, Wally and Dick," who play in the Senior Football Team. That is how they are identified amongst the many pupils of the school.

We thank all our teachers for seeing out the year with us and for the help they have given us in this most important "Inter" year.

Finally we must mention Michael for the placid way with which he extracted money from us for various appeals.

We appreciate it "Mick".

Merry Christmas everyone.

## FORM IVc

Attention Please!

This is station IVc broadcasting to you the events of the year, relayed through station D.H.S.

We wish to inform you that we have moved our station from room 33 to room 19 and we appreciate the better and more convenient surroundings. If anyone decides to move lodgings, write, 'phone or call at IVc removals, c/o station D.H.S. Dandenong.

Our chief radio announcer Carmen Cruickshank assisted by Vivienne Bellet has carried us through scrapes and demanded social-service-money successfully. We have had two appeals in aid of Menzies Boys' Home resulting in £2/12/4 and £7/0/5 respectively and our station is proud of the fact that we have maintained the highest single amount this year.

We do thank Cath Carr for the pictures of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh which hang in our broadcasting room for the announcers to look at when their scripts become boring.

One of our script-writers, Joan Hedges, received the coveted "school colours" while a number of other girls

received full or half-house colours. Another outstanding performer was Betty Owens, a runner who broke a school record. On behalf of all members of the station we do sincerely thank our station manager Miss Banks for assisting us throughout the year and for arranging the interesting and enjoyable trip to the Office Exhibition.

We all hope to achieve our intermediate certificate and hope that the teachers who endeavoured to place something into our heads will have a much easier job with next IVc than they have had with the present one.

Well, that winds it up listeners, so this is station IVc signing off—

Bye Now.

### FORM IVd

We present to you square dancing, with the compliments of W. McCubbin, manufacturer of the best students. But first a word from the men who call the tune:

HISTORY—"Goodness, I don't know what to do with this class."

GEOGRAPHY—" (UN)fortunately, that's the tooter, so we'll have to stop."

SINGING—"Turn those pages GENTLY, please."

ENGLISH—"If you've got anything to tell us, let's all hear it."

MATHEMATICS—"Put your pens down, and I'll go through it once more."

Bow down to Valerie Arnott, the girl who's really bright. And now our boys' form captain, his name is Francis Whyte,

Allemande left from your lockers, grand right and left to work,

And since we don't like this so much, just box the gnat to sport.

CHORUS:

At work and play, from day to day, 4d. has proved the best.

From lunch time films, and lunch time stalls, it's time to have a rest.

Circle left for sewing, and there you must not talk, When you sashay from the huts, don't loiter as you walk. Swing the science stools gently, don't stamp right down the row.

Hurry on there with your work, exams, come soon, you know.

CHORUS:

A star for social service, where we raised a large amount,

Wagon wheel for rips in sport—so many we can't count, Now the year is over, we can't find a line to rhyme, So promenade to holidays, and have a real good time.

### FORM IIIa

Listen, all you inferior beings, acknowledge that we, IIIa, are your superiors in all phases of work at D.H.S. So let us tell you something of our wonderful personages.

ENGLISH. No! No! How many more times do I have to tell that Mozart did **not** write "Morte d'Arthur".

LATIN. "Now watch those infinitives, and John D., how many more times do I have to tell you that 'bonus' doesn't agree with 'magistris'."

GEOGRAPHY. "Asia is a continent, not one of the 48 states of America, and Bruce F., I wish you weren't here!" Bruce F., "So do I."



CHOIR

HISTORY. "Must I keep telling you that McArthur did **not** defeat Napoleon at Korea in 1066.

SCIENCE. Poor IIIa of '54.

Ne'er shall we see them any more,  
For what they thought was H<sub>2</sub>O,  
Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.

P.T. Why haven't you brought your clothes? You have a bone in your leg? Poor thing, take 50 lines!

Not only are we brilliant in our subjects, but we also have noted champions like Norman Hogg, Bruce Young, and Robyn Gillies. The social service response was excellent and form assemblies have been both novel and hilarious, comprising debates, quizzes and games. We are represented strongly in the choir and orchestra and the various school teams. But apart from our own brilliance, we would like to thank our form mistress, Miss Dawson, and form captains Winsome Andrews and Ken Hudson who were ably assisted by Alison McCarthy and Bruce Young. Truly admiration has run high throughout the staff and school for this wonderfully well-behaved (?) form.

### FORM IIIb

Here comes IIIb. Preceded by our ring-master, Mr. Rich, we stride up the road of knowledge bound for Big Top A. Our banner-bearers Laurel Kendall and Colin Macauley are closely followed by deputies Linda Ellett and Robert Morris. We are proud of our drummer, Claudia Gogel, and also several other orchestra or choir members. The remaining girls curb our prancing, remarkable team of boys, and chief clown Stephen Hurrell tumbles along in our wake, along with a few others.

We have made several generous efforts for social service, and pass round the hat weekly. Every performance we give is in aid of some charity. And, so, as we reach the end of a year of success and turn the corner, we remember the happy career of the famous IIIb-ites.

### FORM IIIc

Welcome to Room 24, IIIc's form room. V<sup>st</sup><sub>1d</sub> have changed form rooms quite a few times earlier this year. They probably gave us this particular room just to make extra work for us as most assemblies are held in here.

Our form captain, Pam Cruickshank, helped by Heather Ralph, has tried to keep us in order—but all in vain—so after finding it was impossible, they gave up trying and joined in the fun.

Teachers are always telling us what naughty girls we are (the whole 49 of us) but it just goes in one ear and out the other.

During the year Libby Davis has been trying very hard to educate us on the subject of horses, whilst one of our famous musicians is playing a tune on the piano, using only two fingers.

We have been represented in almost every branch of sport and we consider ourselves a very fine choice of girls.

Our concert was a great success, especially Carla Bleeker's Dutch songs with very funny actions. It raised £4 for the Menzies Boys' Home.

Special thanks are offered to our form teacher, Mr. Bryce for his assistance to us during the year.



### ORCHESTRA

**Standing:** D. Prior, C. Zoutendyk, I. Barker, V. Casisi, F. Whyte, M. Reader, J. Reader.  
**Seated:** C. Gogel, H. Mackay, J. Bumpstead, J. Zeelander, Mr. McCubbin, E. Powell, D. Begg, E. Fenn.

**FORM III d**

This year our form has visited many functions such as ballet, orchestral concerts, swimming and athletic sports. Also some of our form have taken part in the junior football, baseball, basketball and cricket teams.

In the open mile, run at the house sports, Jim Young won, and broke the record. John Kingman played as pitcher in the school baseball team, whilst Alan Gale played in the junior football team. Congratulations to Norm. Hurry who won the cross-country run. Jim Young comes in again in the senior cricket team in which he played as wicket-keeper. Val Glover and Irene Hill represented us in the basketball team.

This year there have been various appeals in which our form has taken part, such as the Menzies Boys' Home, for which all forms have a special week allotted, Social Service, for which an appeal is made every Monday morning and the Egg Appeal, for which we have collected quite a sum of money. We have not been at the head of the list in all these things but we have done our best.

Cheerio for now. See you next year.

**FORM III e**

If you wish to see 38 of the hardest working pupils in the school, come to Hut B on Monday mornings and see III e at work under the supervision of Form Teacher, Mr. MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald is helped by the form captains Wendy Hook and John Williams (has the roll been marked yet, John?), and the vice-captains Glenys Hobson and Doug Ogden. With the persuasion of Mr. MacDonald we give freely to social services, and during the year we have held two stalls and a picture show, to raise money for the Menzies Boys' Home.

Now for our sporting news. Five of our members have been awarded house, or half-house colours. They are Glenys Hobson, Yvonne Rees, Barry Shade, Alan Gray, Frank Buck, Mervyn Gardiner, and Ken Bennett. We also wish to mention Barry Shade, who honoured us by being selected to play football for Victoria. Barry did a fine job in representing the school. Thanks is due also to the other members of our form who played in school teams during the year.

And now, we must pack up our books, report to the office, and tell them we have finished.

**FORM II a**

As we enter the scarred precincts of "33" we notice a young Houdini disappearing out of a window. Amid this and other chaos we can discern the girl's form captain, Andrea Hansen going the rounds with a small, empty (except for a few coppers) tin. Her male counterpart Howard Roberts is having a fair amount of difficulty in restraining the multitude from taking more than a dozen white pills.

However, a few members of this form have represented the school on the sporting field. They are: Judith Midgley, Dorothy Pigdon, Kay Lovell, A. Barlee and P. Craven (swimming); D. Jones and D. Pigdon (basketball, tennis); G. Pettigrove and R. Fischer (baseball), P. Craven (football) and C. Thomson (cricket). The Form's musical maestros comprise I. Lowe, J. Ewart and D. Jones (piano), G. Pettigrove (Banjo) and E. Powell (violin).

J. Ewart and Judith Midgley (President) are earnest Red Cross workers.

P.S.: Those dusters are coming dangerously close so I think we had better retire!

**FORM II b's HIVE NOTES**

In No. 17 hive, we find II b's and apiarist Robertson, assisted by queen bee Pat Morgan and drone leader Bert Rae, with 50 busy workers to control. We swarm into and out of our hive, with a very great buzzing, during our day's work.

They say that bees have no brains, but they can do wonderful things. We have held two stalls for Social Service, several girls and boys have competed in school teams. And our hive "sometimes" has flowers.

School work has kept us "buzzy". Under Mrs. Peder's guidance, the girls make dainty rock cakes. The boys use them for sharpening chisels in the woodwork room! Bees like colours, but we would rather have them in Art than on our Maths. teacher's ties. In English, one of us defined a cylinder as "an object with two ends flat and the other four sides round".

And now the truth comes out! Mr. Robertson's car broke down finally because, on his way up the drive every day, he collected too many bees under his bonnet!

Serve him right for trying to fly into the apiary. Doesn't he know there's a speed limit?

Finally, we would like to apologize to all the teachers we have stung this year (in self defence of course!), and we promise to do the job better next year.

**FORM II c**

Flat 8,  
Dandenong High,  
DANDENONG.

Dear School,

Our Land Lady is Mrs. Windsor. We have many visitors who talk about boring subjects like French, Maths., History, Science and English. When left to ourselves we wreck our apartment and many others with sword fights, chasey and other games. When being lectured, we sit on the edge of our chairs with angelic expressions on our faces. We also have our own beauty salon at which the boys jeer. There are times when we have a fit of goodness and collect money for social services. We are led by Margaret Gribble and Don Elso helped by Bruni Groezinger and John Richards. Here comes another visitor to lecture us on Geography, which we know nothing about.

Well, good-bye now.

Yours sincerely,

II c.

**FORM II d**

A is for Ablitt who is often away.  
B is for Barnes, Barker and Bray.  
C is for Carpenter who plays basketball.  
D is for Deacon who is short and not tall.  
E is for Edgley, she seldom gives us relief.  
F is for Finn who is our form chief.  
G is for Gordon who does well in games.  
H is for Hewson and some other names.  
I is for illness, we rarely have much.  
J is for Johnson and Jesson who make fires with a touch.  
K is for Kiellerup who is seldom away.  
L is for Leed who is happy and gay.  
M is for Mullarvy, Mackinnon and Maslennikoffs.  
N is for Needlework, we really are toffs.  
O is for O'Keefe, who always says grace.  
P is for Pike who sits quiet in her place.  
Q is for Queen, some of us saw in her car.  
R is for Runners—some of us are.

S is for Sherratt who leads our small form.  
 T is for Thomas who has made a reform.  
 U is for Untidy, we won the first heat.  
 V is for Van Damme who is fast on her feet.  
 W is for Waterhouse who is our "brain".  
 X is for Excellence which we strive to obtain.  
 Y is for Year, the end of it's near.  
 Z is the end, we're glad when it's here.

### FORM Ia

The activities of Form Ia throughout the year of 1954 have been very successful.

Exam results have been pleasing. Dux of the class for term I was Edna Potter, with Mary Abbott second and Dorothy Baker third. Second term, it was pleasing to find that Mary Abbott had moved to first place with Dorothy Baker second and Edna Potter third.

The cross country race for the first term was won by Fred Noblet who was again successful in winning it for the second term.

Congratulations must be extended to the whole form on the combined effort of raising funds for social service.

Jacqueline Boucher has been an excellent form captain during the year, with Dorothy Baker vice. The boys have been equally lucky in having Fred Noblet as Form Captain and Don Blainey as vice.

Margaret Willmott has been able to achieve her half-colours in swimming. Don Blainey and Harry Koningen also received this honour.

Our thanks must be extended to Mr. Milne, our form teacher, for helping us so ably during the year.

**School Cricket (Junior):** F. Noblet.

**Football:** F. Noblet, I. Osborne, C. Murphy.

**Swimming:** H. Koningen, D. Blainey, M. Willmott, I. Wright, J. Boucher.

### FORM Ib

We are a form of 26 girls and 27 boys led by Brian Kenneally and Marjorie Anderson seconded by Mervyn Mason and Galino Stepanow under the guidance of Miss Dee. Our form room is room 35, one of the bright and airy prefabs., where we spend much of our spare time and where our most enjoyable and interesting form assemblies are conducted by members of the form.

We have all taken an active part in school activities. The boys were well represented at sport. Brian Kenneally, Peter Clark, Barry Campbell and Graeme Bailey were in the Junior Football team and Brian Kenneally was a successful runner in the house sports. During the year we have held three successful stalls to raise money for the Menzies Boys' Home. In the Red Cross we are well represented, John Dolton is the Vice-President and Peter Greaves the Treasurer.

We have had a very happy year and hope to be with you next year in form II.

### OUR FORM WON, SEE! (Ic)

Our well kept form room is Room 36,  
 Under sums, art, and spelling we always get ticks,  
 Really our brains cannot be so thick.

For one Monday at lunch-time we held our stall,  
 On the long trestle table were good things galore,  
 Readable comics, and candies made sure  
 More money for Menzies Boys goes to our score.

We all do our home work, Yes! every night.  
 Our form room is always our teachers delight.  
 Never before has there been one so bright.

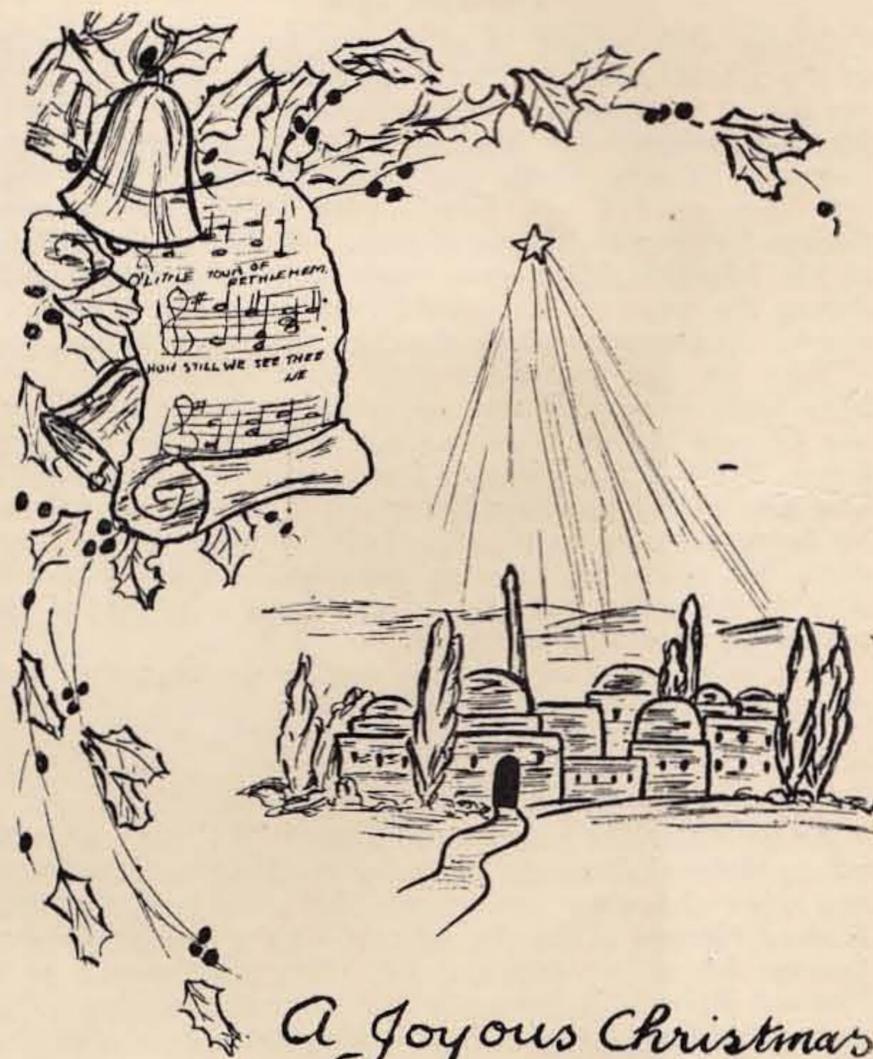
Sport? There's our Janet—played Moreland at tennis,  
 Even at softball they say we're a menace.  
 Each of us brings at our work and our play  
 "Is" of wonder heaped on us each day.

### FORM Id

We are a group of 49 pupils, all girls in Id—I'd say the best behaved and quietest in our High School, not to mention the good work and untiring study done by us of Id. Mrs. Eckstein, our form teacher, doses us with little white pills—helping to keep us fit for the job.

Our form captain, Julie Hobson, and our vice-captain, Joyce Taylor, keep our noses to the grindstone with Social Service each Monday.

We learn French in our form—I doubt if any of us could be fluent in this language should we be dropped in France at any time. Quite a few of us took part in the Inter-House Sports.



*A Joyous Christmas*

*Verna Jenkins 3<sup>d</sup> Archid.*

### LET'S LAUGH

The boy in the third row sniffled audibly for the fourth time.

"Brown," snapped the teacher. "Have you a handkerchief?"

"Yes, Sir," came the swift reply, "But Mum doesn't like me to lend it."

—Irene Petzke, IIIb.

# Sport

## BASKETBALL

**"A" Team:** Captain, Dawn Campbell; vice-captain, Helen Wills.

**"B" Team:** Captain, J. Orr; vice-captain, K. Gillespie.

This year we fielded an "A" and "B" team instead of a senior and junior team. Both teams had a very successful year. The "B" team won their premiership and the "A" team missed out by one goal in their final match.

There were some very close matches throughout the season, particularly with the "A" team. The most exciting of the inter-school matches was the final one against Mordialloc in which we were beaten by one goal.

As well as the usual inter-school matches we played against Warragul, Moreland and the "A" only against a visiting team from Albury. The matches against Moreland High School were very close—the "B" team winning by one goal and the "A" team losing by two goals.

We would like to thank Miss Stainforth for all the help she gave us and for the way in which she so willingly gave up her time to coaching us.

## HOCKEY

**"A" Team** captain, Loris Hewson; vice-captain, Bessie Poole.

**"B" Team** captain, Anne Pettigrove; vice-captain, Dorothy Gavin.

Under the capable guidance of our coaches — Miss Dawson and Miss Dee, we had a fairly successful year.

The matches were very even throughout the year and the standard of competition was higher than in previous years. Apart from our usual inter-school matches, we also played against Warragul and Albury. We managed to win comfortably against Warragul who have been our keen rivals for many years, the scores being 8-4. We think this was due to the inspiration we got from the Albury team. Although we were defeated 3-0, it was a very exciting match. The adverse conditions provided many thrills and spills as we came up against the tough opposition.

We would like to thank our coaches for the time they have given to the two teams throughout the season. We would like to wish next year's hockey teams the best of luck, and hope they have a season even more successful than this one has been.

## SOFTBALL

The summer softball team surprised everybody this year by winning the premiership. The school is now realizing the capabilities of the softball girls. We had two visits during term, one to Warragul in which we were narrowly defeated by a slightly stronger team, and also Moreland, who managed to beat the 1st team but were defeated by our second team.



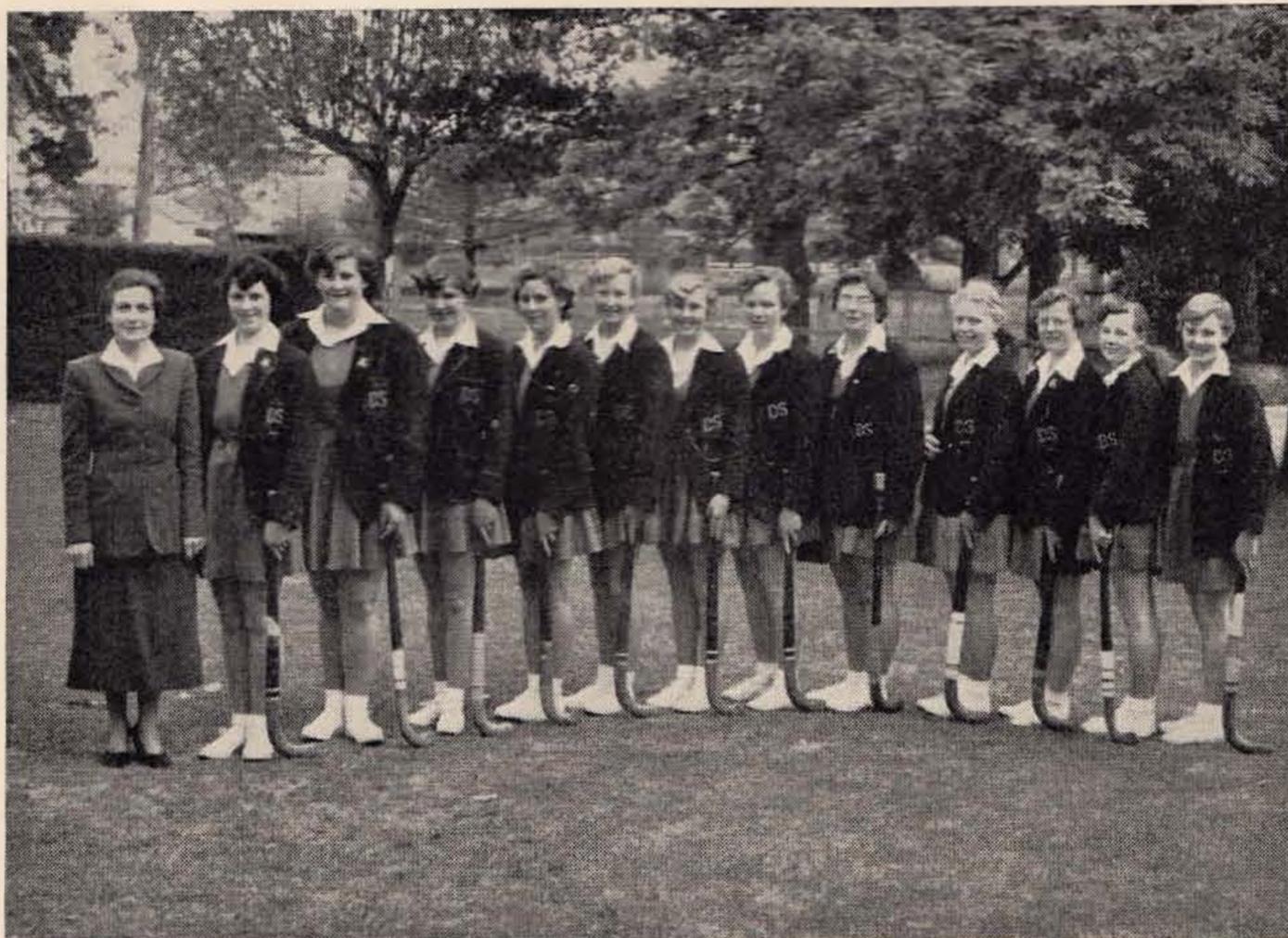
## BASKETBALL "A"

Miss Stainforth, Dawn Campbell, Helen Wills, Kay Gillespie, Val Pigdon, Anne Neville, Bev. Thomas, Dorothy Harmer, Maya Svalbe.



### BASKETBALL "B"

Miss Stainforth, J. Orr (Capt.), H. Phillips, C. Titchener, E. Wright, M. Yvette, V. Roberts, M. Norris, N. Smith.



### HOCKEY "A"

Miss Dawson, Loris Hewson, Bessie Poole, Carmen Cruickshank, Betty Owens, Gillian Trainor, Margaret McComb, Margaret Halliday, Xenia Dennett, Joan Hedges, Diana Begg, Wendy Osborne, Dorothy Bates.

The winter softball team proved themselves up to the standard of the summer team by sharing the premiership with Hampton. We succeeded in winning three and drawing one of the inter-school matches. The most very capably. The highlight of the day was Norman exciting match of the term was the match against Albury when Dandenong in the second innings were losing hopelessly 8/20. But as soon as they obtained half the school as an audience they made a marvellous recovery and defeated Albury 26-22.

We wish to thank Mrs. Skinner and Mr. Robertson for their invaluable coaching.

### VIGORO

Captain, Dawn Campbell.

Vice-captain, Loris Hewson.

Although we played only one match we practised every lunch time for weeks before it. Our only match was against Warragul High School. This was very close—Warragul winning by only eight runs. It was in the field that Dandenong fell down and as well as this some of our star batsmen failed to connect with the ball. (Ask Loris if she knows how she hit that six.)

We also fielded a junior team against Moreland High School (don't ask us how those three prefects got into it!). Moreland ran out the winners.

We would like to thank Miss Dawson for coaching us for these matches.

### JUNIOR ROUNDERS

This year our coach, Miss Dee, had difficulty in selecting a team, but finally it was chosen with Linda Ellett as captain and Elizabeth Wright as vice-captain.

We began our rounders with a most enjoyable trip to Warragul where we had our first great victory. Unfortunately we were not so successful in the rest of our matches.

We would like to thank Miss Dee for her help and encouragement throughout the season.

### GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The combined sports were held at Carlton Oval this year and after keen competition the intermediate and junior girls filled second place whilst the senior girls did not do quite as well. Competing in "A" section against University, Essendon, MacRobertson and Frankston High Schools, Dandenong completed the day by being 9 points behind the winners.

Although the standard was very high three of our girls gained first place and all the others succeeded in being placed. In the team events, although not outstanding, we did quite well. We would like to thank all the members of staff who have helped with coaching and training.

### GIRLS' TENNIS

After tireless practice, each lunch-hour, we put on a "smashing" display by winning all our matches and the Premiership Cup.

The results were:—

Dandenong defeated Hampton.

Dandenong defeated Frankston.

Dandenong defeated Mordialloc.

We had an equally successful day against Warragul, also defeating them.

Our thanks go, in a cross-court drive, to Mr. Oldmeadow for his coaching and to our captain Jeanette Orr (Best of luck Jeanette, and "Look out Lil. Mo.").



### HOCKEY "B"

Miss Dee, Anne Pettigrove, Dorothy Gavin, Coralie Ling, Nancy Huckson, Marjorie Closter, Pauline Davis, Barbara Hudson, Claire Hartrup, Yvonne Eyre, Valerie Hance, Wallis McIntosh, Pam Cruickshank.

## SWIMMING

In the house swimming sports this year the houses finished in this order: Bluegum, Clematis, Orchid and Wattle. The weather was ideal, and an enjoyable day was had by all. In the combined sports, although we did not achieve a high placing, our swimmers performed Hogg's win in the breast-stroke event. The swimming team was captained by Ken Carroll, and both boys and girls desire to thank Mr. MacDonald for the time he has devoted to coaching during the year.

## FOOTBALL

**The Senior Team**, captained by Barry Burke assisted by Colin Gray, again showed their consistency by finishing second to Frankston. We were a little unlucky in that some of our best players were injured at different times through the season. However, we were the first team to defeat Frankston for three seasons. The social matches played against Warragul and Mildura produced football of a very high standard. The team desires to thank Mr. Oldmeadow for his valuable services as coach and also Mr. Everett who umpired the "home" matches.

**Some Remarks on the Players.** Colin Gray (vice captain), Chris Neville and Ian Cocks, played excellent consistent football throughout the season. John Brady was an active rover, whilst Jim Viggers and Ray Dale, with spectacular marking, played really good football. Bernie Ridd, Hank and Kees Muskens were solid rucks. George Vincent starred in the two matches in which he played. Max Syer and Louis Gazzola were reliable backmen, also Ted Hook, though Ted was sometimes mistaken for boundary umpire. Peter Robinson played

well when played at full forward. Ray Leeson, Alan Garbellini, Don Mitchell and George Robertson all tried hard. E. Slater, B. Norris, G. Stephen, R. Watson, A. Smith, F. Johnson, B. Wallis all showed promise.

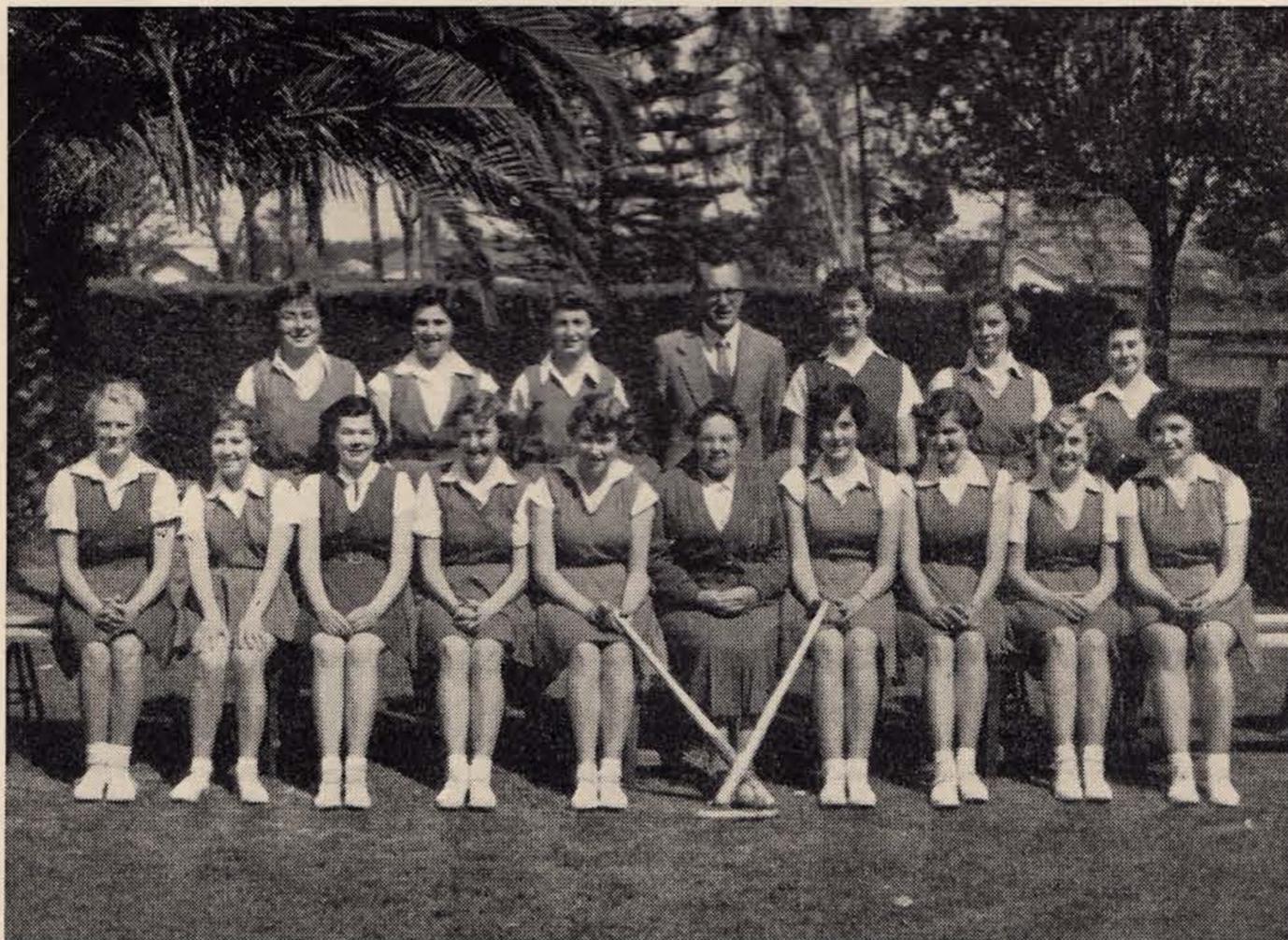
Barry Burke captain-author of these notes (editor will produce full notes in special copy—later??).

**The Junior Team** coached by Mr. McCarthy, with Ken Bennett captain and Barry Shade vice-captain, had a very successful season, finishing equal first. <sup>sen</sup> and Barry were selected to represent Victoria in the school-boys' competition, while all other players showed considerable ability and are certain to do well in senior competition next year.

## CRICKET

The senior XI with John Harris, captain, and Chris Neville, vice-captain, enjoyed a very successful season. At the end of the Inter-School Competition the scoreboard showed Dandenong a very close second to Frankston.

We opened the season with the annual social match against Warragul and showed good early season form for a win on the first innings — no comment about Warragul's second innings! This match gave the new players experience and confidence needed for the competitive matches to come. We had convincing wins against Hampton and Mordialloc and journeyed down to Frankston, who were also undefeated, confident of annexing the premiership. In a thrilling finish Frankston, who had second use of the wicket, passed the Dandenong score in the last over of the day and so by the narrowest of margins became premiers for 1954.



## SOFTBALL (Summer)

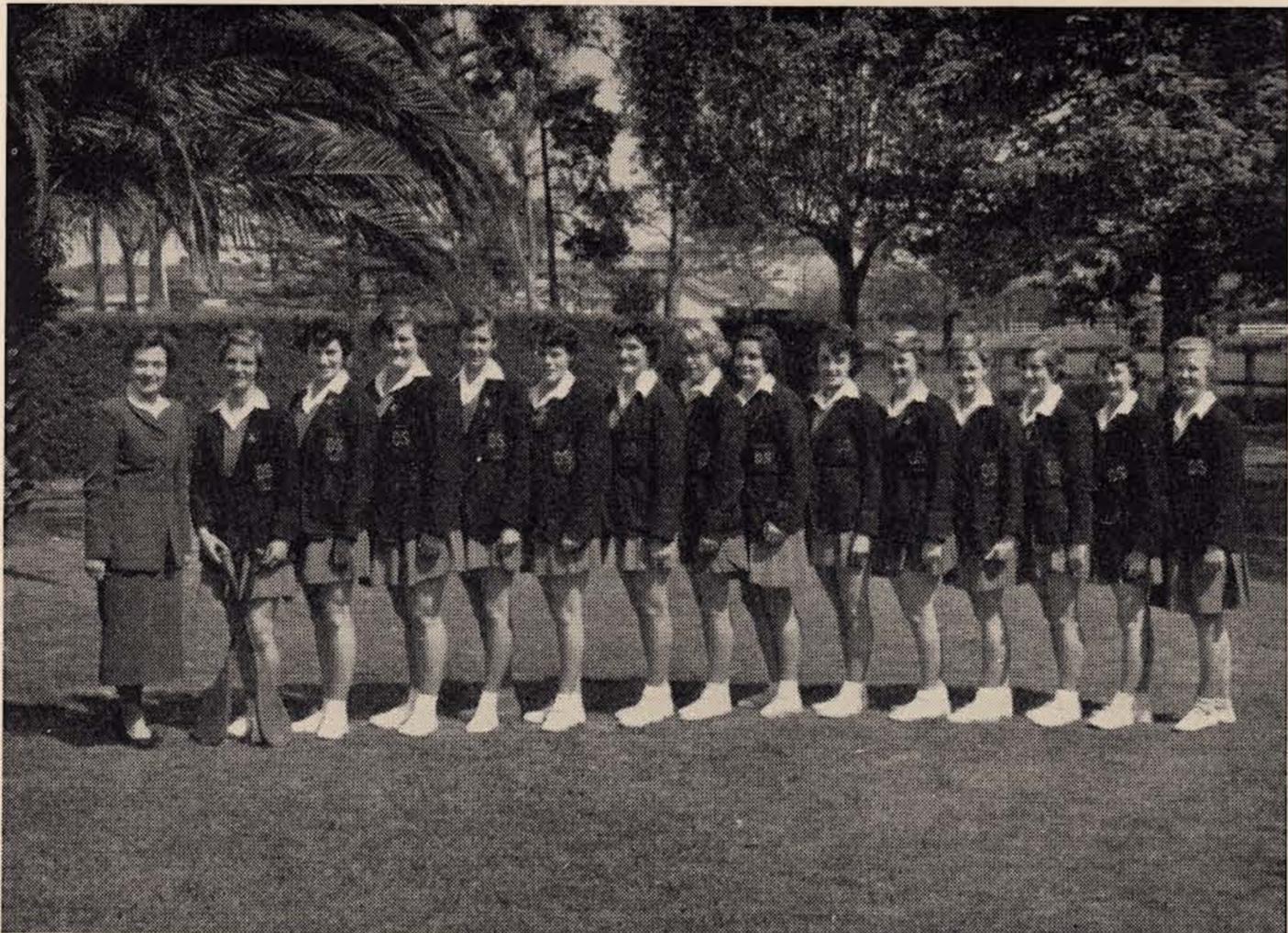
**Standing:** Xenia Dennett, Heather Ralph, Leonie Hitchen, Mr. Robertson, Faye Grigg, Betty Owens, Yvonne Rees.

**Seated:** Carla Bleeker, Judith Gray, Wilma Robert, Anne Garner, Megan Evans, Mrs. Skinner, Barbara Downes, Carmen Cruickshank, Margaret McComb, Margaret Finck.



### WINTER SOFTBALL

**Standing:** Heather Ralph, Leonie Hitchen, Mr. Robertson, Faye Grigg, Yvonne Rees.  
**Seated:** Judith Gray, Wilma Robert, Anne Garner, Megan Evans, Mrs. Skinner, Barbara Downes, Margaret Finck, Barbara Newton, Carla Bleeker.



### VIGORO TEAM

Miss Dawson, Dawn Campbell, Loris Hewson, Bessie Poole, Dorothy Harmer, Lorraine Rickard, Anne Neville, Faye Leighton, Dorothy Gavin, Hilary Burrell, Elsa Carroll, Dorothy Bates, Margaret Norris, Noelene Murphy, Merle Reader.



### ROUNDERS

**Standing:** Wallis McIntosh, Margery Cox, Winsome Andrews, Joan Harris, Barbara Maughan, Pam Paroissien.  
**Seated:** Joan McKenry, Nancy Smith, Elizabeth Wright, Miss Dee, Linda Ellett, Irene Hill, Pam Cruickshank.



### GIRLS' ATHLETICS (Teams)

The success of our team was largely due to the excellent batting of opener Chris Neville, who never failed to provide Dandenong with a good start, Ken Bennett, Barry Wallis and John Harris, some good bowling from Bennett, Viggers — sorry, we haven't mentioned your batting, Jim—Harris and Neville, and to the advice and assistance of our coach Mr. Everett.

The junior team did not meet with a great deal of success, but this was largely due to the fact that most of the other teams were in a slightly older age-group than our boys. Each member gave of his best, under the captaincy of Barry Shade. Thanks are due to coach Mr. Byrt, who gave a great deal of his time to training the team.

### BASEBALL

Although we failed to win the premiership this season, the experience gained by some of the younger players makes us hot favourites for the title next year. We were led by Ken Rout at 1st Bag and our vice-capt. John Harris played at 3rd. Throughout the season we have been coached by those two enthusiastic teachers, Mr. Milne and Mr. Robertson, and we would like to thank Mr. Sweeney, of Dandenong Technical School, who umpired some of our matches.

We were fortunate enough to have a visit from Wally Driver, inter-state ball player. He gave the boys many hints on how the game should be played and they all benefited greatly from his visit. Also, we had interstate player and Test cricketer, Neil Harvey, to umpire our match against Mildura, and we are indebted to him for his visit.

We have all had a happy season together and with more and more juniors taking an interest in the BEST game, we are sure that Dandy High's baseball strength need have no fear of waning in the years to come.

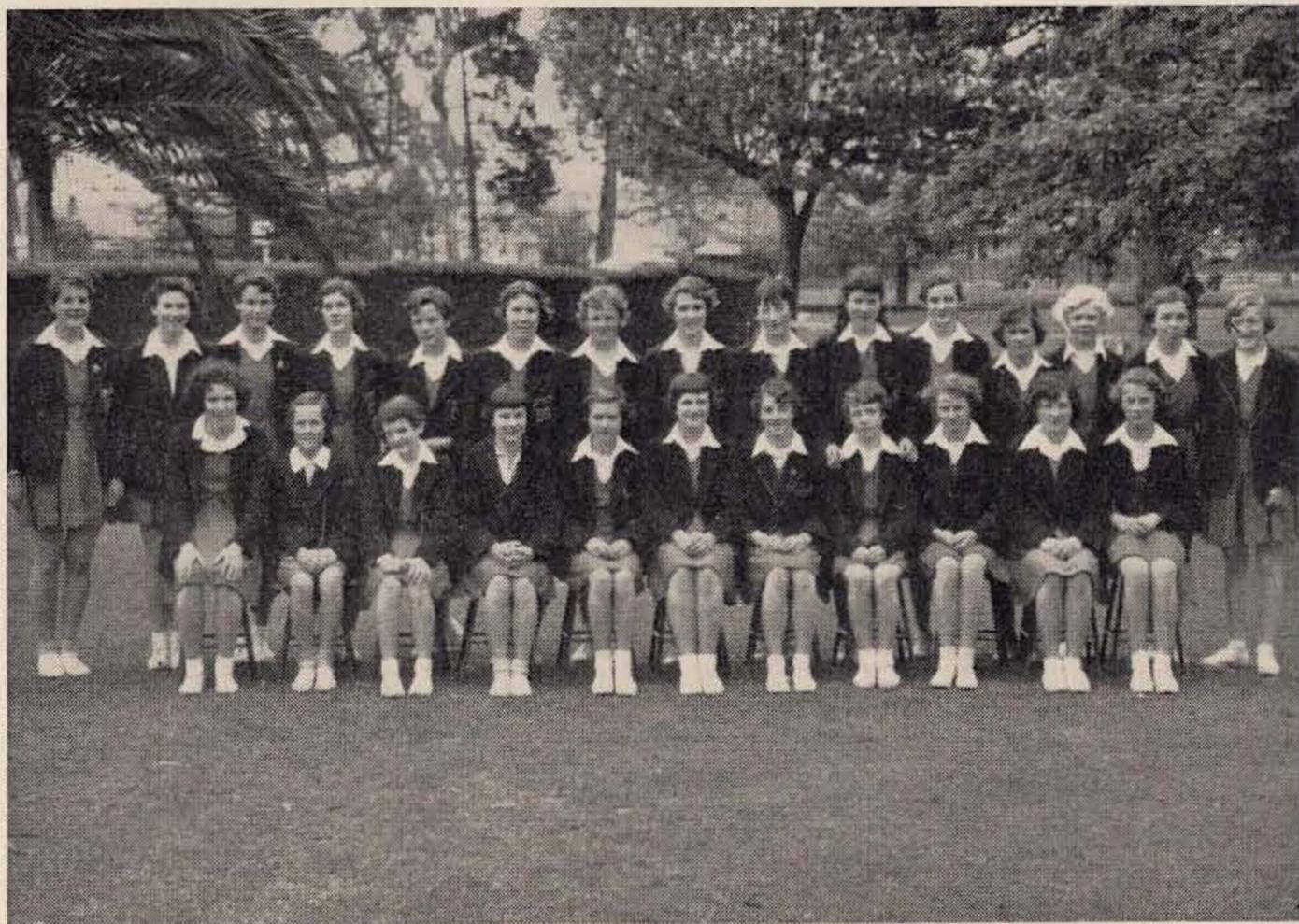
### SOCCER

The soccer team did not have a very successful season, mainly due to the inexperience of most of the players. However, later in the season the general standard of play rose greatly thanks to the coaching received from Mr. Menadue and Mr. Eckstein. All matches were played with great enthusiasm, with all members of the team playing vigorously, most outstanding being Hazlett and Gell, the latter being top scorer of the season. At one stage of the year we were fortunate to receive some special coaching from Mr. Young, a visiting coach from England, where he had played with the West Ham Football Club. We hope that the experience gained this year will stand us in good stead for the coming season.

### BOYS' ATHLETICS

Although we did not achieve a high placing in the combined sports this year, our boys did an excellent job, considering that we were competing in "A" Section against the largest schools in Melbourne. Our athletes trained very hard during the year, and the house sports were very keenly contested. Outstanding performers were Geoff Stephens, Ken Rout, Jim Viggers and fourteen-year-old miler, Jim Young. Others who did well were Kees Muskens, Ian Cocks, Alan Barlee and George Taylor.

Our thanks go to all those members of staff who helped to coach and train us during the year.



### GIRLS' ATHLETICS (Running Events)

**Standing:** Carmel Titchener, Heather Ralph, Jeanette Orr, Helen Gill, Josephine Bumpstead, Elizabeth Wright, Winsome Andrews, Carol Bransgrove, Lorna Johnson, Mary Troost, Gloria Billman, Linda Knight, Irene Perlstein, Janice Keaneally, Jeanette Raymond.

**Seated:** Anne Owen, Glenys Walters, Margaret Dole, Margaret Gribble, Marion Pike, Pam Paroissien, Val. Glover, Elaine Carpenter, Beverley Van Damme, Joyce Cruickshank, Jean Dunkley.



**BOYS' TENNIS**

As spokesman for the tennis team, I would like to extend thanks to all who helped to make the team a successful combination.

Special thanks must go to Mr. Baines who worked with great interest during the season to benefit the players.

We won three out of the four rubbers played and although we were not premiers we put up a good performance, finding Frankston the only team superior to us.

Congratulations to all team members for their co-operation and fair play.

**SCHOOL VISITS**

During the year we had a number of visits from other schools, the purpose of these visits being competition in various sports. The girls competed in various sports against Albury and Moreland High Schools, the honours being about even. Our junior football team managed to defeat a team which Kooweerup Higher Elementary School sent along. In competition against Warragul High School, we were successful in regaining the <sup>original</sup> field from Warragul. The Mildura visit was, as usual, a very successful one. Although the Mildura boys travelled a long distance to visit us, they showed their superiority in both football and baseball.



**GIRLS' TENNIS**

**Standing:** Robyn Gillies, Bev. Thomas, Judith Holdsworth, Barbara Newton.  
**Seated:** Helen Gill, Helen Wills, Mr. Oldmeadow, Jeanette Orr, Lorraine Hicks.



### GIRLS' SWIMMING

**Back:** Marion Murray, Hilary Burrell, Helen Wills, Elsa Carroll, Anne Neville, Margaret McComb, Elaine Sherry, Barbara Lewis, Kay Lovell, Pam Cruickshank, Jacqueline Boucher.  
**Centre:** Anne Pettigrove, Kay Gillespie, Alie Lourens.  
**Front:** Margaret Willmott, Dorothy Bates, Gillian Trainor, Beverley Palmer, Bev. Thomas, Elizabeth Wright, Mr. MacDonald, Judith Midgley, Dorothy Pigdon, Barbara Dainty, Lorraine Rowe, Margaret Pickering, Mary Troost.



### BOYS' SWIMMING

**Back:** D. Blainey, P. Carroll, I. Wright, H. Koningen, K. Goodie, G. Phelan, J. Beauchamp, N. Hogg, I. Lowe, P. Craven, G. Bayley.  
**Centre:** G. Vincent, C. Campbell, H. Muskens, J. Hartnell.  
**Front:** G. Pettigrove, B. Kenneally, D. Prior, A. Barlee, K. Rout, M. Syer, Mr. Macdonald, K. Carroll (Capt.), J. Hajdu, I. Cocks, W. Murray, J. Lamb, T. Phillips, K. Dixon.



### BOYS' TENNIS

As spokesman for the tennis team, I would like to extend thanks to all who helped to make the team a successful combination.

Special thanks must go to Mr. Baines who worked with great interest during the season to benefit the players.

We won three out of the four rubbers played and although we were not premiers we put up a good performance, finding Frankston the only team superior to us.

Congratulations to all team members for their co-operation and fair play.

### SCHOOL VISITS

During the year we had a number of visits from other schools, the purpose of these visits being competition in various sports. The girls competed in various sports against Albury and Moreland High Schools, the honours being about even. Our junior football team managed to defeat a team which Kooweerup Higher Elementary School sent along. In competition against Warragul High School, we were successful in regaining the <sup>original</sup> shield from Warragul. The Mildura visit was, as usual, a very successful one. Although the Mildura boys travelled a long distance to visit us, they showed their superiority in both football and baseball.



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### JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

**Standing:** C. Marshall, G. Glover, G. Lombardo, P. Craven, B. Kenneally, A. Beauchamp, A. Gray, G. Warman, P. Clarke, C. Murphy, I. Osborne.  
**Seated:** R. Hough, A. Gale, T. Evans, K. Bennett (Capt.), Mr. McCarthy, B. Shade (V. Capt.), F. Buck, R. Bramley, G. Lavery.



### SENIOR FOOTBALL

**Back:** G. Stephens, G. Vincent, T. Hook, E. Slater, A. Garbellini, M. Syer, B. Wallis.  
**Centre:** B. Norris, R. Dale, C. Neville, B. Ridd, H. Muskens, P. Robinson, G. Robertson.  
**Front:** F. Johnson, K. Muskens, L. Gazzola, J. Viggers (Selector), C. Gray (V. Capt.), Mr. Oldmeadow, B. Burke (Capt.), A. Smith, I. Cocks, J. Brady, D. Mitchell.



### JUNIOR CRICKET

**Standing:** F. Noblet, G. Lavery, F. Buck, A. Beauchamp, G. Adams.  
**Seated:** C. Thompson, B. Kenneally, A. Gale, B. Shade (Capt.), L. Gell, A. Gray, P. Clarke.  
**Absent:** Mr. Byrt (Coach).



### CRICKET

**Standing:** D. Mitchell, T. Hook, H. Muskens, P. Robinson, B. Burke, R. Adams.  
**Seated:** K. Bennett, J. Viggers, C. Neville (V.C.), Mr. Everett, J. Harris (C.), J. Young, B. Wallis.



## BASEBALL

**Standing:** J. Kingman, B. Grant, J. Hartnell, D. Prior, L. Treanor.  
**Seated:** G. Pettigrove, M. Brown, J. Harris, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Milne, K. Rout (C.), B. Gilbert.



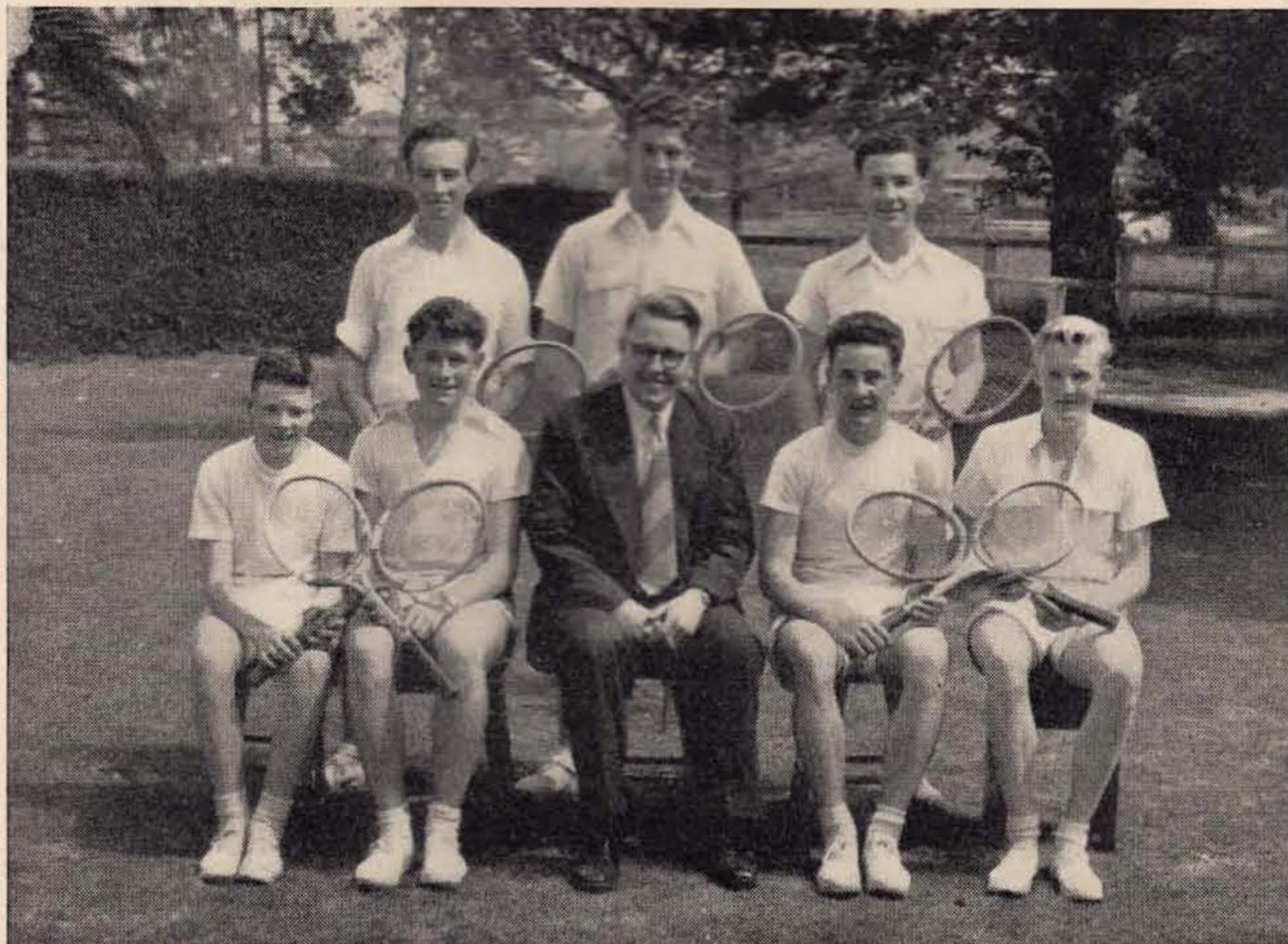
## SOCCER

**Standing:** C. Zoutendyk, R. Roberts, C. Snell, C. Campbell, D. Ireland.  
**Seated:** W. Muskens, R. Thompson, H. Koningen, K. Muskens (Capt.), Mr. Menadue, K. Hazlett (V. Capt.), S. Hurrell, L. Gell.



### ATHLETICS

**Back:** M. Gange, L. Nicholls, N. Hogg, J. Bowman, Mr. Worrall, M. Syer, J. Kingman, N. Hurrey, G. Bayley.  
**Centre:** B. Shade, A. Barlee, T. Evans, R. Dale, B. Ridd, B. Hand, C. Campbell, J. Young.  
**Front:** B. Edgar, G. Lombardo, C. Muskens, G. Stephens, J. Viggers, K. Rout, I. Cocks, B. Kenneally, F. Noblet, G. Glover.



### BOYS' TENNIS

**Standing:** G. Stephens, C. Gray, J. Brady.  
**Seated:** B. Young, I. Cocks (Capt.), Mr. Baines, K. Rout (V. Capt.), V. Wood.

# House Notes

## BLUEGUM

Once again Bluegum carried off all the honours at the swimming sports, this year under the leadership of Bessie Pole and Diana Begg in the girls and Ted Hook and Ray Dale in the boys. Apparently the strain was too great, for we have not done so well in the other sports. Unfortunately for us the Egg Appeal occurred during Show Week, and all our fowls were busy winning prizes at the Show.

However we were partly redeemed by the girl's magnificent effort at the athletic sports. Due greatly to the untiring efforts of Miss Dee and Miss Power the girls showed their appreciation by winning their section. Unfortunately the boys were not quite good enough and we came third in the Grand Aggregate behind Clematis.

The boys had a very enjoyable year and would like to thank Mr. Byrt for his fine work. After six years as Housemaster of Bluegum, we bid Mr. McCarthy the farewell which is due to a person of such sterling qualities. We wish him well as master in charge of the Central Classes at Caulfield North Central School.

We would also like to thank our housemasters and mistresses and all members of staff, especially Mr. Oldmeadow and Miss Stainforth.

As Bluegum bids you farewell for 1954 we send our heartiest congratulations to the winner of the House Cup and to our opponents for their great competition and sportsmanship.

## CLEMATIS

This year Clematis, showing great improvement on the efforts of previous years, was generally superior to other houses. The girls are leading in the house competitions and proved their ability by collecting more eggs than any other house. The boys, not to be outdone, outclassed their rivals in athletics and paved the way for a meritorious win. In football they finished a close

second. Tennis and cricket have not yet been finalised but we are already accepting congratulations from the other houses.

We desire to thank our house mistresses and masters, Miss Banks, Mrs. Windsor, Mrs. Everett, Mr. Worrall, Mr. Baines and Mr. Bryce for their valuable support and advice throughout the year. We would also like to congratulate Mr. Worrall on receiving promotion. Fortunately for us he will be remaining at this school.

## ORCHID

In the first term the Orchid boys won their section of the swimming sports and the girls counterbalanced this well by swimming their way to fourth place, so making us third in the aggregate. Other summer sports for girls were keenly contested by our teams which it appeared came second in almost every match. Second term the boys showed up well in baseball and soccer and won the shield in the football. The girls won the basketball but other winter sports were not as successful.

Third term saw the girls put a really good effort into the Egg Appeal, but the boys were not so keen. We came second. In the athletics there were a number of stars amongst the girls and they filled second place whilst the boys reached second place by a determined effort from an even team without stars. This of course put Orchid into well-deserved second place.

Congratulations to all Orchids for a good effort during the year in their own field of sport. We would like to congratulate Mr. Everett on receiving promotion to Williamstown High School. Our best wishes go with him in his new position.

## WATTLE

This year the "Wattle-ites" started off on the wrong leg by filling fourth place in the swimming sports. However this failed to dampen our enthusiasm and before the end of first term we had made up the leeway and were vying strongly for the leadership.

During the second term we strengthened our position with an overwhelming win in the boys' baseball, and a good second to Orchid in the football, so that we



THE BLUFF—Lakes Entrance

MARION DRIVER  
1954

returned third term determined to hold our position at the top of the ladder.

Excitement was at fever pitch during the annual Egg-Appeal in October but any speculation about the outcome was entirely unjustified for we showed undoubted superiority by collecting some seventy dozen eggs more than our nearest rival Orchid. The Egg Appeal was followed by the athletic sports in which although we had several meritorious wins we could manage no better than fourth place—two points behind Bluegum.

At this stage, with the boys' tennis and several cricket matches still to be played (as a result of our position in the athletic sports) we are running a close second to Clematis but we have no doubt about the final results—Eh what?

In conclusion the house captains would like to thank our house masters Mr. Robertson, Mr. Rich and Mr. Russell, and our house mistresses Mrs Skinner and Mrs. Finn and all "Wattle-ites" for their wonderful enthusiasm and co-operation that have enabled us to enjoy such a successful year.

**HOUSE COMPETITION, 1954**

**GIRLS**

	Bluegum	Clematis	Orchid	Wattle
Swimming . . . . .	43	40	19	19
Summer Sport . . . .	40	68	40	72
Winter Sport . . . . .	34	48	16	38
Egg Appeal . . . . .	12	24	30	34
Athletics . . . . .	61	42	55	36
Standards*	Not yet completed.			
Totals . . . . .	190	222	160	199

**BOYS**

Swimming . . . . .	41	25	44	36
Tennis* . . . . .	8	18	14	12
Cricket* . . . . .	16	10	12	20
Football . . . . .	14	18	22	18
Baseball . . . . .	8	16	18	30
Soccer . . . . .	2	6	10	6
Athletics . . . . .	27	77	54	51
Egg Appeal . . . . .	13	24	27	36
Standards . . . . .	33	39	43	46
Totals . . . . .	162	233	244	255

\* Not complete at time of going to press. Totals will therefore be incomplete.

School Colours have been awarded to the following:—

**GIRLS**

- Tennis—Jeanette Orr, Helen Wills.
- Softball—Barbara Downes, Megan Evans.
- Basketball—Dawn Campbell, Jeanette Orr, Dorothy Harmer, Helen Wills, Ann Neville.
- Hockey—Loris Hewson, Bessie Poole, Joan Hedges.
- Athletics—Jeanette Orr, Margaret Davis, Betty Owens.

**BOYS**

- Swimming—Norman Hogg.
- Tennis—Ian Cocks, John Brady, Colin Gray.
- Cricket—John Harris, Chris Neville, Ken Bennett.
- Football—Chris Neville, Colin Gray, John Brady, Barry Burke.
- Soccer—Kees Muskens, Kelvin Hazlett.
- Baseball—Ken Rout, John Harris.
- Athletics—Jim Viggers, Geoff Stephens, Ian Cocks, Ken Rout.



**HOUSE CAPTAINS**

B. Poole, E. Hook (B), L. Hewson, B. Burke (C), J. Orr, M. Syer (O), K. Gillespie, J. Harris (W).

# Original Section

## THE MANUSCRIPT (Winner of Senior Section)

. . . . The manuscript, found in a deserted village by two well-known explorers, is treated with a preservative substance and is said to be a thousand years old. A summary of the manuscript has been prepared.

I am writing this in the year 10 N.W. (New World) or on the old calendar 2039 A.D. It is a truthful description of the events which were the main cause of World War III, a war caused as are most, mainly by one man—the unusual part being that no thought of war entered his head. He was a simple man, a home inventor, who stumbled by chance on a secret that was to kill him and the world.

He was John Graham, an American bank clerk, who, pottering round in his workshop one day, discovered a new type of liquid spray, such that people sprayed with it had no desire, or need, to eat or drink for over a week. He was a humane man whose first thought was of the relief this would bring to the starving millions of the world. Having tested it thoroughly he presented it to the American government. They accepted his gift with alacrity and factories immediately went into mass production of the spray. People were delighted with the new idea. Like Graham they did not see the evil to come and he was showered with money and presents.

However the rejoicing soon turned to dark foreboding as the invention meant unemployment for them. Hundreds, seeing ruin and even starvation ahead committed suicide. Soon the price of the spray was increased by greedy manufacturers. Next the people who supplied substances essential for the spray refused to do so unless given better conditions. They tried to gain control of the country. Now that workers no longer needed lunch employes refused to allow them lunch-breaks. Strikes and riots broke out all over the country and John Graham and his family had to flee to a secret hiding place to save themselves from rioters.

Meanwhile Graham's desire had been realized. The starving people of Asia no longer starved. But now, without famine taking its deathroll, the population of Asia increased rapidly. With the increase came a desire for power. They demanded the formula for the spray. The American government, fearing war if they refused it, gave it to them. Once it was in their possession they declared war on the remainder of the world.

The war lasted three weeks. In that time both the Eur-Asian land mass and America were wiped out by bombing raids. The Southern Hemisphere escaped comparatively lightly; the lower halves of Australia and South Africa were still habitable.

Then came the task of rebuilding the race. For ten years it has been going on but now as the deadly radioactive dust drifts across the earth the work is slackening. People are losing hope of ever living in a new world. They want only to be revenged on John Graham, but he and all his family except one perished in the war.

I am that one and tomorrow I am to die in reparation for the crime my grandfather innocently committed years ago. I wish to die—to live in this world, no longer fair, would soon kill me anyway. So I go to my death almost

cheerfully. My only regret is that the condemned man will not eat a hearty meal; my one hope that my death may usher in a new race.

In a statement one of the explorers said: "This has solved a question that has puzzled our race for centuries. A search will be made for further manuscripts".

This is the end of the news from M.A. 9. Will all Martian regionals please resume their own stations?

Elsa Carroll, V. B. 7<sup>th</sup> Jun.

## "THANK-YOU SO MUCH . . . ." (Winner of Intermediate Section)

Ward 8, D. & D. Hospital,  
Cleeland Street, Dandenong,  
Victoria,  
23rd September, 1954.

Dear Murgatroyd,

Thank you so much for the peaceful rest that I am now taking in Ward 8. If it had not been for you and the happy events which occurred at your place last Sunday I would not be enjoying this pleasant sojourn at the Dandenong and District Hospital.

It was indeed a happy coincidence that upon arriving at Chookaroo Station wearing my pin-striped suit, having travelled straight from the office, I should be greeted by the exhilarating news that your car was bogged and that I was the only available person to assist in digging it out. However, after an invigorating two and a half hours grovelling in the mud to the improvement of my pin-stripe, we were able to proceed. OH! with what anticipation I viewed the creek, swollen across the road. The feel of the icy spray was bracing and very refreshing, I assure you.

I enjoyed my morning wash very much; it was quite a novelty to break the ice first.

It was also most thoughtful of you to insist that I should have breakfast in bed, but when the hour of eleven had struck, and as occasionally I eat three times daily, I felt that I must arise and see if you had forgotten me. However it was very gratifying to find that you had not. Your smallest offspring, whom I met at my bedroom door, had brought along two extremely well done eggs, which, together with three slices of completely oxidised toast, made up a very nourishing meal.

I appreciated the beautiful log fire which I could see burning in your kitchen, and was extremely flattered when the Great Dane who apparently has sole use of the kitchen, took an immediate liking to me. He hurled himself through the doorway and with snarl of delight, playfully locked his jaws around my arm.

Upon seeking further amusement, and finding the place seemingly deserted, I wended my way into the farmyard, and endeavored to make friends with a seemingly friendly billy-goat. He took advantage of my city ignorance and presented me with a one-way ticket to the cow shed. Upon regaining my feet, I was extremely gratified by the tender solicitude of "Strawberry," whose tongue was one of the smoothest things that I have ever had grated across my face.

One of the most memorable moments of my visit was, I think, the gentle ride I had on your docile mare "Hot Sprinkle," who after unsuccessfully endeavouring to squash a fly on a tree with my leg, decided that she would take her morning constitutional over ten miles. She seemed to be oblivious of the fact that there was a thirty miles per hour speed limit and that the bridle she was wearing had a purpose.

The culminating joyful occurrence, was of course, when the dear gee-gee took a right hand turn and I went straight on.

However, as I said before, thank you so much for a very pleasant and educational week-end.

I remain,

Yours anaesthetically,

Colin.

P.S.: The doctor has assured me that the operation is a complete success.

## SHIPWRECK

(Winner of Junior Section.)

Whilst on holidays at a coastal town, some years ago, I saw an unforgettable incident—the wrecking of a fine ship upon a rocky coast.

It was a wild night. All day a wind had been blowing and high seas running, and with the coming of night, the force of the storm had increased. Huge waves crashed against the jagged coastline, and the town's folk, knowing well the dangers of such a night in that part of the country, went about their tasks with grim faces, their thoughts upon the raging sea, and the people in ships there.

Suddenly, above the roar and rush of wave and wind, came the sound of an explosion.

We rushed out into the storm in time to see a great red star flare in the heavens, then drop slowly back into the sea. Sick with dread, we watched another and yet another, and knew there was no doubt that somewhere in the dreadful night, and not too far from shore, a ship was in distress. Hastily gathering raincoats and hats, we ran down to the beach, staring into the darkness for some sight of what was happening.

The flares were still being sent up in quick succession, and then, through a break in the clouds, a pale, watery moon shone feebly on the scene below.

A smallish cargo vessel was drifting helplessly, engines completely useless, at the mercy of the elements, slowly but surely towards the rocks. It was plain to see that no anchor could hold in such conditions, no boats could be lowered in such a sea, but that all aboard must perish when she hit the reef.

The fisher folk, knowing their treacherous waters, ran to their sturdy fishing boats and, heedless of the risk to themselves, set out in an attempt to rescue those on the doomed ship. With the aid of Morse Code signals, flashed by torch-light, they made clear to those aboard that they were attempting a rescue.

Although badly battered and tossed by the huge seas, they managed to get close enough to the ship to give the crew a chance of being picked up if they jumped overboard with life jackets and belts.

All available cars were now parked as close as possible to the beach, with headlights turned out to sea in an effort to give all possible light. We on shore could not see the details of the drama. The little ships were continually hidden in the hollows of the waves, while the big ship was but a darker shadow in the night.

I shall never forget how humble and thankful I felt when the first small boat came back. Wet, weary men, with calm, brave eyes, helped ashore the first of the rescued. One by one the little boats came in, and, in the last boat came the captain of the ship. There was sorrow and defeat in his face but, as he called the roll and found none missing, his eyes filled with tears of gratitude. In all, there were thirty-four lives saved

that night. Though there were some broken limbs, many cuts and bruises, and several cases of shock and immersion, due to the bravery of the fishermen not one life was lost.

At day-break, we stood with the captain, looking at the black, grey scene before us. The storm was passing now, though the sea was still sullen and swollen. Hard on the rocks lay the ship, her decks swept clear of everything by the terrific pounding of the waves. She was a total loss.

—Eris Warbrunn, Ilb.

## THE COUNTRY CHURCH

As I was ambling along a dusty, corrugated, country backroad, one fine Saturday afternoon, I came upon a small country church. Its air of solitude, simplicity and serenity acted as a magnet and I found my feet guided over the careworn earth to the gateway, as though, by some unseen power.

There it was; magnificent in its placid background of gaunt noble gum trees and short dry grass. The single hall with its front porch protruding gently from the front hall, the small brave wooden cross which weathered all the seasons, standing proudly on the foremost peak of the roof, the wooden doors made of stout oak and the beautiful, arched stained glass windows through which the sun was shining. The slightly musty, slate roof was strangely in harmony with the towering gum trees, and the walls were the colour of the dry grass.

Wondering whether I should break the spell of holy calm I again followed the impulse of my feet, up the grey, stoneflagged path, among which a few blades of grass were valiantly striving for life, and into the porch through the open doorway. I gasped as my eyes absorbed the perfect magnificence and beauty of this wonderful place. The sunlight streaming in through the beautiful stained glass windows across the oaken pews was adding a touch more of the ethereal atmosphere than ever before. The single rose window above the altar was throwing blazing lights into the polished brass utensils on the snow white cover of the altar and these in turn reflected on the white stone walls of the interior of the sanctuary.

I humbly took off my hat and spent half an hour trying to express to God my newfound gratitude of all the beauty which He has given us on this earth of ours. After another long lingering glance around the church I regretfully retraced my steps to the road, confident only of the thought that I should never forget the most impressive scene of my life.

—Kay Gillespie, V.

## THE "JOYS" OF YACHTING

"Joe, I want the sails scrubbed and mended and the whole boat painted from stern to stem. If you get a move on we should be ready for the regatta."

I squinted at the face leering at me from above as I scraped the keel of the sailing canoe that was the pride and joy of my elder brother, Bill. "And don't forget to repair that rudder when you have finished".

Mumbling that I had worked all morning without as much as a sandwich, I folded once again into the jack-knife position to which my body had become quite accustomed in the last few days.

I had finally cajoled Bill into letting me crew for him in the big regatta on the following Saturday, but I was beginning to wonder if it may have been wiser to have stuck to a round of golf. However I scrubbed and

scraped, painted the boat inside and out, myself from head to foot, and everything else within reach . . . .

Finally the great day dawns fine and clear, the sun is just beginning to break through the clouds and the steady breeze shows signs of freshening later in the afternoon. The scene is one of perfect peace; the sharp bows of the canoes cutting through the crested waves and the white sails gleaming in the sunlight.

While I stagger to and from the boat shed lugging sails, sheets (not the kind one usually sleeps between), blocks and spars, my brother inspects and criticizes every other boat within sight; at the same time exchanging charming pleasantries with his fellow maniacs.

"Bill, will you help me with the mast?"

"Well hurry up. Can't you see I'm busy". Grumble, grumble. "You don't have to take all day".

Bill finally manages to rig his own crazy-looking craft, of which he has stripped nearly everything that is not absolutely essential. However, in any weather above a gale he is a hard man to beat. This is not due to any particular skill on my brother's part, but due to his entire lack of regard of life and of himself or his unfortunate crew.

"O.K. Are you ready? Here we go. No, this side you fool! Always on the windward side."

Having finally regained my hold on the narrow strip of board that I am supposed to be seated on for the duration of the race, we move out to the starting line.

I quickly count about twenty other sailing-canoes, all sailing gracefully with their masts leaning over towards the water. Every crew is striving for the treasured windward position, and the yachts are alternately luffing and putting about, each skipper judging as best he can the seconds until the gun. The start of a yacht race demands perfect timing and anticipation by the crews, as a slight misjudgment may mean recall and a new start for the unlucky boat.

Bang! We're off. So am I.

"Get aboard can't you. We've lost twenty yards already. Don't sit there dreaming, and pull that jib in". Soaking wet before we have even started, I resignedly regain my precarious position.

Somehow we manage to catch up with the rest of the fleet, and through the spray I can fairly distinguish some rocks as we have moved in close to the shore.

"Rocks ahead Bill. You had better put about."

"Rocks my foot. You mind your own business and watch that jib. I happen to be in charge of this boat and I will decide when to put about and not you. You attend to . . . . Damn! We're on the rocks. Get out and push. No get in. Get out. Get in. Can't you hear me? Why didn't you warn me? When I say get out I don't mean duck dive into the bay. I mean get out on to the board". We are on our way again.

"Now we are coming to the first buoy. When I say 'Lee Oh' duck your head, drop that rope and grab that other one". My anxiety mounts as we rapidly approach the buoy.

Mumble, mumble, mutter, mutter from the stern, then in a roar that nearly sends me off again "Lee Oh", "Lee Oh". "Can't you hear me?" "Lee Oh", "Lee Oh". "Watch that jib flapping. Grab that rope. Move forward; no, back. Pull it tighter. Pull. Pull. That's right. Hold it."

We are off on the next leg of the triangular course with the wind astern and I am ordered off my perch into the rapidly filling bilge of the boat.

"Start bailing, hurry up. Do you want to see us sink."

"Yes," I answer glumly.

"Now pick up that pole and set the spinnaker," says Bill, completely ignoring my attempt at mutiny. "Jab the end of it into the hole in the corner of the sail." (The pole in question is almost six inches in diameter. The hole is two circles.)

"It won't fit."

"Won't fit! Of course it will! Give it to me. Curses. Neither it will. I must remember to fix it."

Somehow the spinnaker is set and I find time to glance at the other yachts. The wind has considerably freshened, much to Bill's delight, and the foam crested waves are slapping against the hull with the rhythmic beat of a native tom-tom.

Peering through the flying spray, I can see only two yachts ahead, the leader being about fifty yards away. The voice from the stern rudely awakens me.

"Get ready, I am going to gybe. Duck your head." CRASH! With a mighty bang that nearly splits the mast in two the boom swings across, missing my cranium by approximately half an inch.

"Easy, isn't it," from the stern. I glance at the buoy racing past the hull and mutter, "Yes, simple".

After about half an hour's fast and exhausting sailing, we plough past one boat and rapidly approach the finishing line. Bill in one last colossal last effort is close hauled in the port tack in a desperate attempt to overhaul the leader.

I even find time to forget my fast approaching pneumonia as both yachts with masts almost touching the water race to the finish, only inches apart.

Bang! The gun sounds. We have won. We have managed to forge ahead in the last few feet and Bill's face is split from ear to ear in one colossal grin.

While Bill modestly receives the congratulations of the other unfortunates, I stagger to the boatshed under the weight of dripping sails, wondering why the world has turned upside down in my absence. Perhaps it is because of the nautical roll I have developed.

—Colin Gray, VI.

## ESCAPE

It would be dawn soon. The sun would climb over the distant hills and after that it would be no time before people would be stirring and he would have to hide again. That was what he hated most, hiding in the woods, afraid that he would hear the yelping of hounds, and feel their hot breath on his face as they held him. True, he thought he was safe now. Three times he had heard them behind him but that had been early yesterday morning and after that he had swum up the river for a long time. And once he had doubled back in the hope that that would throw them off the scent.

He decided that he must go on if he were to gain a safe hiding place before people were abroad. They might recognize him in spite of the fact that his clothes were his own, not stolen, and he didn't want that to happen. Not now, when he thought he was free. He was feeling slightly hungry so he pulled out the few slices of bread that remained and gulped down a few mouthfuls of the creek water and replaced a little of the bread. That would have to last till night. Then he could get some more provisions.

As he lay in the bracken he thought of the events of the last few days — the pounding heart when the

guard called to him, the fear that he might be recaptured when he had hardly tasted the free, fresh air, the noise of the hounds behind him, the terror that the supplies which had been hidden for him might have been found, the hundred and one false alarms, so that he had come to start at the sound of his own footstep. And he thought of all the joys that lay ahead if he could win through, the smell of newly ploughed earth, the delight of a plunge in cold water in the heat of summer, the sound of rain on the roof, the song of birds echoing in his ears, the scent of a carpet of flowers raised to his nostrils. Above all, the freedom, the wonderful, glorious freedom for which he had undergone so much, would undergo so much more.

And as the sun, preceded by the golden banners of the clouds, brought light and joy once more into the world and into his heart, he lifted up his eyes in a silent tribute to his Maker.

—Elsa Carroll, V. Bluegum.

### "IF ANIMALS ACQUIRED THE POWER OF SPEECH"

One night, I was partly awakened by our cat, Butch, mewing outside my open bedroom window. I thought sleepily that he was only trying to squeeze through it into the bedroom.

Then someone said in a very squeaky voice, "You have forgotten to leave the door of the back porch open! It is cold out!" I sat up, startled, "Who is there?"

"Butch, of course! I have been telling you continually that I am locked out." Then he said, hopefully, "I could not get in here, could I?"

"Why not?" I asked, still dazed. Was Butch really speaking to me? He suddenly landed on my stomach. When he had forced himself right under the bed clothes and had finally pushed me from the warmest spot in the bed, I asked him: "Why are you talking? I have never heard an animal actually speak before".

Then began a lengthy explanation, which, very much shortened, was that every three hundred years, all animals acquire the ability to speak, for one night only. If I would come outside with him now he would take me to meet some of them.

When I had dressed quickly, we climbed through the window and went out on to the road. I noticed that the moon was particularly bright to the point of being almost daylight. At the corner of the street the neighbour's dogs and cats were standing about, apparently waiting for someone, or something.

Around the corner came the milkman's cart, jingling and rattling noisily. By his continual shouting at the animal, everyone in the town knew that the milkman called his horse "Ginger". He also whipped him unmercifully, if he forgot to stop at the usual places.

"This chap should be given a taste of his own medicine," <sup>he</sup> <sup>cried</sup> Butch.

Ginger, seeming to know exactly what was about to happen said, "Let us proceed, my friends. I must be back at the dairy by seven o'clock."

He stopped with a jerk. Immediately innumerable dogs and cats sprang at the milkman. The poor man was bitten and scratched everywhere at once.

"Help! What is it?" he cried, terrified. "Help!"

"That is enough now, boys," growled a fierce looking bulldog as he disengaged himself from somewhere about the milkman's back.

Every animal loosened his grip and looked at Blueboy, the bulldog, astonished. "But we have not even drawn blood yet!" cried the cat.

"I know! Do not forget that we only want to teach him a lesson, not kill him," said Blueboy.

The milkman fainted. When I had rushed over to him, he regained consciousness and sat up. Rubbing himself tenderly, he stammered, "Did those animals speak?"

"Of course we did!" they chorused.

Stamping impatiently, Ginger neighed, "Perhaps you will treat us with more respect in future."

"I will never shout at or whip, any beast again!"

"Be off then!" growled Blueboy shortly.

Saying "Cheerio" to everyone, Ginger trotted off down the road. I felt strangely suffocated, but seemed to be drifting. Where was Butch? "Butch!" Waking up with a jump, I found that I had shuffled round so much that my nose was buried in Butch's furry coat. I put him out, without ceremony.

—Valerie Gerdson, V.

### PINKY

Johnny was a small aboriginal boy who had lived on the mission station for most of his life. Before that he had been a lonely little orphan roaming the plains at will and then he had come to the station and become more or less adopted by one of the cooks.

Johnny and Cook had become great friends and they were often to be seen roaming over the plains together, hunting animals. It was on one of these hunts that Johnny found a small parrot with pink and grey feathers and a black beak and feet. It was lying among a clump of rocks and was half dead from being out in the scorching sun. Johnny freed it from its trap and took it back to the station where he nursed it back to health, but it never learned to fly properly again because one of the broken wings had never properly knitted together.

One particularly hot day Johnny and Pinky (the bird) went down to the river bank. The sun was scorching up the countryside with a heat that seemed concentrated on the mission station. Nobody felt energetic and Johnny and Pinky had the river to themselves.

They strolled along in the shade of the trees until they came to a deep hole near the bank. Johnny was in two minds about jumping into the cool water and risking the crocodiles or lying on the short sparse grass. He picked up a stone and threw it into the depths but no crocodile came to the surface at the disturbance, so he put Pinky on a tree branch and jumped in.

Pinky looked with anxious eyes at his little master because he, too, knew the danger that lurked in those depths. Then, just as Johnny struck out for the centre of the pool, a large grey head with long snout and two black beady eyes appeared on the surface of the water.

Johnny looked in horror at the great slimy reptile and raced towards the bank. With a quick swish of its tail the crocodile came within a few feet of him. Johnny yelled as he saw the great open jaws and sharp white fangs but the next instant there was a whir of wings, a squawk and a scrunching snap. Johnny clambered onto the bank and turned round.

Pinky had vanished from the tree branch and was nowhere in sight. The crocodile looked hungrily at Johnny then disappeared into the depths with a defiant swish of its tail. A gentle ripple ran over the pool and on it bobbed three pink and grey feathers.

—Jennifer Jobson, V. Bluegum.

### A BUSH FIRE WITH RESULTS

The Haydon family was in a state of confusion. Miss Haydon had lost the pearls. They were a family heirloom, very valuable, and the younger Haydons rose in a body to search for them on the river-flats where they had last been seen.

So it was that at ten o'clock next day, they were searching carefully about a mile from the homestead.

It was an extremely hot day, and the smoke of several bushfires could be seen, when they called a halt.

"I'm hot," Sally said decidedly.

"So are we all," reasoned Jim the eldest, but Mike burst out.

"I'm going home," with finality, and to emphasise it he stood up.

"Great golliwogs!" he ejaculated, "Just look at that blaze".

They looked. Only about two miles away a great scarlet haze lit the simmering sky, and volumes of smoke belched forth.

"I don't like this," muttered Jim.

"Let's make for home."

"Is it dangerous?", asked Sally.

"Not a bit," heartily replied Jim, but they noticed that he hurried them, and they willingly hurried.

A wind sprang up and now whipped around their ankles, a hot breath, that spurred them to greater efforts, and bore charred ashes on it.

It was Mike who first noticed the thin haze of smoke on their left, and the first spurts of flame.

"It'll get right round us," yelled he.

"Not it," reassured Jim, breathlessly.

But soon even Sally knew the danger of those flaming logs borne by the fierce wind to start small fires ahead. Then Jim caught Sally's hand fairly dragging her along.

"To the creek," he yelled at Mike. To the creek they ran, while the grass then blazed.

The fire was almost upon them when they slid down the four foot bank into the ice cold water.

"Get wet," was Jim's bright order. The heat was terrific.

"Go under and stay as long as possible, then take another breath and go under again," instructed Jim at the last moment.

Sally took a great gulp and ducked. Her hands closed instinctively over a fistful of creek rubbish and pebbles. Hours seemed to pass before her lungs gave out and she rose. The heat was too terrific for her to stay up longer than it takes to inhale, but fortunately the steep bank saved them from the direct blast.

The three cautiously raised their heads, the fire had crossed the creek in one leap, and was raging up the opposite slope.

Time went by. The worst of the heat had passed, but Jim realised that it would be several hours before they could cross that burnt and still burning country.

He thought of his mother, and frowned.

"But we'll have to stop here," he said resignedly.

Sally slowly unclosed her hand. She still held the rubble from the creek-bed, but shining amongst the pebbles was a string of lustrous creamy pearls. The heirlooms.

—Irene Petzke, IIIb.

### THE TURN OFF

"Oh darn it! Something's wrong with the car. The blessed thing won't start."

Edna Brown looked in dismay at the speaker, a trim little woman, and exclaimed, "Why Martha, how can anything be wrong with the car? It can't have suddenly taken a stopping fit. It brought us this far safely".

"It?" interrupted Martha, "My dear Edna, why give the credit to the car? It was my clever driving that brought us here. I've always known that I'd be a good driver," she continued. "I'm thinking of entering in the Redex Trial next year."

"But," continued Edna, ignoring Martha's self-praise, "but I must get back in time for that card party at four o'clock. Lady Sidebottom is to be there. But then, of course you'll get the car going," she added confidently. "You received your driving licence only last week and surely you can't have forgotten everything since then."

Martha, although a little dubious of her own ability, being anxious to display her newly acquired knowledge, assured her companion.

"Of course I'll get the thing going, Edna. The brakes must be jammed or something."

But on inspection the brakes didn't appear to be jammed. Martha still refused to be daunted however, and during the next hour she turned mechanic, inspecting the car from end to end. At last, after many repeated attempts to start the car, Martha sighed. "I may as well tell you that I'm beaten," she admitted. "We'll just have to sit here and wait patiently for someone to come and tow us back to town. There are no houses around at which we could ask for help."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Edna. "I wish someone would hurry up and come then."

The two women sat in the car, waiting for someone to come and help them. They both had a reason for wishing to get home, though perhaps Edna made hers more obvious.

"I simply must get home in time for that party," she sighed. "It isn't every day that Lady Sidebottom comes to Faraway."

"I wish you'd stop talking about Lady Sidebottom and try and think of some way to get home," snapped Martha. "If only there were some houses around at which we could ask for help! But then, I'm quite sure there aren't."

"How do you know?" asked Edna. "It strikes me that you pretend to know far more than you really do know. You know such a lot about cars, don't you?" she added sarcastically, "yet such a small detail as starting it quite escaped your notice."

"Well, at least you'll miss that stupid card party," retorted Martha, who also was not in the best of moods. "Now I won't have to hear you bragging about how Lady Sidebottom sat next to you and talked to you and—"

"If only we had some of that picnic lunch left," sighed Edna, changing the subject. "Those chicken sandwiches would be very welcome now. Why, it must be quite half-past five, and look how dark it is getting. I wonder why this road is so deserted? You would think that at least one car would have passed."

"Oh, I don't know," contradicted Martha, "I told you that this isn't a very busy part of the world. This track is only a turnoff from the main road."

"Shall we start to walk home?" suggested Edna doubtfully. "I know that it is a long way to Faraway, but we could stop at the first house we come to, ring up your husband and ask him to come and get us."

But this was what Martha least wanted to do. How her husband would brag.

"I tell you that there are no houses for miles around," she repeated. "Ten miles at least. Of course, if you enjoy walking so much you can start. But perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea," she mused, "Your figure wouldn't miss a few pounds."

"Well," agreed Edna, who hadn't been too keen herself on the prospect of a long walk along lonely roads. (Besides, she had her new shoes on.) "Well, perhaps we had better sit here and wait. Seeing that it's too late for that card party now, I don't suppose a few more hours of waiting will hurt us. Only I wish we had some of those sandwiches left."

"I do wish you'd stop talking about food," complained Martha. "You're not likely to get anything to eat before tomorrow morning at the earliest, unless you like to eat the trees and grass," she added sarcastically. "But really, isn't it getting cold? It must be one of the coldest nights ever. Let's cuddle up together."

The two women snuggled together, shivering. Nearby an owl hooted. Frogs in a neighbouring creek croaked rhythmically.

Suddenly Edna whispered to Martha.

"I say, Martha, isn't that smoke over there? Yes, it is. There must be a house there. And we've been waiting all this time. Come on. I'm going to see."

"Really, Edna, I told you that there were no houses for miles around."

"Oh, you told me," scorned Edna.

"How can it be a house?" continued Martha. However, she was not loath to go.

Edna and Martha hurried toward the smoke. Soon the lights of a small house became visible through trees. A young man answered their anxious knock.

"I don't know so very much about cars," he told them, when he heard their plight, "but I think that I can do such a simple thing as start it for you. Wait until I get my coat on."

Perhaps it was just as well for Martha that nobody was looking at her just then.

"Well, Ma'am. What's the matter with your Jalopy?" asked their rescuer when they reached the car.

"Why, the petrol's not turned on."

—Joan McKenry, IIIa, Bluegum.

## WHEN I MET HENRY LAWSON

While wandering in the nearby bush one morning, I sat down beneath a huge, old red gum for a snooze. Shortly after I awoke with a start as I realised I was not alone. Near me sat a tall, lean, middle-aged swagman. But something about him was familiar.

Who? This question puzzled me considerably until I heard him speak, "Ow are ya?" he smirked. Then I suddenly realised that I was speaking to the renowned Henry Lawson. What an experience! But, he looked like a poor old fellow who had gone bush-humping his bluey because of money troubles. One of those numerous fellows who tramp aimlessly about the wild outback, and just eat when they can get the tucker.

While I was musing about this encounter Lawson had unrolled his swag and taken out two chunks of dry bread, a doorstep of cheese, and had returned from filling an old billy-can with water. Then he made a fire, and while he sat munching he told me his story.

"I've always wanted to write, and I do. But the outback keeps calling me, and so I go. Now that the wife's gone, and the kids are still down in New Zealand, I just roll up my swag and me and Bluey (dog) set out on the track again."

He paused for an interval to muse about his earlier encounters with the Australian bush. He sat there, slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, ragged, old coat and trousers, and a pair of old Blucher boots which had seen better days.

Then he continued his story. "It all began because of my mother. She owned a newspaper, you know. I wrote several successful poems, but my first story, 'His Father's Mate', was published in 1888, and a few days after my father passed away. Then I turned my hand to many odd jobs, and at intervals I carried the swag. This 'ere dog," he pointed, "you know, I've 'ad him since he was a little pup; a good faithful one he is, too."

Henry Lawson paused here, so I asked, "What about your stories? Where did you get the inspiration from?"

"Oh, that," he said, "I wrote all of them about my own encounters, of course. Most of my earlier days were spent in the gaol, and having so much spare time on my hands, I started writing, you know."

"After that, off I goes to New Zealand, where me an' me missus got a job in a school. After that we took a trip to England, but we longed for the bush, so we returned in 1902." He gave a deep sigh and gazed into the dying embers.

"Don't go yet," I exclaimed, entranced by his story. "What did you do after that?"

"Well, I did a few more stories and things, but every now and then I get a cravin' for the bush, so back I goes. Well, I'd better be gettin' along now," he said getting up.

After I saw his tall figure, with the poor, shabby clothes, disappear, I began to think about him myself. Most of his stories were gloomy, but so was the life he lived out there.

Fundamentally an artist, Lawson had sincerity and sympathy straight from his heart. He had a quiet sense of humour, and an unfailing gift of narration. His best work was done while he was about the age of thirty-five. I think it was an extremely lucky encounter, seeing that he was the foremost writer in Australian literature, don't you?

—Marjorie Horner, IVb, Clematis.

## THE NAKED VINE

It was an eerie place. The wind raged high, and above, the stars were hidden by the grey dust. Across the waste of dying grass, the ghost trees flung their white, wearied limbs to the sky, and uttered slow, anguished moans to the night. Somewhere a dejected dog howled.

But there was no one to hear it save an old woman who wandered aimlessly through the gloom. Sunken in their sockets, her eyes were pale and unseeing, and her skin lay folded in heavy lines upon her face. Gnarled and aged, her hands, outstretched, felt through the darkness.

With every patch of faltering light slipping from the heavens and the river echoing solemnly over the rocks and sunken timber, she rested against a tree. The wind, with icy fingers, crawled over her wearied body and clutched her throat till breath was hard.

Uttering a cry of despair she lifted her head, but there was no strength in her to hold it there, so it sunk to her breast. In strands her matted hair hung down, and she thought of Robbie.

Robbie, whom she had given birth to and nestled close to her, whom she had poured all her love on, who had made her forget that there was no man to protect them both. But she kept him.

It hadn't been easy. He never saw the riches that his father owned and played with. He never saw his father. Maybe that was why he grew so strange. She hadn't been able to understand him. He admired and honoured her, but there was no love.

She had grown old and bitter, and youth had slunk away from her. There was no happiness in her, for her heart had become wrangled and her lips tight and thin.

Now, where was Robbie? Since he was a lad she knew that one day he would run away from her and join a ship. He gave to the sea the love he had never given her.

Slowly and painfully the years had passed by, and with each storm she cried to the wind and pleaded with her God. But she knew.

It left her lifeless, like a dead widow walking in a world that wasn't there, with eyes that didn't see and ears that couldn't hear and a heart that had shivered and withered, then fallen to the ground.

With a shrill cry the wind lifted up in its arms a gale of silver dust, and with a last heroic effort the trees struggled to be caught and turned to soft earth. The old woman sobbed, then raised her arms high and begged God to take her wretched life away.

Down on the coast, where the cruel green ocean lashed the rocks, the waves hurled a broken skull to the shore. A bird flew down, picked at it, then with a frightened start flew away as the shriek of a dying woman drifted down, "My son, my son."

Then the wind howled across the sky and the clouds parted and it began to rain.

—Helen Gill, IVb, Bluegum.

### MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"I hope Aunt Gertrude doesn't come while Mum is out," said Claire Stuart, "We shall have to entertain her if she does."

"Well, if she is coming I think I'll go home," decided Bruce Allen.

"Don't you dare. Claire is thinking of the worst thing that could happen, as usual," replied her elder brother, Paul.

"You don't know if she is or not," retorted Claire.

"If she does, I shan't help to entertain her, so forget all about it," responded Paul.

The click of the gate made the three girls fly to the window. There they saw a tall, gaunt, overdressed woman with iron-grey hair, strutting up the path. The trio stared in bewilderment at the approaching figure. Gerry was the first to speak.

"Is—is that your Aunt Gertrude?"

"We don't know," replied Jenny, "You see, we've never even seen her." This startling announcement brought Paul and Bruce over to the window.

"I say," said Paul, "it must be her, who else would it be?"

"Didn't mum say she was almost deaf?" asked Jenny. Claire groaned.

"She did, too. I suppose we shall have to shout to make her hear us."

"Come on Gerry, we're going home," announced Bruce.

"Oh, no you're not. You'll stay and help us entertain her," decided Paul.

"We'll have to stay now," said Gerry.

"Oh, all right," agreed her brother.

Claire answered the knock at the door.

"Why Aunt Gertrude! This is a surprise. Do come in. I'm sorry, but mother is out. But please stay and have some afternoon tea with us," shouted Claire. "This is Paul, and this is Jenny. These are our neighbours, Bruce and Geraldine."

"I'm very pleased to meet you all, but I only came to see your mother," replied the aunt.

"Excuse me," said Claire loudly, "I'll go and <sup>ur</sup>prepare something to eat."

As Claire went to the kitchen, Paul conducted his aunt into the sitting room which, during the past few minutes, had undergone a lightning change from an untidy room to a surprisingly tidy one.

"Won't you sit down, Aunt Gertrude?" shouted Paul indicating the couch.

"Yes thank you, Paul. But I did come to see your mother," she insisted.

"I'll take your coat and hat, Aunt." As Paul walked past Jenny he said to her in an audible whisper, "You will have to entertain the old lady while I help Claire."

So Jenny, not knowing how to entertain her, began to show her an autograph book. Bruce was sitting on a chair which was not visible from the couch. Jenny sat next to Aunt Gertrude and proceeded to explain the signatures.

"This one is Uncle Henry's," shouted Jenny.

"He lost his false teeth at the beach one year and found them the next, still floating in the sea," said Bruce in an audible tone.

"Sh—sh, be quiet Bruce," whispered Geraldine.

"And this is Aunt Emmaline's signature," continued Jenny.

"Yes, wasn't it dreadful? She had six husbands and she poisoned everyone of them," said Bruce in a horrified voice.

This went on until they were interrupted by Claire and Paul bringing in the afternoon tea. They were very surprised to find that Jenny had been able to entertain their elderly aunt.

Afternoon tea passed quietly, broken only by Claire's polite remarks and Gerry's giggles. When it was over, Aunt Gertrude said she must go, so Claire took her to the bedroom to don her coat and hat.

"Gee! am I glad she's going," breathed Paul.

"Yes, so am I," agreed Bruce, "Aren't you lucky to have a relation with such a disgraceful nose. It's—," he broke off as Claire and the visitor entered the room.

They bade her farewell, then closed the door and trooped back to clear away the remains of the refreshments.

"Here's mum," said Jenny hearing the outer door close.

Mrs. Stuart entered the room and, looking about her, said, "Oh, you gave my guest afternoon tea. That was sensible and polite. I met her down the street and she said she had had a very amusing afternoon."

"Weren't you expecting Aunt Gertrude to call today, mum?" asked Jenny.

"Aunt Gertrude?" asked Mrs. Stuart, "No, she isn't coming till tomorrow."

"Th—then who was our visitor? We thought she was Auntie," stammered Claire.

Suddenly everything became clear to Mrs. Stuart and she began to laugh. "So that was why she said she had had an amusing afternoon. That was an old school teacher of mine, who said she would visit me soon."

They all began to see why she had been so amused.

"And to think I criticised her nose," regretted Bruce.

—Judith Lansdown, IIIc, Bluegum.

### THE LITTLE CAR

The little blue car had belonged to the Smiths for a long time. Father and Mother had bought him when Joan and Tommy were quite small. Now, however, the children were becoming quite grown up, and the little car was also beginning to feel its years.

Although he could chug along quite happily on flat roads, when he came to a hill he would start to puff and pant, and his engine made the most terrible noises. It was not the car's fault at all, because all the parts of his engine were nearly worn out, but he felt very miserable when the new cars sped past him tooting their horns and calling out, "Hurry up, slow coach."

One day, when all the family were out for a trip, the little car came to the foot of a hill and stopped. He puffed and snorted, and Mr. Smith and the children got out and pushed. Soon other people came to help and finally the car reached the other side of the hill.

"I will have to buy a new car," said Mr. Smith, and the little blue car felt so ashamed of himself he just chugged quietly home. Soon after this a new car came to live in the garage, and the little car was left in the back yard.

"Oh dear," he sighed. "Now that I am old and useless nobody will want me any more and I will be very lonely." But he soon found that he was not at all lonely. The children often came and played in him, and they had such good fun they brought all their friends, too.

This made the little car very happy.

"It is nice to have a rest after all," he thought, "and I am still giving pleasure to someone. I'll leave all the running around to the young cars". And he blew his horn happily as the children climbed aboard.

—Marjorie Morrow, Ilc.

### THE WISH

A long time ago, in England, there lived a knight and his family. Once they were rich, but since the family heirlooms had been lost they had become very poor.

It was holiday time and the knight was sad, because it would be the last time the family would be able to visit their country house before they sold it. The caretakers of the house loved the family, especially the gentle little wife. So they decided to give them a welcome to the house. They prepared a large banquet and put flags all around the house. At last the knight, his wife and two boys arrived. They were very tired and so surprised to see the house decorated they rushed up and thanked the caretakers without even waiting to remove their coats.

After the banquet the two boys, John and Richard, decided to explore. Before long they came across a large hole in the ground. They were both very curious and John, the eldest son, secretly thought he would come back that night and explore it properly. At supper time, Richard asked the butler what it was and the butler warned Richard not to go near it because, like many country people, he was superstitious. This made Richard still more curious and he, too, decided to go and look at it.

So, at twelve o'clock that night, both John and Richard crept separately outside to the well. It was then that John saw Richard peering over the side of the well, so he thought that he would give him a fright. He gave a loud moan and Richard got a shock as something touched his neck. He took a step forward and fell right into the well. Down, down, down, he fell, grabbing

at pieces of fern growing from the sides. At last he stopped falling and saw an iron rung beneath him. In the wall opposite the rung was a small space. He reached over and put it in his hand. As he did so, he heard John calling anxiously from above. He shouted back and asked him to send a rope down. Then Richard felt a hard metal box, and, pulling it out of the space, saw his father's crest on it. Soon the rope fell down to where he was and, clutching the box in one hand, John pulled him up. When he reached the top he told John. At first John wouldn't believe him, but when he saw the box, he was very excited. He asked Richard what he thought it was. Richard said he didn't know and it was then that John told him it was the family heirlooms that their Grandfather had lost.

This made Richard excited to, and they ran quickly up to the house. They woke up their father and told him of the good news. He forced the lid of the box and it opened. Inside were the beautiful heirlooms. Rubies, opals and pearls twinkled in the candlelight. By this time, the caretakers were awake and they came to see the jewels, too. The knight was very happy, because now they would be rich again. The next day he sold all the jewels except the ruby necklet and brooch. The caretakers were happy too, because now they would still be able to look after the country house.

—Mary Abbott, Ia.

### THE LUCY JANE

Ben Lawson, a deserter of a deep sea whale boat, was lured away from sea by the gold at Bendigo, and he eventually worked his way to Echuca in search of employment. After arriving, he made his way to the ship building yards where for some months he turned his hand to painting and various odd jobs on the paddle steamers under construction.

Then he met Captain Spencer of the Lucy Jane, a cargo steamer on the Echuca-Bourke run, who offered him a position as deckhand, and introduced him to the crew. So he started off on his first journey down Old Man Murray.

The paddle steamer churned up the water as it moved along; the barge following. Tall red gums laden down with raucous cockatoos and parrots bowed their leafy trunks to the sedate, wide old Murray, as it placidly glided along. The paddle steamer and barge, loaded with stores for Bourke, sounded three shrill blasts on her siren as a welcome to Wentworth, as she drew near to that town. The steam engine drove the paddles slower and slower as it made its way towards the rows of moored steamers by the wharves at Wentworth.

After a four day interval, the Lucy Jane continued on towards Bourke, the limit of river navigation of the Darling River steamer trade. In a few places it was necessary to take soundings as it was a common occurrence for steamers to be stranded for months while the river was as low as it was then.

The steamer was forced to stop in a dense fog where she was tied to a tall red gum. Ben was full of enthusiasm about his work, but he lacked the sure skill and instinct shown by the riverman reared on the rivers.

A rival steamer, the "Victory," was sighted, and after coming close, the captains exchanged charts, and news. Captain James, of the Victory advised Captain Spencer to speed up, or he would not reach his destiny through lack of water. Then the steamers churned on, and at the next woodpile, the Lucy Jane put in for a fresh supply of wood.

Having a full cargo of stores on board, Captain Spencer was determined to reach Bourke, because his

boat was the last for the season to carry a food supply for the settlers there. The ship often scraped over snags, that in normal times would have been well covered with water.

With a cloudless sky and a fiery sun overhead Captain Spencer saw Bourke in the distance. By the time he had moored the Lucy Jane, the population of the town were waiting on the wharf to greet him. After loading up with wood from the adjoining stations, Captain Spencer was forced to wait five weeks until a rise in the river was brought about by heavy rain up at the river's source in Queensland. He expected this rise would be of short duration and ordered full steam ahead.

After a quick journey along in the flood waters of the Darling River, the crew joyously welcomed the Murray River.

Six months later a railway line, long under construction, reached Bourke and the Lucy Jane like all the other boats had to be confined to the Murray, as the railways could cope with necessary transport at a much cheaper rate.

The call of the Murray had Ben Lawson in its grip, and he was quite content to work on the steamers for the rest of his days. Even though those times have passed now, the river traffic on the majestic Old Man Murray will never be forgotten.

—Marjorie Horner, IVb. Clematis.

## MY ESCAPE FROM FRANCE

My name is Peter Willoughby, and I was a pilot in the English Air Force, when the adventures I am about to relate took place. After many successful raids over Germany, my luck gave out. One night my plane was hit, but I escaped injury, and parachuted to the ground only to be picked up almost immediately by German soldiers. The outcome was a concentration camp in German-occupied France.

It was here that I spent many weary months with other fliers from England, Canada and America. Our one topic of conversation was escape and a tunnel from our hut right under the barbed-wire fence seemed the only answer. So it began. Willing hands dug patiently while others kept watch, and after weeks of gruelling work, the tunnel was completed. Lots were drawn, and I and two other Englishmen were the ones to make the bid for freedom.

The chosen night arrived, black and cloudy, and down the tunnel we crawled, apprehensive of what lay ahead. Freedom or a firing-squad. Only time would tell.

Negotiating the tunnel was the easiest part, but when we stood on enemy territory, only a short way from the camp, we realized the danger lurking about us. Could we get far enough away before our absence was discovered? A few miles and we might make it. We set off into the kindly darkness at a trot, keeping to the trees and not conversing. We had agreed that if pursued we would split up, as one alone had a better chance than three together.

Every step was fraught with danger, every sound might betray us to the guards. We had gone about a mile when we heard a noise and much shouting from the camp. We had been missed and the hunt was on. I looked at the other two and said, "This is it, fellows, see you in England," and each one went his separate way.

The shouting continued in the distance and then came the sound I had been dreading every step of the way—

the baying of dogs, tracking us down relentlessly for their German masters. I stumbled along in the direction in which I knew the coast to be, as that was the only way of escape. Our life in the camp had not helped to keep us fit, and I was soon feeling the strain. The dogs continued to follow, and it was an effort to keep going. Then I saw trees ahead, and I broke into a run. Perhaps the forest would hide me, but on came the dogs. Then disaster! I fell down a steep bank into a small creek and was momentarily stunned. Then reason asserted itself. If I kept on going down the creek the dogs would lose the scent. I did so, until, exhausted at last, I crept under a bush to rest. Sounds of pursuit had died away, and I tried to think clearly. Soon it began to get lighter as morning approached and I knew I must hide.

I climbed up the bank, and, seeing buildings in the distance, made for them. I just got there as the sun came up and there was the haystack. Quickly, I burrowed in, utterly spent.

After a time, an old farmer appeared working around the farm. A young boy set off down the road presumably to the village. I heard cows mooing and the farmer's wife fed her chickens. I dozed off, thinking how peaceful the countryside looked and how reminiscent it all was of my own life before the war, when I suddenly became aware of a horse and cart approaching right in front of me. The farmer had a long fork and I realized he was coming to get some hay to feed his stock. Imagine my surprise when, beginning to load his cart, he said in reasonably good English, "Englishman, I know you are there, I saw you come. Stay where you are until tonight. There are Germans everywhere, my grandson Pierre heard it in the village. Come to the house tonight and we will try to help you. Here is food," and he put it down in front of my hiding-place. "Thank you, sir," I said and he went on with his work.

I gratefully ate the food and when darkness fell, I made my way to the house. They were waiting for me and I said, "I must not stay here, they would kill you too, if they find me". But they made me sit down and said, "You will be safe here tonight, the soldiers are still searching the woods. Tomorrow we will get you away". I told them I must get to the coast.

And so that night I slept in a bed, the first for many months. Very early next day I was awakened and given some old clothes to put on, also some papers which would help me, and the name of a fisherman in Brittany who would help me get out of the country. Then the old man took me outside and said, "I go to the market today in Brittany, you will get into the cart, and I will cover you with produce". This was done and we set off. We travelled for many miles when the old farmer said, "We are almost there, and two German soldiers are checking all the people. Keep very still." I did so and so the cart stopped and guttural voices shouted at the old man. They seemed satisfied with his answers and then started prodding the produce with a fork to see if there was anyone hidden.

I lay very still hardly daring to breathe, and praying that the fork would not find its target. Then we were off again and soon the farmer said, "We are at the market," and he drove the cart to the secluded corner where I managed to scramble out. Every moment I stayed with him was more dangerous to him, so with a brief "Thank you", and "May God bless you", I left him.

I had my directions and made good time, keeping off the main roads and hiding if I saw any Germans coming.

Towards evening on the second day I arrived at the coast, and resting until it was dark, sought the man whose name I had been given by the old farmer.

That very night I was on a small fishing boat heading for Home, just one Englishman helped by the loyal French people. Those few dangerous days will always be in my mind and the courage of those simple French people defying their conquerors, and jeopardising their very lives to help an English airman to freedom, will never be forgotten.

—Anne Garner, V.

### ESCAPE

Ahead, a tug hooted mournfully. The moon was hidden by cloud and the dark streets and lanes near the waterfront were silent. A car backfired, the sound echoing through the streets. A man walking along the street started at the noise and turned to see where it came from. Apparently reassured, he continued walking and turned down a small side street. Once or twice he looked behind him as though fearful of being followed.

Suddenly, behind him in the lane, he heard footsteps. Slow, measured, purposeful steps, and the sound struck fear into his heart. He walked faster, glancing nervously over his shoulder every few minutes, but he saw nothing, for the night was dark and there were no lights. The footsteps came nearer. He quickened his steps. Nearer and nearer the steps came. He broke into a cold sweat. If they should catch him now he was finished. He started to run. The street seemed endless. On either side the tall warehouses stared grimly down. A door stood open and he ducked inside. Up the stairs he raced, three at a time, and on to the roof. He jumped to the next roof and smashed his way through a skylight. Threading his way through the stacks, he regained his breath a little. Down the stairs and at the door he stopped. He cautiously let himself out into a different street. Behind him, he heard sounds of pursuit. He ran. He ran until his breath was coming in short gasps and his legs moved automatically, and still he could hear those steps. He ran blindly, and as he ran there passed through his mind all that had happened in the last few weeks. He remembered how Jackson had been stabbed by the Italian; how he and the others had done that job which had been his undoing. How was he to know that the watchman would live long enough to talk to the police? Now he must pay with his life for they did not tolerate mistakes.

He found himself on the waterfront running alongside the river. The footsteps were right behind him. His would not be a pleasant death. If he could only escape that. He turned to look behind, tripped and fell, striking his head. With a mighty splash he hit the water and sank. He had prayed that he might escape his pursuers and his prayer had been answered: unconscious from the knock on the head, he could not save himself, and drowned. He had escaped.

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—Ruth Singer, V.

### A TRIP TO AUSTRALIA FROM HOLLAND

It was on the 18th June, 1950, when we boarded the ship "Oranje Nassau" to take us from Rotterdam, Holland to Australia. We were all very happy to leave for Australia.

Our first stop was London, where we were to transfer to another big ship. The first night of our trip from Rotterdam to England was not the best. Most of the

people were seasick, as the North Sea was very rough. On reaching London we took a bus to Tilbury, where the ship was waiting to carry us across to Australia. On the way in the bus we viewed the pleasant English scenery. The ship was English. It was named "Chitral" and naturally there were more English, Scotch and Irish people aboard, and only about a hundred and fifty Dutch people. When we came aboard we were surprised by the great number of black people that served us our food and essentials.

My mother, sister and myself shared a room with nine other women. My father and brother shared their room with other men. They enjoyed themselves considerably during the evening as my brother played the accordion and another boy played the guitar and all the men joined in singing the songs they played.

The journey afterwards was straight towards the Rock of Gibraltar. This is a large rock protruding out of the water. Round the edge of it are many flat-roofed houses. After we had seen enough of this, we moved on through the Mediterranean Sea to Port Said, where we were going to dock for the night. During the afternoon small boats, heavily laden with produce, came to sell their wares. I bought a shell necklace, very beautifully hand-made. At night we were ordered to keep our doors and windows shut, as many robbers climbed up the side of the boat, and many things disappeared mysteriously. Swarms of brown-coloured people with fuzzy hair swarmed up the deck trying to steal what they could. The coastguards tried desperately to keep them back with long spiked sticks, which they jabbed at them cruelly. In the morning before the ship sailed, my girl friend and I threw silver coins in the water and the natives would dive in to try and get them. If someone threw in first a penny or a half-penny they would dive for it, and when they saw the colour of it, a whole stream of not very nice language that we could not understand would be yelled at the person. Some of the younger boys covered a penny with silver paper and when the natives dived for it and found it was only paper, you couldn't imagine the jabber and noise that was around us.

Then we sailed further on through the Suez Canal. This is a big river with walls on each side. Only one boat is allowed in at a time. On the sand-banks we saw camels being driven by Arabians. The weather was very hot here, and we went swimming in the pool on the top deck.

Our next stop was Aden, where my brother went ashore. When he returned he told us how dirty the city and the people were. Natives were squatting down selling their goods in front of them. Here and there, he said, was a man or woman sleeping in the gutter amongst all the filth; goats were running around the streets, and running in and out of the houses.

The following days were not very enjoyable. Every morning my father would send my sister, brother and I to English lessons. It was a school of about twenty Dutch boys and girls. There was only one teacher, who was an Englishman. He tried to teach us how to speak English, but unfortunately, as we had never learnt English we could hardly understand a word he was saying.

Sometimes on deck there was boxing, and often there were little boys having boxing lessons. Ping-pong and quoits were also played, and we had a few picture-shows.

On our way through the Red Sea we saw lots of flying-fish. Some people called them "birds" because they flew so high.

We were very glad to see land again when we reached Colombo, Ceylon. I was very excited when Dad said we were going ashore to have a look around. When we were ready to go and had our food packed, we had to wait for a little motor-boat to take us ashore, as the "Chitral" did not berth at the pier, but anchored about half a mile out. At Colombo we saw men running around drawing rickshaws behind them. The shops were very small and packed tight with goods. I saw a little man with a red cape and black topper on, doing tricks with chickens, and he was extremely good. On our way back it started to rain and a man told us that it was the first time it had rained in about two years. After a time we went back to the boat taking back with us large bunches of bananas and about a dozen coconuts.

After about three days, during one night while crossing the Equator we had some sort of ceremony. One of the men dressed up as Neptune and everyone dressed up in all sorts of clothes. Most of the people had masks put on them and were ducked in the water, and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

Our next stop was Fremantle—our first stop in Australia. We got quite a surprise when we saw that most of the people were white when we expected most of them to be black. We saw quite a lot of Fremantle as the ship had engine-trouble and we were there for about five days.

Then we sailed from Fremantle to Melbourne. As the sea was so rough the diningroom tables and chairs had to be fastened down to the floor of the ship's diningroom to stop them from being damaged.

Arriving at Melbourne we took a train to Ferntree Gully where we were made welcome in our new home by some Dutch friends who had arrived there before us.

—Ali Lourens, IVc. Bluegum.

## SCIENCE

### How to Blow Yourself Up in One Easy Lesson

First take one pound of nitro-glycerine. Then put it with a mixture of kerosene and petrol in a dry, closed, air-tight container on top of a bunsen burner. Ignite the burner and seat yourself comfortably on the top of the tin.

### Advice If You Live

If you complete the above course and survive to tell your experience, there are various other methods to end your misery on earth. The best and least painful of these is dying of old age. Another method is to shoot yourself or use a knife but those are very unscientific. This is a method I recommend.

Secure for yourself one large bottle of arsenic, three hundred aspirins, some hydrochloric acid, one tablespoon of cyanide and a few glasses of weed-killer. Mix the arsenic and weed killer together and drop in the aspirins. Stir until these dissolve and then slowly pour in the hydrochloric acid. Leave for ten minutes and then stir in the cyanide. Leave in a cool place for some hours and then drink three large glasses. I know from experience that this mixture is really good. If it doesn't kill you in a matter of two minutes I think you are indestructible.

Ta-ta for now,

Your Ghost Host,

HORACE.

P.S.: You should see my "ghoul" friend.

—By Kevin Goodey, IIIa.

## PRIVATE STUDY

Silence reigns supreme in the corridor of the prefabs. But suddenly a voice, filled with agony, utters, "Can you do this Binomial Theorem?" Immediately a buzz breaks out. "Pipe down, can't you—I've got to have this essay in by next 'prod'; and I'm dashed if I can do it with all this row!" At this touching speech, heads are bent once more. The silence is broken only by the scratching of pens, and the shuffling of feet, and the scraping of chairs. Then an exclamation of horror rends the air. "Eh! Girls, did we have to have that Milton done for today? Quickly, give me the loan of your book. Mrs. Lit. will positively eat me if I don't hand this in on time." The unfortunate wretch remedies the state of affairs, and after a period of comparative silence, a soft voice sighs, "Oh, guess what, I received another letter last night—that's two in a week. It was so thrilling. And that reminds me—I went to the football on Saturday, and — blah — blah." At this juncture, exasperated protests are made—and the soft-voiced one is quelled. But soon some bright spark exclaims, "Ooh, the muscles in my legs—I'll never go to athletics practice again." These groans are echoed, and much chatter ensues—but then a certain "unique" boy tells the chattering ones in no uncertain terms his opinion of females who never do anything but talk. After this brilliant oratory, silence once more prevails until a voice shrieks from an adjacent classroom, "Report to the office", and a poor sobbing infant, stumbling out of the door, makes for the fatal room with faltering footsteps. Many and varied are the comments at this interruption, and a muttered curse is bestowed upon the teaching profession generally. However a welcome blast on the siren is heard, and the weary ones—bent under a load of books trudge to their lockers with the statement, "Well, I did a lot of work that period—didn't you? —".

—W.W., IV. Clematis.

## AUSTRALIAN, CHANNEL ISLANDS AND ENGLISH SECONDARY SCHOOLS

Australian schools are usually fairly large with big classrooms. The pupils all go to their different rooms without any distinction between boys and girls except that boys sit one side of the room, girls on the other side. These schools are called High Schools or Higher Elementary Schools.

The Channel Islands schools are big because they have to cater for the comparatively enormous population. In Jersey the population for winter is 50,000; this population is trebled in summer. A typical one is the Jersey College for Girls. It was built in 1887 and has three laboratories, one music-room, one library and one needle-work-room, besides the usual classrooms.

"Modern" schools in England are called "boys'" schools or "girls" schools according to the sex that speaks about them. The schools have two storeys with a stairway to enable pupils to get upstairs. Only the girls go upstairs, while the boys stay and work in the rooms downstairs. Thus boys and girls are separated and when they speak of their school they say "Boys'" or "Girls'" respectively.

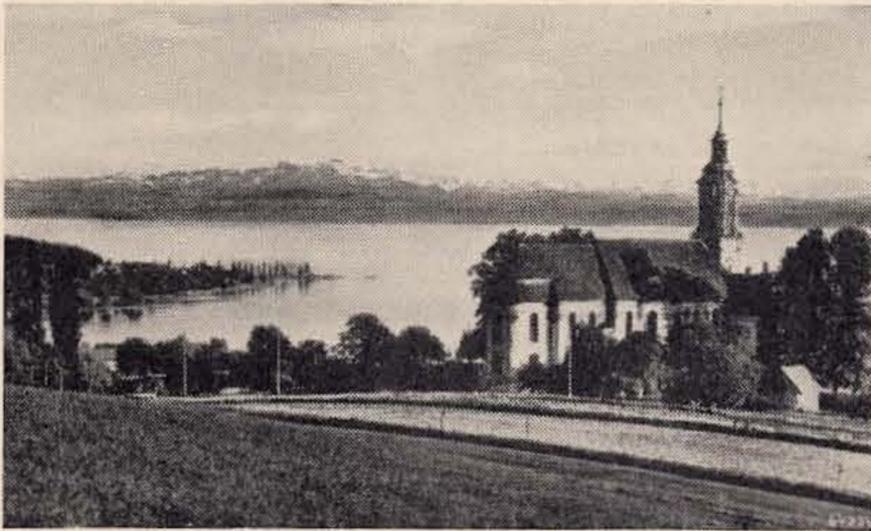
Games in England and the Channel Islands differ from those in Australia in that they have inter-house and inter-school competitions in netball, besides our normal games.

—Wilma Robert, V. Orchid.

## A SCHOOLBOY'S LIFE IN GERMANY

School! Yes, the word is familiar to any boy, but a German boy looks at it in a more hostile way than an Australian one. There, one has to learn a great deal. School commencing age is six years, and after four years' primary school one may change into a secondary school, where one has to work very hard because so many boys want to study. When I was ten years old, I had to learn English and French, and a year later Latin as well. There, too, it takes twelve years' school till matriculation, only that one does four years' primary and then eight years' secondary education.

In every subject we had a small examination once a fortnight and the average of those marks was put into the report book. I called it the anxiety book because many marks were very bad and I always got a terrifying lecture from Mum for it. Once the report was so bad that I was afraid to go home. Finally Mum had rounded me up, saw my report, and the result was a two-hour continuous lecture. I preferred a hiding because that was over more quickly. The teachers were mostly harsh because they had to teach too much. They



Lake Constance with Swiss Alps in the background.

were very underpaid and compensated for that by thinking themselves most important.

But there were also good points. We could wear anything we liked as long as we were neat and clean. The favourite summer dress was shorts, shirt and bare feet. We had school six days a week, from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m., including a 30 minute playtime. All the afternoon was free and that was where the most important fun commenced.

I was very fortunate because I lived in a beautiful part of South Western Germany, very close to the lake of Constance on the border of Switzerland. Children in the industrial North are less lucky.

Every time I came home, the school-bag was thrown into the darkest corner of the cellar and homework forgotten. By the way, every house in Germany has a solid concrete cellar in which people store potatoes and preserve them during winter. Also, most homes are two storey solid brick buildings.

Then after lunch, I joined the gang of boy friends of the same age, and always had a good choice of things to do. Often we went into the large needle forests to play Indians, frying meat on an open fire and thinking of ourselves as Buffalo Bill in the Wild West. On hot days we rode our bikes to swim in the nearby lake of Constance, which is forty-three miles long and twelve miles wide. Sometimes we raided orchards for the fun of adventure. Once cave exploring pleased us when we moved into a hidden cave in robber fashion. There



Village where the author lived.

were plenty of beautiful streams over which we built small bridges. Sometimes rafts were constructed from petrol tins which often sank when overloaded, the result being a happy gang covered with mud, but as happy as pigs in a ditch.

I had built myself a small hut in the garden which was the headquarters. It had a wood stove, benches, a table, and supply of food in it.

When Fritz, Hummel (two friends) and I wanted, we pitched a tent in a backyard, fried eggs and smoked pipes, but one day fell asleep on the soft hay. At midnight Mum found us, and covered all three with blankets. We were very surprised when we woke up the next day. My most gruelling adventure (according to Mum) was when Fritz and I had, with our air rifles, shot nine mice in the cellar. Then I cut off the nine tails, with Fritz's sheath knife. Mum, incidentally, watched me from the kitchen window with utter disgust. Later I strung these tails on a cord and hung them over my bed, feeling like a famous hunter who has just completed a successful safari in Africa. After much pleading from Mum I later removed the tails. Never afterwards have I told Mum that half an hour later Fritz and I ate a can of beef on a rubbish tin in the cellar, cutting the beef with the same mouse-tail knife.

One day I even had to run mighty fast, not for dear life, but for my ears. Fritz had just crossed a fresh clover paddock with me when the owner chased us because we stepped over his precious cattle feed. He was really wild. But only a week before I had a beauty operation on my ears by a specialist. My ears used to stick out like radar screens before they were operated on. They were still sore at that time and I cleared out, thinking that if he pulled by ears in his anger, he might rip them off, as they had only been stitched a week before.

In winter too, we had great fun. We only had to open the back door in order to ski all day long. Often some of us would lay on a sleigh on our stomachs, gliding down a hill at breakneck speed with the legs sticking gaily into the air. At times, girls, when they felt superior in number, forced us into snow-fights.

Another good point about schools; we got six weeks' summer holidays in June, two weeks for Easter and also two weeks for Christmas.

To sum up I can say that every schoolboy, in Southern Germany at least, enjoys his life just as much as an Australian one. Even while schools ask for almost too much work over there, and although the nation has many troubles and problems, the schoolboys are still as happy as boys should be.

—M. Graefe, Form IVb. Bluegum.

# Poets' Corner

## HUNTIN'

Harry went huntin' to catch a bear,  
 Harry looked here and Harry looked there.  
 He looked under pebbles, under rocks, under boulders,  
 He pushed through swamp grass up to his shoulders.  
 He climbed up a tree and gazed all around  
 But no! not a smell, not a sight, not a sound

Of a bear  
 Was there there.

A bear went huntin' to catch his tea,  
 He'd had no dinner and he felt hungry.  
 He looked under pebbles, under rocks, under boulders,  
 He pushed through swamp grass up to his shoulders.  
 He climbed up a tree and gazed all around  
 But no! not a smell, not a sight, not a sound

Of a human  
 On horizon loomin'.

The bear looked over to the opposite tree,  
 And Harry looked too, and what did he see?  
 He climbed down the tree as quick as a flash  
 And the bear slid down with a sickening crash.  
 Now both are happy. At the end of the row,  
 Harry had his fur coat. The bear is now  
 Much less thinner,  
 He's had dinner.

## "BEAUTY" AT THE HORSE SHOW

He gives his harness-bells a shake,  
 And thinks of the prize he hopes to take,  
 He trots around the judges' ring,  
 With pride sufficient for a king.

He holds his shining head on high,  
 And tries to catch the Judges' eye,  
 Then he is pleased to hear them say,  
 "The first prize you have won today."

His master feels so very proud,  
 The crowd are cheering, Oh so loud!  
 He trots around their cheers to take,  
 And gives his harness bells a shake.

—Heather Barker, Id. Clematis.

## A STUDENT'S LIFE (POLICEMAN'S SONG)

When a student's not engaged in his employment,  
 On frustrating harassed teacher's little plans (little plans).

His capacity for innocent enjoyment,  
 Is just as great as any man's.  
 Our chatter, we, with difficulty smother,  
 When we think of all the swotting to be done.  
 Ah! Take one consideration with another,  
 A student's life is not a happy one.  
 When we think of all the swotting to be done,  
 A student's life is not a happy one.

When these "Enfants francais" aren't a-working,  
 When the Chem. kids put their smells away,  
 There is always someone in the staffroom lurking,  
 With work to do upon another day.

When we hope for some sweet respite from all bother,  
 Or on the sports field glories to be won,  
 We are greeted with a burst of wintry weather.  
 Oh! a student's life is not a happy one,  
 Taking one consideration with another,  
 A student's life is not a happy one.

—Pam Richards, IIIb. Bluegum.

## DROUGHT'S END

Down on the country parched and brown,  
 The rain comes tumbling, pouring down,  
 In windswept sheets cold and stinging;  
 First softly, then setting the iron roofs ringing.

Onto the parched and stricken plains  
 It falls. Till the earth her strength regains,  
 Till the countryside turns a tender green,  
 And the drought's dispelled as a dreadful dream.

—Jennifer Jobson, V. Bluegum.

## "HOMEWORK"

His lips uttered Homework as loud as could be,  
 The Form produced Homework—all except me.  
 He saw me, and soon he became quiet.  
 "Where is the History I told you to write?"  
 I stammered excuses and stuttered with fear,  
 "No lunch recess for you"—what I dreaded to hear,  
 I whispered to my neighbour with a quiet groan,  
 "Imagine! Cooped up working during recess alone."  
 My softball pal moaned and gave a loud wail,  
 As she told Mr. R— this terrible tale.  
 During lunch recess you saw me all quiet,  
 Doing my Homework I had to write.  
 MORAL: "Come listen, ye students of Dandy High!  
 If you don't do your Homework, you'll wish you could  
 die;

So take the advice I've just handed to you,  
 Never neglect what you're given to do."

—Diana Wright, IIIc. Wattle.

## SCHOOL DAYS

I go this year to Dande. High,  
 The best school in the land.  
 The boys are good, the girls are great,  
 The grounds are simply grand.

I'm in Form Four, Division A,  
 An awfully jolly class.  
 But next year I'll be in the Fifth—  
 Of course, that's if I pass.

We work a bit and play a lot,  
 And sometimes act the fool.  
 But we will not forget our days,  
 At good old Dande. School.  
 —Valma Robert, IVa. Bluegum.

## A DAY

Breaking through so pale and grey,  
 Is the dawning of a day,  
 While birds do sing so full and strong,  
 The haunting memories of a song.

Upon the ground the flowers stand,  
 Waiting to be picked by a tiny hand,  
 Where creepers cling so thick and dark,  
 Upon trees' rough and ragged bark.

The rivers flow across, and down,  
Among the mountains all around,  
While high above the clouds roll by  
Across the arc of bright blue sky.

The wheat is swaying in the field,  
While farmers their axes they do wield,  
Till late, past noon, when birds do rest,  
The sun sinks in the Golden West.  
—Lorna Johnstone, IIIb. Wattle.

### SCHOOL DAYS

One day at school the teacher said,  
We must a project do,  
The subject's one I really dread,  
The marks I fear will be but few.

I sat and pondered all the night,  
At last I saw the way,  
The one I'd do would be alright  
So far as I could say.

Alas, alack, for all my guile,  
The teacher saw me thro',  
And punished me without a smile,  
For he'd read that weekly, too!  
—Marian Zelle, IIc. Bluegum.

### WORK

It's work when sweeping up the leaves,  
It's work when making jumper sleeves;  
It's work to tidy up a room,  
It's work to have to use a broom,  
It's work to made a bed each day  
It's work when farmers gather hay;  
It's work for you when children say  
"I'll not make beds, but go and play".  
It's work for me, it's work for you,  
When you or I get colds or 'flu,  
It's lots of work for me to do,  
When thinking up poems for you  
To read and think about each day,  
When I could go outside and play.  
—Beryl McGrath, IIIId.

### DREAMING

I sat by the fireside dreaming  
And wondering what I should buy  
If I should inherit a fortune,  
And what I should do, Oh my!

I'd buy a big house with a gable  
And dogs to put on a big chain.  
I'd set all the people a-talking  
And wanting to come back again.

But when I awoke from my dreaming,  
I found myself starting to cry,  
And wondering if it would happen.  
I hope that it will, by and by.  
—Beryl Gerdson, Ib.

### THE TRIALS OF A SCHOOL CAP

I'm put in many places where I really shouldn't be,  
I've seen so many doings that I really shouldn't see.  
I'm kicked on the ground like a soccer ball,  
I've hidden a window that's not there at all,  
I carry birds' eggs, tubes of paint,  
Oh, Mr. B—, Thou art my saint,  
Nevertheless they wear me.

I think that I should be discarded in the garbage-bin,  
For really, I'm a size too small that does not fit in,  
I'm often cursed and burst and torn,  
I'm sad and sore and quite forlorn,  
Each day, I am a schoolboy's bore,  
Oh golden peace, where art thou, door?  
Nevertheless they scare me.

I don't know what the fashions are, Dior or their ideas,  
But when they put me on their head, I'm full of sickening fears.

It's a perilous perch on a mass of hair,  
And little boys turn to gaze and stare,  
Or I'm draped on the downward slope of a neck  
With the curls all adorning the upper deck,  
Nevertheless they wear me.

—"A Passer-by."

### A BUSH WELCOME

I dreamed I saw a laughing jack  
A-perching in a tree,  
And all at once, with head thrown back,  
He laughed most happily.  
"Now, why," said I, "this merry laugh?"  
He cocked an eye in glee—  
"The Queen of England comes," he said,  
"This day to visit me."

I dreamed I heard a peal of bells  
All joined in silver chime.  
It tumbled from the tall tree-tops,  
Too high for me to climb,  
"Now, why, O bell-birds in the leaves,  
Ring you this merry rhyme?"  
"The Queen," they answered, "(tink-a-tink),  
Will be here any time!"  
—Beverley Monk, Ia.

### DEATH OF A SAILOR

Mother, Mother do not weep,  
See, the gloom is spreading,  
Dry the water from thine eyes,  
This day of death is ebbing.  
Draw the blind and lay the cloth,  
Spoon and plate, and sip thy broth,  
Lift thy prayers to heaven's door,  
But the sea is fierce and the breakers roar.

She sits on an upward surge of rock  
The waves lashing high to her breast,  
With face upturned and arms outstretched  
She pursues her endless quest.  
And each ship that sails by the maiden's throne,  
When the wind is whistling high,  
Loses a life, by heart, not knife,  
To the tune of a wench's cry.  
Then the surf beats high to the arms of the sky,  
And the foam sighs mournfully,  
And with a tender kiss, and a sweet caress,  
She leads him to the bottom of the sea.

Mother, mother, do not weep,  
A chill is in the air,  
The coals they linger for a flame,  
The hearth and hob are bare,  
And through the mist of tear and pain,  
Thy little daughter whispers plain.  
"Mummy, Mummy, when is Daddy  
Coming home to us again?"  
—Helen Gill, IVb. Bluegum.

**HUNTSMEN AND HOUNDS**

Past the heath and up the hill,  
The huntsmen are galloping, never still.  
The fox, he creeps out from his lair,  
He pauses only to sniff the air.

Away he goes a-waving his brush,  
The huntsmen and hounds are off with a rush.  
Over meadow and field the sound of the horn  
Was heard, as they galloped that beautiful morn.

Disaster came to the huntsmen that day,  
Down went the black, so did the grey;  
They both hit the turf with a terrible thud,  
And out of the ditch they rose covered with mud.

But the fox in the turmoil at once was away,  
And the hounds lost his scent on that fine summer's day.  
The huntsmen are tired and home they go,  
Towards the sunset all a-glow.

Beverley Tyres, Id. Bluegum.

**EXAMINATION SUCCESSES 1953****MATRICULATION****BOYS**

J. G. Bird, K. J. Carroll, L. F. Paroissien, J. T. Rumble, M. C. Stuart, C. H. Lim.

**GIRLS**

E. L. Barratt, R. A. Furnell, K. J. Philips, M. F. Thomas, D. A. Tucker.

**HONORS**

PURE MATHEMATICS: K. J. Carroll H2, J. I. Painter H2.

PHYSICS: J. G. Bird H2, J. I. Painter H2.

CHEMISTRY: K. J. Carroll H1, C. H. Lim H2, J. I. Painter H2.

ART: L. F. Paroissien H2, M. C. Stuart H2, D. A. Tucker H2.

GEOGRAPHY: J. T. Rumble H2.

**LEAVING CERTIFICATE****BOYS**

M. J. Bailey, G. A. Beck, G. F. Begg, B. D. Burke, L. H. Davis, H. I. Detez, G. A. Ellis, F. P. Ferguson, R. L. Finck, B. W. Grant, J. R. Harris, T. Kinsella, M. F. Phillips, A. F. Robert, D. G. Sheard, G. Watson, G. A. Woodward.

**GIRLS**

L. F. Anderson, M. A. Begg, I. L. Benham, J. D. Bursill, D. B. Campbell, M. M. Carroll, F. L. Coutie, E. N. Davis, L. E. Diggins, H. Downes, E. D. Fenn, G. A. Fry, G. J. Gill, M. R. Graham, J. A. Halliday, L. J. Hewson, R. J. McKenry, L. B. Mills, A. P. Muskens, B. A. Poole, D. Powrie, I. G. Rhys-Jones, M. E. Shade, A. R. Stuart, M. D. Townsend, B. E. Turner, W. A. Williams, B. A. Winter, T. L. McClure.

**INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE****BOYS**

M. L. Adlam, J. M. Athorn, M. S. Banks, D. B. Bienvenu, J. R. Brady, D. G. Breeden, D. F. Cox, J. B. Cunningham, K. L. Dimsey, G. Finnie, B. S. Gilbert, L. J. Gilligan, E. J. Hartnell, G. F. Hawkins, K. S. Hazlett, B. J. Hood, E. Hook, F. L. Irvine, G. J. Kerslake, D. G. Kirkland, R. C. Leeson, G. Leicester, K. J. Masters, G. B. Menzies, C. H. Muskens, H. J. Muskens, C. J. Neville, F. W. Parrent, R. W. Robbie, G. Robertson, R. K. Rout, C. T. Snell, E. B. Snelson, C. J. Stirling, H. van Delft, J. I. Viggers, G. W. Zoutendyk.

**GIRLS**

M. L. Adams, S. A. Ashton, J. M. Barker, E. B. Bartlett, D. E. Bates, M. F. Bates, M. V. Bedwell, K. V. Beecher, D. J. Begg, N. H. Brown, J. G. Burls, G. Burnley, E. M. Carroll, E. J. Collins, H. M. Collison, L. A. Crowley, M. F. Crozier, E. J. Cuckson, P. W. Daborn, W. M. Davies, M. E. Davis, J. M. Dickson, B. E. Downes, H. A. Evans, M. E. Evans, A. E. Garner, V. M. Gerdsen, K. Gillespie, J. F. Grigg, D. W. Harmer, L. C. Hicks, M. E. Hudson, J. M. Jobson, M. R. Johnson, L. McDougall, B. M. Mackay, J. I. Marshall, H. M. Mitchell, M. Morris, B. J. Murphy, N. E. Murphy, V. J. Newsome, B. J. Newton, C. A. Nicholas, L. M. Nicholson, J. K. Orr, J. M. Osborne, R. J. Pert, A. R. Pettigrove, M. G. Plant, V. J. Reardon, W. I. Robert, B. M. Ryland, W. J. Schmutter, B. P. Shadforth, P. J. Sheldon, R. M. Singer, F. M. Smith, L. M. Smith, Y. M. Smith, J. E. Sorenson, M. J. Souter, H. M. Speed, M. J. Staff, E. R. Stewart, M. Svalbe, D. S. Tidnam, B. J. Walker, L. A. Weickhardt, L. E. Whitely, L. J. Wincombe, L. L. Witherden.

**EDUCATION DEPARTMENT EXAMINATIONS**

SHORTHAND SPEED—100 W.P.M.: M. Adams, M. Crozier, P. Daborn, I. Davidson, J. Dickson, B. Downes, P. Gale, B. Gerdsen, V. Hemsworth, L. Hicks, R. Pert, L. McDougall, V. Reardon, W. Schmutter, B. Shadforth, L. Smith, M. Souter, J. Staff.  
SHORTHAND SPEED—120 W.P.M.: L. Hicks, L. McDougall, R. Pert, V. Reardon, W. Schmutter, J. Staff.

**SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARIES**

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS: J. Graham Bird, Kenneth J. Carroll, Joseph T. Rumble.

DAFYDD LEWIS SCHOLARSHIPS: J. Graham Bird, Joseph T. Rumble.

MATRICULATION TEACHING BURSARIES: Dawn Campbell, Bessie Poole.

LEAVING TEACHING BURSARIES: Judith Barker, Dorothy Bates, Elsa Carroll, Megan Evans, Edward Hook, Jeanette Orr.

NURSING BURSARIES: Kay Gillespie, Carole Hunter, Joan McKenry.

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS: Marcia Driver, Helen Gill, Joan Harris, Marjorie Horner, Joan McKenry, Wendy Osborne, Joan Reader, Janet Redenbach, Elayne Wanke, Leigh Weetman, Dawn Young.

FREE PLACES: Ross Bramley, John Davis, Richard Gillespie, Verna Jenkins, John Langmore, Noel Marshall, Loretto Mooney, Rhonda Smith, Joan Symons, Geoffrey Warman.

FREEMASONS' SCHOLARSHIPS: Joan McKenry.

