



BASKET BALL "A"

Back Row: Elizabeth Wright, Margaret Starr, Miss Stainforth, Verna Jenkins, Linda Ellet.
Front Row: Mary Troost, Anne Neville (Capt.), Dorothy Harmer (V. Capt.), Josephine Bumpstead.



BASKET BALL "B"

Back Row: C. Bransgrove, V. Glover, Miss Stainforth, V. Robert, L. Hay.
Front Row: D. Turner, J. Davies (Capt.), W. Craven (V. Capt.), J. McKerry.

THE MILDURA TRIP

From a Boy's Point of View.

Thirty-four lively and very excited boys were to be seen on a Spencer Street Platform on the night of Wednesday, May 11, hurriedly kissing goodbye to parents, relatives and (girl?) friends. To the sound of cheers and the School Song, we pulled out from Spencer Street accompanied by Messrs. Worrall and Robertson, and thirty-seven young ladies, including Misses Stainforth, Power and Maxwell.

From Melbourne to Ballarat we spent the time trying to find seats, when we were not very chivalrously seeing that the girls were comfortable. At Ballarat seventy-one dishevelled and shoeless people left the train to take a breath of fresh air.

However, the refreshment booth was closed, and we were soon all aboard again, the next stop being Maryborough at about midnight. We pulled into Maryborough after midnight and everyone fell out and sleepwalked to the refreshment booth where the majority were highly amused by the antics of several sleep-eaters and sleep-drinkers.

With the cry of "All Aboard," we fell into our bunks and Wardens Worrall and Robertson tried hard to put us to sleep. However, as the next stop was Ouyen, we decided to show the girls that we could sing as well as they. At about 5.30 that morning the train pulled in at Ouyen.

Here we fell out again and dispersed for the usual sandwiches and coffee. The sugar partakers were very wary of the brown sugar as they had heard that it was a local product—sand!

After watching the sun rise, commenting on the landscape—geography teachers please note—and getting suitably attired, we were ready for Mildura. Several of the boys left us at Red Cliffs and Irymple. However, the majority said farewell to the train at Mildura.

From there we were taken to our respective hosts' homes for breakfast which was thoroughly enjoyable and welcome after such an exhausting and sleepless trip.

After breakfast we were taken to school. Then we were taken on a tour of the district, which included the inspection of a fruit-packing plant. At the end of the trip we were brought back to school for the commencement of the matches.

We started the cricket match by winning the toss. It was some consolation! We decided to field so that we could wake ourselves up. A word of praise for the Mildura turf wicket. It was in excellent condition and would rival any that could be produced in Dandenong. We dismissed Mildura for 96 and went in to bat. The writer will offer no excuses for our failure—all out for 45—but it will suffice to say that we were as good as the girls' softball team, which lost 12 to 21.

Thursday night was a night that our boys will remember. It was a wonderful evening and many of us had an opportunity of seeing Mildura by night in excellent company.

At 10 o'clock next morning the baseball and basketball matches started. Although the girls were beaten 17-10 our baseballers came to the rescue with a 12-9 win. This was highlighted by some mighty batting by some of more illustrious and wakeful hitters. During the afternoon our girls' tennis team was beaten 95-15, but



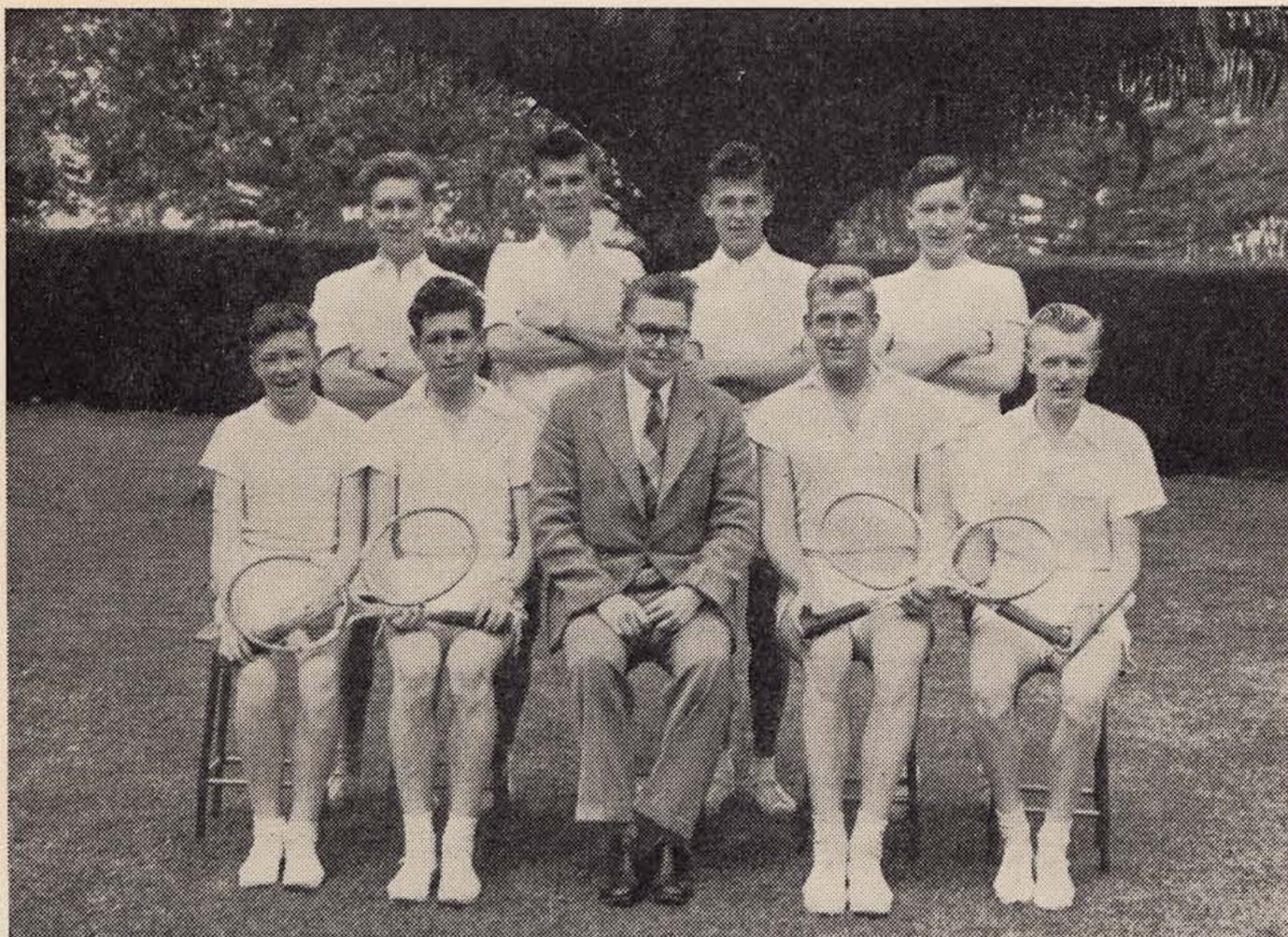
ROUNDERS

P. Cruickshank (Capt.), L. Ellett (V. Capt.), E. Adams, J. McLenehan, D. Syer, E. Wright, J. Scott, J. Kenneally, J. Gordon. **Absent:** Miss Dee (Coach).



GIRLS' TENNIS

Back: Miss Power, P. Howey, D. Pigdon, P. Davis, J. Peart, J. Hedges.
Front: N. Murphy, B. Shadforth (V. Capt.), R. Gillies (Capt.), G. Hobson.



BOYS' TENNIS

Back: B. Gilbert, R. Dale, C. Campbell, G. Winter.
Front: B. Young, I. Cocks (Capt.), Mr. Baines, H. Muskens (V. Capt.), V. Wood.
Absent: G. Stephens.

once again the boys came to the rescue by winning 66-64.

The evening was free, and although some of us went to the pictures, the wiser ones slept in preparation for Saturday's happenings.

Saturday morning was busily spent sending telegrams home and buying souvenirs. During the afternoon most of us went to football matches where we were involved in noisy debates with the locals when comparing our game with theirs, which in reality is of a high standard.

Saturday night was spent in visiting the picture theatres, followed by many visits to cafes, particularly those with jukeboxes, and taxi rides around the town. Some of the more adventurous danced at "The Old Mill," with varying degrees of success.

Sunday morning was spent in sleeping. During the afternoon most of us were contemplating a ride on the paddle-steamer but unfortunately the army had beaten us. However, some of our golfers decided to try their luck at the golf-course—results varied from 40 for 3 holes to 90 for 8 holes. Since the paddle-steamer were out, many of us spent our time sightseeing around the district by various means—bicycle, taxi or walking.

Sunday night on Mildura station had to be seen to be believed. After profusely thanking our hosts' parents we then considered it etiquette to thank our hosts' sisters. Well!! Amid heartbroken farewells and tearful good-byes the train pulled out from Mildura and after picking up more heartbroken boys at Irymple and Red Cliffs we were on our way to Dandenong and HOME!

—Ted Hook, Form VI, Bluegum.

THE MILDURA TRIP—A GIRL'S ANGLE

It was decided this year that the girls' senior basketball, softball and tennis teams would accompany the boys to Mildura.

After months of waiting, on Wednesday, May 11, thirty lucky girls and three lady teachers boarded the Mildura train, of which both girls and boys occupied a whole carriage. For a while there was complete confusion as we changed into old clothes and tried to fit ourselves and our luggage into a far too small space. About 11.30 we decided to try to get some sleep. However our attempts to sleep were mainly unsuccessful.

We stopped at Irymple and Red Cliffs, where a few of the party left the train to join their hosts, whilst the rest continued to Mildura, which they reached at about 8 o'clock. We were taken home by our hosts and given breakfast. We then went to the High School, where we joined in the school community singing, and afterwards we were taken on a tour around the city, seeing the broad well-planned streets, bordering well-kept lawns and gardens. We inspected the new baths, a local vineyard of 103 acres and the Mildura Co-operative Packing Sheds.

The following afternoon the softball match was played. Of course we could not be expected to win, with our players blinded by dust and suffering effects from the Doradilla grapes which we had been given. That night was the social, where we were officially welcomed and had an enjoyable evening. Friendships



BASEBALL

Back: M. Brown, B. Gilbert, W. Murray, A. Barlee, R. Bramley, L. Gell.
G. Harkness, B. Grant (Capt.), Mr. Milne, B. Young, G. Diggins.
Absent: L. Treanor (V. Capt.), G. Pettigrove.

between members of the opposite sex were renewed and many new ones made.

We also disgraced ourselves in the basketball which was played on Friday morning and the tennis in the afternoon. On Friday and Saturday nights Dandenong pupils patronized the two picture theatres as well as the dance halls. The chief attraction on the Saturday afternoon was the football match between Mildura and Irymple. On Sunday our activities largely depended on our individual hosts. Our particular party went for a cruise on the river and a tour round Red Cliffs and Irymple.

Sunday evening came all too soon. We gathered on the station shortly after 8 o'clock to board the train which left at 8.30. After saying "goodbye" and "thank you" to our hosts, we left Mildura to the sound of cheers and the Dandenong war-cry.

—Dorothy Harmer, Form VI. Wattle.

RESULTS OF INTER-SCHOOL COMPETITION

The following list shows the position occupied by Dandenong at the completion of the inter-school contests in each sport against Hampton, Frankston and Mordialloc.

Senior Football—3rd.	Hockey "B"—3rd.
Junior Football—4th.	Softball (Winter)—2nd.
Soccer—2nd.	Basketball "A"—4th.
Baseball—4th.	Basketball "B"—2nd.
Tennis (Boys)—2nd.	Tennis (Girls)—Equal 3rd.
Junior Cricket—3rd.	Rounders—2nd.
Senior Cricket—Equal 2nd.	Softball (Summer)—3rd.
Hockey "A"—2nd.	



GIRLS' ATHLETICS (Running Events)

Back Row: J. Kenneally, G. Billman, M. Van Loon, M. Troost, M. Davis, B. Shadforth, A. Neville, H. Ralph, I. Perlstein, M. Gribble, M. Pike.
Centre: G. Shadforth, B. Lewis, E. Wright, V. Glover, R. Waterhouse, J. Dunkley, M. Neumann, M. Phillips, J. Raymond, J. Bright, W. Osborne.
Front Row: D. Jukes, W. MacIntosh, J. Boucher, J. McKenry, M. Liddell, E. Carpenter, L. Phillips, J. A'vard, R. Holbertson, K. Longmuir, E. Cox, G. Thomsen.



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Back Row: B. Wallis, T. Evans, A. Gray, D. Morton, H. Muskens, R. Dale, A. Gorbellini, G. Stephens.
 Front Row: V. Wood, D. Crosbie, B. Shade, P. Robinson (V. Capt.), Mr. Oldmeadow, E. Hook (Capt.),
 I. Cocks, F. Buck, J. Young, R. Hough. Absent: R. Watson, K. Hughan.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Back Row: E. Knowles, P. Clark, D. Hamilton, G. Bowman, L. Nichols, J. Topp, B. Fiske,
 G. Bayley, I. Osborne.
 Front Row: F. Noblet, M. Mason, G. Mooney, P. Craven, G. Lombardo, Mr. Sheppard,
 B. Kenneally, J. Andrews, C. Murphy, G. Glover, R. Poole.

House Notes

BLUEGUM HOUSE NOTES

Captains—Diana Begg, Ted Hook.

Vice-captains—Wendy Osborne, Peter Robinson.

This year Bluegum has had a mixed year. As usual we won the swimming sports and seemed set for a good year. This was followed by the writing of our house song by David Clift, and Bluegum has the distinction of being the only house with a song—Bravo Bluegum!

At the end of Term I school colours were awarded to two of our boys—Ted Hook and Peter Robinson (cricket).

During Term II Wendy Osborne won a school colour in hockey, Ray Dale in football, Bill Murray in baseball and Geoff Warman in soccer.

During Term III our campaigning for the egg appeal was done by various methods. We could manage only fourth, but we did better in the athletics by coming second to Clematis.

At the time of writing, standards and cricket remain to be completed. To the winners of the cup this year members of Bluegum extend their congratulations. We also wish to thank Misses Power, Dee and Evershed and Messrs. Russell and Menadue as well as our captains Diana Begg and Ted Hook who with their deputies, Wendy Osborne and Peter Robinson have done excel-

lent work in looking to our needs. To Bluegummers of 1956—remember—"NEVER LET THE OLD HOUSE DOWN," and the best of luck!

BLUEGUM FULL HOUSE COLOURS—1955

Swimming—Mary Troost, Bill Murray and Brian Phillips.

Soccer—Colin Snell, Geoff Warman and David Ireland.

Baseball—Lee Gell.

Basketball—Wendy Craven, Joan McKenry, Lorraine Hay, Valma Robert, Valerie Glover, Glenys Hobson and Mary Troost.

Football—Ted Hook, Peter Robinson, Ray Dale, Ian Cocks, Ken Bennett and Brian Pocknee.

Hockey—Wendy Osborne, Judith Midgely and Pauline Davis.

Athletics—(Boys)—Ray Dale, Ian Cocks, Ken Bennett, Max Gange and David Gibbons.

Tennis (Girls)—Pauline Davis, Robyn Gillies.

CLEMATIS HOUSE NOTES

Captains—Megan Evans, James Young.

Vice-captains—Anne Pettigrove, Arthur Smith.

The year has been quite a good one for Clematis, with convincing wins in the athletics and football. In the swimming we ran a close second to Bluegum, and although we filled only third place in the Egg Appeal, our girls contributed the largest amount of money. The cricket and tennis competitions are not yet completed, but at the moment we are holding our own very well.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

E. Hook, D. Begg (B), J. Young, M. Evans (C), H. Muskens, A. Neville (O), A. Garbellini, D. Harmer (W.)

We would like to thank our house-mistresses and house-masters, Miss Banks, Mrs. Windsor and Mrs. Everett, and Messrs. Bryce, Worrall and Baines for their help and encouragement throughout the year.

FULL HOUSE COLOURS

Basketball—Margaret Starr.
 Hockey—Lorraine Rowe, Margaret Pollock, Elizabeth Davis.
 Softball—Elaine Adams, Shirley MacPherson.
 Tennis (Girls)—Beverley Shadforth.
 Swimming—Margot Van Loon, Barbara Dainty.
 Football—James Viggers, James Young, Victor Wood.
 Athletics (Boys)—Colin Campbell, James Young, James Viggers, Victor Wood, Tony Evans.

ORCHID HOUSE NOTES

Captains—Anne Neville, Hank Muskens.
 Vice-captains—Margaret Davis, Barry Shade.

The boys started the year off well by winning the boys' section of the swimming sports, but the girls counterbalanced this by swimming into fourth place, giving us second place in the aggregate to Bluegum, whom we congratulate on winning the Swimming Sports five years in succession.

During the winter our spirits must have fallen below zero, for the girls failed dismally in basketball and hockey, while the boys did not do any better in the football, soccer and baseball.

But were we going to show the other houses how to win the Athletic Sports!

What happened we still do not know, but the final score showed us in fourth place. Congratulations, Clematis.

In the "Egg-ex" Trial we claimed a moral victory when the chooks laid twenty-six dozen after the bell. Wattle were victorious by eleven dozen. There again the boys showed their supremacy by winning by "a street," while the least said about the girls the better.

However, they managed to come second in the vigoro, while the softball team did not disgrace themselves either.

It seems the boys did not have any Bradmans or Hoads, as they finished last in both cricket and tennis.

We would like to thank our house mistresses and masters, Miss Dawson, Mrs. Eckstein and Miss Maxwell, and Messrs. Milne and MacDonald for their keen interest in us throughout the year; and last but not least we must thank our sportmistress and sportmaster, Miss Stainforth and Mr. Oldmeadow respectively, for the wonderful work they have done for sport at D.H.S. this year.

Full House Colours have been awarded to:

Basketball—Pam Turner, Verna Jenkins, Barbara Ellis.

Hockey—Lorraine Rickard, Nancy Huckson, Dianne Syer, Glenda Cravino, Ruth Smith, Joan Symons.



SOCCER

Back: D. Cox, R. Thomson, D. Ireland, C. Snell, R. Roberts, G. Warman, H. Koningen.
Front: J. Brechin, J. King, W. Muskens (V. Capt.), C. Campbell (Capt.), K. Goody, W. Galloway.
Absent: Mr. Menadue (Coach).



WINTER SOFTBALL

Mr. Robertson, M. Evans (Capt.), H. Ralph (V. Capt.), L. Hitchen, G. Gogel, E. Adams, J. Dunkley, J. Scott, S. MacPherson, R. Garner, J. Kenneally, Mrs. Windsor.



SUMMER SOFTBALL

Mr. Robertson, M. Evans (Capt.), H. Ralph (V. Capt.), L. Hitchen, X. Dennett, J. Stirling, C. Taylor, W. Osborne, S. McPherson, R. Irvine, Mrs. Windsor.

Swimming—Daryl Crosbie, Joseph Hajdu, Jon Lamb.
 Football—Daryl Crosbie, Frank Buck, Alan Gray.
 Re-awarded—Barry Shade, Hank Muskens.
 Baseball—Re-awarded—Bruce Grant, Lee Treanor.
 Soccer—Wilbert Muskens, David Cox.
 Athletics (Boys)—Daryl Crosbie, Dave Morton, Doug Ogden.

WATTLE HOUSE NOTES

Captains—Dorothy Harmer, Alan Garbellini.
 Vice-captains—Noelene Murphy, Geoff Stephens.

This year Wattle girls have proved themselves superior by leading in the house points, but the boys, although trying hard, have failed to achieve the desired results. Starting the year on the wrong foot we managed only third place in the swimming sports. However, the girls' summer and winter teams and the boys' winter baseball helped to earn us many points and sent us up to second place.

In third term we very enthusiastically swamped the school with eggs, defeating our nearest rivals Orchid by 11 dozen. Congratulations must be extended to the girls

for their early start in the egg appeal—this gave the boys the incentive to go on and win their section and bring the girls up to the top. Although we had many fine competitors in the athletics we managed only third place. The girls' standards have not yet been completed, but our boys gained the most points for standards. Although summer sport for the boys is not completed they hold equal first place at the moment.

In conclusion the house captains extend due thanks to their house-mistresses Miss Hill, Mrs. Skinner and Mrs. Pedder and their house-masters, Mr. Rich, Mr. Robertson and Mr. Sheppard for their work and encouragement throughout the year. We would also like to thank all the "Wattle-ites" for their wonderful enthusiasm and co-operation.

FULL HOUSE COLOURS

Swimming—Ursula Fink.
 Basketball—Linda Ellett, Janette Davies, Ruby Waterhouse, Josie Bumpstead.
 Hockey—Wallis MacIntosh, Joan Harris, Valerie Hance, Rhonda Smith, Merle Reader, Lorna Aurisch.
 Softball—Xenia Dennett, Yvonne Rees.
 Tennis (Girls)—Joan Hedges.
 Football—George Winter, Geoff Stephens, Barry Wallis, Alan Garbellini.
 Baseball—Bruce Young, Ross Bramley, Max Brown.
 Athletics (Boys)—Geoff Stephens, Fred Noblet, Ken Curtin.

House Colour awards not yet finalized will appear in next year's edition of "The Gate".

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1955

GIRLS

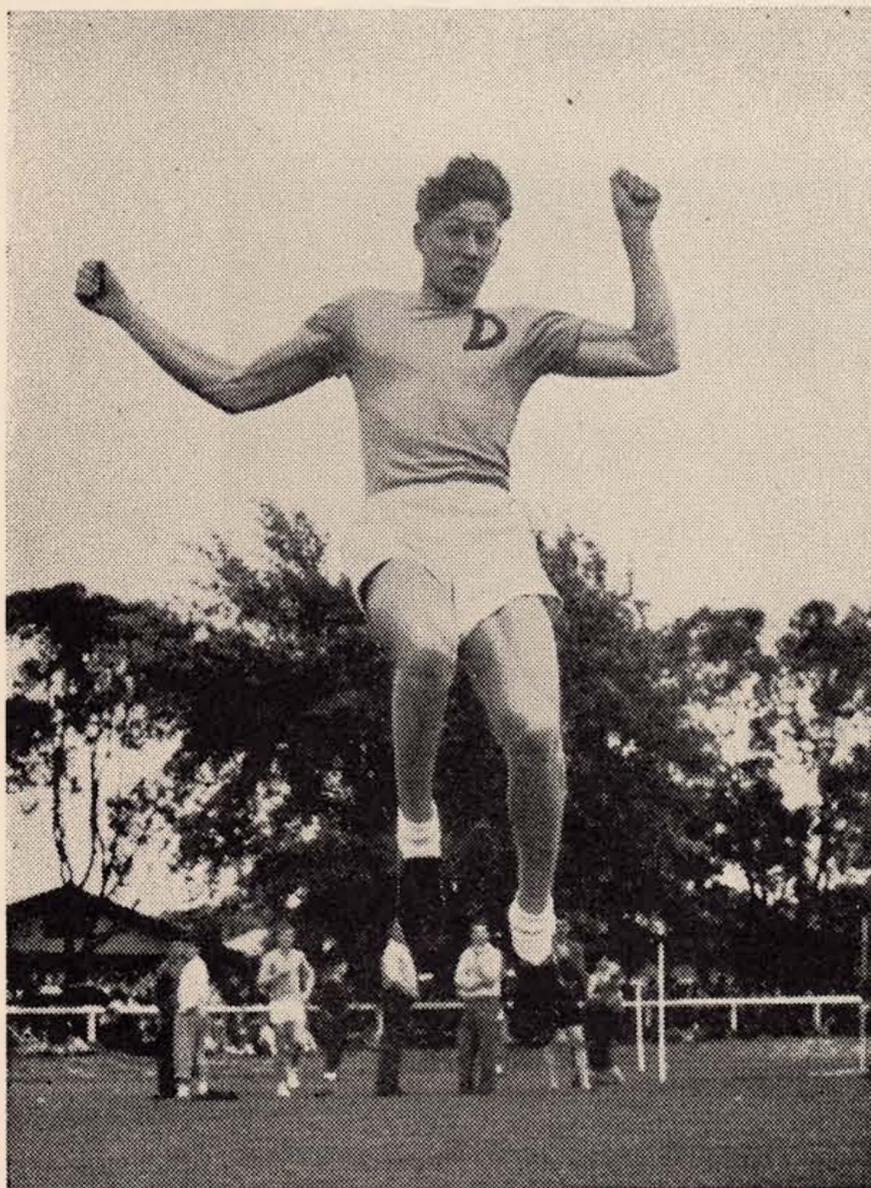
	Bluegum	Clematis	Orchid	Wattle
Swimming	36	26	20	29
Summer Sport	32	24	20	24
Winter Sport	40	56	54	68
Egg Appeal	20	29	19	32
Athletics	40	42	28	32
Standards*	Not yet completed.			
Totals	168	177	141	185

BOYS

Swimming	37	30	39	22
Tennis	24	32	4	12
Cricket*	8	26	8	16
Football	15	21	17	19
Baseball	12	8	6	14
Soccer	8	8	4	4
Athletics	49	67	37	42
Egg Appeal	19	14	43	24
Standards	23	22	27	28
Totals	195	228	185	181

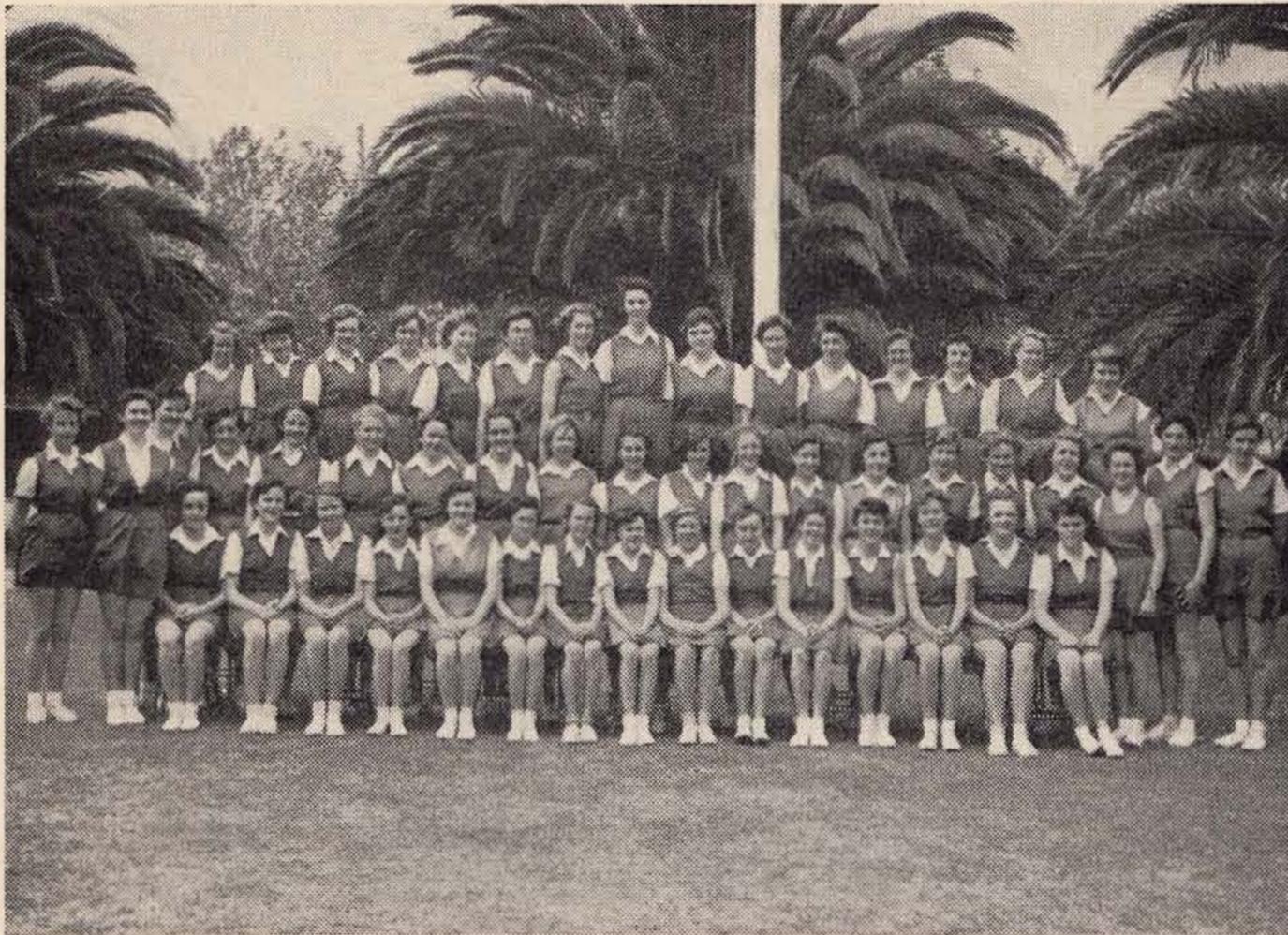
* Not yet completed.

Although totals are not yet complete, Clematis have definitely won the boys' section, and it seems as if they will carry off the aggregate for the third successive year.



Jim Viggers competing in the Open Hop, Step and Jump at the Inter-School Sports.

—Reproduced by courtesy of "The Argus"



GIRLS' ATHLETICS (Team Events)



HOCKEY "A"

Miss Dawson, W. Osborne (Capt.), M. Halliday (V. Capt.), P. Cruickshank, W. MacIntosh, R. Irvine, D. Begg, D. Syer, X. Dennett, L. Rickard, N. Huckson, C. Ling.

Original Section

SACRIFICE

Every night for the past fortnight I had seen her standing outside that shop, her tiny hands clasping and unclasping, and a great longing in her brown eyes.

It was the very same when she eventually wandered down to her favourite haunt, where a sign claiming strict attention said, "ICE-CREAM SOLD HERE". It had been a terrific struggle for May to keep walking past that shop, while visions of luscious strawberry ice-creams fixed themselves in her childish mind.

But, she decided, it was for the best. Why, it was her father's birthday tomorrow, and she had set her mind on giving him that present — even though the sacrifice was "somethin' orful". What would he say when she did give it to him? How grateful would he be? "The sacrifice is worth it," she told herself, those visions still uppermost in her mind, and with a little shrug she continued on her way home from school.

Next morning, as she passed the shops, a voice inside her said, "Think of that ice-cream, Daddy won't know you were saving". But she recalled the times that her father had complained about lack of these, and she realised that the sacrifice was worth while, while the pennies for his present were increasing.

At school it was just the same. The gift, in fancy paper and bows was uppermost in her mind throughout her lessons—dictation, tables, even drawing. She had almost drawn the vision instead of the apple that the teacher had placed on the desk. It was the feeling that counted, so those ice-creams must be left till later.

On the way home from school, little groups of six-year-olds chattered like modern women of society. They customarily stopped at the ice-cream shop, by the corner, but May determinedly hurried by.

The gift was still in the shop window. She gazed at it for a minute then drew out her handkerchief. Knotted in the corner of it were her life savings. Most were halfpennies, so it was quite heavy. Carefully she undid the knot and drew out the coins—such a lot of money for a little girl. Then she entered the shop.

It was dingy inside, but May's heart was racing so much that she didn't notice the shade. The assistant behind the counter strolled up. With great determination she explained, in a complicated way, the thing she had come to buy. At long last it was wrapped, and she had handed over a fistful of money. She almost ran home, clutching the gift with every care. Suddenly the ice-creams seemed unimportant.

Such secrecy had never been participated in, in her entire six years. At dinner it was harder still, especially when they sang "happy birthday" and ate the cake.

Hesitatingly she pressed the gift into his hands. He tore it open. Inside were half a dozen toothpicks.

—Marjorie Horner, V, (Clematis).



HOCKEY

R. Smith (Capt.), M. Pollock (V. Capt.), P. Davis, L. Aurisch, E. Davis, A. Pettigrove, L. Smith, J. Harris, M. Reader, L. Rowe, J. Midgely, P. Brown, P. Thomas.

Absent: Miss Dee (Coach).

A SHORT GUIDE TO SCHOOL

Written by the author, to whom it is dedicated in humble appreciation of her great genius. Compiled after six years of painstaking and painful research.

SECTION 1. THE PEOPLE

Both because they come first alphabetically and are also most important, we shall start with

HEAD PREFECTS. For these see **PREFECTS**. We can now progress to

HOUSE CAPTAINS, who are very highly regarded as Great Personages (both by juniors and themselves) and have very great prestige with

JUNIORS (or the lower classes)—these are the curse of a senior's life, and grow worse as the years pass. Despite their great love of H.C.'s they heartily detest

PREFECTS—a class who should always be shunned (unless, of course, you are one). **HEAD PREFECTS** come into this class and are mainly noticeable because they either love or loathe making speeches. These are recruited from the

SENIORS (or upper classes) who are only interesting because they supply the

SIXTH FORMERS—a class regarded by themselves as overworked geni who own the school, by the teachers as a set of brainless loafers who think they own the school and by the juniors as an example of

how little work one can do without being expelled.

Rarely found in this group are

STUDENTS, who are, indeed, rarely found at school. When one achieves fame it is by accident or by the intervention of

TEACHERS (who are rarely mentioned in polite society. We mention them because we feel we must face up to these social evils and try to overcome them.) About these, least said soonest mended, so on to

SECTION 2. SCHOOL LIFE

which unfortunately includes

HOMEWORK—A form of torture first fashionable during the Spanish Inquisition and becoming increasingly prevalent. Usually superceded by

SPORT, which is much better for you and much more fun. This takes up most of school life but there is still time for

RECESS—or much better

LUNCHTIME, and for seniors only

SPARES, granted in recognition of their importance to the community. They must be used for discussing

- (a) the football team,
- (b) the new car (or any car),
- (c) last night's dance,
- (d) anything unconnected with

WORK. But we cannot continue. The very thought of the word has overcome us.

—E.C., VI, Bluegum.



BOYS' SWIMMING

Back Row: J. Hajdu, S. Favero, M. Lawrence, A. Gray, C. Campbell, A. Barlee, W. Murray, B. Pocknee, L. Ward, G. Warman, K. Goody.
Centre: Mr. Sheppard, A. Bainbridge, B. Phillips, E. Barron, R. Thomson, J. Viggers (V. Capt.), H. Muskens, C. Kirby, C. Eastwood, D. Brindle, P. Craven, E. Robinson, Mr. Menadue.
Front Row: R. Fiske, J. Blackburn, W. Davies, I. Wright, G. Pettigrove, H. Koningen, Mr. McDonald, P. Hall, G. Thomson, P. Winter, J. Andrews, G. Mooney, R. Lewis.
Absent: D. Crosbie (Capt.), G. Winter.

THE CELESTIAL MELODY

"Mother!" cried Ruth breathlessly, almost tripping over in her haste, "Mother, may I hear it?"

"Hear what, dear?" asked her mother in bewilderment.

"The melody, of course," replied the child, jumping up and down, "Oh! do let me hear it. Please!"

Esther laughed, "Please explain what you are talking about, Ruth."

So Ruth, anxious to tell her mother, climbed on to her knee.

"There is a boy outside the gate," she began, "he is a bit bigger than me, just a bit. His clothes are old, and when I asked why, he said it was because he was too poor to buy new ones. What is it like to be poor, mother?"

Esther looked around the luxuriously furnished room. "I don't know. But I don't think it would be very nice, do you?" answered her mother.

"No I shouldn't like to be poor," decided the child thoughtfully, "the poor boy—he didn't tell me his name—said he wanted money to buy food. I told him I had some I could give him. But it is only a few coins. He couldn't buy much food with those, could he?"

Esther nodded her head in agreement.

"If I give him some money for food, he said he would give me a melody for my father's musicians to play," continued Ruth. "When I told him they had many melodies, he looked very sad."

"And what did he say then?" inquired Esther.

"He told me that his melody was different from father's. When played it would give me a message which no one else could understand," finished the girl breathlessly.

"And you want to have it, I suppose," concluded her mother.

Ruth wound her tiny arms about her mother's neck.

"Oh please, mother! If I could, I should be the happiest girl in the world," pleaded Ruth.

Esther looked up and there in the doorway stood a young lad, clad in the ragged clothes of a poor villager.

"What do you want, boy? Who let you in?" she demanded.

Ruth scrambled down from her mother's knee and ran across the richly carpeted floor to the boy.

"This is the boy I told you about, mother," she cried.

"Come in, boy, don't be frightened."

She took his hand and pulled him across the room to where her mother sat.

"Ruth! Come here at once. Boy, go from my house or I shall have you thrown out," Esther shouted angrily.

The boy took one look at Esther and fled from the room.

Turning to her daughter, Esther said, "Don't speak to common villagers again, Ruth. You know how much your father dislikes them. They are forever talking about a King who doesn't even exist. All right Ruth, you may go now."

Ruth nodded and ran from the room. Once out of her mother's sight, she stamped her foot and poked out her tongue at the marble wall, exclaiming, "I shan't. I'll talk to whom I wish".

Several hours later as dusk was falling, a servant, calling Ruth in from the courtyard where she played, received no answer. She searched all the places where Ruth might be hiding, but not a sign of the child did she see. Reluctantly she went to her mistress to break the news.

When told of her daughter's disappearance, Esther immediately summoned a dozen soldiers of her husband's private army, and had them search for her.

Whilst this search was being carried out, Ruth was walking along a dusty road, far from home. She had slipped out of the courtyard, money grasped tightly in her hand, to find the boy with the melody.

All through the heat of the late afternoon she had trudged along the road to the village. Now that darkness was beginning to descend she became afraid, for she had heard stories, told by her father's servants, of how people who ventured abroad at night were attacked by bandits.

Gathering up the skirts of her robe she broke into a run, glancing behind every now and then, to see if she were being followed. At last, as she rounded a bend in the road, she began to walk once more. Then, just ahead of her on the road she spied the boy.

Running towards him, she cried, "Wait boy! Let me buy the little melody".

The boy turned and, seeing Ruth, shook his head.

"You are too late. Someone already has it," he told her.

Ruth fell on her knees before the lad and began to cry. After a while her sobs ceased and, lifting her tear-stained face she asked, "Then I shan't be able to hear it?"

The boy looked to her in pity and replied, "If you listen carefully you will hear it. Hark!"

Ruth listened, and the air was filled with the sound of celestial music. Looking towards the sky they saw a choir of angels singing the little melody. As Ruth listened she heard the message it held.

Silently the boy took her hand, and together they followed the road to Bethlehem, guided by the brightness of the large star which showered the countryside with its heavenly beams.

Their steps, guided by some unknown power, led them to the humble stable in which a great miracle had happened.

Ruth lingered in the shadows, but the boy drew her gently to the side of the manger. Shyly, she peeped at the tiny babe; then, as she turned to the lad, she was startled by the brilliance of his garments. She tried to speak, but no sound came.

Nodding his shining head he said, "You were kind to me, when you thought I was a beggar. This is your reward".

And, as Ruth gazed in wonder at the tiny babe, she heard the sound of the angels singing the little melody, which had so great a story to tell.

—Judith Lansdown, IVc, Bluegum.

A PUZZLE—COMMON KNOWLEDGE

NAME THE BABIES OF THESE ANIMALS—

1. seal, 2. rabbit, 3. dog, 4. cat, 5. cow, 6. horse,
7. deer, 8. sheep, 9. goose, 10. swan, 11. elephant,
12. fox, 13. turkey, 14. eagle, 15. beaver, 16. goat,
17. fowl, 18. duck.

ANSWERS—

1. pup, 2. kitten, 3. pup, 4. kitten, 5. calf, 6. foal,
7. fawn, 8. lamb, 9. gosling, 10. cygnet, 11. calf, 12. cub or kitten, 13. poul, 14. eaglet, 15. kitten, 16. kid,
17. chicken, 18. duckling.

THE ESCAPE

"Someone's off!" whispered a voice.

"Shut up and give him a chance!" whispered another fiercely.

Dick Ross, who had been wrongly accused of forgery, was off the chain at last. He had been sent to a hard labour camp where everyone was kept on a chain gang. They were even kept in chains to sleep and the hut doors were locked. But Dick, who had found an old file and hidden a rock under his bunk, was ready to escape.

He subdued the excited whispers and picked up the rock. He smashed the flimsy bolt, and although his arms were shackled raced towards the fence where the drain ran out of the prison. He didn't care about his arms; he wanted only to get even with the man who had framed him. He crawled out under the fence and plunged into the jungle. The place was hot and steamy for he was in the wilds of a Florida swamp.

He set off in the direction of a small town where he could get his chains off. The heat was oppressive. The swamp stank of rotten vegetation. He was trudging along, nearly dropping with fatigue, when he felt a stab of pain in his left heel. Then he "lost consciousness" . . .

"Feeling okay now?"

Dick opened his eyes. He found himself in a small room, comfortably furnished. He tried to get up, but a large, hairy hand pushed him back into his bunk. He saw a cheerful-looking man of about sixty-five. Somewhere in his mind something started; he had seen this

person before. He noticed his chains had been struck off.

There was a knock at the door. "Sh!" said the man. A prison guard walked into the hut.

"Who's this?" asked the guard.

"It's my brother, he's sick".

"Mind if we search the hut?"

"No, go ahead".

Satisfied the guard left, and the man turned to Dick.

"Well," he said, "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I escaped from the camp," said Dick.

"You're safe now," smiled his friend.

Dick started to get up, "I gotta go," he said.

"No you don't, you stay right here, SON".

But Dick had collapsed.

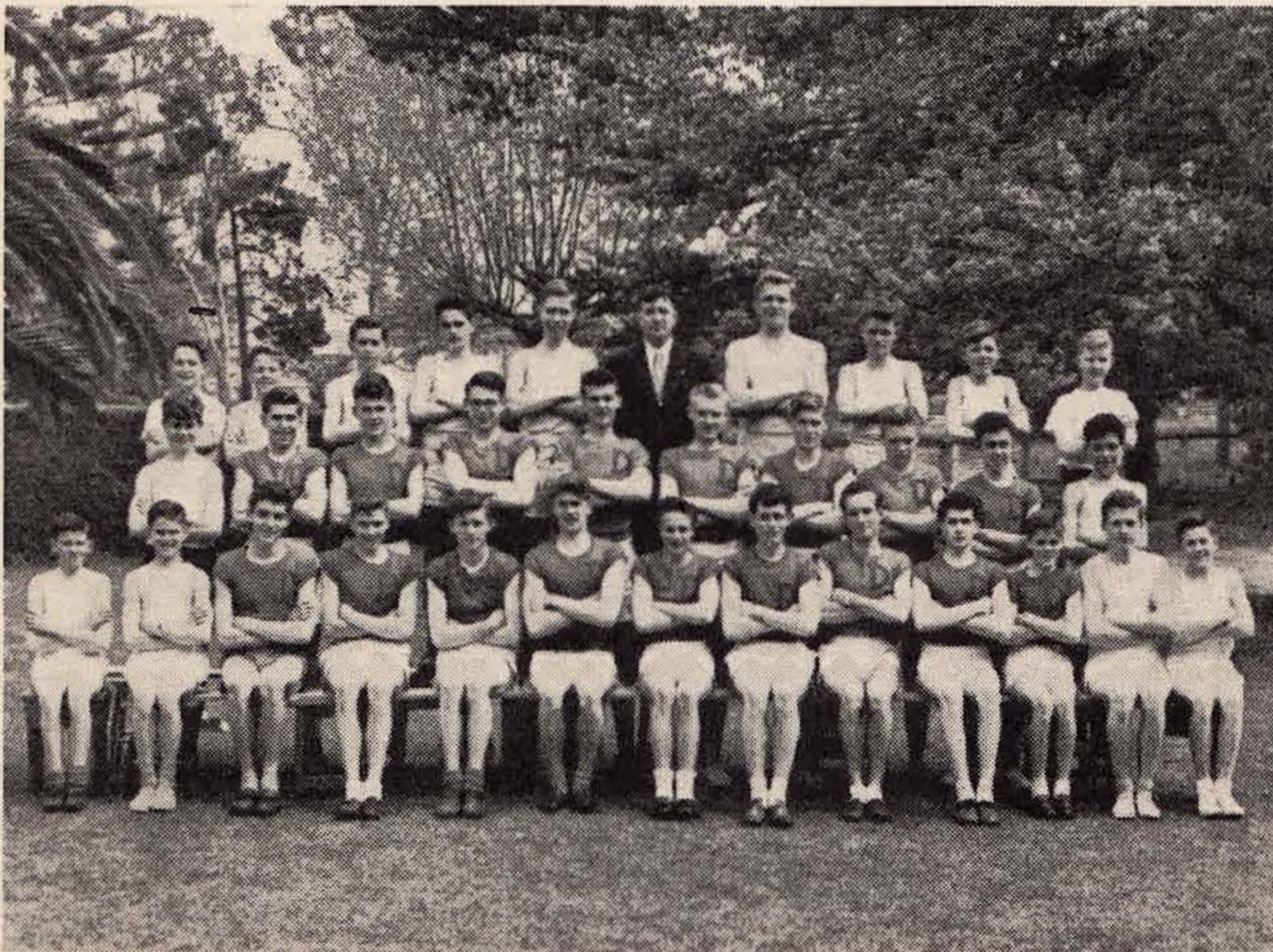
—David Homer, Illb. Orchid.

TINY, THE VILLAGE COBBLER

A story for children.

In the cobbler's shop all was quiet as the silvery moon peeped through the little shop window. Tiny, the village cobbler, had gone off to bed early that night and now from the dark depths of the back of the shop came muffled voices, some high-pitched and others deep and gruff.

At first one would think that a family quarrel was in progress, but after one's eyes became accustomed to



BOYS' ATHLETICS

Back: A. Lucas, J. Andrews, B. Kenneally, M. Morriss, L. Nicholls, Mr. Worrall, H. Muskens, I. Nicholson, D. Edgar, D. Mummé.
Centre: D. Brindle, F. Irvine, C. Campbell, A. Barlee, R. Dale, V. Wood, G. Bowman, D. Gibbons, F. Noblet, M. Bowen.
Front: G. Glover, R. Lewis, D. Morton, D. Crosbie, T. Evans, J. Viggers (Capt.), J. Young (V. Capt), I. Cocks, G. Stephens, K. Curtin, G. Mooney, M. Gange, P. Craven.

the dark one would find that the shoes, waiting to be mended by Tiny the next day, were having an argument. Mr. Waler's big boots were telling every one of the adventure that his master had had only last week when he had fought the big warehouse fire down at the docks. Miss Dimple's dainty little black shoes were swooning at the thought of how brave the boots had been.

"Well," said Jimmy's walking shoes, "I have had a lovely adventure this week."

"Where did you go?" enquired all the others in unison.

"We went for a walk through Meadow-Brook Lane," he said in a proud voice. "The Autumn tonings were wonderful and the mossy paths were so comfortable to walk on, it was quite heaven in fact".

All the boots and shoes agreed that it was a pleasant thought indeed.

There was a lull in the conversation and the shoes belonging to Ross Briar, a fine artist, spoke up rather proudly.

"Do you realize that my master has won three big prizes for his artistic works this Autumn; I think that this is quite a record. The ones I have seen are very fine. Have any of you seen them yet?"

Miss Williams' shoes said in a sweet little voice, "Yes I have; only the other day my mistress went down to the little field and saw Ross painting the Cherry's farm. She thought it was a fine painting and I indeed thought it was so too. He said that he would paint my mistress' cottage with the rambling roses this Summer when they are in full bloom. I am sure that he will make a very fine job, don't you?"

"Of course he will! I do hope I am mended and back with my master before he starts. I do want to see your mistress' cottage again. I hope he does not start until the roses are at their best for then they are wonderful."

Sammy said with a tiny cough, "I quite agree with you. My master and I sometimes walk that way when going to the market for it is such a fine walk".

"I went to the market last week, did you know?" said a pair of shoes, very tiny ones at that. They belonged to Gay, the cobbler's tiny daughter. "We had a wonderful time indeed. There were all sorts of stalls and lovely sweets and cakes being sold. There was a Big Dipper and Coconut Shies, and of course there was a lovely Merry-Go-Round. It went so fast that I was sure that we would all fall off; it was really frightening, but Gay enjoyed it immensely and she told all her friends how nice it had been."

"I quite agree with you," said a pair of shoes that belonged to one of Gay's friends. "When Helen went on just after Gay she enjoyed herself a great deal".

As it was nearing the time when Tiny would come down into his shop to start his day's work, the shoes decided that they should settle down, for, once before on a summer's night, two pairs of shoes had forgotten what the time was, and when Tiny came in the next morning the shoes were in entirely different places, and Tiny, thinking that someone had broken into his shop, had called the village policeman; but of course he could not find anything to give him a clue, so as far as the policeman was concerned it is still an unsolved mystery. So now the shoes always go back to their places in plenty of time for they do not want to worry the policeman any more.

When Tiny came in the next morning everything was in apple-pie order, and of course he could not be expected to know what had gone on the night before when he had been fast asleep in his nice cosy bed, snugly tucked in, dreaming of what he would do to make some more money for his nice homely wife. Of course Gay helped him in the shop, but she could not do too much for she was still a very small girl, but a sweet one, even so.

We leave the little cobbler busily mending shoes and whistling merrily whilst from outside you can hear the merry laughter of his little daughter Gay.

—Pat Williams, Form IVc, Orchid.

"LIFE'S ROUNDABOUT"

Constructive criticism is supposed to be a very valuable thing, but Mike failed to see anything constructive or valuable in the critical lecture which had been in progress for the past twenty-eight minutes. And all because of a few paltry photographs!

It all began at precisely nineteen minutes past ten, on Sunday morning, when kind old Aunt Almiera had given him an ancient camera, complete with film. After a hasty "thank you" session, Mike departed for the village with his prize.

He took a harmless snap of a horse, grazing in a nearby field, and another of a poster advertising next week's Baby Show, and then Mr. Snagg, the butcher, hiding his store of rum for the winter, presented a fine spectacle to be recorded.

Mrs. Blogg, photographed as she bent over the wood heap afforded another good study, and jubilantly Mike continued on his way.

An irresistible subject was Tim McLufty, the milkman, armed with a giant red hose, watering down the evening's milk supply.

Another of young Miss Blayne, a haughty miss late of the city, hanging out her washing, was the second last in the film.

One to go! It must be a good one. But after searching fruitlessly for over an hour, Mike was compelled to return home, where he was amazed to find the perfect study. It was his father, asleep on a settee on the lawn, his nose even redder than usual, his mouth wide open, and his spectacles suspended from one ear, swinging gently in time to the rhythmic rumbles that shook the couch.

But when the photos had been developed, and exhibited to the village, Mike found that everyone appreciated them but the unfortunate subjects, who were not at all amused. Hence, a lengthy investigation during which everyone seemed to think that blackmail was the sole objective of the exploit. This resulted in the confiscation of his newly acquired possession, and a very forlorn little boy made a dejected exit from the photographic world.

—Irene Petzke, IVb, Bluegum.

THE ESCAPE

As I sat in the cave wondering what to do, the smugglers, who had captured me because they feared I had discovered their hide-out, came in through a fissure in the cave, gave me a piece of bread and a glass of water, and in silence watched me eat and drink. When I had eaten the slice of bread and drunk the glass of water, they took the glass from me and left me wondering what to do next.

Although I was resigned to the fact that there was no means of escape, I decided to have one last look around. First, I looked at the place where the smugglers had entered the cave, but all I saw here was a locked door. At last I gave up in despair, and lay down on the rug which was on the damp floor of the cave. But as I looked up to the roof of the cave I saw a fairly large hole, at one end of which was an upright iron bar. How was I to reach it? After a time I decided that the only way I could reach it was by a ladder. After more thought, I decided to make a rope ladder. So I tore the rug up into strips, knotting them together to form two long ropes; and in one of the corners of the cave I found dozens of fairly short sticks. Then I proceeded to make the ladder. When I had made the ladder I flung it up to the hole. After a few tries I succeeded in getting the ladder on to the bar. Then it was an easy matter to climb up the ladder.

Reaching the top, I pulled the ladder up after me, and found myself in a much larger and airier cave than the one in which I had been. The walls were quite dry, and the floor was sandy; but this was not what caught my eye. Against the farthest wall stood an open crate

filled with smuggled goods. There were watches, jewels, precious stones and wine. After gazing at this for a few minutes I thought I had better explore the cave. To my great joy the mouth of the cave faced the sea, and although the sea was seven feet below, there were steps carved in the rocks leading down to a landing-place.

Just then I heard angry voices in the cave below me, and I heard one smuggler telling another one that it was his fault I had escaped, and that when I was caught I would be chained to him. This was more than I could have borne, for both of the smugglers were extremely ugly, both having big mouths, long noses and surly tempers. So I climbed down the steps as quickly as I could. My head was still above the floor of the cave when I saw the smugglers enter the room. One of them caught sight of me and cried:

"There's the girl," and the smuggler came after me.

Now by this time I had reached the foot of the steps, and was just about to jump off as the smuggler appeared over the edge. Quickly I jumped into the rowing-boat which luckily was tied up at the landing, and made off, just as the smuggler jumped off the steps. Rowing as hard as I could, I soon reached the coast-guard's home, and later the smugglers were captured and placed under lock and key.

All this took place many years ago, on a lonely stretch of coast land in Cornwall. The smugglers are probably dead and forgotten, but I will never forget the escape that winter, many years ago.

—Kerry Davison, IIIa.



GIRLS' SWIMMING

Back Row: U. Fink, M. Sheldon, A. Pettigrove, M. Van Loon, M. Troost, N. Huckson, J. Jobson, E. Sherry, A. Bell, E. Wright, B. Lewis, B. Pierce, A. Neville (C.).
Middle Row: Mr. Sheppard, H. McKay, J. Redenbach, M. Neumann, M. Willmott, J. Moore, M. Murray, V. Napier, J. Clark, E. Carroll (V.C.), Mr. Menadue.
Front Row: J. McKenry, L. Phillips, B. Jesson, S. O'Lachlan, M. Phillips, Mr. MacDonald, L. Holding, J. Gibson, J. Midgley, B. Palmer, B. Hill, M. Phillips.

MY DREAM HOLIDAY

Two weeks holiday interstate, including a week on an island on the magic Barrier Reef! I couldn't believe it, until we left Melbourne, bound for Brisbane, in a DC6 Skychief.

It took only four hours, plus a half-hour stop at Sydney, to reach Brisbane. That day I had breakfast in Melbourne, lunch over Northern Victoria (we crossed the Murray during the meal), afternoon tea somewhere above New South Wales and tea in Brisbane.

The same evening we looked round Brisbane, which was the only time we had to do so.

Next morning we were driven (as guests of A.N.A.) through the outer suburbs and country towns to Southport and Surfers' Paradise.

The drive to the coast from Brisbane is through countryside not unlike our own, except that every house seems to have bananas or some sort of tropical fruit growing in the garden.

The Gold Coast is the name given to the towns along the South Queensland coast. It would be hard to find a more suitable name for these all-the-year-round holiday resorts. The gaily painted houses, all built in the latest style, correspond with those of fashionable American resorts shown in films. Some of the houses even have a swimming pool in the garden, although they are only 100 yards from the beach. The reason? The pools are used when it is too hot on the beach.



The Beach at Surfers' Paradise.

Even the sand seems to be of better quality than elsewhere. But the surf is something of which Melbourne cannot boast. Rolling in, unrestrained for hundreds of miles, the long, blue, white-capped waves thunder continuously on to the golden beach.

Surfers' Paradise has everything a holiday-maker could wish for, including a zoo in the garden of a large hotel. In tropical surroundings it has a large collection of animals.

After leaving the fabulous Gold Coast, we drove to the "Oasis," which is not far out of Brisbane. Owned by a family, it is a large garden which surrounds their house. Trim lawns and gardens overflowing with colourful tropical flowers surround the four azure pools.

The pools are for adults, children who are able to swim, children learning to swim and a circular paddling-pool for toddlers.

At the bottom of a lawn-covered slope there is a large fountain; this, too, is surrounded by bright flowers. There are many side paths, sheltered by pink or white Frangipani trees, leading to the cages of lyre-birds and emus, and tiny water lily-filled rock pools.

Under the extensive trellis-work between the house and the large dining-room (which has no walls) there are numerous kinds of ferns and pot plants.

Late in the afternoon we boarded the plane, bound for Mackay, our last stopping place on the mainland. The plane was refuelled and took on passengers at Rockhampton, just as dusk was falling. So, for just a quarter of an hour we were on the Tropic of Capricorn.

It was just beginning to grow dark when, two hours later, we landed at Mackay. The first thing we noticed was the large number of mosquitoes which greeted us with many bites on our arms. We slept that night, for the first and only time, beneath mosquito nets.

At 8 a.m. next day it was as hot as midday on Melbourne's hottest day. Now that it was daylight, we noticed the large number of bicycles. Everyone seemed to possess a bicycle which he or she rode everywhere. In the centre of the palm-lined streets were even more bicycles, all standing in their freshly painted racks.

After breakfast (again as guests of A.N.A.) we visited the local beaches. Although rather rocky, they offered a wonderful, unobscured view of the Pacific.

The new blue and white Pacific Hotel, perched on a cliff jutting out into the sea, has a creeper-decorated stone stairway leading to the large, airy dining-room which faces out toward the distant Whitsunday Islands. Below the windows the cliff is covered by orchids, which, unluckily, were not blooming.

The Mackay Harbour is made of rock blasted from a quarry about one mile from the coast.

The Pioneer River, on the banks of which Mackay stands, has a fall in tide of 25 feet.

Just after midday we boarded the launch, "Shangri-La", bound for Lindeman Island. The five-hour journey was perfect. The sparkling blue waves did no more than rock the launch gently, and we began to wish it were just a bit rougher. A week later I regretted that wish.

The week that followed was brimful of swimming, fishing, cruising, exploring and enjoying ourselves to the utmost.

One afternoon we visited Seaforth Island, the only place on the Barrier Reef on which the Queen set foot. There is now a fence round the spot where she sat.

One of the highlights of the week was the trip to the outer reef. There we walked on the coral at low tide. How strange it was—standing on a reef in the Pacific Ocean with no sign of land, nothing but sea all round.

The journey back to Mackay was as rough as anyone could have wished. Tossing and bouncing from one wave to another, we became enveloped in the first monsoonal squalls of the season.

Feeling as though our legs didn't belong to us, we collected our luggage and bade goodbye to all the friends we had made during the week.

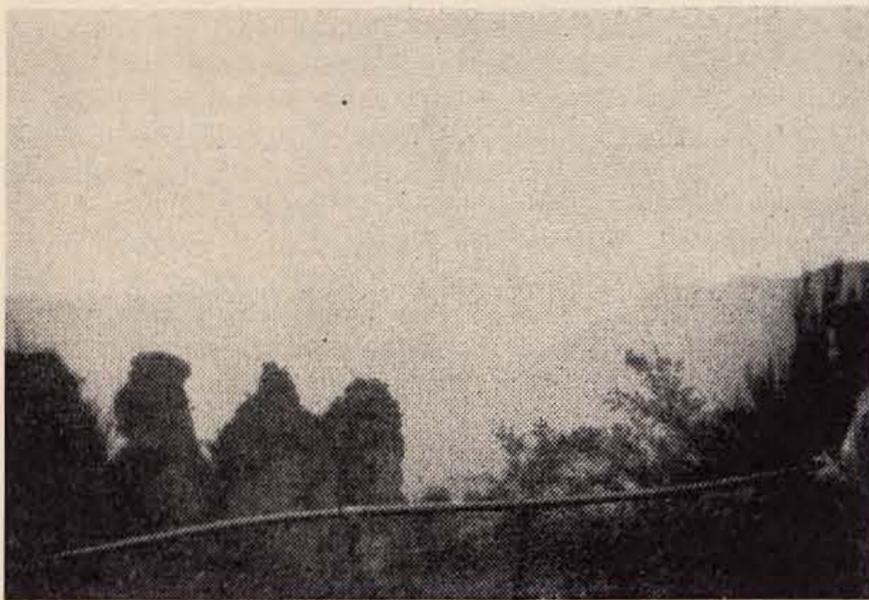
After lunch we went on a tour of the Plaistow Sugar Mill. The machinery was being cleaned and repaired in preparation for the cutting of the sugar-cane. Up and down steep ladders, along narrow platforms hundreds of feet above the ground we went, peering into the vast interiors of the processing machines and sampling unrefined sugar.

On the return trip to Mackay we drove through the tiny town of Walkerston, childhood home of Sir Arthur Fadden and George Wallace.

In the evening we boarded a plane, bound for Brisbane once more. But this time we saw even less of this city, for we arrived at 10.30 p.m. and left for Sydney at 6.30 a.m. the following day.

After all I had heard about Sydney, I was disappointed. The streets are narrow, the traffic is endless (actually worse than Melbourne's) and the main stores are spread all over the city.

We even experienced some of Sydney's rain. Central Station, as its name implies, is in the centre of the city, but it was as though I had discovered Flinders Street Railway Station somewhere close to the University. The fact that Sydney has four other stations (all underground) gives some indication of its size. A journey beneath the city on the underground railway is most dreary, dirty, dusty, and full of the echo of thundering trains.



Three Sisters, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

The good features of Sydney, if possessed by Melbourne, would make the latter an ideal city. The harbour, with its magnificent bridge, reminds one of a huge backdrop for a stage. The huge harbour, with the gentle waves sparkling in the sunlight, is a haven for large liners of all nationalities and small craft. On our way to Taronga Park Zoo, by ferry, we passed ships from at least six countries lying at anchor. The zoo, on a hillside overlooking the harbour, is a fairyland of animals and terraced gardens, the latter being connected by tiny flights of stone steps. From practically every point in the zoo the bridge is visible in the near distance.

But the most enjoyable day of our visit to Sydney was the trip to the Blue Mountains. And they were very blue when we were there.

But even after such a wonderful holiday, it was good to come home again.

—Judith Lansdown, IVc, Bluegum.

LIMERICK

In our school we have teachers galore,
Tall and short, fat and thin, rich and poor;
Though they're all different sorts,
They are still all good sports,
Though they make some tails very raw.

—Ailsa Longmuir, Form IVc, Clematis.

T	houghtfulness	S	tudiousness
H	umour	I	ntelligence
E	ndurance	X	travagance
		T	ranquillity
		H	eroism

Although it is common knowledge that, in members of this illustrious group, such traits exist, an examination of the latter would undoubtedly convince any sceptics.

1. **Thoughtfulness:** One need not delve very far into the characters of our female representation in order to find aspects of this particular virtue. The characters of the male members, however, probably would not stand up to close scrutiny; but it should be mentioned that they are thoughtful in one respect: namely keeping Mr. Mac. alive by spending a generous portion of their wealth to ensure the gratification of the inner man.

2. **Humour:** Dry—subtle—droll—the humour positively pours from the mouths of that species known as “da sixth”. As much of it is in the vernacular of the aforesaid, it cannot be appreciated by the uninitiated, who, nevertheless, are doubtless humoured by the spirited rendering of “Rock around the Clock” by members Jim and George.

3. **Endurance:** The males of the form in particular are possessed of phenomenal endurance. By dint of long practice, they can now survive for two full periods before adjourning for the customary refreshment in that small den, effectively screened from prying eyes, which is strictly taboo to all but a select few. Commendation is also due to the Amazon fortitude of members of the Physics class, who have survived remarkably well the weekly nightmare of double theory. By the way, we hasten to explain to certain wondering fourth-formers that the bodies sprawled elegantly over desks, stools and other available furniture, are really quite alert; and that the closed lids, gaping mouths, and gentle rhythm of breathing only demonstrate our colossal capacity for concentration.

4. **Studiosness:** To conclusively convince oneself of the intense studiosness of a sixth-former, one need only visit the prefab. corridor where one's eye will alight on a number of toiling beings with the sweat of labour on their noble brows, the glint of concentration in their piercing orbs, and feverish hands constantly running through unruly locks. Or one may visit that hive of activity, the classroom, to be greeted with “thou wretched, rash, intruding fool.” or other veritable words of wisdom. The Chem. Lab. reveals mad fiends producing a “foul and pestilent congregation of vapours”—while in yet another room, Calculus students invent weird symbols to “confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed, the very faculties of eyes and ears”. After these harrowing experiences, one no longer doubts the awful trials and tribulations of sixth form study.

5. **Intelligence:** As can only be expected, we are all possessed of a high degree of intellectual ability. This is a source of constant wonder to members of the lower school who go in awe of the grim white spectres who glide disconsolately by, muttering vaguely or, in the heat of the moment, gesticulating wildly. This deplorable behaviour stems from the effort involved in trying to solve searching homework questions which tax to the utmost even our mighty brains. And what is our reward for these superhuman struggles? Oh, merely fingernails bitten to the elbow, tufts of hair littering the floor, and a slight tendency to lunacy. Ah, the price of intelligence!

6. **Xtravagance:** This is really not as bad as it seems at first glance, for our extravagance lends itself only to worthy causes—to some of which members have actually been known to contribute the noble sum of a shilling. However, when the exceedingly important issue of the stomach arises, we really come into our own. In order to quell the fierce pangs of hunger, we hastily flee shopwards, and indulge vigorously in an orgy of spending that empties both shelves and pockets. Unfortunately this is not so extensive as some would have it, for as yet we are unpaid workers. Who knows?—in some dim distant future, Matriculation students may actually be financially rewarded for their toil!

7. **Tranquillity:** In spite of the wear and tear to which they are subjected, members of Form VI still manage to be cool, calm and collected. This tranquillity of spirit surely arises from the knowledge that they are deeply respected by the rest of the school. For whoever heard of a junior defying so honourable a personage—or whoever heard of a worthy "sixer" arguing—that is, except in English Expression. Which just goes to show how much self-control we must possess—that we remain tranquil through such a responsible year.

8. **Heroism:** As a final word, let it be said that, although it may not be apparent, heroism is an outstanding quality of ours; for is it not heroism to attempt such a difficult examination at so tender an age—in spite of our intelligence?

—W.W., VI, Clematis.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare died in 1616, which was a pity. He was born in 1564, which was a greater pity.

As everybody knows, he wrote the longest and the least comprehensible plays in the world—they are almost impossible to understand. Many of them are impossible. But if we absorb them, if we accept them purely as his philosophy of life we can learn much that we would otherwise never know. Many quotations from his plays can be applied to situations that arise at school.

The following are useful in the case of a **late arrival at school**. They are commonly known as excuses.

"It's my birthday."

"I lose myself."

Or "Your wife and brother made wars upon me".

(However the latter is risky if you are not taller than the teacher, or if he is the better runner).

These are useful if the **lesson becomes too boring** or you feel the **need for a little exercise**. It is best to utter them in urgent despair.

"Look Sir, I bleed."

"I faint."

Or "I am scarce of breath, my Lord".

Finally, if the teacher is **susceptible to charm** these can be useful!

"Oh Sir, pardon me!"

"I must obey."

Or "What! are thou angry?"

What! with me?"

However, it is best if girls only try this method because charm, i.e., flattery, is so subtle and only a woman can be subtle. Also, only male teachers respond to flattery.

Shakespeare also wrote many songs, but as he did not write music for them they are not songs at all. He

also wrote Sonnets, Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music, and poems.

His Sonnets, like the plays, are incomprehensible and the spelling is atrocious. Chaucer was also a bad speller. The word poetry, to Shakespeare, apparently had a very broad meaning—one poem is 13 pages long with 1194 lines and another 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ pages with 1855 lines. Of course, nobody objects to long poetry except when it is poetry that is impossible to understand, does not rhyme, and is hopelessly without full stops. It seems that Shakespeare was trying to imitate Milton. He, (Milton), had approximately 9 full stops in about 350 pages of "Paradise Lost". Perhaps if Paradise had had more full stops in it, it would not have got lost. Perhaps if somebody had put a full stop in Shakespeare he **would** have got lost.

Shakespeare's plays had characters in them. The characters did not love one another except Romeo and Juliet, Antony and Cleopatra, and Hamlet and Ophelia (who were both mad anyway). Because they didn't love one another they hated one another. So they killed one another, and their ghosts came back and haunted one another. In the end they all went mad and killed themselves and everybody else; and at last there was a full stop.

These characters of Shakespeare's plays show how far-sighted he was because many of his statements can be applied to people we meet on the streets. I don't know about the ghosts because I haven't met any. They also prove how long-winded he was.

The following statements are characteristic of people from different walks of life. Some are what they think, some are what they say; the majority are awful.

Singing Teachers—"You must sing a-down, a-down".
Redex Trial Drivers—"Many hot inroads they make in Italy". (This proves how far-sighted he was and that he had never learned Geography).

Art Teachers—"You shall paint when you are old".

Optimistic Fisherman—"My bended hook shall pierce their slimy jaws".

Bargain Hunter—"The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome are all too dear for me".

Defeated Card Cheat—"There is no shuffling".

Lady Weight-Lifter—"I am sure my nails are stronger than mine eyes".

English Aristocrat—"I am perfect—what!"

Melodramatic Actor (or actress)—"Still—I swear I love you".

Lady-in-waiting—"Your crown's awry".

Forgetful Cook—"Over-roasted, rather".

Market Gardener—"The worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people".

"A.N.A." Chief on the "Spirit of Progress"—"Why rail I on this commodity?"

Dean Martin—"Lewis, stand fast".

Traffic Cop—"Here comes a flattering rascal; Upon him will I first work".

The last thing to be said of Shakespeare is that he did not respect many things.

He did not respect Rules, for he said,

"Flout 'em, scout 'em."

He did not respect the Sixth Form during spares according to the statement—

"While you here do snoring lie."

And he did not respect the hockey-field, describing it thus—

"'Tis an unweeded garden that goes to seed."

Therefore, Shakespeare was not respectable.

Because of this, Shakespeare is still the most widely read poet today. Proof of this is the large number of editions of his works that have been printed. But some people do not read Shakespeare until they can afford the tram fare up to the Library. And most people do not read Shakespeare.

One student spent days at the Library reading and re-reading Shakespeare's plays and always complaining bitterly when he had finished.

In an effort to quench the student's poetic thirst, the Librarian handed him a telephone directory.

"Here's a Shakespeare you haven't read yet."

The student grabbed the book and started avidly reading. After five days the Librarian could stand no more. Approaching the student (still frantically reading), he asked,

"How do you like the play?"

"Don't know," came the reply, "I haven't finished the cast yet!"

—Jennifer Jobson, Form VI, Bluegum.

THE WANDERERS

Wahitike, the Rain God, had surely been working hard. Even old Dry Creek had overflowed on to the plains beyond. Soon the elders would be called together to speak of new hunting grounds. Tonga would lead his people far away from this strange land which was dry only a few moons ago, and now was flooded and mud-packed.

It was the evening of the meeting of the elders. Around the fire sat the wise men of the tribe, the elders. Long beards hung loosely over scarred, brown chests. Strong, sinewy arms and legs were crossed as the fire burned on and on and on.

Rites of the tribe were muttered. Wise men argued about strange things. Then Lonnidon, the oldest of all elders, started scratching his leg, a sure sign that he had an idea.

Gradually the murmuring died and in a low, chanting voice Lonnidon told of how his father, before his time, had come from a great, peaceful land the white men called Northern Territory. In that country there were open plains and wide rivers and forests of gum trees. He knew that because of what his father had told him. If they went to this new land, so could Tonga and his warriors and tribe.

Far into the night they droned, until they reached a decision. They would travel as soon as the sun god jumped on top of the hill in the East. Thus it was decided.

Five moons later, after travelling through floods and desert, they came upon a large herd of strange beasts. How could they go through them? And what were they? Again Lonnidon spoke. He told them of how his father had killed these beasts, and how nice they tasted when cooked under the warm earth, wrapped in fresh gum-leaves and mud. These strange beasts were called Buffalo.

Tonga, with three other warriors, glided into the darkness, spears ready to kill the first beast they came upon. Then, with the air loud with the cries of hungry men and the scrambling of frightened hooves, spears were hurled. But only a few buffalo were killed, for most of them landed right in the middle of a band of

hunting warriors from another tribe. Spears were hurled back. More men with more spears ran from Tonga's tribe. Food was forgotten. The battle was on.

Two of Tonga's warriors were down, but Tonga had trained his men well, and he knew there were more dead on the enemy's side than there were on his. On and on the battle raged.

Then it was over. With flying missiles whirring over their heads, the remaining enemy warriors fled for their lives, leaving the dead strewn on the ground. A victory for Tonga!

A great, great feast was held in the camp that night, for had not Tonga and his men killed meat and beaten off another tribe? Wonderful was the feeling of meat slithering down throats into empty stomachs. Had father ever had this feeling? But even the emptiest stomachs fill up some time, and full men are tired men, so soon deep snores were heard.

Further and further they wandered into the grasslands of Northern Territory. Up and up, away from the deserts into the forests of gum trees. Strange, new animals appeared. Little, woolly things with big, black noses, and what looked like soft paws until one of them badly scratched a warrior and caused all members of the tribe to regard this creature as a kind of god.

Tonga decided he liked this country and tried to settle down with his tribe. But they had all a wandering spirit, and so they wandered and were known to white men as "The Wandering Tribe of the Koalas".

—Fay Shand, Form IIIb, Wattle.

BLUEGUM HOUSE SONG

Tune—Clementine.

Words by David Clift.

In a high school on the highway;
In the Shire of Dandenong.
There are pupils, girls and boys,
Short and tall and fat and long.

Chorus:

Oh our BLUEGUM! oh our BLUEGUM!
To us you are the BEST!
We strive for you in earnest,
With renewed zeal and zest!

There are houses four in number,
For which they strive to shine,
But this one's good old BLUEGUM,
How glad I am she's mine.

Chorus.

Oh this is BLUEGUM, we are BLUEGUM,
In our swimming we do well,
In athletics, choir and tennis,
We really do excel.

Chorus.

Here is BLUEGUM, mighty BLUEGUM,
We have got our share of brains;
With their studies and their lessons,
Our scholars take great pains.

Chorus.

Faber est quisque,
Suae fortunae!
This, our motto does inspire us,
For we prove it every day.

Chorus.

ONWARD BLUEGUM! ALWAYS BLUEGUM!
Forward for our school's renown,
And remember this of all things,
NEVER LET THE OLD HOUSE DOWN!

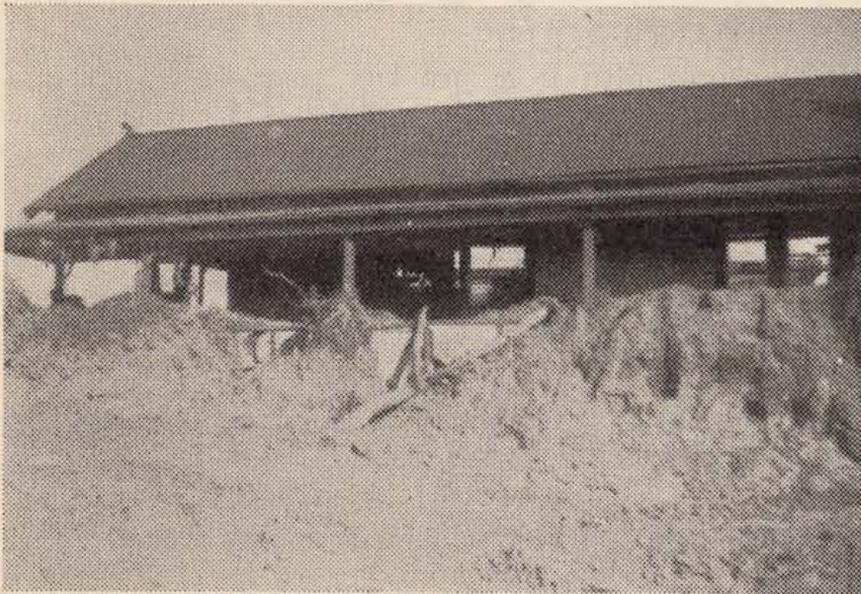
Chorus.

OUR EASTERN COAST

We left for Queensland early in June, when the winter had just begun.

The first remarkable thing we saw was the Maitland flood damage. The Hunter River looked sluggish, and flowed placidly by, but on each side were the ugly remains of its former menacing reign. The houses had been left, roofing-iron being scattered among the piled debris. Most houses skirting the water front had few unbroken windows. One house we saw had sodden mattresses and broken chairs stacked on the roof. A little further down a man was busy with a spade, unearthing a sewing-machine, whilst a baby's stroller lay half-covered in tree boughs. Bulldozers and earth-moving equipment were clearing away the rubble.

Camden is indeed a different place from the one John Macarthur knew so long ago. A memorial to him stands in Camden Main Street, while streams of traffic flash by. Sheep are still bred at Camden Park Station.



Maitland Flood Damage: Debris piled up in a new house, N.S.W. (June, 1955).

North of Sydney the coast is crowded with tourist resorts which flourish in the holiday season and whose owners retire on their summer wealth till the next season. Then the streets will be crowded and gay holidayers are charged double the price for everything they buy. Shopkeepers, too, must live.

Evan's Head Prawn Co-operative is a very flourishing business, but only seasonal. This co-operative sells tons of prawns for the fisherman daily. The prawns are netted in $1\frac{1}{4}$ " mesh netting, and the forty boats working bring the prawns in baskets, each weighing 70 lbs., to the Co-op. The average number of baskets for a day's work is nine, but the larger boats stay out for over twenty hours and return with about twenty baskets. Men clad in rubber aprons ladle the prawns from the baskets into the salt-water boilers. When the pink prawns appear, they are dipped in cold water and later drained, salted and packed in ice. Large boats have their own boilers on the boat, where they cook the prawns. The packed prawns are distributed to Brisbane and Sydney markets.

The rivers Richmond, Clarence and Tweed provide rich plains where sugar cane flourishes. The cane, growing up to twelve feet high, is burned to kill germs injurious to cane cutters, and is cut down immediately

afterwards. The men cutting the cane are so black from the burnt cane that we often mistook them for aborigines. The cane is stacked on railway-trucks, which are pushed to river sidings, and then it is left on barges until the weekly river steamer tows them down to the refinery mill. When the cane is far from river transport, tiny engines pull up to forty carriages. At Nambour, Queensland, we were amazed when a sugar train came chugging down the centre of the busy street, whistle shrilling. Few of the crowds in the street took any notice of the miniature train.

Byron Bay Whaling Station operates during the season when the whales are going northward to the warmer waters to calve; a quota is put on the number of whales allowed to be caught each season; this year it was one hundred and six. The Hunchback is the best known whale, but we saw several huge black and white mammals with barnacles clinging to their huge bodies. The largest one caught for the season was 46 feet 7 inches, and this was so big that it was counted as two. The whale is brought up to the pier and loaded on to a special train kept for whaling. This train takes the whale to the whaling station where it is flensed and chopped up. We were told it is used in German sausage—we never buy it now. The whale oil is very valuable, and no part of the whale is wasted.

From the headlands we could see whales spouting a few hundred yards from shore, and often saw huge killer sharks leaping out of the water to attack the whales. These defenceless animals would crash their tails down on to the water, but often they lost the fight.

And then we were in Queensland. The weather was wonderful. Southport, Surfers' Paradise and other popular beaches are very beautiful—blue sea, white surf and golden sands.

We were fishing from the beach at Coolangatta, Queensland, one day, when suddenly two four-wheeled-drive trucks raced across the sand and stopped nearby. One was towing a boat, which was quickly launched by three of the dozen fishermen, and in a few minutes a net was trailing out behind the boat, weighted with lead sinkers. The boat made a semi-circle around the beach and rowed ashore. The men waded waist deep into the surf and began to pull in the net. Within ten minutes the fishermen were selling large mullet to the crowd



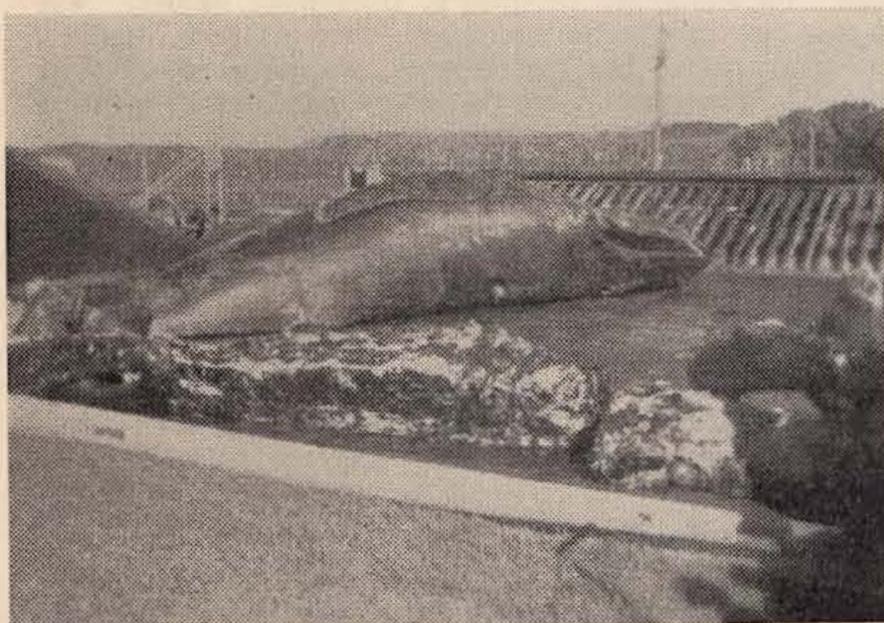
Different Types of Sugar Cane at Nambour Show, Queensland (July, 1955)

which had gathered. What hope was there for a rod fisherman?

While we were in Queensland, we visited the Nambour Annual Show, where we were particularly interested in the fruit display. Bananas, pineapples, scarlet mandarines, papaws, peanuts, monstera deliciosas, custard apples, Queensland nuts and other tropical fruit were displayed. We also saw sweet potatoes, arrow-root, sugar-cane, ginger and chillies.

We stayed on the mainland opposite Bribie Island for a week; Bribie Passage separates the island from the mainland. A ferry links the two hundred houses on the island with the mainland. On the beaches thousands of soldier-crabs scuttle in the mud, while on the open beaches seashells and broken pieces of coral nestle in the golden sands. It is indeed "The land of the sun".

—Marjorie Horner, V, Clematis.



Humpback Whale, 46 foot long, at Byron Bay, N.S.W.

TO THE DAFFODIL

In the wind they wave and flutter,
Dance and whisper in the breeze,
Golden as the sands that blow,
Down by the green-blue seas.

Golden are their petals,
Yellow their trumpets long,
But their petals show no orange,
And their trumpets blow no song.

But they flutter and dance,
In the gentle breeze each day,
Their golden petals in array,
Down on the shore of the deep-sea bay.

—By Coral Dawson, Ilc, Clematis.

Mary had a little lamb,
It was good beyond all question;
But when she had a little more,
It gave her indigestion.

A certain farmer said "Nough,
This is the time I should plough;
But the ground is so dry,
Not a cloud in the sky,
This drought is a so and so cough."

—Meredith Downes, III, Wattle.

BITS AND PIECES FROM EVERYWHERE

Push will get a young man anywhere, except through a door marked "PULL".

★ ★ ★

If we could see ourselves as others see us, it would be useless; we wouldn't believe it.

★ ★ ★

Between an optimist and a pessimist
The difference is droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist sees the hole.

★ ★ ★

The graveyard is full of people who were indispensable.

★ ★ ★

Between the great things we cannot do, and the small things we will not do, is the danger we will do—nothing.

★ ★ ★

GAS IS DANGEROUS:

3420 people died from gas last year:—
Looked for it with a match—54.
Inhaled it on purpose—112.
Inhaled it accidentally—17.
Stepped on it—3237.

★ ★ ★

It is a good book which is opened with expectation, and closed with profit.

★ ★ ★

A girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right—and left too.

★ ★ ★

From a little spark may burst a mighty flame.

★ ★ ★

A kiss is like three graces; it's faith to a girl, hope to a young woman and charity to an old maid.

A COW

A cow is a mammal. It has six sides: left, right, upper, lower, front and back. At the back it has a tail, on which hangs a brush; with this it sends the flies away so that they don't fall in the milk. The head is for growing horns on, and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with. The mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk—it is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell; one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

The cow doesn't eat much, but what it does eat, it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it gets hungry, it moos, and when it says nothing it is because it is full of grass.

★ ★ ★

Quoted from various sources.

—Jim Athorn, Form VI.

THE SUN YOUTH TRAVEL TOUR, 1955

LONDON,

May 11.

Leaving my billet in Sloane Square, City of Westminster, I travelled by the London Underground to Lord's Cricket Ground. We met Brigadier Stokes, President of the Overseas League and organizer of our tour, at the Grace Gates (named after the immortal W. G. Grace). We were shown into the pavilion and the Cricket Museum. Here were "the Ashes," and we were told, much to our surprise, that although Australia holds the Ashes, they still remain at Lord's.

We were taken into the members' stand to watch the play. Four English Test Cricketers were taking part in a county match—Middlesex versus Essex. They were Edrich, Compton, Gibb and Bailey. However, the scoring was very slow (3 runs in 25 minutes), and we left early.

From Lord's we went to see Madame Tussaud's Waxworks in Baker Street. We were very surprised when, on asking directions from a porter, we found he was a wax figure. Upstairs there were four galleries—two of royalty and heads of state, one of sportsmen and one of other notable people. Downstairs is the Chamber of Horrors. In alcoves at the sides behind bars are notorious war-leaders and criminals such as Hitler and Haigh. The bars are to prevent people breaking them to pieces in fury. In the centre were machines used for torture in past centuries and two modern electric-chairs.

After dinner in the evening we went to the Tower of London to see a traditional and historic ceremony that even many Londoners have not witnessed. It is the Ceremony of the Keys or locking of the Tower for the night. The guards with the keys march from the gates to the courtyard, where they are challenged by the Guard and allowed to pass. The ceremony is made even

more impressive by the guards in their splendid uniforms. Then the Last Post is played and the Tower is locked up.

This is a brief resume of one of the many full and enjoyable days spent on the tour.

—Ian Barker, IVa, Clematis.

**ANONYMOUS LETTER RECEIVED
BY THE EDITOR**

Dear Sir,

For the following reasons I am unable to pay you the cheque you ask for. I have been held up, held down, sand-bagged, walked upon, sat upon, squeezed and flattened out by the Income Tax, the Motor Tax, the Unemployment Tax, and by every Society and Organization that the inventive mind of man can think of, to extract what I may or may not have in my possession—and appeals from the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Double Cross, and every Hospital and Institution in town and country.

The Government has governed my business till I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined, and re-examined, informed, required and commanded; so that I don't know who I am, or why I am here at all. All that I know is that I am supposed to have an inexhaustible supply of money for every need, desire or hope of the human race; and because I will not go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and darned near ruined. The only reason why I am still clinging to life at all is to see what the heck is going to happen next.

Yours faithfully,

"A TAXPAYER".

[Sorry, I can't help you. The same thing happens to me.—Ed.]



Libraries and Bus Park, Naples.



"Taxi" in Gibraltar.

UN FRANCE EXPERIMENT

Aimer: To fill dans time.

Apparatus: Des feu choses from heres et theres.

Methode: Take une beake d'HO avec trois paquets d'epsom saltes, mouvement avec un broomee hondle.

Dans il put deux chillies dixed, addez cinq poons de ginger, mix completamente. Empechement il buddle pour deux jours. Do n'applique pas s'enflamme-a-t-il. Placer le solution dans un chest d'ice. Apres trois ans deplacé-t-il.

Conclusion: Tres strong stinkee, coloured gris, vert, jaune, noir et brun. Tres bon drinke first thing dans le matin. Nous invite-vous to try this experiment. Results are guaranteed disastrous.

Pam Richards, IVb, Bluegum.

THE OTHER HALF (BETTER OR OTHERWISE) OF FORM VI

Besides Form VI consisting of a brilliant, beautiful bevy of the female species, there is also a smattering of the other type. They are commonly known as boys, and in very few cases (if any), men. They are the things which, in many cases, cause the downfall of the work of the better half, simply because they are what they are. Sometimes they are sweet, well-mannered human beings, generally known in the better circles as gentlemen, but mostly they are mad, excitable, wild animals, bent on destroying the world and themselves with it. They do not walk, they run; they do not talk, they bellow; and when the occasion suits them they are early for class.

The teachers tolerate (?) them, the women of the class (being us) talk to them sometimes, and the rest of the boys in the school gaze at them in bewilderment.

There are many varieties of boys, and Form VI certainly has a great variety. I have heard that there are

such things as handsome males, but I am convinced that such things do not exist, at least not at D.H.S. (no hard feelings).

They can be flattering and flattered, likeable and liked, won and lost; but try to be sociable to them, and you are crawling; tell they they annoy you, and you are a man-hater. You honestly never know where you stand with them until you have been knocked flat for something you did not mean or did not say.

But for all this, we certainly do not know what Form VI would be like without them. They "provide" the laughs, tears and annoyance that we would otherwise be without; they certainly provide material for conversation, and can be good company when you want someone to take your bad temper out on. We all thank our lucky stars that this isn't a girls' school, or we would have missed many a hearty laugh. Thank you, gentlemen.

—"A Tolerator-ess," Form VI.

—Elaine Hone, Ia.

TEASERS

Q.—When does an actor present you with a branch of a tree?

A.—When he gives you a bough (bow) and leaves.

Q.—What has five feet and no legs?

A.—A tape-measure.

Q.—Why did the spoon stir?

A.—Because it heard the lemon sago (say go).

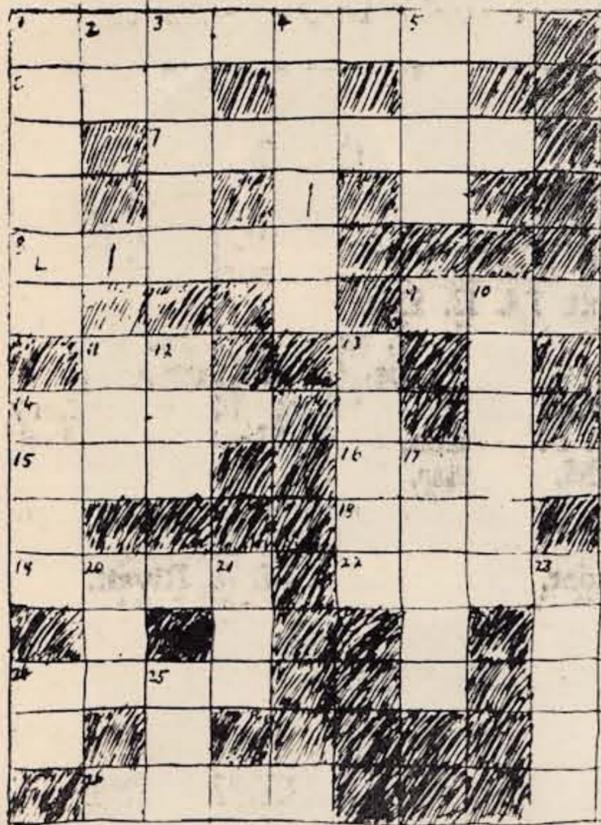
Q.—What colours tea?

A.—Milk.

Q.—What is a hungry horse in four letters?

A.—M T G G (empty gee-gee). —Elaine Hone, Ia.

CROSSWORD No. 1



CLUES

Across:

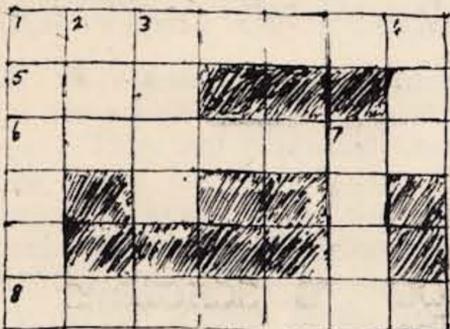
1. They fight for their country.
6. A tool.
7. Constructing.
8. Dress material.
9. Part of the body.
11. Person's initials.
14. Found on the table.
15. Part of the body.
16. Pleased.
18. Fodder.
19. Quick.
22. Part of an animal.
24. Miserly.
26. Pace.

Down:

1. Example.
2. Animal.
3. Fruit.
4. You do it with a pen.
5. Circle.
10. Ever.
11. Happy.
12. Type of drink.
13. Opposite to heavy.
14. Slave.
17. Show amusement.
20. Plural of "is".
21. Metal.
23. Rulers.
24. Pronoun.
25. Insect.

—Rosemary George, Ia.

CROSSWORD No. 2



CLUES

Across:

1. Sometimes found at a party.
5. Animal of the monkey family.
6. Wooden edging.
8. 2, 5, 6, 9 are —.

Down:

1. Type of monkey.
2. As for 5 across.
3. Jump.
4. Slang for "horse".
7. Opposite to "afar".

THE LAKESIDE

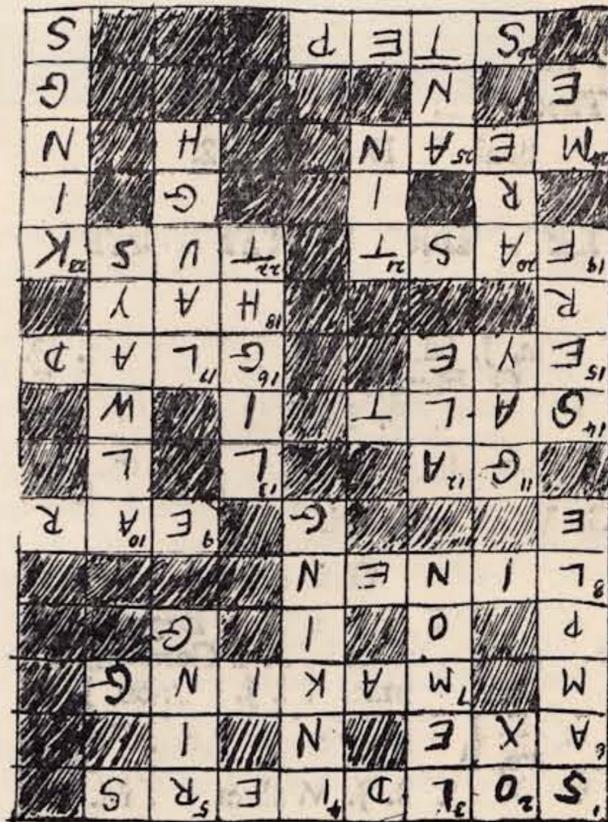
The cool breeze softly blowing
The ripples on the lake;
Hear the soft faint murmurs
That the lapping waves do make.

The owl so wisely staring
From the hollow tree does peep;
The far-off howl of the dingo
Haunts a flock of sheep.

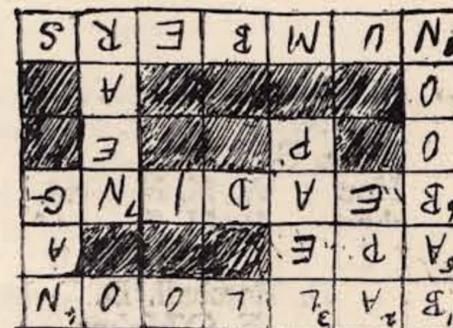
The old ghost gum by the lakeside
Stands, alone in the ray of the night;
Till the very last ray of sunlight
Vanishes swiftly from sight.

As I stand here watching
The wonder of nature at night,
I know that it is very hard
To leave this beautiful sight.

—Nancy Smith, IVc, Clematis.



Solution to Crossword No. 1.



Solution to Crossword No. 2.

