

Don Reid

Max Oldmendon

THE GATE

1919 – 1961

. . . . the magazine of

DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL

Vol. 33

Dec. 1961

THE GATE



DECEMBER, 1961



MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES

- VI. Pamela Kelly, Tim Kupsch.
V. Rosemary Facey, Noriko Cutland, James MacDonald, Barry Ryan.
IVa. Diane Winberg, Terry Tovey.
IVb. John Wallis.
IVc. Val Smith, Kay Kassell.
IVd. Evelyn Child, Wendy Prideaux.
IVe. Ann Davies, Victor Vassallo.
IIIa. Eve Jelinek, Quentin Buckley, John Dalton.
IIIb. Carol Flack, Tony Siggins.
IIIc. Margaret Flett, Roland Heimans.
IIId. Marjorie Collings, Nicolas Luhowsky.
IIIE. Kay Horrigan.
IIIf. Hilary Wilkinson, Jennifer Mannison.
IIIg. Jan Matheson, Bill Thomas.
IIa. Sandra Clark.
IIb. Susan Williams, John Krzywokulski.
IIc. Joan Edis, Tim Sandiford.
IIId. Christine Jasinski, Christine Postlethwaite.
IIe. Heather Lee, Douglas Sanders.
IIIf. Jeannie Billman, Denis Furlong.

- Ia. Robert Walsh.
Ib. Christine Bates.
Ic. Libby Beament.
Id. Valentine Franks, Judy Bishop.
Ie. Lynette Wight.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Editors: Tim Kupsch, Pamela Kelly.
Sub-Editors: Noriko Cutland, James MacDonald.
Staff Representatives: Mr. B. O. Jones, Miss F. Gillespie.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

Parents' Representatives: Mrs. J. Barlee, Messrs. T. A. Fisher, A. J. Hillard, M. G. Jarvis, Mrs. E. Ross.
Municipal Representatives: Crs. G. T. Andrews, A. J. Funston, G. F. Knowles.
District Interests' Representatives: Messrs. I. J. Archibald, C. G. Hartley (President), A. P. Jolly, E. C. Thompson, T. Ryan.
District Inspector: C. G. Stocks, B.A., B.Ed.
Honorary Secretary: L. A. Cooke, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

WELFARE CLUB

President: Mrs. G. Scadden.
Vice-Presidents: Mesdames Ross and Barlee.
Secretary: Mrs. B. Simon.
Treasurer: Mrs. M. McLeod.
Assistant Secretary: Mrs. Medlin.

HOUSE NOTES

BLUEGUM

We as House Captains of Bluegum would like to reverse the usual procedure and thank the members of our house for their co-operation and genuine efforts during the past year. Also to use a small space in this column to record the invaluable help and assistance offered to us by various members of staff.

Of our sporting achievements . . . enough said. However, individual achievements worthy of mention are those of Heather Ross and Helen Wilton in swimming.

SWIMMING:

Ian Osborne, Peter Stocks, Ekke Martini.

FOOTBALL:

John Brown, Ian Osborne (The whole lot).

SOCCER:

Ekke Martini, Ferenc Udvary, Tibor Udvary.

CHOIRS:

(All those who came).

ATHLETICS:

Tibor, Ferenc, Ekke, Ossie.

We didn't win the cup but we're still Bluegum.

I suppose we must take the good with the bad and it looks as though Bluegum is in for a lump of good in the future.

We didn't loose for trying, just wait and see how many Bluegum 1961 officials die before their time.

OBITUARY

SWIMMING ATHLETICS

and EGG APPEAL at D.H.S.
bereaved by the members of
BLUEGUM

Congratulations to Wattle for winning the Athletics Shield and to Clematis for their victory at the Swimming Sports and in the Egg Appeal.

In conclusion, we pay special tribute to our vice-captains, Norma Campbell and Ferenc Udvary, without whose assistance things would have been in even more confusion.

—JENNY and TIM.

ORCHID HOUSE NOTES

This year Orchid has had fluctuating success. In the swimming sports, both the boys and the girls gained third place, but in the grand aggregate were placed fourth. Noticeable performances were given by Juanita Twyford, Greta de Vries, Wendy Gyles, Christine McNee and Jennifer Smith.

Although many junior boys gave promising performances, none were outstanding. The boys gained first place in summer sport and the girls came third.

In second term the choral contest was held, in which we gained third place. An outstanding performance was given by our conductor — Martin Hallet. Thank yous go to Miss Dawson and Mrs. Cowen, who willingly gave up their time to help us. In July we said goodbye to Gary Huntingford, an enthusiastic sportsman, who went to America to study for a year. We are proud to have had an "Orchidite" chosen for this honour.

Very soon after the commencement of third term the athletic sports took place. Noticeable performances were given by Allan Elliot, Graeme Whan, D. Noy, Luba Slipetiky, M. Skilney, W. Daniels, Wendy Gyles, Judith Morrish, Jill Berry and Beverley Pike. Our boys gained second place and the girls gained fourth, but thanks to the boys we were placed second in the aggregate. During the year we suffered the loss of two fellow members — Phillip Villiers and Trevor Cookson. We were deeply moved by these losses.

The boys have been on top throughout the year, and the girls in third to fourth places. When the girls become a little stronger Orchid shall be on top again. Thank you to the teachers — namely — Miss Dawson, Miss Sands (now left), Mrs. Cowen, Mrs. Menadue, Mr. Farrelly, Mr. Chesney and Mr. Richardson, who supported us throughout the year.

WATTLE HOUSE NOTES

Despite feverish accusations at house assemblies of "you have no house spirit; this is not meant to be a picnic, why didn't you change for sport, or report for yard duty, etc., etc." Wattle House has managed to more than keep its own in this year's inter-house competitions.

The athletics resulted in an outright victory in which team-work and enthusiasm of competitors won the day. Second placings were gained in the egg appeal and the choral contest, and also in the swimming sports. Congratulations to the winning houses; but next year you may not be quite so lucky.

Both boys and girls have contributed to the successes this year, and the strength of the house cannot be attributed to either in particular. Our thanks to house teachers, Miss Gillespie, Mrs. Pederson, Mrs. Howie, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Boyd.

Overall, the year has been a successful one for Wattle and if we do not manage to win the aggregate the words of our house song bear an appropriate message:

"You'll never tame a tiger while he's hunting for his meat,
You'll never lick an army that refuses to retreat."

ODD NOTES

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

Looking through the old "Gates" (no offence to editors), they are really a drag. This year we have tried, against opposition, to make the magazine something better than glorified "chip wrappings."

Strong words I know, but that's the way we feel. "The Gate" must be an achievement — something to be cherished with the memories of 1961. The failure of past years has been the planning and thought. Traditionally "The Gate" has been "corny", so the years followed suit. It is a magazine and must be planned as a magazine, and contain magazine stories, and arouse some interest.

Despite forty years of experience the conditions are still the same. Time is short and precious as the seniors well know, so Pam and I have decided only to create a new Sixth Form section, or to die in the effort.

Photographs by courtesy of Len Makin and Michael Jones.

Classic Photos and discourtesy by we're the best Malcolm Pettigrove and Tim Kupsch.

Footnote.—Most articles have been censored.

THE SENIOR CHOIR

At the beginning of the year the Choir elected Angela Szidat as president, June Baker as vice-president and Margaret Mulcahy as secretary.

Mrs. Cowen helped us in a wonderful way by being our accompanist and playing so beautifully. Mr. Menadue worked very hard and taught all the songs excellently. Many times practices had to be during lunchtimes and even after school hours. A lot of hard work was put into the practices and the choir enjoyed themselves greatly.

We were also very thrilled for having as a choir member, Margaret Mulcahy, a former member of the MacRobertson's Girls' School Choir (well-known for its many successes).

The choir took part in many activities during the year.

In September the choir attended the "Student's Night" given by the Victorian Music Society. The audience evidently enjoyed our items very much.

At the festival the choir was not successful in gaining a place but we enjoyed the experience. Also the choir took part in the school concert and enjoyed entertaining our school.

The choir, too, arranged a mid-year dance which was highly successful.

LAVER'S HILL EXCURSION

This year for the first time, D.H.S. exchanged visits with Laver's Hill Consolidated School.

Our visitors arrived on May 31st, and after a most enjoyable stay returned home leaving many new friends behind. Our turn came on August 28th, when we set off in our enormous Grenda's bus, accompanied by the most fortunate teachers in the school, Mrs. Windsor and Mr. Jolly. As a diversion from the monotony we had a fashion parade conducted by Margaret Osborne and her

troop of (?) models. Some of the models were:—Margaret Osborne, Pam Bramley, Linda Temple and Heather Canobie. We were also entertained by the fabulous NO TONES and the superb voices of Mrs. Windsor and Mr. Jolly. We arrived at Laver's Hill (township) at about 2.30. The school has a total of 250 pupils ranging from primary to fifth form. That night most of us went home with our hosts, in tiny little buses, along narrow, windy roads at about 20 m.p.h.

The next day we went to Cape Otway lighthouse, and on the way Mr. Jolly had a lot of practical experience dosing us "sick chicks." The lighthouse was the eighth to be built in Australia, and was established in 1846. During construction, the sea was the only route to the lighthouse, but afterwards as this was extremely dangerous, a track was made with much difficulty, from Colac. In the afternoon we visited a local farm, but due to unfavourable weather we were unable to look over it, so the farmer showed us films, whilst we sprawled out on the bales of hay in his potato shed. That night we all went to the school social and had a most enjoyable time. We believed that Mrs. Windsor was unable to attend because she was home nursing her bruises, after showing everyone how skilful she was at sliding down muddy tracks to waterfalls.

On the Thursday we went to the Beach Forest Pine Plantation, where they demonstrated splitting a trunk with a plug. We next saw a tree and stump dynamited out of the ground. We were shown the tree, which out of all the tree plantations in Australia, was the finest specimen of its type. In the afternoon we went to the waterfall which is a magnificent sight. The evening's programme for some was a visit to the YAF, for others a lazy evening and early to bed.

We left the next day after much delay, due to the fact that DHS and Laver's Hill pupils were loath to part. Many promised to return at Christmas, when we hope that the new friendships begun, will continue to flourish. We came back by the Great Ocean Road, stopping at Lorne for lunch, and a quick look at the township, reaching Dandenong at 4 p.m., tired but happy.

For the fortunate pupils whose turn it will be next year, we can promise you a most enjoyable trip.

—C. SMITH and M. OSBORNE.

GOLF

During May this year the Victorian Schoolboys' Golf Championships were held at various courses around Melbourne. Dandenong High School entered a team consisting of Robert Jolly, Bruce Hill and Alby Gilby.

Playing our qualifying round at Spring Valley, we were unluckily beaten by Scotch College by only one stroke. Individual scores were:

A. Gilby	88
B. Hill	93
R. Jolly	95
	270

HOUSE NOTES

BLUEGUM

We as House Captains of Bluegum would like to reverse the usual procedure and thank the members of our house for their co-operation and genuine efforts during the past year. Also to use a small space in this column to record the invaluable help and assistance offered to us by various members of staff.

Of our sporting achievements . . . enough said. However, individual achievements worthy of mention are those of Heather Ross and Helen Wilton in swimming.

SWIMMING:

Ian Osborne, Peter Stocks, Ekke Martini.

FOOTBALL:

John Brown, Ian Osborne (The whole lot).

SOCCER:

Ekke Martini, Ferenc Udvary, Tibor Udvary.

CHOIRS:

(All those who came).

ATHLETICS:

Tibor, Ferenc, Ekke, Ossie.

We didn't win the cup but we're still Bluegum.

I suppose we must take the good with the bad and it looks as though Bluegum is in for a lump of good in the future.

We didn't loose for trying, just wait and see how many Bluegum 1961 officials die before their time.

OBITUARY

SWIMMING

ATHLETICS

and EGG APPEAL at D.H.S.
bereaved by the members of
BLUEGUM

Congratulations to Wattle for winning the Athletics Shield and to Clematis for their victory at the Swimming Sports and in the Egg Appeal.

In conclusion, we pay special tribute to our vice-captains, Norma Campbell and Ferenc Udvary, without whose assistance things would have been in even more confusion.

—JENNY and TIM.

ORCHID HOUSE NOTES

This year Orchid has had fluctuating success. In the swimming sports, both the boys and the girls gained third place, but in the grand aggregate were placed fourth. Noticeable performances were given by Juanita Twyford, Greta de Vries, Wendy Gyles, Christine McNee and Jennifer Smith.

Although many junior boys gave promising performances, none were outstanding. The boys gained first place in summer sport and the girls came third.

In second term the choral contest was held, in which we gained third place. An outstanding performance was given by our conductor — Martin Hallet. Thank yous go to Miss Dawson and Mrs. Cowen, who willingly gave up their time to help us. In July we said goodbye to Gary Huntingford, an enthusiastic sportsman, who went to America to study for a year. We are proud to have had an "Orchidite" chosen for this honour.

Very soon after the commencement of third term the athletic sports took place. Noticeable performances were given by Allan Elliot, Graeme Whan, D. Noy, Luba Slipetiky, M. Skilney, W. Daniels, Wendy Gyles, Judith Morrish, Jill Berry and Beverley Pike. Our boys gained second place and the girls gained fourth, but thanks to the boys we were placed second in the aggregate. During the year we suffered the loss of two fellow members — Phillip Villiers and Trevor Cookson. We were deeply moved by these losses.

The boys have been on top throughout the year, and the girls in third to fourth places. When the girls become a little stronger Orchid shall be on top again. Thank you to the teachers — namely — Miss Dawson, Miss Sands (now left), Mrs. Cowen, Mrs. Menadue, Mr. Farrelly, Mr. Chesney and Mr. Richardson, who supported us throughout the year.

WATTLE HOUSE NOTES

Despite feverish accusations at house assemblies of "you have no house spirit; this is not meant to be a picnic, why didn't you change for sport, or report for yard duty, etc., etc." Wattle House has managed to more than keep its own in this year's inter-house competitions.

The athletics resulted in an outright victory in which team-work and enthusiasm of competitors won the day. Second placings were gained in the egg appeal and the choral contest, and also in the swimming sports. Congratulations to the winning houses; but next year you may not be quite so lucky.

Both boys and girls have contributed to the successes this year, and the strength of the house cannot be attributed to either in particular. Our thanks to house teachers, Miss Gillespie, Mrs. Pederson, Mrs. Howie, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Boyd.

Overall, the year has been a successful one for Wattle and if we do not manage to win the aggregate the words of our house song bear an appropriate message:

"You'll never tame a tiger while he's hunting for his meat,

You'll never lick an army that refuses to retreat."

SHIPWRECKED ON A VOLCANIC ISLAND

by Robert Walsh (1b)

On July 26th 1958, the cargo ship "Fortress Queen", was heading through the tropics with a cargo of priceless Persian rugs. There were twenty crewmen onboard at the time when they struck an extremely thick fog bank. Then, out of the gloom, they could hear the sound of the surf breaking over some obstruction to its relentless passage. In the next few minutes there was chaos, people rushing hither and thither, trying desperately to turn the ship around from its inevitable doom. The "Fortress Queen", in all her majesty, could not compete with a tremendous swell and pea-soup fog which surrounded her with a dense impenetrable barrier. With all hands on deck, the crew watched horrified as the ship rose like a ghostly galleon tossed upon turbulent seas, as it crashed to its pitiful destruction upon the cruel and jagged teeth of the reef. A terrified shout could be heard as the ship started to break up under the tremendous swell of the sea. Then with an almighty roar the ship split into two indescribable masses of wreckage and wasteful destruction, sinking forever into the murky depths of the unknown.

Some few hours later, two men could be seen clinging feebly to a hatch cover, so badly cut and bruised they could hardly move. Their names were Anthony Vincent and Leonard Blake. Anthony was of medium height, normal build, extremely studious face and an attractive lot of curly hair, under which was a slightly abnormal amount of grey matter, aged about twenty to twenty-five years of age and particularly good looking. On the other hand Leonard was broad shouldered with an extremely high forehead, of high intellectual standard, a good deal older than the latter and hardish face, but really very kind and very pleasant to know once you understood him.

After approximately half an hour the makeshift raft was washed across the lagoon onto the rocky shoreline of this uncharted island, thrust up from the unknown depths thousands of years ago. By the time they had dragged themselves over the rocky beach and eaten some berries they were thoroughly exhausted. The next morning when they awoke; they did so to the sound of thousands of colourful birds singing in the lush green foliage of the tropical, steamy jungles, typical of this region. The grass underfoot was lush and long with numerous insects. The two castaways lay there for some minutes listening attentively to the never ending rustle of leaves and continuous whistles of the birds. Leonard was the first to speak, and he suggested they select some food. This was enthusiastically seconded by Anthony as he was already picking some berries and Leonard some coconuts.

After a hearty meal they decided to explore the island, and at once set off for the far end of the above named. Half an hour later they came across a mountain and Anthony, being the adventurous one, thought it might be interesting to explore it as they could not see it from their camp because of the trees. Not before long, after they had some nuts and berries to eat, they began to climb. At first the climb was easy and the slope rising gently and

covered with trees, but the higher they rose, the fewer the trees became and the more boulders there were. Fifteen minutes later they stood on the steep slopes of the mountain, which was really a volcano, and after further examination they realised this fact and another also, that they were standing on a volcanic island. Leonard by this time was thoroughly discouraged and wished to retire to their makeshift camp and relax for the night, as this was not far off.

The next morning after breakfast, if it could be called that, they set themselves to the task of preparing a raft in an attempt to reach civilisation again. Slowly the day passed on its uneventful course as the two furiously worked to complete the raft before the next morning in readiness for an attempt to put to sea. Then with the slowness of one who is doomed and on the way to the gallows the sun set and in the deepening twilight two ghostly shadows could be seen putting the final touches to the raft. A few minutes later they collapsed to the ground, tired and hungry. So after a quick meal they lay back on the soft green grass and faded into the world of slumber thinking about the morrow.

On awakening, they rushed to examine their raft and the weather. The raft was all right but the weather wasn't. A brisk breeze had blown up overnight and had whipped the sea into a choppy, foaming cauldron, and the waves were breaking ferociously over the jagged and cruel teeth of the reef, which surrounded the island continuously in a tight chain of immense length. Realising that they could not risk disaster by attempting to cross the reef, they decided to further explore the volcano. Being sailors, they had heard stories of a fabled, fabulously wealthy golden city, studded with priceless jewels and set in a crater of immense proportion inside an extinct volcano.

In a relatively short time they once again stood on the slopes of the volcano, but this time with greater difficulty than before because of the wind. After climbing steadily for some minutes, they stopped for a rest, and as yet they could not see how they were going to scale the last two hundred feet towards the crater. Leonard being a good deal older than Anthony, thought he would sit down and put his feet on a rock. As he did so the rock suddenly lurched free and went hurtling into space, gathering more speed and rocks as it fell. Faster and faster it tumbled, knocking other rocks as it went, and they, others. Then with a crescendo similar to that of an atomic bomb, a huge wall of solid rock broke off and went hurtling down only to dislodge more rocks and boulders and add to the already unbelievable sight which dumbfounded the two companions, and struck horror into every bone and muscle in their bodies.

For at least ten minutes they stood transfixed, staring like bewildered children into the gradually clearing dust — and at the devastation they had unwittingly caused through their own stupidity. After the initial shock had passed they decided to survey the wreckage. With a slight amount of struggling they reached the rubble and viewed the damage. Walking around they found several items of

interest — such as a gold bracelet studded with rubies and emeralds; a silver sceptre with diamonds for a handle; an amethyst covered blade; and a brooch of sapphire with ruby trimmings set in gold and platinum. Following this unusual trail, they were led to a tunnel entrance in the drift face which was lighted from within. The light seemed to come from out of the walls and reflected from one wall to the other. Anxious to find out where it led to, the two companions entered and started the long trek to the other end. Along the way several other trinkets were found but were not taken along.

"Whoever lives at the end of this tunnel," remarked Anthony, "certainly has a taste in jewels."

"Yes," agreed Leonard, "and a taste for quality and arrangement." After which the conversation lapsed into silence.

Upon reaching the far end of the tunnel they were dumbfounded. There in front of them was a city. A city large enough to house half the people in Victoria. A city made of solid gold and covered with jewels of every description. A city set in the heart of a volcano. It was incredible, and the pair realised it. There confronting them was a city so fantastic it was almost impossible to be true, but it was true, and it existed. They had to take something back with them to prove to the outer world that the fabled city of gold actually existed. On the far side of the crater there were magma pits, bubbling furiously, with pipes running through them, apparently for heating purposes. On the right-hand side there were the houses of solid gold. To the left there was a gigantic gold temple with silver steps leading up from all four sides and fabulous gold pillars with jewels and gems of all sorts embedded and polished to a magnificent sheen. Inside the archways there were billows of coloured satin flowing freely in the breeze. The colours were in nearly every colour of the spectrum, contrasting strongly with the gold and silver which was polished so brightly. Flashing magnificently in the sun it was a sight never to be forgotten by the two visitors.

Walking forward together they approached the temple, with slow, deliberate steps they mounted its hundreds of solid silver stairs. Upon reaching the first few steps they were attacked by half a dozen priests who had hidden themselves inside the temple and now came rushing down the stairs to take the two friends prisoner. Before they had realized what had happened they were powerless. Then from out of the houses emerged about fifty people who advanced with a sickening movement that would have stirred the heart of even the bravest of the brave. A few minutes later they were being dragged towards the sacrificial stone. This was a monstrous affair. With four pillars of stone, one foot thick and three feet high with a slab of stone on top two feet thick, thirteen feet long, and eight feet wide, with provision for eight people. Protesting wildly and struggling fiercely they were tied down onto the stone. At once a gigantic fire was started underneath. The stone had not been used for over three hundred years, so this ancient race had been deprived of the privilege of seeing their victims suffer as the stone gradually grew red hot and sizzled them. The priests in their enthusiasm were piling on the wood so fast that the flames were beginning to roar up the sides of the stone and so burn the ropes, but the priests were too busy putting wood on to notice this small fact. Then

suddenly, without any warning the ground began to vibrate, and with an almighty roar the magma pits exploded in a flaming mass of lava. The priests stopped chanting; the people stopped dancing, then one by one the awful truth dawned on them; the volcano was erupting. Panic had started, people were screaming and running aimlessly round in circles. Anthony and Leonard by this time were straining on the already weakened ropes as strand after strand snapped and gave way to the next. Then the last threads snapped and they could escape. The priests however had gathered the people together and were going to slice up the two lone travellers but the friends were gone. The priests and the people seeing where they had headed gave chase, but they were too late; with gushing, splitting roar a gigantic crevasse opened and the priests went hurtling into the lava.

Then cracking and splitting the temple began to topple. With its two hundred feet high self it was groaning, squeaking roaring all at once as it came crashing down on the poor unfortunates who were spattered to pulp. As it collapsed the lava, bubbling fiercely, poured over it, combined with the pitiful screams as they reached crescendo pitch, with the volcano bursting into life in the background. This, and only this, made our two friends look back as Nature chose to destroy those who would destroy others. Then, turning away from the sickening sight their attention was attracted by the small chips of rock as they fell to the floor of the tunnel. Realising their peril they broke into a run along the tunnel. Upon reaching the end they could hear bubbling and hissing. Looking back, they saw a terrifying sight: molten lava oozing down the passage was belching forth flame, smoke and steam, and carrying with it certain death. Out of the tunnel they ran, over the rubble they had caused and into the jungle, to the raft and safety.

Stumbling blindly they ran through the jungle, catching their breath when it was only essential. A couple of seconds later and they burst into the glade where they had left the raft. Each grabbing an end they began to push and pull the raft over the grass. Mere minutes later they reached the shoreline and, dragging furiously, they cleared the rocks and pushed off amid falling ashes and cinders. By lying low with their hands in the water they could paddle the raft and so escape more quickly.

Upon reaching the reef extreme caution was exercised as they fought their way through the foaming cauldron on out into the open sea. Paddling furiously for five minutes saw them well out to sea about half a mile or so. Then, stopping to see the volcano explode was their only rest. Turning and sitting up they were awestruck. There before them was a spectacle never to be forgotten. The volcano in all its fury was destroying itself. Overhead the sky was thick with smoke and falling cinders. The volcano itself was belching forth molten lava, smoke and flame. Then with the slow deliberation of which only nature is gifted, the entire side of the volcano began to slide downwards towards the now flaming jungle, gathering speed as it slid downwards. Then slowly but surely the lava began to float over the fault. As it slipped downwards the fiery interior of the volcano was revealed. Bubbling madly the lava was causing havoc on the island as it slowly but surely caused its own destruction. As the shearing piece of rock slid, it caused tremendous

ANIMALS FIND THE POWER OF SPEECH

by Barbara Funston (v)

The crisis in the Congo had reached such frightening dimensions that, for one day, the opinions of the animals in the Congo had been sought.

A large conference was held, at which a cross-section of the animal kingdom was well represented — the lion as chairman of the conference, commenced by stressing the gravity of the situation, in a strong forceful voice: "We must face the crisis bravely." Before he could proceed any further with his opening speech, the giraffe stuck his neck out and interrupted. "Why is the United Nations interfering in Congolese affairs, when we are capable of handling the matter without any intervention?" The cat snarled an aside to the snake: "Isn't that typical of our tall friend, to be continually interrupting and interfering. I don't like her large brown spots either." "Shh," hissed the snake. "Stop being so critical." The cat replied, "You have no right to be here at this conference, seeing you are only a reptile. I expect you slithered in as usual."

Looking very severe, the king of the forest said to the giraffe, "The answer to your question will be dealt with at suggestion time, in its correct sequence." The chairman put the position to them very clearly, and then called for suggestions.

Immediately the hyena laughed at the wrong

time, and said, "Isn't it all very comical?" The bison was so annoyed at this remark that he shouldered the hyena off the bench and bellowed, "You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Down with Lumumba," chattered the monkey. "I'll be the assassin," hissed the snake. The largest animal of them all — the elephant — on hearing this horrible threat, eliminated the would-be assassin with one step forward, and trumpeted loudly. "I'll never forget such subversive behaviour." The wild brute wanted to make many suggestions, but he leapt from one subject to the other so rapidly, that no other animal present could follow his trend of thought.

From the back of the room came a noise which was only just audible. All the animals turned around, only to find one of the smaller members at the meeting was trying in vain to make himself heard — the mouse. He squeaked, "Let us be friendly with the United Nations, and not be at war with them." The cat suddenly pounced on him in anger, and spat out, "You silly little fool." Before long the conference turned into a riot, with all the animals taking part. Needless to say, a few were eliminated altogether, as others managed to gnaw, bite and trample on them.

The conference concluded with the animal anthem, and the general feeling was that his matter should be left entirely to the humans.

RUSSIAN TRAGEDY

by Barry Ryan (v)

This, my friends, is not a story of A-bombs, H-bombs, tanks, etc., but the story of a tragic night in the life of an exiled politician — one Steponovich Rammel.

The time was about 2 a.m. and the silence of the sleeping world was broken only by the plaintive walls of carousing cats and the roar of the car engines of those in the upper class of capitalistic society — those who can afford to visit plays and cocktail parties. But tucked away amongst the buildings of this secluded residential area was a tiny weatherboard building; shabby perhaps from the exterior but inside quite a respectable homely abode. For thirteen long months Rammel had made this building his home, far from the dreaded secret police and the evils of a totalitarian regime, and was at last beginning to enjoy some of the pleasures of the democratic world.

But for the past week events had come forth which had changed his whole outlook. Newspaper headlines, radio and television sets told of how some pugnacious Russian agents had somehow entered the land, and their assumed aim was a number of exiled politicians who were somewhere pocketed away in this thriving industrial city. Consequently, in the early hours of this cool June morning, with the wind whistling a tune of monotony about the chimney tops Rammel was an uneasy sleeper in his cosy, but somewhat precarious, bed.

Presently to Rammel's sensitive ears a noise, a small patter, was heard in a nearby room. Evil transformations overcome his wizened face as terrifying thoughts flashed through his brain. Was it the secret police whom he had travelled so many, many miles to escape? Instantaneously his thin bony hand stretched to his dresser and grabbed a piolet (ice axe), his only souvenir from the days in which, together with his C.P. friends, made long but enjoyable mountain climbing trips. Then, with his heart beat increasing with every stroke of the clock, he stealthily crept through the door into the room and, with a faint glimmer of light shining dimly through the window, he perceived at one corner the intruder.

Swinging his piolet with a crushing blow, Rammel soon dealt with the enemy. Was he safe at last from any tyranny? But the question — the only question — which remained was what to do with the body. Would he "lug the thing into a neighbouring room" and leave it there (an idea stimulated by his recent reading of the works of Shakespeare), or would he proceed to hack the body up and deposit it, together with his rubbish, in the garbage bin. The latter plan was thought advisable and, presently, after washing himself clean of any blemish, Rammel, somewhat relieved, returned to his bed.

But would the body be found? Perhaps in a month, perhaps in a day. After all, a mouse isn't very big.

JOURNEY TO NOWHERE

by Tom Smith (v)

After swilling down the last half of my partially eaten breakfast, with a cup of scalding coffee and grabbing my suitcase, I struggled out of the house, calling goodbye to my parents. I then trudged down to the bus depot, through the cold, swirling, opaque blanket of mist.

Arriving at the depot five minutes late, I found that the bus was waiting for me. The driver put my luggage in the back of the bus, mumbling something about people who arrived late, holding up a three-hundred-mile bus tour for five minutes, now he had three miles to make up.

I entered the bus, only to find that every seat but one was filled. Taking it, I found myself sitting next to a man in his sixties, with a weather-beaten face, from which two bright, blue eyes surveyed all movements. He wasn't a very attractive fellow, but he had a gruff voice, which seemed to command the listener's attention. His name, he told me was Angus McMillan. He also told me that he had been a prospector for many years, only giving up because of lack of finance. Now, however, he was returning to the mountains for one final fling.

Here, we were interrupted by a five-year-old girl who was industriously endeavouring to explore the bus and eat a very large and sticky lollipop at the same time. The bus skidded suddenly on the greasy road, and the girl, caught unawares, lost her balance, falling over Angus and myself, literally coating us with sticky lollipop. I was furious, but Angus did not seem to mind. He began telling me the story of his own youth. The girl, after having retrieved her lollipop from the floor, with murmured apologies, had disappeared.

As I sat and listened to the old man, I began envisaging some of the many stories he related to me. After all, I thought, I can't see the scenery because of the fog which surrounds the bus, and the old man's voice is pleasant. So I sat and listened. I was, I knew, being lulled to sleep by the man's voice, and the singing sound of the bus, and the hum of the tyres on the smooth highway.

Suddenly, I was rudely awakened as my head hit the seat in front of me. The bus was skidding violently, the air brakes squealed, and the whole of the bus tipped at a sickening angle. It seemed as though the front of the bus was trying to bore itself into the earth. The driver's voice was calm as it came through the loudspeakers. He asked everyone to stay where they were. The three children on the bus were crying, one loudly, the other two softly.

The old vicar sat motionless, holding on to his aged wife's shaking hand. The driver was silently cursing about the biggest potholes in the world, momentarily forgetting he had left his loud speaker on. The old vicar tut-tutted urgently, and the driver blushed.

The driver left his seat, and gingerly made his way towards the back of the bus. He broke open the emergency hatch, and asked his passengers to file out, in single file, ladies first, but the women would not leave either their husbands or children.

The driver then leapt out of the bus. The ground underneath the bus heaved and shook and the bus slid down a bit further. The driver, nearly frantic was calling for everybody to jump, for heaven's sake! Still nobody moved.

Angus then tapped me on the hand, "Laddie," he said, "this bus is going to drop to the bottom of the crevasse I'm sure we're balanced on. I've known these hills for over forty years, and any time now this fissure is going to open wider. As nobody else seems to want to escape, let's you and I go."

He picked up his spades and shovels and his panning dish, handing the latter to me. We advanced slowly to the back of the bus. Angus pushed me out first. Immediately, the cold, clammy mist enveloped me like a shroud. Then Angus followed, pulling up the collar of his greatcoat.

There was a dull thump behind us, and turning to see the cause of it, we observed a dark figure which seemed to materialise out of the mist.

He was a small, weedy looking individual with a cigarette drooping out of the corner of his mouth. His name was Toomes—Eric Toomes. He had left the bus, he admitted, because he was scared. (And did he look it!) Despite the coldness of the early hour and the freezing mist, large beads of perspiration which had formed on his brow, were running down his shaking, white face.

I then heard a muffled call through the murk, and I called back. The bus driver appeared with three two-hundred-foot lengths of rope, and a twenty-foot-length of chain. Tying a length of rope about his waist, he bade us wind the rest round a tree three times, and to hold on to the remaining fifty feet. Then he explained his plan.

We all watched as he climbed on to the roof at the back of the bus, and edged his way down towards the front, which was at a forty-five degree angle to the earth's surface. He slithered along the slippery roof, and on to the engine mounting. Then he plunged into the gloom, and disappeared. The rope tightened. We played out some more. Again it tightened. The driver's muffled voice filtered through the opaque mist. At his command, Angus tied the rest of the rope securely around a large gum tree. The rope was now taut, stretching away from us, through the gloom.

Angus pushed me towards the gap, and bade me to climb over. This I did, and collapsed, trembling after my ordeal on the other side. Then came Toomes, who nearly let go the rope twice, and whom we had to rescue. As we grabbed him, his feet dislodged some stones, which disappeared into the void. The echo reached us four or five seconds later.

Angus by this time had swung himself lithely across the gap, despite his age. He told us that a stone dropping for four seconds would have travelled just over two hundred and fifty feet. The driver said he would return and bring over some more passengers.

He was halfway across the rope when there was a deep, rumbling sound from somewhere beneath us. The crevasse opened and the silhouette of the bus melted into the mist in the crevasse. But even more important, the rope had snapped, and we heard an ear-splitting scream that penetrated even the deepest mist, and which echoed dispassionately, monotonously round and round the yawning gulf long after the hollow thump told us that he had hit the bottom.

Then, almost miraculously, as if it knew the mist had caused enough damage, a biting cold west wind sprang up, and slowly blew the enveloping mist before it.

With a startled cry, Angus pointed. Fifty yards from us, snorting and stamping their hooves, stood five horses harnessed to an old stage coach, with "Cobb and Co.," printed on the sides.

We all clambered aboard, Angus in the driving seat. He cracked the whip, and the coach started with a jerk. The road was rough and uneven, and the coach's springs were not very effective. Looking out of the windows I observed that we were moving along a track, seven feet wide, with potholes two feet deep. Of the smooth highway upon which we had been riding there was no sign. When we came to a fast-running river, Angus stopped. Disregarding the thoroughly miserable Toomes, I climbed up beside Angus, and gazed around from my high perch.

The first thing I noticed was the thick scrub which practically surrounded us. Turning to ask Angus a question, I found him poring over a grimy old map, and absent-mindedly smoking his reeking old pipe. Finally, he turned to me and said, "Laddie, I now know where we are—only five miles from my prospective gold mine."

Angus clucked the horses into action, and we crossed the shallow river at a ford which we found after an hour's search. By nightfall, we had reached Angus' goldmine, no amount of ridicule could shake his belief in his "goldmine." Toomes had managed to help us to set up camp, and now that there was no danger, he became increasingly confident. A crafty look spread over his thin face every time the words gold or millionaire were mentioned. I mentioned this to Angus who answered me strangely, "Laddie, I have already noticed the smug look of which you make mention. We will have to watch him at all hours."

From his grimy sack he produced two boxes. Opening the first with hands that shook slightly, he let the sun's rays reflect the soft, blue-grey colour inside. As the sun was just setting, I could not see the contents. The gnarled, dirty hands inserted into the velvet-lined box seemed strangely out of place. He withdrew his hand slowly, and there, fitting snugly and securely was a beautifully-kept, well-oiled shining revolver. He asked me if I could use it. I replied that I did not know; the smallest gun I had ever used previously being a .22 Winchester. Breaking open the other box, he gave me ten cartridges.

I picked them up and dropped both gun and cartridges into my pocket. For this Angus severely reprimanded me. He told me that the gun was the smallest, really effective automatic ever produced—the German "Lilliput"—4.25 mm. bore. Angus scolded me, saying that it might have fired in my pocket, killing me, and that my handling was no way to treat a beautiful machine like that.

Treating the weapon with more respect, I placed it in my pocket. Just then, "Weedy" as we called him (Toomes), returned with four large rabbits and a scrub turkey. "Found 'em in a couple of burrows," he informed us.

We started a fire, and had an excellent supper. We then turned in. The night passed uneventfully.

The following morning Angus started work in earnest, and with his first dynamite charge, he blew out a large piece of the mountain side and frightened the now tethered horses. Weedy was nowhere to be seen. Around lunch-time he returned, informing us of a waterhole about fifty yards away. After lunch we went swimming. Weedy made some trivial excuse, however, and "went exploring." The stream was cold and refreshing. Suddenly there was a deep rumbling.

Angus leapt out of the water, and raced across the fifty yard stretch of boiling sand which separated the water from our camp-ground, the boiling sun apparently not bothering his body, or the blistering hot sand which burnt our feet. The small amount of shoring that had been done had collapsed and a pall of dust hung over the entrance. Inside we heard Weedy's anaemic calls for help.

One hour and two dynamite blasts later we had him free, and Angus lectured him on the follies of entering and poking around mines alone. Weedy left us, not even thanking Angus for saving his life. The temperature began to wane as the sun set and the night passed uneventfully.

The following day, late in the afternoon, Angus struck gold, a large vein, thirty feet high and about one hundred yards long. He did not even have to separate it from the rock. Angus' joy knew no bounds. We worked like fiends, redoubling our efforts; even Weedy helped. By nightfall we had dug out and put into sacks over one hundred and forty pounds of pure gold, valued at over thirty-three thousand six hundred pounds cash. At first I did not believe him until he told me gold was currently fourteen pounds fifteen shillings per ounce. We were exhausted and too excited to eat tea, so we just sat and talked. Angus gave me a small lump of gold which was lying at his feet. He bade me handle it and feel its weight. He then pointed out the colour, which, he declared was "purrfect."

I rolled into my sleeping bag and fell to sleep immediately. I woke at sunrise to Angus' plaintive cries. Rubbing the sleep out of my still half-closed eyes. "The thieving coyote," and other choice, well-picked adjectives rebounded from the cliffs. After he cooled down, Angus managed to splutter out, with a somewhat raucous laugh, that while we had slept, Weedy had taken off with the gold, the coach and the horses.

After a very meagre and hurried breakfast, we left camp after Weedy. We followed the trail of the coach wheels for three miles; then we came upon it lying on its side with one wheel ten yards

away in the dust. Grazing nearby were four horses, one with a badly-crushed leg. Mounting two swift horses, we tracked him till nightfall, had a quick tea and continued until darkness made further tracking impossible.

At day-break the following day, we re-commenced our search. We found ourselves climbing rapidly into mountainous country. We passed a campfire at noon, and Angus dismounted and felt the stones. They were still warm. Weedy was somewhere up ahead—and not too far ahead at that. We urged our horses on to a faster pace. They were tired, but responded magnificently. We arrived on a flat plain, and saw Weedy's horse grazing on the sparse greenery.

Then with a muttered oath, Angus pointed. There above us, a black dot was slowly progressing up the steep side of a very large hill. Angus estimated that Weedy was five-hundred feet above us. We started climbing. After we had travelled a good three-hundred feet we were stopped by a frothy, raging torrent. In wading across it, with our guns above our heads, I slipped, and fell.

I was being whisked downstream, when I felt a strong pull on the collar of my shirt. Finding a firm footing, I turned round and looked into Angus' amused eyes. We proceeded, after I had tried to thank him, and he told me to "wheeshit." Now, however, our firearms were wet, and consequently useless. Still we advanced, cutting down Weedy's lead. It was a breath-taking experience, climbing up the almost vertical slopes. Despite his age of sixty-eight years, he left me puffing up the slope behind him.

The number of times my heart almost stopped beating, and my stomach seemed to do a highland fling, when a tuft of grass, or a small stone parted under my weight, or came away in my clammy hands, were innumerable. When we stopped for a minute's rest, I found myself covered in a cold sweat, and my arms and legs were trembling. Then we were off again. "There he is," hissed Angus, and sure enough, less than one hundred feet above me, trying to hit us with dislodged stones, and cursing away, was the feeble figure of the thief, silhouetted against the late afternoon's rosy-tinted sky.

Surprisingly though, he seemed to disappear. Upon reaching the spot where we had last seen him, we found a natural ledge. Along this our enemy had flown. Now that the ground was level, we advanced much faster, and soon we saw him, bounding over the rocks and boulders like a mountain goat.

We were about eighty yards behind him, when he screamed, and appeared to stumble. Angus stopped warily, thinking it was a trap. Cautiously we advanced. Then we saw it was no trick. At some time a miner had fossicked up here on the slope. In his flight, in trying to watch both of us and the terrain in front of him, he (Weedy) had not seen the hole until it was too late, and he had fallen head-first into the man-made chasm. Angus stepped up to the edge and kicked some rocks into the black, empty void. It seemed a long time before we heard the succession of dull plops. This indicated that they had landed in water, far below.

We could not sleep that night, camped beside the mine-shaft, despite a good supper and a hard day's exercise. At first light Angus was serving an ample breakfast which we both ate in dead silence. Then Angus suggested that he should see if he could recover the gold. He was in no fit state to do so, so I volunteered.

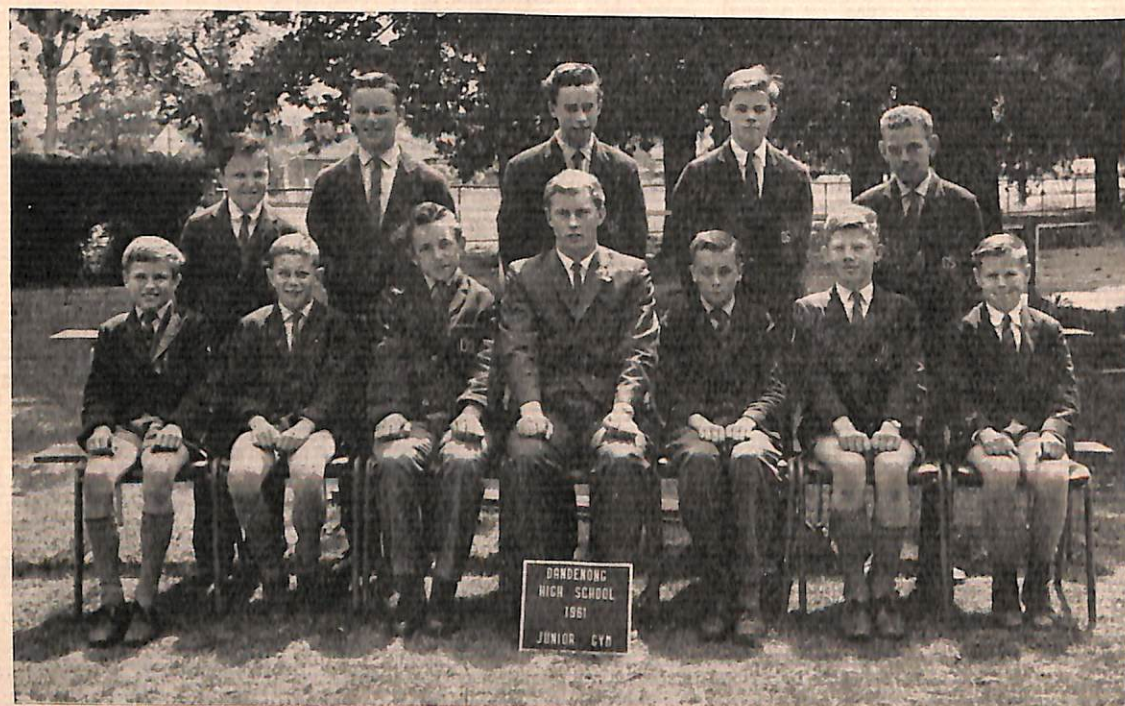
Angus lowered me on the length of rope he carried with him, and I descended into the dark, dank, dripping blackness of the old mine-shaft. I reached the water level and felt into the slimy, freezing water beneath me. I touched something and pulled it. It was Weedy's hair. I realised this with a start, and dropped the dripping mess. I recoiled from the horrible feeling. A shiver ran through me. I signalled Angus to pull me up. Still in total darkness, I continued to shake, trying not to remember the oily, limpid feeling of the sodden hair. Angus was pulling me up fast. Then I saw it, an overhanging outcrop of rock. Before I could move, my head cannoned into it.

The next feeling I experienced was that of falling—I was falling faster and faster. I heard Angus' anxious voice calling me—then I heard a rushing sound, then I was sweating, and trying to scream to Angus above the cacophony of ever-increasing and varying noises; then they began to subside, and I heard myself being called, only it was not Angus' pleasantly-gruff voice, it was a woman's. I knew the voice and struggled to recognise it. It became clearer, this soft voice. I could hear Angus no more. Then I realised it was my mother's. I then realised that I was no longer falling.

I opened my eyes, which I had closed after I had hit my head. Everything was a blur before my eyes. Then everything slowly began to focus properly, and I saw that, to my amazement I was not lying drowning in a mineshaft, but lying on what I recognised to be a hospital bed with three nurses and two worried-looking doctors around me. I tried to explain what had happened, and when I told them about finding the coach and the gold, they shook their heads and murmured something about me being delirious. Then they told me that the bus had fallen down the crevasse, I had been rescued, and had lain in a coma for five days. A curious thing was they found no trace of Angus' body, and this seemed to surprise them. Each time that I tried to explain that I knew where he was—alive, they turned to each other and commented that I must have had a harder bump on the head than they expected. I also tried to explain to them about the rope they had found tied round a tree, and hanging in the crevasse. It was useless trying to tell them. Even my mother didn't believe me. She told me to lie down and rest quietly.

Three weeks after this, I was being dressed preparatory to being sent home. By this time I had let the doctors convince me that I had imagined my adventure with Angus. I was bending down to do up my shoe laces, when something fell out of my shirt pocket, and rolled on to the floor.

There, in the middle of the floor, with the early morning sun reflecting dull rays of sunlight from it, lay the small lump of gold that Angus had given me when I was with him on our journey to nowhere.



CREATIVE AGONY

by Malcom Pettigrove (vi)

Have you ever found yourself sitting at your table, with a sheet of foolscap (blank) before you, nibbling the end of a pen, and searching desperately round in your mind (also blank) for inspiration? You have? Good, we're in the same boat! Having given this matter a good deal of thought, I will tell the uninitiated of some of the horrors of this situation.

This article may help you to avoid ever being placed in a similar predicament again—who knows? I write in the interests of humanity. Lend me your ears and cast back your mind to how it all began . . .

There you are, sitting peacefully in the library pretending to be doing private study. However, the mind is where the heart is, as they say in the classics, and yours is five hundred and fifty miles away. For safety's sake though, you assume a studious demeanour, viz., bury your nose in a book, hunch your shoulders, twist your legs around the chair-legs, and with a vacant look in your eyes casually chew vanilla Kraft caramels. Then a soft, syrupy voice filters through the wall of your reverie, and you look up to behold the smiling visage of a member of that league with the brand of Satan on their brow, teachers, floating above you. Gathering your scattered wits together and swallowing your caramel, you harken unto the voice of the prophet. The voice is singing dithirambos to your literary ability, and how you have no moral right to rob The Ignorant Masses of the Light which you are capable of throwing upon their benighted existences. In other words, cough up an article for the school magazine. But they don't say it like that. No, sir! The subtlety of their approach is like that reserved by the nastier members of the Borgia family for people they wanted particularly to die a horrid, lingering death. The teacher pours honeyed, low-voiced phrases into your ear. Ah! Could you but sense the poison beneath! He virtually bows before your genius. Treachery! Do you not see that he is but sharpening his scalping-knife against your chair leg . . . ? The double siren sounds, and you leave the library feeling a Better, Nobler Person than you have ever been. The teacher does a silent war-dance, makes a few scalping slashes with his knife in the air, then sheaths it and looks around for the next victim.

So you get home, and prepare to enlighten the fool multitude. But the springs of genius are suddenly dry. Inspiration is absolutely non-existent. Of course, you know this is a momentary lapse, but . . . you tell your mother that the School sports are on tomorrow, and you're staying home to study. The next day is spent frantically cudgelling your brains. You know that you are capable of great literary creation, but you just don't know in which particular sphere you are going to specialise this time. After all, the others are so far below you that they might not understand. That is probably what the teacher meant by advising you to be brief, clear, and to the point. Of course—he just didn't want to flatter you outright.

Next day you go to school, but don't go to that particular teacher's lessons. Your classmates observe a peculiar furtiveness in your movements, and a tendency to jump like a frightened deer when spoken to. The day goes off without incident, though, and with a sigh of relief you raise your collar, lower your hat, and bolt through the school gates, home for the weekend. The relaxed atmosphere of Saturday and Sunday is sure to produce a masterpiece of prose such as the world has never yet seen. It doesn't.

Monday sees you in a vile mood, although a row with your family over the breakfast cups lightens it a little. On the bus you walk over people's toes, and derive a certain satisfaction from it. Reading Erasmus' "The Praise of Folly" makes you feel better still. Once again you feel your superiority over the peasants. Yes, they're all fools, incapable of rising to your spiritual and intellectual heights. This in fact goes so far in restoring your drooping morale, that you can even make a few sarcastic comments during assembly, a sure sign of well-being and joie de vivre. But—to coin a phrase—"pride cometh before a fall." And what a fall! Like a schooner in full sail, the author of your trials bears down upon you, an offensively cheerful smile upon his face—even now he can contrive to look as innocent as a new born babe. Base! Base!—And ask lightly, "Well, have you got that article?" A bitter smile twists your features. If he only knew the mental agony you had gone through, he would not speak in that gay, casual manner! With a reproachful look, you try to rouse the brainwasher's conscience, but it seems that when Nature gave out consciences, he was hiding behind the kitchen door. "No," you say finally.

And here your most ardent fan, critic, and admirer, sheds his disguise and shows himself in his true colours. The friendly smile is replaced by an unfriendly snarl (isn't it wonderful how a slight change in the position of the lips can produce so great a transformation?) and the gay, laughing voice now sounds like the muted squeaking, grating sound of a door in a haunted house. Horrible, horrible! You gather that if you don't produce an article, and quickly, you'll be very, very sorry. There is something that makes you believe this threat—could it be the way the Tormentor clasps and unclasps his hands, then draws a stiletto from his stocking . . . ?

The upshot is that you find yourself scrawling frantically about My Hobbies, or Some Little-known Aspects of the Industrial Revolution for perusal by the Masses. But this brings me to the end—look how much I've written! As far as I'm concerned, the teacher (name is withheld to ensure my passing matric.) has got his pound of flesh! Just a parting piece of advice, however; if you are ever dreaming in the library, and a melodious voice murmurs into your ear, "You write very well, you know . . .", sit up, square your shoulders, gaze into the Serpent's eyes, swallow your chewy, and . . . "No!!!" you must say, "Get thee gone from me, Satan!"

CRIME PAYS

by Dorothy Homer (v)

In the half light of the evening Mr. Harrison strode briskly and confidently along the squalid, deserted back streets of Bristol. Such a degrading route did not befit a man of his station, he knew, but it was the shortest way to his comfortable, solidly Victorian house. Mr. Harrison, pious gentleman that he was, always liked to be home to conduct evening prayer at six o'clock.

Mr. J. J. Harrison was a robust, complacent, typically Victorian gentleman of middle age. Everything about him suggested prosperity and success, from his well polished shoes to the crown of his tall puritan hat. The very air he breathed seemed to be filled with the aura of pleasant and comfortable good living. Busy, successful at everything he attempted, and annoyingly sanctimonious, he owned a thriving butcher's business, and sold meat for reasonable prices. He was a non-conformist, an ardent follower of John Wesley, and a firm believer in the better side of human nature. Like Loyola, he had formed a society, intended as a crusade, the idea being to rescue souls from the scandalous doctrines of Charles Darwin, and to howl down all his opponents in the name of the Lord.

Mr. Harrison sighed with satisfaction as he turned a corner, but that sigh died away into a strangled gasp as a shadowy figure sprang forward and brought down a blunt instrument with amazing force on the back of his head. But "good old J. J.," as his business associates called him, was certainly magnificent at meeting any crisis with fortitude. Stunned as he was, he managed to shout lustily as the leather wallet was ripped by greedy fingers from his pocket, and as he sprawled forward onto the pavement an ever-alert Bow Street runner hurried up to seize the offender in a vice-like grip.

THE TWO EXTREMES

The pearly spheres of heaven shall open
And reflect themselves upon the pure waters of truth,
Images of the dead shall be lifted up
From this mortal world,
Carried on the buoyancy of a celestial wind
To a place unknown.
Others shall remain,
Mortals who have lived in the midst of sin.
They shall not become immortal,
But shall remain buried,
Lifeless.
Their ashes shall be scattered on a stormy sea
Of torment and restlessness;
They can be saved, if only, only . . .
Peace shall reign.

—ROBYN GOLDING, 1B.

The criminal did not even try to struggle. He wailed. He howled. The heart of J. J. was touched, despite his aching head. The arm of the law was not impressed; he knew this shifty-looking individual well — he had a record as long as his arm, and Bristol had never known a greater scoundrel.

Out came the whole hackneyed, stereotyped story; the sick mother, the starving, shivering children, the inability to find a job because of the accursed new machines, the family thrown out on the streets to beg and starve. Mr. Harrison would not — he could not — break their hearts by pressing damages against him for what had been done in a moment of weakness and desperation. His family adored him, loved him, believed in him, so . . . surely Mr. Harrison had a family of his own — how would he feel if . . . !

This, thought J. J., was true repentance, and the thought of his own demure, priggish little daughters in their white caps and grey smocks rose before him. He was infinitely pleased that this poor wretch had recognised him as a man of charity — a friend in need.

This might be the turning point of this man's whole life. Here was a chance to win a soul from the black pit of iniquity into which it had sunk. A heap of notes was taken from the wallet, pressed into the eager, grasping hands, and the thief was bidden to go on his way rejoicing.

"Aw, Guv!" exclaimed the half-horrified, half-amused young policeman. Mr. Harrison heeded him not, and passed on his way, looking several inches taller. The thief, Jack Hawkins, chuckled and disappeared into the shadows. "Blimey," thought the policeman, "crime will soon become a respectable occupation."

—DOROTHY HOMER, 5.

STONE IMAGES

Their carven countenances shall be caressed
By the restless winds of eternity;
But they shall remain unmoved
Without emotion
Standing stark and silent.
For they are only husks with no feeling;
They are stone images,
Reflecting their own cold and remorseful
personalities
Upon a sea of nothing.
We are they.
In our little world of conceit and self-pity,
We shall remain as one,
Weak with no substance,
Useless material
standing,
Delighting in our frugal attempts at under-
So we shall stand,
Surveying the changing world
Out of eyes that cannot grasp the meaning of
life.

—ROBYN GOLDING, 1B.

Presenting - Primum Terrarum orbis Bellum - Veneris

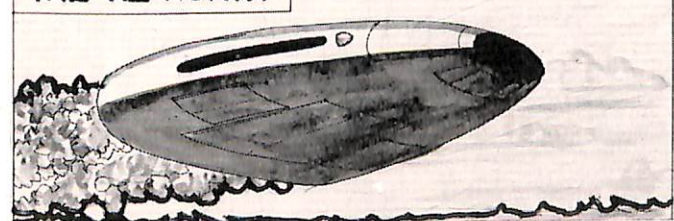
OUR STORY OPENS EARLY IN THE YEAR 2061, WHEN HERR FUMBLE, PRIME MINISTER OF ATLANTIS, THE CHIEF COUNTRY, AND CAPITAL TERRITORY OF VENUS, RESIGNS HIS POST SUFFERING FROM A RARE BRAIN DISEASE. HE GOES INTO SECLUSION, AND TAKES UP RESIDENCE ON MARITAVIA.

MARITAVIA... SECRET ISLAND OF THE ATLANTINE CHAIN, WHICH, BECAUSE OF VOLCANIC ACTIVITY DEEP BELOW THE SURFACE OF VENUS, IS CONTINUALLY RISING ABOVE, AND SINKING BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.



FUMBLE BECOMES ANTAGONISTIC TOWARDS THE REGIME OF WHICH HE HAD BEEN A LEADING AND PROMINENT MEMBER. HE SURROUNDS HIMSELF WITH A GANG OF CRIMINALS, MANY OF WHOM ARE SCIENTIFIC GENIUSES. HE BEGINS BUILDING UP A FORCE OF ROCKETS AND BOMBS.

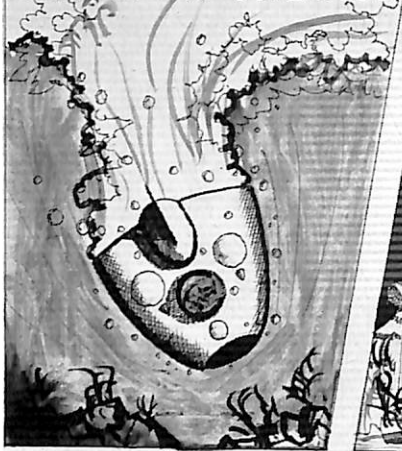
ONE DAY, PROFESSOR NITTLE WITTLE THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST, ARTIST, MUSICIAN ETC., ETC., (AND THE RICHEST MAN IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM) AND HIS FRIEND, RAJAH JOHN III OF VENUS ARE EXPLORING THE REGION...



TAKE HER DOWN HERE.



THE NITSHIP DIVES...

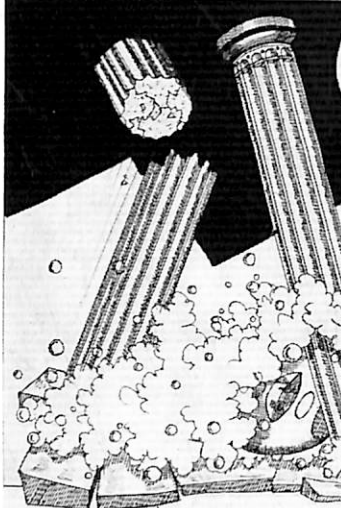


PROFESSOR
NITTLE WITTLE



LOOKOUT!

IT'S A 'QUAKE! LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE!
-FAST!



WE CAN'T GET AWAY
WE'LL SHELTER IN
THIS CAVE!



LATER...



IT'S ALL OVER
LET'S GET OUT,
NOW!

THEY LEAVE THE
SHIP AND FOLLOW
A LONG TUNNEL
UNTIL THEY
REACH A DOOR.
THEY OPEN IT,
AND FIND...

FUMBLE!

FUMBLE



SIEGUNZESPRIEG!
DO NOT LET
THEM ESCAPE!

RAJAH

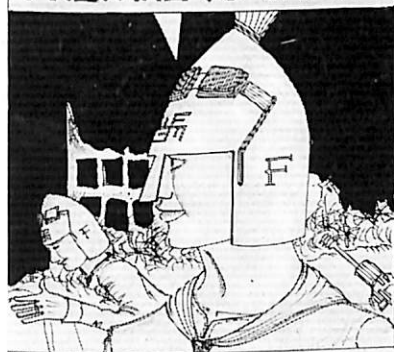


DON'T LOITER!

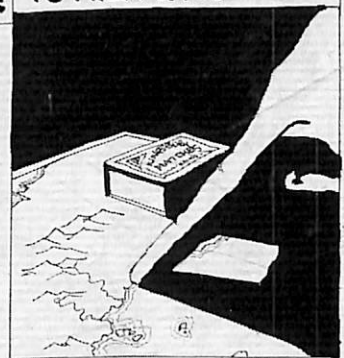
THE RAJAH AND PROFESSOR
NITTLE WITTLE ESCAPE.
FUMBLE, REALISING THAT
HIS HIDING PLACE HAS BEEN
DISCOVERED, ACTS QUICKLY
HE ELECTS HIMSELF INTO
THE SENATE OF INAMREG,
A COUNTRY IN NEW EAST
EUROPE. HE QUICKLY BE-
COMES LEADER. INAMREGIAN
FORCES MARCH ON SURROUND

-ING COUNTRIES. OTHER COUNT-
RIES JOIN WILLINGLY. THIS GOES
ON UNTIL ONLY A FEW ISLAND-LIKE
ANTIFUMBLIST COUNTRIES REMAIN.
THESE ARE SOON ATTACKED AND
MANY ARE CONQUERED. THE RAJAH
REALISES THAT THE SITUATION IS
BECOMING DANGEROUS AND
THREATENS FUMBLE WITH WAR.
FUMBLE TAKES OFFENCE, AND
IMMEDIATELY DECLARES WAR HIM

-SELF, ON ALL ANTIFUM-
BLIST COUNTRIES...
PREPARE TO CHARGE!



FUMBLISTS SMASH
THEIR WAY DOWN
TO ATLANTIS.

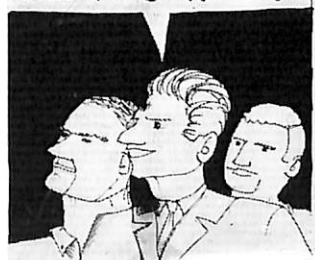


MEANWHILE, IN IN-
AMREG, FUMBLE
HOLDS THE PEOPLE
SPELLBOUND WITH
HIS AMAZING
ORATORIES...

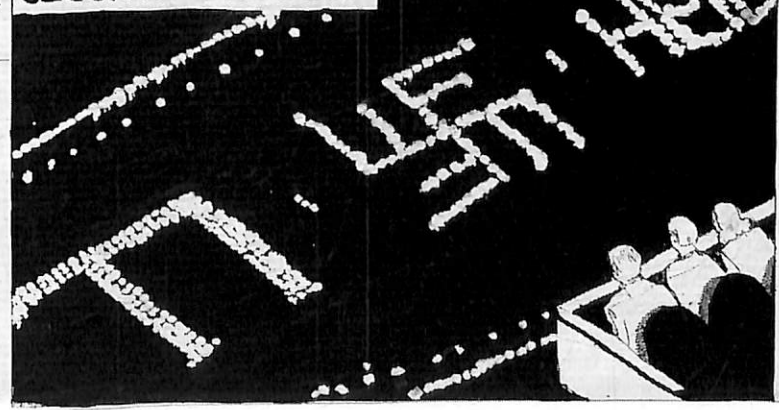


HE WHIPS THE PE-
OPLE INTO A FREN-
ZY...

HEIL FUMBLE! FUM-
BLE IS OUR GOD!



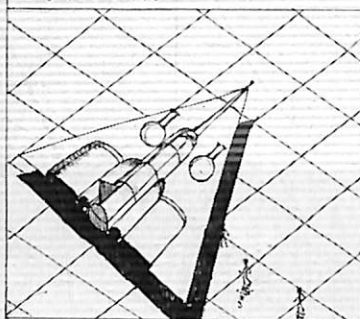
FANTASTIC CEREMONIES, TORCHLIGHT PRO-
CESSIONS ARE HELD



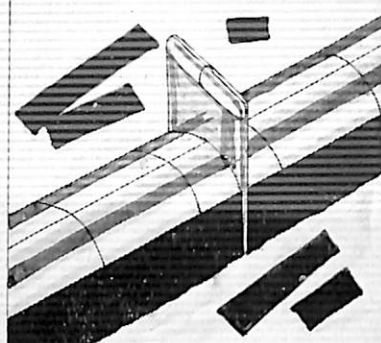
NOW IS THE TIME
TO STRIKE!



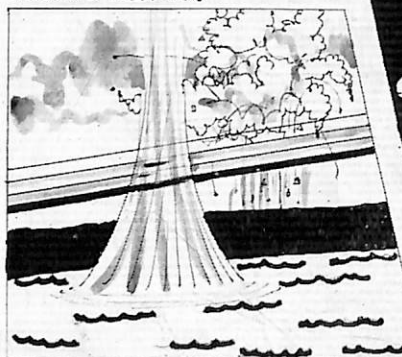
A FLEET OF FUMBLE
BOMBERS ROARS
OFF TO BOMB AT-
LANTIS...



THEY ATTACK THE
ATLANTIS-NITTLES-
VILLE BRIDGE.



PARTS OF THE
BRIDGE ARE DE-
STROYED...



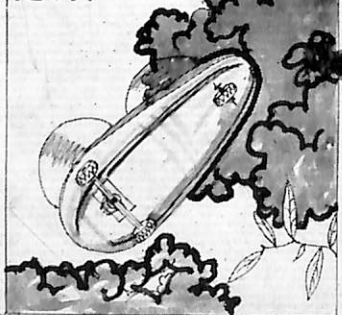
THE BOMBERS MOVE
ON TO ATLANTIS...



NITTLE HOUSE, THE
RESIDENCE OF
NITTLE WITTLE AND
THE RAJAH, IS DE-
STROYED.



SOON, THE CON-
QUERING FORCES
POUR INTO ATLANT-
IS...



THE RAJAH AND THE
PROFESSOR FLEE
TO THEIR MOUNT-
AIN SHACK...



WHAT'LL WE DO?

LIE LOW, FOR
AWHILE.



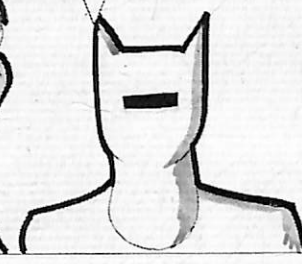
SOON, ALL VENUS IS IN
HERR FUMBLE'S GRASP...



WE MUST GO TO EARTH, AND OR-
GANISE RESISTANCE THERE.



NIT! NIT! COME
QUICKLY!



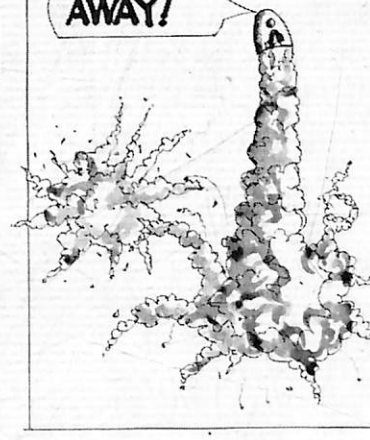
THEY'VE FOUND
OUR HIDEOUT!



WE MUST GO, NOW!
QUICKLY, INTO
THE NITSHIP!



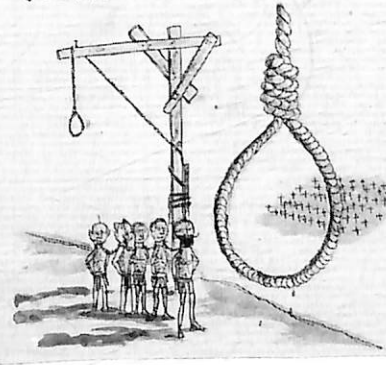
AWAY!



SIEGUNZESPRIEG!
YOU HAVE LET THEM
ESCAPE! SOMEONE
WILL PAY!

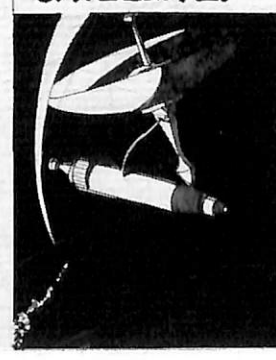


FUMBLE'S WRATH
TELLS A BLOODY TALE
HUNDREDS DIE...

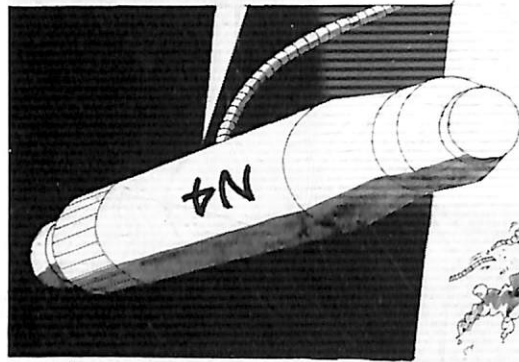


MEANWHILE...

THERE'S MY
SATELLITE!



SOON... WE'RE ALL STOCKED UP WITH FOOD! ...LET'S GO!



RAJAH AND NIT ARRIVE IN LONDON AND EXPLAIN THE SITUATION....NIT WARNS THAT WITHIN A FEW MONTHS, A FUMBLE FLEET MAY ATTACK EARTH. BUT LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT A FUMBLE -FLEET IS JUST BE -YOND THE MOON!

THE FLEET IMMEDIATELY ATTACKS EARTH... SOME PEOPLE OFFER BRAVE RESISTANCE & GET AWAY, YOU Y-YOUNG DIVELS!



... BUT, IN VAIN...

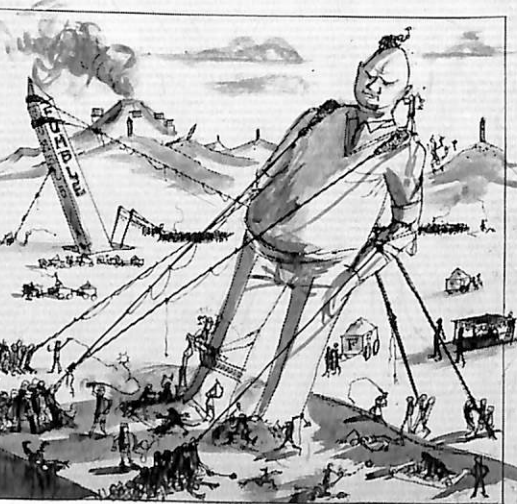


THE FUMBLISTS JOIN WITH THE RUSSIANS AND SMASH ACROSS EUROPE...

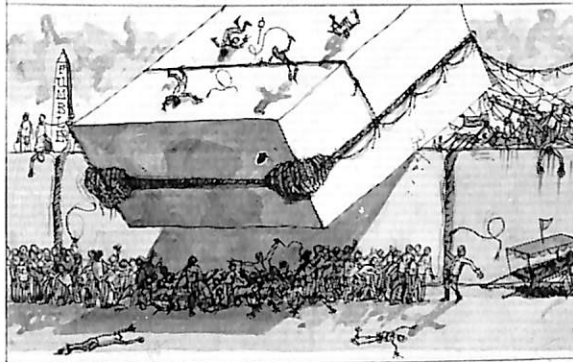


MEANWHILE, ON VENUS, THE PLACE IS BEING REBUILT... GREAT MONUMENTAL CITIES, PLAZAS, AND SQUARES DOTTED WITH STATUES OF FUMBLE HIMSELF.

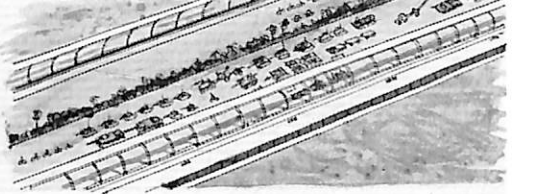
THESE WERE ALL BUILT BY SLAVE LABOUR--THE SAME SLAVES WHO ARE FORCED TO BUILD THE ACID VATS, CONCENTRATION CAMPS, FURNACES, GAS CHAMBERS AND SO ON FOR THEIR COMRADES...



"ACCIDENTS" IN THE SLAVE CAMPS WERE FREQUENT, AT THE LOSS OF A GREAT NUMBER OF SLAVES.



MEANWHILE, ON EARTH, TANKS POUR ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL BRIDGE INTO BADLY-BATTERED BRITAIN, WHILE BELOW, TROOP TRAINS ROAR ONWARD...THROUGH THE SUB-MARINE TUNNEL.

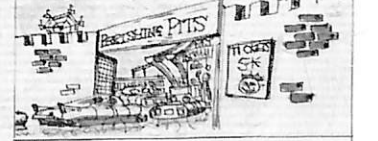


THE BRITISH DETONATE SECRETLY PLACED MASSES OF EXPLOSIVE ON THE BRIDGE AND IN THE TUNNEL, DESTROYING THEM COMPLETELY... DESPERATE LAST MEASURES IN THE HOPE OF STAVING OFF THE ATTACK FOR

AWHILE...



SEVERAL MORE ATTACKS ON BRITAIN FAIL, INCLUDING AN N-BOMB ATTEMPT. ON VENUS, FUMBLE GAINS COMPLETE CONTROL... THOUSANDS PERISH DAILY.



THE DWINDLING POPULATION OF MARS IS QUICKLY CONQUERED BY FUMBLISTS.

ON EARTH, ALL PEACE-LOVING NATIONS JOIN TOGETHER UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE U.N., IN AN ALL-OUT BID TO CRUSH THE FUMBLE-COMMUNIST FORCES.



WAR IS OFFICIALLY
DECLARED AND THE
U.N. TAKES DEFEN-
SIVE MEASURES...



AT SEA... U.N. SHIPS
BLAST AT THE EN-
EMY AFLOAT, AND AT
THEIR COASTAL
STRONGHOLDS...



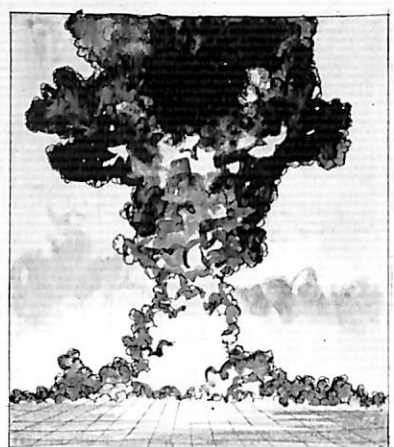
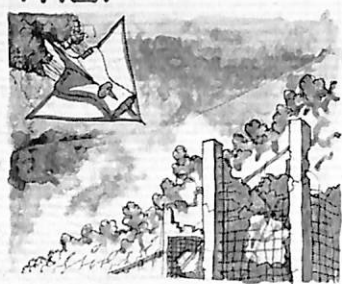
UNDER THE SEA...
ALLIED SUBS SINK
ENEMY SHIPS, AND
SEND A-ROCKETS
ROARING INTO EN-
EMY TERRITORY...



ON LAND... U.N.
FORCES SLASH AT
THE HEART OF THE
ENEMY...



AND IN THE AIR...
FIGHTERS AND
BOMBERS CREATE
EXTENSIVE DAM-
AGE.



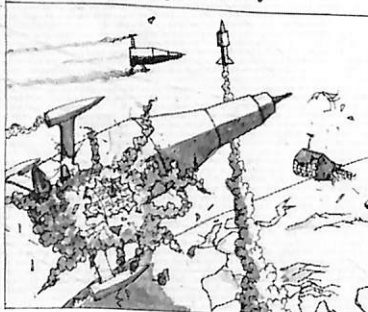
...MOSCOW... 2...

A BLOODY WAR
ENSUES...
GRADUALLY, THE
WORLD IS



PURGED OF FUM-
BLIST FORCES.

THE ATTACKING FUM-
BLE FLEET, ORBITING
AROUND EARTH, IS
DESTROYED...

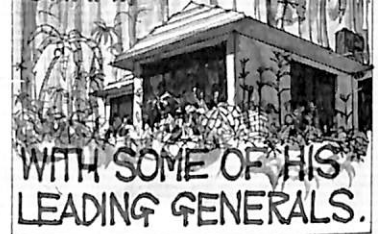


U.N. FORCES SPEED
TO VENUS, AND FREE
THOUSANDS OF



STARVING SLAVES.

FLODA FUMBLE, RE-
ALISING THAT THE
END IS NIGH, GOES
INTO HIDING ON THE
EDGE OF THE GREAT
SWAMP.



WITH SOME OF HIS
LEADING GENERALS.

WITHOUT ITS FIRM
LEADER, THE FUMBLE
REGIME QUICKLY
CRUMBLES, AS ALL-
IED FORCES SWEEP...



ACROSS VENUS. MARS
IS ALSO LIBERATED...

PROFESSOR
NITTLE WITTLE AND
RAJAH JOHN III...



OF VENUS, RETURN
TO THEIR HOME-
PLANET TO ASSIST
IN CLEARING UP.

THE WAR IS OVER... AND THE FIRST RE-
PORTS OF DAMAGE ARE COMING IN...

FROM THESE REPORTS, IT CAN
EASILY BE CALCULATED THAT VENUS,
EARTH AND MARS, WILL TAKE YEARS
BEFORE THEY ARE RESTORED TO
THEIR FORMER GLORIES.

AND AS FOR FUMBLISM—ITS IM-
PRINT WILL REMAIN IN THE MINDS OF
PEOPLE, FOR GENERATIONS TO COME,
A GRIM REMINDER OF WHAT CAN HAPPEN.

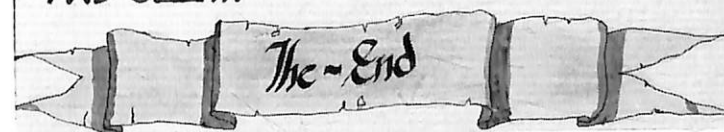
CIVILIZATION...
WILL HEAR FROM ME
...AGAIN...



—AND SO FUMBLE FLEES INTO
THE SWAMPS...

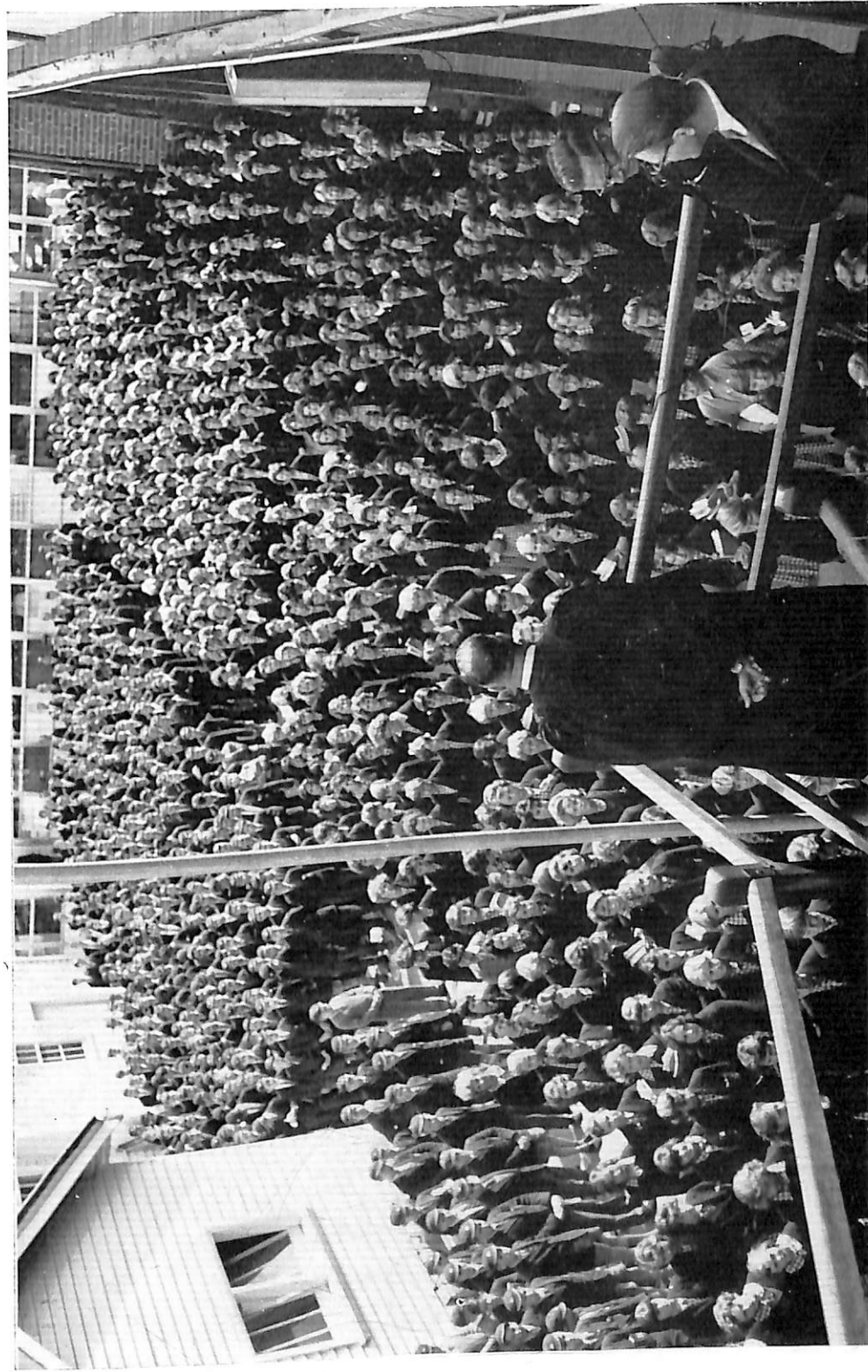
WHETHER HE CROSSES THEM
AND BEGINS BUILDING UP ANOTH-
ER FUMBLIST EMPIRE, OR WHETH-
-ER HE PERISHES IN THE ATTEMPT,
THE SOLAR SYSTEM MUST WAIT,
AND SEE...

COPYRIGHT
DALBUK PRODUCT
-IONS PTY. LTD.
-1961-





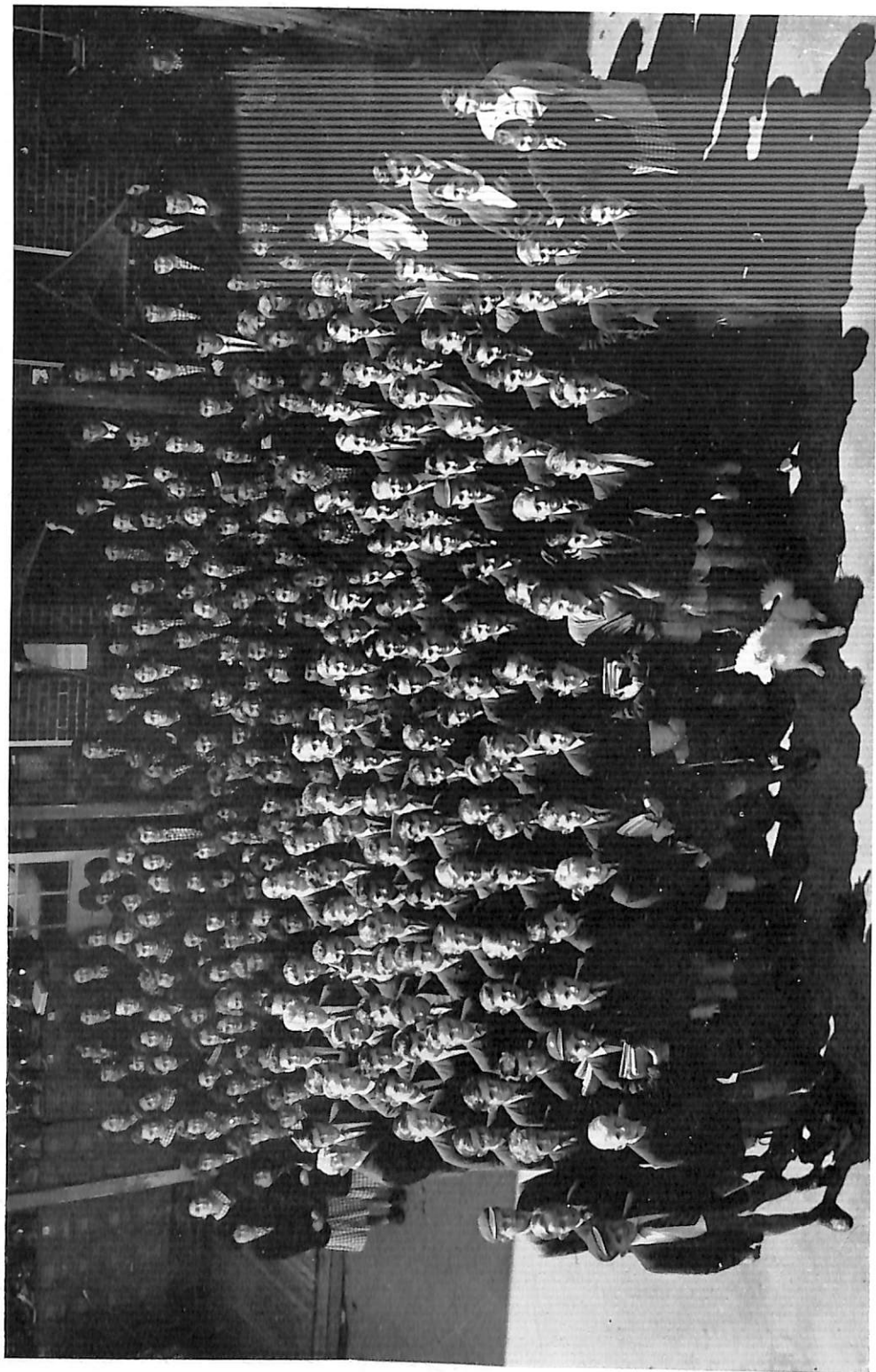
THE STAFF 1961



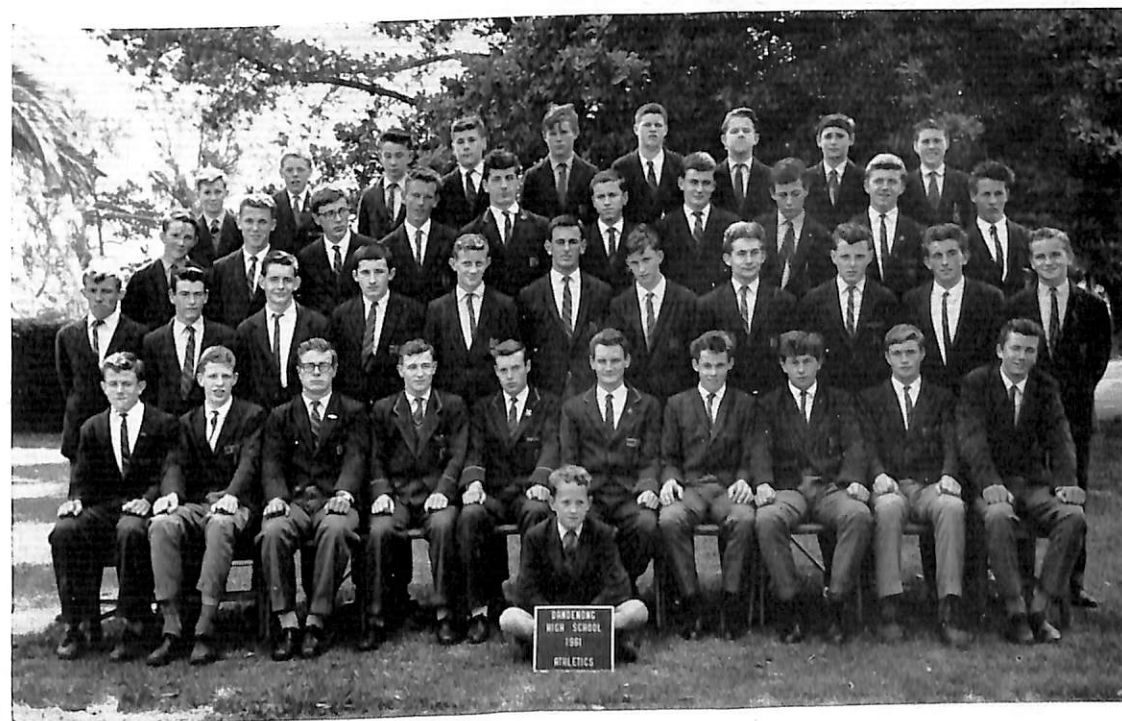
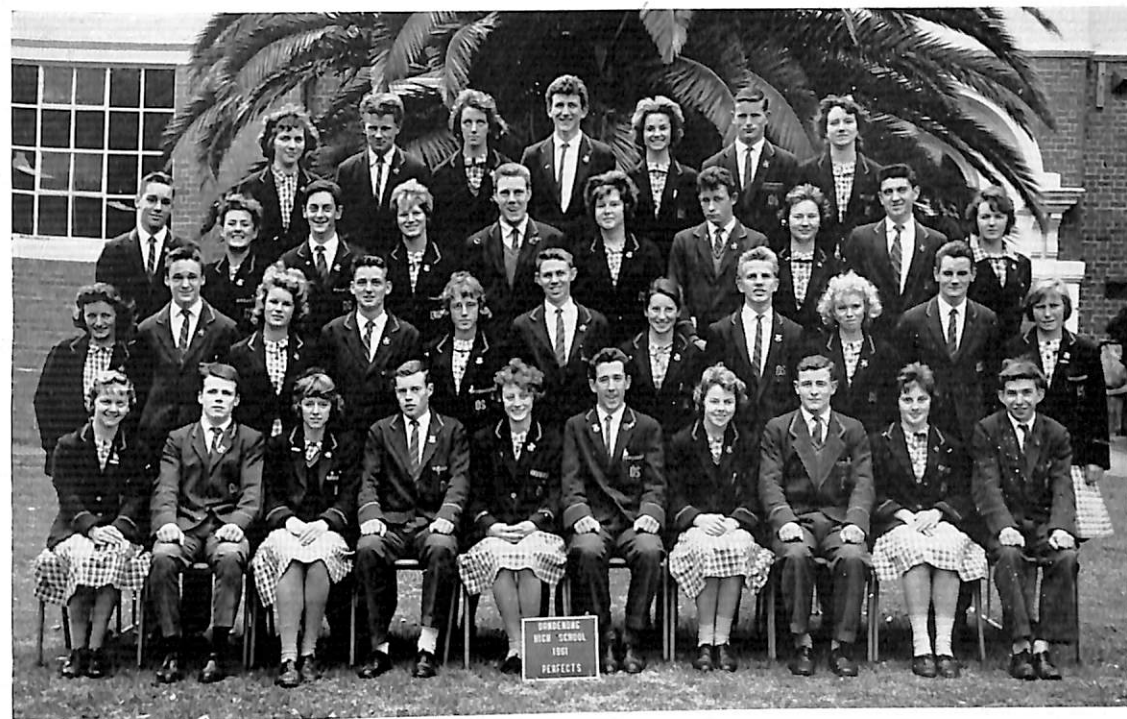
MONDAY MORNING — 9.5 a.m.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF FORM VI — 1961



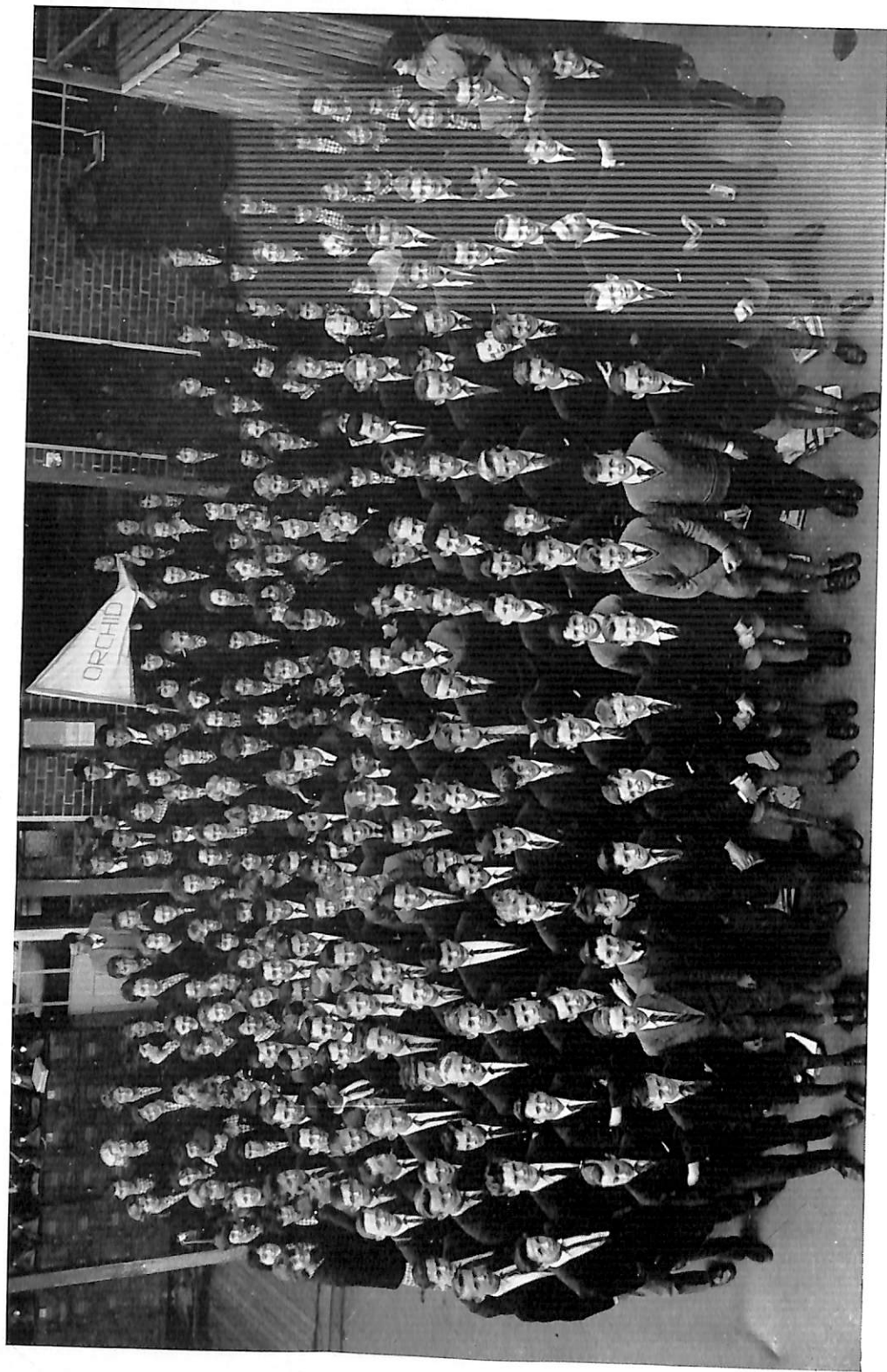
BLUE GUM HOUSE





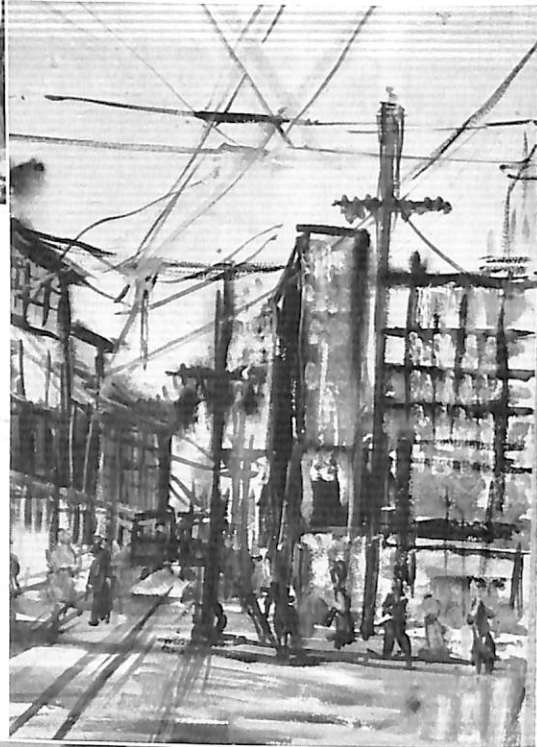
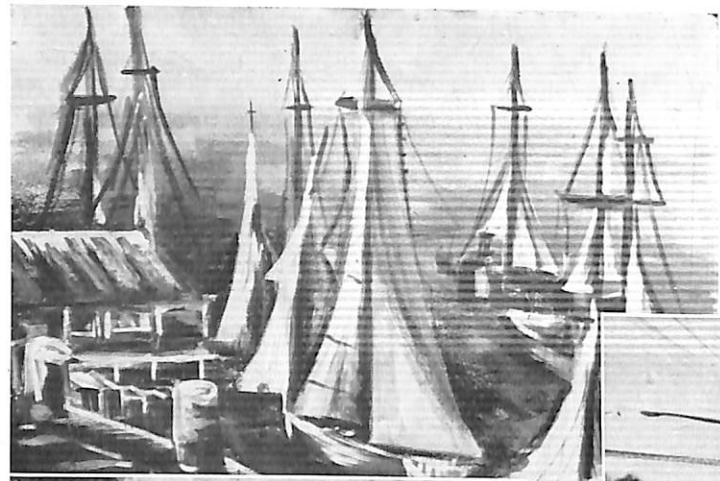
CLEMATIS HOUSE



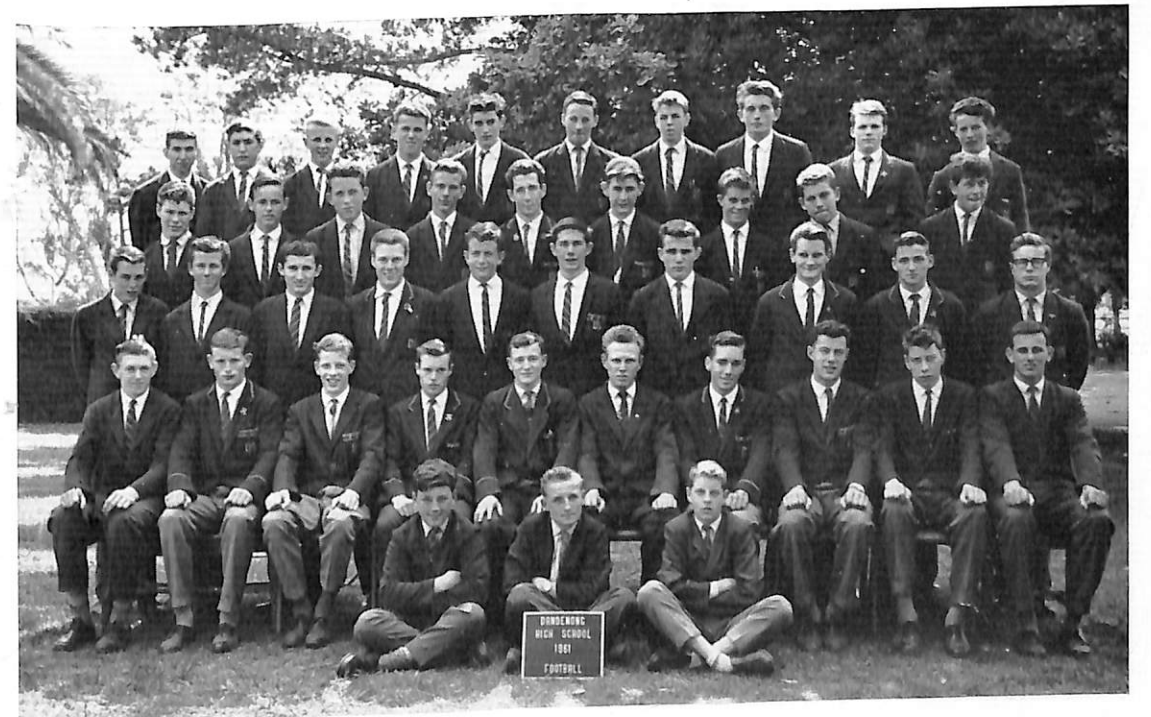


ORCHID HOUSE





SENIOR ART



THE OLD CASTLE

by Margaret Flett (Illc)

"THE OLD CASTLE"

Ray, my younger brother, and I received a letter from Pam and John Smithe, two old school friends of ours. The letter asked us if we would stay at the castle with them for a few days as they wanted to find something mysterious out. The letter did not mention what it was. John and Pam's parents died not long ago and they lived with their Aunt and Uncle. Their Uncle's house was about five miles from "The Old Smithe Castle" which now belonged to Pam and John. Ray and I had a hard time convincing Mum that we should go but she was a little worried about the whole thing because she had heard terrible rumors about the old castle. Then a telegram arrived for her. Mum was wanted at our Grandfather's as soon as possible because he had fallen over and she was needed to look after him. Now there was nothing Mum could do, she could not take us with her she could not leave us home by ourselves. Mum helped us pack our bags, then saw us to the plane. After the flight, at the airport we were met by Pam and John and their Uncle, who drove us home. We had tea and slept the night.

After a wonderful night's sleep we all rose early and packed our bags once more. Pam and I made up a basket of food to last us for two days. John had arranged it so that we could get a lift to the castle with Mr. James who was on his way to work. When we arrived, the four of us decided on the main bedroom as the camping area. We cooked, ate and slept there as it was possible to light a small fire on the concrete floor, and it was one of the smallest rooms in the main part of the building. The boys lit a fire and we all sat around it while Pam and John told us their reason for coming to the castle. They had never been told how their parents died nor where. They had simply disappeared, until John heard that some people, when passing the old castle at night, often heard moans from the dungeons. Pam said that this made them believe that their parents were still alive somewhere in this castle, and that they were over. The gruesome looking castle and its surroundings made shivers run up and down our spines.

We all agreed that if we broke up into twos we would cover more of the castle than if we kept together. Ray and I went to the southern part of the castle and Pam and John to the northern part. Ray and I went through the towers, most of the bedrooms and then the hall. When we entered the kitchen we found it much the same as the other rooms at first. Then Ray saw, on one of the benches, a fresh piece of bread. Looking through the cupboards we found a lot of food, including meat and milk, which was all quite edible. This really built up our hopes of finding Mr. and Mrs. Smithe alive. We decided to head back towards the room in which we had our belongings; going in and out of every room, looking in vain for more clues. About five rooms from where our things were we found a long dark passage way. Ray ran to our room to get a lamp before we dared to investigate it. After going along this narrow

passage way, with nothing but stone walls either side, for a distance we came to a steep flight of steps. We went down these, then along another passage way, not quite as long or narrow as the first. There was a little room at the end and the door was slightly opened. We crept towards it, the only light was the lamp which Ray was holding. We looked inside and there was a frightening old man leaning over a box, he seemed to be asleep. We walked up to him, and I, very frightenly, touched him on the shoulder. He jumped up quite startled, staring right into my face, as if I had woken him from the dead. Ray managed to calm him down long enough for us to hear his story about Mr. and Mrs. Smithe. After hearing it, we decided to go back to John and Pam, telling them nothing till the morning about our findings.

In the morning, John and Pam were up and ready to start their search once more. While we were having our breakfast, Ray and I told them about finding the food and it lit up their eyes with joy. Then when we told them about finding the old man, they wanted to go and talk to him, thinking it was their father. Ray and I could not keep it from them any longer, we had to tell them what the old man had told us. I started off by saying, "He is not your father. He was your father's butler, and after your parents died he was too old to start a new job, so he just stopped here, in the dungeons of the castle. Sneaking out when possible, for food."

Pam and John sat there silent except for an occasional sob, then stood up and said that we had better go back to their Uncle's place for lunch. No-one spoke all the way and it took a few days before they were happy and themselves again.

We stayed with Pam and John for a few days before returning home. When we did, Mum was also home and our Grandfather had recovered from his fall.

By Margaret Flett, 3C.

PEACE

With colours bright and vivid
The artist paints his scene,
The willow standing stately
Shows forth her radiant sheen.

The birds nest in her branches
When night is coming near,
And warm their little young ones,
Of man they have no fear.

When twilight lights the evening,
And shadows start to fall,
Then night pulls down her mantel,
White peace covers all.

By streams of trickling water,
By banks of shady fern,
On mounds made for the purpose,
The lyrebirds dance and turn.
With colours bright and vivid,
The sun sets in the west,
As mother nature gathers
Her feathered flocks to rest.

—DENISE ROWLINGS, 1A.



THE BUSH FIRE

Owing to the brief period of the tremendously hot weather, Dave, who was a brown-eyed twelve-year-old, and his younger five-year-old brother, Bill, were spending the day at "Bushy Point," which was known for its dense scrub and beautiful wild flowers.

As they began to feel hungry, Dave produced two large pieces of steak. He struck a match to light the fire, and Bill, who had never been on a picnic alone with Dave before, enthusiastically crouched round him. Suddenly Bill lost his balance and knocked him with the result that the live match had fallen out of Dave's hand onto the ground.

Immediately, up sprang flames, as the country round about was very dry and rain rarely touched that area. Dave was greatly shocked and kept Bill well out of the way of the fierce flames.

The flames were spreading more and more over the country-side. Petrified with fear and worry, Dave stared awkwardly at the rising flames which were by now, a terrible bush fire. Burning flames and thick columns of smoke were rising above the tall gum trees. Then, yet another terrible sight befell their eyes.

Apparently the shock, heat and pressure of the fire, was too much for Bill and his face was very pallid. It was just at that moment that Bill fell backwards, and Dave, knowing that Bill had fainted, caught him just in time.

Dave was wondering what to do when suddenly a one and only chance idea came to his head. He left most of his belongings behind, secured Bill on his back, and made, with only the help of his precious compass and a small map of that area to a lake nearby.

Dave was trembling, and his legs were shaking badly, as he made his way in and out of the burning bushes.

All of a sudden from behind the bushes was a welcome sight of the cool lake. Dave tried to quicken his pace and soon reached the lake.

Carefully, Dave removed Bill from his back. He carried him into the water and sat him down up to waist high. Dave then tore some material from his shirt, bathed it in the water and laid it on Bill's forehead.

Meanwhile, people who lived round about that area spotted and smelt the smoke. They immediately rang up the fire station. The fire brigade was soon at the scene of the bush fire and were trying, with the aid of giant hoses, to extinguish it.

The fire had now spread to near where the boys were, and the firemen also were in that area.

They began calling out to each other about where their positions should be. Dave heard their voices and shouted as loud as he could. At first there was no answer, but after shouting continuously, the head of the firemen recognised a voice.

Eventually, after the frantic wave of Dave's arms, the firemen spotted and rescued the two frightened boys. By now Bill was wide awake and was very thankful when one of the firemen offered to take the boys home.

As they were drinking a hot cup of tea that night, with both the boys' and their mother's and father's worries placed aside, this is what Dave and Bill heard on the radio: "Today, two boys,

Dave and Bill Jones were rescued from an accidentally-started bush fire. The boys were found in a lake near where the firemen were fighting the fire. The firemen now have the fire under control and were able to save all the home-steads in that area."

The boys' fears were now over, relieved by the last sentence the radio announcer had said.

—CHRISTINE BATES, 1A.

SUMMER

The trees are bare, the grass is yellow,
The sky is blue, the sun is mellow.
Not a soul is seen along the street,
People look at the sky in vain.

The water is scarce; no sign of rain;
The people looking at the sky in vain.
Parents sighing; and children crying;
Cattle and sheep in their footsteps—dying.

"Another week and we'll all be dead,"
As you walk along, you can hear this said.
There is nothing we can do but pray,
"This is the worst summer we've had," they say.

And pray they did and two days passed,
Still no rain—the water went fast.
And then on the third day shadows cast,
And the glorious rain came down at last.

Such are the summers in the out-back,
And water is the main thing they lack.
The people long for winter to come
So they may hope to prosper some.

—MARY KLOOSTER, 3E.

THE SEASONS

Winter days and fog and frost,
Heavy rain and flooded street,
These gloomy days will soon be lost,
In the thought of springtime heat.

Very soon spring will appear,
The blossom start to bloom,
Blue skies will always seem to clear,
Dark clouds no longer loom.

Then comes the season most liked best,
Hot summer, with its lazy days,
On the golden sands we love to rest,
As the sun sets in fiery haze.

When autumn turns the leaves to brown,
And all the flowers start to fade,
The leaves come softly tumbling down,
'Tis the prettiest season Nature made.

—FORM 3E.

SEASONS

There are four lovely ladies who puzzle me much,
They come and they go with the year,
Their garments are fragrant and silky to touch,
And each one to me is most dear.

Four sirens they sing in different strains,
For each one I've vowed myself true,
Yet each one a season no-more remains,
So what should a poor lover do?

—PAULINE MURPHY, 3E.

VIATOR NOCTU

Diane Warner (v)

He was tapping quietly on my bedroom window. I was fully awake in a moment. I lay quite still and studied him. A shaft of moonlight fell across his face, giving him a rather ghostly appearance. At first I was frightened, but as I lay there and studied him, I realised he was not doing any harm, and he was quite gentle-looking. My fear melted away a little.

He saw I was awake, and beckoned to me. I decided to stay where I was, but his insistent manner eventually tempted me to go to the window. He did not speak, but he was beckoning to me to go outside. I drew the curtains and dressed quietly.

I slipped noiselessly out of the house and shut the door. Then I saw the car. It was like the drawings I had seen of future model cars. It had long high fins on the back, and two huge bright headlights on the front, and the whole car was painted red, with a zagged streak of white down its side. It was covered profusely with chrome, and was spotlessly clean, despite the slush and mud round our house.

The stranger opened the car door for me, and I stepped into a luxuriously ornamented interior. The stranger sat in the front, so I had the opportunity to study him. He wore a charcoal grey suit, all perfectly clean — and his black hair was streaked with grey. He was above average height, and a rather slim build. Then I looked at the interior of the car, as the windows were steamed up. I was still absorbing the luxury when the car stopped. The stranger opened my door and I alighted.

I thought we were at a wharf, but thought it was impossible, as I live eighty-seven miles from the coast. But I realised that I was at a wharf. It was early morning, and as I looked round through a light mist, I could see the men doing their early morning duties on the boat's decks. The boat nearest to us was preparing to sail. It was quite a small boat — a fishing boat, I think. It was towards this that the stranger led me. The crew disappeared as I stepped on board. The stranger led me straight away to a little cabin, where there was a breakfast tray laid out, with steaming hot coffee, and tomatoes and bacon.

It was as if I had been expected. I opened the cabinet to hang up my coat, and the stranger walked over to it, took out a summer dress and held it against me, nodding his head and smiling. Apparently it was for me. But how did they know I was coming? There were many questions I could not answer.

The stranger left me alone in the cabin, and after eating the breakfast, I changed into the new dress, before exploring the cabin. The only port-hole was crusted with salt from the sea, so I could not see outside.

I was left in that cabin for what seemed an eternity, the only contact with the world outside

being the familiar hum of the ship's engines and the lap of the waves against the side of the ship.

Then I heard the lowing of cattle, indistinct at first, but rapidly becoming louder. The stranger reappeared and led me on deck. We were in a land unknown to me, and were going into a natural rock harbour. The cattle were being loaded onto a nearby boat. This land was so different from home. It had almost tropical growth, with vines and creepers growing wildly among the trees. This land was very hot, and I realised that at home it had been snowing as I went to bed. I was frightened, and hung back as the stranger stepped ashore, but he smiled reassuringly at me and beckoned me to follow him. I thought there must be something very important at the journey's end, for the stranger was so insistent that I should follow him.

Suddenly I saw the railway. There was a sense of urgency in the stranger's movements now that made me follow him, despite my qualms. I was quickly ushered into a waiting carriage of a train, and we pulled out of the station. I was thankful I had changed out of my winter dress in the ship.

We travelled through an obviously prosperous land, but the stranger did not see it. He sat opposite, staring as if into something beyond, oblivious of passing scenery or the metallic noise of the train, clattering along the tracks.

My curiosity was really aroused now. What was at the journey's end? Obviously something very important to the stranger.

The train stopped by a river, and following the stranger from the train, I noticed that he headed towards a boat tied up in the river.

He motioned to me to sit down in the rear of the boat, then went to the wheel and started off. Feeling drowsy, I lay back and closed my eyes. I felt a horrible floating sensation, then a jolt, and opened my eyes to find we were in a desert of shimmering sand, void of all living things but myself and the mysterious stranger.

The stranger was pointing excitedly into the distant heat haze. I followed his gaze into the shimmering horizon. From the expectant way he was now acting, I presumed this was our destination.

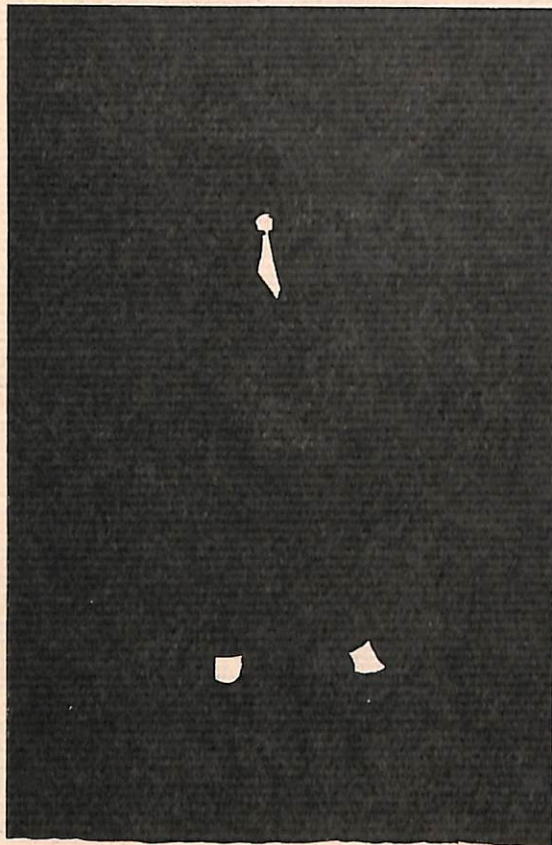
As I looked into the distance, shapes started to form. They looked like camels. I thought it was a mirage, but then I heard the tinkling of camel bells. The tinkling grew louder and louder — too loud for camel bells. It reached an unbearable pitch, and I blocked my ears to block it out. It grew worse, and just as I thought my eardrums would break . . .

Consciousness! I awoke from my dream to hear my alarm clock whirring away on the familiar little mat on my dressing table. The dream seemed so real in some ways, that I still wonder what the stranger was leading me to.

bone look, the designers have re-clothed them in concealing, tent-like structures, the fashion-conscious lady has never whispered one word of reproof. Never once has she gone against his word; she has meekly followed his instructions like an obedient puppet.

We might ask: "But why do we have such a thing as fashion?" These designers never really create a new line. The old saying that if you keep something long enough it will return to fashion has proved itself true. The changing trends are inevitable; women's desire to have something better than, or different from her counterparts has existed for centuries, and probably will exist for many more, for it seems part of human nature.

—R.F.



Bodgie in the Dark.

ANON.
3A

ART OF IDLING

At last I was leaving the concrete jungle of civilization far behind. No more the shrieks, blasts and "helter-skelter" of moving masses of bodies and metals. I was free! Free to practice the "art of idling" on some uncharted island in the Pacific.

The gentle, harmonious rocking of my yacht made me feel drowsy and tired. My eyes began to slowly close; all my body fibres relaxed. I was asleep. I had escaped the world of reality and found myself in the "Garden of Eden."

Palm trees swayed to and fro in the soft caressing breeze, which filled the air with fragrant odours of the salty sea and ripe fruit. Surely I was on the island of idlers, for all around me all I could see were the slumbering forms of animals, and even those of human beings. Slowly I approached one of these forms, which lay prostrate on the silky, golden sand.

He was dressed in shorts and his only other covering was a black, bushy beard which would put many beard-growers I know to shame. Gently I touched him on the shoulder, but this resulted only in a loud snore. Again I tapped him, this time with more force, but again I was only greeted with a snore. I am not usually of an angry nature, but on this occasion, possibly due to the intoxicating effect of the calm and fragrance of my surrounding, blood rushed to my head, and I kicked him violently in the ribs, and to my astonishment, instead of springing energetically to his feet, the stranger continued to snore peacefully. I got hold of my anger at this continual rebuff, and firmly forced my feet to go in the opposite direction to this modern "Rip Van Winkle," whom I fear even the blast of a nuclear bomb would not waken from his deep and peaceful slumber. Even the birds slept on the boughs of trees, the only movement which I saw on this island being the swaying of the trees and the soft lapping of the sea as it calmly beat against the smooth grey rocks, which had slept from the beginning of the world.

Well, why shouldn't I be enticed by nature and fall asleep and let all worries and anxieties of modern life slip from my body like the coarse, golden particles of sand which filter through my fingers. Quickly, but without the least fuss, I found myself a palm, covered with moss and lichens, which would provide shade and comfort for my body. I sat down and leaned against the palm, tilted my wide panama over my face, and tried to sleep. But my eyes and body disobeyed my commands, and I just sat there and glared at the horizon. I was bored. I, who a while back wanted a paradise to pass the time quickly, and with the least energy, was bored. But why am I so different from the other man, who lay in a deep slumber?

Am I not the type for an idler? And then, suddenly, I knew. Man was created to work, play and frequently to relax, but he wasn't a creature who could remain in slumber and laziness for long periods—it was against all his principles.

The person who awoke on his yacht and turned its prow towards the civilized jungle of human beings no longer had the dream of becoming a lazy idler, but a person who tried to make something of himself and bring happiness and prosperity to his fellow-man.

—VALENTINE ROSALION, Form VI.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT

"There, that's done," I thought with a sigh of relief. I had just finished polishing mother's antique radiogram. I've often wondered why we ever bought the thing at all for it's neither use nor ornament to my mind, but Mum's a fanatical antique collector, and it appears that the monstrosity is here to stay.

How vividly I remember the day we bought it. Mother had seen it in an auctioneer's rooms in town and had come straight home to ask Dad if she could buy it. (That's another thing that puzzles me — why Mum ever asks Dad's permission about things; he always agrees with a resigned shrug of his shoulders.) However, permission obtained, we all trooped into town the following day.

It was hot and uncomfortable in the train, and the silence in the carriage was oppressive. We had, at first, chattered happily among ourselves, until we became aware of the stony glances of the other passengers, some of whom were reading newspapers and others merely gazing out of the windows. So we all kept quiet for the rest of the trip, only glancing sheepishly at one another. When we alighted from the train we discovered to our delight that there was a cool breeze blowing so, once more talking and chatting, we set out for the auctioneers'.

We seemed to have walked for ages through a veritable maze of alleys and back streets, until we finally arrived at J. H. Hobson and Son, auctioneers. The bidding was fast and furious, for there was quite a crowd gathered there, bidding for the various dust-covered articles. I had read stories of objects of great antiquarian value being sold for a song, and as this was my first contact with an auction, I was duly impressed.

Then we saw it — "our radiogram." It must have been one of the first ever made; its most conspicuous features being the large trumpet-shaped speaker. It was so covered with dust that the wood stain was almost obliterated, but mother gave a cry of delight and commenced the bidding. At first several people were interested in the radiogram, though soon the more half-hearted ones were weeded out, until there were only three bidders left — mother, a portly gentleman, and an invisible prospective buyer at the other side of the auction rooms. The air became tense and electrified, while Dad's face became increasingly dejected as Mother's bids went higher and higher. She had lost her usually timid exterior, and became another tooth-and-nail bidder. Never have I seen her so determined as she was to own that huge, useless monstrosity. At last the portly gentleman, with a pitying look at Mother, conceded. The invisible man had dropped out minutes before, and the radiogram was ours. All Mum could do was to say what a bargain we had obtained, and all Dad could do was look in wonderment at the newest addition to our household.

We went home, jubilant, and even the icy glares of fellow-passengers could not stop our chatter. The radiogram was delivered by a reputable moving firm, a day or two later, and the moving man eyed us inquiringly as Dad helped him carry the queer

looking contraption inside. However, my admiration for Mother's bargaining powers was dealt a death-blow when I was informed that it would be my chore to polish and dust the machine every week. And so I have done for the past two years: to clean this thing for the rest of my life seems my inevitable fate.

—CAROLE WALTON, V.

TYPICAL PUPILS FROM EACH FORM... MALES

Form 1



GREEN,
GOODY GOODY,
AND GAUBY

Form 2

Feels very grown up,
but still slightly green



Form 3

Simple,
Sophisticated
and Pimply



Form 4



Big,
Bossy
and Boisterous

Form 5

Capless,
Careless
and Incapable



Form 6



Sometimes
forgets to Shave,
Slightly Sexy

ANON. 3A

WHAT — A SNAKE?

The night was quite cold. The tents of the two schoolboys seemed to shine as the moon appeared from the depths of a dark cloud. The fire, now only bright red coals, cast a red glow around the clearing in which Tony and Peter were camped.

For the last week the boys had spent practically every minute either fishing or hiking. So, on that cold night, which was surprising, because of the beautiful hot day it had been earlier, the two boys were soon snuggling down in their blankets in their respective tents.

"Good night," called Peter, sleepily.

"Good night," called another sleepy voice from the opposite tent.

Peter was soon asleep. Visions of that day flooded his sleepy head. The hike that morning, the swim in the delightful stream, the birds and rabbits they had tried unsuccessfully to catch—all these things he dreamt of.

Suddenly he woke with a start, but some strange instinct told him to remain still. Wide-eyed and trembling and the sweat pouring freely from his forehead, he felt a cold, scaly creature slide between his blankets and then under his pillow. Could it be a snake, which after being attracted by the glowing fire was enticed to the warmth of Peter's bed? In all probability it was, so Peter wasn't going to take the chance of being bitten.

His voice trembling he called feebly to Tony, always keeping in mind that if any sudden movement was made, the dreaded reptile would strike.

While Peter was calling desperately to him, Tony was sleeping peacefully but some strange noise was annoying him. The infernal noise persisted until Tony, sleepily and reluctantly, raised himself on one elbow and listened.

"Tony!" cried Peter.

"Yes, what do you want?" he said a little angrily.

"Listen Tony," Peter's voice sounded desperate, and this disturbed Tony, "Come to the side of the tent slowly."

Curiosity aroused, he crept to the side of the tent. When Peter whispered his plight, fear for his comrade showed in his face. Biting his lip, he hurriedly looked around and all the time thinking; trying to think of something to do to help his friend.

The moon peeped out from a cloud and spread its friendly light over the clearing. It seemed to want to help the boy. At a sound came from the dark forest, save for the occasional croaking of a distant frog. Reassuring Peter of his help, Tony went to his tent and took a powerful torch from his knapsack. He played it round the clearing until it rested on a large log. After some considerable effort he managed to drag it over to Peter's tent. His idea was to remove the tent altogether, stand the log on its head and let it fall precisely the time Peter jumped out of bed. It was a good idea, the most practical one, but fate was not to allow it.

Peter was told of the idea and agreed to it. Immediately, the boy started to lever the log into an upright position. The log was nearly to the wanted place when, owing to the uneven bottom, it suddenly lurched away from Tony's hands, landing on the side of Peter's tent, with a dull thud. The tent, because of the weight, went with the log

and collapsed. Tony nearly screamed. Peter immediately jumped from his bed and went rolling safely away from the tent. Was Peter bitten because of his, Tony's, stupid blunder? If he was, he would never forgive himself. Grabbing a nearby stick, and his torch, Tony rushed to his friend, who assured him he was alright, then the two of them went over to the heap of canvas to deal with the reptile which had caused so much trouble and nearly Peter's life.

—KEITH MCKENZIE, IIB.

THE CONCERT

Jimmy lay down in his small bed and closed his eyes. His mother called out, "Good Night," but his thoughts were elsewhere. Tomorrow was the day of the school concert, and he had been chosen to sing in the school choir. The minutes ticked on. He opened his eyes and stared out of the window. The neighbor's light shone down onto the floor by his bed. Soon he was asleep. The day of the concert came at last. Jimmy dressed quickly, and was soon on his way to school.

The morning periods dragged on and Jimmy longed for the afternoon to come. Who cares about how to spell "altogether," when I can become famous at singing, he thought.

In the afternoon, Jimmy and his friends assembled on the platform in the main hall of the school. The opening line was played on the piano and they started, but suddenly, all the other children forgot their lines and Jimmy was the only one left singing. He finished it by himself and all his friends cheered and clapped. He was raised shoulder high and carried off the platform. Suddenly he heard his mother calling him, he opened his eyes and found he had been dreaming. He shouted out to his mother, but all he heard was a low-pitched grunting sound—he had lost his voice!

—JOHN SCOTT, IIB.



BERNARD BOLCH, OUR SPELLING CHAMP.

THE OLD MAN

The silent silvery moon, sailing over the snow-covered earth, peeped through the windows of a dilapidated shack, silhouetting the figure of a man in perfect harmony with the loneliness of the scene. As he sat eating his cold meagre meal, he rubbed his arms every few minutes to quicken the circulation of blood. At last he left the table and painfully dragged his body, bent with rheumatism, over to the cold bricks. Kneeling with great effort, he arranged the twigs into a pile in the hearth. And within minutes the merrily dancing flares transformed the character of the place.

The warm glow seemed to penetrate into the very soul of the old man as he smiled with pleasure. And though the rays softened his toil-hardened face and gave colour to his cheeks, they could not erase the deep wrinkles in his forehead, not alter the white of his hair. His small sunken eyes were independent of the smile, for they were bitter and full of suffering. His outstretched unsteady hands had soil deeply embedded in the cracks; the mark of his profession.

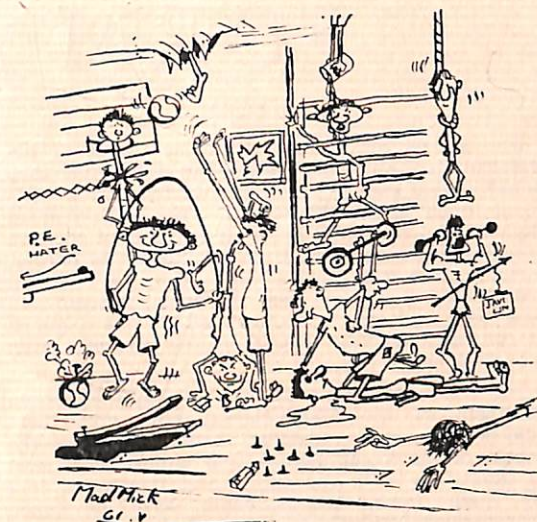
The flames played over his crouched figure, casting a large shadow on the wall. Once he had been solid and strong just like the shadow. And once, he had friends whose company and kindness made his life enjoyable. And as he reflected on those bygone happier days, a tear trickled down his wrinkled face. Following a zig-zag path and eventually resting on the sleeve of his tattered coat. He angrily swept away this sign of his weakness. Those thoughts were but a memory. With him, old age did not bring tranquillity, but a time when his friends passed away, when he became careless about appearance and attire; and with carelessness came loss of self-respect. He felt as if he had been cheated. Other ageing people had their grandchildren who gave them hours of joy by their youthfulness. Yet others had lovely homes, loving children and peace and contentment of old age. None of these things was his. His body slumped on to the stool in despair. There was no hope, no place for such as he.

Despite his numbness, in the depths of despair, he felt something warm nudge his lap. Looking down, his eyes met those of his dog, beseeching, unhappy, knowing that its master was suffering. And at that moment a strange sound, resembling a laugh, came from the old man's mouth. A sound strangely mixed with feelings of defiance and hope — he wasn't alone; his tribulation was shared by another; and a quiet peace crept into his soul.

FOOLED!

When walking through the grass one day,
I stopped and looked around,
For hissing just behind me
Was something on the ground.
It waved its head and coiled once more,
As if to do some harm,
I turned to run, it struck at me
And got me in the arm.
It lay down on the grass again,
With hissing and a cough,
So I ran quickly to the house
And turned the HOSE PIPE off!

—JOHN SCOTT, 2B.

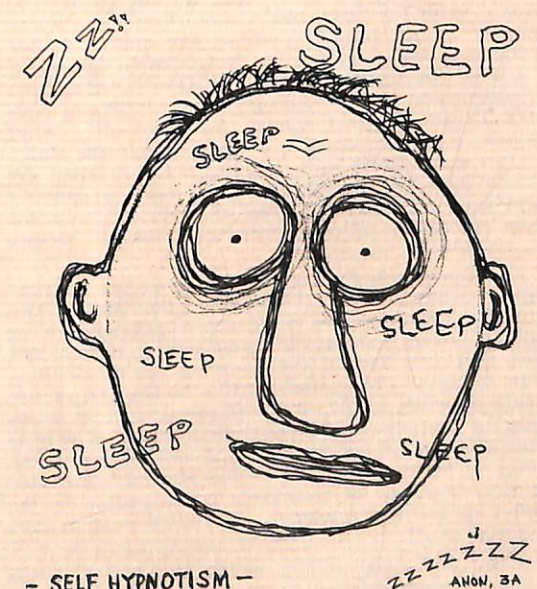


THE ARMADA

With billowing sails and banners aloft,
She made her stately way,
And urged along by the breezes soft,
She set her course for the fray.

Her decks were glistening,
Her guns shone gold,
In the early morning light,
And as their fathers had fought of old,
The sailors were keen for the fight.

—SUSAN WILLIAMS, Form 2b



— SELF HYPNOTISM —

ZZZZZZZZ
ANON, 3A

FORM NOTES

LIFE IN FORM 6

Who knows the goings on in the minds of the Matriculation students? Who can tell what they think? Who knows where the Matriculation girls go at lunch time? Who cares? The sixth year of High School is totally different to each of the five previous years spent at High School: it is harder, certainly, but it is also a whole heap of fun, and even though you won't pass the finals, you can still look back and say "... oh well, it was a bunch of fun, and the year wasn't entirely wasted," even though it really was.

The authoritative positions given to the chosen members of the Matriculation elite give them sufficient reason to consider themselves above the rabble of the lower classes, and almost on a level of familiarity with the staff. And rightly so, too! By sixth form, the students have developed thoroughly individual characters which have blended themselves into small groups, each of which has its own petty customs, and characteristic topics of humour, and yet which, if called, will club together to form a body of strength, physically and intellectually above that of any corresponding group in the school, except of course the staff. For how else could decayed, dangerously inclined wattle trees be so skilfully removed, and replanted, (even though it was in the centre of the oval), and how else could the fifth form boys be hindered from playing "drop the hanky" on the oval, a game instigated and patented by this year's sixth form, three years ago. But who knows what other strange occurrences had their beginnings in the fertile minds of the sixth formers? Nobody! except, of course, the staff.

The girls have that strange ability to disappear completely during that period of recreation commonly known as "lunch". They do not go over to "Joe's" with the boys, but simply disappear, where nobody knows (except perhaps the staff), leaving behind, scrawled in hardly decipherable letters in the dust, the meaningful word "GONETOCREEDS". What goes on there? Who goes there? Where does Mrs. Creed get food enough for them all? Why? No-one holds the answers, except possibly the staff.

How many times have you heard the dreaded cry "Look out, the sixth formers are ragging again!"? And how many times have you winced from the cries of agony which escape their victims, before ... before ...

And study, nobody studies as hard as the Matriculation students, except perhaps the staff. But nobody, not even the staff could possibly be as widely conversant on so many topics, despite the fact that very few of them are on the curriculum. Yes, it seems pretty obvious that at the end of five years of work, study, and just rewards, it is necessary to exercise a little liberality, to let off a little steam, and uphold the old, and create new traditions. The studious side of the Matriculation year is not, however, of secondary consideration in the mind of the sixth former. No! it is seldom considered at all.

With the interruptions which the Matriculation student must undergo there is little time left for

study, and that time is often taken up with student scraggings, or as it is often called, "training for university." The discussions of last weekend's happenings, and of the possible happenings of next weekend, fill the air of the library during spares with a constant, annoying murmur. And this is interrupted in turn by certain members of the staff either pleading for silence, in which they could finish reading their "Mad Magazines" or scrounging for articles for the "Gate". All in all, it seems that the hopes of passing the finals and Matriculating honourably are very slim. The staff alone have what appear to be the remnants of faith intermingled with traces of hope as far as these exams are concerned (poor misguided fools), and so it seems that we will be forced through no fault of our own ... well through little of our own fault ... well anyway we will be forced to step out into the world, don our rose-coloured glasses, and scrounge for a living with only our Leaving Certificate standard reached, leaving behind this grim warning to all who are foolish enough to follow in our footsteps and attempt Matriculation — attack it from behind, don't cry "to Hell with the Renaissance, let's pinch the siren", but rather rush upon the course from first term, with grim determination and much grinding of teeth, look neither to left nor right, but race right in. You may get run over, but then again, you may get your Matric.

—JIM BUTES.

SYXTH FAWM SPAIRS.

Thees invalubel asets in thu scool cariculum ushuly ocker in that hoalie of hoalies, thu lybery. The Theeulogical Discushun Groop iss inishiated bie Joody n Henree eech convinced that the otha iss toetally myxed upp n lost. Henrees grate buddee Dayvid uppeers n toogether they prosced to squosh their oposishun. Mista J amerjing fum his enciclopeddia n seaing that Jood iss croolly owtnumbird iss on thu vurj off inishiating too (2) rowmuns to Wesleeanism when along cums Porla n Tim playing skippee wyth their haylows n akuses him off endoktrinaeting them.

Chook n Arry quyrt unpurturbed bie thu dyn continyou thair sylunt convursashun n thu corna. Pam, a post-wor pressy, n Peet, a kurvy angle are drorn t thu wyld throng too enrich thu Protexant ranks wyth thair invalubel ilojicel asistence. Henree projuices iss grubbee thumbed bybul n Joody cornsalts r mersonik andbook. Mista J obsurving that thu discushun iss beecuming too deap four im, shreeks pityoysly for help too a parsing starf membr, but that person shakes iss hed noinglee an beets a strateegik reetreet; howeva, dornted bie kryss off "Chickn" fum thu oposishun he reterns too thu fray. Kreed n Twidels, thu fawm intelekt, ar unabel too intelekt beecos off thu row, so thae emerj fum piles off books an proclame sinically—"Why do yoo argue abowt relijun, yod never get enywhere, enyhow" — thu patisipantz ar partlee subjoed bie thees werds of wissdum, but a shreek fum Tim hoo iss beaing sat apon bie Malkom awaekenz them too renood energee.

Thu unkultchered fisiks kids make a breef apeerance but soon retern with tabel teniss bats nn pershoo a rowdie gaim in thu korna. Big Heth n li'l Marj ave grate fun chuckin chork fum wun end off thu rume too thu otha, antil its hits Mor an a fite okupies yet anotha korna.

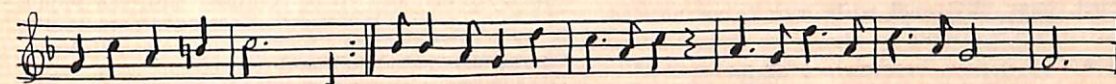
Thu sycological make-upps off the fawm memburs are ponderd solely an noinglee bie Gill an Oss—thu fynal vurdikt beaing that all thu kids (inklooding Mista J) ar suffring fum deelayed an proelongoed adollescents.

At long larst thu syren blairs. Joody joins thu fisiks kids and plays tabel teniss, Henree iss sent bie Mista J too get iss am n pickle roll, an Dayvid an Arry join im. Kreed an Twidels retern to thair intelekt. Pam an Peet reshoom thair parsonal ilogicel argument an Heth an Marj ave too content themselfs wyth writing notes to eech other. Porla an Tim retereiv thair haylows an Mista J reterns too iss life's werk tranzlating thu Enciclopeddia Britanika into thu Owta Mongolien dyalekt.

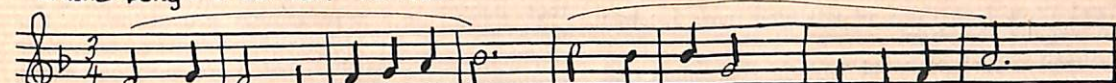
—By SHORT JAC THU PESNTS BUDDEE.

MUSIC BY PUPILS

Alla marcia - D. Webb Form 2e



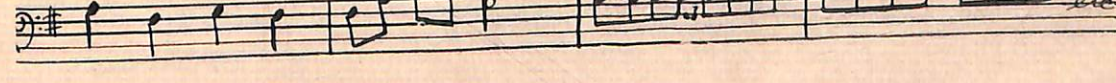
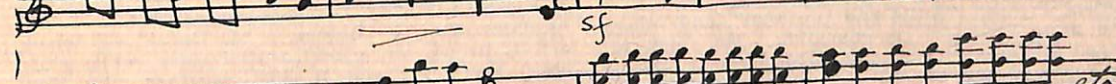
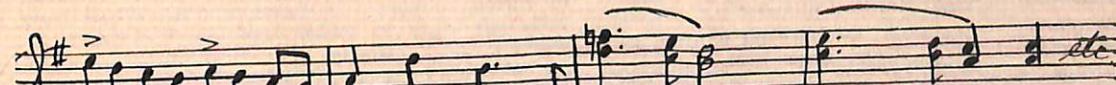
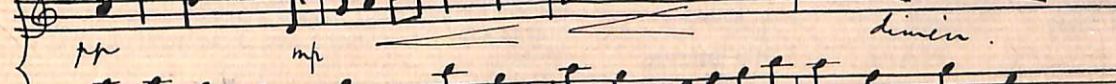
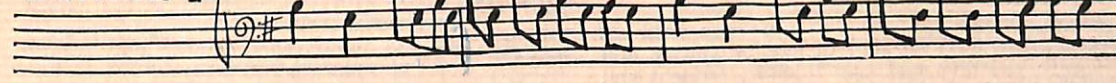
Cradle Song - J. Garnett Form 2b



GOLD-EN SLUM-BERS KISS YOUR EYES, SMILES A-WAIT YOU WHEN YOU RISE.



Romanza in G. Maria van Hees 190



TOPICS OF 6th FORM CONVERSATION, 1961

These are typical of the topics of conversation overheard in snatches while leaning over the balcony near the sixth form boys' lockers . . .

What do you mean did I have anything to do with kidnapping Wattle's House Choir Conductor? Of course I did!

Hey, who was it that swiped the siren this time?

What can we do now that's original?

Say, let's uproot that old wattle tree in the corner of the oval, and replant it in the middle of the oval. Who, me?

Why not take those athletic signs and hold a protest meeting on the oval?

But practical jokes are funny.

Listen, which one of you kids wrote "Who Is?" underneath that "Not Working" sign on the clock in the new buildings?

Boy, whose idea was it to put the siren up the flag-pole in that black jumper?

Remember Garry, and the party we gave him before he left?

Who's coming over to Joe's?

That Garry just won't write back to us, however many letters we write to him.

What? The siren been swiped again?

Don't go there, or one of John's chips will get you!

Can't those kids think of anything more original than swiping the siren?

Remember that group of seniors who pulled that skit at the end of the concert in second term?

Hey, look, those fifth formers are playing drop the hanky again. Let's get 'em.

Honest, somebody ought to electrify that siren.

Repent, for the end is nigh!

Must have been a starlings' convention here over the weekend. . . .

And so on, and on into dim obscurity until all realise that there is no hope of passing Matric, and their path to wreck and ruin is clear, straight and completely free of obstacles. Discussions over the questionable qualities of John's Chips, over General Assemblies, over the weekend's activities will probably forever cloud the maturing minds of the sixth formers, but then, at least they're thinking. Or are they?

—JIM BUTES.

FORM 5 (GIRLS)

Form Mistress: Miss Dawson.

Form Captain: Angelika Reibnegger.

Vice-Form Captain: Noriko Cutland.

Despite the extra work, we have all enjoyed this year tremendously. There have been numerous enjoyable excursions — our visits to see "The Student Prince," "Arms and the Man," and others with more emphasis on education. Mr. Cook arranged at the end of second term, a social evening for Forms V and VI. It was most successful, and all who participated hoped that such occasions would be repeated.

As members of Form Five we have been happy to accept additional responsibilities in various functions as Prefects, Probationers, House and Vice-House Captains and other offices. And the efforts of some have been rewarded by teaching and nursing bursaries and scholarships.

All the best to those who will be leaving at the end of this year. May they be successful in their careers. By the time this magazine is published we hope that all will have obtained their Leaving Certificates. And our sincere thanks to Miss Dawson, who in her customary unassuming way has helped us through our difficulties, and has been an inspiration to us all. To all our subject teachers, we express our appreciation and gratitude. May we reward them with outstanding results.

FORM 5 (BOYS)

With apologies to Lysenko, Darwin, Whykes, Lamarck and the rest we present for your benefit—especially those of you who reap the lucrative wages offered by the Victorian Education Department — a biological survey of the so-called "Roomans" of Form V, to enable you, the reader, to become acquainted with the customs, appearance and characteristics of these beings. Our first classified body — not, by the way, to be confused with the Pupila Ignorami — in this somewhat secluded community, is the rather common species Studenta Bludgeera. Characterized by dull and ragged appearances, a lackadaisical attitude towards work, sleepy tee-veed eyes, and usually extremely low examination marks, they make up a considerable proportion of the class.

A numerically smaller, but more dashing, daring and dauntless variety is the Muskulaar Sportmeni. This group exhibits brilliance in various sporting fields and, with their he-manish builds, act as recipients to many female smiles, glances and words. However, a minor subdivision of this variety, the Sub-paris Golferi, are a weak-minded and weed-like bunch who take on an almost separate existence. Strong foil to these are the tough, hardened, worldly Bodgeeras, who, with short-stepped gaits (mainly owing to the peg-like trousers), flowing hair, and a unique mode of conversing, stand out clearly amongst a sea of squares.

Finally, in our report, we encounter a type of which Form V boys are specially noted — the Pupeels Romeos. With flashing smiles, sleek hair and, alas, girlish laughs, they are frequently seen leaning against walls, fences and tuckshop counters, bragging to the opposite sex about their wondrous feats.

However, despite this extremely backward, ignorant and debauched environment (and, perhaps, temporarily throwing off their burdensome yokes) many of the form members have risen to the fore in various circles. J. Brown and G. Whan have been our stars in senior football; T. Udvary, E. Martini, I. MacDonald and S. Licit are School Soccer Team members; G. Whan, M. Husa, P. Stocks, A. Elliott, J. Fowler, D. Jesson and T. Udvary in the Athletics team; K. Barnes, I. MacDonald, G. Whan and I. Brown are school cricket stars; while pint-sized Rob Jolly and B. Hill, together with Ken Barnes, represented D.H.S. in the Schoolboy Golf Championship.

—BARRY RYAN.

DISKRYPTSHUN OV A
TIPICUL FIFTH FAWN FIZZ-EDD PROD.

Evuree weak on Fryday wee paw fifth fawmners ar subjektet two evurrey tipe ov tortour dat hour luvink teecheer kan devize. Ferst wee lyne upp wiff hour ands beehynde hour baks and "Zigg" cums along and stumps on hour feat two ceep them behynde thu lyne. Wee then du hour x-er-sizes two loozen hour selfs upp. Sumtymes "Mack" gits tolled ov four mukin rownd and "Elliot" iz tolled hee iz a sho-ov and hee has two rite a beeg essae on beehavyyour.

Wenn wee du tumblink "Ekka" and "Tibor" sho uz ignorunts ow two doo it, and than "Goldie", sho's uz 42, ow knott two du it.

Sumtymes wee plae a gaim weer wee frow u medecene bawl ad won un udder and "Burnsee" awlways gits it on the edd und gitts a bludd nowse und wee maik a lott ov noiws and "Zigg" tels uz two bee kwiet.

Becuz ov awl this 'umen suverink, meny ov thu cids nic ov and du spair in th' lybree; but sumtymes day gitts cort und av two du Fizz-Edd in thair skool cloves.

Wenn awl this tortour iz ova wee snick intwo clas coz wee ar lait butt "Elliot" iz in thu lybree dooin iz essaes.

—HON ONEMUS. V.

4b FORM NOTES

This year 4b was under the guidance of Miss Blood, with the "leadership" of Faye Pyke and Barry Hall. Although we are not famed for our studious approach to work, the results of D. Price, T. Kerr, F. Van Trojen and others show that our academic standards are not unsound.

Faye, 4' 10", is wonderful on social service days. She rakes all the money from the boys (the girls are always "broke"); then orders big Wes, 6' 2", to take the tin, containing about 6d., to the cookery centre. It's a long walk from room 1.

Maria V. H., Norma K., Susan N., Margaret M., and Geesje M. are usually to be found in one corner of the room, singing (?), while Tricia P., Marlene B., Deirdre B., and Jane B. discuss the preceding evening's entertainment in another corner.

Our ardent alfrescos include G. Connor, T. Hughes, B. Stewart, Wesley Hall, and Vice-Captain Colin Marshall. In the girls we have the phenomenal line-up of Margaret Remington and Faye P.

Of course, periods are not dull, and art is no exception. Miss Maxwell has had some rather frantic moments while the art room has been virtually turned inside-out looking for implements known as art brushes. Whatever happened to those vanishing brushes, boys?

Thanks to Vice-Captain Cheryl Maddocks and all the teachers, who have helped us throughout the year.

F is for flowers, we never can see.
O is for outstanding, which we can be.
R is for rowdiness, for which we are famed.
M is for mischief, for which we are blamed.

F is for form collection, a widely-known thing.
O is for order, our teachers strive to bring.
U is for the uniform, that we all wear.
R is for reasoning Mr. Chesney finds rare.
B's for Miss Blood, our lady master.
Here come the holidays—why won't they come faster?

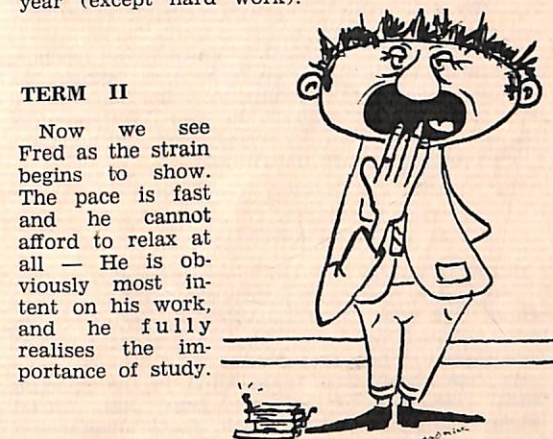


TERM I

Meet our shining example of a Fifth form student. "Fred" — It is the beginning of the year and Fred is eager, and willing to work, nothing could possibly deter him from completing a successful year (except hard work).

TERM II

Now we see Fred as the strain begins to show. The pace is fast and he cannot afford to relax at all — He is obviously most intent on his work, and he fully realises the importance of study.



TERM III

The pace is now fantastic, Fred does his utmost to keep up with the huge piles of homework. Rest is out of the question, he must continue to work as hard as he did at the start of the year.

But when at last the end of the year arrives, Fred can afford to relax. He does this by playing golf, swimming, athletics, snooker, marbles, shot put . . . phew!

We also have the more studious type called bookworms, two girls most noticeable are Thea and Zofia.

Since the beginning of the year we have had two new girls, Julie Carter and Yvonne, who is as good at talking as she is at tennis.

Before we sign off we would like to thank all the teachers who have taken us through the year, especially Mr. O'Loughlin and wish him the best of luck. Also to Mrs. Menadue for being our form teacher for the year.

2B FORM NOTES

This term we held a French reading competition with Form 11c, the results of which were: First year section—1st John Scott; equal 2nd, Sherene Carey. Second year section—equal first, Susan Willams.

We are well represented in the sports field as well. Barry Prideaux did well to earn his place in the senior football team. Also Jill Hillard did very well in the Schoolgirls' Championships at Kooyong, and was runner-up. Pam Bramley shares the limelight with the rest of the softball team in the win of the "B" Grade Women's Softball for Victoria.

We have fifty-one in our Form, captained by Jill Hillard and Victor Skyba. Also we are lucky enough to have two rather musically-minded fellows who composed our Form Song (above). "Siberia," or Romo 38 (our Form room), is so called because it is set right apart from the main school building. Miss Walker, our charming Form teacher, and also French teacher, has had a trying time during the year keeping us in hand. At the end of the first term Miss Walker arranged an excursion to the Besser Brick Factory, which was a pleasant ending to the term.

Our Form was honoured by the high averages gained by John Scott; first place, John Krzywokulski second place; and equal third, Judith Metherall and Gene Battrick.

2D FORM NOTES

All aboard! This is 2D signing in from Boat 26 with Miss Maxwell at the stern and with the help of our new captain Irena Orszulak and vice-captain Colleen Jackson, we have had a successful year. We were very sorry when Kathryn Barnes, Glenice Berthelsen and Pat Kennedy fell overboard. To replace them we had Lynn Haworth, Sheila Kay and Jill Dowel transferred to our boat. When we landed on shore we put up a stall on which we raised £5, and sold every article. Our roll book was very well kept by Cheryl Shevlin and Ursula Kaatz. We regret sincerely that our admiral, Miss Maxwell, is leaving our boat when we berth, to go abroad to Scotland at the end of the year. We wish her all the best on her next journey. The five which proved to be the most intelligent of the crew were: 1st, Christine Jasinski; 2nd, Lynn Haworth; 3rd, Irena Orszulak; 4th, Elsie Marsh, and 5th, Pauline Oultram.

2E FORM NOTES

2E consists of 16 girls, 22 boys and Mrs. Pedersen as form teacher. The form captains, Janice Anderson and Ken Harman, have done a very good job of carrying out their responsibilities.

Diesje Merman is the best at sport in the form. She participated in the house and school sports as well as in the all high schools' sports. A number of the boys took part in the schoolboys' cycling championship and Ian Norfolk received first place.

In the half-year examinations the top of the form was Heather Lee, second Ken Harman and third Graeme McLeod.

Representing the form, we would like to thank Mrs. Pedersen for the assistance given and patience she has shown throughout the year, as we have not been a very co-operative form.

1A FORM NOTES

We of form 1a have really a lot of good kids, even though some of the teachers don't think so.

Mrs. Wilson, our former Form mistress, helped us considerably, and Mr. Muskens, our Form master now, did a good job, not only as Form master, but as our language teacher.

The brains of our Form are Brian Rogers, Christine Bates and Robyn Robinson. These three came 1st, 2nd and 3rd of all Form I in the mid-year exams. For the social service we managed to raise £2/18/6½.

We have quite a lot of stars at sport, some of whom received house honours. In swimming they were Helen Wilton, John Woodward and Des Ryan. In the athletic sports our representatives were Wendy Gyles, Bruce Filcock, Ross Gilham and Brian Rogers.

We may not always have been a good Form, but I think we are all satisfied with not only ourselves, but all our teachers

FORM 1B NOTES

We, the pupils of Form 1B, would like to express our gratitude to all our subject teachers for this year. We would like to extend our special thanks to Mr. Szidat, our Form Teacher, for his whole-hearted co-operation and sympathetic views on our troubles.

On the whole we have had a successful year, raising £4/3/8 from our Social Service stall.

There are forty-three pupils in the Form, with Lois Edgoose the Form Captain of the girls, and Ian Berry the Captain of the boys; they have done an extremely good job.

We also have our share of brains, and, although young, we are beginning to form our ideas on education. We feel that what has been organised this year in the way of co-operation between parents and teachers has been beneficial to the pupils concerned; we hope that it will continue further next year.

The progress made in our Form and in all other Forms could be doubled or even tripled, if the Government could allow the Education Department another £600 million, instead of letting the people spend that amount on gambling.

If the Education Department were able fully to utilise this, there would be more fully qualified teachers, more and better classrooms, and this would lead to better understanding between the teachers and the children. The reactions to co-operation between these people would, to a large extent, control the feelings and the impressions of the pupils, who, for the first time, are attending a secondary school. Their attitude towards their school work is largely dependent on how the children react towards their teachers.

L.A. Cooke
Th. Stanslow
M. R. Windsor
P. Cooper
J. S. Nancy
L. Randall
M. Goss
R. Montgomery
J. L. Brewer
Gabrielle Blood
B. E. Mason
R. E. Thomas
P. Richardson
R. Pedersen
D. Chesney
H. E. Brice
A. B. Daly
E. L. Kemp
H. A. Gillespie
Deen Walker
N. E. Higgs
P. Anthony
M. Jarely
R. Baines
H. Ainsworth
K. Hall
Ruth Handy
M. G. Harnock
Alexandra Maxwell
Vera Everett
Marion D. Cunningham
J. V. Menadue
J. W. Whykes
F. A. Gommall
G. M. Menadue
G. J. Wilson
Greg O'Loughlin
L. L. Smith
David Boyd
Lorraine Hicks
Valerie Lyett
Mollie Cowen
S. K. H. H. H.
Edna H. Dawson
Dean Walker