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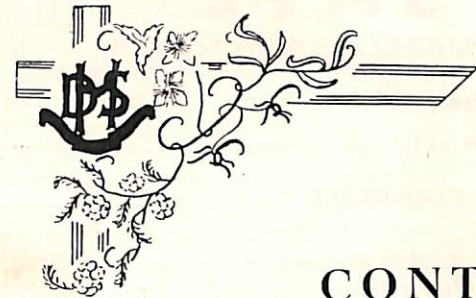
*The*  
**GATE**

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THE GARDEN



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# THE GATE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL

December, 1941

Editors: Jean Sinclair and Frank Adamson

## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Girls	Boys
Thelma Whitehead	R. Westmoreland
Pat Johns	K. Child

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1941

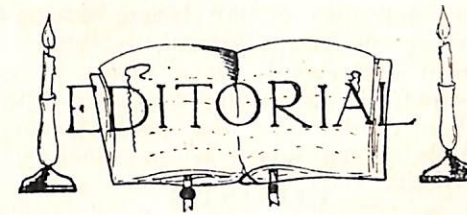
PREFECTS	
Girls	Boys
Jean Sinclair (Snr. Prefect)	Ray Westmoreland (Snr. Prefect)
Edna Gascoigne	Frank Adamson
Thelma Whitehead	Kenneth Child
Nancy Young	Maxwell Newbound
Pat Johns	
Lois de Graaff	

## HOUSE CAPTAINS

Bluegum— E. Gascoigne	K. Child
Clematis— K. Murphy	B. Ward
Orchid— N. Young	G. Brown
Wattle— N. Hume	A. Reid

## FORM CAPTAINS

Form VI.—E. Gascoigne	F. Adamson
Form V.—P. Johns	K. Child
Form IV.a—G. Ward	G. Warburton
Form IV.b—	N. Gartside
Form IV.c— } N. Gearon	
Form IV.d— }	
Form III.a—B. Rodd	B. Manks
Form III.b—Y. Delarue	G. Westmoreland
Form III.c—J. Falloon	
Form III.d—M. Collyer	
Form II.a—A. Males	E. Pierce
Form II.b—R. McCabe	N. Courtney
Form II.c—B. Pearce	A. Brimblecombe
Form II.d—H. McPherson	
Form I.a—S. de Graaff	D. Fowler
Form I.b—P. Rattle	L. Willey
Form I.c—D. Orgill	
Form I.d—P. Robertson	



Once more the end of the year is approaching. For some of us one more year of our course has been completed, for others one phase in our life has come to an end. Whatever stage we have reached, it seems a fitting time to pause, to contemplate what we have already done, and to consider how we shall face the future.

To those of us who are about to leave school these questions may occur: What have we gained from our years at school and to what extent are we prepared for the years ahead? What principles have we to guide our thoughts and our actions in the future?

During the period spent at school we have followed a course designed to enable us to reach a certain standard of general education. Though some of the subjects that we have studied may not appear to be of direct or immediate use to us, they are intended to form part of a cultural background. However, we should remember that the teaching of a number of facts and formulas is not the main work of the school. One can leave school well equipped with certificates without having derived any lasting benefit from the years spent there.

The school forms a large part of the environment in which the characters of the future men and women are moulded and developed. The ordinary school text-books cannot give much help in this process. It is from contact with our fellow-pupils that we gain experience that will help later in life. In the trials and joys, the disappointments and problems which are interwoven with what may seem to many the rather humdrum pattern of our daily life, we see a reflection in miniature of the life that will await us when we have left school.

To ensure the full development of one's character it is therefore necessary to enter whole-heartedly into the varied activities of the school. We must learn to cope with

emergencies, to accept responsibilities, to bear up under trials and disappointments, as well as to participate in the lighter side of school life. If, during our few years at school, we have learnt to realize our responsibilities towards both our fellow-beings and ourselves, if we can trust ourselves to distinguish, with God's grace, between right and wrong, we can face the future with confidence and hope.

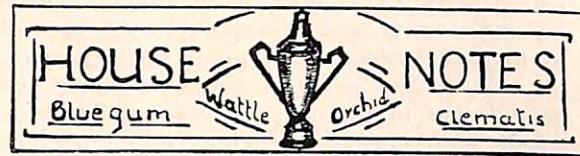
## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE, 1941



Standing:  
R. Westmoreland, F. Adamson (Editor), K. Child.  
Sitting:  
T. Whitehead, J. Sinclair (Editress), P. Johns.

## EXCHANGES

The Editors wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:—  
"Pallas," "The Record," "The Unicorn,"  
"The Scotch Collegian."



### BLUEGUM

We commenced the year with a comparatively strong all-round team and so were confident of a good place, if not a win in every sphere of the House activities.

Other activities of the House during the year were the Egg Appeal, in which we registered a second place, and a social from which we raised approximately £10 for the school funds. We also conducted verandah stalls, which raised several pounds.

### CLEMATIS

We had a successful season during this year. Although placed third in the Athletic Standards, we made a marvellous recovery and won the House Sports with a margin of 53 points. The girls won every basketball

### PREFECTS, 1941



Standing: R. Westmoreland (Senior Prefect), F. Adamson, K. Child, M. Newbound.  
Sitting: T. Whitehead, E. Gascoigne, J. Sinclair (Senior Prefect), N. Young, P. Johns, L. de Graaff.

Though hard pressed by Clematis, we gained second place in the swimming. In the cricket we were rather unfortunate and obtained only third position. In both the athletics and football we finished a close second to Clematis. The tennis, yet to be completed, holds bright prospects of another win for us. The girls gained third place in both the hockey and basketball, and are in a good position in the tennis.

passing event, and Kath Murphy was successful in every event for which she entered. The boys won three relay races, and Eric Mitchell proved a great help to the House. In the remainder of the sporting season, the girls won both the Senior and Junior basketball, but were not so fortunate in the hockey and rounders.

Our boys' teams have improved greatly from last year, and they won the football

and cricket. The cricket was won outright, and, thanks to the juniors, we gained the Football Premiership. We were narrowly defeated for second place by Bluegum in the Swimming Sports.

Our House Week was successful, mainly due to the efforts of a concert run by some members of the House, whilst the social was an outstanding event of the year.

We wish to thank the members of the staff attached to our House for their continued interest throughout the year.

performance was registered by Graham Brown, in winning every event for which he entered and breaking the Intermediate, High and Long Jump records.

Our social was not such a financial success, but considering it was the first for the year, £6/10/- was not such a bad effort.

The girls have also had their successes, being unbeaten in the Senior hockey and Junior rounders, and being second in the Senior and Junior basketball teams.

The tennis is at present in progress, and

### HOUSE CAPTAINS, 1941



Standing: G. Brown (Orchid), B. Ward (Clematis), K. Child (Bluegum), A. Reed (Wattle).  
Sitting: N. Young (Orchid), K. Murphy (Clematis), E. Gascoigne (Bluegum), N. Hume (Wattle).

### ORCHID

Although the senior section of our House lacks strength, this is made up for by outstanding performances in the intermediate section. As usual, Orchid carried off the honours at the House swimming sports, easily defeating Bluegum, our nearest rival. We were not as successful in the cricket and football, but were only narrowly defeated for second place in the athletics—an outstanding

we have a good chance of taking the honours here.

Considering everything, we have had a very successful year, and have a good chance of carrying off the House cup, for the third successive year, so we take this opportunity of thanking Misses Begg and McLean, and Messrs. Brumley and Miller, who helped us in all our efforts.

## WATTLE

This year we have many regrets in not being able to say we carried off all the honours during the Swimming and Athletic sports, but Wattle began this year lacking many of the stalwarts for which we have been noted in the past years. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Clematis, who won the Athletic sports.

Our cricket team surprised even ourselves when they tied with Clematis for first place. As we only possessed a mosquito fleet, we were severely handicapped in the football sphere, but managed to gain third position.

Early in July we held our social. It was a great success, conducted with the usual brightness and cheer of the Wattleites. Our greatest victory was the winning of the Egg Appeal. After a poor start our members responded magnificently to this worthy cause and gave the other Houses a sound defeat. We count this as a real feather in our cap.

Even though we did not have the success we would have liked, we all tried our best, and hope to do better next year. In conclusion, we wish to thank Miss Mahoney and Mr. Ford, together with our captains, who spent much time urging us to do our utmost.

## VANITY OF EARTHLY THINGS

How vain is all beneath the skies,  
How transient every earthly bliss,  
How slender all the fondest ties  
That bind us to a world like this!

The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—  
The glory of a passing hour.

But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the sky is vain,  
There is a brighter world on high,  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then, let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares and chase our fears,  
If God be ours, we're trav'ling Home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.

—Shirley D. Stone, Form V.

## VALEDICTORY

Miss Robertson, who was form mistress of IIIc., is leaving us this year. She has taken a great interest in the social work of the school and in the welfare of Bluegum House. We congratulate her on her promotion and wish her every happiness in her work at the school to which she has been transferred.

Mr. Richards is leaving us after four years spent at Dandenong. Members of Bluegum House will be sorry to lose an ardent supporter of all house activities. Many past and present pupils have profited by Mr. Richards' expert teaching and his departure leaves a gap not easily to be filled.

The school congratulates Mr. Richards on his promotion and wishes him every happiness in his new position.

Although Mr. Travis has been with us only since the beginning of this year, he will leave behind him much tangible evidence of his varied accomplishments. Our congratulations upon his promotion and good wishes for the future will be mingled with feelings of genuine regret on the part of all those with whom he has been associated.

## OBITUARY

## A. E. Lewin

Austin Ellerker Lewin was born at Elwood (Vic.). He was 24 years of age, was married and had one son. He was educated at Dandenong High School and later entered Melbourne Grammar School with a Charles Hebden Scholarship. After leaving school he joined the business house of Brooks, McGlashan & McHarg. After he had been transferred to the London branch of this firm he joined the Royal Air Force upon the outbreak of war. After completing his training as a pilot he took part in several air raids over the Continent and rose to the rank of flight-lieutenant. His 'plane was shot down on July 26th, 1941, on a daylight raid over Germany. He was reported missing and later believed killed. His father is Archdeacon F. E. Lewin, of Maryborough.



## FORM VI.

"Friends, Romans, and Countrymen, lend us . . . (don't you dare say that Form VI. would make a mistake in a quotation) . . . your ears!"

We are broadcasting from the school's cupboard, Room 9, which has kindly been presented to us for use as a form room, and, although it is considered to be quite big enough for our small band of six bright girls and one envied boy, we sometimes find that it is a trifle small, especially when we prefer it to the basketball court—a tin of gaily coloured basket-balls in the east corner being the temptation.

We are fortunate in having Miss Broughton as our form mistress, and at our assemblies we discuss ways and means of collecting money for our war effort. Sometimes one of our number gives an interesting talk. We have been waiting eagerly since March to hear one young lady, but, either by accident or design, her 'bus is usually late on Monday and Friday mornings. Another bright pupil from our midst hit upon the idea of making Victory V badges, which we sold for 1d. each, and thus raised 12/6. We also had a concert (together with Form V.), which was concluded by The Missing Musicians, who played "The Lost Chord." Apart from the concert, we have handed in £1/6/- for our war effort.

More than half our form—Jean Sinclair (Head Prefect), Thelma Whitehead, Edna Gascoigne, and Frank Adamson—are prefects. We are also well represented in the sporting sphere, for a house captain and a vice-house captain have been selected from our form, while three of our members gained the coveted Award of Merit, and four of us competed in the Combined Swimming Sports. We also had two members in the tennis team, one in the cricket, one in the football, one in the basket-ball, and two in the hockey team. So if the mathematicians of the school began to

work out form percentages in the way of prefects, house captains and athletes, they would find this form on top every time.

The girls are kept in order by Edna Gascoigne, the form captain, while the boy keeps himself in order, occasionally helped by the rest of the form!

We are all working in our "spares," and are eagerly (?) looking forward to the examinations at the end of the year. We have divided the exhibitions equally between us.

Well, our time is up, and we think the next session is for Form V., who, we hope, will be carrying on our good work next year.

## FORM V. GIRLS

This year, the twenty-one Fifth Form girls have certainly earned the reputation of being the best in the school, due probably to the guidance of our form mistress, Miss McLean, and the firm hands of our form captain, Pat Johns, and vice-captain, Nancy Young.

In the sporting sphere we contribute members to the tennis, swimming, hockey, basket-ball and athletic teams. Three house captains and two vice-captains abide with us in our Form Room 5. We are considered so hardy that our form room has no fire-place and in the winter we inwardly shiver, but we outwardly try to look warm and comfortable.

In every way our concert in September was a success. Many had aching sides from laughing till they cried at the antics of our carrot-headed comedian and his assisting "artists." It was a success financially, as we collected, to be particularly precise, £1/7/7½. We were aided in this concert by the Sixth Form.

Our effort to raise money for the War Relief Fund brought to hand the considerable amount of £12/8/-. Each girl was presented with a shilling and encouraged to work to double that amount. Like the servant in the parable, some of us felt inclined to bury our shilling and see if, by some miracle, it would multiply. However, most of the girls thought of bright, original ideas. Some arranged parties or presented concerts in the week-ends. Others made sweets and sold them to other members of the form. This was a good means of raising money, but by the end of the allotted time for this effort, some of us, I fear, had holes in our pockets.

This year we are all working particularly hard (?) in order to secure our Leaving Certificates at the end of the year, and we hope that all will be successful in their examinations.

### FORM V. BOYS

In that fine room, No. 19 (where, during the winter months, all the nice fires are seen), the boys of Form V. have their headquarters. It is here, under the expert leadership of our form master, Mr. Fisher, that we bring our contributions for the improvement fund and War Savings Certificates. To the assemblies on Monday and Friday mornings, members of the form bring newspapers for the Newspaper Appeal. At these assemblies, Mr. Fisher has carried our thoughts to far-off countries he has seen. Some of the boys have given informative talks. Hugh Adamson has distinguished himself in this direction.

The position of Form Captain is held by Ken Child (Sam), whose word is never disputed when he gives an order to attend to the blackboard or the ink. The vice-captain is Les Skinner, a celebrated comedian, who almost brought the house—excuse me, the school—down at the V. and VI. Form concert given in aid of the Education Department's War Relief Fund. Bill Scott (Skitch) is the man with all the brains (although he hasn't much room in which to keep them) and he looks like topping the form this year. In the sporting sphere we are well represented, as most of the members of the cricket, football and tennis teams were chosen from our numbers.

We would like you to note also, that five prefects, including the senior prefect, come from Form V., as do four house captains. As all these responsible positions are held by the Vth Form boys, it is easy to see we are the most important form in all the school.

We are all striving to gain our Leaving Certificates by the end of the year, when many of us will be leaving school to pass out into life's highway, where we will seek our fortunes.

### FORM IV.a

Once again our ship has reached the haven of rest, and we hope that on looking back over the year's journey we will be well satisfied with the part we have played.

Altogether the year has proved most suc-

cessful, and we have been most fortunate in having for our form teacher Mr. Richards, who has been willingly aided by the form captains, Gillian Ward and Glen Warburton.

While the girls have been unfortunately deprived of the pleasant duty of providing flowers, they have done their duty in plying the duster to the science apparatus.

A trip to the Law Courts and Parliament House proved most interesting and instructive, while the evening spent at the National Theatre, where we saw the "Merchant of Venice" acted, was thoroughly appreciated by all who were present.

So much for the outstanding events of this year, and now, we hope that as a form we shall uphold the tradition of our predecessors and all obtain our Intermediate Certificates with flying colours. At the same time we hope that the coming holiday will bring to all joy and happiness which will re-echo throughout the New Year, 1942.

### FORM IV.b

This is Form IV.b calling from Room 33, our lavishly decorated form room. Our popular form captain is Norman Gartside, and Douglas Cattlin is vice-captain. Our form has been well represented in the sporting activities of the school. Maurice Powell (Mick) was our star performer in the Senior Football team, whilst Jack Smale (captain), Ken Chivers (Pete), Des White (Gussy), and Graeme Smith were the backbone of our Junior team. In the tennis team we were well represented by Glen Kroschel and Jack Smale, and in the swimming by Norman Gartside, Douglas Cattlin and Noel Woollard, who swam for us at Richmond. Doug. Cattlin and Noel Woollard obtained bars to their Bronze Medallions—a great effort!

Many boys have given interesting talks at our form assemblies. At present we are all striving to obtain our Intermediate Certificates, and some of us are returning next year for our Leaving—or possibly Intermediate again.

During Third Term we held a penny concert which helped to defray the expenses of a successful social which was held later in September.

The boys' locker room and contents are still in one piece, thanks to our careful super-

vision. Altogether we have a happy time under our energetic form teacher, Mr. Ford, who has taught us Intermediate History. We hope that the IV.b of 1942 will follow the splendid example set by the present IV.b.

### FORM IV.c AND IV.d

Hello, hello, hello.

This is Station IV.c calling.

Eastern Standard Time—Term 3.

First we present our sponsors, our Form Teacher, Miss Thompson, our Form Captain, Nora Gearon, and Vice-Captain, Dulcie Smith.

Crash! Bang! Our sporting commentator describes the success of our form in the world of sport. First, in the Combined Swimming Sports this year, two of our girls, Gwen Gunther and Dawn McCabe, represented the school. In the school hockey team Beth Gardiner helped very considerably in that team's great success. In the senior basketball team we were represented by Lorna Stephenson, Berna Breen, Pat Cline and Dulcie Smith, and in the junior team by Audrey Wigg.

Our War Effort this year has been very good. First we collected money for a Self-Denial Fund. This money was given out to girls who used it to hold competitions, stalls and parties. So far we have raised £6 in this manner. We also obtained £1/10/6 from a very successful concert.

Last on our programme, let us present part of our Form Poem, composed by Hazel Dennis:

Mr. Ford is full of gloom,

As sounds of talking fill the room;

"IV.b would be the death of me,

If only they were like IV.c."

"Outstanding form," says Mr. Keane,

—A beam upon his face is seen.

"Their History dates they know by heart,  
Oh, yes, they're really very smart."

This is IV.c. signing off till next year, when many will have left, but others will be coming back to keep up the old tradition.

### FORM III.a

Hark! What was that? Was it the cat? No, of course not! It was none other than the honourable III.a finally preparing to give the annual report.

Our form consists of thirty-eight pupils, most of whom are boys. This is our Sub-Intermediate year and we have all been working very hard. Mr. Keane is our capable Form Master, and he is ably assisted by Barbara Rodd and Bruce Manks as form captains. Our Form Room was No. 17, but owing to certain changes it has now become Room 31. We are extremely satisfied with this change, because Room 31 is the Library and commands an excellent view of the sky!

Eight of our boys and three of our girls were successful this year in obtaining the Bronze Medallion. We are proud of Barbara Rodd, Mary Ferguson, Clare Cornish, Bruce Adamson and Neil Little, who have been our sporting enthusiasts for this year.

Altogether we are a very good form. One of the boys caused a little merriment when he wrote, in his test question on "The Merchant of Venice," that the reason Portia first pleaded with Shylock was to try and get the idea of taking the pound of flesh out of his head!

During the year we held a War Effort Week from which we obtained a considerable sum of money. On Monday we sold lollies (they went like hot cakes!), and on Wednesday midget frankfurts. On Thursday there was a concert in which Bob Wills was prominent as a gas collector. On Friday we sold cocoa and held a palais in Rooms 23 and 24.

Many pupils from our form took part in the annual concert held at the Dandenong Town Hall during the earlier part of the year.

Now we have related all the important news items, so we will reluctantly "close down" to "re-open" again next year.

### FORM III.b

The old reputation of III.b is gone forever, for owing to the addition of members of the opposite sex, the behaviour of the boys is much improved. Our form assemblies on Monday and Friday mornings are conducted by Miss Mahoney. Our form captains, Yvonne Delarue and Graham Westmoreland, carry out their duties with great force. III.b has contributed to the War Effort by the buying of War Savings Certificates and the holding of a concert from which we raised a considerable sum. The work of III.b has

improved so much that the teachers are quite astounded; so much so, that Mr. Travis, our English teacher, had to take a holiday to recover from the effect of essays written by our talented authors, "Slim" Westmoreland and "Fishy" Pyke. All the members of III.b are working hard to obtain their Proficiency Certificates, which will enable them to enter the Intermediate form next year.

### FORM III.c

Hello everyone! What a happy band are we, forty-six bright girls who combine together to make a model form! No boys? Oh, that's the reason! However, we must be the most talked-of form in the staff room. Our form room is Room 30, where we meet on Mondays and Fridays for our form assemblies, when we give freely to the funds. We are very proud of being the first form to hand in a sum of money for the Self-Denial Fund. To help the Educational War Relief Fund we had a stall, a concert and a palais during one week in Second Term. Until her illness at the end of the first term, our form teacher was Miss Ryan, who was then replaced by Miss Robertson. Under the watchful eyes of Jean Falloon, our form captain, and Marion Burden, our vice-captain, it has been noticed that we always decorate the room with flowers, while the inkwells are filled regularly (?).

We are well represented at sport, having Ailsa Quince, Mellis Baines and June Blundell in the junior basketball, Ivy Smart in the senior basketball, and Joan McCallum and Dorothy Marquis in the hockey. At the Combined Swimming Sports at the Olympic Pool we were represented by Maureen Bailey and Pat Sullivan, who gained their medallions.

We are all striving hard for our proficiency certificates so that we may return to school next year to obtain our Intermediates and once more be THE FORM of the school!

### FORM III.d

Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! We are the girls of III.d speaking. There are only ten girls in our form.

Our form captain is Margery Collyer, and Dorothy Cooper is vice-captain. We occupy Room 11 for our form assemblies, when Miss

Egerton, whom we consider an excellent form teacher, collects the War Savings and Improvement Fund money. We also discuss the current news at these assemblies.

During second term, with the help of I.d and II.d, we held a stall on the verandah. We sold "hot dogs," sweets, sausage rolls and flowers. After a very successful day we raised £3/17/6 in aid of the Social Service. We had the pleasure of opening the Social Service Bank Account.

Two of our girls, Margery Collyer and Janet Walden, were successful in obtaining their Bronze Medallions and higher awards. Cheerio till next year!

### FORM II.a

Time marches on, and it's time again to listen in to forty-one little Australians; this time broadcasting from Room 28.

This year we are fortunate in having as form teacher Mr. Miller, who was form teacher of I.a last year. Ted Pierce and Ada Males lead our happy band, while "Cass" Perrin and Lucy Robinson are vice-captains.

Owing chiefly to Mr. Miller, our form has put forth a good effort for the war, and with the co-operation of the whole form, we have succeeded in raising nearly £12 in the last couple of months. But this is not our most successful effort. Oh, no! We have induced nearly every teacher to exclaim that they have never taught a form like us before, which, we think, is the highest praise we can obtain.

It may be mentioned that our bi-weekly form meetings were at first devoted to attempts on the part of certain members of the form to enlarge our great store of knowledge, but now there is a collection of money for War Savings Certificates with a delightful current of talk accompanying the whole procedure. Mr. Miller takes us for history, and, as last year, the boys for physical culture.

Several notables in our distinguished form are Hazel Gascoigne and Pam Saunders still keeping on the good work, and Norma Wood, who helps to brighten our sad moments. Jean Browne is still swotting, and Betty Beavis and Patsy Dow seem to be similarly engaged. As for the champion talker! Well, it seems as if all are doing their best to obtain that

honour. All the boys are distinguished characters—no need to mention them separately. Happily the girls still outnumber the boys by about two to one.

Our form is well represented in the field of sport. Hazel Gascoigne, Jean Browne, Norma Wood and Eric Mitchell are still doing their bit for D.H.S. We must mention that a number of members of our form took part in the Combined Swimming Sports and House Sports.

Altogether we are having a very successful year, and we are sincerely hoping that all will obtain their Merits and thus prove to everybody that Form II.a is the best of all forms.

P.S.—We are also looking forward to an interesting "form feast" that is looming ahead, so with that pleasant thought we must leave you, hoping to see you all again next year.

### FORM II.b

Here we are: 1941's most well behaved form (?), II.b. We are a combined form consisting of nineteen girls and twenty-two boys. We are fortunate in having as our form teacher Mr. Steele, who regularly talks about current affairs during form assemblies. For our form captains we have chosen Rae McCabe and Noel Courtney. During the past year we have endeavoured to keep our form Room 17 decorated, and the inkwells filled.

Our boys have been very good at woodwork during the year, while the girls have excelled all other forms in cookery, although there have been rumours that some persons would not like to eat everything that we cook on Friday mornings.

We have all done our best to aid the war effort by buying War Savings Certificates, and bringing papers. During the year we held a concert which brought in a fair sum of money. We regret to say that some of our numbers may be leaving our happy band, but nevertheless, we will be able to carry on.

As we are all working hard for our Merit Certificates, we will say, "Au revoir," with greater expectations for 1942.

### FORM II.c

Hullo everyone! This is II.c calling. We have the honour this year of being the first Form II.c. Our form captains are Alec Brimblecombe and Barbara Pearce. Vice-captains are Mervyn Vallance and Elvie Gatter. For the first term we had Norma Harrisson as girl form captain, but as she left for Sydney we had to elect a new captain. Reg Campbell topped the form First Term and Margaret Cooper Second Term. Three boys in the form are in the junior football team; they are Mervyn Vallance, Lindsay Plowright and Reg Campbell, and they often get us out of geography tests on Wednesday afternoons.

Miss Davey is our form mistress, and our form room is No. 16 on the East Wing of the school. In the middle of Second Term we held a concert which was very successful.

Well, that is all for the present, but we will be seeing you again next year.

### FORM II.d

When our form of seventeen domestic girls meets in Room 11, our form room, on Monday and Friday mornings for form assembly, we discuss war news with Miss Egerton, our popular form teacher. We have all our lessons with Form III.d. Our form captain is Heather McPherson, and Wilma Williams is our vice-captain. We were represented in the house swimming sports by Shirley Heathcote, Phyllis Longmuir, Betty Betts and Heather McPherson. We have all gained resuscitation certificates, and some obtained higher awards. Shirley Heathcote is in the senior basketball team. In a stall effort for social service we raised, with the help of III.d and I.d, £3/17/6 by the sale of "hot dogs," sausage rolls, sweets and flowers. We have knitted many woollen garments for our fighting forces. Several girls have bought War Savings Certificates. At present we are all very busy trying to multiply the amount of one shilling by making and selling sweets, covering and selling coat-hangers, and doing other things. Miss Begg, our sewing teacher, is exhibiting some of the form's best needlework in the Dandenong Show.

## FORMS I.a AND I.c

This is the first time the members of I.a and I.c have greeted the other pupils of D.H.S. You have not heard from us before, but we assure you that you will again.

At present we, with the other first formers, are thought to be rather insignificant; but has it ever occurred to the older members of the school that some day the school captain and prefects will be chosen from our ranks, and that future house captains are sitting in the desks of Room 23, our form room? Even now we are making our presence felt in school life—if we are not felt, we are probably heard.

We started this year with Miss Day as our form mistress, but we were soon to lose her. Since then Mr. Travis has been in charge, and we consider ourselves very fortunate in having him as form master.

The girls' form captain is Shirley de Graaff, and the vice-captain is Dorothy Griffiths. The boys are led by David Fowler, who has Jack Garner to assist him. They have helped to keep us in order and make us the most popular (?) form in the school.

## FORMS I.b AND I.d

Hello everyone! This is I.b and I.d appearing for the first time, but not the last, we hope. The form really consists of two forms that have been combined under the guidance of Miss Ryan, our form teacher. She is assisted by Phyllis Rattle and Lindsay Willey, our form captains.

Our form room, No. 24, gives a very attractive view of Princes Highway. We keep the room bright with flowers, and we fill the inkwells (sometimes).

During the Second Term we held a very successful verandah stall.

Several members took part in the swimming and house sports. Kath Crosby was the only one to gain her Bronze Medallion.

We are all looking forward to being promoted to the Second Form next year, when we hope to gain our Merit Certificates.

Q.: Why are washer women great travellers?

A.: Because they are continually "crossing the line" and going from "pole to pole."



## JOKES

A gallant sergeant was walking down the street, when a recruit approached him from the opposite direction. When he was three paces from the "three-striper" he gave a most regimental salute.

Sergeant: "What made you salute me? I'm not an officer."

Recruit: "No, I know you're not; but anything will do to practise on."

It was the sergeant-major's funeral.

"He was a true gentleman," said the padre, "and will ever be remembered with affection by his men for his unselfish devotion to their welfare."

"Hey, Bill," murmured one of them to his friend, "we'd better 'op it, we've come to the wrong funeral."

"Smith," said the major to his batman, "I am informed that you were intoxicated last night, and that you were trying to roll a barrel out of the officers' mess. Is that true?"

"Well, yes, sir," replied Smith.

"Oh, and where was I at the time?" queried the major.

"In the barrel, sir!"

## "HOWLERS"

The supporters of the Stuarts were known as the jackpots.—IV.c English.

If shoes are too tight they cause corns and bunyips.—I.c Hygiene.

Hail is formed by the freezing of raindrops and is very hard, whereas snow is frozen lumps of water and is soft and fluffy.—IV.d Geography.

In the Peninsula War, Napoleon employed a new weapon—gorilla warfare.—III.a History.



## FOOTBALL NOTES

Most of last year's premier team having left, there remained only a few seasoned players to form the nucleus of a new team. However, we managed to build up a team

Our next match was against Warragul, whom we entertained at Dandenong. Though weather conditions were unfavourable to good football, the match was thoroughly enjoyed by both players and spectators. We proved ourselves the better wet weather footballers as the final scores indicate:

D.H.S., 9-8  
W.H.S., 4-8

Then came the first of our competition matches, played against Frankston at Frankston. For the first half Frankston was de-

## FOOTBALL TEAM, 1941



Back Row: K. Lamb, L. Skinner, G. Brown, K. Powell, M. Wenn.  
Standing: K. Smethurst, M. Powell, W. Adamson, H. Adamson, D. Cattlin, A. Reid.  
Sitting: N. Gartside, G. Warburton, R. Little, M. Newbound, S. McDowell, F. Booth.  
Front Row: B. Coulthard, K. Child (Captain), F. Adamson.

which, though not lacking in quality, was somewhat wanting in weight.

Anxious to see how we would perform before starting the competition matches, we played Box Hill High School at Dandenong. This proved a hard game and, though we gained a nine-point win, the scores might easily have been reversed. Final scores showed:

D.H.S., 9-13  
B.H.S., 8-10

finely on top, but we made a good recovery during the third quarter and were within winning distance of them at three-quarter time, but again in the final term they were superior and went away to an easy victory. Final scores were:

D.H.S., 7-5  
F.H.S., 13-12

We were not disheartened by this early defeat however, and meeting Mordialloc at Dandenong, we inflicted on them a somewhat

similar defeat to that which we had suffered at the hands of Frankston.

The final scores were:

D.H.S., 12-11  
M.H.S., 6-1

The following week we had a bye so a return match with Box Hill was arranged. Once again we were favoured by wet weather conditions, but through poor kicking we won

This win gave Frankston the premiership and consequently our last match in the competition series, against Mordialloc, lacked a little of the interest and enthusiasm shown in the previous games. The final scores were:

D.H.S., 10-8  
M.H.S., 5-12

There still remained the anxiously awaited return match with Warragul, when we enjoyed a pleasant day as guests of the Warra-

### CRICKET TEAM, 1941



Standing: J. Vinen, K. Child, W. Adamson, H. Adamson, I. Skinner.  
Sitting: G. Brown, B. Ward (Captain), M. Newbound, F. Adamson.  
Front Row: A. Reid, G. Kroschel.

only by two goals:

D.H.S., 5-12  
B.H.S., 4-6

Resuming the competition matches, we met Frankston on our own oval. They gained a very early lead, but we quickly recovered and fought back with great determination, and at three-quarter time the scores showed a two-point lead in favour of Frankston. However, when the pressure was on in the final term our lack of weight told and Frankston dashed ahead to a comfortable win:

F.H.S., 11-10  
D.H.S., 6-8

gul boys. The match, though we won comfortably, was very entertaining and was enjoyed immensely by all. The final scores were:

D.H.S., 13-14  
W.H.S., 8-14

This match brought to a close a season in which, though we were not premiers, we won six out of the eight matches played—being defeated twice by Frankston, so it cannot be regarded as an entirely unsuccessful season.

We take this opportunity of wishing next year's team the best of luck and we hope that they will avenge our defeat.

### CRICKET NOTES

We commenced this year with several of last year's premiership team and some promising new members, and so we had hopes of upholding the unbeaten record, which for the past few years has been ours.

Bruce Ward, vice-captain last year, became captain, and Max Wenn occupied the position of vice-captain.

Our first match, played at Dandenong against Mordialloc, proved rather exciting. Mordialloc batting first scored 121, M. Newbound and G. Brown taking 4 for 21 and 4 for 14 respectively. This was a considerable total for the time allowed them, and as a result we found ourselves chasing runs. However, with good fast batting by M. Wenn 39, B. Ward 29 n.o., and G. Brown 16 n.o., we achieved a fairly comfortable win, scoring 125 for the loss of only 6 wickets.

The next match, played on the turf wicket at Frankston, resembled a procession rather than a cricket match. Batting first, Frankston scored 80, G. Brown taking 4 wickets for 5 runs. Then we came in to bat, but the wicket proved much too fast for us and we were all out again for a total of 25 runs. The fact that only one or two of us had ever batted on a turf pitch before possibly accounted for our performance.

For our next match we travelled to Mordialloc, hoping to repeat our first success against them, but we were disappointed, losing by the narrow margin of 8 runs. Mordialloc scored 81, B. Ward took 3 for 18, and M. Newbound 3 for 23. Our batsmen in their hurried attempt to overtake Mordialloc's total, failed to settle down properly and most of them fell victims to the slow left-hand bowler. We scored 73, of which M. Wenn made 31.

Though we had suffered two defeats and gained only one victory, we still had a chance for the pennant, and in our next match against Frankston at Dandenong we fought hard to improve our position, but our efforts were in vain, for the results showed Frankston the winners by 4 runs. They were 9 wickets for 117, J. Vinen taking 6 for 24, and when the umpire called time we had scored only 113, but with 5 wickets in hand we could have won quite comfortably had there been a little more time at our disposal. Of our score, W.

Adamson made 30, B. Ward 30, A. Baird 17, and G. Brown was 19 n.o.

Our defeat left Mordialloc and Frankston to fight it out for the premiership. Mordialloc won and gained their first cricket premiership for a number of years.

We have lost the cricket premiership for the first time in several years, but we hope that next year the pennant will be ours once more.

## ATHLETICS

### HOUSE SPORTS

The 23rd annual inter-house sports were held on the school oval on the 1st October, and though light showers fell they improved the condition of the track. In spite of the slight prevailing wind, many new records were established. G. Brown gave a very good performance in winning four intermediate events, in two of which he created new records: 5 ft. 3 ins. in the high jump, and 17 ft. 7 ins. in the long jump.

The keen house rivalry and the enthusiasm displayed by competitors made it a very enjoyable afternoon for the spectators, amongst whom were many parents and old pupils.

After a very hard struggle, Clematis forged ahead to repeat their success of last year, leaving Bluegum and Orchid to fight for second position. The final points were:

Clematis, 301; Orchid, 242½;  
Bluegum, 248½; Wattle, 153.

The standards, which give all a chance to gain points for their house, were held previous to the sports, and resulted in a win for Bluegum.

Points scored were:

Bluegum, 84½; Orchid, 71½;  
Clematis, 82; Wattle, 62.

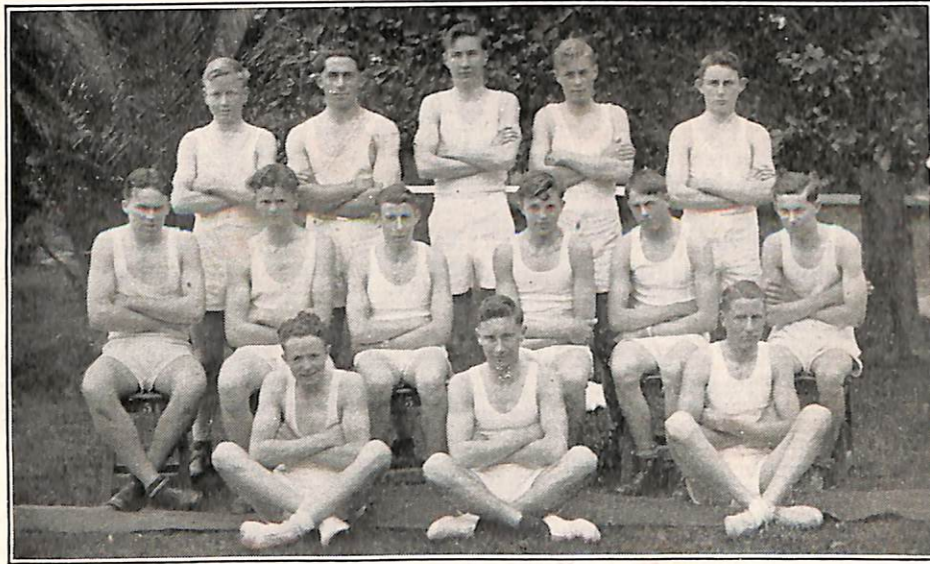
### COMBINED SPORTS

The combined sports for this year were held at the Melbourne Cricket Ground on Wednesday, 8th October. It was a bleak, cold day with a sharp wind which did not favour competitors. The hockey girls continued their success and added three first places in the hockey dribble. In the individual events Kath Murphy, W. Adamson,

G. Brown and E. Mitchell succeeded in gaining first places, while the girls' intermediate shuttle relay was also won by our representatives. These victories were backed up by a number of seconds and thirds, so that when the last race was over we found that Dandenong had secured third place in the boys' aggregate with 57 points, and second

On the following Wednesday we visited Frankston, where the seniors played a losing game for the first three quarters. During the last quarter the team managed to level the scores. From then onwards the game saw-sawed until the match ended with the score at 29 all. Frankston's juniors, however, were more successful, scoring 22 goals against our

#### BOYS' ATHLETIC TEAM, 1941



Standing: L. Vick, P. Geneva, W. Adamson, K. Smethurst, W. Harrington.  
Centre: K. Child, M. Powell, K. Lamb, G. Warburton, M. Burchett, A. Reid.  
Sitting: J. Smale, G. Brown, F. Adamson.

place in the girls' aggregate with 58 points. In the grand aggregate we were beaten for first and second places by Mordialloc and Coburg.

#### BASKETBALL NOTES

The season opened with a practice match against Warragul. The results did not encourage us to expect a continuation of last year's successes. The senior match was close, but Warragul with an extra effort managed to creep steadily ahead during the last quarter and finished the match with 26 goals against Dandenong's 22. The junior match was also fairly even and ended with the scores 15-10 in Warragul's favour.

9, but in the return match the results were reversed for we scored 24 goals while Frankston gained 7.

After hearing reports at Frankston on the mettle of the Mordialloc team, we were expecting disaster when we met on the 16th July, but although we lost the game by 14 to 26, the standard of play was high. The return match against Frankston resulted in an easy win for Dandenong, but lack of practice and unsystematic playing caused our downfall when we met Mordialloc again. The team played upon an unfamiliar grass court, which, owing to weather conditions, was slippery. Mordialloc gained an easy victory and

thus became premiers with Dandenong in second place. The juniors also lost their match 28-12.

The scores of the two previous matches were:

Dandenong, 24; Frankston, 16;  
Dandenong, 8; Mordialloc, 20.

The final trip of the year was to Warragul, where the seniors played their closest match

Juniors: June Blundell (Captain), Ailsa Quince, Mellis Baines, Audrey Howard, Audrey Wigg, Shirley Heathcote, Joyce Cameron, Valma Mabey (emergency).

#### HOCKEY

With seven members from last year's hockey team we began the season with plenty of confidence. We were all very sorry to lose Miss Braithwaite, whose place as coach

#### GIRLS' ATHLETIC TEAM, 1941



Standing: T. Whitehead, A. Quince, K. Murphy, M. Bailey, M. Perry.  
Centre: D. Cattlin, B. Rodd, B. Green, E. Gascoigne, M. Mayhew.  
Sitting: H. Gascoigne, B. Easterbrook.

for the year. We led right through, thanks to the good goaling of Dulcie Smith and to the erratic play of the Warragul goalers, but during the last quarter their goaling improved to such an extent that they made up their leeway of four goals and won during the last minute. The scores were: Dandenong 18, Warragul 19. The juniors were unfortunate in losing their defence wing by a fall, and Warragul narrowly missed defeat, the final scores being: Dandenong 17, Warragul 18.

The teams were:

Seniors: Nancy Young (Captain), Thelma Whitehead (Vice-Captain), Berna Breen, Dulcie Smith, Joyce Badenhop, Ivy Smart, Lorna Stephenson and Pat Cline (emergency).

and umpire was taken by Miss Thompson, and the results of our first match played at Dandenong against Warragul showed that the team had lost none of its vigour, for we defeated Warragul 27 to nil. This victory was followed by an unbroken series of successes in the Association matches.

We first played Frankston on their home ground and although the wings found one side of the field rather muddy and wet, we succeeded in defeating them by 6 goals to 1. Our next match against Mordialloc proved to be the closest of the season, for the final scores were three to one. At one stage of the game there was a great scramble at the Dandenong goal when the opposing goalie

tried to stop our forwards from pushing the ball over the line. Water and mud were splashed over everyone as there was a huge puddle in front of the goal.

On Frankston's return the results again showed Dandenong to be the victors, the scores being 9 to 1. When we visited Mordialloc the scores were almost the same, being

### SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM, 1941



Left to Right: N. Young (Captain), D. Smith, L. Stephenson, P. Cline, I. Smart, T. Whitehead, J. Badenhop.

### TENNIS (GIRLS)

Team:

First Pair: Jean Sinclair, Dawn Brunet.  
 Second Pair: Nancy Young, Ira Stooke.  
 Third Pair: Marie Perry, Elaine Russell.  
 Fourth Pair: Alison McKenzie, Margaret Hall.  
 Emergencies: Thelma Whitehead, Betty Crump.

This year the school kept up the standard

8 to 1 in Dandenong's favour, although our wings were again unfortunate in having a concrete cricket-pitch on one side of the field.

We finished as premiers of our own section and we decided to play University High School, who were premiers of their section; here again we proved ourselves too strong for our opponents, whom we defeated 9 to nil. On 28th August we visited Warragul for a return match. Perhaps the train journey was the most exciting part of this trip, for we were again victorious, winning by 17-2. This was the last match of a very successful season.

The team consisted of:

J. Sinclair (Captain), E. Gascoigne (Vice-Captain), M. Perry, K. Murphy, L. de Graaff, I. Stooke, B. Crump, N. Hume, B. Gardiner, B. Rodd, J. McCallum, and emergencies M. Gorwell, D. Marquis.

attained last year and succeeded in keeping the premiership. The first match was played at home and resulted in easy victory against Mordialloc, the scores being 3 rubbers to 1. On 26th February, we journeyed to Frankston and played a very close series of games, but the final results were in Dandenong's favour again, 3 rubbers to 1. In the return match against Mordialloc another close match finished with a victory for Dandenong by 3 rubbers to 1. The final match played at Dandenong on 26th March proved to be the match of the season, although the actual results made no difference to the premiership. The first pair met their Waterloo, but put up a good fight to secure 9 games against Frankston's 10. The result of the second pair was in our favour 10-9. Once again Frankston

was victorious when our third pair lost with 7 games to the visitors' 10. However the pair did not let the school down and played on to an easy victory of 10 games to Frankston's nil. Dandenong finished with 36 games against Frankston's 29. Thus the girls' tennis team has had a very successful season without a single loss.

became premiers, having three wins to their credit.

### ROUNDERS

With most of last year's team either absent or past the stage of being juniors, the rounder team was composed of many newcomers and the few remaining from last year.

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM, 1941



Left to Right: J. Blundell (Captain), A. Quince, A. Wigg, M. Baines, A. Howard, S. Heathcote, V. Mabey.

### TENNIS (BOYS)

Team:

E. Hubbard, A. Baird, R. Dowling, B. Coulthard, B. Ward, J. Smale, S. Kroschel, M. Wenn, R. Anderson.

We opened the season on 16th April, playing Frankston at Dandenong. This resulted in a win for Dandenong.

The second match, against Mordialloc, was played at home. Mordialloc scored a very decisive win.

Mordialloc: 4 sets, 40 games.  
 Dandenong: 0 sets, 22 games.

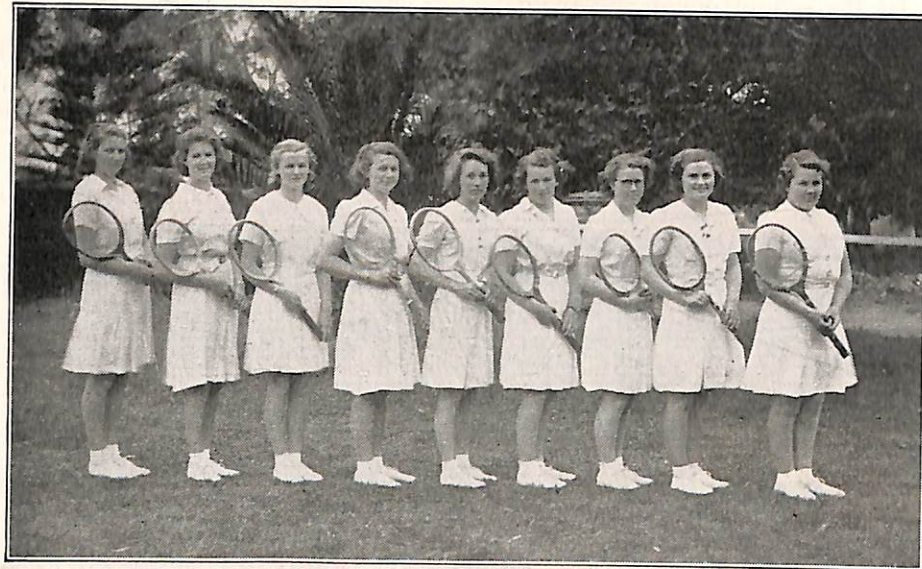
The return match with Frankston resulted in a win for Frankston.

The last match of the season, against Mordialloc, was played at Mordialloc and resulted in a win for Dandenong.

In spite of this defeat Mordialloc still

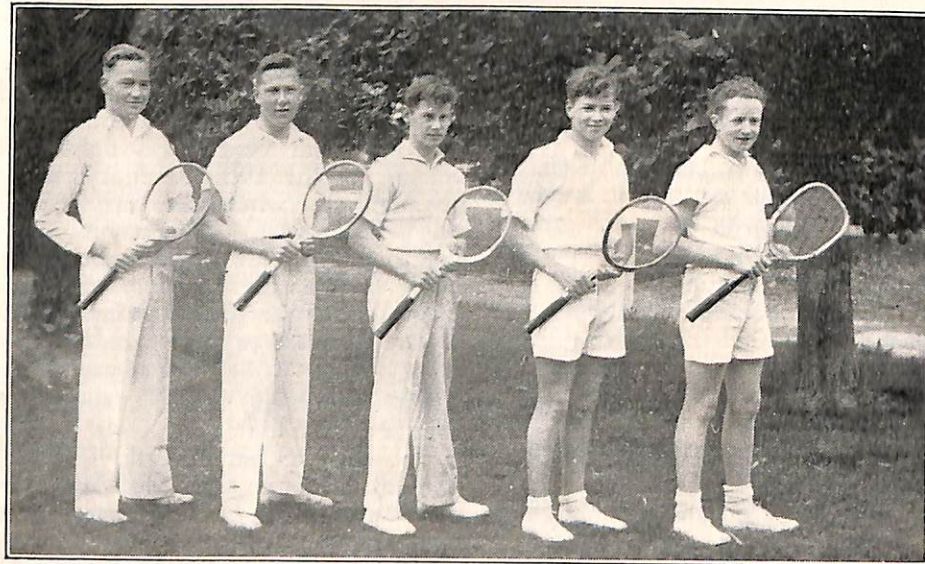
The season was very successful, and although Dandenong did not gain the top place, they put up some very good fights. Their first match, on the 19th February, was played at Dandenong, when the visitors, Mordialloc, were successful. The game was close and exciting, the final scores being Mordialloc 23 runs, Dandenong 22 runs. On the following Wednesday the team had a successful trip to Frankston, where they won the match by 35 to 15 runs. The next match against Mordialloc proved to be disastrous for us, and it was evident that our rivals had practised a great deal in between the two matches, as the final scores showed Mordialloc 22 runs to Dandenong's 7. However, in the next and final match of the season, the team gained another victory for Dandenong. The scores at the end of the match were Dandenong 31,

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM, 1941



Left to Right: J. Sinclair (Captain), E. Russell, N. Young, A. McKenzie, M. Perry, I. Stooke, T. Whitehead, M. Hall, D. Brunet.

BOYS' TENNIS TEAM, 1941



Left to Right: B. Ward, B. Coulthard, G. Kroschel, R. Anderson, J. Smale.

Frankston 28. Thus, although we were defeated for the top place, we managed to secure the second position. The girls in the final team were:—

Ailsa Quince (Captain), Jean Browne, Mellis Baines, Beryl Mosig, Mary Ferguson, Barbara Pavey, Clare Cornish, Cath Brown, Pat Grogan; Emergency, Joyce Parkhill.

SWIMMING

Thanks to the capable coaching of Miss Broughton, Miss Mahoney and Mr. Miller during this season, the school maintained its

Wilma Yarborough Lewis Excellence Cup, the Councillor Carden Cup and the William Henry Cup. The winning of one Bar to the Award of Merit, five Awards of Merit, and numerous Bronze Bars, Bronze Medallions, Intermediate, Elementary and Resuscitation Certificates contributed to the school's success.

The House Swimming Sports were held on 5th March at the Dandenong Baths. The results were:

Orchid, 1; Bluegum, 2; Clematis, 3; Wattle, 4.

SWIMMERS

Winners of Bronze Medallions and Higher Awards, 1941



Back Row: B. Rodd, N. Young, B. Crump, D. Dennis, L. McKay, M. Ferguson, B. Breedon, I. Stephenson, P. Cline, A. Wigg.  
Centre: P. Sullivan, M. Bailey, D. Smith, S. Cameron, S. Harrington, C. Cornish, L. Keys, E. Gascoigne, K. Crosby.  
Sitting: W. Orgill, M. Perry, J. Trewern (Award of Merit), D. Crockett (Award of Merit), J. Sinclair (Award of Merit), M. Gorwell (Award of Merit), D. McCabe, G. Gunther.

reputation in the swimming world. By gaining 948 points we won the Life-Saving Premiership of Victoria for the third consecutive year. This is an unprecedented feat for a high school.

At the presentation night Sir Winston Dugan presented to the school representatives the premiership certificate which carries with it the pennant and the Treadwell Shield. Other presentations were the Hurford Memorial Cup for girl guides and boy scouts, the

In the combined Sports at Olympic Pool on 28th March the girls gained second place, while at the Richmond Baths the boys had to be content with fourth place.

Q.: What relation is a child to a father when the father is not the child's father's own son?

A.: His daughter.

## SWIMMERS

Winners of Bronze Medallions and Higher Awards



Back Row: N. Turner, J. McPherson, W. Harrington, G. Brown, R. Wilkinson.  
Centre: M. Masters, W. Latta, K. Lamb, R. Little, W. Adamson, D. Cattlin, N. Woollard.  
Sitting: A. Dean, B. White, R. Hill, R. Crabtree (Award of Merit), R. Westmoreland  
(Bar to Award of Merit), N. Little, A. Brewer.

## HOCKEY TEAM, 1941



Left to Right: J. Sinclair (Captain), E. Gascoigne, K. Murphy, N. Hume, B. Grump,  
B. Gardiner, J. McCallum, I. Stooke, L. de Graaff, M. Perry, B. Rodd.

## EX-STUDENTS

Jack Canterbury is a sergeant-pilot in the Empire Air Scheme, and Thomas C. Canterbury is a lieutenant in the Royal Australian Engineers.

Elvie Adamson is on the nursing staff of the Royal Melbourne Hospital.

Phyllis Bellet, Alison Smith and Marjory Beavis are training at the Children's Hospital.

Heather Smith, Freda Goepel, Betty Rodd, Joyce Wright, Carol Webster and Joan Taylor have joined the Education Department.

Marjorie Aspinall is at present employed by Kelly & Lewis, Spring Vale.

Reg. Warburton is working in the Aircraft Production Factory at Fisherman's Bend.

Dorothy Hutchinson works in the Union Bank at Oakleigh, and Margaret Breen has joined the E.S. & A. Bank in Dandenong. John James and Robin Gray have joined the State Savings Bank and Max McCallum is in the Bank of New South Wales.

Bill Rodd is working in the E.S. & A. Bank at Koo-Wee-Rup.

John Ferguson is continuing his studies at Caulfield Technical School.

Harold Gascoigne has obtained a position in Baillieu, Allard & Co.

Amongst those who graduated in Medicine at the recent Conferring of Degrees at the University were Harry Garlick and Cliff Hunt.

John Bishop is with the Goldberg Advertising Co.

Pat Adamson has obtained a position in an estate agent's office at Berwick.

Nancy Donnelly has joined the State Public Service, and Muriel Denmead is employed in the Forestry Commission.

Ron Weeks is working in the Department of Supply.

Jess Ferguson is at present stationed at Moyarra State School.

Jean Grogan is a member of the staff of the A.M.P. Society.

Ailsa McDowell, after spending some time at a business college, has obtained a position in the Victorian Railways.

Evelyn Walker is now employed in a solicitor's office in Dandenong.

Beryl Robinson, Thelma Williams, Verna Bell and Jean Edwards are attending business colleges.

May Waldon has joined the staff of the Dandenong office of the State Electricity Commission.

Amongst those who have gained clerical positions are Ruth Bean, Joan Gray, Mavis Smart, Cherry Watson and Teany Turner.

Elvie Besant is attending the Emily McPherson College.

Q.: Why is a novelist a queer creature?

A.: Because his tale (tail) comes out of his head.

Q.: What is the difference between a bankrupt and a feather bed?

A.: One is hard up and the other is soft down.



HOLD IT!

### ENLISTMENT OF EX-PUPILS

An attempt is being made to compile a list of the names of all ex-students who are serving their country in the A.I.F., the R.A.A.F. and the R.A.N. As such a list must necessarily be incomplete at present, we shall be glad to receive further information from relatives and friends of ex-students who have enlisted. Details should be sent to the Editor of "The Gate."

The following names have already been received:—

F. A. Bishop\*  
 A. E. Lewin\*  
 Sister Dorothy Mills  
 Lindsay Anderson, A.I.F.  
 Wallace Anderson, A.I.F.  
 Harry Bishop, A.I.F.  
 John Brown, R.A.A.F.  
 Douglas Brumley, A.I.F.  
 John Cahill, R.A.A.F.  
 Ronald Cashmore, R.A.A.F.  
 John Cox, R.A.A.F.  
 Colin Emery, A.I.F.  
 Keith Fryer, R.A.N.  
 Frederick Field, R.A.A.F.  
 John Green, R.A.N.  
 Mervyn Greene, R.A.A.F.  
 Thomas Halliday, A.I.F.  
 Alan Hassell, R.A.N.  
 Trevor Hardy, R.A.A.F.  
 Alfred Hall, R.A.N.  
 Ronald Horner, A.I.F.  
 John Hurley, A.I.F.  
 William Longmuir, R.A.N.  
 Edward Lovell, R.A.A.F.  
 Stuart McLeod, R.A.N.  
 Samuel Newbound, A.I.F.  
 Harry New, A.I.F.  
 Courtney Oldmeadow, R.A.A.F.  
 Frank Pocknee, R.A.A.F.  
 Donald Pollock, R.A.A.F.  
 Eric Renfree, R.A.A.F.  
 Robert Swords, R.A.A.F.  
 Robert Witham, R.A.A.F.  
 Frank Webster, A.I.F.  
 Ranald Webster, R.A.A.F.  
 Cyril Aumann, R.A.N.

\* Killed on Service.

### WAR RELIEF EFFORT

During the year the school has raised approximately £200 by numerous individual and collective efforts. All the forms have held concerts in which a great variety of talent has been revealed and considerable amounts have been raised. Further sums of money, some of them surprisingly large, have been obtained by the holding of competitions, treasure-hunts and shooting-galleries. Some of the forms have organized verandah stalls and others have held stalls in the town on market days.

Apart from these class efforts, small groups of pupils in some classes have held bazaars at their own homes and have collected large amounts in this way. The girls following the domestic arts course have made full use of their opportunities and have not only made the produce for their stalls but have also knitted a large number of scarves, pullovers, socks and mittens for the Comforts Fund. During the second term the Social Service Club did much good work in this respect.

Finally, mention should be made of the money contributed to the self-denial fund by those pupils who gave up either all or part of their own pocket-money during a certain period.

### FOR THE ELEVENTH OF NOVEMBER

To-day red poppies in remembrance  
 Are worn by those who yet remember  
 The men who fell on Flanders field.  
 —'Tis the eleventh of November.

And when the hour of eleven is struck,  
 The city's voice fast fades away;  
 Deep Silence comes midst all the rush,  
 All pause—and who would say them nay?  
 Fond memories of those who fell,  
 Replace the city's noise and rush,  
 We think of those who fought and died,  
 In that brief pause of deepest hush.  
 —Pat Grogan, III.a.

### MORNING

The magpie calls,  
 The "Kooka" laughs,  
 The wagtail chitters with glee.  
 In the distant bush  
 There's the song of the thrush  
 As he flies from tree to tree.  
 On the far-off range  
 The colours change,  
 When caught in the morning glow.  
 Then the sun peeps through,  
 Gives a rainbow hue  
 To the dew on the leaves below.

—Dorothy Detetz, Form II.d.

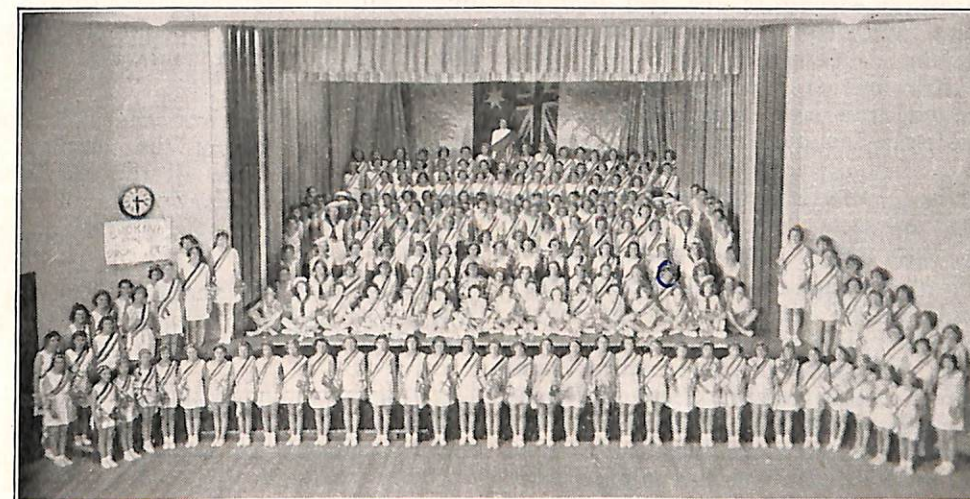
## FIRST TERM CONCERT

On Thursday, 15th May, a concert was given in the Dandenong Town Hall by the High School pupils. Included amongst the choral items were songs by Mozart, Schubert and Purcell, and also Scottish and French songs. A pleasing feature of the programme was the singing of a newly-formed boys' choir.

An artistically arranged ballet performed

by the Junior girls, together with a gavotte and folk dances by Second and Third Form girls, combined with a demonstration of tumbling and pyramids by the boys to provide a varied and well-balanced programme.

The concert was concluded by the singing of "There'll Always be an England" by the combined choirs.—R. Canterbury, Form III.a.



FINALE OF FIRST TERM CONCERT

### BOXING

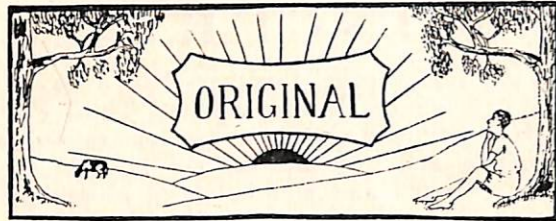
At least two Friday afternoons will be remembered by those who attended the school this year, for on these occasions all the boys were spectators at an exhibition of boxing. Who would have missed such an opportunity? —the sinister alternative of two periods of maths. would not have been seriously considered by anyone in his right senses.

After the sixth period there was a frantic rush to the locker-room, followed by a race upstairs to Rooms 23 and 24, where the disorderly rabble (juniors, of course) was mysteriously converted into an orderly stream of patrons agog with the prospect of an hour's entertainment—and all for threepence!

During the preliminary featherweight bouts of three one-minute rounds the enthusiasm of the onlookers gradually mounted, and when the heavyweights appeared on the scene excitement reached a high pitch.

Mr. Miller represented the Marquis of Queensberry, but no decisions were given. There were no casualties although one ex-champion took the count (assisted by the spectators) and had to receive attention from his trainers.

All those present, from the juniors in the press-seats to those members of the staff who attended, seemed to derive much enjoyment from these exhibitions of the noble art.



### THE DESERTED HOUSE

On the rugged, bleak coast of Devon there stands a cottage, a structure which though frail in itself, is strong in the fact that no human being will come to disturb its memories or destroy its decaying walls. For men will say their prayers and hurry by, and the village children hide their faces in their mothers' skirts when passing. Thereby hangs a story. . . .

Sixteen years from last autumn there arrived the stranger who was to lease the house on the cliffs. The villagers knew nothing of him, save that he was a Norwegian and that he had brought his dog, a huge wolf-like creature, to be his companion. He was seen but once in the town. He spoke to no man and his black dog slunk by at his heels. And then the people were afraid, for they could look into the eye of neither man nor beast. Seven nights later the innkeeper's wife was wakened by a sudden noise. She sat up. It was repeated, louder this time. She arose and tip-toed down the corridor to her husband's room. Then, as she listened, she heard a voice, that of an old man, and it said in tones scarcely above a whisper, "It is done."

A moment later the inhabitants of the inn were awakened by one long drawn-out scream. On entering the inn-keeper's bedroom they found the woman sobbing by the bed, while her husband lay in a pool of blood. And there were the marks of seven sharp fangs deeply imprinted on his throat. . . . Late the next afternoon a party of picked men from the village, eight in all, set out to follow the trail of blood that led to the house on the cliff. It was a trail of blood made by an animal's paws and it led from the dead inn-keeper's bedroom, out of the window and across the moor. The men

were afraid of what they would meet at the end, for they did not know if they were hunting an animal or a human being.

They eventually reached the house and entered. Although a careful search was made, no trace was to be found of either of the inhabitants. They emerged finally and were about to leave the grounds, when they were suddenly aware of a presence behind them. Turning, they drew their revolvers, and simultaneously fired into the sleek flank of the animal crouched by the open door, ready to spring. Without a sound it rolled over, but a moment later sprang up and made for the cliff. It quickly disappeared. The startled men followed, but found nothing.

Next morning, when the fishermen drew in their nets, among the tangled seaweed they found the body of the old Norwegian, with eight bullet holes in his chest.

Even to-day the house is haunted by the memory of a spirit, as the village folk always remember the old inhabitants as one person; for were they one or two?—Patricia Dow, Form II.a.

### HISTORY

History is the brightest subject  
That you have ever seen.  
We have it several times a week—  
Rich store of facts we glean.

We learn our dates and family trees.  
As is the usual rule;  
We have our homework and our tests  
And "swotting" after school.

We've heard about Napoleon  
And the voyages of Drake,  
And much about King Alfred  
And how he burnt the cake.

We deal with countries on the globe  
And all their "wrongs" and "rights";  
We learn about their kings and queens  
And all about their fights.

So, you can see that history is  
A subject very bright.  
Because it's very interesting—  
If you can get it right.

—N. Russell, Form III.a.

### WHY THIS WAR?

Alone on a hilltop in the dew-pearled hour of sunrise I watched the sun rise slowly from behind a distant blue range, shedding its first faint rays over the sleeping valley. The beauty and majesty of God's works were then more apparent than usual, and for a while I silently meditated.

A sudden memory caused me to think of the strife on the other side of the world, in lands just as beautiful as ours, to which, for our sake, many brave Australian lads had hastened. Sadly I repeated that question often asked: Why must man fight? Why must our lads leave lives of peace, toil and well-earned rest to fight, against the ideas of a mere man, a battle not of their own making?

The hills themselves seemed to be saddened by a far-distant, yet all-too-near noise of battle. They had watched men march to the last war—and now to this. Before white men came they had witnessed battles of the natives. Why must man always have war? Why must our youth be sacrificed to the lust of a maniac?

The singing birds and lively rabbits failed to answer my question, and, unanswered, I turned to wend my way homeward through the silent gums.

Seeing that this war has been thrust upon us, it must be the task of every Australian to make the best of the situation. One poet has said:

"Oh, let us rise, united, penitent,  
And be one people, mighty, serving God."

If such a spirit can emerge from the ruins of battle-scarred countries, then this war has not been fought in vain. It may even be regarded, then, as the darkness just before the dawn of liberty, brotherhood and peace.  
—Alison McKenzie, V.

### WINTER

Springtime has passed with the sun and the flowers,  
Autumn leaves falling have fled with the showers.  
Cold the winds blow.  
Sunshine has left every valley and rill,  
Naked trees shiver on every bare hill,  
Till down comes the snow.

—E. P. Dow.

### PRAWNING AT BUD-A-WAI

Bud-a-wai is a large, shallow lake near the coast between Gosford and Newcastle. It is an ideal and popular camping place, and is noted for its prawns.

At six p.m., if the lake is very calm, the "professional" prawners arrive from the neighbouring towns. Their first act is to light a fire on the lake shore and boil a kerosene tin of salt water.

Their equipment consists of a fine-meshed net about twenty yards by two yards—the two ends being attached to strong poles. The prawns are caught at night. As soon as it is dark enough two men, each with a pole, wade out and the net between them is stretched to its full length. Holding the poles firmly upright and well down near the bottom of the lake, they walk about fifty yards, gradually drawing the net towards the shore, where a companion is waiting with a lantern.

When the shore is reached the net is folded lengthways, and the poles are detached from the ends. The men seize these ends and shake the catch towards the centre of the net. The prawns are then thrown into fresh water, which makes them disgorge the sand that they have swallowed. Then they are put in hot salt water to cook. When cooked, they are salmon pink in colour, and are sold at city shops for about 1/6 per lb. The choicest prawns are called "Kingies," and are a pale transparent pink when alive.

The lake at Bud-a-wai is so shallow that the prawners can walk practically all over it, and, as it is a large sheet of water, there are usually scores of nets in use on the same night.

Many of the prawners are miners from Newcastle, who wear lights on their hats while wading with the nets. The reflection of these lights bobbing about on the water, combined with the shore lights, make a very unusual and never-to-be-forgotten sight.

I have known the catch—for a party of three—to consist of five or more boxes, valued at over £1 per box, for one night's prawning. The prawns are sold freshly cooked.

A very profitable amusement. —Margaret McFarlane, III.a.

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Having spent the last two school vacations in Mildura and district, I thought it would interest readers of the magazine to read of the things that appear unusual to visitors from Melbourne. Firstly, let us consider the weather of Mildura, which is by no means cold, yet, believe it or not, even on the hottest of nights the picture theatres are air-conditioned to such a temperature that they are very uncomfortable to Melbourne visitors. In addition to this, they have foot warmers so placed that one simply has to rest one's feet on them. Thanks to these warming appliances, it is like having a Turkish bath to go to the pictures in Mildura.

As you know, Mildura is the land of citrus fruits, especially oranges. Orange groves are to be seen everywhere, yet, strange to say, the fruit is no cheaper in the shops there than the oranges that are sold in Melbourne.

Mildura is famous for its Murray cod, yet, during my several visits there, I discovered by experience that Murray cod is very difficult to obtain.

Mildura is noted for its co-operative social clubs. All of them have very fine buildings and, in fact, Mildura has the largest working-men's club in the Southern Hemisphere. This club is reputed to have the longest hotel bar in the world, and, believe it or not, it still cannot accommodate all of the members on a Saturday afternoon.

I forgot to mention earlier that everyone in Mildura has a half-holiday on Wednesday, and that Saturday is a full working-day. Saturday night is late shopping night; nearly everybody comes to the city from the outback for shopping and pleasure on Saturday night.

Another interesting feature about Mildura is the planning of the town. The streets run east and west, the avenues north and south. The avenues are named just as our streets are in Melbourne, but, strangely enough, the streets are numbered. Mildura is so far from Melbourne that it is naturally air-minded, yet the aerodrome, which is used every day of the year, is five miles from the city. This is inconvenient for travellers, but

nevertheless it is necessary, because, as this is a very busy aerodrome, the planes ascending and descending create a great amount of dust which would blow over the dried-fruit drying-racks and settle on the fruit. Therefore it is necessary to have the aerodrome as far out from the city as possible to obviate the raising of unnecessary dust.

Another curious feature about Mildura is the name Sunraysia. You will find that it is connected with nearly everything in Mildura, including the daily newspaper, the co-operative stores, and many of the shops. As is usual in a country town, a large section of the population comes to watch the departure of the evening trains for Melbourne.

I understand that, since my last visit to Mildura in September, the late shopping night has been changed to Friday for a trial. The half-holiday has previously been tried on Wednesday and failed, so the people have reverted to Saturday.

A visit to any cafe in Mildura will reveal a strange paradox. The Melbournite calls for fruit drinks made from oranges and lemons, but the local resident invariably orders gassy cordials.—N. Gartside, IV.b.

## ONLY ROSES

Only a vase of roses,  
Fresh, and fragrant, and fair,  
Yet they brought a smile to a small, wan face  
In a mass of tousled hair.

Only a clump of roses,  
Set in the evening's glow,  
Yet they brought a sigh from an artist's heart,  
And a wish to paint them so.

Only a tiny rose-bud,  
Dropped in a busy street,  
Yet it brought new hope to a weary soul,  
Fresh youth to aching feet.

Only a bunch of roses,  
Plucked from a ruined plot,  
Yet they brought sweet peace to a traveller tired,  
And contentment with his lot.

Roses, yes, only roses,  
Sent from Our Lord above,  
Yet they surely tell of His glorious work,  
And the depth of a Father's love.

—Betty Beavis, II.a.

## AN AUCTION SALE

Have you ever been to an auction sale? Perhaps an auction sale is too highbrow an entertainment for most people, so I will give you my impressions.

It was a sale of antiques on a Saturday afternoon, and when I arrived I found many people, curious and otherwise, jammed into a room about twelve feet square. At one end there were tables on which stood the antiques—silver spoons and forks, ornaments, jewellery, china, etc. — with the auctioneer "holding forth" over them. Bidding was brisk and antique silver tea-pots brought a few shillings and salt spoons brought pounds. Then a pair of vases, more ugly than antique, were held up. Dead silence. "Come! Come!" said the auctioneer, and he added an equally hideous ornament to the vases. Someone in the silence offered a shilling and then wished she had not, as the vases were passed to her to the auctioneer's relief. Table linen came next and the man who bought the table cloth was asked to "catch." He received the table cloth draped around his neck.

Then there was the dear old lady who bought an "antique" wash-stand for several pounds. It turned out to be pine, varnished. She asked the auctioneer to put it up again for her. He did so, and she received ten shillings. Exit the dear old lady in a "huff." As there were no more amusing episodes or antiques, I left, making my way through the various modes of transport parked outside. On my way home I pondered over the afternoon and wondered how I came to possess an antique bowl and an equally "antique" doormat, but I suppose, like everyone else, I had caught the buying fever that usually prevails at auction sales.—F. Allan, IV.b.

A man was arrested for assault and battery and brought before the magistrate.

**Magistrate** (to prisoner): "What is your name, your occupation, and what are you charged with?"

**Prisoner**: "My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with assault and battery."

**Magistrate**: "Officer, put this man in a dry cell."

## ANZAC DAY

Eleven years have I spent in solitary confinement in an American prison. For eleven years I have seen and spoken to nobody but my warder. I have seen neither book nor paper, I have touched neither pen nor pencil. I have merely existed for that space of time. In the year 1910 (how clearly I remember that date) I was sent to prison for killing a man who was nothing more nor less than an obstacle on the face of the earth. By now, for aught I know, there may be no American nation, no seas, no heavens. Have there been wars, has there been political strife? I do not know. Life for me has been enclosed within four stone walls.

A week from to-day I attacked my warder, and I, a wreck of skin and bone and human misery, was charged with attempted manslaughter. So to-day I must die.

Last night I dreamed.

We were at war, and in great battleships we men from a great southern continent came to capture a peninsula in the northern part of the world. We landed on the rocky shore, and under heavy cannon fire fought our way inland. From the first it was a hopeless battle. For many long months we fought. Then came the day when we sailed silently from those shores, leaving many dead comrades behind us. As we sailed westwards, there arose from out the sea a terrible darkness, and in the glory of the sunset sky we saw the hand of God writing the word "Anzac" with the blood of our beloved dead; and there rose a great singing as of angels.

In a little while I shall be led forth to end my miserable existence. At present I am sitting in a small cell. A warder passed and a newspaper was thrust through the bars. Eagerly I devoured the words, most of which seem strange to me now, and, amazed, I looked at the topics discussed. I could not understand them. Quickly I turned a page. My eyes roved slowly over the paper, when in a moment a word arrested my glance. An awe, strange and solemn, fell upon me. In large type across the page was written these words, "America remembers to-day, Anzac Day. Those brave men who sailed from Australia and New Zealand in the year 1915, to give their lives for Freedom and their God."—Patricia Dow, II.a.

## CAMP LIFE AT NOOJEE

Last May vacation a camp was held at what is called the Boys' Forestry Camp at Noojee. The camp, which is a permanent structure, is built on land given to the State (called the Brookes-Nicholas Estate after the donors). It has proved invaluable since its inception in 1932, providing in the post-depression years a useful and healthful occupation to unemployed youths who have spent three-monthly periods there. These work camps are similar to those which flourished in pre-Nazi Germany, and are also somewhat like those in U.S.A. They provide plenty of outdoor work, such as building roads, clearing fire-breaks, fencing, road-building in the track of the bull-dozer, and transplanting poplars, willows (to form fire-breaks), and mountain ash. Work of national importance is carried out by schoolboys, as there is a shortage of labour in war-time. The activities, interspersed with excursions and illustrated talks on forestry work, provide for any senior schoolboy a rare type of holiday.

Fifty-six boys from technical, high, public and other secondary schools went to the Boys' Camp, some of them staying a week, others a fortnight. The leaders were teachers, undergraduates, and senior boys from a previous camp. Already schoolboys have proved themselves capable of leadership, at their second camp. Amongst those fifty-six boys were three from our own school, Dandenong High—Ray Westmoreland, Kent Lamb, and myself. We stayed for seven days and during that time enjoyed ourselves immensely.

We arrived at the camp in one of the Forestry Commission's trucks about one o'clock on May 17th, after a tiring ride lasting three hours. We found a camp consisting of a large permanent building, housing the kitchen, dining-room and recreation hut, the Commission's office and a large workshop and tool shed combined. On the north side of the main building were pitched thirty-three tents of ordinary 10 ft. x 8 ft. size. Five of these tents were used by workmen and the remaining tents were allocated to the boys—two a tent. The camp itself is perfectly situated on slightly sloping ground about one hundred yards from the junction of

the Loch and LaTrobe Rivers, and about three-quarters of a mile from the township of Noojee. Electric light and a telephone are laid on, with an ample supply of fresh water from tanks for cooking and drinking, and creek water for washing purposes.

The workshop has been recently extended by the addition of another building, a permanent workshop with thick walls of reinforced concrete, stacked with all the latest tools and equipment necessary to maintain tractors, bull-dozers, winches, and other machinery, making it the chief workshop for the Forestry Commission in Victoria.

Back again to camp activities. All the boys settled into their tents immediately after lunch and an hour later collected tools, of which there were plenty, and commenced to chop wood, clear scrub and haul logs for firewood until five o'clock, when we "knocked off" and cleaned ourselves in readiness for dinner. As there is practically no social life in Noojee, the boys only took with them working clothes, and so spent the evening comfortably dressed, amusing themselves by playing table tennis, quoits, cards, or fraternizing with boys from other schools.

Up early next morning at seven, we breakfasted at eight, and as it was Sunday attended a short service conducted out in the open, where we sang hymns to the strains of an old, portable foot-bellows organ. An excursion had been planned, so we filled three haversacks with sandwiches, fruit, tea, etc., and left on a hike through scrub most of the way, on an exciting visit to see the largest wooden trestle bridge in the world. This bridge was about four miles away. By the time we had finished walking there, it felt more like ten miles. We stopped and had lunch on the bank of the LaTrobe after wending our way through sword grass and bushes, and receiving for our pains numerous scratches on the arms and legs.

After lunch, everyone felt refreshed and we decided on a mock battle, so sides were picked and a battle was fought with clods of dirt and clay. We soon ran out of ammunition, so a truce was declared, which allowed us to clean off any mud and wipe off any surplus dirt from our clothes. Some boys wished to make a good job of it, so

they went for a swim in the cold stream of the LaTrobe. Off again, we climbed uphill for a mile, before we came to a crescent-shaped bridge, the longest wooden trestle bridge in the world. On our way back we saw another similarly constructed bridge, and this one is the highest bridge of its kind, being a few feet higher than the former. We travelled home via the railway line, calling in and having a look over the station and its yards, which, though small, are very busy. Trucks are continually coming down from sawmills situated further up the hillside, where the timber is much bigger, laden with logs or sawn timber, transferring them to the trucks at the rail-head en route for Melbourne. Nearly all of the timber that comes from this region is mountain ash (belonging to the eucalyptus family), a fire tender tree, that is to say, a tree whose leaves and bark will burn easily, stopping the flow of sap and thereby killing it. This wood is very valuable for case-making and for paper-pulp. Before the big bush fires of January, 1939, the hillside at the back of the camp held 2,000 mountain ash trees to the acre (the thickest belt of trees seen anywhere by a world-travelled Forest Commissioner). Fortunately, the trees in the area were in pod when the fire came and the seeds were widely scattered, with the result that now young mountain ash is growing nearly as thickly as before, and they are already twenty feet high. Looking down on the hills from a distance, the dead ashen-grey trees stand out like hundreds of tooth-picks that have been stuck in a lawn.

Next morning we woke from a peaceful slumber between thick blankets (supplied by the Commission), when one of the orderlies (that is, a cook's assistant) struck a suspended piece of iron railing with a bar of iron that acted as a rising bell. Some of the more venturesome boys tried out the showers. I tried it myself once, and nearly froze; never again! Breakfast (plenty of it) consisted of porridge, chops and sausages with bread and butter (toast if you made it yourself), followed by cups of tea.

The daily toil begins about nine o'clock and ceases at twelve, with a break for lunch of cold meat, fresh fruit, bread, butter, jam and tea, commencing work again at two.

This lasts till 5 p.m., possibly a little later, when we "knock off" and repair to our huts. Dinner begins about 6.30 and comprises soup, hot meat, vegetables (cabbage or carrots and potatoes), and apple tart made in a giant dish, or prunes and rice, or plum duff, with "second helpings" if you finished early, followed by bread, butter, jam and a cup of tea if your appetite was not already satisfied. Supper was served just before lights out (at 10 o'clock).

So much for the splendid meals prepared by our professional cook, an English ex-chef.

A trip was organized on Wednesday, a ride by coach to Tooronga so that we might see the mills working, and also a dam under construction. On the way there we stopped at a nursery, where young mountain ash, poplars, pines and willows are grown from seed. When they are big enough they are transplanted in cleared, burnt-out areas.

The rest of the holidays passed quickly enough. An amusing incident happened on the last night before we broke camp, when about five boys decided that they would walk to Warragul and "hitch-hike" their way to Melbourne. They started out from Noojee at eleven o'clock at night and arrived in Warragul in time for breakfast Saturday morning. By means of short rides they arrived in Dandenong by two o'clock in the afternoon, catching the train which took them the rest of the way home.

Ray, "Tom," and I came home by truck early the same afternoon, ending what I consider to be one of the happiest and best camps I have had the pleasure of attending.

—R. Crabtree, IV.a.

## SUNSET

As swift the broad'ning shadows fall  
Upon the ivy-mantled wall,  
And rose-hued clouds go floating by,  
Soft crimson paints the fading sky;  
The rose's dusky petals fold,  
The quivering sunset fades to gold;  
The silver gulls glide o'er the crest  
Of dashing waves and leaping spray,  
To the dark'ning portals of the west,  
Together with departing day;  
And o'er the sea all shimmering, bright,  
Shines the pathway of the night.

—Betty Beavis, II.a.

### A VISIT TO PARK MOTORS

On Wednesday, 10th September, the boys of Form V. visited the workshop of Park Motors in Lonsdale Street, Dandenong, where they saw how garages such as this one, scattered throughout the State, are helping to speed up war production.

During the last two months Park Motors have been making a small wheel, which is only one of the many parts which help to make up a Bren gun carrier. This garage has already delivered 800 of these parts. As they have an order for 1500 of them, the firm's engineering staff is working ten hours a day and is including work at week-ends to complete the contract in time.

We were met by one of the principals of Park Motors, who explained to us the process by which this particular part is made. We saw how the first rough circle was cut from mild steel by an oxy-acetylene cutter. Then we watched its progress through the drilling-machine and lathe until it emerged as a shining new part, complete with bolt-holes, etc.

We were also shown an alternative to the gas-producer, a fuel rectifier, which in some quarters is considered a more satisfactory fuel-saver. This new contrivance, which works on the "hot-plate" principle, permits the use of heavy fuels. It is fitted under the bonnet of the car and is placed over the carburettor. We learnt that the shortage of a suitable fuel (e.g., wet alcohol) has prevented the wide use of this fuel up to the present. However, larger supplies are now being made available.

—L. Skinner, Form V.

### THE WIND

Refreshing wind!  
Wind of the sea,  
Above my highest ecstasy,  
Blowing throughout the gloomy pine,  
Loud and sad,  
The wind.

Fresh and free,  
O'er vale and lea,  
In every land, the wind,  
The wind.

—A.E.B.

### A GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION

It was Friday and, considering the proximity of the week-end, the weather was exceptionally fine. This, however, was not the only reason for a quickening of the pulses of some thirty members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms. Needless to say, they are the Leaving Geography class and—they are going for an excursion! An excursion! Ah, those who have never known the sweet delight of visiting strange regions where for millions of years revolutionary changes have constantly been taking place, may wonder at the almost insane interest these thirty willing pupils take in these excursions. How I can pity those unfortunates! For what more could one wish for than to stand on the very spot where once a raging volcano poured forth its boiling contents, or where the ever-rolling sea once made its bed?

As the crowded 'bus leaves the rather uninteresting house of learning, thirty faces brighten up as they are informed that at this very instant they are passing over broad fertile plains where for centuries such insignificant streams as the Dandenong Creek (whose name, I may add, has achieved an honoured mention in that much esteemed and well-read book of Dr. James) have made it their sole work and duty to lay down as much alluvium (which is just another learned and more dignified name for dirt) as they possibly can.

In the distance towering over this fertile plain of alluvium (or dirt) the intelligent members of the class pick out a huge error. No, excuse me, a fault. This, it appears, occurs when one piece of the earth slips a few feet. Of course only those who have studied the subject can realize the full significance of a fault. When one considers that the whole of the Port Phillip Bay area was due solely to two or three of these mistakes of nature, then perhaps we can understand why our teachers rave continually at those few little errors that it appears are always being made, and when next you make a fault I beg of you to meditate on the consequences—and be more careful next time.

It appears, however, that the Leaving Geography class does more than learn not to make mistakes. They seem to discover that

what most people would call a beach is, in reality, a shore platform, and that a cave is an example of undermining. After one excursion I can remember an enthusiast bumping into me explaining her action with the words, "Oh, I'm so sorry, but you see yesterday on our excursion we discovered a black-fellow's midden." Now why this should make such a difference as to turn an ordinary dreamy individual into an active specimen of some importance I did not know.

But, my curiosity roused, I sought to find more about this seemingly miraculous subject. Imagine my disgust when I found the midden was only the remains of an old fire once used by the blacks. But don't be misled. It has since been my privilege to view the above spectacle and words cannot describe how much this seemingly dowdy fire-place enthralled me. Do you still doubt the amazing sights that this study provides?

Well, can the Geography class remember that excursion when they followed the Yarra around its many winds and twists (which they geographically termed meanders)? Well, can they remember their clamberings over the sharp spurs of meanders while across the narrow stream of the river the ground shelved gently away in a flood plain? Indeed, we are told that some members on that occasion were so enraptured by the silurian deposits and the basalt plains that they lost all count of time and finally were lost to the party.

These, however, are not all the reports we receive of the Geography excursions. Much talk, indeed, seems concerned mainly with the occupants of the 'bus, and what they did and said. All the same, much is learnt and no doubt many will remember the strange sight of a mob of girls and boys running, jostling, and climbing, but all trying to keep up with the pace set by the teachers, who seem to delight in leaving the class to amuse themselves for a few minutes. It is understood that field excursions are appreciated more than industrial ones, where, we are told, the party is usually split.

It appears that even Geography excursions have their drawbacks, for a few days later there will suddenly be a demand: "Have you written up your excursion yet?" We wonder what would happen if everyone wrote down only what he or she had actually observed

and not what they were afterwards informed that they had observed.

—T. Whitehead.

### THE SEASONS

As the seasons come in turn—  
Slowly, one by one—  
Let us fancy that a life  
Takes a year to run.

Spring awakes the early flowers  
Sleeping in the dales,  
Lets the brooklets flow again  
Through the sunny vales.

Life's springtime is childhood sweet,  
Happy, careless, free;  
Tender-hearted, innocent,  
Always full of glee.

Summer is a full-blown Spring,  
Crowned with loveliest flowers,  
Glorious days and starry nights  
Fly on golden hours.

The Summer-time of life is, too,  
The bud of Spring full-blown,  
The height of pleasure, beauty, grace,  
In the maiden shown.

Autumn makes the summer's joys  
Rich, yet more subdued.  
Purple grapes and apples red,  
Leaves all crimson hued.

Thus the Autumn-time of life  
Shows the mind matured,  
Beauty worn with graver grace  
Tells of trials endured.

Last, not least, old Winter comes,  
Snowy, and so cold,  
Yet he brings, to rich and poor,  
Fireside joys untold.

So the Winter-time of life,  
Though frosty, kindly seems,  
If memories of seasons past  
Cheer us with their beams.

—Shirley D. Stone, Form V.

### PHYSICAL CULTURE AWARDS

Throughout the year the girls have displayed enthusiasm in striving for the award presented by Miss F. Fallow to the girl considered most proficient in all branches of physical culture. After a display given by the finalists on Thursday, November 27th, the adjudicator, Miss K. Fallow, gave the following decision:—Joyce Parkhill, 1; Norma Harvey, 2; Barbara Rodd, 3.

### THE ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

On September 16th over one hundred pupils from the Dandenong High School attended an orchestral concert in the Melbourne Town Hall. The concert was given by the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Professor Bernard Heinze. At the close of the concert cheques to the value of £5,000 were given to the Lord Mayor of Melbourne for War Relief Funds. This money had been raised by High Schools throughout the State. The concert was the first of its kind attended by the Dandenong High School. We were given good seats and were able to hear and see well.

The audience, which comprised pupils from many Melbourne schools, was addressed by Professor Heinze, who explained the uses of various instruments played by members of the orchestra. The first item was the Overture to the "Flying Dutchman" and the story of this opera was previously explained by the conductor.

Next we heard two movements from the "New World Symphony," by Dvorak. This symphony included fragments of tunes from the New World, America. We could clearly hear from time to time the orchestral version of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," the well-known negro spiritual. After this the audience all joined in singing "Old Folks at Home" and "Waltzing Matilda," and Professor Heinze congratulated us on our singing.

One of the most interesting items was the "Danse Macabre," the story and music of which we had frequently heard at school. It was the type of music which quickly aroused excitement and sent "shivers" up and down one's spine! It was very beautiful, especially the part at the end where "Death" played a little solo very softly on his violin.

The concluding item was Elgar's Second March, after which we sang the National Anthem. Everyone had a very enjoyable time and we all hope that in the near future we shall have an opportunity of attending another of these concerts.—"X.Y.Z." (IIIa.).

### A MONASTERY GARDEN

Dawn is breaking over an old English monastery. The sea mist is rising and one sees the old monastery with its cloisters dimly in the distance. The monks are rising from their sleep and grey-black shadows pass softly through the old, grey stone arches.

The sun is rising. The gentle, pink hues of dawn pass away as the sun, like a fiery ball, rises slowly from its rest. The birds are twittering, but above their song rises the chant of the monks. It lends colour and harmony to this scene of enchantment.

The sun has risen and reveals to the world the beauties of this monastery garden. The birds are opening and showing their myriad colours. The blues, reds, oranges, yellows, pinks, and other colours blend with one another. Green leaves add a natural touch and make this garden a blaze of perfect colour harmony. The birds add to the beauty of this scene with their song. Quick movement makes them more beautiful still.

Could any human being make the old monastery more beautiful than when the sun sets in all its glory? I think not.

The haze at eventide and the monks' chant floats out to the world. The setting sun tinges the old cloisters with pink and orange. As the mist comes up again to herald the closing day, the old garden fades away like a garden of dreams.—Jean A. Browne, II.a.

#### MORNING

Across the golden waters,  
Across the sunlit sea,  
The morning breezes blowing  
Call softly now to me.

The mellow morning matins  
Of birds that sweetly sing,  
Sound clearly o'er the pastures  
Where pearly dewdrops cling.

The sun is in its fulness,  
The distant hills are blue,  
Their shady depths of coolness  
Are luring me anew.

The grey gums in the gully,  
By a lone riverside,  
Glow with a yellow glory,  
Alight with morning's pride.

—Betty Beavis, II.a.

### THE BLACK-OUT

Melbourne's first black-out test was generally successful. Even the elements answered the appeal for co-operation in the gigantic task of making some 3,000 square miles of Victoria perform a disappearing trick for an hour. In spite of the myriads of stars, which, when the lights went out, made it look as if city and sky had changed places, it was excellent black-out weather.

When one looked out over the city from the roof of a Collins Street building, it seemed impossible that anything like a complete and effective black-out could be achieved. Those gay, splashy Neon signs, the neatly ruled ribbons of street lights, the mile upon mile of sparkle and glow seemed to laugh at the notion. And up on a roof a select party of Government officials fretted anxiously during the seemingly endless five minutes between the sounding of the "prepare for raid" and the agitated staccato blasts that shrieked out "raid impending." But then the "raid" was on—the lights were snapped off, as if mown down by a gigantic scythe. Huge areas of light were obliterated instantly. In other places a chain of lights hung poised unwillingly for a second or two, and then succumbed. In half a minute Melbourne looked like a city of the dead, though she sounded anything but that. For, above the clang of the ambulance bells which added to the eerie drama of the night, the crowds of people in the streets cheered and shouted—and apparently decided that being blacked-out was just grand fun.—Iris Aisbett, Form II.b.

#### SPRING

'Tis springtime in the mountains  
And the wattle's everywhere,  
A mass of golden splendour,  
And its perfume fills the air.  
In the gullies birds are singing  
Notes of joy and sweetness bringing,  
By the creek the bellbird's ringing,  
And—if only I were there!

'Tis springtime in the mountains,  
But their peaks are far away,  
And we've six more weeks of school work,  
So it's here that I must stay.  
I'm just sick of Conjugating,  
Factorizing, Calculating,  
Oh, I'm longing, simply longing  
For the Final Break-Up Day.

—Paddy Sproat, III.a.

### A STORM

A sullen stillness filled the air and angry black clouds hung oppressively over the sea like a heavy veil, blotting out all brightness and forewarning approaching disaster.

A distant roll of thunder challenged all human life to battle against the furies of the deep. The seagulls, as if aware of danger, flew screaming to the shelter of the cliffs.

The waves beat threateningly against the rocks, and a mischievous breeze played tauntingly through the trees on shore. Suddenly the thunder rolled across the sky, shaking the earth.

The wind rushed and howled like some vengeful demon suddenly loosed from an unknown prison by a strange power. It lashed the waves to fury, sending them crashing against the rocks, from which they were hurled into the air.

The blackness of the night was intermittently illuminated by flashes of zig-zag lightning, which seemed to run through the air, gather some of the fury of the sea and store it up, to carry on a more furious onslaught with blinding flashes.

At last the wind seemed free of the clutches of the deep and with a howl like that of an infuriated animal it dashed the waves once more against the rocks, this time sending the spray high in the air until it seemed like rain from the clouds rather than spray from the sea.

Then the sonorous voice of the storm broke the stillness with a roar. It echoed and re-echoed through the caves, filling them with a dull boom like the roar of guns, which sent the seagulls screeching in search of other shelter.

Immediately the lightning retaliated and flashed through the clouds like a knife, slitting them and relieving them of their heavy load; then the rain poured down, clearing the sky of black clouds and the air of the oppressive heat. The wind retreated once again behind the prison wall, and the waves beat lower and lower.

Then a glorious full moon rose, majestic, over the distant hills, and night had come with peace and quietness reigning triumphant o'er the land and sea.—Kathleen Beavis, IV.a.

## HISTORY WITHOUT TEARS

(With Apologies to "1066 and All That.")

The first Tudor was Henry VII., who was remarkable chiefly because he ascended the throne by means of a hawthorn bush on which, strange to say, the Crown of England was growing. It had probably been hidden there by Richard III., who had a bad habit of making things (and people) disappear in a mysterious manner. Henry VII. (not to be confused with King John) instituted the Court of Starfish, which was to protect the minnows (Olde Englyshe for minors) from the baron-coutas.

Like old King Cole, Henry VIII. was a "merry old soul." The matter of Hal's wives is so diffusing that we think it may help if we give you some details about them in the following summary:—

No.	Name.	Fate.
1.	Catherine the Anagram,	pensioned off.
2.	Anne Bullyin,	executed.
3.	Jane Seymour,	died a natural death!
4.	Anne of Cloves,	turned out to grass.
5.	Catherine Howhard,	departed this world in two parts.
6.	Catherine Parr (daughter of William the Conqueror),	buried Henry and lived happily ever after.

Mary was an illustrious queen, who showed her love for England by marrying the owner of the Spanish Mane, Philip the Lion-Hearted.

This daughter of Catherine the Anagram was such a puzzle to the English that when she died they bisected her (with the aid of compasses). What was their surprise to find the lost part of France in her heart!

The next Tudor was Queen Elizabeth. She had so many suitors that she could not decide which to marry and so she remained a spinster. She was fond of a Burghley chap named Cecil and a piece of Bacon. She essexuted one of her greatest favourites.

One notable event was the attack on England by Papal bulls collected by the King of Spain. These were defeated by a fleet of Drakes which Raleigh-ed on the bowling-green at Plymouth.

Elizabeth finally went into a decline and after lingering for sixteen years, she died suddenly.

—"Doss and Doc."

## THE LIBRARY

During the year accommodation for a much greater number of books was provided by the erection of more book-shelves in the library. It is intended to add a number of new books at the beginning of the new year and much time has been spent in re-classifying and cataloguing the books. The librarian wishes to thank the following persons for their willing assistance and co-operation throughout the year: Pat Johns, Beryl Smith, Hazel Dennis, Isabel McQueen, Valerie Hicks, Gwen Fowler, Clare Cornish, Mary Ferguson, Pat Grogan, Joyce Parkhill, Bob Wills and Robert Canterbury.

## JOKE

### The Diplomat

"In your opinion, who are the three greatest sailors in British history?" asked an admiral who was conducting an examination of candidates for the British Navy.

The reply came pat. "I'm sorry, sir, but I didn't catch your name when I entered the room, but the other two are Nelson and Drake.

\* \* \*

Cereals are films that last for several weeks.

\* \* \*

Aristocrats are people who perform on the stage.

\* \* \*

Mandolins are high Chinese officials.

# Examination Successes Gained in 1940

## SCHOLARSHIPS

Teaching: Maxwell Newbound.

Junior: Maurine Harrisson, Marie Hill.

Free Places: Clare Cornish, Joyce Parkhill, Ronald Henry, Ronald Wilkinson.

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE AND MATRICULATION

Frank Adamson  
Stuart Banks-Smith  
Neil Bradbury  
Phillip Child  
Gordon Cowe  
Ronald Fletcher  
John Griggs  
John James  
Maxwell McCallum  
Donald McFarlane  
Robert Mansell  
Ronald Powell  
Francis Prosser

Montague Rodd  
Ronald Weeks  
Robert Wilson  
Doris Banfield  
Margery Beavis  
Grace Black  
Margaret Breen  
Elizabeth Couper  
Doris Crockett  
Phyllis Dawson  
Nancie Donnelly  
Edna Gascoigne  
Bessie George

Elfreda Goepel  
Frances Northrop  
Jean Plowright  
Beryl Robinson  
Elizabeth Rodd  
Jean Sinclair  
Mavis Smart  
Joyce Stooke  
Joan Trewern  
Carol Webster  
Thelma Whitehead  
Joyce Wright

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Andrew Giles

Robin Gray

Helen Pagan

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE

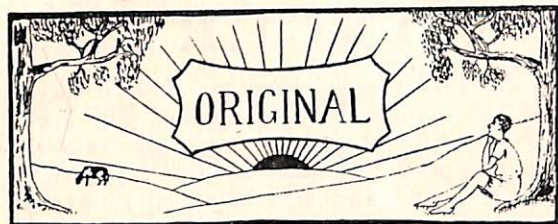
Hugh Adamson  
Ian Adamson  
Alan Aisbett  
Rex Anderson  
Arthur Baird  
Frederick Booth  
Raymond Bracey  
Kenneth Child  
Trevor Cole  
John Couper  
Ernest Currie  
Laurence Fyfe  
Eric Hubbard  
Kevin Johnson  
Norman Kirkham  
Malcolm Laird  
Kent Lamb  
James Latta  
Keith Little  
Roy Little  
Ronald Melgaard  
Maxwell Newbound

Lance O'Brien  
Allan Pedder  
William Pobjoy  
Keith Poile  
Allan Reid  
Noel Renfree  
William Rogers  
William Scott  
Leslie Skinner  
Robert Smith  
John Vinen  
Bruce Ward  
Maxwell Wenn  
Verna Bell  
Elvie Besant  
Phyllis Bush  
Betty Crump  
Gwendoline Davis  
Evelyn Dee  
Lois de Graaff  
Noel Donnelly  
Edith Drake

Geraldine Fitzpatrick  
Berris Flett  
Audrey Gilchrist  
Joan Gill  
Marion Gorwell  
Nancy Hamilton  
Noreen Hume  
Noela James  
Patricia Johns  
Pearl Ladlow  
Janet Lee  
Ailsa McDowell  
Kathleen Murphy  
Gweneth Papworth  
Marie Perry  
Elaine Russell  
Beryl Smith  
Shirley Stone  
Ira Stooke  
Nancy Young  
Doris Banfield

# Autographs

L. G. Miller · R. S. D. Saunders.



### THE DESERTED HOUSE

On the rugged, bleak coast of Devon there stands a cottage, a structure which though frail in itself, is strong in the fact that no human being will come to disturb its memories or destroy its decaying walls. For men will say their prayers and hurry by, and the village children hide their faces in their mothers' skirts when passing. Thereby hangs a story. . . .

Sixteen years from last autumn there arrived the stranger who was to lease the house on the cliffs. The villagers knew nothing of him, save that he was a Norwegian and that he had brought his dog, a huge wolf-like creature, to be his companion. He was seen but once in the town. He spoke to no man and his black dog slunk by at his heels. And then the people were afraid, for they could look into the eye of neither man nor beast. Seven nights later the innkeeper's wife was awakened by a sudden noise. She sat up. It was repeated, louder this time. She arose and tip-toed down the corridor to her husband's room. Then, as she listened, she heard a voice, that of an old man, and it said in tones scarcely above a whisper, "It is done."

A moment later the inhabitants of the inn were awakened by one long drawn-out scream. On entering the inn-keeper's bedroom they found the woman sobbing by the bed, while her husband lay in a pool of blood. And there were the marks of seven sharp fangs deeply imprinted on his throat. . . . Late the next afternoon a party of picked men from the village, eight in all, set out to follow the trail of blood that led to the house on the cliff. It was a trail of blood made by an animal's paws and it led from the dead inn-keeper's bedroom, out of the window and across the moor. The men

were afraid of what they would meet at the end, for they did not know if they were hunting an animal or a human being.

They eventually reached the house and entered. Although a careful search was made, no trace was to be found of either of the inhabitants. They emerged finally and were about to leave the grounds, when they were suddenly aware of a presence behind them. Turning, they drew their revolvers, and simultaneously fired into the sleek flank of the animal crouched by the open door, ready to spring. Without a sound it rolled over, but a moment later sprang up and made for the cliff. It quickly disappeared. The startled men followed, but found nothing.

Next morning, when the fishermen drew in their nets, among the tangled seaweed they found the body of the old Norwegian, with eight bullet holes in his chest.

Even to-day the house is haunted by the memory of a spirit, as the village folk always remember the old inhabitants as one person; for were they one or two?—Patricia Dow, Form II.a.

### HISTORY

History is the brightest subject

That you have ever seen.

We have it several times a week—  
Rich store of facts we glean.

We learn our dates and family trees.

As is the usual rule;

We have our homework and our tests  
And "swotting" after school.

We've heard about Napoleon

And the voyages of Drake,

And much about King Alfred  
And how he burnt the cake.

We deal with countries on the globe

And all their "wrongs" and "rights";

We learn about their kings and queens  
And all about their fights.

So, you can see that history is

A subject very bright.

Because it's very interesting—  
If you can get it right.

—N. Russell, Form III.a.

### WHY THIS WAR?

Alone on a hilltop in the dew-pearled hour of sunrise I watched the sun rise slowly from behind a distant blue range, shedding its first faint rays over the sleeping valley. The beauty and majesty of God's works were then more apparent than usual, and for a while I silently meditated.

A sudden memory caused me to think of the strife on the other side of the world, in lands just as beautiful as ours, to which, for our sake, many brave Australian lads had hastened. Sadly I repeated that question often asked: Why must man fight? Why must our lads leave lives of peace, toil and well-earned rest to fight, against the ideas of a mere man, a battle not of their own making?

The hills themselves seemed to be saddened by a far-distant, yet all-too-near noise of battle. They had watched men march to the last war—and now to this. Before white men came they had witnessed battles of the natives. Why must man always have war? Why must our youth be sacrificed to the lust of a maniac?

The singing birds and lively rabbits failed to answer my question, and, unanswered, I turned to wend my way homeward through the silent gums.

Seeing that this war has been thrust upon us, it must be the task of every Australian to make the best of the situation. One poet has said:

"Oh, let us rise, united, penitent,  
And be one people, mighty, serving God."

If such a spirit can emerge from the ruins of battle-scarred countries, then this war has not been fought in vain. It may even be regarded, then, as the darkness just before the dawn of liberty, brotherhood and peace.  
—Alison McKenzie, V.

### WINTER

Springtime has passed with the sun and the flowers,  
Autumn leaves falling have fled with the showers.  
Cold the winds blow.  
Sunshine has left every valley and rill,  
Naked trees shiver on every bare hill,  
Till down comes the snow.

—E. P. Dow.

### PRAWNING AT BUD-A-WAI

Bud-a-wai is a large, shallow lake near the coast between Gosford and Newcastle. It is an ideal and popular camping place, and is noted for its prawns.

At six p.m., if the lake is very calm, the "professional" prawners arrive from the neighbouring towns. Their first act is to light a fire on the lake shore and boil a kerosene tin of salt water.

Their equipment consists of a fine-meshed net about twenty yards by two yards—the two ends being attached to strong poles. The prawns are caught at night. As soon as it is dark enough two men, each with a pole, wade out and the net between them is stretched to its full length. Holding the poles firmly upright and well down near the bottom of the lake, they walk about fifty yards, gradually drawing the net towards the shore, where a companion is waiting with a lantern.

When the shore is reached the net is folded lengthways, and the poles are detached from the ends. The men seize these ends and shake the catch towards the centre of the net. The prawns are then thrown into fresh water, which makes them disgorge the sand that they have swallowed. Then they are put in hot salt water to cook. When cooked, they are salmon pink in colour, and are sold at city shops for about 1/6 per lb. The choicest prawns are called "Kingies," and are a pale transparent pink when alive.

The lake at Bud-a-wai is so shallow that the prawners can walk practically all over it, and, as it is a large sheet of water, there are usually scores of nets in use on the same night.

Many of the prawners are miners from Newcastle, who wear lights on their hats while wading with the nets. The reflection of these lights bobbing about on the water, combined with the shore lights, make a very unusual and never-to-be-forgotten sight.

I have known the catch—for a party of three—to consist of five or more boxes, valued at over £1 per box, for one night's prawning. The prawns are sold freshly cooked.

A very profitable amusement. —Margaret McFarlane, III.a.