

Marc Oldmeadow



# THE GATE

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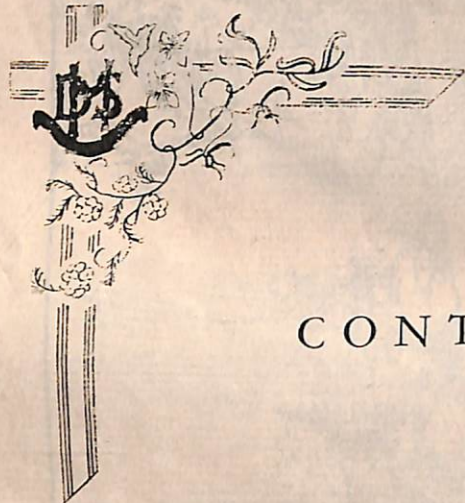
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Pam Saunders



D.O.W

THE PIONEER



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# THE GATE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL

December, 1943

Headmaster: Mr. J. L. Griffiths.

Advisory Council: Messrs. F. A. Singleton (Chairman), J. McAfee, F. Green, C. Butler, R. Jeffers, E. Keys, Crs. A. Bowman, C. J. Mills, R. Williams.

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Miss D. Egerton	Miss L. Christie	Mr. C. T. Jones
Miss E. Mahoney	Mrs. E. M. Skinner	Mr. B. A. Steele
Miss U. V. Thompson	Mrs. E. R. Gardner	Mr. W. J. Ford
Miss H. M. Begg	Mr. C. Fisher	Mr. L. L. Treacey
Miss N. I. Malseed	Mr. W. L. Brumley	Mr. C. G. Wirth
	Mr. A. H. Sinclair	

### MAGAZINE STAFF

Editors: Kathleen Beavis, Ronald Wilkinson.

Assistant Editors: Gillian Ward, Edward Reedy.

Sub-Editors: Clare Cornish, Robert Canterbury, Robert Wills.

### SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1943

#### PREFECTS

Gillian Ward (Sen. Pref.)	Nancy Gardiner	R. Duffin
Kathleen Beavis	Patricia Grogan	D. Thomson
Joan Watson	W. Harrington (Sen. Pref.)	W. Llewellyn
Jean Falloon	W. Masters	R. Canterbury

#### HOUSE CAPTAINS

Bluegum—Hazel Gascoigne	W. Harrington
Clematis—Joan Watson	R. Canterbury
Orchid—Jean Falloon	W. Llewellyn
Wattle—Patricia Grogan	J. Loveridge

#### FORM CAPTAINS

Form VI. . . . .	Jean Falloon	
Form V.—Girls . . . . .	W. Harrington	
Form V.—Boys . . . . .	Ada Males	J. Loveridge
Form IV.a . . . . .	Elvie Gatter	R. Gray
Form IV.b . . . . .	Kathleen Brown	
Form IV.c . . . . .	Mary Murphy	R. Banks-Smith
Form III.a . . . . .	Doreen Orgill	I. Amos
Form III.b . . . . .	Myra Brook	
Form III.c . . . . .	Jean Kamp	G. Goldsworthy
Form III.d . . . . .	Heilala Harris	G. Dawson
Form II.a . . . . .	Dorothy Barker	J. Attwood
Form II.b . . . . .	Joyce Caughey	J. Tweddle
Form II.c . . . . .	Thelma Walker	K. Anderson
Form Ia . . . . .	Maisie Tatterson	R. Williams
Form Ib . . . . .	Judith Kinsella	R. Pearce
Form Ic . . . . .		



We have reached another milestone in our school life, and in retrospective mood we now see clearly all the tasks we could, and should, have done. Many thoughts of regret crowd into our minds when we realize how much we really have left undone.

influence. For it is at school that we are trained for the battle of life, which comes all too soon. All the tasks and troubles which now annoy us will seem mere trifles compared with those which we shall meet in the future. At school we learn to view things from the point of view of the individual, and we should become capable of considering things for ourselves. Thus, when we leave school, we should have a broad, fearless outlook, and feel confident that we will be able to cope with all difficulties which confront us.

For many this is merely the end of another school year, but for others it is a time of great importance. For them, schooldays are



#### MAGAZINE COMMITTEE, 1943

Standing, from left: K. Beavis, G. Ward, C. Cornish.  
Sitting, from left: R. Wilkinson, E. Reedy, R. Wills, R. Canterbury.

Although we do not know it, all the days come to us filled with opportunities. There are opportunities of gaining knowledge and wisdom, and for developing the character. They come and go before we have time to grasp them. Like our schooldays, time goes too quickly, and as it goes we do not think how valuable it is. Although schooldays are of such short duration, they are days of

over, and almost immediately they will face the trials of a work-a-day world. We should then begin to realize the value of school life and companionship. But we can rest assured that if we have made full use of sound advice given, and if we can remember always that we belonged to a school which had standards of honour of its own, then we may contemplate the future with assurance and hope.

## THE SCHOOL YEAR

### Staff Changes

During 1943 there have not been many staff changes. Miss Ryan and Miss Player were both transferred from the school at the beginning of this year.

Miss Malseed, Mrs. Gardner, and Miss Carpenter joined the staff at the beginning of the school year. Miss Carpenter became senior mistress in place of the late Miss Broughton, who retired at the end of the second term of 1942.

### Sport

In the inter-school sport both the boys' and girls' teams have met with a good deal of success during this year. Although our tennis teams were unsuccessful, nearly all the other teams won. Our cricket team and footballers were successful, and became premiers for the year.

The girls' inter-school sports were very successful, and Dandenong triumphed in basketball and hockey, but the rounders team was narrowly defeated.

On the 11th of March the inter-house swimming carnival was held at the Dandenong Municipal Baths. The combined swimming sports were held at the Richmond Baths, where Dandenong competed successfully.

This year the athletic sports were held at Essendon. In this field of sport the girls were highly successful, but the boys did not do as well.

### First Term Concert

In the first term the usual concert was held in the Town Hall, the proceeds being given to the Education Department's War Relief Fund.

Folk dances, exercises, and choral items were rendered by the girls, under the direction of Miss Davey and Miss Fallow. On the same programme the boys' athletic team, coached by Mr. Jones, supplied plenty of thrills with an exhibition of tumbling and vaulting.

### Anzac Day

On Anzac Day, the 23rd of April, the school was addressed in the quadrangle by Captain Sheehan, who had just returned from the Middle East. He gave an interesting talk on the Anzacs, and said that it was to

his listeners that the world would look for leaders after the war.

### The Year's Work

The work of the school has been carried on satisfactorily in spite of the abnormal conditions prevailing at the present time. Owing to the record attendance at the school this year difficulty has been experienced in providing adequate accommodation for all classes. After this year the new regulations concerning public examinations will be in force. A wider range of subjects will be provided at intermediate standard, and entrance to the University will be possible only by successful completion of a matriculation year after obtaining the Leaving Certificate.

The Editors wish to thank all contributors to the "Gate." They regret that lack of space has prevented the inclusion of many articles which would have otherwise been acceptable.

## OBITUARY

### Miss Alice Broughton

On July 6, a bitterly cold day, the school stood with bowed heads and sad hearts to pay respect to the passing of the remains of Miss Alice Broughton, who had retired from the position of senior mistress less than a year before her death.

Miss Broughton began her career as a teacher at the Methodist Ladies' College, and in 1900 went on to the Teachers' College. After some years of kindergarten and primary teaching she joined the secondary service. Early in her life she began that career of service for which she was known so well, that of the teaching of swimming and life-saving. Miss Broughton herself was not only the holder of an award of merit but she had also received from the headquarters of the Royal Life-saving Society in London the Distinguished Service Medal for her long and effective service to the cause of life-saving. Dandenong High School is justly proud of holding a record number of awards in swimming and lifesaving gained under Miss Broughton's direction.

Miss Broughton taught in high schools at

Shepparton, Sale, Bendigo, Frankston, and Williamstown. The last five years of her career were spent at Dandenong, and on August 14, 1942, she retired to her little farm at Lysterfield. Her health was then failing, and less than 12 months later the school was grieved to hear of her death. To her sister and brother the school offers deep sympathy

#### Joan Hill

The news of the sudden death of Joan Hill on Friday, July 16, caused a great shock to both staff and pupils. She had been at school on the previous day, apparently in the best of health. Her quiet, pleasant nature endeared her to a large number of friends, and her untimely death is deeply regretted by all those who knew her. We offer our sincerest sympathy to Joan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hill, of Stud road, Scoresby, and to her two sisters and brother.

#### Norma Stooke

On the 7th June, the school was saddened by the news of the death after a long illness of Norma, daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. H. Stooke, of Cheltenham. Though of a quiet, retiring nature, Norma was very well liked by all those with whom she came in contact. Her death is deeply mourned by her school friends, and the sympathy of the school is extended to her mother and sisters.

#### Mrs. Reginald Elvish

We regret to have to record the death of Mrs. Reginald Elvish (formerly Thelma Crump), wife of Captain Reginald Elvish, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Crump, of Thomas street, Dandenong. To her parents, husband, and two sisters the school extends its sincere sympathy.

#### Miss Maisie Corrigan

The death of Miss Maisie Corrigan, a former High School student, occurred on the 10th February, 1943. She attended this school during the years 1925-1930, and was very well liked by her companions at school. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Corrigan, of Keysborough. To her sister and brothers the school offers sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

### VALEDICTORY

The school suffers a severe loss in the transfer of Miss Ella McLean to the Mac-Robertson Girls' High School. One of the best qualified teachers of French in the State, Miss McLean has been most unstinted in sharing with pupils and staff her valuable experience and her abundant gifts. Her wit and unflinching sense of humour will be especially missed in the women's staff room. We wish her every happiness and success in her new appointment.

We congratulate most heartily Miss Margaret Davey on her promotion to Swan Hill High School, but sincerely regret her departure from this school. There is little need to refer to Miss Davey's energy and enthusiasm in class teaching and in preparing choirs for concert work that will be long remembered. Our loss will certainly be Swan Hill's gain. We hope that Miss Davey will be very happy there.

Mr. Basil Steele, who has been with us since 1940, will be leaving at the end of this year for Gardenvale Central School. He has taken a keen interest in junior sport, and at the combined sports he has acted as time-keeper. He will be missed by the pupils of his form, III.b, and by all those who have benefited from his interest, encouragement, and highly efficient teaching. The winners of Honour Certificates will be proud to retain a sample of his fine handwriting. We wish him every success in the school to which he has been promoted.

#### Requiescat—In Memory of Miss Broughton

Out of the darkness of eternity,  
Like snow that falls at night and in the morn  
Is gone again, a fleeting moment falls  
On those whose toil an endless burden seems.  
And life a weary journey without rest.  
A ray of sunshine like the eye of God  
That pierces the thick clouds that hide our  
heaven;

A glorious sunset or a peerless moon,  
A perfect flower, the handclasp of a friend,  
A sea of iridescent calm, a noon  
Of golden splendour, a rose-grey dawn  
In which we catch a momentary glimpse  
Of that eternal peace that will be ours  
For ever when we pass

—E. Mahoney.



### BLUEGUM

This year saw Bluegum's greatest success in the sphere of House activities since 1937, as once again we appear to be well on the way to receiving the cup. Our first major sporting event of the year was the swimming.

chill, the Bluegum football team was seen to grace the football grounds. Our senior team was undefeated, and the juniors managed to gain third place; combined, we topped the list (with Orchid and Wattle), thus completing a successful football season.

The girls' senior hockey team, in their usual manner, enthusiastic and determined, managed to obtain second place, owing to a stronger opposition from Wattle. However, the junior team (probably out of consideration for other Houses?) were placed a good fourth.

In the basket-ball our alert, and well-



### PREFECTS, 1943

Standing, from left: D. Thomson, W. Llewellyn, R. Duffin, W. Harrington (Senior Prefect), E. Canterbury, W. Masters.  
Sitting, from left: K. Beavis, J. Watson, G. Ward (Senior Prefect), N. Gardiner, J. Falloon, P. Grogan.

where a well-organized and carefully selected team, combined with the enthusiasm of those who obtained standards, brought to the House a well-earned victory.

Elated by our first success, our cricket team has plied bat and ball in fine style, but we are unable to include the results for the simple reason that the cricket is still to be completed. The tennis tournaments, which have yet to come, we hope will "serve-up" with slashing hits another sporting victory for us.

As the weeks passed by and the air grew

trained junior team was successful in not losing a match, while the seniors, unfortunately, fell down rather badly. But we were undaunted by this, and with the two efforts combined we gained second position.

As the weather grew warmer and Spring commenced, we began athletics, and it was soon seen that the House contained many blossoming athletes. This was soon verified by our devastating victory at the annual House sports, defeating Clematis, our nearest rival, by a margin of 37 points.

The final competition of the year was the Egg Appeal, and after a very poor start our strenuous efforts were rewarded with an excellent total, but only fourth place.

In conclusion, we wish to thank those members of the staff attached to the House who have taken such a keen interest in our affairs throughout the year.

We plunged into the athletics season with renewed energy. Great was our joy, when in the "standards" we attained the first position. However, in the actual sports we gained only second place, the final victory going to Bluegum.

Once again the Hospital Egg Appeal created much enthusiasm amongst the Houses.



#### HOUSE CAPTAINS, 1943

Standing, from left: W. Harrington, R. Canterbury, W. Ilewellyn, J. Loveridge.  
Sitting, from left: H. Gascoigne, J. Watson, J. Falloon, P. Grogan.

#### CLEMATIS

As compared with last year's results, we are pleased to declare that an all-round improvement has been shown. The House has worked arduously and has held a steady position throughout the year.

The Swimming Sports first gave evidence of our ability in the sporting world; but although the House performed well, we were narrowly defeated by Bluegum.

Unfortunately, little success was gained on the football field. Alas! Departed are the star-performers of previous years. Whither are they fled? The girls were more successful in their winter sport. They succeeded in gaining first place in the basketball and third place in the hockey.

The staff also appeared to be greatly interested. For three days we led the competition. Gallantly did we continue, until—with tremendous force, the blow fell. Out of the gloom from erewhonian regions, Wattle House launched its golden form into view. Then for two days the battle between "Blue" and "Gold" was waged with unceasing intensity. Eventually the "Golden Hind" sailed forth riding heavily upon the azure "Blue" of Clematis. Nevertheless, we broke our previous record with 178 dozen eggs.

In conclusion, we congratulate all the Houses on their admirable efforts, and thank the staff for the assistance which they have rendered. May Clematis House maintain its standard in years to come.

#### ORCHID

Even the best may fall, and this year, Orchid, without their usual abundance of talent, has been compelled to take a back (not too back) seat. Our all-round sportsman of the last few years has left us, but it seems as though we have found another to take his place.

Contrary to the usual custom, we relinquished the hold on "our" swimming sports to Bluegum, and so started off with a handicap.

On the football field, both our seniors and juniors came second, Orchid drawing with Wattle and Bluegum for the honours. There was also a good sprinkling of our boys in both the senior and junior School teams.

The girls gained second and third place in the rounder and cricket matches respectively, and also third place in the basketball matches. Our hockey teams were able to maintain their reputation by coming second, being narrowly defeated by Wattle. Our girls were also well represented in all the School teams.

In the Athletic Sports, after our good second last year, we sadly occupied the rear position, but we have the satisfaction of holding some new records.

In the annual egg appeal, after much keen competition among the Houses, we had the honour of coming first for one half-day during the appeal, but in the final totals we were placed third.

And so, with the exception of the boys' cricket, which is unfinished, we have completed yet another year, perhaps not such a successful one, but, with the continued support of members of the staff, our turn may come next year.

#### WATTLE

This year Wattle did not carry off all the honours in the athletic sphere, as some of our champions of last year had left us. However, we had a fair all round team, with every member attempting to do his best.

We were not as successful as last year in the land sports, but after a hard fight we gained third place by narrowly defeating Orchid. As usual, Wattle gallantly brought up the rear in the swimming sports, but the Wattle-ites of former years were present in great strength and we would easily have won any barracking contests. We extend our con-

gratulations to Bluegum, who after some fine performances won both the Swimming and Athletic Sports.

Our cricket team, although strong, lacked "sloggers" and we were defeated. After some hectic struggles our football team gained second place. In both the school football and cricket teams we were well represented, this being further proof of our strength. The girls have been very successful on the hockey, basketball and cricket fields. The senior and junior hockey teams won all their matches, while both the senior and junior basketball teams came second. We were premiers in the senior girls' cricket and also in the junior rounders.

The annual Egg Appeal was the cause of much excitement and keen house rivalry. But after practically every available egg in Dandenong had been brought, the final results showed that Wattle had won and that Clematis, who were reputed to have "dozens and dozens" of eggs put away, were three hundred and thirty-six eggs behind us. This is the third successive year in which the Appeal has been won by Wattle, and this year has created a record of two hundred and six dozen eggs.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Miss Davey and Mr. Ford for their appreciated assistance and keen interest in all our House activities throughout the year.





### FORM I.a

This year I.a has been striving to carry on the work done by last year's I.a in raising money for the war effort. The hot-dog stall has finished ("Thank goodness," says someone), and so we have to look somewhere else for money. What Miss Malseed calls voluntary giving has yielded some results, but only because of a great deal of sacrifice on the part of the pupils. Ahem! This is probably the reason why so many members of the form run for the 4.5 p.m. train almost every night. High ho!

I.a is fortunate in having many good footballers, and so we are the premiers of the first forms.

We know you are wondering when this is going to finish, so we shall say goodbye until next year.

### FORM I.b

This is form I.b, the best form in the school, of course. Maisie Tatterson and Roy Williams are our form captains, and Margaret Fisher and Don Prentice our vice-captains. We are sorry that Maisie has been in hospital for some time.

In the second term we arranged a stall under the direction of five members of our class. We held it at the home of Judith Cornish, who is now attending Hamilton College. We were sorry to lose her.

One member of our class has a boronia bush which has yielded 17/6 towards I.b's war effort.

The third term, of course, has been devoted to hard work, and we hope we have built a foundation that will help us in our future years at D.H.S.

### FORM I.c

We are a happy family in our form, with Mrs. Gardner as form teacher. Most of us try to do our best in work and sport. We are fortunate in having in our form John Cook and Jim Paterson, who have proved themselves an asset on the football field, but unfortunately even their good play did not prevent I.a from having a victory over us

during second term. However, there are no hard feelings.

We also do our little bit to raise money for the war effort. We have a self-denial fund in which we put our spare pennies, and it is surprising how they mount up. In the second term we had a stall stocked mostly with home-made toffee (stickjaw predominating), which was very popular, and helped to swell our funds considerably.

Our musician, Noel Dawson, who plays the guitar, represents us well in the school concerts for our war funds.

This being our first year at D.H.S. our news is rather brief. We hope to have more next time.

### FORM II.a

Characters: Form Teacher, Mr. Ford. Form Captain (girls), H. Harris. Form Captain (boys), G. Dawson. Other members of the form.

#### Act. 1. Scene I.

(Mr. Ford enters room 30. Under his arm is his mark book, and we know by his glance that we are going to have a test, which his first words prove.)

Mr. Ford: "Take out your books and get ready for a short test on civics."

There is a low murmur of discontent which runs right round the room. Suddenly someone speaks. It is Dawson: "How many questions, sir?"

Mr. Ford: "Oh, about 30 to 40, I suppose."  
(Loud cries of anger at this reply until someone asks another question.)

Heilala: "Have you corrected our last lot of test papers yet, Mr. Ford?"

Mr. Ford: "No, but I might correct them tonight, but I have to sleep sometimes. Now for the civics test. Question one, who is the first woman Senator in Australia?"

After about 15 to 16 questions have been asked and answered (correctly, we hope).

Mr. Ford: "Who is the Prime Minister of Australia?"

(Curtain.)

### FORM II.b

Bon jour! Bon jour! Dandy High. Form II.b greet you. This year we have room 31 for our form room, where we assemble to contribute our worldly gains to the War

Savings Group. Earlier in the year we had a Palais, and this helped to swell the funds.

This year several of the new members of the school came into our form.

Mr. Treacey, our form teacher, is assisted in the task of keeping a naturally merry form quiet by Dorothy Barker and John Attwood. We were well represented in hockey and basketball. We managed to prevent II.a from scoring any goals in a strenuous hockey match which we played against them, finally coming "a draw." Well, now, II.b wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We hope we will meet you again next year. Cheerio.

### FORM II.c

Our teachers consider that an apt theme for this form is "You're a Sweet Little Headache." Forty-four of us, nearly all of whom have been blessed with the silver gift of speech, and that explains why our location in the school is so well known.

This form is captained by John Tweddle and Joyce Caughey.

Among our outstanding personalities are:— Ellery Lawless, who has all the appeal of a film star; Ian Trood, who believes that the sea is better than the land, and is trying to get there; Margaret Reynolds, who provides so much laughter; J. Tweddle, L. Tasker, and I. Trood are the outstanding sports of this form.

Au revoir, friends.

### FORM III.a

From Room 16, Form III.a is telling the school how we keep sane in spite of all our trials.

On entering Room 16 you might well imagine yourself in one of the Disney studios, so startling is the resemblance between his characters and some of the members of III.a.

Take, for instance, Happy, depicted by Norma Murphy, with her cheerful grin and happy nature.

As the combined personalities of Dopey and Sleepy we present a certain "pushing" youth who contrives to do an amazingly small amount of work each day.

Of course, members of III.a well know who Grumpy is, and when the silence of our lessons is broken by violent spasms of sneezing we all realize that it is "Sneezy," our Form Captain (Mary Murphy).

Dorothy Griffith's drooping eyelids and voice that is "sweet and low" well portray Bashful.

Nuf said. Here comes the form mistress, Miss Davey, and Banks-Smith, the form captain of the boys.

### FORM III.b

The three B's, as everyone knows, stand for best, brainiest, and busiest.

Now for our chief characters. Kath Crosby is one of our swimming sports competitors. She's pretty good, too. Gwen McCallum took part in the combined sports at Essendon. Now for the mere male. Hamilton and Grigg are among the athletes, as they play football. Watson is the brains of the class. He has come top twice in succession, but we hope someone will knock him off that perch.

One of our chief faults is our lack of concentration. Nearly every teacher complains of this. We aren't ashamed to admit it, either, though some people may think otherwise.

Mr. Steele is our form teacher, and the girls are captained by Doreen Orgill and Jessie McPhee, while the boys are captained by Ian Amos and Geoff Grigg. We think our form room the cleanest room in the school.

Nothing else need be said, as everyone knows about us. If they don't we can boast of a "Rip Van Winkle" as well as America. We'll be seeing you.

### FORM III.c

Time marches on, and in its course pauses again to listen to 48 girls broadcasting from Room 28, which commands a very attractive view of the Dandenongs. We are fortunate in having Miss Mahoney as our form mistress, while Myra Brooke as form captain and Moira Richardson as vice-captain lead the happy band.

We were well represented in the swimming by Dorothy Jarvis and Marion Moore, and in the athletics by Betty Savory. During the year we played a basketball match against III.a in which we came a draw.

A few weeks ago when we were in Room 33 a small pig walked into the quad, lay down for a while and then decided to have a try at the "880," but he did not succeed. Another amusing incident took place when

a mannequin parade was given to us by one of our girls displaying the new fashion of wearing shorts.

Altogether we are having a very successful year, and we sincerely hope that we will all obtain our proficiency certificates so that we may return next year and once more be the best form of the school.

### FORM III.d

Having come together for the first time on the 2nd February from distant primary and central schools for our first year at the High School, we were combined with the present III.b, but as this form proved too large we were separated after about the first three weeks. We then chose our form captains, Jean Kamp and Geoff Goldsworthy, who have carried out their duties very ably.

We had a great deal of work to do this year, as we had to make the effort to catch up two years of algebra, geometry, and French. We found that science also is difficult in spite of the fact that our teacher, Mrs. Skinner, helped us in every way possible.

In the sporting field we managed to make a good start. Frank James and Keith Mills were our leading football stars, and Frank James was vice-captain of the junior team.

### FORM IV.a

Once again we have been successfully piloted through another year by our competent form captains and our equally competent form teacher. As our form room this year we have been generously allotted the "Eau de Cologne" factory, otherwise known as Room 22, from which, very frequently, penetrating odours float forth on the breezes. Our readers will agree that we have been very fortunate in having been given this room, in which there is nearly always such a light, airy atmosphere.

At this stage we feel that it would be possible for us to conduct a short quiz for the instruction of our readers.

Questions (answer quickly):—

1. Who said this, "You're 4a, not 4k?"
2. Think hard, but can you remember our concert?
3. Who won the elections?

4 (This is a hard one): Who is the ugliest boy in our form?

For further information inquire at the staff room door, not before 1.5 p.m.

P.S.—The Editor wouldn't print the answers to the above questions. For satisfaction inquire personally.

"Through many scraps we've been,  
And with study we are lean,  
But with efforts ever keen  
Our Intermediates glean."

### FORM IV.b

One morning we set out to collect some opinions of IV.b. While passing the science room we heard a voice saying, "You mugs, you're IVb, not IVg." Thinking this was enough from the teachers we made a hasty retreat and ran into a IV.b boy, who spoke of the infrequent attendance of one small bespectacled IV.b boy. Several teachers who remarked on this hoped that no other boy in the school stayed away so often. We are informed that no other boy in the school stays away so often.

The girls of IV.b are worried because they cannot control their loud voices when asked to answer questions. Mr. Jones has spent the whole year trying to make them moderate their voices. Their answers to questions in civics makes him wring his hands in despair and cry, "Why were women given a vote?"

As the result of a bright idea on the part of one of the male members of the form, the form held a very successful stall on the day of the House Sports. This success was largely due to the untiring efforts of several female members, who washed glasses on a box in the girls' cloak room. Although one patron remarked that some of the drink tasted like hair oil, most seemed to be satisfied except a girl from IV.c, who persistently demanded Logan-berry vinegar in spite of being informed several times that the stall had only raspberry vinegar.

One of the boys gave a lady member of the staff a severe shock when he said as his excuse for doing no algebra homework that he was taking dancing lessons. This caused a sensation.

After writing these few words it seems to me a good thing that the Editor said, "Remember, only about 150 words."

### FORM IV.c

Oyez! Oyez! This is Form IV.c calling once again from Room 8, where we look up from the maze of books, pens, and pencils which surround us and pause in the busy routine of our day to give you an "Arm-chair Chat" about our doings.

Kathleen Brown (our cherished "Sprig") is our captain, ably supported by Verna Bristowe (our bonny "Brussels"). The person who endeavours to keep our straying footsteps on the narrow, rocky path of knowledge is Miss Thompson, our form teacher. It was said to us, "You had better mend your ways for you know crime never pays." It has also been said of us, "Can any good ever come of IV.c?"

Did you hear that IV.c maths marks are rapidly rising? Don't believe it. It's a rumour. For further information on the matter you are advised to consult Miss —, who will give you "full details" of our abominable work and the setting in of senile decay.

We ask:—

Which form has the greatest number of players in the sports teams? Which form has raised the most towards the War Relief Fund? Which form may get 99 per cent. passes in I.C.? When something new has to be done, which form does it?

We answer, Why, Form IV.c.

Well, cheerio, schoolmates. Good luck, and a Merry Christmas to you all.

### FORM V. (GIRLS)

The rhythmical beat of the heart of the school (that's us, of course) brings you its literary contribution.

You may not know of our bold hero, who gallantly rescued us from a mouse and brought about its fatal end. He thus won the D.F.M.

We have conferred on Motton the D.F.M. He killed that mouse in a trice,

Haven't you guessed? It's a gem!

It's Distinguished for Fighting Mice.

It was rumoured that the teacher accompanying Form V. on a geography excursion fell into the Yarra. While he floundered about his hat glided serenely downstream, and he had to swim after it? Was the report perhaps exaggerated?

Owing to the enormous amount of work

we did in our spares we had to be put under the care of a teacher who saw that we did not overwork. At other periods we felt the need of sustenance, which we took in the form of fish and chips, the odour of which may have whetted the appetites of the unprivileged few.

As you turn the pages of this magazine you will notice that members of our form grace several photos.

Personal:—

Why does Clare Cornish like pasties?

Paddy Sproat is still trying to convince people that her name is not Sprout.

Jean Allison's ambition—to be always on time for her dates (if any).

The chemistry class is noted for its "delayed action brains."

Esma Black's excellent poetical propensities have given her the title of "Poet Laureate of Form V."

### FORM V. (BOYS)

This year, although our form notes are near the beginning of this section, we were the last to hand in our contribution. For weeks we were hunted by the Editors. At last, after finding a "producer," we are able to give you the "low down" on the form's activities.

W. Harrington and K. Madigan are our form captain and vice-captain respectively, the latter also occupying the position of form "mouthpiece." Five prefects, three house captains, and the backbone of the sporting teams have also been drawn from our form.

During the year we have had in our midst some original and clever students from various other academies. Many varied experiences have been "enjoyed" by us during the year, one of the most notable being the detention of two of the "Big Five" in a certain cupboard for a forty-minute "stretch." We are honoured by having as our form teacher the school's popular sports master, Mr. Sinclair, who tots up the takings and tells of our misdeeds during form assemblies, which are a regular occurrence each Monday and Friday morning.

We hope to finish the year with the much-prized Leaving Certificate, but the last hope of the vanquished looms on the horizon in the form of the "supps." By this means the majority should achieve success. With

these few remarks we shall take our departure, wishing our "ill-fated" successors the best of luck for 1944.

**FORM VI.**

Instead of the conventional "Hello" we shall begin our notes with "Good-bye," as we shall soon be leaving this place of learning. For the most part we have spent several pleasant years in the senior school, which we shall always remember as the best days of our life.

Our form room, with the steel grey lockers lining its walls, somewhat resemble a cell at Pentridge. But at recess times the scene suddenly changes, and the room is transformed into a miniature "Black Hole of Calcutta."

It is in this spacious room that we, with the help of our form mistress, Miss Carpenter, discuss current events. The "we" refers to Mis Carpenter and a small section of the class, while the others remain passive and pretend to be deep in thought.

During second term we united our forces with those of the fifth form to give a concert, which was voted excellent by all who attended. One of the most amusing characters was "Algernon Ditchwater," who, with his deep bass voice and elegant stride, witnessed by many before and after the performance, rivalled many a professional artist. Many failed to recognise in this talented role the unobtrusive "Ned" Reedy.

The rest of the school must consider itself very fortunate that the sixth form have deigned to sacrifice some of their precious time, which otherwise would have been spent by them in acquiring more knowledge for the coming exams.; to write these notes.

Nevertheless, it is with many regrets that we realize our school days are over, and hope the remaining years of our lives will be equally pleasant.

**EXCHANGES**

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

When low the white stars burn  
And the wind is whistling under the door,  
And something is sighing outside the door,  
Then from the fire I turn  
And, tiptoeing by the garden gate,  
I crouch beneath the vine, and there I wait  
Until the lights return.

Out of the mist they fly.  
They shine amidst the rushes tall  
Till the mere, like some ancestral hall,  
Is lighted 'neath the sky.  
Then like a ghost from the shade I creep  
To sink in the mud of the mere, waist deep;  
But within my grasp they die.

Now every night I chase  
The lights of death. And, like the rest,  
I sink in the mud of the mere to my breast;  
But all of them lose the race.  
One night the quicksands will hold me tight,  
And I'll see the lights of the ghostly night  
Peering into my face.

—D. Dow, III.a.



**THE FULL MOON**

She looked in through the window at me  
And bathed the room with a pale, cold light,  
Till I trembled like the leaves of a tree  
In the wind of a winter's night.  
And I felt her beams around my head,  
And her stillness and coldness entered my mind  
As she gazed at me silently from overhead,  
I slowly pulled down the blind.

—D. Dow, III.a.



**CRICKET**

This year, owing to the fact that only three of last year's team had returned to school, it was thought that our side would be rather

wickets, Aspinall making 41 of the 100 runs scored.

In our next match we met Frankston, who proved the better side, winning by 27 runs. Rogers (25) made half our score with well-played strokes, whilst Duffin took 7 for 23.

On our home ground against Mordialloc we repeated our previous performance against them. This time there was a greater margin of runs between the final scores, for Dandenong's total was 2 for 160 to Mordialloc's 6 for 137. It was a day out for the batsmen.



**FOOTBALL TEAM, 1943**

Back row, from left: G. Brown, J. Loveridge, J. Allan, J. Emmett, W. Harrington, K. Douglas, B. Motton.  
Sitting, from left: L. Knight, G. Grigg, B. Turner, D. Thomson (Vice-Captain), R. Campbell (Captain), J. Perrin, W. Russell, D. Matthews.  
Front row, from left: R. Hill, M. Clements, R. Duffin, W. Llewellyn, J. Breen, F. Rogers, R. Clark.

weak, but we managed to maintain last year's standard by winning the premiership, and lost only one match. We elected Roy Duffin and Bruce Turner (veterans of last year's team) as captain and vice-captain respectively, and we were under the expert coaching of Mr Jones. He helped us greatly by giving us many points worth remembering.

Our first match with Mordialloc took place under unfavourable weather conditions. On the wet wicket we won by one run and four

Campbell giving a good account of himself in carrying his bat after knocking up 93. On the opposing side Oakes also performed well, being 59 not out at the end of the allotted time.

We travelled to Frankston for our final and deciding match, feeling undaunted and eager to win. We reaped the benefit of enthusiastic practice, and the score book at the end of the day showed Dandenong on top, with a score of 4 for 138 to Frankston's all out

for 51. Good batting performances were given by Aspinall (40 retired), Brown (32) and Campbell (32), whilst Duffin took 5 for 17 and Loveridge 5 for 32.

The Juniors gave a good performance in their matches, Trood and Brewer registering best scores, whilst Turner, Trood and Brewer bowled very well.

We conclude with the hope that the pennant will be ours next year.

—D. Thomson.

the results being:—

Seniors: Frankston, 20 goals; Dandenong, 22 goals.

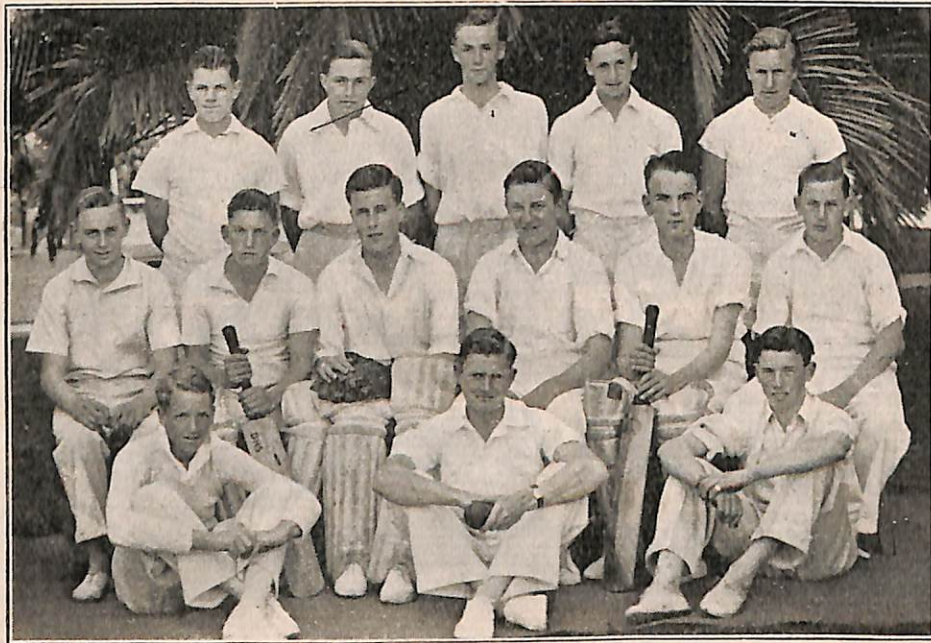
Juniors: Frankston, 20 goals; Dandenong, 22 goals.

The second game against Mordialloc was played at Mordialloc on 5th August. Both our teams kept up the good work. The final scores were:—

Seniors: Mordialloc, 17 goals; Dandenong, 20 goals.

Juniors: Mordialloc, 14 goals; Dandenong, 16 goals.

The final match was played on August 12th against Frankston at Dandenong. The



#### CRICKET TEAM, 1943

Standing, from left: F. Rogers, J. Perrin, J. Loveridge, K. Douglas, W. Russell.  
Sitting, from left: M. Clements, R. Campbell, G. Brown, B. Motton, E. Aspinall,  
K. Masterton.

Front row: D. Hurley, R. Duffin (Captain), B. Turner (Vice-Captain).

#### BASKETBALL

This year's basketball opened with the Association matches, the first one, against Mordialloc, being played at Dandenong on 15th July. The results were:—

Seniors: Dandenong, 20 goals; Mordialloc, 14 goals.

Juniors: Dandenong, 22 goals; Mordialloc, 8 goals.

The second match was played at Frankston on the following Wednesday. Although we were successful, the games were very close,

seniors played a losing game, but the juniors won again. The results were:—

Seniors: Dandenong, 11 goals; Frankston, 26 goals.

Juniors: Dandenong, 29 goals; Frankston, 19 goals.

In spite of the last game, the seniors, as well as the juniors, won the premiership in basketball. Our thanks are due to Miss Mahoney for the valuable assistance she has given us during the year.

—Nancy Gardiner.

#### FOOTBALL

We began the 1943 football season with several of last year's seasoned players to form the nucleus of our team, and this fact, as well as the skilful coaching of Mr. Jones, soon enabled our team to be welded into shape. The team, however, was not as heavy as in previous years.

Reg Campbell and Dave Thomson were elected captain and vice-captain respectively, with a committee consisting of J. Loveridge and B. Turner to assist them.

than in the two previous matches. Our first competition match was against Mordialloc on the home ground, where "horribile dictu," we were once again defeated. In this match the kicking was slightly erratic, but the scoreboard at the end showed that our defeat was not over-great. The scores were:—

Dandenong,	7-11
Mordialloc,	10-5

Next came the Frankston match, in which our patient efforts were rewarded by our first victory, which raised our hopes to the skies.



#### BOYS' ATHLETIC TEAM, 1943

Back row, from left: J. Perrin, D. Hutchinson, J. Loveridge, J. Russell, G. Brown,  
E. Mitchell.

Sitting, from left: R. Hill, A. Dean, J. Russell, W. Harrington, R. Clark, R. Duffin,  
M. Clements.

Front row, from left: S. Brown, G. Falloon, T. Birchill, L. Tasker, K. Robinson.

Our first real match for the season was against Malvern Grammar. Here we managed to put up a good defence, but during the final half Malvern showed themselves to be the superior team and consequently won the match. Our next engagement was against Box Hill High School, and again we were outclassed by a heavier and slightly faster side. Melbourne High School provided us with our third battle, and once again Dandenong was overwhelmed after a better defence

The final scores were:—

Dandenong,	8-5
Frankston,	2-9

Our next engagement was a practice match with Box Hill, and here our hopes were somewhat lowered as we were again defeated, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that the weather was unfavourable, and the journey tiring.

The following week we resumed competition matches and much to the delight of the

entire team we were for the second time victorious, defeating a strong team from Mordialloc, our most dangerous opponent. The final results were:—

Dandenong,	9-8
Mordialloc,	8-9

The last competition match was played on the home ground, and once again victory rewarded our efforts with the following score:—

Dandenong,	6-12
Frankston,	4-5

travelled to Mordialloc, where we were defeated. The fourth pairs were unable to complete their game because of a hail-storm. The final scores were:—

Mordialloc,	36 games;
Dandenong,	24 games.

Our next match was against Frankston at Dandenong on March 18th. This time we were winners, the scores being:—

Dandenong,	30 games;
Frankston,	29 games.



#### GIRLS' ATHLETIC TEAM, 1943

Back row, from left: J. Watson, J. Watson, C. Cornish, J. Blundell.  
Sitting, from left: N. Nunn, H. Gascoigne, L. Crabbe, L. Pink, D. Crellin, B. Tilley.

This pleasing result meant that Dandenong were premiers, and thus ended a very pleasant and interesting season for all those concerned.

—W. Harrington.

#### TENNIS (GIRLS)

We commenced the season with three of last year's players, and we managed to build up a fairly strong team. Our thanks are due to Miss Carpenter and Miss McLean for their help in coaching us. We are sorry to report that we were not very successful, as Mordialloc gained the premiership.

For our first match, on March 4th, we

On March 25th Mordialloc travelled to Dandenong and were again victorious, the final scores being:—

Mordialloc,	33 games;
Dandenong,	29 games.

Our return match at Frankston resulted in another defeat, Frankston winning by seven games. The scores were:—

Frankston,	37 games;
Dandenong,	30 games.

So concluded a pleasant but unsuccessful season. We hope that next year's team will show better form than we did, and regain the premiership.

—Joan Watson.

#### TENNIS (BOYS)

The first match was played against Frankston during the first term examinations. Luckily, however, none of the school's representatives had an examination on that day. The match was played at Frankston High School and Dandenong was defeated.

The second and last match, Mordialloc v. Dandenong, was played on the following Thursday at private courts in Dandenong. Mordialloc's team was weakened by the ab-

when we went to Mordialloc. We were defeated by 31 rounds to 25.

The next match was played at home on March 18th, and the result was a victory for Dandenong against Frankston. The scores were 46 rounds to 26.

On the 25th March we had a visit from Mordialloc. Mordialloc were victorious, the scores being 28 rounds to 25.

The final match was played at Frankston



#### SENIOR BASKETBALL, 1943

From left: J. Watson (Captain), E. Hamilton, N. Gardiner, J. Watson, M. Murphy, J. Blundell, J. Browne.

sence through illness of several players. Dandenong this time was victorious with the scores 40 games to 11 (10-8, 10-1, 10-0, 10-2).

Frankston competed against Mordialloc soon afterwards, and the former team was successful. This made Frankston premiers.

—R. Wills.

#### ROUNDERS

We were pleased to have Miss Mahoney as our coach for this year. She has taken great interest in our matches and has kept us up to our practice.

The season opened on the 4th of March

on the 1st of April when we won by 25 rounds to 22.

We won second place for the season, Mordialloc being premiers.

—Ruth Goldsack.

#### SWIMMING

##### House Sports

This year the inter-house swimming carnival was held at the Dandenong Baths on Thursday, the 11th of March. During the afternoon a cool drink stall was conducted by Form IV.c, the profits being devoted to the Schools' War Relief Fund. The cool

drinks were appreciated by both the spectators and the competitors.

The results of the standards, which were held prior to the sports, were:—

Bluegum, 47; Orchid, 48½;  
Clematis, 42; Wattle, 48.

Throughout the afternoon, the spectators and competitors showed great enthusiasm, and the final results showed that Bluegum had succeeded in obtaining first place. Orchid House was beaten for the first time for several

because these three schools are alike in so many ways. The barracking of the supporters almost lifted the roof. The sports ended with the boys' open relay race. By then everyone knew that Dandenong had won the day, although there was uncertainty as to who would be second until the last event was run.

The final scores were:—

Dandenong, 178½  
Mordialloc, 126¼  
Frankston, 123½



### JUNIOR BASKETBALL, 1943

From left: R. Goldsack (Captain), V. Robertson, J. Lynch, B. Jarvis, B. Praetz, D. Crellin, M. Webster, J. Himbeck.

years. The final points were:—

Bluegum, 192½; Orchid, 178½;  
Clematis, 164½; Wattle, 144½.

—Pat Grogan.

### SWIMMING

#### Inter-School Sports

The swimming sports were held at the Richmond Baths on 26th of March. Last year there were no inter-school swimming sports between the Metropolitan High Schools, and this year there were only three schools competing in B section—Dandenong, Frankston and Mordialloc.

The sports were made the more interesting

Dandenong won the Girls' and Boys' Swimming Cups and the B Section Aggregate Cup. This year was the first time Dandenong had won all three cups.

—Jean Allison.

### ATHLETICS

#### House Sports

On Saturday, 9th October, at 2 p.m., the 25th Annual Sports commenced. The desirability of holding the Sports on a Saturday was once again demonstrated, for many parents and old pupils were seen among the spectators. More new records were set up. J. Russell gave a brilliant performance, and

[Continued on Page 26.

## Ex-Students on Active Service.

During this year a further attempt has been made to compile a list of the names of all those ex-students who are in the Services. It is realised that it would be extremely difficult to make such a roll free from omissions and inaccuracies. The Editors will be glad to receive additional information regarding ex-students in any of the Services.

(Note: The rank has been included, if known.)

### NAVY

Aumann, Cyril\* (Ldg.-Stoker)  
Baird, William A. (O.S.)  
Banks-Smith, Stuart (A.B.)  
Cole, Colin  
Child, Kenneth (O.S.)  
Child, Phillip (A.B.)  
Clope, Reg.  
Fryer, Keith (A.S.)  
Gabbe, G.  
Gascoigne, Harold  
Gray, Robin (Coder)  
Green, John  
Green, Lawrence (Sub-Lieut.)  
Graham, Gordon A.\* (Ldg. Sup. Ast.)  
Hazard, Vernon  
Hassell, Alan  
Hall, Alfred P. (Sup. Petty Off.)  
Hartnett, Ernest (Stoker)  
Jones, Trevor (A.B.)  
James, John (O.D.)  
Longmuir, Warwick (Ldg. Stoker)  
McCallum, Max A. (A.B.)  
McLeod, Stewart  
Moon, John  
O'Neill, James (A.B.)  
Powell, Ronald (Coder)  
Prosser, Frank  
Rosser, Frank  
Smith, Stanley G. (Ch. Petty Off.)  
Taylor, Gordon  
Vaughan, Keith (A.B.)

### W.R.A.N.S.

Grogan, Jean (Coder)  
Barrett, Una

### ARMY

Adams, Oliver (Pte.)  
Adamson, James (Pte.)  
Anderson, Lindsay  
Anderson, Wallace  
Alford, Stanley  
Allen, Keith (Lieut.)  
Angus, Ray (Sig.)  
Angus, K. C. (Gnr.)  
Baker, David (C.F.N.)  
Barton, Alfred K.† (Cpl.)  
Beswicke, Jack  
Brumley, Douglas†  
Bishop, Harry† (Capt.)  
Boyd, D. James (Sig.)  
Butler, W. Murray (Gnr.)  
Bugg, Arthur (Sgt.)  
Bradbury, N. H. (Spr.)  
Banks-Smith, J. (Tpr.)  
Canterbury, T. C. (Capt.)  
Carrol, Alan  
Carrol, Jack, (Sgt.)  
Chandler, Alfred  
Chandler, Gordon (Bdr.)  
Chambers, Keith (Sgt.)  
Courtney, Lewis (Pte.)  
Derrick, J. C. (Sgt.)  
Davies, Gilbert (Pte.)  
Dobson, James (Cpl.)  
Dobson, Robert (Cpl.)  
Duff, James H. (Cpl.)  
Emery, Colin  
Facey, Ken (Bdr.)  
Ferguson, John (Sgt.)  
Ford, Jack E. S. (Dvr.)  
Gabbett, Colin (Dvr.)  
Gorwell, William E. (Spr.)  
Halliday, Thomas  
Heathcote, Harold (Sgt.)  
Herbert, John (Bdr.)  
Horner, Ronald (Pte.)  
Hunt, R. Clifford (Capt.)  
Harris, John Bruce (Tpr.)  
Hawkey, Ralph W. (Pte.)  
Ireland, Stanley (Lieut.)  
Jack, Ian J.† (Cpl.)  
Jarvis, Maurice (W.O. II.)  
Jones, Colin (Dvr.)  
Jinks, Bill (L./Cpl.)  
Little, Roy (Pte.)  
Llewellyn, Max A. (Pte.)  
Llewellyn, Cliff H. (Staff-Sgt.)  
Lunn, Reginald  
McFarlane, D. (Gnr.)  
McLerie, Dudley†  
Morris, D. (Sgt.)

\* Missing. † Prisoner of war. ‡ Deceased.

Marshall, Leslie (Cpl.)  
Monohan, John (Dvr.)  
Monohan, William (Sig.)  
New, Harry  
Newbound, Max  
Naylor, James Burnley (Cpl.)  
Oldmeadow, Kenneth (Sgt.)  
O'Shea, W. E. (Sgt.)  
O'Shea, R. G. (Lieut.)  
Penson, Fairly (Bdr.)  
Rosser, Neil (Pte.)  
Rice, Alan  
Richards, John (Spr.)  
Robert, Bernard (W.O. II.)  
Russell, Alan C. (Lieut.)  
Secomb, Arthur L. (Spr.)  
Secomb, Frank N. (Lieut.)  
Stuart, Lloyd B. (Lieut.)  
Stimson, L. J. (Cpl.)  
Smith, Russell (Pte.)  
Webster, Frank (Cpl.)  
Wordsworth, John (Pte.)

### A.W.A.S.

Adamson, Patricia  
Carrol, Bess  
van Damme, Gladys (Cpl.)  
Ellis, Marjorie  
Ellis, Ellwyn  
Kirkham, June (Pte.)  
Keep, N. (Gnr.)  
Pagan, Helen (Gnr.)  
Richards, Merle  
Shreaves, Elsie (Mrs. Griffin)  
(Staff-Sgt.)  
Stevenson, Margaret  
Williams, Mavis (Gnr.)

### A.A.M.W.S.

Cashmore, Sadie (Pte.)  
Secomb, Greta P. (Pte.)  
Williams, Gladys (Pte.)

### A.A.N.S.

Derrick, Ida (Sister)  
Mills, Dorothy (Sister)



1. Sgt. Ian W. Garside



4. Ld. Sply. Asst. Gordon A. Graham



5. Pilot-Officer Mervyn Green



2. Pilot-Officer Frederick A. Bishop



11. Flying-Officer Dal. Lethbridge



14. Flight-Sgt. Kenneth James



15. Sgt.-W.A.G. Donald Pollock



12. Flight-Lieut. W. J. Canterbury



3. Leading-Stoker Cyril Aumann



8. Flight-Lieutenant Austin Lewin



9. Captain Harry Bishop



6. Pilot-Officer Eric Renfree



13. Corporal Douglas Brumley



18. Sgt. James Thomson



19. Corporal Ian Jack



16. Flight-Sgt. Fred Limbrick



7. Sgt.-Pilot Robert Swords



Sgt.-Obs. D. R. James

Just before this magazine went to press the news was received of the death in an aircraft accident in New South Wales on November 18 of Sergeant-Obs. Douglas Reginald James. He was the younger son of Mr. James, M.L.A., and Mrs. R. A. James, of Caulfield. He was a pupil of Dandenong High School and later attended Melbourne Grammar School.



10. Sgt.-Pilot Stan Smethurst



17. Corporal Keith Barton

**PILOT-OFFICER  
K. D. GRAY, D.F.C.**

The Air Ministry has announced the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross to Pilot-Officer Kenneth Douglas Gray, adopted son of Mrs. E. F. Griffin, Osborne Grove, Preston, who was educated at Dandenong High School. Until recently he was captain of a Lancaster bomber.



Pt.-Off. Kenneth Gray D.F.C.



20. Sgt. Dudley McLerie

Continued from Page 20.

record times were established in basketball and hockey team events. The organized marching of the teams for the hockey dribble and basketball passing proved very spectacular and thus keen interest was shown in these events. Although great enthusiasm was shown by every house, Bluegum topped the list in the final scores, which were:—

Bluegum, 281½; Wattle, 214;  
Clematis, 234½; Orchid, 208½.

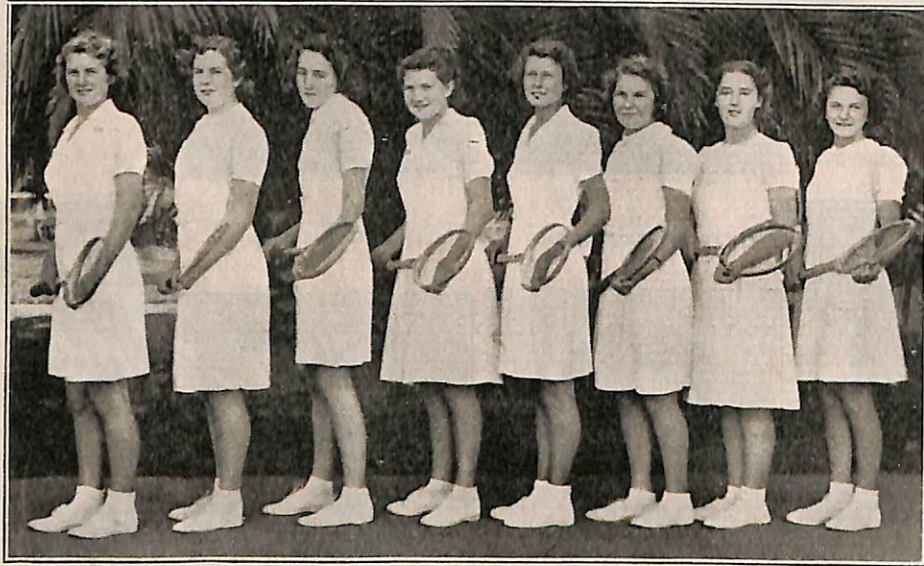
were successful in winning the Association Cup, the final scores being:—

Dandenong, 83½; Coburg, 36;  
Mordialloc, 79; Frankston, 31½.

The boys were not as successful, as the scores were:—

Coburg, 86½; Dandenong, 58;  
Mordialloc, 81; Frankston, 45½.

In the girls' team events, results for Dandenong were very satisfactory, first places being gained in the Intermediate and Senior



**GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM, 1943**

From left: J. Watson, C. Cornish, M. Slattery, A. Fitzpatrick, J. Watson, E. Gatter, N. Gardiner, H. Gascoigne.

These scores did not correspond to the results of the standards, which gave everyone an opportunity of gaining points whether competing on Sports Day or not. These points were:—

Clematis, 81½; Orchid, 72½;  
Bluegum, 77; Wattle, 69½.

#### Combined Sports

On Friday, 22nd October, the Combined High School Sports were held at the Essendon Cricket Ground. As these sports were not held last year, fresh enthusiasm was displayed by the competitors, and there were many notable performances. In B section, in which Dandenong was competing, the girls

Relay, Junior and Intermediate Basketball, and the Junior Hockey. The boys gained first place in the Junior Relay, which was captained by J. Russell, who also created new records in the Junior 75 and 100 yards, and won the Junior Long Jump. Lorna Pink gave a remarkable performance in all her events, equalling the record in the Intermediate 75 yards. In all of the girls' events, with the exception of one third placing, either second or first places were obtained. The results of the grand aggregate, which was won by Mordialloc, were as follow:—

Mordialloc, 160; Coburg, 122½;  
Dandenong, 141½; Frankston, 77½.

—Joyce Parkhill.

#### HOCKEY

The hockey team has once again been successful in winning the premiership of the "B" section.

Our first inter-school match was played on our own ground against Mordialloc.

Result: Mordialloc, 1 goal; Dandenong, 8 goals.

The following week we travelled to Frankston and had a very enjoyable game.

Result: Frankston, 0 goals; Dandenong, 3 goals.

The most exciting match of the season was

played was evenly distributed all over the ground—each goal being scored only after good defence work by the backs.

Result: University, 3 goals; Dandenong, 7 goals.

When we visited Warragul, inclement weather only allowed us a ten-minute game, although we enjoyed the day very much.

Result: Warragul, 1 goal; Dandenong, 1 goal.

Our success this year was due to Miss Carpenter's valuable advice, and also to Miss Thompson, whom we wish to thank for her



**BOYS' TENNIS TEAM, 1943**

From left: G. Cole, W. Masters, D. Hutchinson, N. Courtney, F. Black, R. Wills, B. Motton, R. Canterbury, D. Hurley, W. Melgaard.

played at Mordialloc out on the "cow" paddock. The game was a great tussle from start to finish.

Result: Mordialloc, 4 goals; Dandenong, 4 goals.

Our final match for the premiership was then played against Frankston on our own ground.

Result: Frankston, 0 goals; Dandenong, 5 goals.

Two weeks after this we played University High School, who are premiers of the "A" section, but once again we proved too strong for our opponents. This was by far the best match of the season. It was fast and the

untiring efforts in coaching us throughout the season.

—Joan McCallum.

[Congratulations, Joan! Your poise and dignity as captain of the team have been a credit to the School as well as an example to your team mates.—U.V.T.]

#### LIFE-SAVING AWARDS AND SWIMMING CERTIFICATES

During this year the following Life-Saving Awards and Education Department Swimming Certificates have been gained:—

Award of Merit: Alan Dean, Neil Little.

2nd Bar to Bronze Medallion: Russell Hill, Alan Dean.

1st Bar to Bronze Medallion: Pam Chadwick, Gillian Ward, Kath Crosby, Geoffrey McConville, Archie Cashmore.

Bronze Medallion: Heather McPherson, Wilma Trewern, Shirley Ward, Audrey Cashmore, Gwen McCallum, Joyce Little, Betty McKay, Joy Hadley, Jean Browne, Frank Corbel, Geoffrey Cole.

Instructors' Certificates: 1st and 2nd Class—Pam Chadwick, Gillian Ward; 2nd Class—Wilma Orgill, Clare Cornish.

Intermediate: Shirley Ward, Audrey Cashmore, Kath Crosby, Gwen McCallum, Betty Fisher, Dorothy Jarvis, Judy Cornish, Hazel Cross, Betty McKay, Joy Hadley, Jean Browne, Andrew Brown.

Education Department Swimming Certificates: Senior—Shirley Ward, Audrey Cashmore, Gwen McCallum, Betty Fisher, Dorothy Jarvis, Judy Cornish, Hazel Cross, Betty McKay, Joy Hadley, Jean Browne, Judy Egerton, Norma Vaughan, Valma Varney, Heilala Harris, Gwen Holt, Margaret Reynolds, Andrew Brown, Philip Keys, Brian Mackenzie, Robert Chadwick. Junior—Phyllis Heath, Janet Collins, David Fowler, Ian Henderson, Frank O'Shea, Bill Stanhope, Ian Stewart, Michael Flanagan, Noel Dennis, Don Prentice.



**HOCKEY TEAM, 1943**

From left: K. Brown, N. Murphy, H. Gascoigne, N. Dinsdale, L. Pink, L. Keys, J. McCallum (Captain), J. Little, C. Cornish, H. McPherson, J. Little, T. Corbel, E. Gatter.

**WAR RELIEF FUND**

During the past year the school has raised the usual £200 for the Education Department's War Relief Fund. This has been collected by the usual methods of street stalls on market day, and by the selling of Flower Day and Tin Hat badges. Each form has made an individual effort in which money has been raised by verandah stalls, palais and penny concerts.

**EGG APPEAL**

In the third term the usual competition was provided for the Houses by the egg appeal for the hospitals. Every house contributed over one hundred dozen, but Wattle won after a hard tussle with Clematis. A total of over eight thousand eggs was reached, which easily breaks last year's record of five thousand eggs.



**WINNERS OF LIFE-SAVING AWARDS, 1943**

Standing, from left: A. Brown, G. McConville, K. Crosby, W. Trewern, A. Cashmore, J. Little, G. McCallum, J. Browne.  
Sitting, from left: A. Cashmore, R. Hill, A. Dean, N. Little, G. Ward, F. Chadwick, L. Keys, C. Cornish.  
Front row, from left: S. Ward, J. Hadley, G. Cole, F. Corbel, D. Jarvis, H. McPherson.



**BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM, 1943**

Back row, from left: R. Pearce, R. Hill, A. Dean, K. Madigan, W. Watson, J. Heath, N. McDonald, B. Mackenzie.  
Sitting, from left: T. Birchill, A. Cashmore, N. Little, R. Duffin, G. Cole, F. Corbel, N. Turner.  
Front row, from left: J. Duke, G. Dawson, V. Wakley, S. Edwards, L. Matthews.



### GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM, 1943

Standing, from left: B. McKay, K. Crosby, W. Trewern, D. Orgill, J. McPhee, J. Kinsella.  
Sitting, from left: J. Little, H. McPherson, P. Chadwick, G. Ward, C. Cornish, L. Keys,  
J. Himbeck.  
Front row, from left: D. Crellin, H. Gascoigne, D. Jarvis, L. De Graaff, A. Cashmore.



### ROUNDERS TEAM, 1943

From left: R. Goldsack (Captain), J. Howell, M. Moore, N. Murphy, V. Robertson,  
B. Praetz, M. Webster, M. Gearon, H. McPherson, J. Himbeck.



### THE FIGHT

Teartur, a ferret, was not at all happy. It was true that he had escaped from humans, but the urge had come to him to marry and, try as he might, he had not been able to find a mate. This did not mean, of course, that he was leading an easy life. Far from it. His life was threatened by Lipderk, a fox. Lipderk did not, however, live up to the reputation of cunning attributed to foxes. He was an inert, inane, inept, ignorant sort of person. He relied upon cruel methods for getting his food, and all the creatures hated him. Most ferrets are nasty things, sometimes loathsome and repulsive. They are a type of polecat, which is a member of the weasel family, which are mainly fetid. Teartur was an exception—a remarkable exception. He hated attacking rabbits and had escaped by running out of a burrow entrance not noticed by his owner. Since then he had met Lipderk. He had left the meeting-place with great speed, for, if he had not done so, he would have been killed. One day Lipderk carried off two young hares. This so enraged the meadow folk that a meeting was held. They decided to leave it to Teartur's ingenuity to solve the matter. This was one of the reasons why Teartur was not happy. He was at a loss to know what to do, although he had thought for hours and had considered several methods of attack, all either impossible or impracticable.

At last he had an idea. He began working on it at once and could have been seen a few minutes later moving toward the river-bank. Reaching it, he held a brief conversation with Nairoola, the water-rat. Then he moved cautiously away toward the den of his intended victim.

That evening Gerurtlar, the bat, crept silently from Lipderk's home, and fluttered softly to where Teartur and Nairoola lay in hiding. A whispered consultation followed until Gerurtlar returned to his inverted posi-

tion on the roof of the living-chamber of Lipderk's den.

As darkness fell, Teartur became visibly impatient, which was very unlike him. Nairoola knew why, and so did Gerurtlar. Very soon the two left their station and moved off. The coast was clear. Lipderk would be out soon. A rustle heralded Lipderk's approach. It was almost dark now, and Nairoola, standing near the fence of the field, was ready for his task, which was one of great danger. Gerurtlar had told him that Lipderk was going to the farm that night, and he and Teartur had worked out their plans.

Suddenly he jumped out, as if he had not seen the fox. Lipderk turned suddenly and dashed after the water-rat. He knew that on land the water-rat was easy prey once he was caught, but that on the river the water helped him. Nairoola streaked straight for the river, but he knew that he was fast losing ground. When he was almost exhausted, Teartur appeared and jumped straight at Lipderk. The latter at once turned on his new antagonist, but the agile little ferret jumped aside and continued the chase. Lipderk taxed every ounce of his strength in a supreme effort, but Teartur always kept just beyond his reach. Nairoola recovered meanwhile, and followed swiftly after the two. All this time the river-bank had been a hive of energy. Traps had been prepared by the meadow and woodland folk. As soon as the fox appeared he was greeted by a torrent of blows led by the indefatigable Teartur, who got him by the back of the neck and refused to let go. The fox threw himself this way and that, but the attackers kept at him. At last his struggles ceased and his dead body was thrown into the river.

Teartur was well rewarded for his efforts. A female ferret appeared three days later. She had heard of Teartur's feat and she was anxious to meet him. After she had met him she decided not to leave him again, and so the hero married and lived happily ever after. —J. Brook, I.A.



**THE UNTRIED RANGER—BALLAD**

The rangers guard the land all day  
And watch the Mexicans,  
Who try to plunder, so they say,  
And burn, and steal, and kill.

They sat around their fire one night,  
A happy, merry lot,  
And in the failing half-moon light  
Appeared a stranger gay.

He was another, come to dog  
The path of Mexicans,  
And for his pet Jim kept a frog,  
From which he would not part.

Now Jimmy Hayes was very bright  
And popular in camp,  
And yet his courage and his might  
Had not been verified.

But at that time, though strange it was,  
The Mexicans were quiet,  
Till one bold leader, Soldaras,  
Began to steal and kill.

The rangers travelled north and west  
To catch this Soldaras,  
The latter was by far the best  
In giving them the slip.

One night the rangers, setting camp,  
Were hastily disturbed,  
When Soldaras upon their camp  
A daring raid performed.

He rushed upon them with great force  
And many a jeering jest,  
But all the rangers seized a horse  
To chase Sir Soldaras.

The outcome is, as you can guess,  
The bandit got away.  
The rangers' number was one less,  
Young Hayes had disappeared.

For weeks there was no sign of him,  
Nor sign of Soldaras,  
And so the rangers thought that Jim  
Had failed to prove his worth.

A ranger on patrol one morn  
Encountered the strange sight  
Of three men's skeletons forlorn,  
All lying bare and bleak.

By one there lay a big round hat,  
The hat of Soldaras,  
And near the other sadly sat  
The frog of Jimmy Hayes.

And thus was proved that Jimmy Hayes  
A coward had not been.  
But actually for many days  
A hero, brave, unseen.

—H. Gascoigne, IV.a.

**REMINISCENCES OF A FORMER  
PUBLIC SERVANT**

Back in those good old days of the year  
1942 I had just completed my Intermediate  
examinations and was thrilled about leaving  
school—who wouldn't be? Ah, I can remem-  
ber it well, just as if it were only yesterday.  
The facts all come back to me clearly, even  
now in my ripe old age.

I had my career all mapped out, for I  
knew someone in the Old Age Pensions Office  
in Melbourne, and on asking him several  
questions I was promptly told that I would  
be section manager in next to no time. This  
I believed, so I made an appointment and  
secured my position in the file-rooms of the  
Child Endowment Offices, three floors above  
my friend.

Unfortunately, I did not take command of  
the Child Endowment Departments as I ex-  
pected, nor did they accept me with open  
arms, for I was put into the file-room, where  
I filed away forms.

This procedure continued for several  
weeks, and I began to get very discontented  
(and how!) because all I did all day long  
was file away. I filed away cards from 0 to  
10,000 and, when I had finished that, I filed  
away cards from 10,000 to 0, then just for a  
change—I filed away. (Brrrr!)

Of course, my friend did not work as hard  
as I did. On one occasion he went on strike,  
and, taking up a pile of Old Age Pension  
cards, he would go to the rear of the file-  
cases and gently laying his head on the cards  
he would have a well-earned snooze—until  
the caretaker woke him at 7 o'clock. This  
was indeed a disgraceful habit. I would  
never think of doing anything of this nature.  
Why? Because the boss was far too quick  
for me.

I continued with this work until I got  
home-sick for the good old school, so I went  
and told the boss just what I thought of him  
in no uncertain manner (??? ahem!), and so  
retired. I then set out for the dear old school  
after exactly five weeks, three days and seven  
minutes in the Public Service.

—K. A. Madigan, V.

**A KILL**

The following is a true story told by the  
game-hunter himself. He is a tea-planter in  
India and his garden is in the region of Dar-  
jeeling, at the foot of the Himalayas. The  
jungle runs right up to the edge of the tea-  
garden, and grass snakes and cobras are to  
be found almost anywhere on account of the  
luxuriant growth. Pythons lie concealed in  
the matted branches of the trees overhead,  
hypnotizing peacocks and gorgeous parakeets  
that are to be found only in India. This is  
the land in which he lives, the unknown, the  
mysterious East.

About two o'clock one day in 1937 news  
was brought to this planter of a kill, a beauti-  
ful buffalo, killed on one of the well-worn  
tracks, leading to the river, in part of the  
densest and most impenetrable jungle close  
to the tea-gardens of which he was manager.  
The planter decided to build a stage fifteen  
feet high and twenty feet from the buffalo  
and sit up in it from about four o'clock that  
afternoon till dusk. After he had sat there  
until nine o'clock and nothing had happened,  
he then decided to place a live "kill" there  
next day. So a goat was pigoted to the  
same spot and again he sat on the stage that  
evening. He had not been there more than  
ten minutes, when he saw two fiery green  
eyes and a shadow, similar to that cast by  
the sun through the matted undergrowth,  
moving towards him from about two hun-  
dred yards away. The stealthy leopard  
moved silently forward until it came to within  
ten yards of the kill. The frightened goat  
began to bleat. The leopard advanced and  
played with the goat as a cat would with a  
mouse, till it became tired and then gave the  
goat a hard smack, breaking the rope with  
which it was tied and hurling it for about  
five yards across the pathway. The leopard  
then placed its four feet together, sprang  
high into the air and landed on the poor goat,  
completely covering it. By this time the  
planter had become so excited that he drop-  
ped a cartridge (a thing of the past in Aus-  
tralia these days) on the floor of the stage,  
with the result that the leopard looked up to  
see where the noise came from.

The planter took advantage of the excellent  
position and shot the leopard through the  
skull, killing it instantly. The leopard was

one of the best seen in that district and mea-  
sured seven feet, four inches from the tip of  
his nose to the tip of his tail. It was a very  
large animal for that species of leopard, with  
wonderfully clear markings.—M.E.W., IV.a.

**NATURE'S LESSON**

A gnarled old tree stands on the hill,  
Its branches gaunt and bare;  
Where once the thick green foliage  
Hung down all shining, there.

Now many years have passed away,  
But let's go back a few,  
And Father Time will tell a tale  
Of forests Nature grew.

Once round that tree a forest thrived,  
Some pioneers there came  
To clear and cultivate the land,  
And make a glorious name.

They cut and hewed the giant trees,  
To build their little town,  
But Fate straightway had sealed their doom,  
And Nature seemed to frown.

One night the storm clouds gathered,  
And thunder crashed around,  
The floods poured down the hill's bare sides,  
Those people were all drowned.

Just one young tree was left to stand  
Upon that lonely hill.  
It stands for all the world to see  
That Nature triumphs still.

For though man tried to ruin it,  
Old Nature stood the test,  
And taught adventure-seeking men  
She always knows the best.

—Esma Black, V.

### I WAS IN AN AFRICAN PRISON

We arrived in Durban, South Africa, on a Sunday in 1938. We were met on the wharf by my cousin and were soon in an old-fashioned little train on our way to Verlum, where my uncle and aunt lived. After about three-quarters of an hour's journey we finally reached the station, and were met by my aunt and uncle, who escorted us through crowds of native beggars who, because they were blind and lame, received a good living from the white people.

As my uncle was governor of the prison at Verlum I persuaded him to show me over the prison. The following day we went down to the prison. It was a rather formidable building. The walls were of stone and about ten feet high, and on top of the walls were iron spikes about three feet high. There were rows upon rows of cells for the native prisoners, and a few better cells for the white prisoners. The prison had a bakery, a laundry, a shoemaker's shop, and various other workshops to keep the prisoners occupied with useful work.

My uncle told me that one day a few years before our visit all the native prisoners, organised by a white man, made a gaol break. One day all the prisoners broke out and a riot followed, but before the prisoners could escape they were taken in hand by the guards and sent back to their cells. One native guard, while fighting with the rebels, fell on his head from a ledge twenty feet from the ground, but, apart from suffering a slight concussion, was not hurt. After I had seen everything of interest in the gaol, as a helpful experience my uncle locked me in solitary confinement for about half an hour. What an experience it was! It seemed more like two days in that gloomy cell.

In a room beside the governor's office there was a file room, where were kept the records of every prisoner.

My feelings concerning a South African county prison were rather mixed. My fears concerning the native guards were aroused when I saw these six-foot bronze giants, but I shall never forget the African prison, however long I live.—A. Brown, IV.a.

### WINTER

When the last brown leaves of Autumn flutter down,  
And every tree is lying bare;  
Who is it we see, with hoary, freezing hands,  
Come stealing through the chilling air?

On a clear, calm night, when stars are shining bright,  
And Old Man Wind is sleeping still;  
We feel the cold frost, in majesty serene,  
Come settling on the window sill.

When the first bright beams of sunshine stay his reign,  
And breezes lightly play once more;  
Who can now restore the splendour of the night  
But frost, as he has done before?

—F. Black, V.

### CAN COLDS BE CURED?

Science is busily at war with this public nuisance, which causes so much absenteeism every year, and relief to suffering humanity is in sight.

It is universally recognised that there is not much that can be done about curing a cold, that few modern remedies speed up the process, and that colds must run their course. It is highly improbable that colds can be prevented as other diseases are by vaccination.

Because very little can be done once a cold has a grip, science has gone further back. Investigations have been carried out, and it has been found that colds are due to viruses. Viruses are so small that an ordinary microscope fails to reveal them. An important discovery is the fact that they are air-borne.

Colds are not caused by cold weather. Proof of this lies in the fact that the disease is practically non-existent among the Eskimos. Most colds are caught indoors, partly because the virus is rendered practically harmless by the ultra-violet rays of the sun, and partly because the conditions are ideal for the virus indoors.

When cold weather starts we leave overheated rooms without sufficient protection. When the membranes in the nose have been overheated in a hot room and then suddenly cooled, the virus finds its work much easier. If ultra-violet lamps were installed in houses and public buildings, colds could be kept under control. Until the installation of such lamps we can only wait and hope and keep ourselves fit so that our resistance will be high.—Anon.

### THE SUGAR INDUSTRY

Cane sugar, or sucrose, is found in the roots, tubers, and stems of many plants. It is obtained chiefly from sugarbeet and sugarcane, and in U.S.A., to a small extent, from the sugar maple. It was originally grown in East India and Arabia, but was later transplanted to other tropical countries. Sugar is produced in nearly every European country.

The sugar industry may be divided into two classes, namely, the cane sugar and beet root sugar industries.

Sugarcane contains from 16% to 18% cane sugar, but beetroot contains only 13% to 14%. The beetroot industry did not thrive until 1830, when previous cultivations and seed selections were improved and new machines lowered the cost of labour.

In the cane sugar industry, the canes are cut up and passed between hot rollers, thereby squeezing out the juice. The juice (19-20% sugar), plus organic and inorganic impurities, is run into a "clarifier," or copper vessel, and boiled with lime. The lime salts of the organic acids form a scum on the surface, and are removed. The juice is then concentrated to the point of crystallization, after which it is run into a centrifugal machine, which separates the crystals and molasses.

The beetroot sugar industry is much more complicated. Together with the sucrose in the root there is another of the numerous members of the hydrocarbons, called Raffinose, which remains in the molasses. There are also small quantities of citric, oxalic, tannic, and tartaric acids, albumen, asparagine, and betaine.

In the first step of the extraction the roots are washed and shredded into thin slices, and then washed again in warm water by a process similar to dialysis. This is called "diffusion." In the dialyser the cell wall acts as a diaphragm, through which sugar and other crystalline substances pass, while albumen and all other contents of the cell are retained.

The process of extracting the juice is carried out in a series of tanks. Fresh pulp enters at one end, and the extracted pulp issues from the other end. The juice is then treated with lime, as in the cane process. Carbon dioxide is then bubbled through the mixture to decompose the saccharosate of lime (this is the lime salt of saccharic acid, which is formed

by the oxidation of glucose during the extraction of the sugar). These two latter processes are called "defecation" and "saturation" respectively. The mixture is then filtered and evaporated in vacuum pans to the point of crystallization. This is run off and crystallized in separate pans.

The raw sugar has a brown or yellow colour, and requires refining, which is usually done in separate factories. The sugar is dissolved in water and heated with lime and filtered. The solution is then circulated through long, cylindrical vessels containing animal charcoal, which removes all colouration caused by organic impurities. After this, the sugar is again crystallized and made ready for use.

Some of the sugar is left in the molasses, and for a long time this was considered a waste product. But about fifteen years ago a distillery was built in one of the Queensland sugar districts to produce power alcohol to supplement imported supplies of petrol. This industry has grown enormously, and demands for power alcohol and other products derived from molasses now consume the total output of molasses, and so it has become necessary to use raw sugar for these and many other chemicals.

At one time the woody material left after crushing the juice out of the cane—bagasse—was wasted. Later on it was used as fuel for the factories. A few years ago a large factory was erected in Sydney for the production of a special building board, which has good insulating properties; now it is turning out millions of square feet of this valuable building material from the surplus of bagasse.—R.A.W.

### THE SUNRISE

The magpie's song is echoing  
All up and down the vale,  
And all the birds are singing  
In mountain tops and dale.  
The sun will soon be rising,  
The clouds show colours gay,  
And all the birds are saying,  
"It is the dawn of day!"  
The sun has now arisen,  
A shining, golden ball,  
Against the glowing colours  
It sheds its light o'er all.

—Gwen McCallum, III.b.



## SPITFIRE'S VICTORY

Robert Mitchell was his name,  
A Godsend to the nation.  
For, when to war the world was flung,  
His dreams reached culmination.

He watched the seagulls in the sky,  
And had an inspiration;  
Could not he design a plane  
To help on aviation?

At last he started to design,  
But money stayed his hand,  
Till Lady Huston helped him on  
By heeding his demand.

He then completed this great task  
With aid of pilot Crisp,  
Who won the famous Schneider Cup  
By taking many a risk.

And then his hopes and dreams took form,  
For even better things;  
He always saw his plan in mind,  
A graceful ship with wings.

To Germany one year he went,  
Because of his ill-health,  
And saw that aviation there  
Was being built by stealth.

He then returned to England's shores  
To issue there a warning,  
And tried to tell the Government  
Another war was dawning.

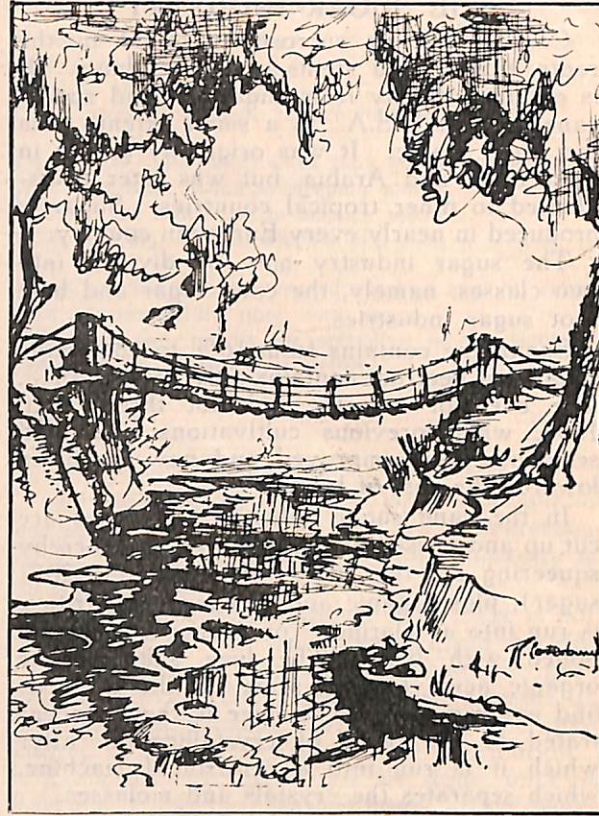
But the Powers That Be refused to heed  
The words that he had spoken.  
They did not seem to realize that  
The treaty had been broken.

So he determined to construct  
A plane that would be faster;  
Began to build with thoughts of war,  
To conquer and be master.

He worked by day, he worked by night,  
Until his hours were numbered.  
We all had cause to thank this man,  
When rising war clouds thundered.

The "Spitfire" was the name he gave  
That plane so small but fast.  
To-day it races through the sky,  
To victory at last.

—Dorothy Walker, IV.c.



Suspension Bridge, Dandenong Creek

## THE PATHFINDERS

A weary band pushed their way through dense undergrowth, through the mud and rising flood waters. They had been exploring an ancient river valley, through which there ran a river swollen with flood waters, when they had been overtaken by a heavy storm, which forced them to take shelter.

They remained in the shelter of the trees for some time, but eventually realized that an effort must be made to reach safety, for the water was rising about their ankles. A start was made, and the band soon found that they were on the rising ground on the side of the river valley. Therefore they were able to halt, and while looking back at the valley they gathered around a man who appeared to be their leader.

The leader happened to be Mr. Steele, for this was a geography excursion to the Dandenong Creek.—K. Madigan, V.

## THE CLOCK MAKER

Many years ago, when yon green slope was covered with tall firs and pines, and instead of that red-roofed town there were deep forests, black as night, on the banks of the lake there was a small village.

In fact, it was hardly a village; only a few houses and shops along one narrow, cobbled street and a small grey stone church on top of the little hill. The people there were hard-working folk, mostly woodcutters from the hills, but there were tradesmen also, and one of these was old Jacob.

There had been a Jacob, the clockmaker, for as long as the villagers could remember, and this was the first Jacob's grandson. A very small, wizened face he had, brown and wrinkled as the boulders on the mountain slope, and thick white hair, so long that he was constantly brushing it away from his face with a long, knotted hand.

Quite a treat it was to step inside his shop, the people used to say; and very proud he was to show you his work, too. There were cuckoo clocks, clocks with quaint carved wooden figures of animals and birds, clocks with little bells rung by small men or hung round the waists of rosy milkmaids; and these are only a few, for there were many others of his making.

Then came Christmas. Such a gay time it was, with the merry lights, the snow shining white in the dark forests, and the tinkle of skates on the frozen lake.

There was always a big party on Christmas Eve, with much talking and dancing and happy laughter. Old Jacob was there, in his best suit, his face more creased than ever with smiling, his white hair tidily in place.

Silence comes suddenly, even in the midst of the gayest revels, as it did then. A hush fell over the dancers in their bright clothes, and they stood, half-expectantly, as if awaiting something. The silence was broken by one of Jacob's own little clocks striking the midnight hour. Then they noticed something. The cuckoo had not returned to its box.

Old Jacob knew what it was. Oh, yes, had not the same thing happened to his father before him? A bad omen it was, and no mistake. Very superstitious they were, one and all, and many looked out into the gloomy dark-

ness wondering what the morning would bring.

The whisper of a bad omen ran through the village on Christmas Day. Very few played on the lake, for the ice had broken, and patches of dark-blue water were showing through the glittering ice.

They found him on the lake, his white hair very lank, and his frail body shrunken beneath his wet, half-frozen clothes. His shop was empty, and many of his clocks were seen floating down the stream which led from the lake. They knew that never again would they hear the sound of bells down the narrow street or see the white head bent over the wooden bench, and the old ones just shake their heads, for they know.—D. Dow, III.a.

## BATAN

Amongst the world's war stories  
There's one that will be told;  
In history's sad pages  
It never will grow old,  
And that is of the fight begun  
And ended in Batan.

The brave men who were struggling  
To keep the foe away  
Grew less and less in number,  
And closer grew the day  
When Japanese would send a force  
And wipe out every man.

Nurses tended wounded men,  
In need of care and rest,  
While friends, whose ranks were thinning,  
Tried hard to do their best  
To keep the enemy away  
Till reinforcements came.

At last the dreaded day came.  
The enemy had won.  
And down the streets came marching,  
'Neath flags with setting sun,  
A foe both dangerous and cruel,  
Who thought war was a game.

And somewhere in a prison  
Those brave defenders work;  
In each mind is the same thought,  
So none of them will shirk,  
Because they know the day will come  
When Freedom reigns once more.

—Esma Black, V.

## AUTUMN

Was it but yesterday that the sky was azure blue and the soft, drowsy quiet was everywhere? Today, looking up at the grey clouds, one would not think so. Autumn has come, and, as I walk through the bush, I think that the beautifully tinted leaves could be but the work of an artist.

Suddenly a hundred different voices break into song. Sweetly the sound rings through the clear air of magpies, carolling in their flute-like notes of the mysterious secrets of the bush creatures.

Jacky Winter, tom-tits, Robin Red Breasts, and dozens of others lend their bright colours to the lovely scene.

The sun has broken through the clouds now, and the tom-tits' yellow backs flash in the mellow sunshine as they fly from tree to tree. A little sparrow has alighted on a nearby branch and blends its cheerful chirping in the sweet melody.

The Jacky Winters' voices can be picked out for their round, full notes, which grow rounder and fuller as the cold weather draws in.—Betty Evans, II.b.



## COLOURS

Each answer is a colour—no prizes offered. Our school is a bright place, not only in mind. Our names are bright colours, as here you will find. A smart fifth former—a man about town. We think he's a flower that's oft coloured B— A very fine runner—you hardly would think That such a good sprinter would be called P— On hockey this golden-haired lass is quite keen. It's easily seen that her name is called G— Two in II.b. There may be a fight. Initialled by "I" and both surnamed W— Of poetical talent she does not lack; Her name, but not her nature, is B— In Form II.c we would not like to say Why a bright little girl should be G— So dress us in scarlet, dark and light blue; We always are bright, whatever the hue.

—A Nonny-Mouse.

## CAUTIONARY TALES

(With Apologies to Hilaire Belloc)

Belinda had a fancy great  
For staying at the baths too late.  
Her mother warned her oft and oft,  
But Linda simply stood and scoffed.  
One night she meant to stay till ten,  
But she was never seen again.  
So, children, do just as you ought,  
For Linda shrank away to nought.

—D.H.G.

## THE 'OT DOG STALL

Pheee-p. The whistle is blown at the conclusion of drill on Monday morning, and immediately every one "makes a dash" for the quadrangle. Distinguishable from the general noise and bustle are children's voices calling out such cryptic remarks as: "If we don't hurry we won't get one," or "Do you think there'll be any left?"

The quadrangle is a scene of much activity, with everyone pushing, pulling, or just digging the next person in the ribs in an earnest endeavour to obtain a position in the queue that is being formed in front of a stall erected on the verandah.

In a prominent position beside this stall stands a member of the Dandenong High School teaching staff, who, being assured of an attentive audience, raises one hand in dramatic gesture and, in a voice vastly different from the dulcet tones which classes are accustomed to hear, yells lustily, "'Ot dogs! 'Ot dogs! Roll up! Roll up!" Then, in slightly modified tones, "High pedigree, mind you." Some people may think this enthusiasm misplaced and not a little undignified, but there is nothing like a little encouragement, is there? And, who knows but that some timid child who otherwise would have hesitated will not step boldly forward and ask for an, er—'ot dog?

The success of this stall is due to much hard work on the part of both Form I.a and Mr. Sinclair; not to mention three sweet-natured girls who laboriously cut up the bread rolls every Monday morning. "They also serve who only stand and wait," said Milton. Well, I.a has waited, and can now boast of having made £15/1/1 in term II., which has considerably helped to swell the total amount sent away by the Dandenong High School to the State Schools' War Relief Fund.—M.

## MAURICE, THE MOUSE

In the domestic quarters of the magnificent mansion which was the home of Lord and Lady Twaddle, the atmosphere was, to say the least of it, rather strained. The garrulous cook, Mrs. Peters, for once silenced, was staring incredulously at the minute specimen of animal life which was the centre of everyone's attention. Jeffreys, the butler, who was even past staring, sat with closed eyes in stunned silence. The housemaid just sat; her eyes growing larger than the proverbial saucers. On the other hand, Tilly, Lady Twaddle's personal maid, had fallen in a dead faint to the floor, where she still lay, as no one had had the presence of mind to pick her up.

Meanwhile, Maurice, the mouse, was enjoying himself hugely. It was, he reflected, the first time in the whole of his uninteresting life that he had come into the limelight, and having done so he meant to make the most of his opportunity. He only regretted that the rest of the staff had been granted a holiday on this particular Friday evening.

I think it would be as well here to tell you a little concerning this amazing mouse.

Maurice was (or had been) the small, inconspicuous mouse that haunted the kitchen and pantry after lights out. Being very timid he seldom allowed anyone to come near, but those who managed to do so had been rather disparaging in their remarks about him. They spoke contemptuously of his mousy brown fur and his wispy tail, and laughed openly at his astoundingly long whiskers, which gave rather an apologetic appearance to his pointed little face.

This being the acknowledged opinion of Maurice, imagine the overwhelming amazement of these good people when Maurice, timid little Maurice, popped out from under a loose board in the corner of the kitchen and strolled, as only mice can stroll, across to the centre of the room. Here he paused, and, seating himself on the rug, turned to survey the company. "Good evening," he said. Then, having observed the effect of this brief speech, he calmly turned his back on them, and in the ensuing silence diligently arranged his whiskers to his satisfaction.

Jeffreys, who was the first to recover, took a step towards Maurice, and said in a



Have you heard the wind  
Draw a song from the trees?  
Have you seen the branches  
Trembling in the breeze?  
Have you found a cobweb  
Hanging in the grass,  
Drenched by sparkling dew-drops  
That fall as you pass?

Have you gathered poppies  
Red among the corn?  
Have you waited on a hill  
Watching for the dawn?  
Have you seen a blossom  
Change from flower to fruit?  
Have you heard a bell-bird sing  
And an owl hoot?

Have you seen the white surf  
Breaking on the sand?  
Has a gipsy ever told your fortune  
By your hand?  
Have you watched a kitten  
Sleeping in the sun?  
Or the daylight fade to dusk  
When the day is done?

Is your life a joy to you?  
Does your laugh ring free?  
Can you ease your pain with joy  
Stored in memory?  
When for you the night has fallen  
And you tread in gloom,  
Do you realize that for many  
It is afternoon?

If you learn these simple joys  
Till you know them well,  
Life will hold contentment  
Nothing can dispel.

—Betty Beavis, IV.a.

strained voice, a few tones higher than usual, "Er, did you speak then, Maurice?" "Yes," replied Maurice, unconcernedly, still persevering with his whiskers. "I-I thought you did," gasped Jeffreys in a strangled voice, retreating a couple of steps.

By now, the others, namely, the cook and housemaid, had regained sufficient control of their senses to take notice of what was going on. Mrs. Peters, hospitable soul, smiled at Maurice. "Would you care for something to eat?" she asked kindly. For the first time Maurice evinced a little interest. "Do you know," he said animatedly, "I would enjoy a snack of cheese, with a little milk afterwards. That is," he added politely, "if you can spare it." "Of course I can spare it," gushed Mrs. Peters, her old self again. "Thank you," replied Maurice coldly, not a whit gratified by the kindness bestowed on him.

The cook hastened away to get the milk and cheese. In her absence the butler made another attempt at conversation. "How long did it take you to master the human language, eh?" he asked jovially, forcing a ghastly smile to spread over his face. Maurice stared at him till the smile had quite disappeared. Then, "I couldn't say offhand," he remarked airily, "though I don't suppose I took as long as you're going to take," he concluded insolently. Jeffreys gazed at him in speechless rage, slowly clenching his hands. But this brazen mouse was undaunted. "I was in the pantry the other day," he confided. "You know, the day Mrs. Peters was sick in bed and you were helping Elsie (nodding to the housemaid). Don't you remember?" he repeated significantly. "The day you helped Elsie in the pantry." "Oh, yes," cried the butler, who had distinct and, er, happy recollections of that day. "I thought perhaps you might," stated Maurice, smiling complacently, seeing that the butler was once more smiling amiably at him. Focussing his gaze on Elsie, he asked smugly, "Do you remember, too?" "Yes," breathed Elsie, battling hard to change a murderous scowl to an angelic smile. But Maurice, not noticing anything amiss with Elsie's appearance, smiled up at her and said graciously, "You may nurse me if you wish. But mind," wagging an admonishing forefinger, "Don't

stroke my fur up the wrong way." Elsie, who was allergic to mice, picked up Maurice with a do-or-die expression on her face and proceeded to stroke his soft fur gently.

A few minutes later, she cried softly, "Why, he's asleep." Then, looking closer, "I do believe he's dead," she exclaimed, managing to put a sob into her voice. The butler expressed his excessive grief, and Mrs. Peters, returning with the cheese and milk, remarked that he had better not be left where the cat could get him. "I mean to say, you know, a mouse that talks." Then Tilly, coming to, gasped, "Water," so Elsie gingerly carried the rigid little corpse out to the lily pond, not having the slightest qualms at having deliberately killed an almost innocent little mouse.

But do not think Maurice would have been sorry to die. He had had his moment of triumph.—Mary Murphy, III.a.



WILBUR FORM 119.

#### AUSTRALIA'S MEN

You are the men of Australia  
Who fought to save your land,  
To save your dearest loved ones  
From the foe's avenging hand.

You did not fight for riches,  
You did not fight for gain;  
You fought for your Australia,  
Her freedom to maintain.

And when there comes the ending,  
When you've made your final stand,  
May you have a place of honour  
At God's Almighty hand.

—Anne Fitzpatrick, V.

#### THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE

A happy thought for everyone,  
A welcome little smile,  
Will give your heart such boundless joy  
And make life seem worth-while.

A merry joke when things look black,  
Some lilted, laughing song,  
And soon your days may be more bright,  
Your pleasures sweet and long.

A kind and reassuring word  
For people sick in mind  
Will make your joys seem quite threefold,  
And leave their cares behind.

The best things, now, in life are free,  
And giving makes us glad.  
So why not try and make folks gay  
Instead of being sad.

—Esma Black, V.



They died, and for what but a handful of ashes—  
A thing we call Honour and Glory, or Fame.  
We say that they fought for their country and  
Freedom,  
While our souls are still bound to this earth by  
the chain  
Of our pride in their virtue, our smug verse and song.  
But what does it matter? It is they who are gone.

—Patricia Dow, IV.a.

#### PLASTICS

In recent years we have witnessed the appearance of a new group of materials in the markets of the world. It is the rapidly growing assortment of plastics which are being fashioned into articles, which were previously made from wood or metal. New plastics are constantly being discovered, and there seems no limit to the variety of products it is possible to make from them. So great are their possibilities that many business men predict that their effect on our lives in the near future will be as revolutionary as was that of the internal combustion engine.

One of the first of these compounds to find widespread commercial use was bakelite, so named to commemorate its inventor, Baekeland. Bakelite is typical of a large group of plastics. It is prepared by heating phenol or carbolic acid crystals with formaldehyde. The sticky mass may be moulded into any shape, and is used extensively in the manufacture of knife handles and similar articles. To produce bakelite and allied plastics for wartime use several Australian factories are making large quantities of synthetic phenol.

An example of a plastic obtained from natural products is casein, extracted from milk, and familiar to the public in the form of the non-inflammable comb. From coal, amongst countless other products, come several interesting plastics. Acetylene is prepared from coke, and, by chemical methods, is converted into butacite (polyvinyl acetal resin). Its chief characteristic is its great elasticity. It is also transparent. These properties are used by employing it in the making of shatter-proof glass. An electric light globe previously painted with butacite may be safely crushed in the hand. No cuts will be sustained by the person holding it. This compound has naturally been used for numerous purposes during the present war. Yet another plastic obtained from coal is nylon. Described as "the 20th Century Marvel," nylon seems to be limitless in its uses. This wonderful plastic, a man-made protein, more correctly known as polamide, is vastly superior to silk. When spun into threads it is much stronger than silk, but possesses all the other attributes of the natural product. This makes it an ideal medium in the construction of parachutes. Amongst numerous other plastics in use today

is lucite, a transparent plastic noted for its capacity for transmitting light around curves.

Though the commercial use of plastics is at present limited to small articles, a decade hence may see the almost exclusive use of these compounds in aeroplane and ship construction.—N. Fletcher, IV.a.



Susanna Smith would speak in school,  
With shocking disregard for rule.  
Her teacher, worried to distraction  
(For impots gave no satisfaction),  
Considered for a little space,  
A pillow placed on Susie's face.  
Children, when you feel temptation,  
Think of Susie's suffocation.

—D.H.G.

The velvet rose still wafts its scent  
Into the night, when the star its cold light sheds,  
And lotus flowers and poppies hang their heads  
In the garden, where the Princess went  
To burn her incense 'mid the flower beds.

Soon the purple grapes will hang  
Above the golden doorways and archways wide,  
While sun-browned girls with almond eyes shall hide  
Behind the fountain bright that sang  
The same light lay before the Princess died.

—D. Dow. III.a.

#### A BALLAD

A band of wandering gipsies  
Had camped beside the way,  
They gladly drank the steaming tea  
After a sultry day.

The shadows flickered in the grass  
Around the leaping fire,  
While thro' the darkening twilit air  
Their merry songs rose higher.

The stars shone faintly through the trees,  
A caravan gleamed white;  
The laughter and the song gave place  
To music of the night.

A sudden storm broke on the camp,  
The lightning cleft the sky;  
The heavy wind lashed through the trees  
And bore the canvas high.

The horses maddened by the noise  
Raced through the startled crowd,  
Heedless of all things other than  
The thunder low and loud.

One tiny girl, scarce two years old,  
Had wandered, and alack!  
She now was standing, terrified,  
Right in the horses' track.

The fascinated watchers stared,  
Her father moved at last,  
He caught the child aside,  
Just as the trampling horses passed.

The silence broke. The cheers rang out!  
The wind grew hushed and mild,  
And as the dawn spread o'er the sky  
The child looked up and smiled.

—Betty Beavis, IV.a.

#### IT MUST BE LUCK

Old Harry is fond of his lighthouse. They have become firm friends, mainly because they both hate the sea, but also because it is not hard to become attached when seven miles from anywhere with only the elements of nature as company. It is queer friendship, admittedly, but none the less a true one. Many are the times Harry decides that he has had enough, and rushes out on the narrow rock platform, determined to "end it all," but each time he is forced to stop, because he instinctively feels the lighthouse there behind him raising its sturdy rock finger into the sky. Staunch and everlasting, it seems to dare the sea to batter and break its immovable structure if it will, and then to laugh at the wasted fury of the waves when they take up the challenge. Yes, Harry turns back and sits down with his back against his old friend and thinks. . . .

His thoughts fly back thirty years. He remembers the day when he, Edward Stanley Dyason, took Mary Elizabeth Lawrence as his wife. Mary slowly changed him from a rough, quick-tempered, job-a-day youth to a good-natured, independent man. Time and time again he thought to himself, "It must be my luck. What have I done to deserve Mary and her love?" Almost immediately she had renamed him Harry, and he had obtained a position as assistant clerk, with a steady income. He had worked hard for her sake, and, putting their heads together, they calculated that in about three years they would have enough money put away for a holiday to Queensland on a little coastal vessel which they had often seen and admired from a distance.

When the time approached for which they had long been planning, Harry went to great pains trying to explain to their two children, whom he idolized, that they were going for a ride on a big boat. Dorothy, the elder of the two children, had great difficulty in explaining to her dubious young brother, Harry junior, that a boat was a "fing which people went on the sea for trips wif," and not a ferocious animal which had special capabilities for digesting small boys two years of age named Harry.

At last the long-awaited day arrived, and

the Dyason family set off on their holiday. Harry had good reason to feel contented with the world in general as the "Hawk" slowly steamed out of the harbour. His boss had promised him a position as manager on his return, and he was admiring the harbour, his family, and everything in general through specially rose-coloured glasses. Harry, junior, having got over his distrust for boats, had a most effective toe-hold on his sister. Mrs. Dyason expressed her happiness to her husband by saying that she thought she was the luckiest person in the world. Harry, however, said that he held this position, and so she would have to be contented with second place. A while later, after passing through the Heads, Mrs. Dyason remarked on a lighthouse about half a mile away. Harry jokingly remarked that he would not like to live there very much, and then went into a lengthy explanation of a lighthouse for young Harry's benefit.

The days passed far too quickly for Harry, and it seemed no time at all when the little steamer was again passing the lighthouse on its return journey. There was a marked change in the weather, however, and the little steamer pitched and tossed in a choppy sea. The wind was blowing a gale, and rain and sleet pelted on the deck. Suddenly the man at the wheel started and yelled to the captain, "Rocks dead ahead, sir." Hearing the cry, Harry bounded up to the deck just in time to feel a tremendous vibration shake the vessel from stem to stern, and a grinding noise which at once told him what had happened. The ship had foundered. . . .

Yes, old Harry thinks a lot; thinks and remembers. Remembers how after the crash everything went black, remembers the rush back to consciousness, the fight with the sea, icy water enveloping him, the struggle against the fury of the waves till he was hauled up, more dead than alive, on to the lighthouse. He remembers an old man bending over him hours later, saying, "Son, you certainly had luck, the only one saved. . . ."

"I'm lucky," thinks Harry, slowly standing up, "I certainly am lucky." He turns, glances up to the stormy sky, and shrugs his shoulders. He slowly enters the lighthouse. The door slams shut.—S.E.A., IV.a.



### A LETTER FROM R. D. CRABTREE

Many who were at Dandenong High School in 1941 will be pleased to hear that Sgt. R. D. Crabtree, R.A.A.F., has passed his wings test while in Canada. He is now stationed in England, and has been recommended for a commission. We give below extracts from some of his letters.

"Most of the houses are lined with five-ply, fibrolite, or asbestos sheeting, plus a packing between outer and inner walls of shavings, thus keeping the house warm in winter and preventing the heat from escaping from the heating unit. This last winter, the worst for many years, saw the temperature drop to nearly 40deg. F. below zero. I mean 0deg. F., not freezing point (32deg. F.). This is not as bad as it can be in Russia, but I hope we do not encounter anything like it."

"Friday was sports day. The Anzacs did well. I won both the one mile, in the slow time of 5 minutes 29 seconds, and the 880 yards in 2.22 minutes, which was better, as I ran my own race. This was on a bad track, uphill, into the wind, and with sandshoes, but I was never challenged at any stage. Received a torch and a pocket wallet for my efforts."

"Now I must train for the inter-station sports, to be held at a large city north of here. I never had so much attention showered on me as I did today from senior officers, who rubbed me down and cared for me like one of their own children."

### ONCE UPON A TIME

At first it was only a speck on the hot, dusty road, then it was a man, then it was right at my gate, an old tramp with red whiskers.

"Hot, eh?" I said.

He gazed around with bleary eyes at the never-ending yellow haze of plain, then turned to me and grunted. A moment later he snatched his battered hat from his bald and shiny-topped head and scrubbed it vigorously over his face. Then, slowly, carefully, he replaced it and winked laboriously at me.

The long wooden gate looked inviting; he leaned over the top while I sat on the top bar. I grinned, he grinned.

So that settled it. I started to smoke and he chewed some villainous black baccy, and altogether nothing was said for just about five minutes. But he knew it had to be one or the other of us, and looking at his wide, laughing mouth I preferred that he should be the one to talk.

Perhaps he thought so, too, for presently he coughed.

I took my cue.

"Weren't always so flat round here, I bet," and I indicated with a vague motion the surrounding country.

He jumped at the opportunity.

"No, sir! Why, I can remember—." He broke off and looked at me, and he knew that I knew. Quite unperturbed, he settled down to entertain me.

"At least, it ain't me as can rightly remember, it was the old man. Told me all about 'imself, and true it is, every word of it. Even my ma said it were true, and she oughter know."

He looked at me for approbation, and my look of feigned surprise must have been effective, for he resumed with quite a confident air.

"You mighn't believe it, but around 'ere was all big mountains and such. Looking round about now 'tisn't anything but just flat, and don't look as if it was ever anyways different."

But it was, and up in them mountains lived a family, and what a family! They was the biggest, quarrelsome lot I—at least my pa," he corrected himself, "ever seen in a lifetime. All big, brawny chaps, too, and always havin'

rows and fighting somethink terrible, till one day their ma said as what she was goin' ter clear out 'cause she was fed up.

Then did those boys kick up a row. No one to cook their tucker, no one ter mend their socks, not that the socks mattered—it was only the thought of the cookin' that made 'em sore.

But it only started another row. They were all blaming each other for annoyin' their ma. Soon, one of 'em gets in a pretty bad way, and off he goes and fires the forest. Now, bein' summer time, and the timber pretty dry and all, weren't long afore the old homestead were surrounded by flames.

And what a fire it was! 'Undreds of feet high, and rabbits and birds and things goin' fer their life, and smoke and heat and loud cracks and crashes as the big trees fell, with insides all burnt out. So you can see that their ma must of been pretty scared.

Well, considerin' all that, one of the fellers thought if we start ter try and get ma out of 'ere there'd be a fight as ter who's ter do it. Then one by one he called his brothers into the room and hit them over the head with the old poker that stood in the fireplace, and when they was all nice and quiet like he went ter get his ma, see?"

I saw all right, and commended this admirable piece of strategy by an energetic shake of the head.

He resumed. "Of course she was all cryin' and spillin' tears all over the place, so he gave her a crack, too, and shoved 'er over his shoulder, and off he went."

There was a dramatic pause. "Now you mightn't believe it, but that chap shoved his ma into the water tank and hopped in after 'er, and they was there fer seven whole days! The whole forest was burnt, and the old house and everyone in it, tho' I s'pose the others didn't mind, since they was stone cold at the time. And, do you know what? There wasn't anything left standing upon all those hills but that water tank! Everything else was burnt ter the ground."

I was silent, not quite knowing how to take this news.

"But," he continued, "this poor brave chap, after having so gallantly rescued his ma from the evils of a family as well as of the fire—well, I hate ter have ter say it, but he was punished for his righteousness."

I looked sympathetically at my storyteller's face.

"You see, his beard was singed by the fire, and ever after, whenever he grew his whiskers, they was all red like those flames."

His eyes were lowered to the ground and his face was averted, but all I could see were his bushy red whiskers, and then I think I laughed till I cried.

He said not a word but walked slowly down the road, and I watched him till he was only a black speck on the horizon.

It was not till then that I realized that he had not told me after all why the country was flat.—Patricia Dow, IV.a.



I saw you on the long brown road,  
And the burden you bore was laughter's load,  
And dew smiled on your feet.  
But your face was not of the face of men,  
Tho' I heard your voice and your laugh again,  
The passing vision fleet.

I saw you by the still cool stream,  
And your face was sweet as a fairy dream,  
And the rain hid in your hair.  
But your hand was cold as the snows of Time,  
Tho' you sang in a tune without word or rime,  
The song of memories fair.

I saw you in the moonlight clear,  
And your face was terrible with fear,  
And stars thronged round your head.  
But your voice was a melody filled with a smile,  
Tho' the love that you gave has fled for all while,  
The love of one long dead.

—Patricia Dow, IV.a.

# Examination Results, 1942

Alexander Rushall Scholarship: Robert Wills.

Junior Scholarships: Ruth Goldsack, Shirley de Graaff, Marjorie Webster.

### Free Places:

Diana Dow, Dorothy Griffiths, Heather McPherson, Peter Richardson, Wilma Trewern.

### LEAVING CERTIFICATE HONOURS

Allan Reid—Geography, 3rd class.

Betty Crump—Greek and Roman History, 2nd class; British History, 2nd class; Drawing, 3rd class.

Evelyn Dee—Greek and Roman History, 2nd class, British History, 3rd class.

### LEAVING CERTIFICATE AND MATRICULATION

Graham Brown  
Pasqual Ginevra  
William Masters  
John McPherson  
Edward Reedy  
Allan Reid  
Ronald Wilkinson  
William Young

Kathleen Beavis  
Hazel Dennis  
Elizabeth Gardiner  
Nancy Hamilton  
Marie Hill  
Florence Honeychurch  
Alma Hunt

Frances Miles  
Ivy Mitchell  
Marjorie Pierrehumbert  
Patricia Valentine  
Kathleen Waddleton  
Gillian Ward  
Audrey Wigg

### LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Joyce Badenhop

### INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE

Robert Canterbury  
Arthur Dann  
Alan Dean  
Roy Duffin  
Eric Grant  
Russell Hill  
Richard Hurley  
Donald Hutchinson  
Donald Matthews  
Westley Melgaard  
George Middleton  
Brian Motton  
Norman Russell  
Keith Madigan  
David Thomson  
Leslie Vick  
Robert Wills  
Kent Wilson  
Jean Allison

Joan Bailey  
Mellis Baines  
Mary Biffen  
Esma Black  
June Blundell  
Ellen Child  
Thelma Corbel  
Clare Cornish  
Hazel Cropley  
June Edwards  
Allison Ellem  
Jean Falloon  
Mary Ferguson  
Monica Ferguson  
Anne Fitzpatrick  
Gwendoline Fowler  
Nancy Gardiner  
Alma Gascoigne

Mary Gearon  
Betty Green  
Patricia Grogan  
Joyce Hadden  
Vera Harkness  
Valerie Hicks  
Dawn Jamieson  
Heather MacGregor  
Marjorie McLennan  
Isabella McQueen  
June Masters  
Margaret Mayhew  
Joyce Parkhill  
Ailsa Quince  
Ivy Smart  
Patricia Sproat  
Shirley Warfe  
Joan Watson

## OUR DRIED VINE FRUITS INDUSTRY

The quantity of dried vine fruits produced in Australia in the current year was approximately ninety-two thousand tons. The crop was made up of sultanas, currants and lexias, currants being the bulk of the yield.

Since the war began, the demand for these fruits has absorbed the whole of the supplies available. In Australia alone the requirements of the Forces and civilians have increased consumption from 16,000 to 24,000 tons—who would have thought we eat that much of dried fruits alone?

The increase is largely due to the fact that dried fruit is highly concentrated with energy-yielding food values and these special nutritious properties are of great value in war-time, for the food is rich in vitamins, minerals and sugar.

All dried fruits are subject to strict examination by officers of the Inspection Branch of the Commonwealth Department of Commerce before they are allowed to be sold. All fruits shipped overseas are accompanied by a certificate of grade and quality.

Branches of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research have obtained excellent results from experiments in pruning, fertilizers, irrigation, drying, etc.

The cultivation, picking, processing, packing, etc., employ a very large number of people along the Murray River, particularly at Mildura and Renmark in South Australia.

This production of dried fruits is also carried out in N.S.W. and W.A., and here also considerable labour is employed.

The satisfactory state of the Australian Dried Fruits Industry is due to the fact that it has been possible to sell practically the whole of the export surplus of Australian currants, sultanas and lexias to the United Kingdom, Canada and New Zealand in competition with the dried fruits industry of other countries, where the cost of production is lower. The export surplus of Australia at present ranges from 75-80 per cent. of the total production.

The success and stability of this industry, which realizes about £4,000,000 annually, entirely depends on these tariff preferences existing in the United Kingdom, Canada and New Zealand, and whatever may be the outcome of the war these tariffs must be con-

tinued or replaced by some suitable internationally-controlled market if the stability of this industry is to be ensured. There must be payable overseas markets for our surplus, otherwise the keen competition of the cheaper-producing countries would ruin the industry in Australia.—R.A.W.

### A THUNDER-STORM

The air is sullen, hot and still,  
And black clouds gather o'er the hill,  
The rising wind, the blowing spray,  
All tell their tale of a summer's day.  
A growl to the west, a rumble low,  
The seagulls flying to and fro,  
A lightning flash strikes down a tree,  
The storm approaches, strong and free.

—Irene Carlos, I.I.A.

### LASTING BEAUTY

I see the windmill by the water's edge  
And cattle grazing in the silent morn,  
While over there the mushrooms, newly born,  
Spring from the ground on green and grassy ledge.  
The little water-course, far down below,  
Will still continue, flowing day by day,  
Ne'er faltering, ne'er failing on its way,  
As human hearts may faint beneath a blow.  
The little butterflies flit blithely in the air,  
And as the care-free rabbits scurry by,  
Straightway my eyes lift upward to the sky  
To see what wondrous beauty waits us there;  
And there we find, if we but wish to see,  
A fadeless beauty which will always be.

—Joyce Parkhill, V.

### EVENING

It is late afternoon and the slanting rays of the blood-red sun fling deep shadows across the landscape. The day and darkness intermingle till the sky is painted with colours and shades that may never be seen again. Darkness creeps on across the dome of blue, but still towards the west the deep colours are dissolved in the rays of the fast-sinking sun.

In a flood of glory, an unclouded blaze, the crimson orb sinks to its resting place. Faintly the stars gleam like candles, and yet bright like the scintillating lights from diamonds.

While night surely claims the world, a wandering zephyr from the bush close by caresses the gum-tips with loving fingers and seems to be whispering soft tales of long ago, when blacks wandered on places where to-day great cities stand.

Returning ankle-deep in dewy flowers, one pauses to breathe the scented sweetness of the night.—Mary Findley, III.b.

BRITISH MUSIC SOCIETY CONCERTS

During this year the British Music Society has held several concerts in the Assembly Hall for the schools.

Before each item a little about the life and work of the composer was explained and the item itself was described. These annotations helped to make the programme very interesting.

At one concert there were heard several original songs, composed by girls from the Methodist Ladies' College, and sung in two parts by groups of M.L.C. girls. At the same concert a boy played a group of piano solos of his own composition. Variety was provided by contributions from a string quartet, a pianist and soprano and a violinist.

At the final concert items chosen from previous concerts were repeated. Schubert's beautiful "Shepherd on the Rock," a song with a clarinet accompaniment, created a favourable impression on the audience. The beautiful chorale prelude, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," played by Lieut. Isador Goodman, was also greatly appreciated.

Owing to the increasing popularity of these concerts each programme will be presented twice next year.—C.C.

A shivering row of elm-trees, black and cold,  
Whispered softly to the weeping sky;  
While round their trunks the dead leaves, rustling, told  
Forgotten tales of golden days gone by.

Of rich gold days, with drowsy, blue-grey skies,  
Of ripening fruit with leaves dull-brown and red,  
Of the breath of Winter grey, with tears and sighs  
Which chilled the world, and left the flowers dead.

—D. Dow, IIIa.

A Californian woman had several Japanese servants, and the day after Pearl Harbor was attacked she remarked to the butler: "Your countrymen are savage. Mitsi, but you wouldn't kill me, would you?" "No, no," replied Mitsi, "that's gardener's job. Me only burn house."

Sergeant: "Corporal, why do these girls keep putting their heads round the door to stare at me?" Corporal: "Oh, don't mind them, sir, they're girls from the A.W.A.S. cookery school, and you've just eaten their first pudding."

Mae Clements

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