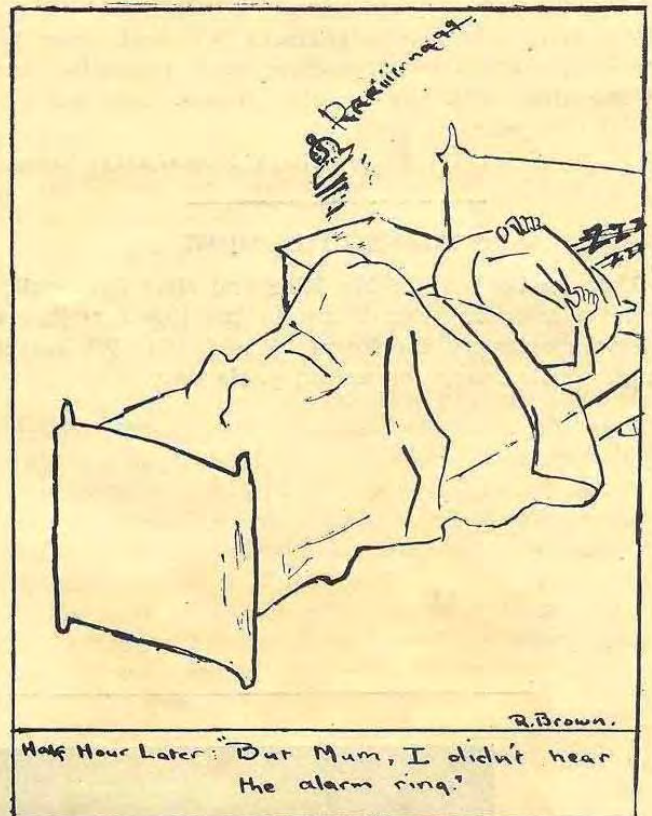


# The School Beret IS NOT WORN



Flat on top or at the rear or with badge over left ear or too small or too large But More Like This



## Bright Spark.

Teacher:

Who was George Washington bridge named after.



Oh! now thats a hardie



a USA. president you say?

Of Course!



Abraham Lincoln!

R. Brown.



# “Yeomen of the Guard”

The Yallourn High School presented this year a very creditable performance of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera “Yeomen of the Guard”. Thanks are extended to the producer Miss Simms, conductor Mr. Bartle and the members of the orchestra and cast. Nearly all the members of the staff were connected in some way with the performance and many weeks of constant rehearsal and practice went into the production.

## Members of the Cast:

Sir Richard .. .. .	Lindsay Young
Colonel Fairfax .. .. .	Allan Crook
Sergeant Meryll .. .. .	John Tremain
Leonard Meryll .. .. .	Harold Hatch
Jack Point .. .. .	Val Pyers
Wil Shadbolt .. .. .	Stan Stewart
Elsie Maynard .. .. .	Isabel McLaren
Phoebe Meryll .. .. .	Jean Evans
Dame Carruthers .. .. .	Jean Birt
Kate .. .. .	Grace Catchpole



**JACK POINT and ELSIE**



**GHASTLY! GHASTLY!**

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# ORIGINAL

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## AUTOMATION AND SOCIETY

Automation — the ultimate pinnacle of mechanisation — is inevitable. One can only hope that its introduction on a large scale will disrupt the individual life as little as possible. Automation has far-reaching social consequences; in time it will change our jobs, our education system, and even our whole way of life.

Let us not panic at the thought of an automatised world, but stop and think of what automation will finally mean. Many people foresee mass unemployment. Naturally, if all our present-day labour forces were to be transferred into a robot era there would be widespread unemployment. But automation will take time, and, in this time people can be readjusted and educated to the new jobs it will mean. Automation, like the car and the printing press, will make certain skills obsolete, but it will also create new jobs needing a higher level of skill and education. Parents will have to see that their children get a better education than they did, the school-leaving age will need to be raised and apprentices urged to stick to their studies and so obtain a higher level of technical knowledge. In ten years time a good technical education will be an advantage, in twenty, a necessity. Automation presents a challenge to our whole education system, and, the training of children to fit into, and expand an automatised world is a job our schools and universities will have to tackle vigorously.

If approximately the same hours are worked automation will increase production and cut costs, and this will mean more goods at a lower price, and these articles will be made cheaper still by the enormous competition. If this happens, there will be great profits and benefits to the employers who, unless they attempt to share them with their workers, will be involved in a great struggle.

However, even if working hours are shortened, the goods will still be produced more cheaply because of the fact that fewer wages are to be paid. If there is such a great production with so few people needed, working hours could be shorter, the wages could be higher and the retirement age earlier. The increase of leisure time resulting from this is one of the greatest problems which has to be faced in regard to automation.

What are people going to do with their time? Unless they are taught to use this spare time profitably, there will be a social crisis. We must make a determined and deliberate effort to train people in the right way to use their spare time. More clubs will be needed, more sporting facilities, and more interest will need to be given to home hobbies.

In Australia though, automation could not be applied to a great number of industries because the

high capital cost is, at the moment, beyond the resources of many of our smaller industries, and until the population is greatly increased — to swell the local markets — these industries will not be able to convert to automation. When the few who can afford it are automatised the smaller factories will be forced out of existence, and this could possibly mean that the big cities will lose a large number of their people; the people who depend on these smaller factories for their work.

However, one thing we can say is that automation will never make the human hand or mind obsolete. Electronic brains and automatic factories will still need man to design and build them, and, in the future, as in the past, man will build machines to serve and not to swamp them.

—LEONIE GUNN, Form 6.

## ATOMS IN PEACETIME

Since the second world war, intensive nuclear research has shown that the power contained in the atom is as valuable to the peace-time progress as it is for military strength. The large manufacturing concerns of the world, in collaboration with the government and staffed by graduates from the Oak Ridge and Harwell research organisations, are making available for civilian use a wide range of radioactive products, especially isotopes. These are made by bombarding ordinary elements with radiations from a nuclear furnace. They have a short life but are much cheaper than uranium. The radiations emitted from these isotopes differ in intensity and properties; this fact is made use of in the following ways.

In the medical profession, radioactive iodine and cobalt are used to detect tumors within the brain, and then used to destroy the malformed tissue. There is still unlimited research to be done in this field.

In the plastic, glass and sheet metal industries, a continuous check on thicknesses can be maintained without mechanical contact. If a radioactive isotope is placed within large castings, near welds, or in leaking pipes, and the emitted radiations allowed to fall on a photographic plate, areas of different density will show any flaws. The fact that no mechanical contact is needed makes these processes very simple.

Radioactive tracers have enabled the agriculturist to study the effects of nutrition and the effectiveness of fertilisers. It is easily seen that such measurement cannot be made so surely any other way. Similar principles are used to discover the composition of mixtures and the water resistivity of paint.

In all the above fields there is scope for research that will benefit and enrich mankind's experience.

—WAYNE ATKINS, Form 5.



## HEAT

Heat is a form of energy which is very important in our modern civilization. Apart from its importance to our physiological processes, it is used in many important ways. Examples of this are welding, casting or causing the occurrence of certain chemical reactions, an interesting one being the production of calcium carbide, for the calcium carbide is reacted with water to form acetylene, which is burnt to give heat or light. The calcium carbide is formed by heating calcium carbonate with carbon in a retort.

Probably the first method of heating discovered by man was to place the object to be heated in the direct rays of the sun. By this means, however, high temperatures could not be obtained. Then fire was discovered and it has continued ever since to be the most important method of heating. Today many different fuels are in use. The first to be used commonly was probably wood, then coal and after oils, coal gas, marsh gas and many others. One fuel of particular interest is carbon monoxide. It burns with a very hot flame and the product is colourless and gaseous and has been widely adopted for the manufacture of glass.

With the discovery of electricity, it was found that a wire carrying a current of electricity became heated. By using high resistance wire carrying a heavy current, high temperatures can be reached.

The electric arc method was developed whereby two electrodes are momentarily struck, allowing a large current to flow across their faces, vaporising some of the electrode and allowing the spark to arc across the gap formed by the separation of the electrodes. This method has several very important industrial applications, as the temperature reached can be very high.

Another electrical method which can be used has been developed in the past few years. The substance to be heated is placed in a graphite container, which quickly becomes very hot. At the moment, this method is used only for small quantities of any substance.

At present experiments are being carried out concerning the use of solar heat. Several methods are in use, the most important being the focusing of the sun's rays by means of a large concave mirror. In the future it will probably be found that heat from the sun will become more and more important.

The last method of production of heat I will consider is the fission of radioactive elements. Its greatest drawback is the shielding needed to protect us from radiation. In the future, however, it will probably become very important.

The production of heat and the progress of the human race are linked together inseparably, and without methods of heating substances our environment would be very different.

—TOM DOXFORD, Form 5.

## DOVES

The coming Olympic Games will be opened in Melbourne this November. The releasing of flocks of doves is part of the opening ceremony.

Throughout the years, even back to Biblical times, doves have been used to carry messages, and even today in some remote parts of the world they are still used for this purpose.

Doves or pigeons have great endurance and staying powers, and are capable of flying great distances, often without alighting. They also have a homing instinct which takes them back to their normal home after being released some hundreds of miles away. In Europe today, races are held every year by pigeon breeders and fanciers.

—F. ABBEY, Ib.

## WINDOW SHOPPING

Slowly hand in hand, the two children walked along the street. Though jostled by a rushing, hurrying throng they were alone. Their small eyes gazed forlornly into the many brightly lit shops. It was the eve of Good Friday, but to the young children it was something more, the eve of their mother's birthday. Their beloved mother who toiled so hard to provide for them by washing, ironing, mending and sewing in the tiny basement in which they lived. Each year they saved and scraped their infrequent pennies to buy their mother a present, but this year had been hard and their savings had disappeared to purchase food.

Together they wended their way down the street. No one took any notice of them. Then the children stopped. Two small noses were pressed against the window of a hardware store. Inside, there were placed row upon row of coloured canisters, biscuit tins, cutlery sets, crockery sets, cups, jugs, ceramics, bright rolls of linoleum, striking advertisements and many assorted oddments. But tempting though this window was, the children did not linger for next door was a confectionery store.

Delight of delights! In the centre of the window was an enormous chocolate Easter egg filled with creamy marshmallow and topped by a tiny fluffy chicken. Around and about were many rows of smaller eggs, wrapped in silver paper and tied with ribbons. Chocolates were scattered throughout the entire window and near the door stood a tall rabbit belching forth snowballs. Lovely! Lovely! The children moved on. Everything was hopelessly beyond their means.

Still further down the street they wandered until they came to a jeweller's shop. Every direction in which they looked jewels and ornaments glittered. Tinsel hung from the ceiling and reflected myriads of tiny specks of light. Not to be outdone, the diamonds and jewels of expensive brooches glittered and sparkled in the white fluorescent lights. Gay little music boxes tinkled pleasantly beside large, ornate clocks, and tiny watches. Silver trays and glistening wine glass reflected tiny china ornaments and expensive fountain pens. Sadly, the little boy and girl gazed longingly at the window although well knowing the impossibility of such a pursuit. Slowly they still went on. Past grocery stores, dress salons, beauty parlours and drapers' shops until they came to a florist shop. The interior was very dim. Great bowls of hydrangeas flanked the window and orchids, camellias, carnations and violets were artistically arranged. The children stared. How their mother would like some



flowers. But flowers were hard to procure. Suddenly the little girl gave a glad cry. By the doorway of the shop lay a small, red rose.

Uncrushed, unspoiled, smooth as velvet it lay there. Very carefully she picked it up and looked at her brother, Tenderly he placed it in his handkerchief and, eyes bright with unshed tears of happiness, the two turned toward home bearing their precious burden.

MARGARET HARRY, Form 5.

### DREAM JOURNEY

I don't know how I got there, but I found myself in a small ship flying through space, the wind whistling outside. My companions at a glance seemed to be three creatures of some outer planet. Each was shaped like an egg without a separate head. A single hair curled from the top of their bald persons. They stood four feet in height. I shuddered as I looked, but then quickly turned my head away. One of the egg-creatures spoke to me. He told me that I had been taken from Earth and we were now heading for Mars, and there I would be used for an experiment.

Suddenly the space-ship jerked to a halt and the small door flew open and two of the smallest, roundest, egg-like creatures marched into the hold of the ship, muttered for a few minutes in a foreign tongue; then came and grabbed me by the arms and pulled me out of the ship on to the ground. Looking around I noticed that the trees, which were very like bottles, seemed to be very plentiful. Green grass tinted by lemon covered the ground. I was wondering why I could see so far when I realised that the ground was

so flat one could see for miles around. Egglike creature upon egglike creature stretched for a hundred yards or more, until I thought that I surely must be floating in a sea of eggs.

I looked behind me to see if there was a possible chance of escape, but I quickly turned to the front again as two of the creatures prodded me in the ribs with a long pointed stick. I was then led into a small round building, where I was confronted by one of these remarkable creatures. It explained to me that that night I would be bisected and their medical officers would be able to study earth creatures. I shuddered with horror as it told me, and I determined to escape somehow before my gruesome end came. I was then led into another room, and, looking around the room, I saw that there was no possible escape. The guards locked the door and I was then left to think over my predicament by myself.

It must have been a few hours later when I heard someone coming, so I hid behind the door, and, as the creature entered, I tore out and ran for my life. Behind me I heard yells of anger and the pounding of feet. I must have been running for a hundred yards when I felt hot breath on the back of my neck. I put on a spurt of speed. Suddenly my foot left the ground, I grabbed a piece of grass, but it was of no avail. I screamed with terror as I found myself falling, falling through space. Above me, the mocking laughter of the egg-creatures rose and fell. I opened my eyes slowly and looked up to see where I had landed. I started with surprise for I was on the floor of my own bedroom hugging the pillow. It had been only a dream.

—HELEN FANKHAUSER, Form 3c.



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM



## LEONIE PIERRES

Leonie Pierres lived in a small picturesque chateau in Sarionaille, France. Leonie was just an ordinary French girl of the time—1938, when the clouds of war were very black and forbidding. She was no raving beauty, but nevertheless quite pretty—long dark plaits, olive skin, small hands and feet and graceful in her movements. Her brown eyes were pools of mischief.

She lived, as I have said, in Sarionaille. The house, old, but comfortable, was situated quite a distance from the village, on the side of a hill, commanding a magnificent view from any window. The village and highway could be seen from the kitchen, the vineyards from the lounge, and from Raoul's bedroom you could see the river slowly wending its way through some of the most beautiful country in all France.

She lived with her parents, uncle and his son, Raoul—Raoul's mother had died when he was but a baby.

School was out; she waited impatiently for Raoul and their best friend Kurt Vogel. Kurt was a close friend of all the Pierres as the children's fathers had gone to school together. Mr. Vogel had left his native land after the First World War because he did not believe in the principles of the "Nationalen Sozialisten" in Germany. He cut the ties with his family and settled in a new land.

She was about to leave when Raoul and Kurt came into view, slowly walking up the path, deep in discussion. Kurt looked very unhappy. "I am a French citizen, I know," said Kurt, as they came into hearing, "but father is not, and should war break out, father would be interned as he is an enemy—and if the Germans took France —." "No German will ever lay one foot on French soil," broke in Raoul passionately, love of his country burning in his eyes.

Leonie listened, vaguely uneasy—here were two boys as naughty and natural as any two boys in the world over, talking about war like old men. She shuddered involuntarily. At this moment the sun slipped behind a cloud, leaving the world a cold, dark place.

ROBYN GARDEN, Form 2A.

### SEEN FROM A WINDOW

"Seen from a window" may cover a variety of subjects and, depending on the place, many pleasant, interesting things may be seen. To take an example I will try and describe some of the things seen from our farm up in the Jeeralang Hills.

To begin at the dawn of the day, a beautiful sight may be seen about five o'clock in the morning during autumn when one looks down the gully and out across the plain. Everything is completely covered by a mass of rolling, cotton wool clouds; all, that is, except the hills nearby and those which may be seen far across the "sea" rising sharply into a pale morning sky. It gives a feeling of peace and being "lifted" above the clouds, of being apart from the rest of the world to watch this silent, gently rolling mass.

Gradually, of course, these mists disperse and soon there are other interesting things to watch. One may look up the gully and see the sharply defined hills rising above, some with cattle, horses or sheep grazing leisurely in the

fields. Or, if looking straight ahead there is another hill opposite, covered with scrub and ferns near the bottom and then changing into slender young gum-trees topped with red-brown or pale green tips.

On looking down the gully one can see several towns sprawled across the plain, Morwell, Traralgon and Maryvale. From each, smoke rises lazily from tall chimneys and forms a haze across them all. Occasionally, cars may be highlighted for a few seconds as the sunlight is reflected from their windows and then they almost disappear again to be slight insignificant objects moving restlessly along.

About six o'clock when the sun is hanging low in the sky, frail wisps of mist come floating down the gully and settle near the foot of the hills. Soon they all accumulate and give a strange appearance to the slowly darkening world. Solitary lights blink out from the most unlikely places and the place seems to settle down to rest.

In contrast with that picture is the one seen when once again one turns one's attention to the downs. All are glittering with myriads of tiny lights and a few bigger brightly coloured lights which seem to dominate the smaller ones. Moving chains of lights link up the towns as cars travel to and fro. The towns have come to life for during the day none of this activity can readily be seen.

As the window is closed all that is shut out and peace once more reigns in the night.

MARGERY ROBSON, Form 5.

### IF I HAD A MONTH TO LIVE

I want to see this day, the leaves of autumn fall; I want to see a field of corn, ripe in the blaze of a mid-summer noon, and my family round the winter fire. I want to see and smell the blossoms of spring.

I want this day to hear my mother call me as a boy, and I long to hear my children call me as their father. I want to talk with every friend I've known and see the faces of my friends as yet unknown.

With one ear may I hear voices singing Christmas carols, and with the other, hear the roaring crowds of the world of sport.

Can I be at home among my loved ones and travel to countries of my dreams this day? But above all, let me do one act of kindness and grant me some affection in return. And if my longings seem unreal, forgive me, for they are the longings of a confused mind.

DARYL RAGGATT, Form 3a.

### "VERY MUSICAL"

"Are there any musicians in your family?" "Rather! Why, my father is adept at blowing his own trumpet, and mother is equally expert at harping on one string; ma-in-law has to play second fiddle; grandpa gives us a solo on his nasal organ every night; Jack is fond of his pipe; and Nellie is for ever ringing the changes on her lovers, and I am a bit of a 'lyre' myself."

W.H., Form 5.



## OSCAR

My most faithful companion, whom I remember with mixed feelings, was Oscar, my pet tortoise. He was a very moody tortoise, and that possibly is how I came by him. He used to run away from home for days on end and come back again as if nothing had happened.

Oscar was a very sport-loving tortoise; he used to chase rabbits, and corner them against trees, and wait until they starved to death. Another of his amusing pastimes was to catch bullfrogs and slowly tear out their hair.

About the only thing that Oscar feared was fleas, they would get under his shell, and the only way he could get rid of them, was to race up the lawn, dodge, broadside, and then run backwards.

I loved Oscar very much, but one day while showing off in the presence of a lady-friend, he tried to do battle with a mad dog. The one-sided conflict soon came to an end, and Oscar died soon after, from serious internal and head injuries.

GEOFF. WIGG, Form 3a.

## ADVENTURES OF A KEY

In 1810 an old artist, who was renowned for making carved brass keys, carved me with loving care at his bench. I was made to fit the door of a tailor's shop in Cobbler's Lane. Beau Brummell came into the shop one day and selected some material for the "Prince Regent". Gentlemen of fashion often came through the door.

One cool clear evening when the shops were closing the tailor put me in his pocket. The carriages were clattering and people bustled about, when suddenly I felt

myself fall to the cobbled pavement. After I had been trodden on a dozen times a grimy hand picked me up to reveal a man dressed in shabby clothes. He stared at me in a way which I did not like, then he put me in his pocket.

That night the man crept out, and he tried most of the shops near which he had found me, until finally he found the door which I fitted, but much to my surprise, as he had a rather dishonest look on his face, he didn't take anything. That same night he took me back to the tailor, as his home address was on the door of his shop, and was given two shillings reward.

GRAHAM ROBERTSON, Form 1c.

## CAUGHT IN A STORM

The wind, which but a while back had been a pleasant breeze, was now a raging fury which nearly swept the men off their feet.

The frail little yacht was being tossed about on the dark sea and every now and then great rollers were swept over the little yacht, covering it with foam. The day, which had started so pleasantly, was now a living nightmare.

The day had grown very cold and the men were shivering, but hardly noticing it in their mad fight against the sea. It was very dark and eerie. The lightning kept flashing around us and illuminating everything with an unearthly colour.

This was a fight, a fight against the black, raging, unmerciful sea which had already taken so many lives and broken so many hearts.

NIQ, Form 3c.



SCHOOL SOCCER TEAM



# IT'S NOT CRICKET!



"HAT TRICK"



"FINE LEG"



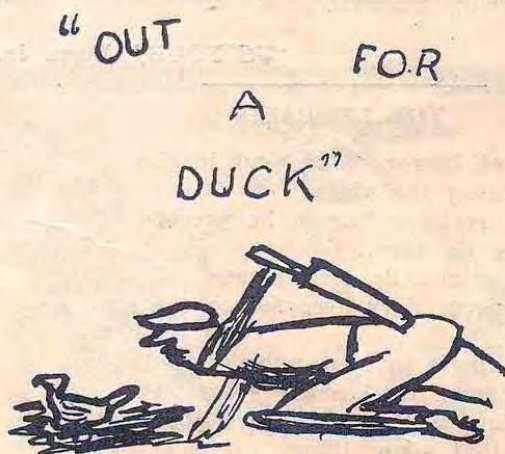
"STONE - WALLING"



"LEG SPIN" "IN THE GULLY"



"DEAD BALL"



"OUT FOR A DUCK"



"IN THE SLIPS"



"NO BALL"

—By Two Cricket-minded Fourth Formers



## THE AFFAIR OF MR. X FOR XYLOPHONE

or

### HOW TO SPELL INVISIBLE

This is a tall story. All names, place names and dates have been altered to protect the guilty.

#### Chapter 1.

Our story begins one foggy morning in the town of "This Side Up". A man rides up the main street on a one-wheeled bike singing "One Wheel on the Waggon". He pulls up beside the office of our hero — Mr. Grabalot, C.E.B. (Criminal Escape Bureau), and walks in.

#### Chapter 2.

He tells Mr. Grabalot, C.E.B. to go to an invisible mansion and finish off an invisible man called "Mr. X for Xylophone". Mr. Grabalot, C.E.B. accepts the job and rushes out of his office and up the road singing "On the Road to Mandalay".

#### Chapter 3.

Our hero soon reaches the invisible mansion and rushes in, up the invisible stairs. He reaches Mr. X for Xylophone's invisible room. Mr. Grabalot, C.E.B. pulls out his pistol and shoots the invisible Mr. X for Xylophone in the chest.

#### Chapter 4.

Sorry no Chapter 4. (Not suitable for general exhibition).

#### Chapter 5.

Mr. X for Xylophone pretends he is shot and slumps down on his invisible chair and falls over his invisible table. Mr. X for Xylophone then slips his invisible hand into his invisible drawer and pulls out his invisible seven shooter (one for luck). He grabs an invisible cartridge and slips in it the invisible slot. The invisible seven shooter barks and Mr. Grabalot falls to the invisible floor with an invisible bullet hole in his chest. Mr. X for Xylophone starts singing "I Didn't Know the Gun was Loaded."

#### Chapter 6.

Mr. Grabalot, C.E.B. pulls out a packet of "Iron-on Mending Tissue" and makes an invisible mend on his chest. He jumps up and chases the invisible Mr. X for Xylophone down the invisible stairs. Mr. X for Xylophone is too quick for Mr. Grabalot, C.E.B. and jumps on his invisible horse and with a soundless clatter of invisible hooves, gallops off down the road singing "California Here I Come". Mr. X for Xylophone was never seen again.

"JUST ME", Form 4a.

### OUR TEACHERS AT A GLANCE

**MR. MACLEAN** (Maths. and Arith.):

**Hobbies:** Giving lines, challenging pupils to races and table tennis, etc.

**Pet Hates:** Noises of any description (with exception of motorbikes).

**MR. WYND** (History):

**Hobbies:** Reading Universal Declaration of Human Rights, giving lines, shouting, minding junior tennis.

**Pet Hate:** Talking when quoting the U.D.H.R.

**MR. PYERS** (English):

**Hobbies:** Acting Jack Point, reading poems, contradicting essays.

**Pet Hates:** 3a talking when he's reading weedy poems, e.g., "Golden Journey to Samarkand."

**MR. BARTLE** (French):

**Hobbies:** Collecting pens, music, reading French comics, cracking jokes.

**Pet Hate:** Tous les garcon de 3a.

**MR. LUGG** (Science):

**Hobbies:** Making rotten egg gas, giving homework, training as an umpire, trying to get his car going.

**Pet Hate:** Pupils laughing when his experiments fail. (We get plenty of laughs.)

**MR. CASS** (Geography):

**Hobbies:** Playing cricket, teaching Geography, talking of Army life.

**Pet Hate:** Unopened books at the beginning of the period.

**MR. NICHOLLS** (Art):

**Hobbies:** Umpiring hockey, teaching art and horticulture.

**Pet Hate:** People who forget to put names on art sheets.

**P.S.:** These teachers deserve the V.C. because they teach us.

ROBERT LAWTON & RAY STEWART, Form 3a.

### MORE MELANCHOLY MELODIES

**POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS**—Having to talk French.

**HEARTBREAK HOTEL**—Visiting the Sick Room.

**MY BOY FLAT TOP**—Fifth Form boys' latest craze.

**STRANGER IN PARADISE**—Passed my exams.

**SERENADE**—Were you talking?

**THE WAY-WARD WIND**—Studying Geography.

**LET'S DO IT AGAIN**—Coming home from Warragul Sports.

**IVORY TOWER**—Is it cold up there, Mr. Wynd?

**LEARNING THE BLUES**—Suggestions for a new subject.

**JOHNNY'S COMING HOME**—Played wag again.

**TRANSFUSION**—Quick, my pen's run out of ink!

**WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME**—After the school social.

**APE CALL**—Did you want us, Mr. Young?

**HOT DIGGETY DOG**—Coming home from Olympics.

**IT'S ALMOST TOMORROW**—Our holidays start.

**BLUE BIRD OF HAPPINESS**—We want Botany next year, too.

"US FOUR," Form 4a.

### THE LEOPARD

That spotted horror of tropical jungles

Lurches among the vines,

Then upon rock or branch he perches,

Waiting for his prey,

Human or animal, he doesn't care,

While his fierce fiery eyes search the ground.

A snake slithers by, but unluckily fails

To escape those alert angry eyes,

With snarling teeth, the leopard pounces,

And kills that slimy thing.

Still not content he returns to his post

And awaits for his next victim.

—HEATHER McKAY, Form 4c.



### The LIKEABLE LAD

He has a mind and knows it,  
He has a will and shows it,  
He draws a line and toes it,  
He sees a way and goes it,  
He meets a chance and takes it,  
A friendly hand and shakes it,  
A rule and never breaks it,  
He loves the truth—stands by it  
And never tries to shy it,  
Whoever may deny it,  
Or openly defy it.  
He hears a lie and slays it,  
He owes a debt and pays it,  
And as I've heard him phrase it,  
He knows his game and plays it.

—W.H., Form 5.

### THE BUSH-LAND

What joy it is to wander,  
Beneath the shady trees  
In the merry spring-time  
Oh! great days are these.

To wander is a pleasure  
Among such beauty rare  
The flowers and the wattle  
Give a pleasant air.

To hear the song of bell-birds  
And other birds as well,  
Oh! the bush-land has its bush call,  
To make all young hearts swell.

'Tis then I like to wander,  
With violets blue and sweet  
To some lonely, beauty corner  
Where all tracks will lead.

When dusk is just approaching  
I sadly take my way  
To home and loving faces  
Until the bright, new day.

JESSIE GRIMA, Form 3D.

### SIXTEEN SUMS

(To the tune of "Sixteen Tons")

#### Verse 1.

Some teachers say our form is made out of dills,  
But we think we're grand and got all the thrills,  
Talking and fighting is our main line,  
With Barry and Chris a-making the time.

#### Chorus.

You solve sixteen sums, and what do you get?  
"They are all wrong — do another set." (Mr. Mac)  
You solve sixteen sums of 'ole 'rithmetic,  
And if you don't get 'um right, he'll give you the stick.

#### Verse 2.

If you see us coming better step aside,  
A lot 'o' kids didn't and a lot of kids died,  
One ruler of wood and a ruler of steel,  
And if you don't get 'em right, he'll give you the stick.

#### Chorus.

You write two hundred lines and what do you get?  
Another day older and deeper in debt,  
Oh, footy don't you call me, 'cos I can't go,  
I owe two hundred lines to that old so and so.

#### Verse 3.

The holidays come and we have a good rest,  
A-putting good ideas onto the test,  
You come back later, that ruins your rest,  
And you start off the term with six of the best.

#### Chorus.

You scone sixteen kids and what do you get?  
Six of the best and deeper in debt,  
You get six of the best of the nineteen inch strap,  
It's the hardest of leather and you don't come back.

DON ROGERS, Form 3b.

### THE MAGPIES

The magpies come into our garden,  
To look for insects and bread,  
I have to get up early,  
To see that they are fed.  
Then pussy comes into the garden,  
And hides beneath the house,  
He'd like a magpie for breakfast,  
If he cannot find a mouse.

—SUSAN WHITMORE, Form 1b.





### THE DAISY

Her dress is white,  
Her heart is gold,  
She isn't quite  
A morning old.

About my feet  
She'll smile all day,  
And nod to greet  
The wind at play.

STEFANIA HORBACZ, Form 1B.

### DITTY TO 3A BOYS

Meche and Moiveer, Dutchmen so tall,  
Wingrave and Winters, Australians so small,  
Stewie and Lewie should be in the bin,  
While "Franky and Johnny" are both full of sin.  
Rollo and Drooby are one and the same,  
But Raggatt and Lawton take all the blame,  
Wiggy gets on with the girls all right,  
And what does Gouldy do at night?

Ebbott and Briny are countrified lads,  
While Unwin and Ron are really not cads,  
Jackson and Edwards sit always together.  
And angelic Wallace has often felt LEATHER!

Dear Mr. Cass, has one failing alas,  
For that American, who is in Bass.  
Tommy and Robert have difference in brain,  
While growing tall is Aden's great strain!

THREE FEMININE MEMBERS, Form 3A.

### SPEED

Having little else to do one Sunday afternoon, Robert Carstairs decided to visit the Fun Fair. Although it had been in the vicinity for some time, and had a good reputaton, he had not visited it before and was therefore immensely impressed with the huge dipper just inside the entrance. It was an enormous arrangement; its huge arms whirled ceaselessly around and around and it dominated the whole fair.

Curiously Carstairs, sauntered into the arena. It shrugged. What fun was there in riding it alone? However, the Fun Fair had many other attractions to offer. There were many sideshows, featuring everything from the "Leopard Lady" to the "Prickless Porcupine"; stalls showing Aunt Sally and her numerous relatives, and popcorn vendors moving about selling their wares, and over in one corner of the fairground, towering into the sky, stood the huge concrete structure for the crack motor cyclists, "the arena of the Ace Speedists".

Curiously, Carstairs sauntered into the areaa. It was about time for a show and the stalls were filled. He seated himself and looked around interestedly. The arena was sunken below the stalls and was covered with sawdust. A red cinder track ran around the outer edge and was bordered by a high brick wall. At various intervals, large wooden frames, soaked with petrol, were placed on the edge of steep ramps ready for the cyclists. Many parts of the cinders were steeply banked, making it safer for the riders to traverse them.

Soon, as Carstairs watched, the show started. The ace motor cyclists thrilled the audience with their daredevil riding. Cycles roared around the curves and screamed on full throttle as the powerful engines throbbed and pulsed around the arean. Carstairs stared in admiration as one after another, the cycles and their riders avoided collision and thwarted death.

Then Roger Madison, the star of the show, entered the arena. A hundred times he narrowly missed disaster as his machine turned corners on one wheel, hurtled through the air and through flaming barricades and skidded in soft sand. As the star walked from the arena Carstairs suddenly stiffened. It couldn't be! But it was. Madison was his old army clobber.

On an impulse he got up and walked to the performers' entrance. Soon the two old comrades were yarning together of old times. Turning to Madisen, Carstairs asked the question which had been in his mind for some time. "Aren't you ever afraid of the hazards of trick motor cycle racing, Roger?" "Scared? Of course not. It's only a job!"

Carstairs digested this for a minute, then said: "I say old man, if you're not doing anything just now, how about riding on the big dipper with me?" "Who, me? What do you think I am. A blooming speed maniac. It's too dangerous. Why, I might break my neck!"

MARGOT HARRY, Form 5.

### THE DAY THE SUN DID NOT RISE

When I awoke, the time on my watch read eleven-thirty a.m., but seeing that it was dark outside, I quickly checked the time with the kitchen clock, only to find it was eleven-thirty also. After I had dressed, I went outside into the darkness for some minutes, but quickly returned, for it seemed eerie. Soon my family was up, and we were all listening to the wireless for any news about this strange darkness.

The radio announcers said that the Government was setting up a special Investigation Bureau to investigate the matter, and all foreign countries had said that they had not carried out any atomic explosions that could have affected the sun or the earth.

Meanwhile, every person was ordered to remain in their homes, and above all, to stay calm. About three o'clock the militia were moving artillery and troops into the vicinity, while the air force and navy were continually watching the sky and the horizon.

Later in the day we heard rumours about an invasion from another planet and other stories which I did not know whether to believe or disbelieve. During all this time we were hearing over the news the Prime Minister telling everyone to be calm and sensible.

At about eight o'clock at night there was a news flash to say that a strange planet coming from behind the sun circled round, making a total eclipse of the sun and that all danger was now past and that the sun would rise tomorrow.

—EION EDMONDSON, Form 2a.



## THE TRAMP

It was an early spring morning, and the soft rays of the rising sun slid slowly between a gap in the surrounding hills and smiled gently on a small thickly wooded valley.

The valley was liberally spread with wild plum trees in brilliant flower and beneath a particularly large one by the side of a road, lay the figure of a man. His coarse, bright blue trousers clashed violently with his ragged yellow shirt, presenting a picture entirely out of place with his soft pastel surroundings. One big stubby toe, protruding through a hole in one of his battered boots, together with a wrinkled unshaven face, helped to restore some harmony to the scene.

A March fly settled gently upon a squat red nose and proceeded about its day's business, causing the weathered face to twitch spasmodically and lengthen into a gigantic yawn, showing a set of stained, broken teeth. The tramp stirred, rubbed his eyes and nose, and was awake.

BERNARD STELFOX, Form 2A.

## MY WINDOW

The tiny cell in which I am cooped in this confounded prison camp has only two outlets, a heavily constructed door and a narrow barred window. As the former is seldom opened, the narrow window is my only connection with the outside world.

By standing on my bed I can easily look out and note with interest the objects around that part of the camp. In the distance I can see several low, rolling hills heavily wooded with timber. This mat of trees reaches up to within a quarter of a mile of the camp. The sky, as it recedes away, grows paler and where it seems to meet the hills, it appears white. From where the growth stops and the ten foot barbed wire fence is a clearing of bare ground. These Germans leave little to chance. A dirty, dusty track emerges from the trees and runs up to the fence and then parallel to it out of my vision.

This barbed wire fence I have heard is electrified, but I have not been near enough to find out. It is solidly built, and to escape over it is out of the question. Directly beneath me before the fence leans a German guard. He remains there all day, just standing at ease, a lazy good for nothing type, who jeers at me whenever he sees me looking out, but the end of the war will come soon and then he will laugh on the other side of his face. Every hour however, a squad of nine soldiers march past on their beat, their helmets glittering and their bayonets sparkling in the sunshine. At evening all the guards are changed in a very impressive ceremony.

At night, sometimes, I see the guards patrolling the wire with their savage dogs. Even from where I am in my cell above the ground those creatures appear enormous and I would not like to meet one if and when I try to escape from here.

In the day-time after the mid-day meal the other prisoners are marched out for sport or exercise. I can only see a portion of them, but I can hear the rest and my heart longs to join them, but the Germans call me "a troublesome prisoner" and I am confined to this cell. The soldiers are allowed to play rugger and cricket, and I often see the cricket ball cross my line of vision with

an eager fieldsman after it. Which reminds me about those Ashes those stupid Aussies still hold and what chance England has of winning them back.

Occasionally a lone fighter plane, a little off course, drones overhead on its way home after a visit to England. He must have been one of the lucky ones.

However, there are pleasant things I can see through my window. A cheeky little sparrow visits me every day for food. He lies under the eaves and chirps and sings all day long. I will miss him when I leave here. In the guttering above him are nesting a pair of doves, who croon and make love to each other alternately. They have been there only three months and I fear will soon be off again to the warmth of the south.

At night I sit here and gaze at the pale yellow moon high up in the sky and watch the outline of the clouds blanket it out. Then it will re-appear for a short while but only for an instant for it soon goes out of sight around the edge of my window.

It is here that I sit and watch the world outside, and dream and plan for the future, for I have made myself a promise that when I get out of here I shall write a book on all I have seen from my window.

—JOHN FOOTE, Form 5.

## MURDER MOST FOUL

After a serious illness, I was confined to bed for four weeks. As I had little else to do, I spent most of my time gazing through my window which faced a block of flats across the street.

One evening I happened to glance up from the book I was reading and saw Craig Mallows, a city clerk leave his flat, buy a paper at a nearby stall, and drive away in his car. There was nothing unusual about that, but when I saw him sneaking very cautiously through the back entrance, I began to wonder what was going on. That was about 7.15.

At 7.20, another man who I knew to be John Blake, a well-known city business man entered the flat and about ten minutes later Craig Mallows warily crept out through the back entrance.

This was all very mysterious, so I leaned forward and watched intently. I had not long to wait as at 7.45 Brenda Lane, the well-known actress entered the flat through the front entrance. Five minutes later Craig Mallows drove up and entered the flat also.

I wondered what was going to happen next, and to my amazement two police cars pulled up outside the flat and four uniformed policemen walked up the front steps into the building.

I suddenly realised what was going on. Craig Mallows was trying to frame Brenda Lane for the murder of John Blake. Craig Mallows had murdered John Blake when he returned through the back entrance. My thoughts raced as I picked up the receiver and dialled Craig Mallows's flat. What would I say? Would they believe me? A deep voice answered, I hurriedly told him that I had just seen a murder occur. He said to wait there and they would soon be over. Sure enough, some minutes later the four policemen entered the room, grumbling that I had disturbed the party at which they were having such a good time.



Suddenly, I realized how stupid I had been. Apparently Craig Mallows was giving a party, and had slipped back through the back entrance to arrange some games for the party. Shamefacedly I told the policemen that I had made a mistake. They walked out of the room half glad because they were able to return to the party, yet disgusted at my stupidity.

—JUDITH LEECH, Form 5.

### MAJOR LOOK AND THE "VANDERLON ROCK"

There had been a recent robbery in the district and the result of it was that a certain Mrs. L. Q. Vanderloon-Bragg was poorer by a diamond the size of an egg, and Major Look had to cope with a distraught and diamondless lady. Eventually, Private Investigator managed to persuade Mrs. Vanderloon-Bragg to go home and rest.

Major Look glanced over his list of suspects. The suspects were—Jimmy, a rather cheeky seventeen-year-old boy who had delivered groceries to the Vanderloon Mansion at two o'clock in the afternoon; a maid who worked from noon to four o'clock in the afternoon, and who had seen Jimmy deliver the groceries; Dan Detsch, a German salesman who had a criminal record; he had arrived at 3.30 and left at 3.35, after failing to sell a new type of automatic hair brush to the Vanderloons; and, of course, there was the inevitable butler—this butler worked from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and he had quickened Dan's departure by helping him down the marble steps at the front door with a neatly placed kick of his shiny boot. "I'll have a tough job picking the thief," thought the Major.

That evening, after he had questioned the suspects and Mrs. Vanderloon-Bragg, Major Look sat down in his

favourite armchair to ponder over the crime. "I bet the butler did it," said Constable Prattly, a policeman who shared the flat with Major Look. "It would be easy," continued Prattly, "for him to pass it to a confederate, say Dan for instance. He could have been given the diamond as he was moved on by the butler." Major Look shook his head and said that it would be unlikely. Constable Prattly, disgusted by the Major's disbelief of the butler's guilt, started to work out the crossword puzzle in the evening paper. Prattly, who wasn't too good on crosswords and often needed assistance, said, "What is a seven letter word meaning 'To pretend to lose,' Major?" "I haven't a clue," murmured Look. Prattly tried again, "Well," he said, "what is a six letter word meaning 'Insurance'?" Major Look sat in deep thought for about ten seconds and then jumped up and exclaimed, "C'mon, we're going to catch ourselves a very cunning person. Get your police friends on the 'phone and tell them to go to the Vanderloon Mansion if they want the diamond!" Prattly did as he was told and then went with Major Look out to the Major's sports-car.

On the way over to the Vanderloon Mansion, Prattly said, "So you realised it was the butler?" "No," was the answer he got.

Everyone was in the living room. Major Look pointed an accusing finger at Mrs. L. Q. Vanderloon and said to the officer in charge of the police, "Arrest this woman!" There was a gasp. Major Look said, "She had the diamond all the time. She was after the insurance money, once she had got that she was going to sell the diamond abroad. Am I right, Mrs. Vanderloon?" It was all over. The Major turned to Prattly, "Let's go home, I want to help you to finish that crossword."

ALDIS PUMPURS, Form 2A.



SENIOR AND JUNIOR SOFTBALL TEAMS





**SENIOR AND JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAMS**

### **TOBY**

I am going to tell you of an adventure of my dog—Toby. It all started one day while walking in the snow with Toby by my side. We had gone about half a mile, when suddenly a big black dog (known to the village as Prince) sprang out from behind the bushes. Toby stopped, then sprang at Prince and began to fight. I stood back, amazed to see Toby getting the better of the fight, when suddenly Prince snapped at Toby's forehead, which started to bleed. So, acting quickly, I picked up a stick lying near my foot and threw it at Prince, which nearly knocked him out.

I grabbed Toby and started for home as fast as I could. I bathed his wounds, but he still looked sick. So, my father took him to the veterinary surgeon, where he was told he had distemper and had to be looked after very carefully. Four weeks later he recovered from his illness and was able to join in my fun again.

—C. WOOTTEN, Form 1c.

### **THE BEACH**

The beach was a wild place at the height of the storm. Sirens were wailing and a huge light was stabbing the unfriendly darkness which surrounded it. The red flares of the ship in distress could be seen clearly in the lighthouse. The light focused on the ship which was being pounded on the hidden reef again and again, until it seemed her very back must break. The cruel sea and howling winds were doing their work well.

Anyone could see that the battered ship could not withstand the terrific force of that gale for another hour.

Now the men on shore had aimed the rocket, which had a strong cable attached to it. The rocket

was fired high into the air and landed with a dull thud on the ship's deck. The men on the ship vigorously fastened the cable to the mast. In an hour all the twenty men had been hauled safely on to the beach.

The ship sank in water which was later to be known as "Wreckers' Gulf".

—PETER VAN HOOFF, Form 2a.

### **RAPID REVISION COURSE FOR EXTERNAL STUDENTS**

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#### **Maths**

Solve the following equation:—  $x$  equals  
Where (1) is the length of a gallon of striped paint, (a) is the number of stripes to infinity and (d) the angle of death in circular measure.

#### **Chemistry**

Identify the following compound:— $G_2UL$ .

#### **Physics**

1. Law of moments revised 1956:—Moments are exciting.

2. Every shop tends to preserve its state express for uniformed customers except in so far as it is forced to change that state by external influence.

3. A body of mass 'm' in falling freely from a height 'h' could quite easily kill himself.

4. Latent heat:—heat aroused in a master by an unpunctual boy.

5. In all the ohm or even during the therm, watt is more shocking or revolting than electricity.



## History

1. The great pyramids were built by Omar ben Caliph, founder of Plato's Republic in More's Utopia near Mexico, and was destroyed by Tiki the Inca sun god whose anger was provoked by Cash Mai Check's withdrawal to Taiwan.

2. William the Conqueror was a man who crossed his bridges before he came to them and burnt them after he had crossed.

## English

The following contexts will aid English students.

8.45 a.m. (Silence that awful bell)

Lunch time (Now the hungry lions roar)

The school horn (Fain would I change that note)

3.30 p.m. (Come, come away to the tavern I say)

End of Term (Suddenly everyone bursts out singing)

Cross-country run (I wandered lonely as a cloud)

Athletics (Ah my bones ache, my limbs be sore)

New football outfit (My silks and fine array)

Football match (All day long the noise of battled rolled)

Cricket ground (Perhaps in this neglected spot)

Marching practice (For God's sake let us sit upon the ground)

Salk vaccines (Toll for the brave)

Angry master (It cracked and growled and roared and howled)

Yawning in class (O Sleep it is a gentle thing)

Examinations (Let not ambition mock their useful toil)

Sixth Form dirge (Tired of all these for restful death I cry)

The author (Regret not me)

Yours truly,  
THE THREE OTHERWISE MEN.

## AN AFTERNOON AT A FOOTBALL MATCH

Swathed in warm clothes, and with a plentiful supply of iodized throat tablets to ease my voice, which is inclined to become hoarse after the first half, I settled down to watch the game. It must be stated at this point that I was amongst a seemingly overpowering number of the opposing team's supporters; for I enjoy nothing better than a quiet argument with a one-eyed supporter. No-one could call me one-eyed, I just take it for granted that everybody must know Morwell is the best team in Gippsland; after all it's only common-sense isn't it?

This particular match was in fact, against Traralgon, and standing on my right was a lady who appeared to have a grudge against the umpire, because every time he gave Morwell a free kick she came out with some very choice remarks; come to think of it I learnt quite a few new words that day. I think she must have scared the umpire because he didn't give Morwell any more free kicks.

On my other side was what appeared to be a sweet old lady, and when two rather "manish" looking females went past she turned to me and said: "The clothes some of these girls wear; it's thoroughly indecent, and their language!" She shuddered. "It's disgusting, why in my youth —" Here she paused and as one of the players fumbled with the ball, yelled out — "You blithering idiot, why the blazes can't you pick it up, do you think the damned thing will burn you?"

I moved on. I'm fairly broadminded, but when old ladies come out with that kind of talk I feel it's time I moved.

This time I stood behind two comparatively small boys, where I hoped things might be quieter — but alas this was not to be so, for as one of the players hobbled up to the trainers to have a nail knocked down in his shoe, my small friends yelled out, "Having your horseshoe fixed mate?"

Now really, that was quite a smart remark and I would have patted the boys on the backs except that it was a Morwell player they were talking about.

My next acquaintance was a boy, who, every time Morwell got a point, dug his elbow in my ribs and said "See, told you they couldn't get a goal." And when they did get a goal, gave me the same treatment, only told me it was a so-and-so fluke.

Then the worst happened: as play became rough the ball was flung out of bounds and hit me in the stomach. That would not have been so bad except that the player had forgotten to let go of the ball and he came too.

But the final blow happened as I was on my way home — after we had lost the game — I heard a Traralgon supporter say, "Gee we still won and they had the umpire on their side." Umpire on our side, my foot, I wonder how much they paid him?

CICELY JONES, Form 4a.

## SUNSET

When the sun sets behind the hill,  
Everything is quiet and still.  
Not a murmur not a sound,  
Save the gentle "Tick Tock" as the clock goes round.  
The pouring rain has stopped,  
And the howling wind has dropped,  
To a gentle breeze,  
Whispering among the trees.  
Then with a noisy hoot of a train,  
The world seems to go round again.

MARILYN LAING, Form 1a.

## "OW ZAT"

Eleven little cricketers not yet grown to men,  
Chisholm retired at thirty and then there were ten.  
Ten little cricketers very soon to dine,  
Tulloch tried a silly shot and then there were nine.  
Nine little cricketers, I'm sure some stay up late,  
Arthur couldn't see the ball, then there were eight.  
Eight little cricketers glancing up to heaven,  
While "Footy" tried a mighty hit, then there were seven.  
Seven little cricketers surely in a fix,  
"Gasha" was quickly caught in slips, then there were six.  
Six little cricketers, buzzing like a hive,  
Stewart edged one on his sticks, then there were five.  
Five little cricketers, feeling very sore,  
Rees failed to block a ball, then there were four.  
Four little cricketers, with pads above the knees,  
"Scotty" had his leg in front, then there were three.  
Three little cricketers, their batting rather blue,  
Lawton only swiped the air, then there were two.  
Two little cricketers, the game is almost done,  
Robertson missed a twisty lob, then there was one.  
One little cricketer, he didn't get a run,  
But Campbell stayed the other end,  
Although his score was none.

WINSTON HEWSON, Form 5.





SPORTS CHAMPIONS

#### MR. PHIPPS GOES TO THE OPERA

"Hurry up, dear! We'll be late for the opera." "Have patience, Claude. I can't find my best perfume." Mr. Phipps paces up and down the dining room floor, glancing at his watch every few moments. "Maggie," calls Mr. Phipps, "the first act commences in fifteen minutes." Time passes as Mr. Phipps continues walking up and down the floor. "Claude, do you know where my best perfume is?" cries Mrs. Phipps. "No, I don't know where it is. Besides, I don't know which perfume you mean. I wish you'd—" "It's all right, Claude. I've found it. I'm all ready."

Chug, chug, chug, chug. "We're nearly there, Maggie. We've just got to get up this very steep slope." The car splutters and comes to an abrupt halt. "Quick dear, jump out and push," says Mr. Phipps. Mrs. Phipps grunts and groans as she pushes the car, and eventually her efforts are rewarded as the 1927 Ford clammers over the top of the hill.

At the opera-house, the Phipps have secured a box seat directly above the orchestra. They enter to take their seats prior to the commencement of Act 1 of "Madame Butterfly," or, as Mr. Phipps terms it, "A Dame from a Cocoon who Wants to Croon." At the conclusion of the first act, Mrs. Phipps is leaning over the edge of their box seat, calling out to a friend. "Look, Claude. There's Mrs. Kaphoops." She leans over further. "Careful, dear, you'll fall," says Mr. Phipps. Whoosh! "Maggie, come back here." Mrs. Phipps had slipped and fallen over the edge of their balcony, only to land head-first in the big bass drum. The audience are in hysterics. "Best opera ever," calls out a gentleman in the crowd. The theatre ushers help Mrs. Phipps from the drum and she walks up the aisle and out to the car.

On the way home, Mr. Phipps remains silent. As the car starts to climb the treacherous hill, it gives a mighty lurch, and stops right in its tracks. "I'm

afraid you'll have to get out and push, dear," says a timid Mr. Phipps. "Push it yourself," says Mrs. Phipps. "All right dear, I'll get out. But I don't see why you are so angry at me. I'm not responsible for your accident." Eventually they arrive home, and upon entering the kitchen, Mrs. Phipps bursts out laughing. Mr. Phipps enjoys the laugh also. "Oh, Claude. Promise me one thing," says Mrs. Phipps. "Yes, Maggie, and what's that?" "Never take me to another opera, understand?"

And so we leave Mr. and Mrs. Phipps in their kitchen after they had been to two operas — the first and the last.

—RAY STEWART, Form 3a.

#### COLUMBUS' DISCOVERY

Isabella, Queen of Spain,

She was very, very vain.

Mighty Columbus he came to her,

And said in a roar, that should have been a purr,

"Give me three ships to roam the sea,

For I am bold as bold can be.

The sailors say the world is flat,

But I quite disagree with that,

I say the world is like a ball,

I want to explore it all, it all.

And the first land I spy from main

Mast, I shall claim in the name of Isabella, Queen of Spain"

Columbus sailed away next day,

The crews mutinied day by day.

"Give me but three days,

Then you shall have your ways."

Then land espied he,

And landed boats all three.

"This land I claim in the name

Of Isabella, Queen of Spain."

—JUDY SPACKMAN, Form 1a.



## SHORT, BUT LONG ENOUGH

MacLean climbing  
Over stile  
Enter bull  
Three-minute mile.

Miss Thomas  
French verbs  
Poor Miss Thomas  
Oh! our nerves.

Treman driving  
Wandering sow  
Big crash  
Bacon now.

Mr. Cass  
Appendix some (?)  
Still calls  
School 'shun.

Mr. Young  
Crook maps  
All the class  
Get sharp slaps.

Mr. Ellis  
Snug by fire  
Knock at door  
"Live Wire".

Cookery centre  
Monday morn  
Miss Catchpole  
All forlorn  
Little girl  
Skewer sharp  
Big bang  
Playing harp.

Mr. Lugg  
Football coach  
Teaching boys  
New approach.

Miss Derham  
Room 13  
Pins and needles  
A beautiful seam.

Mrs. Smith  
Colin's Mum  
Typing expert  
Five foot one.

Mr. Nicholls  
Brush and paints  
Sees our work  
Then he faints.

Mr. Bartle  
Music lover  
Choir starts  
Runs for cover.

Mr. Wynd  
Science lab.  
Up goes the hydrogen  
Oh! by gad.

Miss Birt  
Corridor  
Boy with girl  
'Gainst the law  
One glance  
No dance.

## GUESS WHO

(With apologies to all appreciative of poetry)  
There was plenty of slash, when they dared have a bash,  
At the dangerous trade of crew-cutting,  
The queer results from the doses, of most amazing  
hypnosis  
Caused the wise teachers to butt in.

Hot ice and paper are favourite caper  
For making pretend they are smoking,  
Then with hydrogen balloons in the hands of those loons  
They assure us just now, they are joking.

At Warragul you'll hear, we all gave a cheer,  
When we heard that our "big" boys were winning,  
But on the way back, train pranks didn't slack  
And bodies and heads were soon spinning.

A beaut illustration proved our boys queer frustration  
When the girls all their berets were wearing,  
'Cos out came the boys' caps, and without further  
relapse,  
They wore them e'en it drove them to swearing.

In Maths II with Mr. Homann, we scent an ill omen  
When touch powder is placed on the floor,  
There is silence. . . . Then explosion as with mighty  
detonation  
Dear "Ernie" is blown through the door.

The last straw we learn, t'wards the end of this term  
When they decided they'd take up OUR softball,  
Since then there's been H——, right up to the bell  
When the Fifts and Sixths start a brawl.

On the whole all the year, we've shed many a tear  
For the doings of that awful lot,  
But now the end's come, and they've finished their fun  
We do hope they'll get down and "swot".

—FEMALE SUFFERERS, Form 5.

## SOME SCHOOL-DAY MORNING

I stroll along the road there,  
And as I come in sight  
Of bus, so large and grey there  
I run with all my might.  
Alas, Hurrah! my luck is out,  
The bus moves on its way  
And I'm without, I turn about,  
It's home for me this day.

I stroll along the road there,  
I see the bus draw near,  
And while I think they see me  
I run as if in fear.  
A rest at last, I've reached a place  
Where I am out of sight,  
And then must brace, begin to race,  
Once more I'm in the light.

I puff up to the bus there,  
The steps are steep today,  
I haul myself on board there  
And gasp a faint hurray,  
What cheer alas, my luck is in,  
The bus moves on its way,  
And I'm within, amongst the din,  
It's school for me today.

—"A BUS SUFFERER."

## THE LION

There stands the lion,  
Courageous and strong,  
Master of all he surveys,  
The King of the jungle.

Majestic his mien,  
As he stalks along,  
While his eyes shine  
Like fire to show his way,  
The frightened animals  
All run away,  
From the King of the jungle.

—VALERIE COOK, Form 4c.



## CARGOES

(With apologies to John Masefield)

Majestic Mr. Ellis with his slightly aloof look,  
Walking into classroom with forbidding air,  
With a cargo of cane rods, chalk butts, maths book,  
'Xam papers, results sheet, dispute who'd dare?  
Stately sixth year seniors, respected by the lesser ones,  
On their way to privo' with their study to do,  
With a cargo of sports lists, confiscated air guns,  
Late list, calculus and physics too.  
Dirty little juniors with their coal caked ear 'oles,  
Butting through the 'rangle on a mad March day,  
With a cargo of marbles, sling shots, cricket balls,  
French books, note books and drawings gay.

"TOGRAM", Form 5.

## THE DANDENONG CHOIRS

This year, as in the two previous years, our school was represented at the Choral section of the Dandenong Festival. The girls' and the senior boys' choirs were trained and conducted by Mr. Bartle, while Mr. Pyers led the junior boys.

Competition was too strong for the boys, for they were not placed. It was, however, good experience for them. The girls, who sang Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" (unison), and Purcell's "Sound the Trumpet" (two part), were placed third out of twelve choirs. Everyone who heard the choir either at Dandenong or on 3DB agreed that the choir sang really well.

For its success we must thank Mr. Bartle, who spent many hours training the choir, and to the members themselves who worked so well with him.



DANDENONG CHOIR

