

G is for Grace
 Who works with a zest,
 H is for Harrison
 Who likes a good rest;
 I is for ink
 We get on our clothes,
 J is for Janina
 As sweet as a rose;
 K is for Kathleen
 Who likes to swot,
 L is for Linda
 Who giggles a lot;
 M is for Margaret
 Our captain and friend,
 N is for noise
 Especially the boys;
 O is for obedience
 Our ways we should mend;
 P is for pupils
 We're almost all here,
 Q is for quiet
 To teachers so dear;
 R is for Roy
 He talks quite a lot,
 S is for Smith
 Our form's biggest swot;
 T is for Tremain
 Our Pooh-Bah so gay,
 U is for us
 Under the desks we play.
 V is for Valerie
 Whose cooking is good,
 W is for Wernert
 Our professor in bud;
 X is for Christmas
 Which we enjoy so,
 Y is for Young,
 Not much he doesn't know;
 At Z we must leave you
 And hasten away,
 We hope that you like us
 The cream of IIA.

THE TRAIN JOURNEY

In and out the passengers, the porters and the paper
 boys,
 City folk of all conditions, push to get the best positions,
 Buying sweets and bagging places, hauling kids and slap-
 ping faces,
 Pushing for the window seat, "Ouch" they yell, "get off
 my feet."
 The train gives one mighty lurch, the youngest child falls
 off his perch,
 Roaming right throughout the train, longing to be home
 again.
 Jimmy sits on all the seats, and then they fight for win-
 dow seats.
 The case flies open, clothes are scattered,
 Party dresses all are spattered, Sunday hats are squashed
 and battered,
 Under the tunnel goes the train, into the dark and out
 again.

Poor old Mum is very tired, as one by one the children
 cry,
 And when the family reach their nest, Mother tells them
 bed is best.

—SUSAN GREEN.

FORM IVd

Four D is domestic,
 Our teacher's Grace C.
 Val Cook is our captain,
 Fast talker is she—
 (Tropical Heat Wave.)
 There's Dorothy Robson,
 It's blushes we see.
 Then Myrna; and Carol—
 Cute hairdresser she—
 (That bun's sure a rave.)
 And now Norma Thomas,
 Knows answers—crikey.
 Then Jessie; and Lorraine,
 Bars school work—but "he"—
 (Oh, Barry, so brave.)
 Next Margie Humphries,
 Oft ill—still happy.
 Then Judy; and Lois—
 Designer to be.
 (Her models we'll crave.)
 Faye Smyth and Fay Granger,
 Two belles—love a spree.
 Then Mary; and Wendy
 Whose "fates" so "manly".
 (Dark, tall and so suave.)
 That last's Lesly Sewell,
 Her knowledge—"oui"—"oui"—
 Then Smithy and Eirene,
 Near top of the tree.
 (Can't help it they slave.)

That's all of domestic.
 Their teacher's main plea
 Is "Don't leave to work, girls,
 But stay here with me."
 (And my—aren't they grave.)

FORM Ib

Clatter, bang, car-ash.
 Ib enters with a mighty dash!
 The teachers roar us up once a day!
 For being the **best form** (at play).
 After being outside the door,
 We come back inside for more.

Ib would like to express their thanks to all the
 teachers who have put up with them this year. And
 we hope to see them next year as IIB.

FORM I Ib

This is I Ib calling from Room 11. With all the headaches we have caused the teachers, we have succeeded in increasing the sale of ASPRO. The Form Banner has been the cause of constant competition with IVc. Our latest arrival (C.W.) in I Ib has not let down the form's reputation, as she talks just as much if not more than the rest of us.

Our English lessons with Mr. Tremain.
Have caused us all a lot of pain.
Miss McConnell experiments,
While Mrs. Mitchell gives Current Events.
We went on a tour with Mrs. McCasker,
Covering every place but Alaska.
Mr. Bartle sings DOH? RAY? ME?
While Miss Catchpole teaches cookery.
Mrs. Robertson dabbles in paints,
And to Mrs. Parsons we take our complaints.
We keep neat from head to toe,
'Cos Miss Derham teaches us how to sew,
Mrs. Mitchell sure is cute,
She's our form teacher, and is she beaut!
Koff, Koff, Koff.
This is I Ib signing off.



ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS

—Block donated by L. J. Premier.

FORM IIc

We are from IIc and our form room is Room 10. We have won the banner for tidiness several times and once gained it four times in succession. We cause mischief, but all is meant well. We all try to help in form activities. Most teachers will tell you that we are the worst form in the school, but we try to be good. However, things often go wrong and we become rather unpopular. Teachers often find we need quietening down, but above all we would do any teacher a good turn without grumbling.

—GLENYS WILSON (Form Captain)

FORM Ia

Form Ia boys are "THE BOYS" of the school. There are only 16 of us but we already made our mark in the school. "Middy and Lawto" are athletes and "Corrie" excels in soccer. "Don" is good at woodwork, "Hoffy and Gravy" are golf enthusiasts, "Stefen" is the brain and brawn. We have Three Musketeers, "Peter, Rozo and Wrighty". "Malca and Johnno" try to play cricket. Our science expert is "Paul". The tallest youth is "Fino", while "Nicky and Coxy" keep our spirits up, when we are dull and depressed.

We know at times we are a great trial to our form teacher, Mrs. Donaldson, but she has high hopes that we will improve in Form II.

—JOHN McLAREN



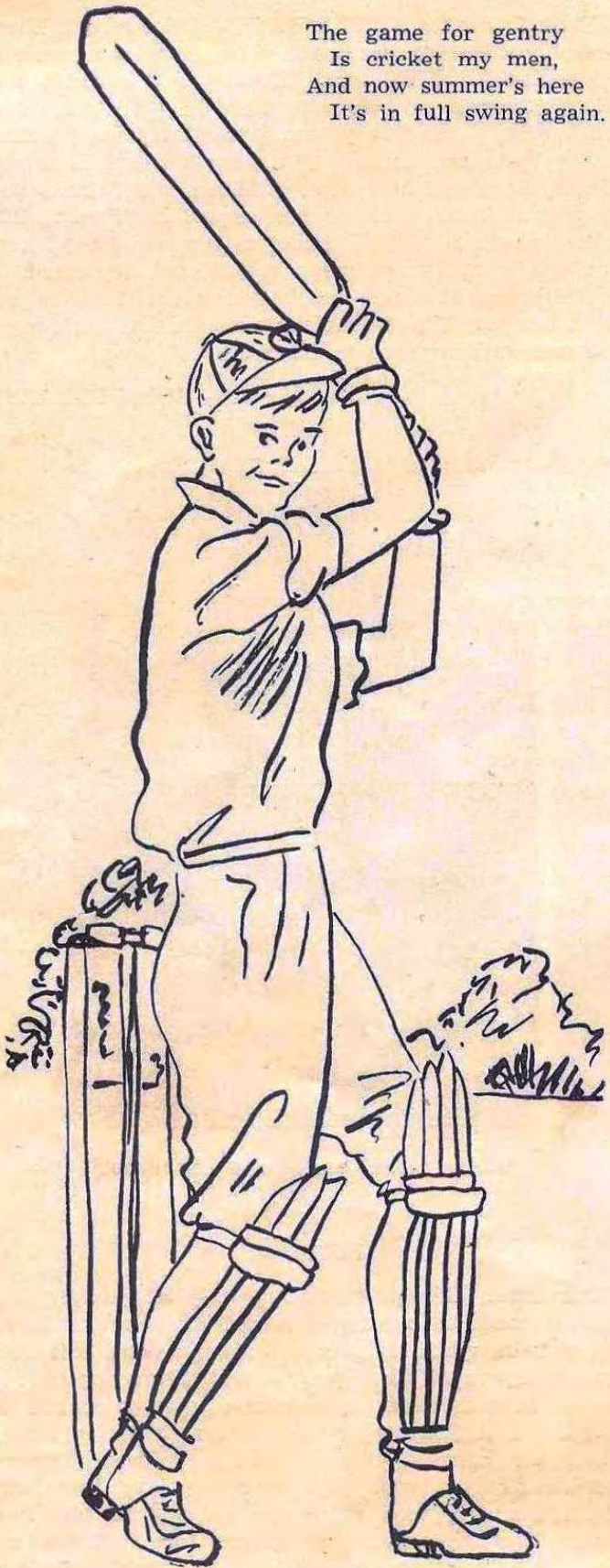
JOHN FOOTE TAKES THE KNOCK-OUT

FORM Ic

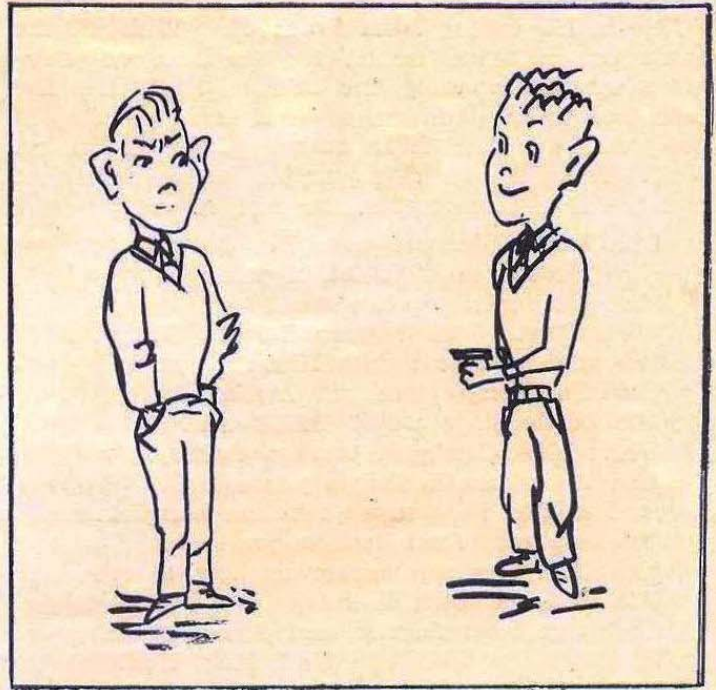
Our form, though consisting only of juniors, has already made its marks in school life. Sandra Abson has a twin, which is why she always wins, Elizabeth Armstrong says good poetry and always gets full marks in our class, and Marine always makes us laugh. Gail Salisbury's salt shakers come in handy when we have snacks in school. Annie Tabone, Sandra Daubin (who no longer has long hair) and Marie Gorman, who wakes up only when Mr. Cass enters, are other members of our form. There are also the six of us who sit at the back—Marilyn, Jean, Gail, Janise, Fay, Janice—and who never seem to work. However, ours is a cheery form and we hope to greet you next year as IIc.

—JANISE WALTON

The game for gentry
 Is cricket my men,
 And now summer's here
 It's in full swing again.



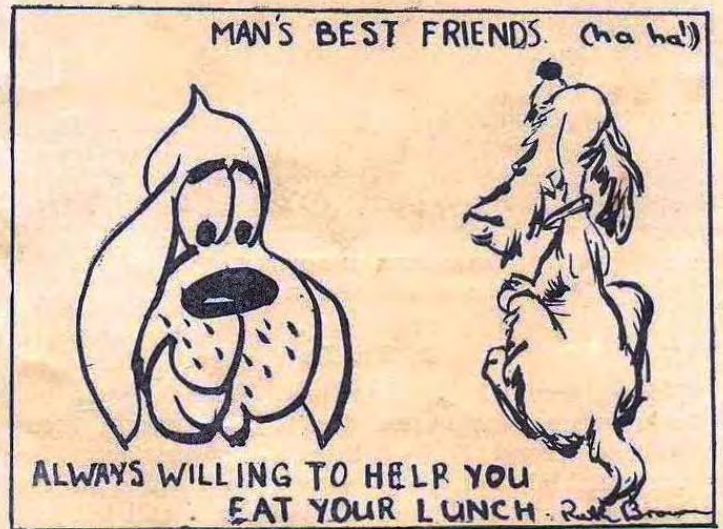
Ruth Brown
 (Watch out for the Science Room windows.)



Ed.: "What'll we do tonight?"

Ted: "We'll flip a coin. Heads—get a date. Tails—go out alone, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

—Ruth Brown



HAVE YOU NOTICED THEM AT LUNCHTIME?



ORIGINAL

A LONE GUIDE ABROAD

"A trip to England," strangely enough such a simple phrase has a long story behind it and yet it did not seem real or possible despite the flurry of shopping expeditions, packing and the flurry of extra schoolwork, until the "Fairsea" slowly drew away from the wharves.

A first sea-journey is always exciting, but even that novelty subsides after five weeks on board and the monotony relieved by only one port, hence inevitable excitement when Southampton came into view. Guiding is everywhere so we later found, but began to realise it when we were greeted by a Guide Company as a welcoming committee, then taken to the Hampshire training centre "Foxlease", a lovely camping area and so typically English.

Our first few weeks were all spent in camping, but not as a Contingent, for 49 was rather a large group. Instead we were divided into three sections each under one of our three Guiders, and we worked on a roster system so that each group visited the same places eventually. Unfortunately though, we arrived a week late so the first three weeks' arrangements were slightly disarranged.

Our three Guiders were bricks for the whole six months. Admittedly, we were chastised when the occasion called for it, but the responsibility of 46 teen-agers thrust on them would not have been welcomed by all, and they accepted everything including their initiation ceremony, the hoisting of pyjamas on the ship's flagpole and several other pranks in good part.

West Wickham was the first camping centre on which the Contingent met again as a whole, and as it was only 15 miles away from London of course many trips were arranged until finally we settled in the city and really were able to see the various attractions. Westminster Abbey, Parliament House, Big Ben, Oxford and Bond Streets, Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square and the many other buildings a tourist visits.

There were several occasions during the period when we stayed with English families in their homes and one glorious fortnight entirely free to spend with relations or friends.

During that fortnight we were scattered as far as N. Scotland, Yorkshire and W. Wales.

The purpose of our trip—The World Camp—was everything that we expected it to be. Seventy-two different nationalities, 4000 Guides, met and all told, lived together for 10 days in a vast, canvas town. Songs, games and badges were exchanged, mass campfires and displays of native dancing were held, great rallies, expeditions to Oxford, Hampton Court and Wind-

sor were arranged. Tumultuous welcomes were given to the Queen, the Chief and the Princess Royal, during the opening and closing ceremonies.

Switzerland was rated highly in our itinerary and three different groups went to Our Chalet, stopping for 15 hours in Paris, long enough for a swift tour, but not long enough for a thorough tour. There are many stories told of the conditions of the Continental trains and I will personally verify them after spending two nights in a filthy carriage trying vainly to sleep.

International friendship is the keynote at Our Chalet, and a balance is kept with the countries in residence so that the accommodation is not booked by one nationality. Summer is the climbing season so climb we did all day and every day, much to the discomfort of one's feet which were encased in heavy sox and boots. At this period, too, the cows were being led down to the winter pastures and cow bells of all tones could be heard day and night.

Scotland was toured also, but only during a flying visit. It rained in York, drizzled in Northumberland, rained in Edinburgh and the clouds only cleared at the Lake District. Typical weather. Even Oxford, Cambridge and Stratford welcomed us with a wet reception.

Then after five months, the trip home, not as long as the outward journey and broken by visits to Gibraltar, Naples, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Fremantle and Adelaide until the Victorians and Tasmanians arrived in Melbourne, slightly more travel worn than when they left, but also, it is hoped, slightly broadened in outlook.

PIGEONS

A good homing pigeon should have a short, sturdy figure, a broad chest, and light, narrow hind parts. When seen from above, its outline approximates to an equilateral triangle. The legs should be relatively short and the wings well muscled.

Color is of little importance, but rich shades standing out well are a good sign that the bird is healthy and in good condition.

Eggs are hatched from about 17 or 18 days after laying. The first three or four days the young pigeons feed on pigeon milk, a substance from the parent's crop. Feathers appear about the sixth or seventh day, replacing the fine yellow down. When they are seven days old, rings are slipped on them, and they are let out for short flights when about 24 days old. This is preparatory to their training as homing pigeons.

DAVID APPS.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

(Back row): J. Carlisle, M. Harrison, G. Hulbe, J. Lambden, M. Bakker.

(Front row): G. Julin, E. McConnell, J. Wallace, S. Bush, M. McInnes.

—Block donated by K. B. Shine Furniture Emporium.



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

(Back row): N. Smith, G. Williams, L. Milne, Mrs. Robertson, E. Jones, L. Godridge, N. Hugenin.

(Front row): M. Brown, B. McInnes, B. Lees, E. Verey, J. Abrecht, J. Bawden, W. Hine.

—Block donated by Janice Infants' Salon.

WALLS

History of the Common Wall.

The history of the wall is fairly long and complicated. Since first being introduced many thousands of years ago, great changes and developments have occurred, and walls have been steadily increasing in public favour. Greeks and Romans built massive walls of stone around whole cities and the American pioneers of the West built forts or stockades out of logs. They were the fore-runners, who gave us the strong, safe and cheap walls of today.

As with most things, walls can be of different natures and qualities. Nuttius Astone, an early Greek Emperor, was a "Wall-nut", a term applied to people who have a mania for walls. Anyway, this Emperor was rich and wanted everyone else to know it, so, in front of his palace entrance he had a wall built. Even if Emperor Nuttius built his wall to show off he is still remembered as the first man to experiment with walls.

Now, at the other end of the scale are the walls of the "Gurgle-glump" South Sea islanders. They are called "Live Walls." Briefly this is how the natives make them. They cultivate a certain tough grass which is common on the islands so that it grows straight up in a circle. When the grass stops growing, usually at around seven feet, the natives add a roof, cut a door and have before them a ready-made hut.

Characteristics of the Common Wall.

Latest "Wall Census" figures show that of all the walls built in the last five years, 98.4 per cent. have been built perpendicular. For years people, especially "Wall-nuts" have tried to exterminate right-angled walls by coming up with the idea of walls with same slope at the roof and a host of others. Still, it seems inevitable that somewhere there will always spring up a good old vertical wall. One reason for the tendency for vertical walls originated from the time when columns were used to support buildings, and when walls were first used, the following idea was established, columns were perpendicular, so walls also must be perpendicular.

As seen before, almost any materials may be used in the construction of a wall. In making a wall the recognised method is to start at the base and work up. (This method is fast becoming obsolete and already most walls are being put together horizontally and then raised into position.) Another method which may take over from the one last described is, when building a wall, to work sideways, i.e., widening a wall till it is the desired width.

The Walls of Today or The Curse of the Coming Generation.

It seems that the words on the tongue of every teacher are "The wall does not have to be held up by you — how many times must I tell you not to lean in that lazy manner?" Every boy or girl must have heard that statement. To teachers the leaning upon of walls must look an acute problem as recently the Education Department held a meeting to discuss this horrible habit "which must cease instantly, etc."

S. T. Ernest, Head of the Department, ended his six-hour speech by saying:—"To me, nothing, absolutely

nothing, looks or could ever possibly look worse than this, this stupid, senseless, idiotic leaning. I shudder at the sight of a wall, its function grotesquely marred by children leaning against it. Not only does this senseless sprawling spoil the beauty of the building, but also it produces bad posture of the body, and our children — the citizens of tomorrow — grow up to be forever malformed and insecure, without a wall to lean upon."

Surprisingly enough, the pupils of the schools held many meetings to defend their only pastime. They were over-ruled in the end. But here are some views on the subject: In the majority of schools there are no seats or benches outside so the children are forced to lean. After working hard in school the children have to rest somewhere, on a wall. Anyone leaning on a wall is not committing an act of vandalism if the wall is in the same condition as it was when the person leaves.

So far, there has been no outcome to the problem, so the teachers will go on saying those words about leaning or something like that.

Conclusion

There are unlimited aspects of the wall which I have not yet mentioned — the famous and the infamous walls, the War of Walls which took a toll of a million, Military Walls, the future of the wall, painting of walls, interior walls (which also should not be leaned on), and as many other aspects as you can think of.

I hope when you have finished reading this brief history, you will have a respect for the wall, the common structure that is taken for granted in everyday life and not given a thought.

—Aldis Pumpurs.

A RAINSTORM

I watched amused as I looked out on the city street below me. Warm, dry, and two storeys up, I could afford to smile at the hurrying people getting soaked in the unexpected rainstorm, huddling under shop verandahs, crowding together in sheltered corners, their light summer clothes clinging to them, cold and wet. They welcomed the brightly lit shops as havens of rest and warmth. But the children! To them it was different. Tiny forms scuttled in and out of the crowd, splashing and kicking, wading up the swift running gutters and sailing paper boats made from street litter with cargoes of orange peel and apple cores.

Cars crawled along the puddly road, stopping occasionally for a moment as someone passed in front of them, then jerking to a start again, winding in and out like sheep. Their windscreen wipers clicked back and forth like sentinels, making sure a path was clear so the driver inside could have an unobstructed view. I switched my attention from the street itself to the buildings opposite me. The rain ran down the perpendicular grey walls in tiny rivulets, slapping at the windows and pounding on the gabled roofs. I also saw faces, vaguely, through the rain, gazing down from their lofty positions at the bleak scene in the street. Maybe they, too, were amused at the melee, maybe bored and only looking because they had nothing better to do.

RUTH BROWN.

SIGNING ON

A little group of men stood about near the black notice-board that hung on the wall at the Sailor's Home. Most of them were dressed in dungarees, guernseys, and sea boots, and a few carried oil-skin coats. Some discussed the merits and demerits of the ships wanting men; some stood, hands in pockets, silently reading and re-reading the notices, as though expecting to find some hidden meaning in those simple announcements.

The facts were plainly enough stated, scribbled in white chalk; yet they continued to gaze, some of them to consider, to weigh up the advantages and disadvantages of signing on for each respective voyage. . . . A couple moved to the open door nearby, passed through the building to the main entrance, stood a moment on the steps, and then strolled away towards the busy city.

LOIS MILLER.

A PEN PORTRAIT

Spectacles perched upon an upturned freckled nose. Plump, pale cheeks. Gleaming shoes. Neat fingernails. A tidy blazer and well washed grey jumper cover a pure white shirt. Well-pressed pants complete his dress. He never indulges in pranks while a lesson is on. At 3.30 he goes smartly home with homework books under his arm. When four o'clock comes he has his morning wood cut and other chores done. He then commences his homework. Never seen in a milk bar, on street corners, or at the theatre. On Sunday he is seen wending his way towards his Sunday School with his Bible under his arm.

DOUG. SEYMOUR.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS

NUTS:

I was travelling along in my car when I was forced to stop alongside the kerb, opposite a large brick building. A tyre had blown out. I commenced to change the wheel and placed four nuts in the dry gutter. Suddenly a rush of water came and swept them down a culvert.

A man looking over the fence must have seen my worried expression, for he yelled, "What are you going to do now, mate?" "I don't know." "How many nuts do you need on each wheel to keep them on?" he asked. "Three." "Well, why don't you take one off each wheel and use them for the spare wheel?" My anxiety disappeared, and after a short time I had all wheels secure and was ready to proceed homewards.

When I passed this building, for the first time, I saw this sign "HOME FOR THE MENTALLY ILL".

DENIELLE HUGHES.

SPRING

Springtime brings out lovely flowers
And children have their happy hours.
They laugh and play the whole day long
And they sometimes even sing a song.

When sun goes down and shadows creep,
All children should be fast asleep.
Then out across the velvet sky
The moon comes out and sails on high.

—Pat Buntin.



BASKETBALL TEAMS

(Back row): J. Sullivan, M. Fastenrath, J. Scott, M. Jenkins, Miss Catchpole, M. Stares, B. Sewell, H. Fankhauser, J. Reid, E. Kurezewski.
(Front row): B. Baker, S. Oliver, H. Lawton, L. Loft, H. Stewart, V. Steffen, J. Humphries, L. Holt, C. Wilson, M. McBride.

—Block donated by W. A. Purvis Stores.

MATT'S LUCK

"Well, blow me down and strike me lucky,
If it isn't my pal I met in Kentucky,
I'm broke to the doorstep, which puts me in a
spot,
Do come up to the pub and have a pot,"
Exclaimed Old Matt, who hailed from China.
He dug to Australia for his occupation's a miner.

His poor old pal in amazement looked,
For he knew without doubt that he would be
rooked.

"Oh no Old Matt," he cried in horror,
"I won't drink your beer, then pay with my dollar,
I may be rich and selfish and sad,
But waste my loot is unthinkable lad."

Poor old Matt looked glum and turned to depart
Back to his lodging, there to play on his harp,
But to his amazement and look of surprise,
His dear old pal with a gleam in his eyes
Said, "You silly old goat, I was joking you see,
Come back to my mansion and live in luxury."

—Helen Fankhauser.

THE FISHERMAN

A fishy old fisher called Fisher,
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure.
Fisher's three sons inherit his way
Of fishing fish from the fissure each day.
But a shark with a grin, pulled the fisherman in
Now they are fishing the fissure for Fisher.
The fisher was fished from the fissure right soon,
And Fisher was buried the very next noon.

—DAVID GRANT.



J. Foote, long jump champion.



A. Poole, high jump champion.

LIFE ON MARS

And so we stepped on to Mars
Under Captain Cullen's command,
And surveyed the purple scenery
Composed of purple sand.

Pittard, the second mate,
Regarded diagrams,
And said we were miles from any shop,
So we'd better search for yams.

We hunted hungrily 'mongst the sand,
But only found pink grass,
And 'tho Professor Harrison filtered it,
Fifty per cent. was glass.

Then having finished his detective story,
MacLean solved our problems,
Such as how much air just wasn't there,
And whether Mars has goblins.

Pittard entered Mars in debit column,
(Increase in asset Spacemen),
And then complained it was so quiet
That he just couldn't stand it.

Sir Pyers obliged us with a song,
(It sounded much like skiffle),
And Captain Cullen said, as we were out of grass,
We'd better eat some thistles.

I heard a loud, echoing scream,
That rendered through the air,
By gosh, it was good to awake,
And find I wasn't there.

—M. Wilcox.

WINDOW SHOPPING

Window shopping is a pastime best pursued at night. It is at night that the displays are at their prettiest, there are not too many people around, all the shops are closed, so there is no temptation to buy. The method is very simple, one just selects a well lighted shopping area and wanders around looking at the wares on display, admiring their arrangement, comparing their prices and calculating the possibility of ever being in possession of them.

One can window shop with or without a friend. The desirability of either course is dictated by the circumstances. For instance, it would not be wise to take a man on a window shopping expedition which has as its object the gaining of a preview of the new summer fashions, although in this case a woman could be helpful, provided she is of similar tastes. This last point is most important. A middle-aged matron who is an excellent judge of meat, has never heard of Dior, habitually buys her clothes at chain stores and can be, on many occasions, a wet blanket. Then again home dressmakers are not altogether suitable companions if one intends to shop in an exclusive area, for they will persist in calculating how much the material in the garment in question would be worth, and in working out how much could be saved by making it at home. On the other hand if one is shopping for the home or the family, a bright young flat-dwelling, office-employed sophisticate who thinks that "wooden spoon" must be a new autumn shade, doesn't like cooking because she always cuts her finger on the cans, and daresays that all children's clothes must be much of a muchness, is hard-

ly the person to take along. If however one decides to go alone, the temptation to say to any perfect stranger who happens to be standing near, "Ooh! Isn't that lovely" should be firmly resisted, for if the stranger is a man one may either find oneself the object of unwanted attention or be reprimanded by a policeman for loitering. If the stranger is a woman she may turn out to be a loquacious bore, either giving you all her troubles, marital, economic and personal, in long sentences without commas, or pressing upon you unwanted opinions on every subject from German sausage to German spies.

Nevertheless, there is only one paramount danger in window shopping, and that is that the temptation to buy, or rather to buy in undue haste, may become too strong. The whole nature of window shopping is slow deliberation, and time for consideration before any step is taken is an absolute necessity. The intended practice of installing automatic slot machines which can be used after hours by late window shoppers to put a deposit on fancied articles is to be deplored.

It is a perfectly monstrous blow at the very nature of window shopping. A weak willed window shopper is here prayed upon, and, tempted beyond human endurance, many very possibly buy the article which in the cold light of day may prove itself a white elephant.

In conclusion, I wholeheartedly recommend window shopping to all those interested, merely cautioning them to choose their companions carefully, be careful if going alone, and last of all keep well away from slot machines.

—Sue Handley,



SENIOR and JUNIOR SOFTBALL
(Back row): G. Fairclough, M. Locke, M. Griffiths, H. Lawton, J. Morris, Miss Catchpole, J. Scharinger, G. Hulbe, L. Mulgrew, E. Jones.
(Front row): A. Vincent, S. Castleton, S. Oliver, J. Scott, M. Jenkins, B. Sewell, S. Bush, D. Morrison, S. Vincent.
—Block donated by K. B. Shine Furniture Emporium.



JOCK

*Jock the Scot's our
champ,*

*On the field he's no
longer a lamb,*

*He hits the balls and
bumps the girls,*

*And runs so fast we're
in a whirl,*

*And 'though his tar-
tans weren't Maclean*

*We'll forgive him this
time all the same.*

—All 3b Girls

HOW TO CAUSE MASS HYSTERIA

OR

HOW FORM VI REDECORATED ROOM 12

(You may take this article with a grain of salt or an iodine tablet at form assembly.)

"I know it comes as a blow," he continued, "but the fact remains—Form IV are working!" Actually we are only removing desks, scrubbing walls, painting walls, scrubbing floors, returning **new desks** (cheers) and, in general, giving Room 12 a much-needed face-lift.

It all began a long time ago, to cut a long story (something like the Vladivostok Pork and Bean Company) short, when John Foote said, "Chaps, all marble-playing and no work (Cheers) make us dull lads, so we will away to Mr. Ellis and inquire about the lease of Room 12 for the winter, when we can't play marbles!"

On the 1st of May, at 1.45 p.m. "Operation Scrub Ink and Footprints off the Walls" began. Armed with scrubbing brushes and buckets of hot water, a dozen A.B VI's proceeded to scrub the walls. After these were dry the initial painting proceeded. The colour scheme—Daffodil top, with Aqua below—was chosen by Mr. Ellis, who we have reason to believe was "in the same painter" (Ed's note.— Cut out those ghastly puns!)

As there were only two brushes, Scotty was elected to go home and beg/borrow/steal a paint brush (which he did). With three brushes the now six-man team took to painting in shifts. These six men: John F., Bruce T., Ken S., Phil H., Col. R., and Ross W., remained until six o'clock on Wednesday, giving the walls their second coat.

On Thursday, the same group plus Wayne A. and Robin H., continued to paint the doors, etc. In the evening about fiveish, members of the staff, who had by now overcome the initial shock, congratulated us on our work, and vaguely hinted that the staff-rooms were drab! (Ed.— Comment here was censored!) i.e. they wanted us to paint their rooms, which we will do for a considerable . . . er . . . considerate fee. (Hem hem?)

On Friday, with some luck, we managed to occupy Room 12 in first period, where we proceeded with speed to work out a few problems which were troubling Mr. Homann. I noticed, as many of the staff tried to, that the inside of the desk lids were being used by chaps for pin-ups of GIRLS! (Hem, hem) (I'm shocked!)

By now you will have all seen these pin-ups . . . er I mean Room 12, so before you use this page for lighting your fire under the school, read my warning . . .

"Anyone who marks the walls, (or ceiling, Phil.) will find him/herself paying the Supreme Sacrifice, viz Getting the marks off!"

SKOOLBOY HOWLERS

1. The line opposite the right angle—angle in a right angle triangle is called a hippopotamus.
2. The plural of forget me not—forget us not.
3. The home of the swallow is in the stomach.
4. Copra is a native policeman.
5. A magnet is something you find in a bad apple.
6. An oboe is an American tramp.
7. A polygon is a dead parrot.
8. Two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless they are crooked.
9. Water is composed of two gins, Oxygin and Hydrogin, Oxygin is pure gin and Hydrogin is gin and water.
10. The chief clause of the Magna Carta was that no free man could be put to death or imprisoned without his own consent.
11. At the battle of Hastings, William ordered his archers to shoot at the thickest part of the English, so they shot upwards so the arrows fell on the Englishmen's heads.
12. Some instruments used in the orchestra are: Viles, cellars, tin pannies, hornets, baboons, old boys and bubble bases.
13. King Charles died from excitement. He lost his head.
14. The piural of ox is oxygin.
15. Tarzan is a short name for the American flag, it's full name is tarzan stripes.
16. A red Indian's wife is called a squaw, and her children are called squakers.
18. Black clouds are formed by the evaporation of dirty water.
19. By the time a boy gets old enough to know how much he owes his parents, some girl comes along and gets most of the interest.

HENRY WINTERS.

Best Prose Contribution:

MY FATHER

I can see my father now in my mind's eye as he moves down the footpath with a long swinging stride, perfectly balanced with a basket of twelve milk bottles in each hand. His gait is smooth and easy with nothing to show that he has been doing this job for fifteen years. His tanned leather-like face and arms, worn and darkened by the elements, reflect his perfect health. His ice-blue eyes glint under his shaggy brows. He smiles good-morning to an occasional early riser working in his garden and sniffs appreciatively the strong sweet smell which seems to fill the still morning air, when flowers are at their best after a cool night. Mingled with the scent of the flowers is the sharp clean smell of eucalypt leaves.

Birds chirrup as they wake up and bottles clatter and jingle against the shiny metal sides of the baskets, their frail tinfoil tops catch the sunlight and reflect the glare on to the fence rails. At brief intervals they bang and rattle in their baskets as my father puts them down to take the empty bottles out of a box on a fence and replace them with whitely gleaming ones. Presently he swings round and starts coming back, moving slightly faster as his load lightens, his fingers gripping the smooth round handles.

Maybe if he is hungry he has a sandwich, enjoying it, even if it does taste rather dry and crumbly from lying in the truck during the early hours, or perhaps a Columbine or similar sweet which has a caramelly flavour and which he likes very much. Ordinarily he would not particularly notice the sweet, sticky taste of them, taking it for granted, but when he is working he appreciates it more. Often he opens a bottle of milk and has a drink, holding the dewy-wet bottle carefully so it will not slip through his fingers, then he puts it in a top crate and finishes it later.

He climbs nimbly into his truck and drives off to the next stop further down the street or in the next street, his sinewy hands confidently on the wheel as he feels the power of the vehicle under him and hears the crunch of the wheels on the road.

—ANONYMOUS.



Was Darwin Right?

AN INTERVIEW WITH SATAN

The wind came whistling down from the rooftops, swirling the grey fog of the alleyway into a thick eddy which disappeared into the dark shadows. As I passed, a darkly clad figure emerged, as if a materialization from the clammy blackness. I was somewhat taken aback as he stepped along beside me, but became reassured when he said, in a deep, friendly voice, "What a bitterly cold night. Would you like a cigarette?" I thanked him, and as he handed it to me his peculiarly chilling hand brushed across my fingers. I raised it to my lips and he snapped his fingers, whereupon the end began to glow. The sweet, fresh aroma of it wafted into my nostrils. I drew deeply upon the cigarette and it gave me the same sensation as wine flowing over my tongue; it was delectable. But when I continued to inhale, a feeling of lightheadedness crept over me. Then, as we neared the lamp post, I casually glanced at my companion's face, and was astonished to see it wreathed in a devilish grin.

DENIELLE HUGHES.

UNSUNG HEROES

The enemy were nearly upon them now. The little group of men were quiet, their silence being broken only by the distant roar of guns. Only one showed any fear, but he was a lad of scarcely 18. He had once been happy and carefree, but now he was afraid. There was no expression of fear on his face, only in his eyes, which moved about restlessly. It was as if he were a dull, lifeless puppet. Then, as the enemy were sighted, a sudden change came over him. He no more looked afraid. It was as if in that short space of time he had changed from a poor, frightened youth into a determined and courageous man. . . . The little handful of men fought bravely but were completely overwhelmed by the enemy. The young man who such a short time before had been afraid was one of the last to go down. As it was with these men, so it was with hundreds of others who gave their lives so unselfishly in the fight for freedom.

PETER VAN HOOF.

THE LITTLE BLACK HORSE

The little black horse stood upon the hill,
And whenever I look he is standing there still.
He eats all his oats and he eats all his hay,
A very fine racehorse he'll make one day.

Sometimes he trots
Sometimes he races,
He thinks he's the tops
When he goes through his paces.

So one day for all the folks to see
A very fine racehorse he will be,
But I will remember him with a great thrill
As the little black horse that stood upon the hill.

—DOREEN FINCHAM.

A DEFENCE OF A BOWLER HAT

Many people today regard a bowler hat as absolutely antediluvian, and therefore an article to be ridiculed. However, I, though a mere female, wish to rise to the defence of this hat of distinction.

First of all, let us take this bowler hat and dissociate it completely from its wearer. It is a hat of solid construction, of clean, well-defined lines, and of ample proportions, infinitely superior to the knocked-into-shape, sat-upon felt which one so often sees.

Now place the hat over a manly dome. There is nothing that so sets off the peculiar rugged beauty of the male countenance as the bowler. If the face is round and cherubic, it will dignify it, transforming its wearer into a person of some consequence. If the face is stern and foreboding, the bowler softens it till the wearer becomes quite human.

Consider the entire figure of a man complete with bowler. Its cut is such that, with the rotund figure it harmonizes to give exquisite balance, while, with sublime mystery, it renders perfect grooming to the lean man.

There is found in the normal male make-up a lack of dignity. But when that man adopts a bowler hat he suddenly is the possessor of an irresistible charm and dignity. This latter can be acquired at all stages of his life, but, for the best result, as soon as the male assumes the outward signs of manhood, that is to say, wears long trousers, let him also put on a bowler.

It is a well-known fact that in many schools the senior boys understandably object to wearing school caps, but grant them the privilege of donning bowlers and no compulsion would be necessary. Also this would certainly have a marked effect on the esteem with which they would be regarded by juniors, who would involuntarily mould their conduct upon that of their illustrious and bowler-hatted seniors, with beneficial results to the tone of the school.

The distinction imparted by bowler hats can be seen from old photographs, though photography did not always give the same near-perfect, true-to-life picture as it does now. I have seen, as have you, photographs of the town cricket team after winning the premiership, umpires, players, and spectators, all attired in bowlers. The dignity found yet again in this scene has to be seen to be believed.

The bowler is an ambassador for its owner, and as such is invaluable. The symmetric arrangement of bowler hat and umbrella on the hall stand lets the next caller know that someone important has condescended to call, or that the master is of high prestige. If bowlers were more generally worn, fathers would receive readier obedience from their offspring, husbands sincerer respect from their wives, and bachelors more deference from their landladies, and extra attention from their acquaintances among the fairer sex.

How could a more favorable impression be made upon the young lady's father than by the ardent suitor approaching him with a bowler hat carried gracefully

in the left hand? Nothing is more expressive of good breeding, manners, and intentions.

Men are extremely self-conscious and fear having their self-respect derided. How could they be otherwise while they refrain from wearing bowlers? There is nothing so boosting to the male ego, nothing so uplifting to male morale as a bowler hat. If the leaders in the community, lawyers, doctors, and business men, would launch this hat fashion they would do much to restore to men the position as the stronger sex, which is their just due. I must say that there are some, such as the bookmakers, the Duke of Norfolk, and Sir Winston Churchill, who are already doing their bit in this regard.

There is no doubt but that the return to popularity of the bowler would be joyously hailed by all who appreciate a truly noble and distinguished hat.

M. SLATTERY.

We grumble and groan, but . . .
Our classes with Mr. Gearing,
As far as we can conjecture
Have all turned out to be
One long never-ending lecture.

Maybe he thinks a lecture,
Is what will do us best.
But after we've wasted half the lesson,
He goes and wastes the rest.

We s'pose we are annoying
And it's our fault his ulcer suffers
But despite all our shenanigans.
We're not exactly duffers.

This may not be good poetry,
It may not be good verse,
But it makes our point clear
And after all, it could be worse.

He's not bad really.

Two from IVa.



T. van der Meche, shot put champion.

SIXTH FORM BOYS AT A GLANCE

WAYNE ATKINS:

Special Feature: Treasurer of the "Under Six Foot Club."

Hobbies: Photography, correcting teachers.

Ambition: To prove that Einstein adopted an incorrect proof for his theory of relativity.

Fate: Member of Parliament.

PHILLIP CHENEY:

Favourite Song: "Cheney with the light brown MO."

Hobbies: Cultivating his moustache; the much feared "GOON SHOW."

Ambition: To strain his tea whilst drinking it.

Fate: To have his upper lip BALDED.

THOMAS DOXFORD:

Motto: "What I can't wreck can't be wrecked."

Hobbies: Mon.-Fri., 8.45 a.m.-3.30 p.m. (After hours, 2 Garden St., Yallourn).

Ambition: To obliterate Yallourn from the face of the earth.

Fate: Assistant-assistant chock remover in the R.A.A.F.

JOHN FOOTE:

Favourite Song: "The Sheik from Scrubby Creek."

Hobbies: The eagerly awaited "GOON SHOW." The acquisition of his "Matric."

Ambition: To cultivate hairy-bald legs.

Fate: A school teacher.

RICHARD FROOMES:

Favourite Song: "Round and Round."

Hobbies: Running; Sunbathing outside 14A.

Ambition: To win a cross-country race without exerting himself.

Fate: To get giddy in a mile run.

PHILLIP HAYES:

Favourite Song: "I'll walk with you to the hills, Maggie."

Hobbies: Breaking the three-minute mile; Trying to grow a "Mo."

Ambition: B.A.? Top score at basketball.

Fate: To lose count and run five laps instead of four.

ROBIN HUGHES:

Favourite Song: "Song of India."

Hobbies: Yogi; Missing the school bus.

Ambition: To arrive at school by bus instead of "les pieds" one day.

Fate: To tie himself in a reef-knot.

JOHN LAWTON:

Special Feature: Sole supplier of "Swan" ink to Form Six.

Hobbies: The dreaded "GOON SHOW." Umpiring school socials.

Ambition: To empty a bottle of ink by himself.

Fate: M.C.-ing Form IVd's party.

ROBERT MOLLOY:

Favourite Song: "The Wild Colonial Boy."

Hobbies: Proving the innate superiority of the human male. (Good on him!)

Ambition: To grow a man (in a test-tube).

Fate: To sign fan-mail for squealing girls.

MANUEL PAPE:

Favourite Song: "Transfusion."

Hobbies: Running an illicit, free taxi service after school socials.

Ambition: To pay off his car and have enough money left to buy petrol.

Fate: Transfusion. (Note the similarity.)

JAMES REES:

Favourite Song: "Gone Fishin'."

Hobbies: Going fishing on school days, discussing "the one that got away" in Pure with E.H.

Ambition: To ban the literary "Goon Show."

Fate: To be converted to a "GOON."

COLIN ROBERTS:

Special Feature: President of the "Under Six Foot" Club.

Hobbies: Feigning innocence.

Ambition: To be successful.

Fate: To be found out.

KENN SCOTT:

Special Features: Secretary of the "Under Six Foot" Club.

Hobbies: Running away from girls (in slow motion).

Ambition: To be caught.

Fate: To get away.

JOHN STURTZ:

Special Feature: Another teacher's son.

Hobbies: Swimming.

Ambition: To break the four-minute mile (under water).

Fate: To drown in coal dust.

BRUCE TULLOCH:

Favourite Song: "Show me the way to go home."

Hobbies: Hugging (corners and miscellaneous).

Ambition: To take an "S" bend at 90 m.p.h.

Fate: Centrifugal force.

ROSS WEIDERMAN:

Favourite Song: "A bicycle built for two."

Hobbies: Overloading bicycles.

Ambition: To fit two girls on one bike.

Fate: To crash into GRJ 414.

FRED WINTERS:

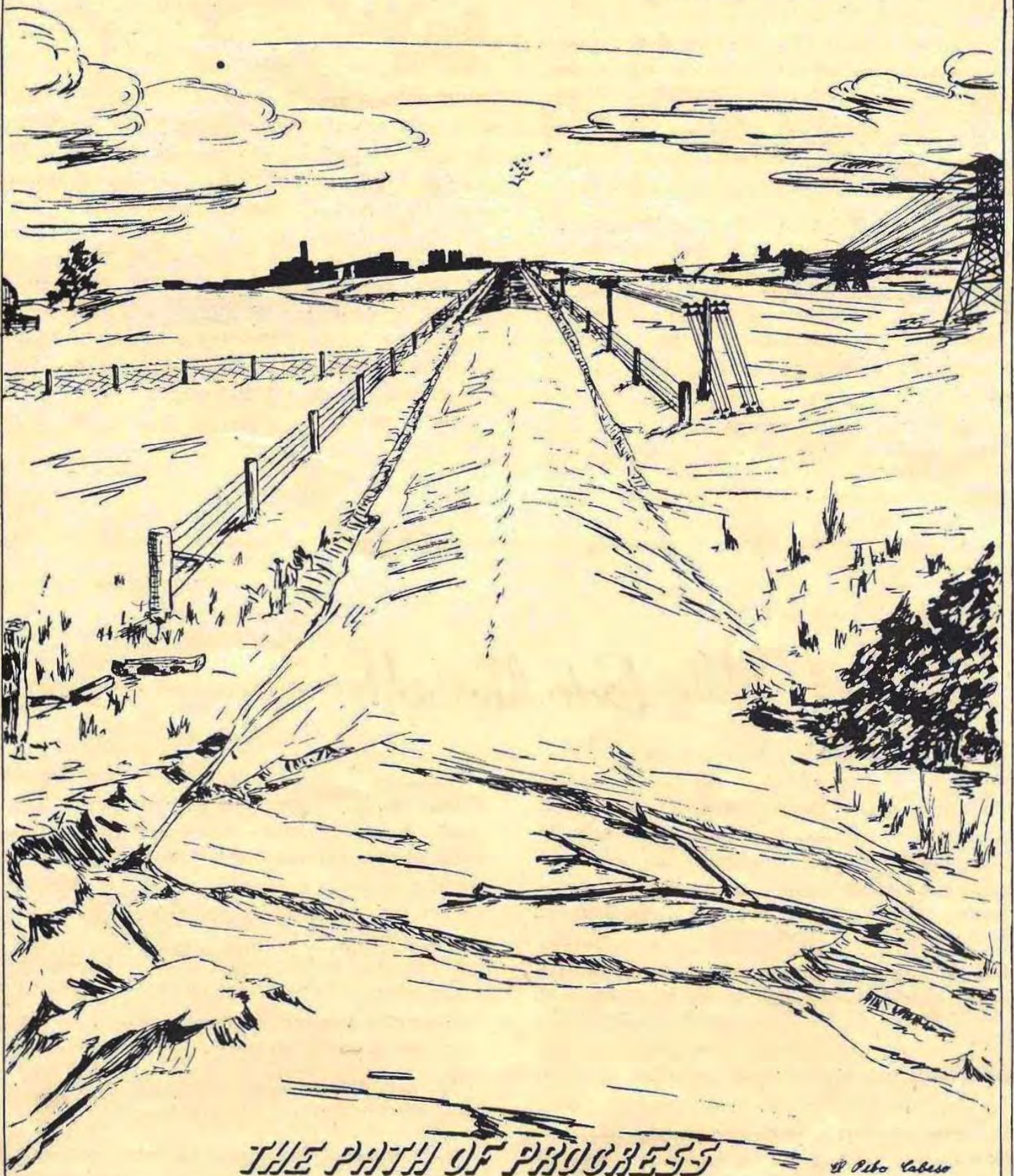
Favourite Song: "Stand up and fight."

Hobbies: Bullying boys bigger than himself.

Ambition: To whip Richard.

Fate: To be whipped by Richard.

—MESSRS. D. and C.



THE PATH OF PROGRESS

By Otto Labbe

A DEPRECIATION OF POETRY

(My most sincere apologies to King Arthur, The Lotus Eaters and Karshish the Arab Physician)

1. So all day long the noise of battle rolled.
(Form Six boys redecorating Room 12).
2. Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
(These scones look delicious, Miss Catchpole!)
3. An agony of lamentation like a wind that shrills.
(Musical depreciation in Rooms 6 and 9).
4. When every morning brought a noble chance.
(Latecomer creeping into line).
5. His voice was thin, as voices from the grave.
(Clue—It's a very sarcastic one, too!)
6. Far far away did seem to mourn and rave.
(I am sitting at the back of the class).
7. With half shut eyes ever to seem,
Falling asleep in half a dream.
(This follows on from (6) naturally enough).
8. They sat down upon the yellow sand.
(Form V Geog. Excursion, no doubt.)
9. Then someone said: "We will return no more!"
(Famous last words — We're back, aren't we!)
10. And in a little while our minds are blank.
(Are the exams coming, by any chance?)
11. All things are taken from us!
(You shouldn't bring water pistols to school, boys!)
12. And I must hold my peace.
(An indignation which is promptly curbed!)

4th January, 1937.

—FORM VI.

VERSE SPEAKING CONTEST

This year, for the first time, the four houses competed in a verse-speaking contest. The competition was held in conjunction with the house choral contest, and even in its first year called forth a great deal of enthusiasm and healthy rivalry.

The aim of the competition is to inculcate habits of clear and expressive speech, and to show that a group of voices speaking in unison is able to produce an interesting, and at times, exciting tone, quite beyond the reach of a single voice.

The four groups this year demonstrated this by each speaking a selection from the Psalms and a modern Australian poem.

The adjudicators were Mrs. McCasker, Mr. Young, and Mr. Pyers. In giving their adjudication, Mr. Pyers said that they thought the standard was very good for a first attempt. They were pleased to notice no tendency towards elocution or artificiality. Most selections were simply and effectively presented.

The winner of the competition was the Mawson group. Phillip House was second, Bass third, and Flinders fourth.

The standard of work this year augurs well for future competitions.

THE BAWL GAME

(It only hurts for a little while)

Raise a cheer, raise a cheer, raise a cheer to heaven,
Hockey premiers we are—High School Eleven.

Now we are going to relate,
How by a stroke of fate,
Our team came to be so great—
None can our fame debate
High School Eleven!

Led by our captain Lew
On to the field we flew
All thru' the mud we slushed,
Blood from our injuries gushed—
Onward Eleven!

Lawt, tense, stood guarding goal,
Stew defended with heart and soul,
Forwards by Thomas led,
"Charge for goal!" he said,
Jackson with ball saw red—
Fearless Eleven!

Half-backs to the right of them—
Half-backs to the left of them—
Full-backs to the front of them!
They were outnumbered.
Sticks clashing in the air,
Teeth flying everywhere
Was there a team so rare
We often wondered!

Gough came streaking down the line,
Eddie the other wing never stopped trying,
Raggat was mud be-spattered;
But the enemy's hopes were shattered—
All their team was bruised and battered.
Vengeful Eleven!

Goold tackled, half-back shot the ball,
Came a groan from enemies all.
Henry passed, and hopeful still
Ron aimed with all his skill,
"A goal" blew the whistles shrill.
Invincible Eleven!

"Well done, boys! it was pickles!"
Came the voice of Mr. Nicholls.
But his praise we did not hear,
We were full of ginger beer—
Crumble bars from ear to ear—
Contented Eleven.

—HENRY WINTERS

LEST WE FORGET — "THE FABULOUS ELEVEN"..

G. Edwards
R. Stewart
R. Rawiller
J. Goold
R. Gough
R. Lawton
J. Lewis
H. Winters
I. Jackson
T. Griggs
D. Raggat

THE HORSE

He was just skin and bones now. No spirit. Every day he pulled a heavy greengrocer's cart for five miles. His master whipped him when he faltered in his steps. When he came home his breathing came in short, sharp jerks. Years ago he had been the leader of a band of wild horses. Proud, defiant. Then man had come to his peaceful grazing lands. With whips and ropes they had gone after the "White Stallion". Finally man, the hated creature with the stinging whips, had trapped him. How he had fought. But the ropes around his neck had tightened. Then he had been brought to a place where people cheered if someone sat on his back for a little while. A rodeo, man had called it. Now he was old, but sometimes as he thought of his younger days he would hold his head proudly and a defiant look would come into his eyes. Then, as he realized that he was no longer the "White Stallion", his head would droop sadly, and he would go back to munching the chaff in his stable.

PETER VAN HOOF.



MY HOME

Away out back of our station,
Where some land is yet to be cleared,
Off' do I find myself wandering
Where in truth there are things to be feared;
'Cause out there there's many a reptile
Who has chosen our land for his home;
Already I've killed a half hundred or more
Of these wrigglers that chance to roam.

Out here there are many hardships,
With which all of us folks contend;
And riding about the property,
I see things which we try to fend.
The remains of unfortunate cattle,
After the drought season's gone past;
Blackened trunks of the raking gum trees,
From the fires which swept so fast.

Through the thick of it all we did struggle,
To maintain the station so dear;
Suffering floods, cheating droughts, fighting bush-
fires,
Our troubles increase every year.
But somehow this place is a wonder,
No other could I love;
My thoughts always turn to Australia,
To my home, like a homing dove.

—R. A. Froomes.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

A good husband is one who will wash up when asked,
and dry up when told.

The first thing that strikes many people when visiting
Melbourne is a "hot rod."

Generally speaking, women are generally speaking.

A pessimist is an optimist on his way home from the
races.

LOST

Fear gripped his body. He had been aimlessly wander-
ing about the forest when he had the sensation
that he was lost. His body trembled and his lips
quivered. What chance had he against the dangers
of the forest on a cold winter's night? Wild beasts
and other perils could endanger his life, but his enemy
now was the freezing atmosphere. His fingers drooped
like icicles from his shaking hands, and his face was
blue with cold. Would it be wise to stay there, or
should he try to find his way home? What could he
do?

P. ROBERTS.

COOLNESS

The great drooping willows down in the gully, beside
the swift flowing river, swayed gently in the warm
breeze of the hot, dusty day. There I sat, dabbling
my hands in the water, and watched the sun striking
the dull black rocks and making them gleam in the
bright sun. The fish darting in and out of the water,
spraying the little green ferns beside the water's edge,
made me feel delightfully cool. The sun went down,
and the shrill notes of the bell-bird and the swishing
of the water faded away in the distance as I made
my way home in the cool of the evening.

WENDY HINE.

CAPULA COURSE IN HUMAN RELATIONS

Five most important words:—I am proud of you.
Four most important words:—What is your opinion?
Three most important words:—If you please.
Two most important words:—Thank you.
Least important word:—I.

—HENRY WINTERS

IVa GIRLS' LAMENTATIONS

To board a bus or train,
And be told to pay full fare;
To pay at the pictures only one shilling,
And be greeted with a stare
Is not at all unpleasant,
However it appears,
For these small things we realise, we're growing up,
my dears.

To put a little lipstick on,
And be told to wipe it off;
To express our views in public,
And be chastised by a cough
Is an insult at its worst,
And don't resort to tears
For these people just don't realise
WE'RE GROWING UP, MY DEARS.

—"THOSE WHO KNOW."

THE DIFFERENCE

Small, erect, with queenly pride
She played with sparkling jewels,
Her dark eyes wild, alight with guile,
A sneering "Mona Lisa" smile,
A haughty face of sublime grace,
The recognised superior.

Tall and gaunt, a Kitchen-maid,
She stood beside a spit,
Her pale eyes sly showed humour wry,
Her pale coarsely featured face held high,
Ugly, rough hands, long hair in strands,
The obvious inferior.

—Margaret Wilcox.

MY DREAM

One dark and lonesome night,
When all the world was still.
I dreamt that I was standing
Upon shameless Calvary Hill.

I dreamt I saw my Saviour
Hung for everyone to see.
And in His face I saw,
That He was dying there for me.

The soldiers had caught Him,
And nailed Him to the cross,
They thought it was a victory,
But it was in fact a loss.

—Marion Blackwood.

He BOYS

Jim and Lewy friends so good,
Both their heads are made of wood.
Jim Sullivan is real lazy,
But on the gals, dig! he's crazy.

Scarcey goes to the flicks at night,
And Haysey tries to pick a fight.
Nashy is the disgrace of the class,
And Stearman's brains are made of brass.

The new girl is pretty sweet,
And Pym's dying to take her down the street.
Hilly is a boon to the class,
Tex is sweatin', he's made a pass.

Northy in his brain, this year has lacked,
In his monthly bath he uses "Tact",
Robbo tries out silly pranks,
And chucks an orange peel at Zig and Frank.

Walley our own form captain, has been so good.
He deserves the medal of Knightly-hood.
We musn't forget our "Vice" so dear,
For he's been good to us throughout the year.
ROBBO and Co.

THE SONG OF THE GARDENER

With the tools and on this land
I dig and I rake, it sure is grand.
I keep the garden tidy and clean
Because on this job I really am keen.

I plant the flowers, and sow the seeds,
And I give the water which everything needs.
I spray the trees, and I mow the lawn,
I get up in the morning before it is dawn.

I weed the garden, and rid it from snails,
When I use my spade I find rusty nails,
I cut off the flowers when winter is near,
Then the garden looks ever so cold and bare.

—ANNILIE BUSACHER.



WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?

THE CATTLE YARDS

Noise and dust, the noise of lambs, bleating incessantly for their mothers; calves bellowing from an occasional nip by the sharp teeth of a cattle dog, sitting on its haunches, waiting for another calf to charge past unaware; the faint noise of the farmers discussing crops; rainfall and the general state of things! The dust, stirred up by the cattle in their perplexed state of mind, surges higher, as the voice of the auctioneer drones on till the last beast is sold.

—L. Godridge.

MARKET DAY

On entering the ancient village we heard a babble of voices coming from the neat street. As we walked on we discovered the noise was caused by people buying and selling produce at the local market. The stalls were laden with fresh fruit, vegetables and dairy produce which came from nearby gardens or farms. After a short time we left the village. We were both happy and sorrowful; happy because we were able to secure some food for the next day; sorrowful because we had to leave the friends we had made during our short stay there.

—Richard Frew.

A PICTURE OF A MODERN YOUTH

He's 17. A real rock 'n' roll fan. Often seen at "Colindale" and the theatre. Under a well combed, brushed hair-do, hazel eyes twinkle. Pimples. Mike is tall and slightly stooped; long legs and short trunk.

He spends most of his time gossiping over a milk shake, and playing records. He rarely reads, and when he does, it's Larry Kent or Peter Cheney. Loud ties, sports suits, and brightly coloured jumpers make up his week-end attire, while on Mondays he is correctly dressed, for the bank, in a grey suit. He often boasts about his job as a bank official when actually he is only a probationer.

—Doug. Seymour.

WHERE

Monkeys in a forest,
Beggarmen in rags,
Marrow in a knuckle-bone,
Gold in leather bags.

Dumplings in the oven,
Fishes in a pool,
Flowers in a parlour,
Dunces in a school.

Feathers in a pillow,
Cattle in a shed,
Honey in a beehive,
And me in bed.

STEFANIA HORBACZ.

Lonely Street,
Heartbreak Hotel.

Dear Elvis,

"Hey Jealous Lover", you ain't nothin' but "A Hound Dog". "Don't be Cruel", because I took a trip down "Heartbreak Hotel" for "Steppin' on your Blue Suede Shoes," but come with me and take a ride on "The Mystery Train". "How do you think I feel?" "I want you, I need you, I love you", and "I'm all shook up". So come and "Love me Tender", "Under the Blue Moon of Kentucky". "We get our lovin' in the Evening time", and "There's good rockin' tonight", but "I just want to be your lovin' Teddy Bear."

Your follower,
"That's right,
MAMA".

THE LONESOME KITTEN

The little black kitten that stands over her bone,
She never has company so she's always alone,
She drinks all her milk and eats all her meat,
She sits on her cushion and cleans at her feet.

My little black kitten is no longer alone,
For with her there stand six of her own.
A very proud mother she is just now,
Listening to her kittens making a row.

—JANICE COCKBURN.

IMAGINARY BOOKS

Have you read—

Hard Up, by M. T. Purss.
Greetings, by L. O. James.
Fluffy, by Ida Downe.
On the Rocks, by C. Shaw.
The Runaway Horse, by G. G. Bolten.
After the Fight, by Isa Black.
The Man Outside, by Lettie Minn.
The Pup, by Watt. A. Barker.

—STEFANIA HORBACZ.



880 FINISH. WINNER — P. HAYES.

A PIRATE — A NONSENSE POEM

"A Pirate", "A Pirate", has come in his boat,
But now the pirate's boat won't float.
It was hit by a cannon,
Now the sea's barren,
The Pirates went down,
The Captain did drown,
And now the Pirates will never be heard of again,
again,
Because they went down on the Spanish Main.

RUSSELL KNIGHT.

THE FAIR

Hurrah! the Fair has come to town,
With the swinging-boats and laughing clown,
The coconut shies and the popcorn stall,
The Fortune Teller with her crystal ball.
The racing cars go speeding past
And chair-planes swing round so fast.
The roundabouts are red and gold
A Fair is fun for young and old.
What laughter, gaiety and noise
For all the happy girls and boys!

—JENNIFER GIBBY.

LIMERICKS

There was a man from the Bin,
Who stole a peach in a tin.
When he was in jail
He let out a wail
He'd forgotten to open the tin.

There was a man from Bombay,
Who went to sleep in the hay.
He coughed and sniffled
And itched and tickled.
The man who slept in the hay.

—SUSAN GREEN.

SHADOWS

Along the path I crept like a mouse,
Frightened to death as I passed each house;
For there were shadows upon the wall
That didn't look what they were at all.

There is the bad'un I saw at the show,
He's after me! I'm sure! I know!
There is a witch on her broomstick high!
Muttering spells and such to the sky.

I'm sure that's a giant, a scowl on his face,
He's running at me at, oh, such a pace,
And there is a lion—my hair stands on end,
My heart's in my mouth as I reach the bend.

I'm so glad I'm home, where I'm safe from all
harm,

Where there's no need for rush or urgent alarm;
But there is a shadow—it's here behind I see,
Oh, I'm relieved, it's only me.

—Kerry Walsh.

SUNSET

Behind the dusky mountains
The sun is sinking low,
It flings its golden beams across the sky,
Then suddenly it changes
And a soft pink glow,
Like a coverlet, falls o'er the mountains high.

—JENNIFER GIBBY.

DAFFYNITIONS

A DUCK—a chicken with snow shoes.
FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENT—a Chinese eating spaghetti.
COMMENTATOR—an ordinary spud.
A GARDENER—a person who thinks what goes down
must come up.
PIGGY BANK—a bank that hogs money.
A PENGUIN—a duck with a tuxedo.
For every schoolboy with a spark of genius there are
a dozen with ignition trouble.