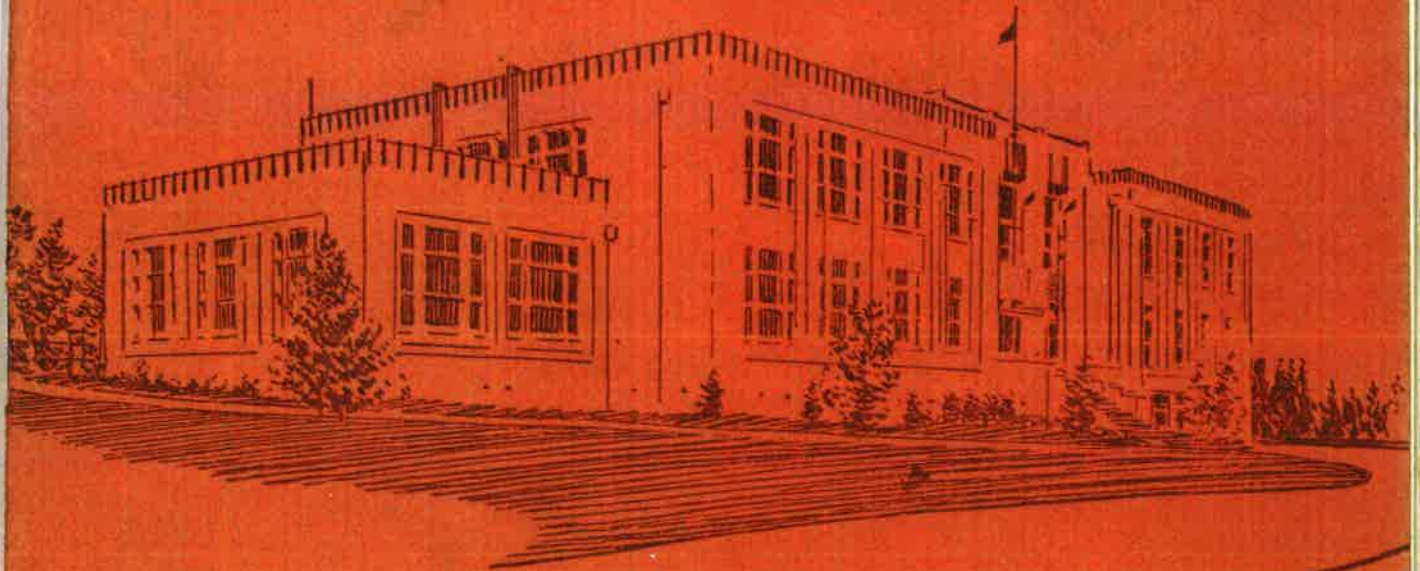


Jan 1954
48

PROSPICE

*Camberwell
High School*



DECEMBER 1953



Ian Stanley
28 Park Rd
Athena
S.E.6.
Vic.
17 Dec. 1953

Prospice

Magazine of the
CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL
1953

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE:

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Sport: Janet Walker, Richard Aitken.
Art: Margaret Young.
Current Events: Norma Corrie, John Allpress.
Activities: Kwong Lee Dow.
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Form Representatives: Jim Dyer, Robin Browning,
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John Stapleton, Janice White, Raymond Webster,
Brian James.

Camberwell High School

HEAD MASTER

Mr. A. T. Ebbels, B.A., Dip.Ed.

SCHOOL ADVISORY COUNCIL

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PREFECTS

Girls: Elizabeth Ward (Head), Norma Corrie, Dorothy Davies, Ann Harris, Angela Hitch, Elaine Jones, Janet Walker.

Boys: Graeme MacNamara (Head), Ronald Armstrong, Geoffrey Holland, Thomas Klinger, Jeffrey Mayne, Allan McNaughton, Graeme Smith.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Churchill: Gillian Cole, George Russell.

MacArthur: Ina Robinson, Jim Dyer.

Montgomery: Barbara Bonniface, John Addie.

Roosevelt: Margaret Atkins, Bruce Smith.

FORM CAPTAINS

Va: Margaret Semmel. Vb: John Cole. IVa: Claire Fairhall, Peter Willoughby. IVb: John Addie, Verena Fisch. IVc: Wendy Layton, Alan Parker. IVd: Joy Burke. IIIa: Sigrid Beilharz. IIIb: Gail Harrison. IIIc: Gerald Robinson. IIId: John Clark. IIIf: John Duncan. IIIg: Carole Day. IIIg: Lynette Welsh, Geoffrey Davidson. IIa: Elizabeth Waters, Richard Bell. IIb: Dawn West, Donald Vale. Ia: Judith Firth, Garry Bucknell. Ib: Dorothy Green, Ian Lawson.

HEAD MASTER'S PAGE

An eminent American, Thomas Jefferson, in writing his own epitaph made no reference to his having been President of the United States but gave prominence to the fact that he was the founder of the University of Virginia.

Washington, obviously with a similar outlook, once stated, "In civilised societies the welfare of the State and the happiness of the people are advanced or retarded in proportion as the morals and education of the youth are attended to," and again, "If there cannot be money found for the common purposes of education it is evident that there is something amiss in the ruling political power."

The development of education in Victoria over the last fifty years indicates that public opinion during that time has been in agreement with the views expressed above. Until the beginning of this century our Governments made provision for primary education and only a very small percentage of our children proceeded beyond that stage to the secondary education provided by private schools. About 1905-1907 an advance was made by the establishment of Continuation Schools (later High Schools) in Melbourne, Ballarat and Bendigo. In all parts of Victoria the force of public opinion was so great that soon more

High School and Technical Schools were built, and this process has continued until, today, every town of importance has one or more secondary schools, while from remote districts buses carry students to the larger centres.

During all that time the legal school leaving age remained at fourteen years but thousands of parents proved that they valued education by voluntarily raising this age and keeping their children at school. It is interesting, also, to note that recent school problems created by our rapidly increasing school population have aroused great public enthusiasm and, at times, bitter criticism. The resultant accelerated school building programme will do much to solve these problems, but it is desirable that parents should not be satisfied by the mere erection of buildings. Their interest should be directed to the type of education available, and they should strive to have schools provided with the necessary modern equipment and facilities, as well as the varied courses which will enable a child to follow the type of education suited to his taste and ability.

The achievement of these desirable results will be in proportion to the interest aroused and maintained.

A. T. EBBELS.



PREFECTS

Back Row (L. to R.): Tom Klinger, Jeffrey Mayne, Ron Armstrong.

Centre Row (L. to R.): Janet Walker, Geoffrey Holland, Allen McNaughton, Graeme Smith, Dorothy Davies.

Front Row (L. to R.): Ann Harris, Norma Corrie, Elizabeth Ward (Head), Mr. Ebbels, Miss Cook, Graeme MacNamara (Head), Angela Hitch, Elaine Jones.

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1952

Leaving Certificate—Passed: 62.

Girls: Audrey Aarons, Judith Barry, Felicity Baudinet, June Boreham, Rosslyne Chick, Gillian Davis, Karin Desler, Gloria Edwards, Annemarie Fisch, Dawn Ford, Gillian Harris, Loris Hill, Kathleen Ireland, Shirley Jenkins, Arlisle Keck, Margaret Kemp, Patricia Kennedy, Jacqueline Levy, Patricia McCubbin, Sheila McIntyre, Pauline Maley, Judith Matthews, Pamela Matthews, Helen Millar, Judith Padgham, Jennifer Pudney, Petra Richards, Helen Robinson, Isabel Simmons, Helen Stanton, Marion Stringer, Judith Stone, Margot Taylor, Lorna Veith.

Boys: Robert Atkins, David Barr, Clarence Baulch, John Blanchard, Alan Carnell, Alan Cox, Arthur Derrick, Neville Duff, Edwin Garland, Colin Gray, Ray Hampton, Kazimierz Herbst, Basil Hetrelizis, Barry Lacy, Clive Luckman, Richard Owen, Phillip Richardson, Gary Ridge, Julian Robinson, Graham Scott, Noel Selby-Hele, Ronald Smith, William Spicer, Gregory Surtees, Rex Thompson, John Waters, Geoffrey Wedlock, Barry Young.

Intermediate Certificate—Passed: 119.

Girls: Loretta Beveridge, Barbara Boniface, Adeline Chapman, Dorothy Cole, Dorothy Donnelly, Mary Jones, Valerie Lew Sang, Dorothy Morgan, Wendy Morrow, Winnifred O'Sullivan, Diane Ovenden, Wendy Pomroy, Gwendoline Ward, Beverley Whitby, Jennifer Bearlin, Shirley Bottoms, Margaret Burr, Dorothy Davies, Patricia Giblett, Isabel Harris, Angela Hitch, Betty Hollow, Roslyn Johnston, Glenda Munroe, Verna Ould, Janet Richardson, Constance Robinson, Glenise Rogers, Elizabeth Spicer, Gillian Stewart-Murray, Elizabeth Ward, Edwina Wilde, Zelma Williams, Eleanor Young, Margaret Young, Elizabeth Barker, Nancy Bullock, Norma Corrie, Margaret Creek, Valerie Gordon, Waltraud Guenther, Ame Holdaway, Elaine Jones, Norma Jonklaas, Kathleen Rae, Joyce Thompson, Barbara Trimble, Janet Walker, Wilma Warren, Wynsome Cousins, Florence Crossfield, Pamela Culley, Lorraine Denham, Jennifer Edwards, Lorraine Fisher, Maureen Fraser, Janice Hagland, Fay Jobson, Beverley Jones, Peggy Jukes, Jeanette Kinnersley, Vera Laity, Dulcie Loy, Beverley Moore, June Oatley, Barbara Osborne, Beverley Parker, Margaret Pike, Beryl Porter, Beverley Robinson, Margaret Semmel, June Sutton, Joan Tennant, Nancy Vallins, Betty Waterman, Margaret Whittle, Estelle Worboys.

Boys: Roy Andrews, Ray Burrows, Neville Daynes, Geoffrey Holland, Peter Jennings, Graeme MacNamara, Jeffrey Mayne, David McPhail, Michael Miller, Barry Morgan, Derry Pearce, Ian Phillips, Alan Salmon, David Thomas, John MacKiggan, Richard Aitken, Ronald Armstrong, John Cole, Allan Dempsey, Graham Forster, Roger Holmes, Thomas Klinger, Kenneth Lovett, Allen McNaughton, Warwick Pace, Albert Pittock, Graeme Pratt, Graeme Smith, Alistair Stirling, Robert White, John Allpress, Roger Bacon, William Crook, Mervyn Day, Noel Goodman, Jack Henderson, Lynton Incoll, Graeme McLellan, John Major, Ian Morton, Malcolm Munro, Richard Roberts.

Junior Scholarship: Susan Andrew, Robert Carroll, Helen Fenner, Lucy Hey, Robert Kaegi, Paul Martin, Allan Meiers, Margaret Mitchell, Robert Padula, Kerrie Price.

Free Place: Sigrid Beilharz, Allan Carter, David Chesterman, Laurence Edwards, Judith Harris, Norman Head, Elizabeth Jonklaas, Kenneth Petrie, Gerald Robinson, Betty Schaefer, Cedar Sonnenberg, Jennifer Tresize, Sybil Watson, Mina Weinstein.

Matriculation Teaching Bursary: Audrey Aarons, Loris Hill, Margaret Kemp, Helen Millar, Graham Scott.

Leaving Teaching Bursary: Jennifer Bearlin, Margaret Burr, Adeline Chapman, John Cole, Wynsome Cousins, Angela Hitch, Geoffrey Holland, Lynton Incoll, Roslyn Johnston, Elaine Jones, Rita Jones, Dorothy Morgan, Allan McNaughton, Graeme Pratt, Janet Richardson, Margaret Semmel, Graeme Smith, Gillian Stewart-Murray, Joyce Thompson.

Advanced Typewriting: 6 Credit Passes; 30 Passes.

Shorthand Theory (Advanced): 46 Credit Passes; 7 Passes.

Shorthand Speed (120 words per minute): 8 Credit Passes; 6 Passes.

Shorthand Speed (100 words per minute): 17 Credit Passes; 13 Passes.

EDITORIAL

We, as students, might well take a lead from the example which is being set in various directions by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh who, by decree of the Queen, is the first gentleman of England.

Various aspects of the Duke's life and career may be singled out to illustrate certain traits of character which must be regarded as eminently desirable from the point of view of citizenship.

Firstly, we might consider his life in the Navy. After deciding that his career would be a naval one he used all available opportunities to the best advantage and finally achieved his goal—a senior position in the Navy. Despite his love for his career he has had to sacrifice this in order to serve his Queen, by sharing with her the burden of the Crown.

In his oath of allegiance at the recent Coronation Prince Philip acknowledged, as must every one of us, that the Queen occupies a position which commands his loyalty as a subject.

Apart from his fondness for all things nautical the Duke has been an active participant in cricket and polo. Here again he has lent his support—a sign of good citizenship—and become patron of the National Playing Fields Association. Both on the sports field and in every-day life the Duke is a good sportsman. His sense of humour and the ease with which he can command a situation have made him beloved by Her Majesty's subjects.

Although so keenly interested in outside activities the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen manage to keep a certain time free for living an ordinary family life with their children.

Let us strive to follow the example he has set us of good sportsmanship—in the truest sense of the word—extending to others sympathy and tolerance. Our lives should reveal both loyalty and service to our Queen, our School and the Community.

Anne Holdaway.

Graeme Pratt.



"PROSPICE" COMMITTEE

Back Row (L. to R.): Ray Webster, John Horwood, John Stapleton, Brian James.

Centre Row (L. to R.): David Jamieson, Peter Wilson, Graeme Pratt (Co-editor), Alec Reid, John Mercer, David Johanson, Tom Klinger, John Allpress, Robin Page.

Front Row (L. to R.): Janet Walker, Ann Taylor, Norma Corrie, Margaret Young, Miss Robertson, Anne Holdaway (Co-editor), Robin Browning, Kerrie Price, Janice White, Helen Fenner.

OUR NEW HEADMASTER

The history of our school is a very brief one as years go, yet its growth has been extremely rapid. At the beginning of this year it was made a special class High School, the highest classification. This made it a very acceptable charge for the more senior Head Masters of our Department and Mr. A. T. Ebbels, B.A., Dip.Ed., was the successful applicant, coming to us from Wangaratta at the commencement of the school year in February.

Mr. Ebbels is the third Headmaster of this school and we take this first opportunity to place on record in the pages of *Prospice*, and convey to him a welcome from the school and our congratulations on his appointment.

The experience of Mr. Ebbels as a Headmaster goes back a long way. His first charge was Swan Hill High School, some twenty-five years ago. After a period as Senior Master at Coburg, he took charge of Wangaratta High School, where he remained for nine years. Under his guidance it, too, rose to the same special class as Camberwell, and Mr. Ebbels could have remained to enjoy the enhanced prestige of the school he had brought to such a high level.

His abilities were not confined to the school alone. He felt the call to serve the community in the wider spheres of culture and charity. As President of the Wangaratta Arts Council and a member of the Hospital Committee he was honoured, and his many good qualities appreciated.

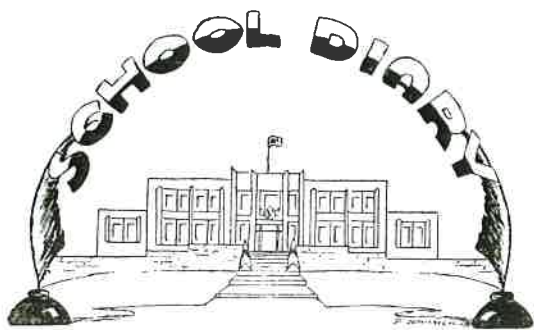
Preferring the opportunity to come to Melbourne, Mr. Ebbels left Wangaratta, and came to Camberwell.



MR. A. T. EBBELS, B.A., Dip.Ed.

We then welcome to our School one whom, we were soon to discover, long years of experience had endowed with exceptional qualities of leadership and a very human attitude to the problems that confront the Headmaster of such a school. Easy to approach, sympathetic to every request or enquiry, very concerned that nothing should mar the good name of the School, and sparing neither himself nor his time to ensure the well-being of staff and pupils, Mr. Ebbels is recognized as one who will make us, too, proud of our School and willing co-operators in establishing its future.

May he be long spared to be prouder still of us!



February 3: First day back at School. We meet our new principal, Mr. Ebbels.

March 2: Tomorrow's Swimming Sports will be won won by Churchill.

March 3: ? ? . . . Of course they were! For the 6th successive year.

March 4: Form 5 Geog. students visit General Motors-Holden.

March 17: Girls' Combined Swimming Sports.

March 18: Boys' Combined Swimming Sports.

March 23: Forms V and IV see film, *Macbeth*, at Hawthorn.

March 24: Boys' teams visit Melbourne High School.

March 25: Invasion! . . . Inspectors' annual visit.

March 30: Softball "grudge" match between Staff and 5th boys.

March 31: Boys' and girls' teams visit Upwey High School.

April 2: Easter holidays commence . . .

April 8: . . . and finish.

April 15: Installation of Prefects and House Captains.

April 23: The deathly shroud of exams envelopes us.

April 24: Orchestral concert at Melbourne Town Hall.

April 30: Education Department's representative interviews prospective teachers. We are entertained at Maling Theatre.

May 1: Revenge! Teachers sweat while we take a holiday.

May 3: School(?) marches on Empire Youth Sunday.

May 14: Prefects' Social at Box Hill Town Hall.

May 15: Recuperation! Last day of term.

May 26: Oh, Woe! Back to school we go!

June 1: Coronation Service at Maling Theatre.

June 2: Coronation Day. Holiday.

June 4: Forms IV and V view (?) "Pageant of Royalty" at Exhibition.

June 9: Cross-country run.

June 12: Form 5 Geog. excursion to Holeproof.

June 23: We are hosts to teams from Upwey. Form IV see *Merchant of Venice*.

June 24: Orchestral concert at Melbourne Town Hall.

June 30: Dramatic Night at Melbourne Boys' High School.

July 7: Teams play against M.B.H.S. and MacRobertson Girls' High School.

July 14: Teams visit Warragul High School.

July 23: Inter-House Choral Competition—Won by Churchill girls and Montgomery boys; aggregate to Montgomery.

July 24: We see film *Hidden Treasures* at Maling Theatre.

July 28: Teams from M.B.H.S. visit us.

August 6: Those dreaded things! Exams upon us again.

August 13: Prefects' Social at Camberwell Town Hall.

August 14: Correction Day (. . . and sleep).

August 21: Inter-school Drama Festival at M.B.H.S.

August 21-23: Fifth form trip to Mt. Buffalo-Kiewa Valley.

August 27: Form 5 Geog. boys visit Dunlop Rubber Co. Form 5 Geog. girls visit Crusader Plate.

August 28: Holidays again (. . . and report books to be signed).

September 8: Drudgery of life. School once more.

September 24: Royal Coronation Show. Holiday.

October 6: Inter-House Athletic Sports won by Montgomery.

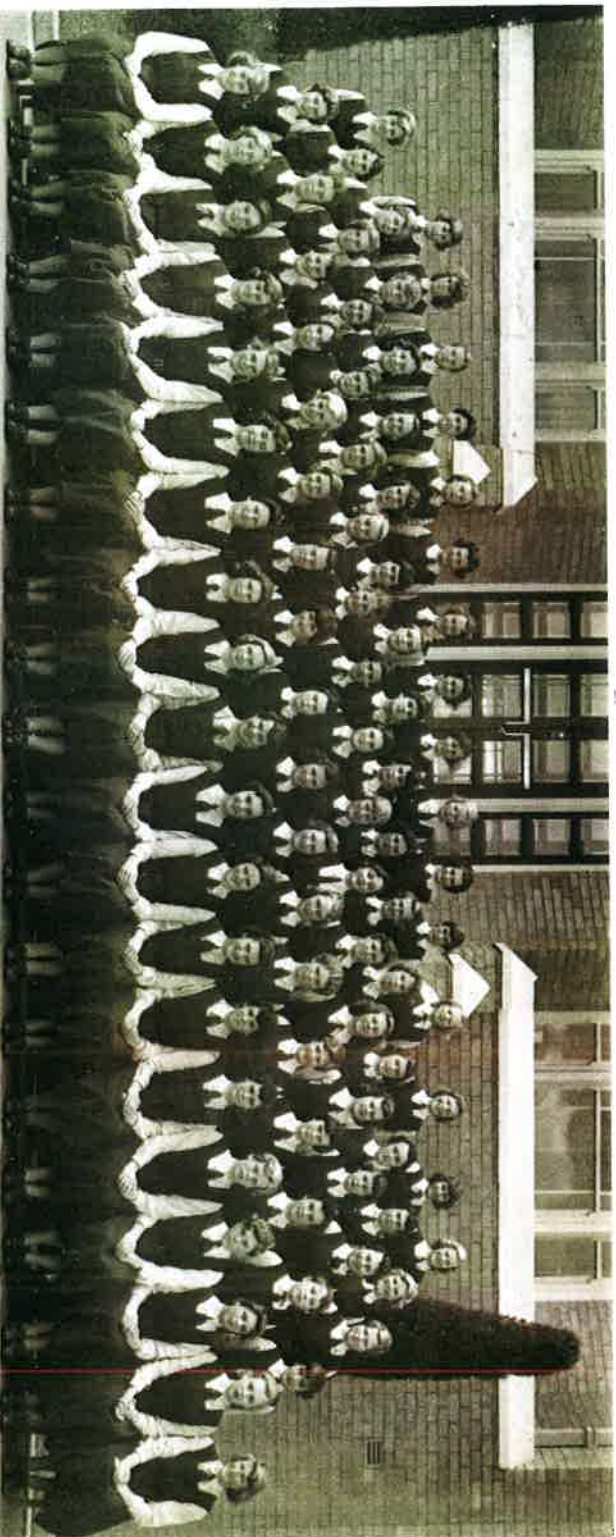
October 14: Parents visiting school are greeted by foul smells from Room 6.

October 21: Great expectations! Combined Sports postponed because of torrential downpour!

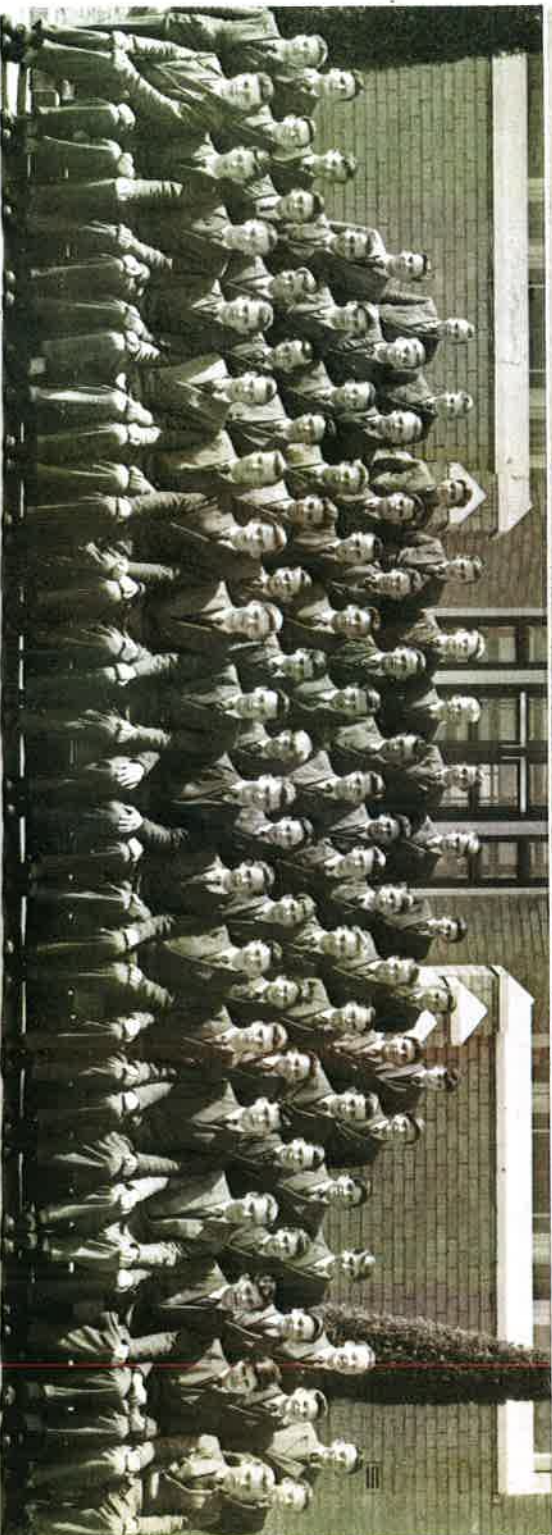
October 28: Combined Athletic Sports at Essendon.

Anne Holdaway, Va.

Graeme Pratt, Vb.



MONTGOMERY BOYS' CHOIR
Winners of Boys' Section Inter House Choral Contest



CHURCHILL GIRLS' CHOIR
Winners of Girls' Section, Inter House Choral Contest

SPEECH NIGHT, 1952

Speech Night, which was held last year on 9th December, in the St. Kilda Town Hall, proved a most enjoyable climax to the School Year.

The School Orchestra and the various choirs, in the rendition of most pleasing items, maintained the high standard of former years. Other features of the night were the four Physical Education Displays, the massed singing of the School, and two most entertaining selections from Gilbert and Sullivan.

The President of the School Advisory Council, Cr. R. C. Cooper, in his Valedictory Address to Mr. R. W. Andrews, called for three cheers for our departing Headmaster, and it was obvious by the way the School responded, that Mr. Andrews had won the respect and affection of every pupil.

In the Headmaster's Annual Report, Mr. Andrews reviewed the activities of the School throughout 1952. He stressed that the lack of accommodation at Camberwell High School was a serious problem, and pointed out that because dozens of prospective pupils were being turned away those who were privileged to remain held the responsibility of giving the School their very best and working consistently throughout the year. He added that the erection of a new pre-fabricated unit had begun, and it was hoped that this would be completed for the beginning of the 1953 School Year. Mr. Andrews also paid a tribute to the Staff who, he said, had at all times been loyal and co-operative and had always stood behind him during his term of office here.

The guest speaker was Sir Edmund Herring, Lieutenant Governor of Victoria, and Chief Justice of this State. He reminded the School that when Queen Elizabeth dedicated herself to the people of the British Empire she appealed to her subjects for their loyalty, co-operation and support so that she would be able to fulfil the vow she had made, and diligently carry out her duties.

Lady Herring, after presenting the prizes and awards—the majority of which went to girls—challenged the boys to make a greater effort in their school work.

The whole School rose to sing the School Song, after which the National Anthem brought to a close a most inspiring and enjoyable evening.

Norma Corrie, Va.

Prizes and Awards

DUX OF SCHOOL: Margaret Kemp.

Proxime Accessit: Jacqueline Levy.

Form IVa. Wendy Pomroy; Form IVb. Eleanor Young; Form IVc. Elaine Jones; Form IVd. Janice Hagland; Form IIIa. Paul Martin; Form IIIb. Kwong Lee Dow; Form IIIc. Kathryn Smith; Form IIId. Nelly Edelmaier; Form IIle. Wendy Layton; Form IIa. Kerrie Price; Form IIb. Norman Head; Form IIc. Sigrid Beilharz; Form Ia. Elizabeth Beilharz; Form Ib. Antoinette Huttner.

Magazine Editors: Loris Hill. John Spicer.

Head Prefects: Audrey Aarons. John Waters.

Athletic Championships:
Rosslynne Chick. Allan Chapple.

Swimming Championships:

Pauline Maley, Barry Young.

House Championship: Roosevelt House.

The Installation of Prefects and

House Captains

On Wednesday, 15th April, the annual Installation of Prefects and House Captains was held in the Maling Theatre.

After the National Anthem had been sung, the School Orchestra played an item and this was followed by massed singing of *No Fool Shall Gather Our Harvest*.

Cr. Cooper, President of the School Advisory Council, thanked the theatre authorities for their co-operation and welcomed Cr. George, Mayor of Hawthorn, his wife and the parents who were present.

Cr. George then told the prefects that he regarded them as being like councillors of a municipality—all working for the good of their school and setting an example for others to follow. The prefects then repeated the pledge after Cr. George, and Mrs. George presented the badges and pockets to the prefects and house captains.

The head prefects, Graeme MacNamara and Elizabeth Ward, then passed a vote of thanks to all the visitors for coming along.

Several choral items were then presented and the ceremony ended with the singing of the School Song.

STAFF NOTES

1953 has seen many changes in Staff. Early in the year the following teachers relinquished their association with us, to take up their duties in other spheres:—Miss Dooley, Mr. Sheeran, Mr. Power, Mrs. Damian and Mrs. Hamilton.

New members of Staff this year are:— Mr. A. Dawkins, Miss M. E. Moore, Mr. J. Tynan, Mr. A. Knight, Mr. N. Higgs, Miss M. Yeas, Mrs. G. Hurnall, Dr. J. Huttner, Miss V. Whatley and Mrs. M. Dawkins.

We welcome them to Camberwell High School and hope they will enjoy being with us.

This year we bade farewell to Miss M. Urban who, for some years, had contributed very freely towards the smooth running of our School. She took with her our grateful thanks and best wishes for future happiness.

In her stead we have already welcomed Miss M. Campbell, who is graciously carrying on the good work.

At the end of this year, Miss Mustey, Miss Mason, Mr. Knight, Mr. Higgs and Mr. Miller will be leaving us, to take up duty at their new schools in 1954. Although we shall miss them all, we wish them every happiness in their new schools.

Parents' Association

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association for 1953 was held at the School on Monday, 16th March. The Meeting, which was well attended, gave an official welcome to the new principal, Mr. A. T. Ebbels.

Office-bearers for the current year were elected as follows:—

President: Mr. H. C. Pratt; Vice-Presidents: Messrs. H. P. Head and L. W. Doherty and Mrs. I. A. Robinson; Secretary: Mr. B. M. Curry; Treasurer: Mr. W. L. Kerr.

This year 370 parents have subscribed to the Association. This is a drop of 24 as compared with last year's membership, although this year the School has a larger number of pupils. We hope to better this figure next year.

At our first general meeting of parents this year we were addressed by the Headmaster, Mr. Ebbels, on various matters of school aims and interests, and were entertained with musical items by a school choir and the orchestra.

Other meetings were addressed by Dr. Norval Morris, Senior Lecturer in the Faculty of Law, Melbourne University, his subject being "Delinquent and Neglected Children of Victoria," and Dr. Dalton, a member of the Advisory Council, who gave us advice on "The Health of Your Child."

After some discussion between our Committee and members of the Old Pupils' Association it was decided to hold this year's Ball in the Hawthorn Town Hall on August 25. Twelve debutantes, who danced the Queen Elizabeth Waltz, were presented to the Director of Education, Major General Alan H. Ramsay, and Mrs. Ramsay. Among the official guests were Mr. Whately, M.L.A. for Camberwell, and Mrs. Whately, the Mayors and Mayoresses of Camberwell and Hawthorn, the immediate past Headmaster of the School, Mr. A. T. Ebbels, and Mrs. Ebbels, and the senior Mistress, Miss A. P. Cook. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all present.

I would like to conclude with a word of appreciation of our Headmaster, Mr. Ebbels, who has been most co-operative and helpful during the year.

B. M. Curry, Hon. Sec.

Old Pupils' Association

Who among us has not heard the fate of King Midas, who was granted the gift of having all that he touched turn to gold? During 1952 our Association would have been quite willing to enlist the aid of that venerable gentleman in the matter of raising funds with which to carry on, but during the year which has now so nearly run its course such assistance, though desirable, would not have been necessary.

We would have it so. Due almost entirely to the efforts of our young and energetic committee, most capably led by our first lady President, Miss June Coppin, every function we have held this year has

been successful, both socially and financially. These successes, though pleasing enough in themselves, are the more gratifying when compared with the failures of the preceding year. The variation in the degree of interest shown in our functions over the last two years is not easily accounted for, as any differences in the organization of the respective programmes were slight. Whatever theories may be propounded on this matter, the pleasing fact remains that the financial membership of our Association during 1953 is more than double that of the previous year, and we are once more on a fairly sound financial footing.

Our outstanding function was the "Back-to-School" night, held at the School on Friday, July 31. Over 200 Old Pupils and past and present teachers of the School attended, and a good time was had by all. This function succeeded largely because of the untiring efforts of Miss June Coppin. Our gratitude should also be expressed to Mr. Neil Judge, who very kindly supplied, arranged and projected the entertaining films which were screened.

The Annual Snow Trip was another very happy and enjoyable occasion, and will long be remembered by Mr. John Campbell and many other who, like him, enjoyed themselves to the full.

The social event of the year was the Annual Ball, run jointly with the Parents' Association. The Ball, which was in cabaret style this year, attracted a near capacity crowd to the Hawthorn Town Hall, where excellent music and a good floor assured everybody of an enjoyable evening's entertainment. A Debutante Set of 12 very attractive young ladies was presented to the State Director of Education, Major General A. H. Ramsay, and Mrs. Ramsay. We extend our sincere thanks to these two charming people, before whom the debutantes felt completely at ease, and also to Miss K. Lascelles, who so capably prepared the young ladies for this their most important occasion to date.

Our gratitude should also be expressed to Mr. Ebbels, the Headmaster, without whose friendly co-operation more than one of our functions might not have succeeded.

This year has been a happy one for many Old Pupils for reasons other than those already outlined. This is evidenced by the number of Old Pupils who have married since the last edition of *Prospice*. These include Betty Gove, Jean Glanville, Betty Betts, Esme Nicol, Max Lowe and Alec McLellan. Engagements announced include those of Jean Thornhill, Judith Tringham, Barbara Turley, Beverley Gould, Marie Curtis, Mary Gray, June Richards, Vivienne Tucker, Jack Collins, Fred Kay, Bruce Burgers and Ian Rowsthorn. Our hearty congratulations and best wishes to all these happy young people.

As is probably evident, it has been a very happy year for the Old Pupils' Association, and I am quite sure that none of our financial members regrets having paid his subscription. May I, therefore, take this opportunity of inviting all those pupils of the School who will be leaving at the end of this year to take steps to join the Association when its activities commence in 1954? It is upon the close co-operation of the immediate past pupils that our Association is dependent for its success. With such assistance, we may well retain the Midas Touch!

Fred Roberts, Hon. Sec.

The Annual Musical Festival and House Choral Competition

On the afternoon of Thursday, 23rd July, 1953, the Annual Choral Festival was held in the Hawthorn Town Hall. The Festival began with the National Anthem and this was followed by an overture from the School Orchestra.

The Choral Competition itself was then held. Each House sang a set piece and then one of its own choice.

The set pieces were:—

Girls' choirs: "Ships of Arcady"

Michael Head

Boys' choirs: "Glorious Devon"

Edward German

The songs chosen by each choir were:—

Roosevelt House—

Girls: "Down by the Sally Gardens"

arr. Leslie Woodgate

Boys: "The Veteran's Song"

Stephen Adams

MacArthur House—

Girls: "All in the April Evening"

Sir H. Roberton

Boys: "Sea Fever"

John Ireland

Churchill House—

Girls: "O Lovely Peace"

Handel

Boys: "The Changing of the Guard"

Montgomery House—

Girls: "Creation's Hymn"

Beethoven,

arr. Dr. Jones

Boys: "He Who Would Valiant Be"

English Traditional Melody

While Miss Sutherland, the adjudicator was allotting the points, Solomon Segal, an old boy of the School, was introduced by Miss Mills. He then gave a recital on his violin. He rendered:—

"On Wings of Song" *Mendelssohn*

"Flight of the Bumble Bee" *Rimsky Korsakov*

The boy head prefect, Graeme MacNamara, then made a presentation to Mr. Segal.

A special girls' choir sang "Song of the South," in honour of Miss Sutherland, who wrote the music, and then she herself was introduced by Mr. Ebbels. She proceeded to give her adjudication which was that Churchill girls and Montgomery boys were the successful choirs, while the James Choral Cup was won by Montgomery House. Miss Sutherland presented the cup to the conductors of the Montgomery House choirs, Norma Corrie and John Addie, who then both thanked Miss Sutherland and all others concerned in making the Festival such a happy occasion. The girl head prefect, Elizabeth Ward, presented Miss Sutherland with a bouquet and the Festival ended with the singing of the School Song.

Our Trip to Warragul

At 8.35 a.m. on Tuesday, July 14, about eighty high-spirited team members and officials from Camberwell High School boarded the Warragul train. The two-hour trip was made very merry by singing (?) and laughter, which we hope did not disturb more sedate travellers in other carriages.

Although slightly perturbed by the fine rain falling in Melbourne, we were all very relieved to find the weather clearing as we approached Warragul.

We were met at the railway station by the prefects and House captains of Warragul High School, and then we walked up to the school which is set on the crown of a hill and which overlooks the township of Warragul.

After a short assembly at which W.H.S. welcomed us and the Headmaster, Mr. Wilkin, told us of the days' arrangements, we were treated to a very en-



FORM CAPTAINS

Back Row (L. to R.): Ian Lawson, Peter Willoughby, Gerald Robinson, Geoffrey Davidson, Alan Parker, John Clarke, John Cole, John Duncan, John Addie, Richard Bell, Donald Vale, Roy Webster.

Front Row (L. to R.): Claire Fairhall, Wendy Layton, Verena Fisch, Dorothy Green, Joy Burke, Margaret Semmel, Lynette Welsh, Elizabeth Waters, Gail Harrison, Siegrid Beilharz, Carol Day, Judith Firth.

joyable morning tea with our billetees, who had been introduced to us after the assembly.

Then the matches between the respective school teams began. From the very commencement both schools were justly proud of their own teams. The games were played keenly and with true sportsmanship. All the teams (except the Camberwell football team which was completely overwhelmed by Warragul) were evenly matched.

After the contests had been decided we were taken home by our hosts and hostesses, and prepared for the social which was to be held in the Warragul R.S.L. Hall.

Many of us had to travel up to thirty or forty miles in a school bus before reaching home.

At the social that evening, all enjoyed themselves, including the teachers from both schools.

After a much-needed night's sleep we rose early on Wednesday morning and returned to the school where, at an assembly, the head prefects spoke on behalf of their respective schools. Then we exchanged our personal "goodbyes" and left the school in time to catch our train home.

We would all like to thank Miss Mason, Miss Whately, Mr. Onyons and Mr. McCance for making

the trip such a happy success and we look forward to returning Warragul's hospitality next year.

RESULTS

Girls—

Tennis: Warragul H.S., 6 sets; Camberwell H.S., 11 Sets.

Senior Basketball: Warragul H.S., 21 goals; Camberwell H.S., 26 goals.

Junior Basketball: Warragul H.S., 28 goals; Camberwell H.S., 34 goals.

Hockey: Warragul H.S., 5 goals; Camberwell H.S., 3 goals.

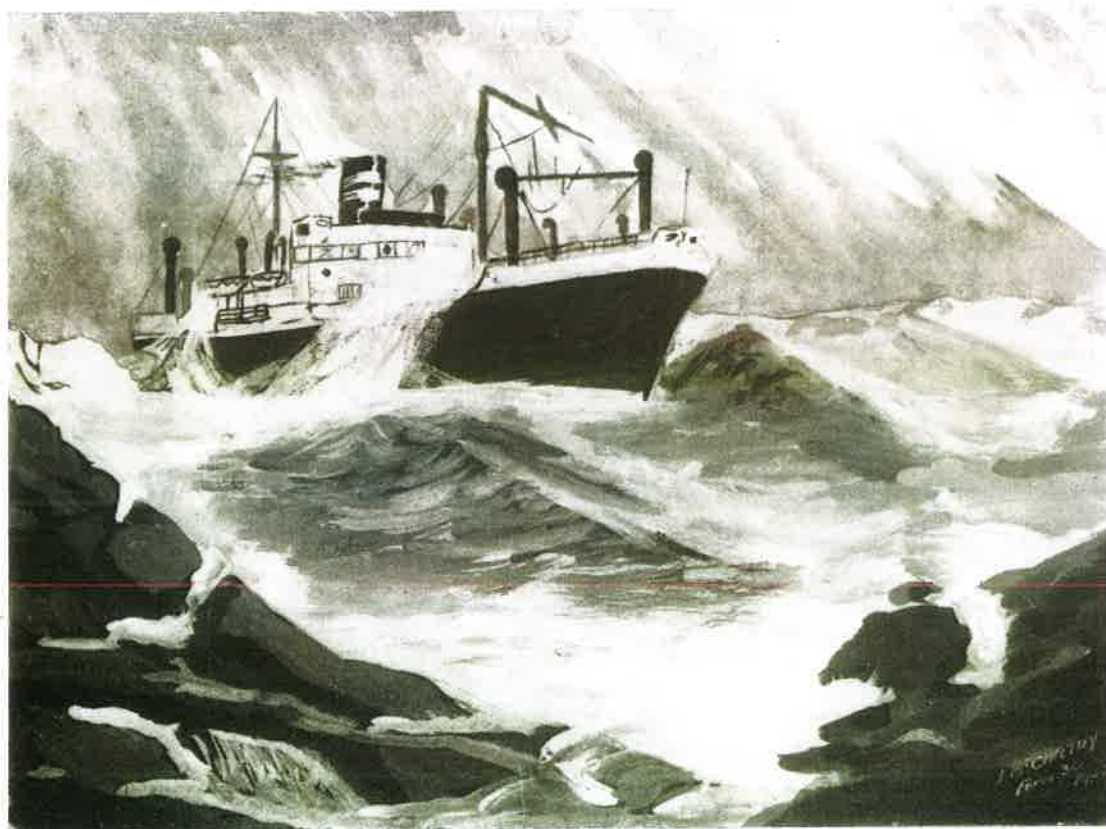
Boys—

Football: Warragul H.S., 21 goals 16 behinds—142 pts; Camberwell H.S., 6 goals 2 behinds—38 pts.

Tennis: Warragul H.S., 1 set; Camberwell H.S., 9 sets.

Softball: Warragul H.S., 5 runs; Camberwell H.S., 8 runs.

Margaret Young, Va.



"She slowly slid past the rocks" (From Two Typhoons)—J. McCarthy, 3c.



School Orchestra

The Orchestra has had another successful and interesting year; its personnel has been swelled by new members who are helping to strengthen string sections which suffered when older pupils left last year. It is pleasing to see the increasing enthusiasm and skill of our instrumentalists, particularly younger members who will, no doubt, be of great assistance in future years. Again our appreciation and sincere thanks must be extended to our conductor, Miss Mills, and to Mr. Hallett and Mr. Muirden, who have freely given their time and energy in guiding and inspiring our efforts.

We have appeared at a number of school functions during the year, including the Installation of Prefects' Ceremony, the Annual Music Festival, School Speech Night and Parents' Day. In addition, certain members have had the valuable experience of playing with members of orchestras from other schools, in combined orchestras arranged by the Victorian Schools' Music Association, which does so much to help instrumentalists and school orchestras. Solo items have been given by members at a Parents' Evening at

the School, and to a group of students from Toorak Central School.

Rehearsals have been held chiefly on Mondays after school, with occasional practices during "Activities" period and during lunch hour. However, it seems a pity that rehearsals cannot be arranged for times when all members can attend since it is impossible to expect a full attendance at practices outside school hours. The immense value gained by any instrumentalist playing in an ensemble would surely justify such use of school time.

Since its foundation in 1950, the library of music of the orchestra has been gradually built up and, with the further additions made this year, we hope to be able to present interesting and varied programmes at future functions.

PERSONNEL FOR 1953

Violins: 1sts—Howard Davies (leader), Michael Gerner, Norman Fisher. 2nds—Betty Adams, Hilary Murphy, Judith Christie, Margaret Neven, Kae Winckel. 3rds—Brian Maley, John Waterworth, Neil Fuller, Graeme Thomson.



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row (L. to R.): Brian Davies, Mr. Hallett, Mr. Muirden, Norman Fisher.

Centre Row (L. to R.): Rodney Drake, Michael Gerner, Howard Davies, John Waterworth, Barry Veith, Neil Fuller, Brian Maley, Norman Head, Neil Curry.

Front Row (L. to R.): Peter Glover, Brian Firth, Frances Innocent, Kae Winckel, Betty Adams, Miss Mills, Elizabeth Beilharz, Judith Christie, Hilary Murphy, Margaret Neven, Brian James, Ian Newitt.

Cellos: Elizabeth Beilharz.

Recorders: Francis Innocent, Brian James, Diana Whitney, Neil Curry.

Woodwind: Brian Firth, Kwong Lee Dow.

Brass: Brian Davies.

Percussion: Rodney Drake, Ian Newitt.

Accompanist and Librarian: Norman Head.

We are looking forward to our work with the orchestra next year. Inevitably we must lose the services of older members each year but we hope we may be compensated by other young musicians who will help to make the orchestra of 1954 as successful as it has been this year.

School Choir

Under the inspiring baton of Miss Mills, whom we wish to thank for an enjoyable year, the Choir has learnt many delightful songs.

During the first term we sang "My Lovely Celia" and "My Bonny Lass She Smileth" at both our Prefects' Installation and a Music Festival in the Exhibition Building.

At the moment ten of our best singers are practising with a Combined Schools' Choir for a Festival to be held soon.

Another event close at hand is Parents' Day, at which we are singing "Song of the South" and "The Year's at the Spring." For Speech Night, the highlight of the year, we are learning "Alleluia" by Mozart, and "The Snow" by Elgar.

Finally, we, the members of the Choir, wish to thank Jeanette Falk for her splendid work as pianist and hope that our choral work has been no less enjoyable than that of our predecessors.

Senior Dramatic Club

Under the experienced guidance of Miss Yees, the Senior Dramatic Arts Club has completed a year of fruitful guidance and keen participation in dramatic activities. Our coaching in speechcraft and in stage movement has made each potential actor and actress far more capable and confident.

A cast of seven, chosen from our club, produced a play for the Melbourne High School Dramatic Festival this year. Performances of the play, "Storm Island"—an intense Scottish tragedy—were given at Firbank Girls' School, Brighton, and at Melbourne Boys' High School. The play was produced by Miss Yees, and at this juncture I should like to thank her for her excellent work and her valuable time which she so willingly gave up to us. Congratulations are also due to the rest of the play's cast.

The Field Naturalists' Club

The Field Naturalists' Club met as a new activity this year. It was hoped that it would give an opportunity to its members to discuss the birds, animals and outdoor life in our beautiful country.

We would like to thank Mr. Hart for his valuable assistance during the year, and hope to see him with

us again next year. He has given us some very interesting information on the topics discussed, and his cleverly-preserved spiders' webs aroused much interest.

Neil Chick was elected president, George Russel vice-president and Cedar Sonnenberg secretary.

Activities have not met very often this year, but our first meetings were very enjoyable. Neil Chick gave an address on spiders: he told us of the magic of their web homes and made us feel that spiders were to be befriended rather than feared. Mr. Hart brought some actual webs of the leaf-curling spider, and other very good specimens of the red-back (poisonous) and garden spiders were examined and discussed.

At another meeting there was a report on Crosbie Morrison's talk, "Beyond the Alice."

We hope to continue our good work next year.

Social Service Club

Throughout 1953 for the fourth successive year the members of the Social Service Club have been engaged in making gifts for the children of the Melbourne Legacy Club. As in previous years there are a number of felt dolls, Mickey Mice—or should one say Mickey Mouse-es?—and numerous animals such as reindeer, rabbits, lions and kangaroos, each of which will be a delight to its new owner. In the past wooden toys made by the boys have been included, and this year, at the request of the Legacy Club, hand-

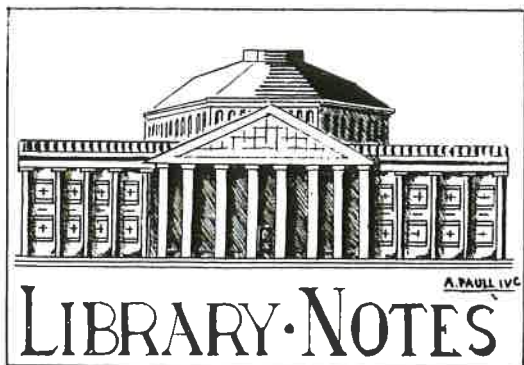


"Hurrah for holidays"—J. McKinley, IVa.

woven woollen scarves, compendiums, wallets and small white handbags have been made as well.

The materials used in the making of the gifts are supplied by the school from social service funds, and some members of other activity groups in the school help our club by making soft toys in their own time. Many of the toys are made at home and during lunch hours, for our one period in school time never seems long enough.

Mr. Cooling, of course, helps us and generally "shows us how" and it is really through his work that we are able to help the children of the Legacy Club. We would like to thank him for this and to recommend this club to all who may consider joining it next year. We hope you will enjoy the work as much as we have.



Library

This year under the capable guidance of Miss Whatley, we have learnt and put into practice many new and interesting things, including bookbinding, the cutting and pasting of covers on new books, and cataloguing them according to the Dewey Decimal system.

Unlike other years, each form has borrowed from the general library instead of having individual form libraries.

Lunch hour has been a very busy time for those girls who attend to the lending and renewing of books. The library is a very popular place and there is never a vacant chair, as all are occupied by our bookworms.

During the year 596 books have been added to the library, comprising subjects such as Art, Literature, Science, Geography and many novels by well-known authors. The total number of books is now 3,466.

The pupils have done their part in helping the librarians, by replacing the books in their correct shelves when they have finished with them, and we have no complaints about books not being returned or being mislaid.

We all join in thanking Miss Whatley for the interest she has taken in this full-time activity, and hope that she will not be disappointed if none of us turns out to be a first-class librarian.

Wendy Worrell, IVb.

I.S.C.F.

The girls and boys of the Inter-Schools' Christian Fellowship who meet weekly have had a very interesting year. During the term holidays many of us attended various camps, at which we spent a most enjoyable and profitable few days. We would like to thank Miss R. Chapman and Mr. A. S. Colliver for their work amongst us this year and extend an invitation to all pupils of the School to join with us next year.

The close of second term was marked for the boys by the visit of Mr. H. Hamer, a missionary from Borneo. He spoke on missionary work and then showed a stirring film depicting the mode of life of the natives and the picturesque land in which they live.

The girls have had missionary speakers from India, Africa and Egypt who told us of the astounding changes that have taken place in the lives of the native peoples who have responded to the challenge of the Gospel. Other subjects of discussion have included Prayer, the accuracy of the Bible, Bible promises, studies of disciples and the "Lamb of God."

Throughout all these studies we have realized that the only way to have true joy and peace is to surrender our lives and wills to God, in faith accepting the gift of Salvation that is offered to us through Jesus Christ.



"The demon bowler"—M. Ellis, IVa.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Mr. Standfast"

(by John Buchan)

Richard Hannay found himself dubbed with the name Cornelius Brand and given the task of finding legal evidence which would convict a German spy whom the British Intelligence must apprehend at all costs.

In telling of the resultant game of cat and mouse, upon which many lives hung in the balance, John Buchan creates a story of thrilling suspense, and uses the art of excitement, and his genius for making atmosphere, to produce a gripping tale set in the turbulent times of the First World War.

Richard Hannay's quarry proves himself a superb actor, but a cruel man without morals, under his veneer of middle-aged docility. The trail of this man, Mr. Ivery, introduces the reader to a political meeting in Scotland, a stormy sea passage up the Scottish coast, a chase on the moors, and then the sight of a terrified countenance during an air-raid, which begins a race against time. The matching of wits of the stalker and his prey holds our interest throughout. The various personalities played by the spy in his efforts to escape are skilfully portrayed.

Unlike many stories of mystery and adventure, the description here is not of continuous whirlwind action but has a great deal of thought and ingenious planning woven into it. The author, as one of his friends said, loved to see people and hear their adventures; but when he could not meet them he invented them. Using his renowned power to mould true-to-life characters, yet keeping each one of them different from the others, Buchan created several friends of Richard Hannay. The two for whom Hannay's affection is greatest are Blenkiron and Peter—Blenkiron, a lovable American with great latent intelligence, and Peter, a wounded airman, whose philosophy alone kept him from despair.

In short, this book, *Mr. Standfast*, with its mysterious references to the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is a thrilling story but with human understanding and emotions expertly added. The greatness of John Buchan is that he wrote "as he spoke, and for the same reasons." As he himself said, "these books are a confession of my faith, a watch-tower from which I could see modern problems in juster proportions."

Graeme Smith. Vb.

"In the Steps of the Master"

(by H. V. Morton)

To most of us Palestine is the very core of antiquity: a land of the past, whose present is steeped in tradition and legend, but on reading H. V. Morton's book, *In the Steps of the Master*, we realize that the Palestine of today is a land whose heart—Jerusalem—unceasingly pulsates with the very lives of her stately Jews and their ancient Mosaic observances; of the fiery Arabs who, although extremely cunning and even villainous, are blamelessly polite

and courteous when necessary; and of the countless, overwhelmingly devout European pilgrims and the frivolous, pleasure-seeking sightseers.

This book, although essentially an account of the author's travels through Palestine, is written in such a way that readers forget they are merely reading of small and insignificant incidents that happened to someone else, and feel that they themselves are in the bustling, hurrying crowd, jostling through the dark, narrow market-streets; or that they, with the author, are travelling over the seemingly endless, thirsty hills of Moab, knowing that countless but unseen Bedouins are furtively and suspiciously watching, and at any moment they might, with flashing knives, spring out upon the unwary traveller.

We learn that Palestine has changed very little since the time when the Master walked her narrow white paths. The Holy Land is still a land of contrasts—the stark yet fascinating beauty of the barren, sun-burnt hills is forgotten when one gazes on the hill-surrounded Sea of Galilee, whose fascination lies not in the transparency of the multi-blue, wind-ruffled waters, but in the eerie desolation which has mysteriously replaced the once-thriving cities on its shores. Ancient Jerusalem, whose hot dusty air vibrates with the noise and cries of her restless, impatient crowds, has, nearby, a great contrast in the serenity of the cool, shady Garden of Gethsemane, whose sacred ground is now lovingly tended by humble monks. The people of Jerusalem are all so different—the fervent and passionate Russian pilgrims who have saved for years for the supreme moment of their lives, when, after leaving their all behind and travelling to distant Jerusalem, they kneel, overcome with rapture, in the Tomb of Christ, are a marked contrast to the wealthy Jews, who piously carry out their religious ordinances always remembering that they belong to the one Chosen Race.

Morton's great insight into human nature and his keen sense of humour, combine to portray many amusing and interesting incidents and his simple, yet arresting, style holds one enthralled. All who read this excellent book will learn many fascinating little-known facts and legends about the history, beauty and customs of the Holy Land.

Norma A. Corrie, Va.

"The Admirable Crichton"

(by James Barrie)

The Admirable Crichton is another popular light, fantastic play by the eminent English playwright, James Barrie. Crichton is the staid, class-conscious butler to Lord Loam, an eccentric philanthropist who is a peer of advanced ideas—such as setting servants on an equal footing with himself. This behaviour both astounds and horrifies his three daughters, the Ladies Mary, Catherine and Agatha, and the ever-correct Crichton.

Fate shipwrecks Lord Loam, his daughters, the Hon. Mr. Ernest Woolley, an English Dandy, and Mr. Treherne, a young clergyman, on an uninhabited Pacific island. Much to the annoyance of Lady Mary,

the indomitable Crichton assumes leadership over the stranded company.

Two years later the group, with Crichton as their awe-inspiring leader, have built a beautiful home with modern amenities such as electricity and water laid-on. The characters, too, have changed. They all hasten to fulfil their former butler's smallest wish. Ernest has been cured of composing epigrams and Lord Loam is now a cheerful, humble old man who, with his daughters and Tweeny, worships Crichton. The once disdainful Mary has now become an athlete who, although engaged to Lord Brocklehurst in England, gladly agrees to become Mrs. Crichton. However, at this moment, a ship is sighted and its attention is attracted by the many blazing bonfires ingeniously lit by pressing a button in the control room.

The last act shows the family in England again. Crichton is no longer revered by his companions; instead, owing to the fickleness of human nature, he and Tweeny have been banished to the servants' hall. At a cross examination carried out by Lady Brocklehurst, Crichton does not reveal the events on the island and, diplomatically, he is resigned to his fate. He leaves my Lord's service allowing Mary to marry Lord Brocklehurst. As for the rest of the family, Ernest, forgoing Tweeny, marries Agatha, while Mr. Treherne and Catherine resume their position in society.



"The refugee"—Sue Wood, 3b.

The play, although amusingly written, has several serious aspects. It shows the capriciousness of certain characters, especially my Lord's inability to carry out his "equal-class" schemes when he returns to England. In Crichton, it clearly portrayed strength of character. Owing to his good sense he withdraws from the

scene when the family concerned return to their accustomed position and re-assert themselves. They, like all humans, no longer wish to associate with those far beneath them in birth. *The Admirable Crichton* is a play which has become almost as well known as *Peter Pan*, another play by James Barrie.

Margaret Burr. Va.

"The Open Gate"

(by Kate Seredy)

Kate Seredy is renowned for such outstanding books as *The Good Master* and *The White Stag*, which she wrote early in her career.

The Open Gate, one of her more recent works, is a moving story of city folk who find themselves unwitting purchasers of a farm. The Preston family (Gran, John, his wife, Molly, and their two children, Dick and Janet), interrupt their holiday trip to watch an auction. John is persuaded to buy a dog for Dick, but finishes up with a broken-down farm as well. He half guesses that Gran has led him into it deliberately, and in this he is right, for Gran has had enough of "gadgets and push buttons."

The Prestons move in with some misgivings, but with neighbours like the Van Keurans and Mike Mogor, and with Gran's sincere philosophy, indomitable vigour and "behind the scene" activities, the family knows there is no need to take a vote when the opportunity comes for them to leave the farm.

Kate Seredy has written a sincere and philosophical story of country folk, of their vigour, their customs and their unquenchable friendship for their neighbours. Through her charming style one can actually picture the peace and solitude of the countryside of northern United States; one feels the personal troubles and heartaches of each character in the book; and one gains a feeling of envy and of yearning for such a life, peace, hard work and such staunch neighbours.

The Open Gate has everything: humour, pathos, action, solitude, philosophy and sentiment. Miss Seredy makes her book vitally alive—she has the power to arouse one's emotions, a power possessed by relatively few modern writers.

Apart from her ability as a writer, Miss Seredy is a born artist. She has illustrated the book throughout and her fine pencil sketches add to the charm of *The Open Gate*.

We leave the Prestons, the Van Keurans and Mike and Linka Mogor on Christmas Eve as they gaze down upon their farmsteads to the haunting strains of the most famous of carols—"Silent Night." We leave them all, thankful that Gran has opened the gate of escape for the Prestons—the gate which has shown them what *true* neighbours are and how life can be lived. And we may rest assured that it is a gate they intend to keep open.

Jack Henderson. Vb.

"Interrupted Melody"

(by Marjorie Lawrence)

This book is an autobiography by Marjorie Lawrence, the brilliant dramatic soprano. Throughout the ages, there have been very few careers so fraught with tragic obstacles as that of this Australian girl.

The youngest of a typical Australian country family, Marjorie Lawrence was born near Winchelsea, Victoria. At an early age she had learned to milk the cows and help with the many farm jobs.

The Lawrences were a musical family, and Marjorie began singing almost as soon as she could talk. She became the pride of Dean's Marsh church choir, and she cherished ambitions to sing like Melba or Clara Butt. Father Lawrence did not encourage the idea of a career away from home, so his ambitious daughter ran off to Melbourne to take singing lessons.

It was only when she carried off the prize for an aria contest at the 1928 Geelong Music Festival that her family realized that this was one singing Lawrence whose wings of song should be trained to spread over the entire musical world.

Triumph followed triumph in opera and on concert stage when, suddenly, at the height of her fame, and at the beginning of a happy marriage, she was stricken with poliomyelitis, which left her partially paralysed. It seemed as though the wings of song would soar no more.

The rest of her story is one of fortitude and unconquerable courage, of her husband's devotion, and of a hard won victory.

Miss Lawrence writes with engaging simplicity, and her story is one of which Australians may well be proud.

Finally, as her inspiring autobiography is drawing near the end, Marjorie Lawrence, in her own words,

states—"As though in a flash of revelation, as though the impulse came to me from the One Great Mind. I knew . . . knew that in God's own good time I would walk again. Truly, the Lord was my strength and my song, and had become my salvation."

David Pitts, Vb.

"Buffalo Jim"

(by William Hatfield)

This is a remarkable account of a boy's adventures in Australia. Jim Westcott, at the time of the slump in England, cannot find a job though he is capable, intelligent and willing. In desperation he leaves home and stows away in a ship bound for Australia, where, he has heard, fortunes are to be made in a day on the goldfields.

On the ship he is made to assist the cook and it is as a cook that he earns his first money in Australia. His wrestling ability, taught him by his father, earns him the name of the "Glasco Kid," a name given him at his first and only professional wrestle.

He becomes a hotel chef and later cooks his way into the interior of the continent with a prospecting expedition. After trying his hand at various other occupations he connects up with a buffalo hunter in the North and becomes the owner of a tract of land



"He raced across the clearing in pursuit" (Man from Snowy River)—B. Rule, IVb.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row (L. to R.): George Russell, John Addie, Jim Dyer, Bruce Smith.

Front Row (L. to R.): Jill Cole, Barbara Boniface, Margaret Atkins, Ina Robinson.

handed over to him out of gratitude for the kindness he has shown.

On his lease, known as Ponsford's Gap, he undertakes irrigation works and starts growing crops where none had been able to grow previously. After many trials, Jim comes to the conclusion that the rich and fertile soil—not the gold that lurks here and there beneath it—is the real wealth of Australia.

Before the story ends Jim has made good, has brought out the rest of his family to join him and the future is full of hope.

This book shows how Jim triumphed over great odds, and it is well worth reading.

Jeffrey Mayne, Vb.

"The Robe"

(by Lloyd C. Douglas)

The Robe is the story of the robe worn by Christ at the Crucifixion. Marcellus Gallio, a young Roman Tribune, who has insulted Prince Gaius, the stepson of the Emperor, is sent to take command of the fort at Minoa. As part of his duty he is sent to Jerusalem at the time of the Jewish Passover and is ordered to perform the crucifixion of a man who claimed to be the Son of God. After the horrible event Marcellus, in a drunken stupor, gambles with other soldiers for the ownership of this man's robe. He wins the toss, and the story then shows the strange effect which the robe has on the life of this hard-headed, practical young Roman.

Marcellus then goes to Athens, for after he has realized the tragedy and awfulness of his work, he is almost demented, but through the touch of the

robe his peace of mind returns. He then decides to return to Jerusalem and learn all he can of the teachings of this man whom he so wrongfully put to death. He is converted to the Christian faith through the stories told him of some of the miracles which Christ performed. Marcellus returns to Rome and tells the mad old Emperor, Tiberius, his beliefs. Against the government of the day, his family, his friends and his sweetheart, Marcellus, along with many other Christians, sets about the difficult task of upholding and spreading his new beliefs.

This book is full of intricate stories, but the whole is told simply and understandingly. Douglas has not used words which are difficult and has given us a full and interesting account of the turmoil in the Roman Empire at this time. This book should be enjoyed by everyone.

Gill Murray, Va.

"Travels With a Donkey"

(by R. L. Stevenson)

Robert Louis Stevenson has revealed to us in this book his experiences while travelling through the Cevennes, from Monastier to Alias. In the story he describes the villages he visited and the different types of people he met while travelling. He also mentions local customs and events which appealed to him, one in particular being the story of the Camisards, where he gives us a marvellous description of Du Chayla, the persecutor of the Christians.

Through his eyes we see the countryside change from a barren, stony country to a land of intricate blue hills, with smoke from distant farms drifting

about the sky. There is no involved plot but just the simple story about a man and his donkey.

The clever description of the sale of this donkey, Modestine, who was to be the traveller's only companion for several days, shows us how easily curiosity is roused in a small village. Although Modestine proves to be very stubborn for the first few days, and the track very wild, soon the traveller reaches different country and the donkey joyously trots along the lush green tracks through the fields.

In this book Stevenson shows us how the powers of observation and memory, together with a masterly command of vocabulary, combine to form vivid word-pictures and marvellous descriptive passages which make very interesting reading.

Jennifer Bearlin, Va.

"Here's England"

(by McKenney & Bransten)

Here's England, by the American collaborators, Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten, is a light-hearted record of a tour of England. The dedication to "the modern Marco Polo—the tolerant, curious, determined, durable and ever-gallant American tourist," sets the pace for this travel romp.

The authors' love of England is born of intimate knowledge. It is primarily a gay, discursive guide for the tourist, written with affectionate humour and keen sense of the historical. Their personal discussions

on anything from customs and manners to architecture and painting are arranged to impress even the most blasé tourist.

The book is in two divisions, the first being "Two Weeks in London." The city to them is "subtle and at first difficult." But after visiting the conventional places like the Tower, and relaxing at a cricket match everything falls into place. All the attractions plus how to spend a British Sunday and what to see at the Museum are all vividly described to ensnare the tourist and captivate the reader.

The second division is "Seven Short Journeys from London." The Southern Counties and the West, also, are interwoven with pointers on architecture and pen pictures of Jane Austen and Thomas Hardy. They faithfully follow the road to Canterbury and sympathize with Thomas a'Beckett and Chaucer.

The focal point of the centre is Stratford-on-Avon, which the English scornfully refer to as "the home of the Shakespeare industry." The busy Midlands to them is "England, industrial and glorious." East Anglia does not impress them at all, but their descriptions of the Borderlands are full of savage beauty and splendour.

This book is strongly recommended to those who have no other means to travel than books. For here is found vivid description, history—without compulsion of learning—and keen insight into the character of the English people.

Dorothy Donnelly, Va.



"The Tip"—Verena Fisch, IVÖ.



Churchill

Under the inspiring leadership of Jill Cole and George Russell assisted by the vice-captains, Verena Fisch and Malcolm Munro, our House again followed the custom of previous years by winning the swimming sports. To our swimming champions we extend our congratulations and also to those boys who were successful in the cross-country run.

Another remarkable achievement was that six of the fourteen prefects are Churchillites, including the boy head prefect. To this fact we attribute our "perpetual quietness."

Except for the girls, who won their section, we did not meet with a similar success in the Choral Contest, but our thanks go to our conductors, Elaine Jones and Alan MacNaughton, and pianists, Wendy Pomroy and David Pitts, for their untiring work in preparation for the contest. Montgomery are to be congratulated on their wins in both this field and the Athletic Sports, in which we came a close second.

However, we have high hopes of winning the Shield this year. This would not be possible but for the valuable assistance of Miss Mills and Mr. Hart, to whom we extend our sincere thanks.

Jill Cole.
Geoff Holland.

Roosevelt

Under the much-appreciated guidance of Miss Yeas and Mr. Muirden, and ably captained by Bruce Smith and Margaret Atkins, assisted by John Purser and Elizabeth Spicer, Roosevelt completed another happy and encouraging year.

Although not very successful at the Choral Contest and Athletic Sports, sporting prowess is reflected in the fact that, of the captains of school teams, Roosevelt boys produced Geoff Osborn, Bruce Smith and John Purser. The latter also captained the Victorian Schoolboys' Hockey Team. We sincerely thank Janet Walker and George Priestley, our conductors, Lorraine Savage, Elizabeth Barker and David Wilson, our pianists, and last but definitely not least our choirs for their efforts at the Choral Contest. We also wish

to thank Miss Mills, Miss Yeas, Mr. Muirden and Mr. Higgs for their helpful advice.

Congratulations go to House members who gained places in school teams, and thanks to the other Houses for their keen but friendly competition, with the promise that we shall give them a tough struggle next year.

Elizabeth Spicer.
Graeme Smith.

Montgomery

Another year has passed and Montgomery House, under the capable leadership of Barbara Boniface and John Addie, has once more striven to better its achievements.

Although we were generally unsuccessful in the Inter-House Swimming Sports, we produced one swimming champion in Richard Bell. Congratulations once again, to Churchill House for winning these sports.

We repeated last year's performance of winning the Inter-House Choral Contest, in which the boys won their section and the girls came second to Churchill. However, the aggregate gave us the Dr. James Cup, and also the honour of being the first House to hold the Cup for two consecutive years. Many thanks to our conductors, Norma Corrie and John Addie, and to our pianists, Alison Thompson and Malcolm Allering, for their untiring patience in training us. The boys also wish to thank Miss Mason for her invaluable assistance.

We were thrilled to win the Inter-House Athletic Sports (the first time on record) and in doing so we produced four champions namely, Neil Chick, Alan Bishop, Alan Carter and Ngaire Boniface.

Last, but by no means least, we extend our warmest thanks to our House Mistress, Miss Crane, and our House Master, Mr. Stevens, for their valuable assistance throughout the year. And we hope that the wonderful competition between all Houses this year will be maintained for many years to come.

John Cole.
Margaret Young

MacArthur

Ably captained by Jim Dyer and Ina Robinson and assisted by Kwong Lee Dow and June Sutton, MacArthur House had wonderful success in the various fields of sport.

As usual, Churchill won the Swimming Sports but MacArthur came a close second mainly due to the splendid win gained by the girls. We congratulate our different champions, and with our promising juniors, hope to score a win in both sections next year.

At the Choral Contest the boys were narrowly defeated in their section and the attainment of second place was largely due to the untiring efforts of our House conductors and pianists—Annette Betts, Jeanette Faulks, Kwong Lee Dow and Roger Holmes.

An enjoyable year was experienced in different sports, where we gained reasonably high place in hockey, tennis, cricket and others. We take this opportunity to congratulate those members who qualified for school teams.

Much of our success this year must be attributed to the unswerving loyalty of Miss Mustey and Mr. Knight, our House Mistress and Master. We should also like to thank the other Houses for their keen competition in all activities throughout the year.

With the complete extermination of the other Houses in all sporting activities, MacArthur ought to walk off with the House Shield again this year.

Jack Henderson.
June Sutton.

Inter-House Swimming Sports, 1953

At the Camberwell City Baths on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 3, the Inter-House Swimming Sports were held.

Thanks to excellent weather and the very able organization by Miss Mason, Mr. Onyons and their

band of officials, the sports proved to be a great success.

It was very pleasing to see so many parents who, we hope, thoroughly enjoyed this function.

Congratulations to Churchill House on winning the sports for the sixth successive year.

The results were as follows:—

	Boys	Girls	Aggregate including Mixed Relay
Churchill	77	58	151
MacArthur	48	84	139
Montgomery	70	48	119
Roosevelt	51	61	119

Championships awarded were:—

Boys

15 yrs. and over	L. Newstead
14 ..	D. Mathews
13 ..	I. Stirling
12 ..	R. Bell

Girls

15 yrs. and over	J. Lewington
14 ..	L. Fulton
13 ..	J. Howlett
12 ..	S. Goodall
11 ..	L. Brewer

The Girls' Combined Swimming Carnival, 1953

The Combined Swimming Carnival held at the Olympic Pool on Tuesday, 17th March, was enjoyed very much by everyone present. Keen competition was exhibited and the spectators cheered on their respective schools—University High School, Coburg High School, MacRobertson Girls' High School and Camberwell High School.



ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS

Back Row (L. to R.): Brian Maley, Alan Bishop, Bruce Nosedo, Neil Chick, Allan Carter, Kevin McFadden.
Front Row (L. to R.): Judith Firth, Joy Burke, Barbara Pleydell, Ngaire Boniface.

A championship was awarded to the school which gained most points in each of the Junior, Intermediate and Senior age groups. Camberwell High School, which was competing for the first time in this "A" grade carnival, gained second place in the Junior Championship with a total of thirty-one points to University High School's winning total of thirty-nine points. In the Intermediate Championship, Camberwell High School scored an easy victory from the other schools with the total of thirty-seven points—MacRobertson Girls' High School being second with a total of twenty-five points. In the Senior Championship, Camberwell High School with a total of five points gained fourth place—University High School's winning total being thirty-nine points. However, each competitor in this section did her best, although competing against girls in Matriculation forms.

An unexpected event in the programme was the diving display given by the members of the Victorian Diving Troupe. This item was very interesting, and the graceful dives of the exhibitors were admired by everyone. We were also privileged to see Miss Marjorie McQuade, a member of Australia's 1952 Olympic Swimming Team, demonstrate her crawl stroke and we all resolved to try and improve our swimming.

Much of the credit of Camberwell High School's performance was due to the coaching and encouragement of Miss Mason, our Sports' Mistress, to whom we all extend thanks. Appreciation is also due to every person who contributed to the smooth running of the programme throughout the afternoon, and thus made the 1953 Combined Swimming Carnival so enjoyable.

The Boys' Section of the Annual Inter-High Schools' Swimming Carnival, 1953

On Wednesday, 18th March, the boys' section of the Annual Inter-High Schools' Swimming Carnival

was held at the Olympic Pool. This year Camberwell was promoted to Section "A" and we had to compete against schools which had very large Matriculation forms. Box Hill High School was also promoted and we had to compete against Melbourne, University, Northcote, Coburg and Upwey High Schools. Instead of having one school as the winner of the whole competition, it was divided into three sections—Senior, Intermediate and Junior. Although we did not win any section Camberwell put up a very creditable performance, several of the boys winning their races. The Juniors did very well to run a close second to Northcote. Half-way through the programme we were treated to a diving exhibition by several of the Victorian champions, and an exhibition swim by the Australian breaststroke and backstroke champion, Judy Joy Davies. Altogether it was a very enjoyable day's sport and a great deal of credit must be given to Mr. Onyons, who did a wonderful job in arranging Camberwell's swimming team.

Final results as follows:

Senior: Unplaced.

Intermediate: 1 University, 33 pts; 2 Melbourne, 32 pts; 3 Camberwell, 22 pts.

Junior: 1 Northcote, 42 pts; 2 Camberwell 38 pts.

Inter-House Athletic Sports

On Tuesday, 6th October, the Annual House Athletics Meeting, which had already been postponed for a week owing to unsuitable weather, was held at the Camberwell Oval.

Montgomery managed to creep a few points ahead of Churchill, and finally won the sports by a narrow margin. Congratulations to Montgomery and also to the other Houses.

Marching, the event in which all pupils participated, was the climax of the afternoon, and the boys' section was won by Churchill, while Montgomery and MacArthur shared equal honours in the girls' section.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Back Row (L. to R.): Ian Stirling, Lindsay Newstead, Don Matthews, Richard Bell.
Front Row (L. to R.): Joan Howlett, Lesley Brewer, Lesley Fulton, Sonia Goodall.

Many parents were present and once again we would thank the Parents' Association for the refreshment kiosk they kindly set up at the ground. We would also like to thank Miss Mason, Mr. Onyons and the staff for the work they did to make our meeting run so smoothly.

FINAL RESULTS

Montgomery, 231½ (girls, 93½, boys, 138); Churchill, 227 (girls, 87, boys, 140); MacArthur, 171½ (girls, 99½, boys, 72); Roosevelt, 161 (girls, 79, boys, 82).

Athletics Champions

Girls—

Open: I. Robinson.
Under 16: J. Burke.
Under 15: B. Pleydell.
Under 14: N. Bonniface.
Under 13: J. Firth.

Boys—

Open: N. Chick.
15 yrs.: A. Bishop.
14 yrs.: B. Noseda.
13 yrs.: A. Carter.
12 yrs.: K. McFadden.
11 yrs.: B. Maley.

Records

Boys—

15 yrs. 100 yards—Alan Bishop broke the previous record when he clocked 10.8 seconds in this event.

Open mile—Neil Chick broke the previous record, to run the distance in 5 minutes 5.2 seconds, breaking the previous record by 12.2 seconds.

Tuesday, 9th June, 1953

Cross-Country Run

The Cross-Country Race was held under ideal conditions over the usual course from Highfield Park to the School via Hartwell Railway Station, a distance of 3½ miles. This year, for the second time, the handicap system was again used, the first age-group leaving five minutes before the last.

The event was won by Robin Matthews (Under 13) who took twenty-two minutes to run the course, second being I. Thompson (Under 15—19 min. 20 sec.) and third, John Graham (Under 13—22 min. 35 sec.).

The fastest time went to Neil Chick (Open) who took 18 minutes and 25 seconds, which beat the previous record by twenty-five seconds, second and third being Bruce Smith (19 min. 5 sec.) and Graeme Pratt (19 min. 15 sec.), both from the Under 16 section.

The winners of the age groups were:—

Open	Neil Chick (Montgomery)
Under 16	Bruce Smith (Roosevelt)
Under 15	I. Thompson (Roosevelt)
Under 14	N. Willard (Roosevelt)
Under 13	R. Matthews (Churchill)

The final House points were:—

1. Churchill	358 points
2. Montgomery	327 ..
3. Roosevelt	265 ..
4. MacArthur	230 ..

Graeme J. Pratt, Vb.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): James Coyle, Pierre Finck, John Ingram, Neil Chick, Ron Planner.

Second Back Row (L. to R.): William Blythe, Norman Fisher, David Wallace, Lindsay Newstead, John Addie, Alan Parker, Graham Amos, George Russell.

Second Front Row (L. to R.): John Duncan, Mervyn Day, Bruce Smith (captain), Mr. Onyons (coach), Geoffry Holland (vice-captain), John MacArthur, James Dyer.

Front Row (L. to R.): Malcolm Evans, Neil Forness, Peter Friend.



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): John Purser, Neil Chick, Brian Firth.

Centre Row (L. to R.): Jim Coyle, Jeff Mayne, Errol Chadwick, Malcolm Munro.

Front Row (L. to R.): John Ingram, Mervyn Day (vice-captain), Ron Armstrong (captain), Bruce Smith, Malcolm Evans.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): Wendy Williams, Heather Brown, Barbara Boniface, Joy Burke, Sybil Watson.

Front Row (L. to R.): Elaine Jones, Dorothy Davies (vice-captain), Elizabeth Ward (captain), Wendy Jensen, Verena Fisch.



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): Valerie Craig, Wendy Worrel, Nicola Donkin, Margaret Semmel, Jill Cole, Elizabeth Shiffron.

Front Row (L. to R.): Kerry Price, Helen Jenner, Janet Walker, Elizabeth Amos (vice-captain), June Sutton (captain), Helen McIntyre, Janne Risto.



GIRLS' SPORT

During this year every girl has appreciated the efficiency of the sports programme. We would like to thank the house captains, team captains and especially Miss Mason for the guidance they have shown us.

Senior Basketball

The team has been quite successful in its matches this year and has enjoyed keen sportsmanship. We would like to thank Miss Mason for her valuable coaching and her arrangement of matches.

June 23 at C.H.S.: C.H.S., 44 d. U.H.S., 20.
 June 29 at C.H.S.: C.H.S., 13 d. C.G.S.S., 3.
 July 7 at M.G.H.S.: M.G.H.S., 22 d. C.H.S., 17.
 Return match at C.H.S.: M.G.H.S. d. C.H.S.
 July 14 at Warragul: C.H.S., 26 d. W.H.S., 21.
 July 27 at C.H.S.: C.H.S. d. C.G.S.S.

Junior Basketball

The team has had an enjoyable season, suffering only one defeat.

June 23 at C.H.S.: C.H.S., 29 d. U.H.S., 12.
 June 29 at C.H.S.: C.H.S., 16 d. C.G.S.S., 3.

July 7 at M.G.H.S.: M.G.H.S., 22 d. C.H.S., 13.
 Return match at C.H.S.: C.H.S. d. M.G.H.S.
 July 14 at Warragul: C.H.S., 34 d. W.H.S., 28.

Hockey

All members would like to thank Miss Whatley for her valuable coaching which helped to make the matches so enjoyable.

June 29 at C.H.S.: C.H.S., 3 d. C.G.S.S., 0.
 July 7 at M.G.H.S.: M.G.H.S., 1 drew with C.H.S., 1.
 Return match at C.H.S.: C.H.S. d. M.G.H.S.
 July 14 at W.H.S.: W.H.S., 5 d. C.H.S., 3.

Softball

This year, although the softball team has been defeated in two out of three matches, it has enjoyed the season and hopes that next year's team will have better results.

June 23 at C.H.S.: C.H.S., 29 d. U.H.S., 10.
 July 7 at MacRobertson G.H.S.: MacRobertson G.H.S., 21 d. C.H.S., 4.
 Return match at C.H.S.: MacRobertson G.H.S. d. C.H.S.

Tennis

This year the team has consisted of two pairs who have played strenuously for their school. Three of these girls, who are fourth formers, are to be congratulated, and also their fifth-form captain.

Form V enjoyed the tennis tournament arranged early in July in aid of Social Service Funds. Jill Cole and Tom Klinger were the winning pair.

July 7 at MacRobertson G.H.S.: match uncompleted.

July 14 at Warragul H.S.: C.H.S., 41 games d. W.H.S., 25 games.

Return match with MacRobertson G.H.S. at C.H.S.: MacRobertson G.H.S., 22 games d. C.H.S., 19 games.



GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): Valerie Pitts, Fay Pimm, Paulette Farrell, Joan Wood, Elizabeth Amos.
 Front Row (L. to R.): Beverly Vernon, Joy Burke, Verena Fisch, Wendy Jensen, Marion Ellis.



BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): Gregory Hambrook, Graeme Smith, James Dyer, Geoffrey Holland, Donald Matthews.
Front Row (L. to R.): Neville Daynes, Thomas Klinger (vice-captain), Geoffrey Osborne (captain), Roger Holmes, David Pitts.
Sitting: John Brown.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Standing (L. to R.): Beverley Vernon, Barbara Fisher, Elwyn Abbot.
Sitting: Valerie Gordon.

BOYS' SPORT

Football

This year the senior football team lacked height, but being very speedy had reasonable success in its four matches played. As the majority of the players will be returning next year the team will be a force to reckon with. The encouragement given to the team by the coach, Mr. Onyons, captain, Bruce Smith, and the vice-captain, Geoff Holland, must be commended.

Details of the matches:—

Camberwell, 4.11 d. Upwey, 4.6.

Best players: Smith, Amos, Friend, Northcote, Fink. *Goal-kickers:* Smith 1, Wallace 1, Friend 2.

Camberwell, 1.3 lost to Melbourne, 14.11.

Best players: Newstead, Parker, Day, Smith, Amos. *Goal-kicker:* Smith.

Camberwell, 5.1 lost to Melbourne, 13.11.

Best players: Dyer, Day, Ingram, Parker, Smith. *Goal-kickers:* Chick 2, Dyer 2, Parker 1.

Camberwell, 6.5 lost to Warragul, 21.7.

Best players: Amos, Smith, Friend, Chick, Parker. *Goal-kickers:* Chick 2, Friend 2, Smith 1, Amos 1.

Hockey

Once again our hockey team proved itself superior under the capable captaincy of John Purser, who was also captain of the Victorian Schoolboys' Hockey Team. In our two matches, both against Melbourne High School, we were successful in winning them. The first match resulted in Camberwell winning by 9 goals to 1 goal, while in the return match Camberwell had another excellent win of 19 goals to Melbourne, nil.

Probably the reason for the strength of our hockey team lies in the fact that most of the players are trained by the Camberwell Hockey Club who kindly lent their ground to us for our games.

Softball

Under the capable leadership of our captain, Jeff Mayne, we were successful in winning the two

matches played. In the first against Upwey High, although the scores indicated an easy victory for Camberwell, the match was a close and hard one, the scores being C.H.S., 39 goals defeated U.H.S., 15 goals.

Our second match was against Warragul, which was also a hard-fought game with another victory for Camberwell, the scores being C.H.S., 8 goals defeated W.H.S., 5 goals.

Throughout both matches the brilliant batting of our captain, Jeff Mayne, must be commended, for he had the highest score for the team.

Cricket

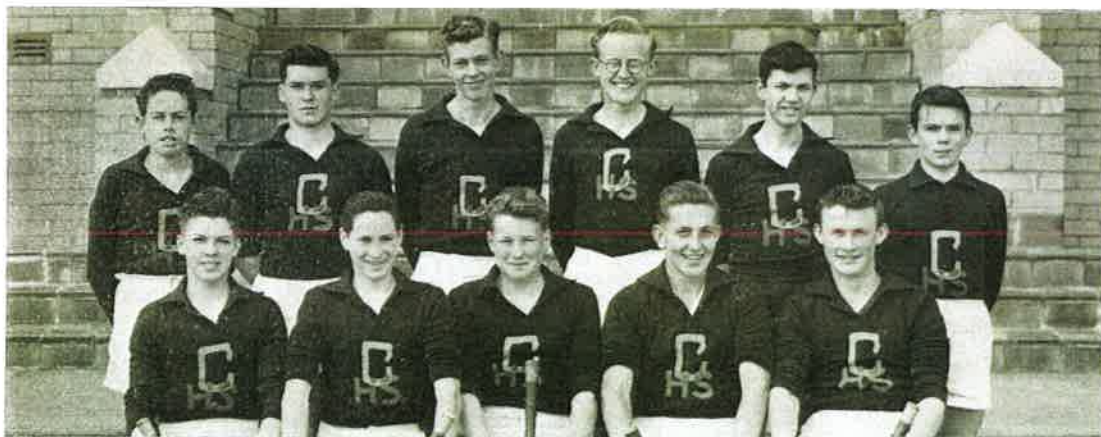
This year, the cricket team played only two matches which, unfortunately, resulted in two losses for Camberwell. Under the capable captaincy of Ron Armstrong and vice-captaincy of Mervyn Day the team played matches against Upwey and Melbourne High Schools. The details were:—

C.H.S. v. Melbourne H.S.: Melbourne, 4 wickets for 88 defeated Camberwell 7 for 67. John Ingram having the top score for Camberwell with 23 runs. Jim Coyle was the most successful bowler with 2 wickets.

C.H.S. v. Upwey H.S.: Upwey 8 wickets for 78 defeated Camberwell 7 for 60. F. Chadwick had the top score with 17 runs. M. Day, who captained the team on that occasion, claimed 3 wickets.

Tennis

This year the tennis team, under the captaincy of Geoff Osborne, played three matches against Melbourne, Upwey and Warragul High Schools. These schools did not provide much opposition as Camberwell, with a very strong team, including two Junior champions, Geoff Osborne and David Pitts, won each match quite easily. Although Camberwell played Melbourne High School three times, it was only Melbourne High School's fourth form.



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): Geoffrey Wyss, Alan Moore, James Martin, Lynton Ince, Jack Henderson, John Rennie.
Front Row (L. to R.): Malcolm Munro, John Purser (captain), Barry Morgan, Graeme MacNamara, Jeffrey Mayne.



M. REVELL, V.

Form Va

Although Va has had little opportunity to meet together as a form this year, the dignity and good behaviour of our predecessors has (we hope!) been upheld. Perhaps the seven prefects in the form have influenced this to some extent!

In an endeavour to swell the Social Service Fund, a most entertaining and successful hockey match against the Staff was held. The overwhelming enthusiasm certainly compensated for any lack of knowledge of the game and the spectacular fashions in sporting attire worn on this occasion really had to be seen to be believed—Christian Dior just wasn't in the race!

The more fortunate members of the form recently enjoyed a three-day trip to Beechworth and Mt. Buffalo and it seems from the glowing accounts they had "Oh, Happy Day(s)!"

We would all like to thank our form captains, Margaret Semmel and Gill Murray, and our form Mistress, Miss Robertson, for her helpful guidance throughout the year.

Also, we wish to thank all the brave teachers who have put up with us and helped us through our five

years at Camberwell High School, and to those students returning next year, we hope that their remaining school days will be as happy and memorable as ours have been.

Form Vb

Form V boys, under the leadership of John Cole and Malcolm Munro, can look back on a year of enjoyment and friendship. At the custom is, we were quickly informed by the Staff that we were the worst form in the school(!?) but as the year progressed we were able to remedy that feeling.

Each Friday during form assembly raucous laughter may be heard coming from room 17. Throughout these assemblies we are humoured by "Chook's Killers," Mr. Hallett's puns and various original (just as well) poetry from the poet laureates of the form. Meanwhile, Mr. Hallett sends those who make an undue volume of noise into solitary confinement (not for long) on the platform. By the end of the assembly only a few are left seated.

The highlight of the year was our three-day visit to Bright-Kiewa district. Beechworth was the base camp and we had many unforgettable hours hiking in the early hours of the morning (3 a.m.-!?) and the later hours of the night (midnight-!?). During the hours of daylight we had interesting tours to Harrietville, Kiewa and Mt. Buffalo. On returning home we looked forward to a few hours' sleep!

We congratulate Roger Holmes for his many successful recitals and Graeme MacNamara for being chosen in the Victorian Junior Hockey Team. Last, but not least, we thank Neil Chick for his untiring efforts throughout the year in regard to Social Service.

We are now beginning to realize that we shall soon cease to haunt corridors and sporting fields and we wish to express our thanks and appreciation to our teachers who have not spared time, trouble or effort in endeavouring to bring us up to scratch. We sincerely hope their efforts have not been in vain.

P.S. The Physics boys wish to hear if anyone has yet managed to escape on the second bell.



BOYS' SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): John Purser, Peter Hawke, Alan Moore, Ron Armstrong, Gordon Bower.

Front Row (L. to R.): Alec Reid, Graeme MacNamara (vice-captain), Jeffrey Mayne (captain), Malcolm Munro, Allan Cooney.

Forms IVa-d

Many outstanding personalities have emerged from this year's Fourth form, both scholastically and in the field of sport. Assisted by Mr. McCance (IVa), Miss Moore (IVb), Mr. Knight (IVc) and Miss Mustey (IVd) the form IV's has passed both a successful (?) and an eventful year. IVa lays claim to the School Tennis Captain, a House captain and several swimming champions. They claim to have worked hard throughout the year and have been encouraged with such kind hints as, "There's no need to exert yourselves, there'll always be a fourth form next year."

IVb who, in their own opinion are the mainstay of the school, are comprised of an ingenious crowd of brainstormers (?), footballers, basketballers, historians, musicians, swimmers and, well, just friends.

IVc's main concern at the moment is naturally enough the final exams. But in between work and study they have found time to train the captain of the School and Interstate Hockey Team, and three House captains in addition to their various representatives in school teams.

IVd is the only Fourth form fortunate (?) enough not to be suffering from masculine infirmities. They are particularly pleased with their social service efforts, having raised £11 at a fete. They are well represented in school teams and have an athletic champion.

Patience, encouragement and helpful guidance have been the successful aim of form teachers and form captains during the course of the year and for their efforts we wish to thank them.



"Men at work" (Schoolyard scene)—Glenise Rogers, Va.

Forms IIIa-g

All the 3's have completed a happy and (we hope) a successful year, their members having gained several happy distinctions in the school.

IIIa, held a Lyrical Limerick Competition, discovering that there are no literary geni in the school and at the same time raising £3 for Social Service.

IIIb were sorry to say goodbye to Judith Christensen during the year, but were later able to welcome two new members to the form.

IIIc are rightly proud of their budding athletes. They had representatives in the school football and cricket teams; two of the boys were successful in the Swimming Sports, and Graham Maley won the Inter-House Under 15 High Jump. They are also represented in the orchestra by Brian Firth and Norman Head.

IIId, in an attempt to make less noise in school, set up a "trial by jury" system in the form. The judge, or form captain, was authorized to issue up to 60 lines to the offenders. The oncoming exams will perhaps decide the success (or otherwise) of the idea.

IIIe seem very pleased with their footballers who played well in some matches arranged between the third forms during the year.

IIIf hope the teachers agree with them in saying they have completed a good year's work. Anyway, they have swelled the Social Service Funds considerably with their form efforts.

IIIg might take as their form motto, "quality, not quantity," for they are one of the smallest forms in the school. Nevertheless, they were well represented in school teams and are proud of Beatrice Mason who was highly commended in the recent Alliance Francaise competition.

All forms extend thanks to their respective form teachers—Miss Mason, Dr. Huttner, Mrs. Wier, Mrs. Dawkins, Mr. Muirden, Miss Yees and Mr. Hart—for their untiring guidance throughout the year.

Forms IIa-b

Both the forms II have enjoyed this year to the full and hope their teachers have enjoyed being with them.

IIf were very sorry to learn of the illness of their form teacher, Miss Dunne, and all join in wishing her a speedy and complete recovery. In Miss Dunne's absence, Miss Whatley and Mr. Higgs did a wonderful job in keeping the form members up to the mark and deserve the appreciation extended to them.

IIa wish to thank Miss Crane for her valuable assistance during the year.

Both forms attended Orchestral Concerts at the Melbourne Town Hall. They wish to thank Miss Mills for arranging these enjoyable outings.

Antoinette Huttner and Elizabeth Beilharz have both excelled in their school work this year.

IIa have done well on the sports' field, while IIf have striven to boost the Social Service Fund.

Lastly, all members extend their thanks to their teachers and leaders, and are looking forward to another happy year at C.H.S.

Forms Ia-b

Both First forms have passed an enjoyable first year at Camberwell High School under the capable and helpful guidance of their form teachers, Mr. Stevens (Ia) and Miss Mills (Ib). With the assistance of their form captains they have been successfully introduced to the traditions, customs and rules of the school.

Form Ia is well represented in the school orchestra, having a total of five members one of which, Howard Davies, is the leader and violin soloist. They also possess an athletic champion, Kevin McFadden, and a swimming champion, Leslie Brewer, and several members of school teams. They wish to convey particular thanks to their form and subject teachers as well as their form captains who have helped to pilot them through their first year here.

Form Ib are very proud of their scholastic achievements to date. In the first term they had the highest number of pupils in the school with averages over 80%. Their social service fete was a great success raising £7/12/6. On the athletic side they boast several members of school teams and also the winner of the cross-country run, Robin Matthews.

Both forms having practically completed their first year are looking forward to many more happy years at Camberwell High School.

Personalities

GRAEME MACNAMARA: Boy head prefect and vice-captain of hockey and softball teams.
Favourite Saying: "That's a point."
Perpetual Occupation: Handing out lines.
Pet Aversion: Leading the "Declaration."
Peculiarities: His hair.

JEFFREY MAYNE: Prefect and captain of softball team.
Ambition: To be a teacher.
Favourite Saying: "Strike one!"
Perpetual Occupation: Eating licorice.
Pet Aversion: School caps.

ELIZABETH WARD: Girl head prefect and captain of basketball team.
Probable Fate: Housewife.
Favourite Saying: "It's on again!"
Pet Aversion: Making speeches.

RON ARMSTRONG: Prefect and captain of cricket team.
Ambition: To play football for Carlton firsts.
Probable Fate: Timekeeper for the thirds.
Favourite Saying: "Shu'p wool ya!"

GEOFFREY HOLLAND: Prefect and vice-captain of football team.
Probable Fate: Teacher.
Perpetual Occupation: Hopping.
Pet Aversion: Boys not wearing caps.

DOROTHY DAVIES: Prefect and vice-captain of basketball team.
Ambition: None.
Favourite Saying: "Blimey!"
Perpetual Occupation: Eating Apples.
Pet Aversion: Lunch.

ELAINE JONES: Prefect and Churchill House conductor.

Ambition: To become a Science teacher.

Probable Fate: Headmistress.

Favourite Saying: "Don't be silly!"

Perpetual Occupation: Running for the bus.

Pet Aversion: Her perpetual occupation.

TOM KLINGER: Prefect and vice-captain of tennis team.

Ambition: To be an Industrial Psychologist.

Probable Fate: A nervous wreck.

Pet Aversion: Handing out lines.

GRAEME SMITH: Prefect.

Ambition: To join the honourable ranks of the teaching profession.

Pet Aversion: "Chook" Henderson's killers.

Peculiarities: His liking for history.

NORMA CORRIE: Prefect and Montgomery House conductor.

Ambition: To be a humble, insignificant nurse in some obscure hospital.

Probable Fate: Discoverer of miracle cures for all hitherto incurable diseases.

Favourite Saying: "Oh-Ag!"

Perpetual Occupation: Tram duty.

ANGELA HITCH: Prefect.

Ambition: To educate the coming generation.

Favourite Saying: "Don't let it get you down!"

Perpetual Occupation: Eating onions.

Pet Aversion: Her winter hat.

JANET WALKER: Prefect and Roosevelt House conductor.

Ambition: To be matron of Dead Men's Gulch Private Hospital.

Probable Fate: Making the dead men.

Favourite Saying: "It's simply slashing!"

Pet Aversion: Writing Sports Notes for *Prospice*.

ALLEN McNAUGHTON: Prefect and Churchill House conductor.

Ambition: To be the Director of Education.

Probable Fate: Assistant bottle-washer in Science rooms.

Favourite Saying: "St . . . ruth!"

Pet Aversion: French.

ANN HARRIS: Prefect.

Ambition: Ha!

Probable Fate: Wife of a future Governor General of Australia.

Favourite Saying: "W-ell, I don't know."

Pecularity: Being the only lady in Fifth Form.

The School's Big Day

Everyone in the tiny Swiss village of Saint Anne had crowded into the small schoolyard. All were excitedly talking as they took their seats before the out-door platform.

It was just three months since disaster had swept through the village; but now those awful days were forgotten, as the June sun smiled down on the little crowd; and the white clouds, as they scudded across the sky, seemed to pause over the happy scene and then hurry more gaily on their way. The villagers' gay costumes added to the festivity of the occasion, and even the majestic mountains, draped in the rich velvet of stately firs, and crowned with the shining satin of sunlit snow seemed to be reaching lower down into the valley as if to be nearer the scene.

The carefree chatter ceased as the kindly white-haired old mayor began speaking to the villagers assembled before him. While he spoke forty-three little children thought again of that unforgettable day.

It was the last morning of the village's Spring Festival and Fair, and as they were working in school their teacher had asked them to sit perfectly still and listen carefully. This they did but for some seconds heard nothing. Suddenly, although it was almost imperceptible, they heard a distant rumble.

Then followed those terrifying minutes during which—at their teacher's command—they fled from the school into the village, then to the Fair in the fields—nearly a mile from the school—and to all the little cottages and farms near the mountain, Old Hun, down whose side was rapidly sweeping an avalanche. The villagers, warned by the children, fled from their cottages and sped to safety. By now the angry mountain was thundering at the little village lying at his foot and, as the villagers watched they saw the great avalanche sweep down the mountainside, across the fields, over the fair grounds, and it came to rest only after it had roared through half the village.

Suddenly, those forty-three children were awakened from their thoughts as the President of Switzerland addressed them as "great heroes", and reminded the villagers once again that the children had saved their lives. "But," he said, "let us all, for two minutes, stand with bowed heads, and remember him whose keen observation and quick thinking saved you all, but who, while attempting to gather the school's treasures, sacrificed himself."

As the villagers silently rose, the cattle in the field stopped lowing, the birds ceased their singing, the trees hushed their whispering, the little clouds solemnly assembled before the sun and ever Old Hun seemed friendly as he looked down into that little valley now hushed and reverent, on the School's Big Day.

Norma A. Corrie, Va.

Exchanges

The Editors acknowledge with pleasure receipt of the following magazines: *Patchwork*, *Flotsam*, *The Scotch Collegian*, *Preston Technical School Magazine*, *Pallas*, *Benalta*, *Old Gold*, *The Unicorn*, *The Record*, *Goulburnia*, *Box Hill Boys' T.S.*, *Lilydale High School Magazine*, *Highway*, *Vitai Lampada*, *Harvest*, *The Pylon*, *The Echo*, *The Fintonian*, *Essendon High School Magazine*, *Shield*.

On Wildflowers

Not long ago, I heard an Australian who had been travelling in Europe, remark that in countries such as Belgium, whose flowers which we cultivate so carefully here grow in wild and gay profusion just as our gums, ti-tree and bottle brush do out here. Stocks, phlox, pansies, camellias and carnations add glory to the hills.

As I usually spend, most unfortunately, most of my Saturdays (very reluctantly and under paternal supervision) weeding this bed and that bed, trying to make such things grow, I cannot help envying the Belgians.

After thinking about it, however, I have come to the conclusion that our heritage of flora is just as great as theirs. Would it not be better if, instead of attempting to grow temperamental exotics in stubborn soil we spent the time driving in our "back-door bush" and admiring that which is really ours. It seems that the Biblical saying, "a prophet hath no honour in his own country," is also applicable to wildflowers.

Just at the time I am writing, Spring has again come. I spent the September holidays at a little coastal town where, in the back-blocks of the straggling settlement, blossoming wattle, ti-tree, gorse and countless other plants of which I do not know the names, crowded on each other in a crimson, yellow and blue mass of riotous glory. The predominant colour was a gay yellow. It lined the dusty red roads. Little clumps of a yellow plant which hugged the ground brightened the earth among the ti-tree. The bush was a mass of golden beauty.

Distressing, however, are the clumps which are dying as the settlement spreads, and as unimaginative home owners attempt to introduce foreign plants in place of the native ones. I saw a magnificent wattle uprooted to be replaced by a berry bush. Clumps of wildflowers went to make way for cacti. White flowering creeper and a scarlet vine were killed for the sake of daisies. This is indeed deplorable. What is the remedy? I believe that the more people begin to enjoy the beauty of the bush, the more suddenly will this destruction stop. Let us hope, indeed, that this occurs in the near future.

Brian Davies, IVa.

The Rescue

It was a very windy night when this incident happened. We were staying down at Point Lonsdale during the Christmas holidays. It had rained all day and therefore we had not been out of the house.

When the rain stopped we decided to go to the lighthouse before darkness came. We were about to go home again when I noticed a small sailing boat coming home after a day's fishing. We held our breath while it made a run for the Rip, for the waves were tremendous and it could have easily been smashed against the rocks.

Halfway across a wave picked it up and tossed it on to the Lonsdale Reef. Someone notified the Queenscliff Lifesaving Club and a leaking old row-boat set out to pick up the four stranded fishermen.

Three men were hauled in and the boat nearly set off without the fourth. Meanwhile, quite a crowd had gathered and a cheer went up for the gallant rescuers.

When they arrived on shore one woman from the crowd produced hot water bottles and another, warm rugs. They recovered after a day or two and every night for the next week I dreamed of shipwrecked sailors.

Barbara Whitworth, Ib.

Marching

All arms swinging, heads held high,
Three by three the girls march by.
Marching always, steady, slow,
All the girls march in a row.

Tall girls, small girls, fat and thin,
Surely they are going to win!
For they march in perfect time
O'er the fields and through the slime.

All arms swinging, heads held high.
Three by three the girls march by.
Marching always, steady, slow,
All the girls march in a row.

Marlene Hill. IIa.

Diligent
Intrepid
Strong
Co-operative
Obliging

Courteous
Optimistic
Neat
Safe
Unaffected
Loyal
Eager
Righteous
Earnest

Athletic
Lively
Illustrious
Impeccable
Spectacular

Glenda Davies. Ib.

Everest—1953

They have conquered!
Men have stood on that snowy peak.
Seen the world spread out beneath their feet.

They have conquered!
White clouds above, black world below.
Beneath their feet the pure, unsullied snow.

They have conquered!
Though men of humble birth.
They are kings of the earth.

They have conquered!
Sing praises, bless their name,
They have won enduring fame: for
They have conquered!

"Kiwi."

The National Theatre Arts Festival

BALLET SEASON

Le Carnaval

This year the National Theatre Ballet Company present us with four very fine ballets—the first of which was *Le Carnaval*.

This work was first created to form part of an entertainment at a ball. It is a charming little ballet set in mid-Victorian times in an ante-room where Schumann's charming characters come to life in the

midst of a gay Carnival in Venice. Among those who dance and flirt with their handsome swains is that heartless "Beauty of the Ball," Columbine, and her friends, the vivacious Estrella, sentimental Chiarina, and Papillon, the dainty Butterfly Lady. Their partners are led by Harlequin, the diamond-spangled "King of Revels," and his rival, gay, impetuous Florestan; also a dreamy young poet, Eusebius, and a somewhat conceited old fellow, Pantalon, lurk there.

All is happy laughter and rapturous dancing—but then poor Pierrot appears. He flaps his much-too-long sleeves and wanders disconsolately about, refusing to join in any of the revels.

As the hilarious crowd dance joyfully around, two Philistines come upon the scene, but even they cannot stop this high-speed frolic.

At the close of the ballet we are left with lilting Carnival music in our ears and memories of a lively, colourful throng of swaying, black-masked revellers, dancing with great abandon—and there in a corner under a sofa is poor woe-begone Pierrot, that unhappy grotesquely dressed little fellow who has been so badly disillusioned in his love affair with the fickle Columbine.

But now we must ring down the curtain and return regretfully from the "Land of Enchantment" to our everyday world.

Judy Eltham. IIIb.

New York

The United States contains many attractions for the tourist, one of the most spectacular and most popular being, naturally, the city of New York.

The grandeur of its majestic skyscrapers, its picturesque bridges and fine harbour draws sightseers from the four corners of the globe. The entrance to the harbour is enhanced by the impressive and noble Statue of Liberty which serves as a living symbol of democracy to the several million New Yorkers. One can see ships from every nation sailing up the bay and under stately bridges such as the George Washington Bridge. But dwarfing all else is the magnificent concrete giant, the Empire State Building, with its 102 stories rising high above the city. Many stories have been told of its amazing height, but to fully realize its height one must not look up at it, but rather look down from it. The view obtained from the observation platform near its summit defies description. One can see the entire city of New York and for miles beyond it.

The panorama of the thriving metropolis unfolds beneath one and one seems to have the stately steel skyscrapers and all the city's 10 million inhabitants literally at one's feet. The city itself is studded with parks, appearing as green fields lost in a maze of stone; this gradually gives way to the smaller houses of the suburbs. The mighty Hudson, spanned by numerous bridges, adds a fairy-like touch to the scene. But perhaps the most awe-inspiring sight of all is the streets of New York, wide, well paved and dotted with what appear to be insignificant ants, but are in reality the people of New York.

New York consists not only of massive buildings and towering bridges, for behind those walls of stone beats a very live heart. To grasp the full meaning of its vast population one has only to visit a subway station between the hours of five and six in the evening—peak period. The people can be once more

likened to ants, scurrying in all directions just as if their ant hill had been disturbed. At five o'clock the hubbub is indescribable. Train after train draws into the station, disgorges hundreds of people but just as many people pour in again. The journey is by no means comfortable but the train travels at bewildering speed, under the East river, over the East side tenements and you arrive at Brooklyn.

The people are by no means all American-born; many coming in each day from Europe. New York is aptly called the "melting pot" of America for it contains hundreds of different races and religions: Mexicans, Germans, English, Chinese, Slavs and even some Australians.

And, of course, there are the lights of Broadway, Carnegie Hall—one of the finest opera halls in the world—Coney Island—the playground of New York—and some of the biggest and best department stores in the world.

All these attributes seem insignificant to the sight of New York at night. As darkness falls, one by one the lights of the city are turned on giving the impression one gets when a cloud which has obscured the sky moves on, revealing the myriads of stars in the night sky.

The whole city is spangled with jewels, the streets seen from a height—especially the great White Way (Broadway)—appear as white streaks or comets amid the twinkling lights.

I have never seen a sight quite like New York at night, and somehow I feel as if I never shall.

T. Klinger, Vb.

Esperanto

Esperanto is the international auxiliary language created by Dr. Zamenhof. It does not aim at replacing the national languages, but to act as a second language for everybody. The use of a second language is a great necessity in these days of international commerce and particularly for use in international congresses.

Esperanto is based on the principal modern languages. It is a neutral language and is, therefore, an ideal bridge between all peoples. Esperanto has already spread in a large number of countries, and fills all the needs of intellectual and commercial life.

Esperanto is already used in great international fairs and by important firms. There is a universal congress held in a different country each year which is arranged by the Esperantists of the country in which it is held.

This rapidly growing language should be taught at school. It is very simple as the vocabulary consists of a very small number of roots, most of which can be recognised by a person who has learnt either Latin or French. By adding certain prefixes and suffixes an unlimited number of new words and meanings can be formed.

Georgette Fink, Ila.

The Old Curiosity Shop

On the outskirts of Ballarat stands an old house which is surrounded by a high railing fence, grey with age. The dilapidated gate has a bell on the front of it, which is to be rung before entering.

Once the gate has been opened you have a glimpse of a funny little cottage, with almost a fairy-like

garden, with little cobbled paths running here and there. This house was the work of an old bricklayer who, when he was about thirty years old, began saving anything he could lay his hand on. He used to give the school children peanuts when they brought him broken saucers, plates, cup handles, old teapots and even bottles and pieces of glass. These and many other things he arranged, and made the house what it is today. Many sections remain incomplete, thus showing the interest he took in his work right up to his death.

We rang the little bell and were met at the gate by a guide who took us along the twisting, cobbled paths which were made by the bricklayer who collected stones and pebbles and set them in concrete. The first arrangement we saw at the side of the path was very appropriately named "The old woman in the shoe" except that there was no shoe. One fairly large doll stood in the midst of many dolls. Most were broken, some had been mended, some were past mending, but they all added to the effect. In amongst the shrubbery they looked like a page from a book of nursery rhymes.

Other sections we saw were, "The rising sun," made from various bottles and very cleverly done; "Teapot alley," made from broken teapots, lids, or even just the spouts; and a tapestry path, completed with the use of pieces of tapestry, plates and bricks. The walls of the house were covered with teacup handles, pieces of broken plates, coloured glass, shells and numerous other things which were all plastered on, in intricate patterns, each of which was named.

We went inside the house where various collections were arranged in show cases. Even the inside walls had been covered by the labourer and his wife. Pictures of various sorts had been pasted on the walls to make a wallpaper. The colourings in the pictures all toned and must have taken many months to collect. In one room the main picture was of lions in a field. All the other pictures, although topically different, toned with the main picture. In the show cases were collections of money, shells, clocks and watches, many of which no longer worked, but were interesting on account of their age; also aboriginal weapons and tools, old guns, vases, tapestries and even chairs.

In the fernery was a selection of unfinished works. Among these were several peep shows. In boxes were shells, stones, sometimes dolls, acting as peasants or ladies and gentlemen of state, in country scenes or possibly representing early city life. These, although incomplete, were remarkable for their artistic touch as was the whole place. The life-work of this man is truly remarkable and gives one a really good insight into the last century.

Roslyn Johnston, Va.

The Sound Barrier Is Broken

On Friday, August 21, I went, with two other girls from school, to windswept Avalon Airfield: where we witnessed the first official flight of the Australian-built Sabre Jet Fighter.

At 2.40 p.m. the test pilot, Flight Lieutenant Scott, climbed into the pressurised cock-pit of the aircraft. Fifteen minutes later the plane roared 100 feet above us and after performing a double roll the pilot commenced to climb upwards in readiness for the dive in which the sound barrier was broken.

In a surprisingly short time the Sabre became a tiny speck among the clouds and then disappeared. Over the radio the pilot frequently reported his position, and as he climbed higher his voice became more high-pitched.

At 18 minutes past three the jet was five miles north of the airstrip and 42,000 feet high. We heard the pilot say, "I'm on the way down now," then seconds later, "I'm through!" Fifteen seconds elapsed before three booms rang out, seeming to shake the ground.

The sound barrier had been broken!

Then came minutes of thrills as the pilot took the bird-like plane through breathtaking aerobatics. A feeling of awe seemed to grip us as the jet screamed past, its sound left far behind it. The performance concluded with slow rolls, loops and near-vertical dives.

The silver aircraft touched down at approximately 3.30 p.m. and with the other spectators I ran towards the plane as it came to a standstill. Flight Lieutenant Scott was congratulated by the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and was interviewed by radio and newspaper reporters.

I shall always remember that afternoon at Avalon, as a thrilling and awe-inspiring experience.

Jeanette Falk, IIIa.

Budget Speeches! Fish! Prospice!

As I sat listening to the Treasurer's Budget Speech last night, my mind turned unaccountably to the question of fish.

There did not seem to be any connection between the country's monetary policy and the denizens of the deep, and so why these two subjects should associate themselves in my thoughts I just could not imagine. Strange things at times, thoughts!

My knowledge of fish and their habits is extremely limited. I only know they seem to upset the routine of the family holiday each year, when Dad's fishing excursions at all hours of the day and night seem to interfere with our own planned forms of amusement.

Yes, on holidays I really hated the creatures who breathe through gills, I thought, as the Treasurer's voice droned on about tax reductions and increased pensions. I thought of the times I had accompanied Dad, at night, to fish, and the horror I experienced when he asked me, in the light of the lantern, to pick out of the net a terrible looking crayfish he had just hauled in, or to remove a poor, spiked flounder from the head of a fishing spear.

And on those hot days on the reef, waiting for cod that did not bite, just to be company for Dad. Yes, I hated them all right, although I felt sorry for them as well. But then, I felt sorry for myself, too, particularly on the day our cool drinks had been swirled down a blow-hole, and I was very thirsty and could only muse, "Oh, it's nice to think and sit and fish And fish and sit and think And think and sit And fish and wish That one could get a drink."

And now, I thought, as the Treasurer announced a reduction in the sales tax on sporting goods, there will be more fishing rods and other gear next holidays for sure, and I shall be just as certain to go along to keep Dad company.

And why should I be thinking thoughts like these at all. I wondered, if it were not for the fact that I was trying to conceive an article for *Prospice*. Budgets! Fish! *Prospice*! I wasn't getting anywhere at all, with such an association of thoughts.

But, lo, the germ of an idea came to mind as my gaze travelled over the goldfish swimming lazily around in their aquarium on the window shelf.

Goldfish! Yes, surely here was the answer to financially harassed treasurers of the future. I do not know the fis(h)cal value of a goldfish, or even a silver bream for that matter, but somehow I visioned forms of these creatures as being of vital importance to worried treasurers of future years.

And then it was that I remembered vaguely Dad's speaking at some time or other of the immense source of wealth swimming off our shores in the form of tuna—I think. Fish that were equal in every way, when canned, to the best of salmon. Yes, there was a vast industry waiting to be developed right at our door as it were and capable of enriching this country by millions of pounds. Someone, no doubt, will learn how to catch these fish one day and set a new industry in motion.

And so my last thought has abated somewhat, my hate for fish and my irritation caused by people who catch them, as I realized we may one day be indebted to both in the national interest. Yes, I shall try to be a good fishing companion in future.

Strange things at times—thoughts—but do you think the Treasurer would be interested?

Elaine French, IVa.

Autumn Morning

The dawn has flung her girdle of soft light
In orange splendour round the horizon's rim.
The pallid street lights gradually grow dim,
A car crawls slowly by, its head lamps bright.
A ghastly yellow, in the waning night.
The sun arises; gilds each auburn limb,
And every tree does bow to worship him
And all his golden majesty and might.

I see the same at daytime, and its charm
Has gone! The roofs are low and filthy grey.
The orange light has dimmed; the scented balm
Of dawn's pure air gone too. The sparrows play
Like tiny balls of fluff. The morning's calm
Replaced by rattling carts throughout the day.

David Johanson, IVa.

"Love's Labour Lost"

I was desperate! you'll not forget.
A certain homework we were set.
"You must write for *Prospice*,
And that tonight, without delay."

So that night a certain Form,
With quivering pens and looks forlorn,
All aghast with sheer dismay,
Wrote, "Our effort from Form IVa."

Tomorrow night at half-past four,
The cleaner will come through the door,
Bearing out, with purpose grim,
Waste-paper bins full to the brim.

Joan Wood, IVa.

Customers

Having served in a grocer's shop for over two years, I feel I have some authority for classifying customers into half-a-dozen or so types. Even though I worked (?) for only an hour after school each day, I soon came to realize that shop assistants have some very, very tiring days.

The first type is the superior customer, who acts as though one such as I is too low to associate with a person of her intelligence. I say "her" because most customers are women (anyway, all men are easy to get on with). This superior type stands with her nose tilted upwards, and orders a long string of requirements (without saying "please") and expects you to remember everything she orders. Finally, when you have put her goods in front of her, and have proceeded to write down the prices on one of the articles, she interrupts. Firstly, she wants to know how many articles you have brought her—you're always one short, according to her calculations. It is then that you politely point out that you are writing on one article. Our superior friends gives a sickly smile and mumbles something about "forgetting it," whereupon you proceed to add up the prices. The second interruption occurs, this time because she wishes to know how much each separate article costs. Slowly and politely you tell her, and then resume your adding up. Hot air whistles around your scalp, as she tries to add the prices, upside down. When you have checked your addition you state the total cost, but are forced to lean on the counter for five minutes while the customer satisfies herself that you can add up correctly. Eventually she pays and you hand her the change after counting it out slowly. Phew! That's the end of that one you say to yourself. But not yet! She thinks that you have made a mistake in the change and ever so politely, as always, you count out the money again.

Then the talker walks in. Muttering to yourself as time goes on, you are forced to listen to her views on current topics, or all the local gossip. She tells you who she considers stole Mrs. Bacon's pet pig, or who poisoned Mrs. Barker's dog, or how hoarse mayors must become. At last, as she pauses to take a breath, you speak quickly: "Is there anything you require, madam?" "Oh, no, thanks! I just dropped in to see how things were." A quarter of an hour's boring talk and not a half-penny profit!

You groan as the day-dreamy type slowly approaches the counter. Head in hands, leaning there, looking into space: "Now, what do I want?" or "What did I come in here for?" she murmurs. Your suggestions are answered by drawn-out "No-o-o's." Then her eyes sparkle. "Oh, I know! I came to buy some butter from the milk bar over the road." Before you have a chance to call out that grocers sell butter, too, you are confronted by type no. 4.

This type is very old, very fussy, and greets you with such sensible questions as "are your eggs fresh?" or "Is your pork sausage as good as the butcher's?" On learning that grocers sell better pork sausage than butchers, she requires a small piece for her lunch the next day. You cut a portion off a new sausage, to find she doesn't like the end piece. Off comes another piece—this time a fraction too big. A third piece is most annoyingly too small. Your fourth attempt results in the right-sized piece, but she would like it sliced (she tells you this after you have wrapped it up). Rather than add some of your fingers to

her sausage, you place what remains of the new sausage on the cutter, and give her the exact amount. Here again, though, you are sure to slice it too thick or thin for her liking, so she takes the "piece" after all.

Another annoying type is the one who knows all the correct prices, and tells the young lad (that's I) as much. She is rather perturbed to find out that various articles have risen in price, since she last bought them, and, like everyone else, complains about the rising cost of living. Then she tells how exorbitant your prices are compared with those of the grocer down the street. You stand there and wonder why she continues to deal from such racketeers, when she could save pounds at another store.

At long last the hands of the clock point to half-past five and you begin to shut the door. Enter type No. 6, knocking you aside in her hurry. "I forgot the time," is the most common excuse. Usually she requires a long list of goods, which are made up very quickly by all the assistants. This type is fortunate in that, for some strange unaccountable reason, she is served faster than any other customer during the day.

The final type is the ideal customer: polite, friendly, trustworthy and helpful. The only people of this type are the mothers of C.H.S. girls and boys, and any other woman who chances to read this article.

Jack Henderson (Vb).

A Trip to Queenstown

Rising one morning while the mists were still on the waters, we left Lake St. Claire for Queenstown. Driving through valleys surrounded by majestic mountains and forest scenery, we little thought how soon we were to leave all this behind. The road wound in a hair-raising manner over creeks and rivers until in the distance we could see delicately tinted hills in mauves, creams, chocolates and whites, bathed in sunlight. But too soon did we realize what it meant—all this destruction. For those hills were void of any vegetation whatsoever — man's ingenuity being the cause.

Queenstown is the main town on the west coast of Tasmania and well-known for its copper mines and smelting works. The Mt. Lyell Mine is ranked amongst the largest in the world. The town itself nestles among barren but majestic hills and is at the foot of Mt. Owen. Such grandeur! Such awe-inspiring beauty! But, as we entered the town, a feeling of depression descended upon us all. It was hard to imagine life in this barren place. The early methods used in the smelting works at Queenstown caused the vegetation to vanish completely. Certain fumes from the great chimneys caused trees and grass for miles around to die. Even the river which flows through the town has a dejected look in its dirty orange waters.

After lunching in the town we left, looking forward to the cool greenness of the mountains in the distance. Glad as we were to leave the glaring whiteness of the hills, we wondered at the strangeness of it all. Then we realised that we had not seen or heard a bird while in that barren countryside. Man, in his endeavour to gather the spoils of the earth, has ruined one of God's greatest gifts to us—trees.

Judith King (IVa).

An Organ Recital

At last the moment had come. The audience settled itself back with its customary rustlings and murmurings, after the applause to the first artist. All was quiet and still.

The soloist seated himself upon the stool, pulled out seemingly endless stops and played the first glorious chords of a Bach Prelude. Louder and louder—then suddenly soft and sweet! The pure notes, sometimes pealing and sometimes thundering, stirred the air. Now a glorious crescendo, now the slow, lingering notes of a flute. I listened enthralled through this item, and at the conclusion clapped enthusiastically. The moments seemed to fly as I heard the rich, full tones of Handel's "And The Glory of the Lord" from the "Messiah," and other works of the great masters—Bach; Handel; Beethoven and Purcell.

Soon it was interval during which my music teacher explained to me a little of the technique of organ playing, and in consequence, I was better able to appreciate the artists' playings after the interval than before. We were seated on the western balcony and had a very good view of the soloist's feet, which seemed to thrash around continuously, sliding up and down the notes below the hand keyboards. I now realised how difficult it would be to play an organ, for instead of only having two staves to read from at once as a pianist has, the organist has three—one for the feet and the other two for the hands.

After interval, the first soloist was a woman, who, to our delight, surpassed by far all artists before and after her. Her name was Constance Mellor, and she had been studying in London for two years. Her deft combinations of feet and hands changing from keyboard to keyboard was remarkable, as was the expression she showed in her work. The names of two pieces I can remember her playing were "Noell"—a sweet haunting piece played on a thin piccolo note, and a Bach Chorale—serious and rich, with little underlyings of melody running throughout.

The rest of the programme passed enjoyably and, as I listened to the great instrument smoothly rolling out the notes of the National Anthem, I realised afresh what a wonderful instrument is the organ.

Janet Walker (Va)

Morte D'Us

So all day long the voice of teachers roll'd.
In all the classrooms by the Prospect Hill.
Until King Revel's victims, one by one,
Had fall'n in, all ready for the kill.
King Revel's then, as he was nigh asleep,
The bold Sir Kellaway uplifted him,
Sir Kellaway, who got through all the fights,
And bore him to a bike-shed for a gym.
A broken shed with a leaking roof
That stood in a dark park of barren land,
On one side lay a highway, and on one
Lay a great water, when the baths were full.
Then spake King Revels to Sir Kellaway:
"The sequel of today has finished all
The goodliest fellowship of bird-brained brats
Whereof this school holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the kids I loved."

With apologies to Alfred, Lord Tennyson.
N.B.—All names mentioned in this parody are

purely fictitious and if they bear any resemblance to any person living or dead, this resemblance is merely coincidental.

Marjorie May (IIa).

Birds

Birds go flying by,
Sometimes very high,
Some can only live on land,
Some waddle about in sand,
Some lay eggs on ledges,
Some prefer our hedges,
Some lay theirs in hollow trees,
Some have nests in balconies.

Neil Curry (Ib).

Picking Season in Mildura

"Pickers wanted now in Mildura, accommodation supplied, train fares paid, good wages."

Tony and John looked at the advertisement and decided to go and earn some money before the next university term began. So off they went, wondering how they would enjoy their working holiday.

The country was new to the lads and, as they approached their destination, they were amazed to find only stunted Mallee scrub. Then suddenly the irrigation belt appeared and green vines took the place of the scrub.

The special pickers' train was met by the labour organisers and a cup of tea provided for the travellers. Then in twos and threes the visiting workers were allotted to the growers who required them.

Tony and John found themselves with a friendly fruit grower who had a "block" at Irymple, a few miles from Mildura and, after picking up some stores at the shops, they drove out past the modern-looking High School, along a wide bitumen highway. The car went off to a bumpy dirt road from which it finally turned into a gate and followed a narrow track through the vines. It stopped in front of a large wooden house and the travellers had arrived.

After a hearty breakfast they went along to where the picking was in progress. Currants were being picked at that stage and they were told that the sultanas would come next, in about three weeks. They went along the rows cutting off the bunches of currants and dropping them into buckets. The "buckets" amused them greatly for they were like half kerosene tins with numerous holes the size of sixpences. They learned afterwards that the correct name is dip tins, for after being filled with grapes they were "dipped" in a solution of potash which assisted in the drying process. After being dipped, the grapes were spread on the "racks" to dry. The racks consisted of several tiers of wire netting about 50 yards long and roofed with galvanised iron.

The rest of the morning passed very quickly and after lunch the boys were eager to start work again. They realised they were slow and would have to hurry if they were going to make their holiday pay. But as the afternoon wore on, they began to feel very tired. They had not been able to get much sleep in the train, the day was hot and there did not seem to be much air between those vines. The afternoon break was very welcome and by tea-time the lads had had quite enough for one day.

After tea they asked questions about the irrigation they had heard so much about. The "blockee" explained, "The water is first of all pumped into a large concrete channel. Many smaller channels branch out into the blocks which can be watered several times a year. If the season is dry, special waterings are permitted, but during the picking season no irrigation takes place." They were also told that when the fruit on the racks had dried sufficiently the racks were "shaken down" and a large roll of hessian was put below the wires to catch the berries. The hessian was spread out in the sun and then the fruit was placed in "sweat boxes" and taken to the packing sheds to be graded and packed. Tony and John were interested to hear of the many uses to which the sweat boxes were put in the district.

They were used for stages, Sunday School anniversary platforms and emergency grandstands. On one occasion the Mildura Tennis Club had to cancel the visit of certain international champions because the sweat boxes, with which they intended to make a grandstand for the spectators, were needed for the fruit.

The boys stayed for five weeks, and although very tired at the end of the time, they enjoyed their experience—picking. They joined in the various entertainments organised for the pickers, made many friends, and became sunburnt. They returned home feeling very fit and a little more wealthy than when they set out.

Brian James (Ib)

The Storm

The storm-clouds gathered in the western sky,
The wind sprang up from the plain,
And the calm of the evening was broken by
The drumming of the rain.
Down it fell with steady beat,
On gulches of sand and stone,
Till the mountain lion on padded feet
Roared in his shadowy home.
All creatures of the wild did rest
In places snug and warm,
And listen to the wind's wild song
On the night of that dreadful storm.

John Stapleton (IIa)

A Visit to Mathematics Land

I have had a unique experience as you will admit when you have read this account of what happened last Thursday night

I was *simultaneously* feeling glad of the silence which was making my homework easier, and discouraged at having to remain up, studying, after the family had long since retired for the night. My trouble was the maths. As I was staring vacantly at the particular problem bothering me everything else in the room grew dim for the moment till I was startled by the sound of an argument.

To my astonishment the room contained about a dozen people who seemed to be at *sixes and sevens* over some *problem* of their own. From what I heard I arrived at the conclusion that they were on their way to the village square to hear an address.

I think the argument was about the place set aside for the meeting, for I heard one of them

protesting against having a *set square* as they wanted some *variation*. Others were equally in favour of the standing arrangements.

Joining this group I arrived in due course at the square where a small area in the shape of a *triangle* was cordoned off for the *principal* men of the town and their *circle* of friends. *Encompassed* on all sides by the cheering crowd the speaker rose to deliver his *graphic* message.

Although I took a *simple* interest in the proceedings, I cannot relate fully his speech, which seemed to concern mainly the *arithmetical progression* of the land. First we read the *index laws* which had been set out by the councillors and approved by the *ruler* of the land. These largely concerned the *construction* of a number of *X* and *Y* axes which were said to surpass all other *instruments*.

Here the speech ran off at a *tangent* and I lost track of it as I listened to the people who were asking that the speaker should *simplify the expressions* he had used earlier concerning the *processes* of *elimination* of pests. This he did with remarkable *speed* and *accuracy*.

When the speech ended I made my way to a small cafe near the square. It was a *symmetrical* building set back from the foot path and having a neat front garden of trees which not very surprisingly (for I had realised by now the nature of this land), had *square roots*.

On entering, I was led to one of the dainty *four-figure log tables*. At my table were four chairs, at the next six, and at each one there was a difference of *two chairs*.

The proprietors evidently knew the *formula* for running a successful cafe, for the menu quite surpassed imagination. As I gazed at the long *index*, unable to choose, the lights went out and I heard my father say from the doorway as he switched on the room light, "Come on, you've had enough time to do twenty problems. Go to bed and finish your homework in the morning." Looking down I found only a maths book on the table.

Dorothy Morgan (Va).

The Nightingale

The shimmering trees are tinged with rusty red;
The tranquil lake reflects the purple hue
Of reeds, all clustered round the water's edge.
When suddenly, a clear voice rends the air.
A trilling voice, like flutes beyond compare.
Now soft, then loud and still yet louder swells
The voice of life, of laughter and of love.
On overhanging willow branch he sits;
A small, brown bird with magic in his voice.
To thrill the great musicians of the world.
And many come to hear his joyous song
And know his voice unequalled on this earth.
Where Mother Nature lends a wondrous tune
To that small bird we call the nightingale.

Adeline Chapman (Va).

A Day in Bed

"Atishoo!" My! I felt awful—after many preliminary attempts I finally succeeded in placing my delightfully warm feet on the rug. My head was

dizzy, and I felt as if my nose would fall off if I sneezed once more. I must have looked a sight, my hair rumped, my nose red, my eyes misty, as I found myself suddenly pushed back into bed.

My head was spinning, I couldn't stay in bed, that History test was today, and I couldn't miss it. Having reconciled myself to the fact that I was in bed, I made up my mind to be the perfect patient—I would read—read good books, perhaps *Lorna Doone*, which I just had to finish. I might perhaps study, but that would be a shock to my mental system.

Ten o'clock came, I found myself thinking about the poor "dears" in my form, slaving away on a once clean sheet of foolscap. I nestled down into my bed—oh! it was warm and comfortable—even if my nose was sore and red.

I had read seven chapters of my book, and I was finding it very interesting, when luncheon was served. A hot drink and warm, crisp toast, is much better than stale bread and vegemite.

I started my book again. My head was dizzy. Four o'clock! I had been asleep—they would be getting out now, I could almost hear their gossip and noise. I wondered if any bells would sound. It made me happy to think about them.

Bed-time, I would be at school tomorrow amongst it all. I found myself pleased at the thought.

Heather Brown, IVa.

Transcendence

*Last night when all the world was drugged with sleep,
I heard strange music fall;
And from the velvet shadows deep
Night's spirit seemed to call.*

Suddenly, from the hidden and mysterious depths of my soul

Woke a response which, like some small bird
That with throbbing heart and trembling wings,
Rises from its tiny nest, and pulsating with its vibrant song

Heralds the approaching day,
So this impulse, like a timid spring of thought
Rose and grew, till it became the very surging of my soul

In answer to the call of Night;
And I was irresistibly drawn out of myself,
Until my soul, now unrestrained, had left its earthen prison

And, merging with the darkness,

Was gone . . .

As a small child, after wandering alone,
Loses himself in his mother's welcoming embrace,
So this, my aerial being, returned out of time and captivity

To the very essence of space and eternity —
Night.

Since my range of vision was no longer confined
To the windows of my former prison,
And since I no longer lived by former knowledge and experience,

I, as part of what I felt and saw, learned the personality of Night,

Whose very soul is but the darkness, that seeps into all she looks upon

And rests in pools of shadows.

I heard the voice of Night, which is Silence, and her call is clearest

When her breath is hushed

And no breeze stirs the feather-down of sleeping birds.
I saw her beauty in the peaceful smile of the crescent moon

And the twinkling of her countless gem-like eyes;
And as I watched I felt her take from her wind-brushed hair

Myriads of jewels, invisible, intangible,

Until she gently laid them on the weary Earth.

Who thus adorned, was radiant and refreshed

In this resplendent veil of flashing dew-drops.

With the sharpness of real diamonds

Those jewels seemed to cut and crystallize my soul

And transport me from infinite to finite,

Till I was once again imprisoned in myself.

Today, when all the world woke by the power

And triumph of the Light;

I thought of that immortal hour

When I communed with Night!

Norma A. Corrie, Va.

The Coronation

On the second of June,

In nineteen-fifty-three,

Queen Elizabeth's Coronation

Was seen by you and me.

She looked so sweet and solemn

In her fabulous, glittering gown,

As she drove in her golden coach

Through the streets of London Town

After our Queen had promised

That to us she would be loyal.

She was then anointed

With Sacred, Holy oil.

Near the close of the service

In the Abbey all voices were dead,

As the crown of holy St. Edward

Was placed on her fair young head.

Coronation Day was over,

And the crowds had gone away,

Always to remember

That ceremonial day!

Vivienne Lees, IIa.

Mount Buffalo—Beechworth—Kiewa Trip

While the party of Fifth-formers was awaiting the arrival of the buses that were to take us on a three-day trip to the Kiewa Valley and Mount Buffalo, many pupils arrived at school to watch our departure around half-past eight on the morning of Friday, 21st August.

It was soon discovered that one bus would have to be replaced, this being done when it reached Melbourne. Meanwhile, the other bus continued on its way along the Hume Highway, which takes a path similar to that of the explorer, Hume, after whom it is named, and his friend, Hovell, over the Great Dividing Range through the Kilmore Gap to the plains of central and northern Victoria.

During the afternoon, after dining at Benalla, the girls and two boys were shown over the Bruck Rayon Mills at Wangaratta, where they saw the stages of preparing and spinning the thread which was later woven, dyed and processed in a similar manner to that used in Canada where the company originated. The mill was humidified to obtain the best results, the tour being carried on amongst humid conditions and the insistent clatter of the machines.

The boys, however, after stopping for dinner at Euroa, continued on, and were driven around the gorge at Beechworth instead, after making a detour which was necessary due to flooding of the road, a large amount of the surrounding countryside also being covered by wide expanses of water.

After having tea at Beechworth, where the night was to be spent, we went for a moonlight hike around the town and its environs. Early the next morning, the boys, still feeling energetic after obtaining a few hours' sleep, decided to re-visit the Gorge.

The principal sights seen during the morning were the Fribourg Gold Dredge and the massive dredge at Harriettville which is the largest in the Southern Hemisphere, having been constructed at Williamstown.

The tour then passed through towering bush to the Tawonga Gap, from where a magnificent view of the Bogong High Plains and the valley in which the State Electricity Commission township of Mount Beauty is situated, was obtained. Here it was that the other bus had to be abandoned, the girls being distributed between the boys' bus and another following close behind.

After a picnic lunch at Mount Beauty, we continued on up the Kiewa Valley to the township of Bogong and Lake Guy, the lake formed by the water dammed back by a concrete wall, after passing the completed No. 3 Power Station and No. 4 which is still in the course of construction. Returning, we again went round Crankie Charlie, the name affectionately given to a peculiar bend in the road, and again saw the Power Stations.

Before we reached Beechworth for the night, darkness had descended to the obvious enjoyment of prefects and others in the rear seats of the bus. Although we arrived late for our evening meal, which was rather hurried, we managed to attend the local cinema for the night performance.

The following morning, once again, the Gorge was visited by all except the more cautious, sleepy or lazy of the party.

A new bus having arrived, we set out on a beautiful sunny day under a clear sky, passing through the Buffalo National Park, and seeing the waterfalls, peaks and awe-inspiring precipice at the summit of Mount Buffalo, and also the sudden slope down to where we had been a short time before.

Almost as soon as we stepped from the buses on to the snow-clad hills near the summit, we began snow fights. Taking our lunches with us, our party made its way, between throwing and dodging snowballs, to the Chalet, some reaching the nearby look-outs from where a closer view of the 1400 foot drop from the precipice could be obtained.

After returning through the National Park, we stopped to refuel and to recover from the effects of eating too much snow.

On the return trip, after we had partaken of tea at Euroa and supper at Broadford soon after, we had passed the crest of Pretty Sally Hill, the highest point in the section of the Divide around Kilmore, the

lights of Melbourne and its suburbs, which presented and intriguing spectacle, were seen.

While passing through Melbourne and when we arrived at Camberwell, water in the streets was visible. But this could not possibly dampen the spirits of our happy band, after such an enjoyable and educational tour.

Graeme J. Pratt, Vb.

A Visit to the Australian War Memorial at Canberra

The War Memorial at Canberra is similar in appearance to our Shrine and Sydney's Cenotaph. It also conveys the courage and fortitude that these monuments symbolise. Even from Civic Centre it is possible to see the great blue dome rising above the trees in Reid Park. This great, imposing structure looks down on the visitors, solemnly, as they climb the sections of steps on the forecourt.

I have said already that this granite structure is similar to others all over Australia; but I have not mentioned that it is also a museum—a war museum. It looks simple enough, but as you enter, all phases of both wars are unfolded to you. The memorial is divided into rooms, and in each there are exhibited mementos from the theatre of war to which that room is dedicated.

In these rooms and those below are shown anything from a Japanese submarine to a German flying bomb, from a Vickers Vimy bi-plane to an aerial machine-gun; while displayed vividly on the walls are paintings of famous battles in which Australians participated. It is difficult to estimate the time it would take to inspect this museum thoroughly, as there are so many different things to see.

It attracts even the most casual observer and to me and many lads of my age it is a wonderland. It exhibits almost every feature of the two world wars, and it is not all guns and war material. For instance, some of the most interesting exhibits are the German synthetics, such as trousers made out of wood shavings and dresses out of sawdust. Through some of the rooms are numbers of miniature battlegrounds with bronze figures on them. These models, depicting battles of the Light Horse and the infantry, are extremely effective and realistic. Some of the battles depicted are those of Lone Pine, Mont St. Quentin and Jarrabub. All around the rooms are bronze statuettes of diggers, while in glass cases are medals and souvenirs. By far the greater part of the museum is devoted to the First World War, and only a couple of rooms are devoted to the last war.

There are also two large glass cases, with life-like wax figures displaying the different uniforms of all nationalities. However you regard it, when visiting Canberra, the War Memorial is a "must."

Neil Forness, IIIc.

Book Titles

Once *The Three Musketeers* went to find *The Lost City* but when they reached *Ivanhoe* they were *Kidnapped* by *Robinson Crusoe* and taken to *Treasure Island*. Two days later they were found by *Biggles*, but when they reached *The Lost City* they found it had been discovered by *Worrals*, and *The Silver Shoe* for which they had been searching had been taken by *David Copperfield*.

Helen Orpwood. Ib.

Thoughts On a Rose

You are deeper red than any sun's dying glory.
For within your heart is a beauty, that although a
passing shadow in form,
Is continuous, and remembered by the spring showers
Who unfolded your fulness—
Each fragrant petal pure and perfect.
You are stained with the red hue that symbolizes
life and death.
For the blood of human sons and daughters who
died
Is quickening in your veins.
It is hallowed blood from your inmost heart that
painfully blossoms out into this loveliness.
But then, humbly dying,
Fades away as they did—
A sacrifice complete.
But you are more than a sacrifice and passing shadow,
oh rose!
You are a symbol of the perfect, holy Love that
flooded men's hearts with light,
When giving, not taking, they laid down their lives.
You are a richness that arises from the Creator's
selfless, anguished giving.
You are Love overflowing in a hallowed beauty of
praise—
Love fulfilled!

Janet Walker (Va).

A Fox Hunt

As the sun slowly climbed above the horizon and
the mist rolled back off the the "Sleeping Warrior,"
the dogs on the nearby farms barked incessantly.
While the grim-faced farmers loaded their guns they
glanced malevolently at those blue mountains which
sheltered the fox and the wedge-tailed eagle, both
deadly enemies of the farmers during the lambing
season. Today the entire male population was gathering
in an attempt to eradicate these pests.

Ten hours later a Morris Cowley rattled and
bumped along the narrow track. At the top of the
hill it almost collided with a stationary car. The
driver, the local schoolteacher, being a woman, nar-
rowly averted the impending crash by almost driving
up the embankment.

There was an excited yell from the eldest girl in
the dicky seat. "Grandma, look at Uncle." The
driver's companion, glanced around and saw, to her
amazement, her brother, an eminent pioneer of the
district, chopping vigorously at a fallen log.

"It's a fox!" someone cried. The occupants
tumbled out of the car, clambered through the fence
and hurried to the scene, picking up sticks as they
ran. After a period of frantic chopping and poking,
assisted by the yells of the three small schoolgirls and
their teacher, the two desperate foxes broke from their
cover.

Immediately the two dogs attacked, and the four
animals in utmost confusion swirled around the feet
of the elderly man who was brandishing the loaded
gun above his head and ineffectively trying to call
off his dogs. Fearing for his safety, the teacher seized
the axe and like an Amazon of old rushed into the
fray. As if answering the farmer's agonized glance,
the foxes broke clear and thus removed his dogs
from the danger zone. In a second he had levelled his
gun and shot the fleeing foxes.

When the excitement and laughter had subsided,
the farmer thanked his assistants, although at one
stage, he added, thinking of the axe, he had feared

for the safety of his dogs. He then sheepishly added
that these two foxes were the entire catch for the
whole district for that day. Having firmly established
the superiority of women, the local schoolteacher be-
came more conceited than ever.

Margaret Burr, Va.

The School Alphabet

A is for Arithmetic, which will not work out right.
B is for Blackboard, on which the teachers write.
C is for C.H.S., that is loved by all.
D is for Desks, both big and small.
E is for English Expression, at which we must pass.
F is for what we strive, to be First in class.
G is for Games, at which some of us excel.
H is for History, that we all know so well.
I is for Ink, which always will spill.
J is for Juniors, who never keep still.
K is for Keys, that are always being found.
L is for Laughter, which we hear from all around.
M is for Marching, at which we all slave.
N is for NO games when we misbehave.
O is for Oval, which is used for games.
P is for Posture, at which one aims.
Q is for Quietness, of which we have none.
R is for Rejoicing, when we have won.
S is for Science room, with its dreadful smells.
T is for Tuck Shop, where our lunch one sells.
U is for Uniform, which we all must wear.
V is for Victories we gain everywhere.
W is for Work, at which we all try hard.
X is for Exercises that we do in the yard.
Y is for Yells, that we hear from far and near.
Z is for Zeal, that we hope to have next year.

June Blackwell.

Elizabeth Couper, IVd.

Holding The Baby

In our everyday speech there is a phrase used which,
although to some extent it is regarded as slang, is,
however, very expressive. The phrase to which I
refer is "left holding the baby" and relates both
literally and figuratively to a predicament in which
I found myself several weeks ago.

I had walked down to the bus stop with a few
friends, only to find the bus late (as usual), so we
stood about in a group, chatting. However, the bus
duly arrived and just as I was about to board it,
two women came rushing up, one wheeling a pram,
the other carrying her baby. By this time everyone else
had boarded the bus so I courteously stepped back
and turned as a voice addressed me. "Excuse me, dear,
would you hold baby while I help my friend with
her pram?" "Yes . . . yes," I replied, and awkwardly
took the infant from her. Immediately he bawled
lustily. I was holding him upside down. After right-
ing him I clutched wildly at his tummy, making him
roar again. He sought revenge by pulling my hair.
"I'll teach you," I muttered, and squeezed him
tighter. He squealed and gouged at my eyes. Then,
seeing his mother approaching, he put on an angelic
grin and surrendered himself to her, making various
grimaces at me, behind her back.

All these incidents in this episode had been, it
seemed, much to the evident enjoyment of the crowd
on the bus. So it was (after the mother had bestowed
on me her most profuse thanks) that I entered the
bus very red-faced and embarrassed from being "left
holding the baby."

Claire Fairhall, IVa.

London 1952.
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Jim Dyer

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