

Prospect

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL



DECEMBER, 1946



Prospice

MAGAZINE OF THE
CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL
1946

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Headmaster:

DR. A. V. G. JAMES, B.A., D.Sc., Dip. Ed.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

PROSPECT HILL ROAD, CANTERBURY

Head Master:

Dr. A. V. G. James, B.A., D.Sc., Dip. Ed.

SCHOOL ADVISORY COUNCIL:

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TEACHING STAFF

LANGUAGES AND HISTORY:

Mr. Harrison, B.A., Dip. Ed.; Miss Egan, B.A., Dip. Ed.; Miss Dooley, B.A., Dip. Ed.; Miss Crane, T.T.C.; Mrs. Rolfe, B.A., B. Ed.; Miss Tellick, B.A., T.S.T.C.; Miss Parkhurst; 2nd. yr. Arts., T.P.T.C.
Mr. Toomey, T.P.T.C.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE:

Dr. A. V. G. James, B.A., D.Sc., Dip. Ed.; Mr. Pridgeon, B.A., Dip. Ed.; Mr. McCance, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.; Miss Potter, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.; Mr. Vinson, B.A., Dip. Ed.; Mr. Donath (University of Vienna).

ARTS AND CRAFTS:

Mr. Dawkins, T.T.C., D.T.S.C.; Mr. Cooling Tech. Certs.; Mr. Hopwood, T.T.T.C., D.T.S.C.

PHYSICAL TRAINING:

Miss Tellick, B.A.; Mr. Vinson, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Miss Moore, T.P.T.C.; Mr. Toomey, T.P.T.C.

COMMERCE:

Mr. Horne, T.P.T.C., A.T.C.A.

MUSIC:

Miss S. Cantwell, Mus. Bac.

SPORTS MASTER:

Mr. Dawkins, T.T.C., D.T.S.C.

SPORTS MISTRESS:

Miss Moore, T.P.T.C.

PREFECTS:

Girls: Margaret Campbell, Barbara Bottomley, Joan Cox, Joan Irwin, Barbara Bromwich.

Boys: Wilbur Menadue, James Ellis, Geoffrey Lurati, John Abley, John Collins.

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Churchill: Esme Nicholl, Brian Madden.

MacArthur: Nora Hawke, Peter Forness.

Montgomery: Margaret Clark, Max. Austin.

Roosevelt: Norma Williams, Ernest Ward.

FORM CAPTAINS:

V.: Marie Dix, Ernest Ward. IVa: Joyce Moore, Alex. McLellan. IVb: Mary Good, Lance Masters.
IIIa: Norma Tucker, Rodney Rackham. IIIb: Glenda McAlpin, Graeme Dunstan. IIIc: Doreen Allen, David Stone. IIId: Lesley Dixon, Alfred Pye. IIa: Peter Tiegaskis. IIb: Tom Watkin. Ia: Janice Lowe, Peter Mercer. Ib: Barbara Brown, Robert Segall. Ic: Jan Morison, Max Parry.

HEAD MASTER'S PAGE

Some six years ago architects, labourers, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, painters, and a score of other classes of men were set the task of erecting a school building. The result of their toil is the beautiful architectural structure known as the Camberwell High School.

The concrete foundations of that edifice were well and truly laid, for not only do they carry the great weight of the present three storeys, but they are strong enough to support even another tier when the time comes to build an assembly hall and gymnasium.

No expense was spared by the government in providing a building worthy of the district, and the municipal councils of Hawthorn, Kew, Nunawading and Camberwell gave an area of land that would provide fine playing fields. It is unfortunate that the impact of war on our country temporarily interrupted the development of this playing area, but the time of waiting has now passed, and the beautification and development of the school surroundings will soon begin.

Just as solid foundations were laid for the buildings, so foundations just as sound are slowly but surely being laid for the living material of which the real school is built. We are building not only for the present but also for the future.

The Advisory Council and the Parents' Association at their monthly meetings, and the staff in their daily work, are laying foundations on which the school will develop in the future.

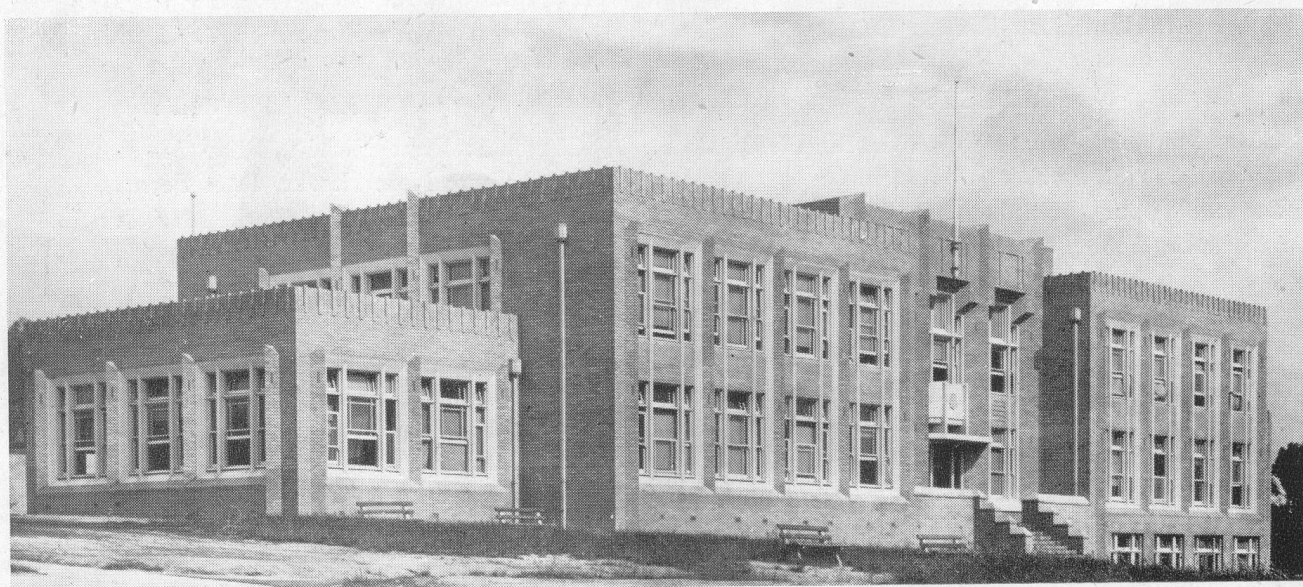
It is not easy or simple to mould into a whole the many units that come from fifty different schools, to inculcate a school spirit into five hundred girls and boys, to make the pupils proud of their association with one another and of their new school.

It is impossible to say how grateful I am personally to the parents of the scholars for their unstinted help in this work. So many appeals have been made to them for financial assistance that I have been somewhat ashamed. Their response is shown in the way they have provided school uniforms for the boys and girls, in the creation of a fine school library, in the provision of pianos, wireless, crockery, and a hundred other amenities.

When one looks into the future and realises that this school is likely to be one of the foremost educational institutions in the State, the importance and the need of a sound foundation are understood. To ensure this solid foundation, such institutions as the prefect and the house systems, the introduction of a school magazine, orchestra and choirs, and the provision for a wider cultural development through an adequate library and good pictures, have been the objects of much careful thought and deliberation.

The selection of a badge and motto for the school was not the least important part of the foundation. "Disco Consulere Aliis"—"I am learning to be thoughtful of others"—is the guiding principle of the school, and I feel that if a pupil leaves with that thought ingrained in the heart, the school has done its work well. The motto is engraven in the stonework of the building; let it be built into the character of its pupils.

A. V. G. James.



CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL.

EDITORIAL

This, the first number of the Camberwell High School magazine, marks the end of a long period of disruption, brought about by the war. For three years pupils were scattered, and not until 1945 did the school re-assemble at Camberwell. Now we are re-established, however, and such projects as a school magazine are practicable.

What should we call it? Many suggestions were considered. We wanted a name that was inspirational, that would become essentially part of the school. From our position on Prospect Hill road we look out over a wide area; we are literally "looking forth." Ours is a new high school. As such, we have no glorious past to boast of, but only hopes for the future. We feel that the choice of *Prospice* symbolizes the school spirit; that it is in harmony with our school motto: *Disco Consulere Aliis*. If we constantly look forth, we will be concerned principally, not with self-advancement, but with the welfare of society as a whole. In short, we are "learning to be thoughtful for others." This fearless and unselfish attitude, fostered in the young people growing up in the school, should ensure the future happiness of the pupils themselves and of the community in general.

The human race is now on the threshold of a new age, an age when atomic power with all its terrifying possibilities jeopardises our security. Is this power to destroy the world? Or is it to be harnessed to worthy uses? The coming generation will decide. In our schools to-day we are being taught that co-operation is needed, that humanity is to be succoured, if world peace is to be preserved.

As Browning challenged Death in his poem, *Prospice*, so the youth of to-day will conquer fear of atomic power to destroy their security. Looking forward, determined to give of their best, they anticipate a triumphant victory over the difficulties and dangers ahead.

Finally, as an inexperienced magazine committee, we ask the sympathetic indulgence of our readers on the occasion of this, our first effort. We thank those who have striven to help us in our task. We hope our successors, profiting by our mistakes, will make the magazine more worthy of the school it represents.

To all our readers we send the season's greetings.

Patricia Reid (V.).

James Ellis (V.).



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Back Row (Left to Right): Graeme Fendley, Edward Greenwood, George Dyer, Ross May, Geoff Reid, Jim Ellis (Co-Editor), Walter Mellow, Fred Roberts, Lance Reeder, Richard Goff, Peter Tregaskis.

Front Row: Joy Gray, Alison Harewood, Betty Little, Maisie Revell, Patricia Reid (Co-Editor), Marie Dix, Beth Dorfler, Margaret Campbell, Freda Taysom, Nancy Richardson, Elsa Saarinen.

(Absent: Max Gange, Lee Munday).

EXAMINATION RESULTS

University Public Examinations 1945.

Leaving Certificate—Passed: 20.

Passed in seven subjects: 2.

ELLEN CHESTER: English, French, Hebrew, German, Geography, Commercial Principles, Commercial Practice.

ILSA FRANK: English, French, Hebrew, German, Geography, Commercial Principles, Commercial Practice.

Passed in five subjects: 7.

DOROTHEA ABBOTT: English, French, General Maths., Chemistry, Biology.

BETTY FORBES: English, French, General Maths., Geography, Modern History.

WILMA GRIGG: English, French, Chemistry, Modern History, Drawing.

GRETA HOLMBERG: English, French, Geography, Commercial Principles, Commercial Practice.

JOYCE NEWBERRY: English, French, General Maths., Geography, Drawing.

DOROTHEA THOMAS: English, French, Geography, Commercial Principles, Commercial Practice.

MARGARET WEBSTER: English, French, Geography, Commercial Principles, Commercial Practice.

Passed in four subjects: 11.

YVONNE BARNES: English, French, Geography, History

HILARY BROWN: English, French, Geography, History.

PATRICIA CAMERON: English, Geography, Commercial Principles, Commercial Practice.

JOAN FLETCHER: English, French, Drawing, Music

BERNICE FRASER: English, French, General Maths., Geography

GWEN GOSBELL: English, French, Commercial Principles, Commercial Practice.

JOYCE MARTYN: English, French, General Maths., Chemistry

BETTY MELLOW: English, French, General Maths., Drawing.

JOAN OLIVER: English, Geography, Modern History, Drawing

BETTY THOMAS: English, French, Geography, Drawing.

THELMA WOOLLARD: English, French, General Maths., Chemistry.

Partial Pass: 11

VALDA HILL: English, Geography, History, English Expression (Inter.).

MARY LONGMORE: English, French, General Maths.

PAMELA LOWE: English, Commercial Principles, Commercial Practice.

JOYCE SIBLEY: English, French, Drawing, French (Inter.).

LAURENCE HODGSON: Geography, Commercial Principles, Commercial Practice, English Expression (Inter.).

YVONNE SIMMONS: English, French.

MARGARET CAMPBELL: English.

CONSTANCE DAVIES: Music.

VALMA DRAB: Geography.

FAY MOORHOUSE: English.

PATRICIA ROWLEY: English.

Intermediate Certificate—Passed: 17.

Passed in ten subjects: 1.

G. BUCHANAN.

Passed in nine subjects: 1

E. GREENWOOD.

Passed in eight subjects: 7

T. AITKEN, A. EARLE, J. ELLIS, F. HURD, B. MOORE, B. NAYLOR, G. REID.

Passed in seven subjects: 6.

L. CHRISTIE, G. LURATI, W. MENADUE, N. OLORENSAW, F. ROBERTS, G. UHD.

Passed in six subjects: 2.

J. M. GANGE, A. STUART.

Partial Passes: 11.

D. BELL, A. MANN, D. PAULL, S. RUDD, K. BAULCH, C. FOX, R. GROSE, B. MADDEN, R. MURPHY, A. PALFRAMAN, B. SMITH.

Proficiency Certificate—Passed: 86.

Free Places.

JOAN CROSSLEY, MARY GOOD, PETER HANCOCK, KEITH RYALL, BRUCE MOORE.



SCHOOL PREFECTS.

Back Row (Left to Right): Geoff Lurati, Jim Ellis, John Abley, John Collins. (Absent: Wilbur Menadue).

Front Row: Barbara Bromwich, Barbara Bottomley, Margaret Campbell, Joan Cox, Joan Irwin.

INSTALLATION OF PREFECTS.

A special school assembly took place on Friday, April 5, at Camberwell Town Hall. The occasion was the installation of the school prefects of 1946. The hall was completely filled by the pupils and parents.

The Mayor of Camberwell (Cr. W. R. Warner) welcomed the Mayor of Kew (Cr. White), who addressed the pupils and later administered the pledge, repeated by each of the girls and boys in turn before signing the Prefects' Book.

The prefects installed were:—Margaret Campbell, Valda Naylor, Barbara Bottomley, Barbara Bromwich, Joan Irwin (girls); Wilbur Menadue, Jim Ellis, Geoff Lurati, John Abley, John Collins (boys).

Valda Naylor, having left school at the end of second term, Joan Cox was appointed in Valda's place.

Cr. Cooper, chairman of the High School Advisory Council, congratulated the prefects on the high honour conferred on them, and addressed the school on the significance of the function.

Items from the school choirs, vocal duet by Joan and Marjorie Irwin, and a violin solo by Gerda Segal were enjoyed by the audience.

The singing of the National Anthem concluded one of the most important ceremonies in the school year.

ANZAC DAY, 1946.

An impressive ceremony held on Wednesday, April 24, commemorated the anniversary of Anzac Day.

Dr. James spoke of the significance of Anzac Day in relation to both World Wars, for the last war was the final phase of a conflict begun in 1914. It was fitting, therefore, that we should be addressed by two members of the school staff, viz., Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Vinson, returned soldiers of the First and Second World Wars.

Mr. Dawkins delivered an eloquent address, in which he reminded us of the heroic part played by the British Commonwealth in frustrating Germany's two-fold attempt to dominate the world. All human progress has been bought at the price of human suffering, but Mr. Dawkins urged us to strive to prevent future wars, for further wars in an atomic age would surely mean the end of civilization. Let us live to give our fellowmen justice and freedom and the democratic way of life, and not lose our best and bravest in world conflicts.

Mr. Vinson recalled his experiences on other Anzac Days since 1941, contrasting them with the present—the first to be celebrated since the declaration of peace.

The warm applause at the close of the addresses showed the deep impression made by the speakers.

Appropriate songs were sung by the school choir. Valda Naylor spoke Binyon's beautiful lines, "For the Fallen." Two minutes' silence concluded the school's tribute to the memory of those who gave their lives that we might enjoy peace and freedom.

LECTURE BY SIR WM. DOBBIE.

On May 9 we were privileged to be present in the Melbourne Town Hall, when Lieut.-General Sir William Dobbie, Governor of Malta, addressed the senior pupils of Melbourne schools.

He spoke of the conditions in Malta during the period when she was on the defensive. He told us of the courage of the Maltese people and of their cheerfulness, though they suffered terribly from the many bombing raids.

Lieut.-General Sir William Dobbie was an inspiration to these people during that dangerous time. It was said of him, "Dobbie had served his God, his King, his country, and his cause as few men had served them. He had done what was asked of him. Not all the weight of the Axis had proved too great for the strong shoulders which had supported Malta in her hour of trial.

Marie Dix, V.

LECTURE BY CAPT. CURMI, O.B.E.

The close of first term was marked by a happy function held on Thursday, 16th May, at the Camberwell Town Hall. Captain Curmi, O.B.E., Commissioner for Malta in Australia, was introduced by Dr. James, and delivered an address to the pupils, parents and friends of the school.

The audience listened to a stirring account of the heroic part played by Malta during the Second World War. For the gallantry of the Maltese high honors

were conferred on the island by His Majesty King George VI. and the late President Roosevelt.

Captain Curmi briefly traced the history of Malta from the first century A.D., and showed the strategic importance of its geographical position. The same ideals and faith in God which characterised the Maltese from the earliest times, Captain Curmi said, inspired their intrepid resistance to the forces of Hitler and Mussolini.

After a vote of thanks to the guest speaker, a short musical programme concluded the function.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

On 23rd and 24th September pupils from Forms III and IV attended a concert by the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Professor Bernard Heinze in the Melbourne Town Hall.

The first selection was the "Italian Symphony" (Mendelssohn). Professor Heinze's interesting commentary greatly helped our enjoyment of this inspiring work.

Two songs, "The Capstan Bar" and "The Lark in the Morn," were sung by the audience. After the first of these, Ann Molan, a very gifted Conservatorium student, played a violin concerto. Then followed the popular "Invitation to the Waltz" (Weber). The final item on the programme was Ravel's "Bolero." Its familiar melody and sensitive playing delighted everyone. The singing of the "National Anthem" brought a memorable concert to a close.



FORM CAPTAINS.

Standing (Left to Right): P. Tregaskis, M. Parry, A. Davies, L. Masters, E. Ward, D. Stone, R. Rackham, A. Pye, A. McLellan, G. Dunstan, T. Watkins, P. Mercer.
Sitting: Doreen Allen, Norma Tucker, Lesley Dixon, Glenda McAlpin, Mary Good, Marie Dix, Joyce Moore, Janice Lowe, Jan Morrison, Barbara Brown.



EXHIBITION OF BOOMERANG THROWING.

One of the highlights of the second term was a visit by an aborigine, Mr. Onus. He gave a short talk on the aims of the Society for the Protection of the Aborigines, which was followed by a skilful exhibition of boomerang throwing. He then offered to sell boomerangs to the pupils, who were eager to buy them. During the next week it was a common sight to see boomerangs careering through the air or to hear woeful tales from students who had lost their boomerang.

Mr. Onus expressed the wish that schools all over Australia would be supplied with boomerangs, and that Australian children would learn the art of boomerang throwing.

G. Reid, Form V.



Mr. Onus obliges with an autograph. (B. Anderson, II.b)

Visit to Henry V.

On Thursday, 28th of February, the school, accompanied by members of the staff, attended a performance of Henry V. at the Broadway Theatre, Camberwell.

This excellent film, besides being a vivid presentation of the famous play, provided an instructive study of Shakesperian play-acting at the Globe Theatre. This was particularly interesting and helpful to the senior students in their study of Shakespeare.

Although the length of the performance may have seemed tedious to a number, especially the younger pupils, everyone appeared to enjoy the visit, and it is desirable that more outings of the same type should be arranged in the future.

J. W. Ellis, V.

DRAMATIC AND CHORAL NIGHT.

Our first annual dramatic entertainment took place at Hawthorn Town Hall on 18th July.

Graeme Buchanan opened the programme with a pianoforte solo (Chopin). Pupils of Forms I. and II. presented Rose Fyleman's "Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs," with Shirley Hayes as narrator, and two verse-speaking choirs. Cast was as follows:—

Snow-White (Dorothy Johnston), Prince (Max Bleach), Queens (Margaret Jenkins and Meryl Campbell), Messenger (Peter Tregaskis), Little Girl (Margaret Murphy), Gipsy (Alison Harewood), Country Woman (Valrie Hillis), Ladies-in-waiting (Marcia Whitehill, Jennifer Vincent, Margaret Dickenson); Dwarfs (M. Young, I. Martin, J. Ball, J. Ritchie, L. Bacon, R. Anderson, D. Inchley). The youthful actors displayed ease and charm in the portrayal of the misadventures of Snow-White. Unconscious touches of humour were supplied by the Dwarfs, whose



CAST OF "THE CURIOUS HERBAL."

(Left to Right): Joan Cox, Marie Dix, Phyllis Lawrence, Joan Irwin.



Full Cast of "Snow-White and the Dwarfs."

Verse Speaking Choirs in "Snow-White and the Dwarfs."



zealous care of their charge threatened to "steal the show." The girls' verse-speaking choirs were not only a picturesque addition to the spectacle, but their clear diction and sense of rhythm gave great pleasure to an enthusiastic audience.

"Tales from the Vienna Woods (Strauss) and "Storm Wind" (Harry), sung by the Junior Boys' Choir, opened the second half of the programme.

Senior boys presented "Shivering Shocks" (Clemence Dane) with remarkable verve and realism. Outstanding performances were those of Alex. McLellan (Captain Dallas), Edward Greenwood (Rowley), Max Gange (Hughes), David Dyer (Kysh). Minor roles were well sustained by Keith Stubbings, Norman Walsh, David McConnell and Louis Jacobs.

A Handel bracket, "Where'er You Walk" and "Minuet from Berenice," by the girls' choir, with Norma Williams as soloist, was so popular that an encore of the latter number was given.

The senior girls concluded the programme with an excellent performance of "The Curious Herbal," by Constance Smedley. This verse play was remarkable for the attention to detail shown by Marie Dix as Mrs. Elizabeth Blackwell, Joan Cox (Dr. Isaac Rand), and Phyllis Lawrence (Mr. Philip Miller). The eighteenth century atmosphere, with its grace and delicate charm, was completely captured. Joan Irwin made a winsome Prologue.

In Wilbur Menadue the school is fortunate to possess a skilled accompanist.

The complete success of the entertainment was due to the untiring labour of Miss Dooley as producer, Messrs. Dawkins and Cooling and their team of assistants for stage properties, Misses Moore and Tellick for costumes and make-up, and Miss Cantwell for the musical programme. Able assistance behind scenes was given by senior boys.

Next year we hope to accede to the request of many parents and hold a repeat performance of the Annual Dramatic Festival.

The Dwarfs mourn for "Snow-White."





SNOW-WHITE AND HER HOSTS.

(Left to Right): Dorothy Johnston, Don Inchley, I. Martin, J. Ritchie, R. Anderson, M. Young, J. Ball, L. Bacon (Dwarfs).



CAST OF "SHIVERING SHOCKS."

(Left to Right): L. Jacobs, N. Walsh, D. McConnell, M. Gange, E. Greenwood, D. Dyer, A. McLellan, K. Stubbings



DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club has flourished under the expert guidance of Miss Tellick. Although the confined conditions prevented performers from acting their parts fully, all greatly enjoyed the readings of the plays chosen. Two presentations, J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street" and "I'll Leave It To You," by Noel Coward, enthralled the audience. Several one-act plays were also read and enjoyed by all. In every play some very definite acting talent was displayed.

The highlight of the dramatic year was the visit to the Comedy Theatre to witness an excellent performance of "The Hasty Heart." The educational interest in the play was almost forgotten as the club members became lost in enjoyment of it.

Members of the Dramatic Club wish to extend their grateful appreciation to Miss Tellick for her leadership during the year.

STAMP CLUB.

We, the members of the Stamp Club, have certainly learned a lot of geography this year. For instance, we all know that Hungary is next to India—at least it is in my album. If you find little bits of paper lying

about the floor in Room 13 on a Thursday morning, please treat them with care, for, who knows? they may be worth thousands of pounds. The Stock Exchange cannot be compared with the Stamp Club when the busy scene of swapping is being enacted. A lot of interesting swaps are made on a Thursday morning and fortunately only a few bad ones. We all find our stamps very interesting and we certainly learn a lot about different countries, just by studying their stamps.

Altogether we have spent an interesting and instructive time in the Stamp Club.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION.

We began the year with Mr. Hancock as teacher in charge, but later Miss Parkhurst took over, as Mr. Hancock was transferred to Yea High School. Wilbur Menadue and Barbara Bromwich were elected chairman and secretary. We have a large club of both boys and girls who, during the year, have heard compositions by the great composers. These records have been brought to school by Mr. Hancock and some of the pupils; but in the years to come we hope to build a good record library at the school.

The Perilous Rock.

Out on the sea a fair ship sails,
 With its smoke free to the skies;
 The sailors are brown and as hard as nails,
 And the sea-gull floats and flies.
 The waves are rolling; the wind is blowing,
 When, alas! the ship strikes a rock.
 Into the hold the water is pouring;
 Will she float till we reach the dock?
 Long hours have passed; land is sighted ahead.
 "Land ahoy!" is the sailors' cry.
 Hurrah for port, not the ocean bed!
 Yet we'll sail the Sev'n Seas till we die.
 Marcia Whitehill (Ic).

ART CLUB.

The members of the club, under Mr. Hopwood, have experimented with several branches of art during the year. Among these were pencil sketches from Nature, black and white work, and some very successful etchings on celluloid, printed on an etching press kindly provided by Mr. Hopwood. An amount of magazine work was also done.

At the beginning of the year the club had, unfortunately, to be reduced in size, because of the nature of the work. However, the majority of those unable to join this year will have their opportunity in the future.

All those in the club have enjoyed the weekly meetings, and we are indebted to Mr. Hopwood for his help and for the great interest he has shown.

Jim Ellis (V.), Peter Carter (IIa.).

CRAFT CLUB.

Under the supervision of Mr. Cooling and his two deputies, Nora Hawke and Walter Mellow, much good work was done in preparation for the dramatic night held during second term. It ranged from a hefty scroll and a cellophane coffin to dainty flowers and dwarfs' stools. Besides preparation for the dramatic

night, library books have been repaired and tennis bats made.

We are a very privileged group, being the only club fortunate (?) enough to work to the melodious tunes which come wafting from the boys' common room. (We are told that they are the efforts made by the budding school orchestra).

Our versatility is shown by the repairs which we have done around the school, such as replacing window-sashes and repairing desks and locker doors.

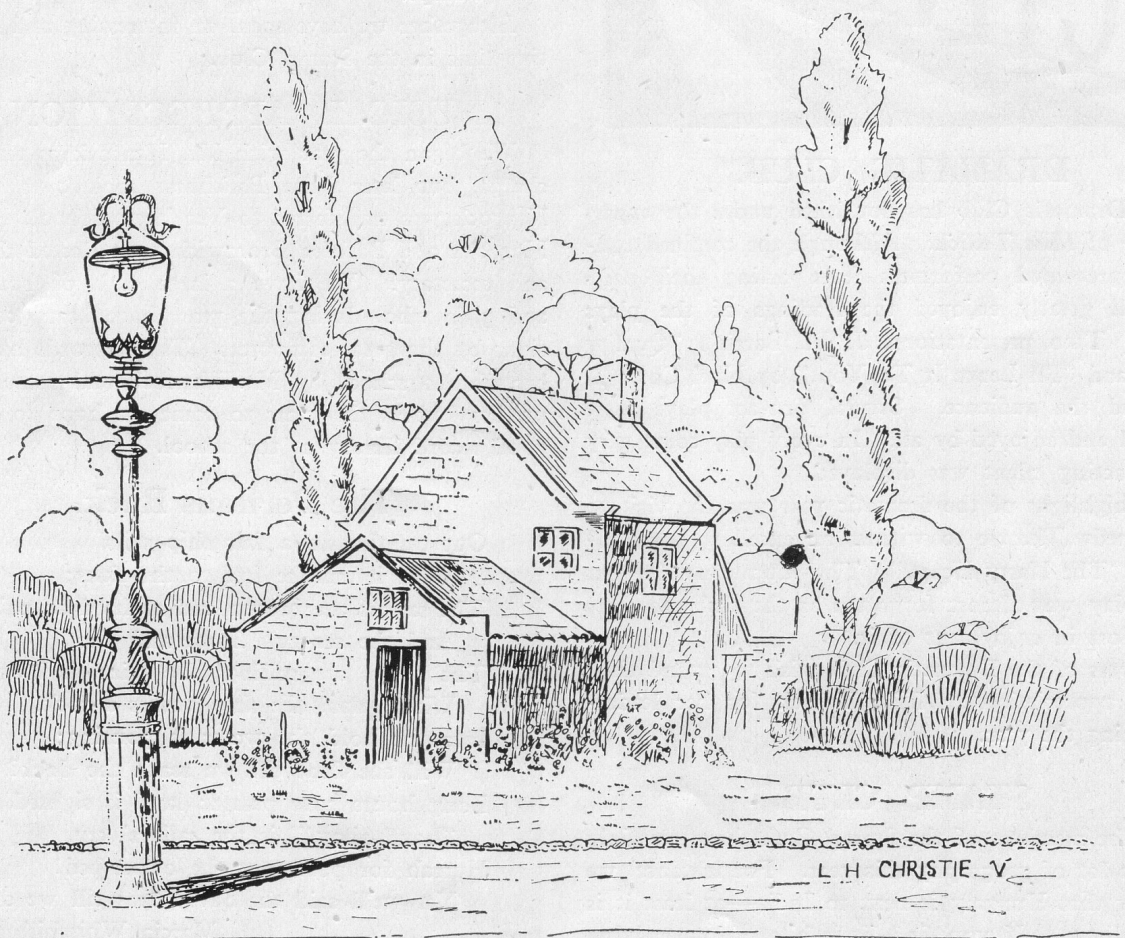
The group has been very happy during the year and is very sorry that the activities periods must end because of the nearness of the examinations.

Spring Is Here.

(Original).

All the birds are back again,
All the flowers blooming.
No more heavy wint'ry rain
On the windows booming.
When all the clouds have cleared away,
The sun shines down so brightly.
For a lovely Spring-time day,
Folks do praise God nightly.

Marcia Curtis (Ic).



BOYS' CHORAL CLUB.

During our activity periods we have learnt many delightful songs under the direction of Miss Cantwell. Also attached to the choir have been many privileges. On many occasions we have had the honour of singing and representing our school at different functions.

At the ceremony of the Installation of Prefects the choir entertained by singing a bracket of songs.

On the eve of Anzac Day we attended at the Shrine. Here we joined in the singing and witnessed an inspiring and beautiful memorial service.

At the Hawthorn Town Hall we attended a choral festival. On this occasion choirs from many neighboring schools took part. Afterwards nine boys were chosen to take part in a combined choir of eight hundred pupils selected from various metropolitan schools. This music festival took place in the evening at the Melbourne Town Hall, when a recording was made. On the following Sunday it was replayed over the air and the chosen choristers had the pleasure of hearing their own singing.

Recently we attended an orchestral recital in the Melbourne Town Hall. We were entertained by the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Professor Bernard Heinze.

All these outings helped to make our club a very successful and enjoyable one. To conclude, we wish to thank Miss Cantwell, Dr. James, Miss Egan and any other person who made the choir club and its outings possible.



GOLDEN HIND (W. Clark).

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB.

We were fortunate again this year in securing the services of Mr. Porter, from Kodak Pty. Ltd. Mr. Porter attends our sessions for three weeks in each four. Under his expert guidance and the strict (?) surveillance of Mr. McCance, the club has progressed very rapidly, in fact, a few enthusiasts are even developing and printing their own films!

We have still a section, the majority of which are boys, who seem to think that when the lights are off they are at the "talkies." This is found, as usual, in the back row, but we will not enquire too deeply into the subject of these consultations!

During the year our knowledge of photography has been increased very much by Mr. Porter, who, with the aid of lantern slides and various other devices, has demonstrated the best ways of developing and printing, the importance of colour, and how to take good photographs.

Our weekly forty minutes' period usually ends with "There goes that man again!" from Mr. Porter, when he sees Graham going to fulfil his duty. This saying has now become unpopular in the club, as it means the end of a very enjoyable period. The younger members of the club wonder what the world is coming to if by any chance Mr. Porter misses his cue!

We are arranging a photographic competition in the near future, for which "Kodak" has kindly consented to award prizes of photographic materials. Perhaps for all the young enthusiasts who have trouble in obtaining films and other materials this will have an attraction.

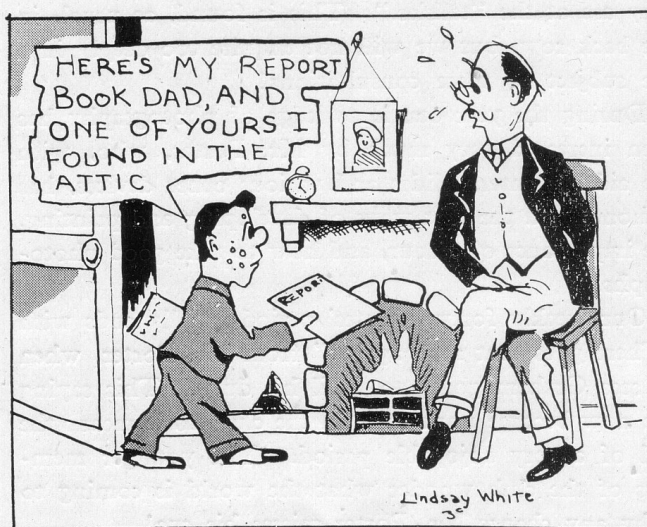
Mr. Porter's visits have been cut short this year, but we are looking forward to his return next year.

Robin Botsman, Secretary.

GIRLS' I.S.C.F. NOTES.

No, our meetings are far from dull, as you would find if you slipped into the Girls' Common Room on a Monday night, between four o'clock and half-past. Perhaps you have heard us singing our bright choruses, or have seen excited girls talking about camp. Yes, every May and September, during the holidays, the Inter-School Christian Fellowship holds house parties at favourite spots—and what house parties, with their hikes, swims (b-r-r-r!), and games, not to mention midnight feasts and the like! Some of the girls went to Dromana, Seaford, and Tecoma in May, and to Dromana and Seaford in September. Anyone who was there will tell you about the famous rowing up the "dirty Frankston Creek," climbing up to (and sliding down from) Arthur's Seat, or endeavouring to recapture half a sausage from a campfire.

Camp life is one of our main thrills, but there are many others, such as hikes (when possible), and Saturday afternoon outings. Miss Chapman comes each week as our group leader to join us in the study of the Bible. To close this year, we are sending a parcel of sweets to children in an Indian Mission for Christmas. We are glad that a boys' group has at last been commenced at the school, and hope that both groups will continue as well as they have begun.



FOLK DANCING.

Any uninformed visitor passing the girls' common room on a Thursday morning might ask the origin of the queer bumps and puffings which issue from the windows. The simple explanation is that the folk-dancing club is at work.

On entering the club room, where the air moves rapidly, an observer would be amazed to see the range in size of our members. In progressive dances the I's stretch their arms to reach the V's shoulders, while the latter stoop to gain the small waists. Although most of us attempt to be elegant and graceful, our high spirits are suddenly dashed when we hear the familiar cry, "No, girls! Don't act like fairy elephants." We then gaily recommence more awkwardly than ever.

Under the guidance of Miss Moore we spend a very happy and profitable half-hour learning folk dances of various nationalities. These dances include Dargason, Ace of Diamonds, Village Fair, A Hundred Pipers, Danish Dance of Greeting, The Pleasures of the Town, Rose Bush, Norwegian Mountain March, Seven Steps, Tink-a-Tink, Cobblers' Dance, Lilli-Bulero, and I've Lost My Stocking in the Brook.

A group of folk-dancing girls attended a performance entitled "Modern Ballet," presented by Fanny Kolm and Daisy Pirnitzer at the Union Theatre, and



Folk Dancers

later a session of the Borovansky Ballet at His Majesty's Theatre.

We extend our sincere thanks to Miss Moore, who has organized our activities this year. During our meetings we have had several pianists—Valda Naylor, Glenda McAlpine, Valrie Hillis and Iris Cracknell—all of whom we wish to thank for their services.

AMUSEMENTS CLUB.

The Amusements Club, comprising thirty-five pupils, is divided into five groups. Every week throughout the term each group has taken its turn to put on a show for the others.

I think the honours for the most novel item should go to Group 2 for its "Can You Take It?" programme. We sympathise with the boy and girl who were forced, as a penalty, to parade up and down both the upper and lower corridors in fancy dress and make-up. Dyer and McLellan, of Group 1, "laid 'em in the aisles" with their singing of "Germans." Shirley Hayes' singing was also appreciated. Several quizzes, covering a wide range of subjects, were worthy of note. The drawing competitions, in which the participants had to complete a drawing from a given line or lines, provided much hilarity.

In closing, we thank Mrs. Rolfe for her interest and guidance in helping the groups to do their best each week.

A Girl's Ambition.

Mary, thinking seriously
 Of what she ought to be,
 Had asked the many teachers,
 "What would be best for me?"
 Replying, they'd suggested,
 "H'm . . . teacher, lawyer, nurse?"
 But Mary, standing silently,
 Had thought, "What could be worse?"
 One day, spying something
 From maths. class, room 18,
 Made Mary nudge her desk mate,
 Say, "Look!" and closely lean.
 A mother and her children—
 What one did usually see.
 But Mary'd found her career,
 Saying, "That is what I'll be."
 "Eavesdropper" (V.).

THE YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB.

It may seem an anomaly in a city high school to have such a club, especially when its activities wholly depend on the private interests of its members. The short half-hour allotted per week does not allow more than lectures and demonstrations, but the club has been fortunate in having members of outstanding ability and experience in many branches of farm life.

The most outstanding member of the club has undoubtedly been John Webber. He has given us many very interesting talks on a number of farm topics, including horses, their build and characteristics; sheep, wheat, and even gave a stockwhip demonstration. Other helpful members have been Crellin, who talked about goats; Arthur about sheep; Nichols about orchards; Laird and Scott about poultry. Rogers gave an interesting lecture on the prevention of soil erosion—a topic which has been in the news of late. Marie Scarborough spoke on vegetable growing, and incidentally was the only girl lecturer.

Many members have compiled excellent projects regarding their farming interests.

When the fourth form geography class went to Yan Yean many Young Farmers' Club members accompanied it. At Whittlesea we saw how soil erosion could be prevented by ploughing around the contour lines of hills. The overseer at the farm went to much trouble explaining to us how and why it is done.

Mr. Dawkins, the club's guide, who has assisted us in many respects, we thank for his interest and encouragement.

CHESS CLUB.

"Checkmate!"
 "No, it isn't; you can't do that."
 "Why not?"
 "It was my move, not yours!"

The Chess Club, capably led by Mr. Donath, has had a very successful season, the tournament revealing that we had far more talent among us than we thought we had.

While the "brains" of the club struggle for mastery over each other, Mr. Donath gives aid to beginners, and when his familiar cry rings out "Checkmate in one move," some of the before-mentioned "brains" leave their games to see if they can prove him wrong.

The final four of the tournament consisted of Charlie Scorgie, Fred Roberts, Lou Jacobs and Keith Ryall.

The club must be very popular as, during the term, our number increased by ten.



E. GREENWOOD.

SCIENCE CLUB.

The progressive spirit of this age is exemplified by the great interest taken in the Science Club, which in its first year has attracted and entertained a large section of the boys of the school.

We were first addressed by Geoff. Lurati, whose subject was "Explosives." Illustrating this, Miss Potter slowly cooked a can of picric acid and litharge. Not long afterwards a terrific explosion rocked the school and left her with the jitters. Apart from that, Miss Potter gave us some interesting talks on plastics, penicillin and botany in Victoria. We were also entertained by the story of Madame Curie.

Max Young and John Newlands, two of our younger members, gave us an extremely interesting talk on the universe. Another morning we listened to John Turnour, who spoke on the German V-bombs, and at a different meeting we heard all about snakes

and snakebites from Alan Williamson.

On the practical side, Miss Potter prepared some ethyl-bromide, and during another period a demonstration of magnetism, electro-magnetism and current electricity was given to us by Don Allen and Robert Crook. Kevin Frazer showed us how to extract eucalyptus from gum leaves, using his home-made apparatus for steam distillation. In the hope of studying plant life in the hills we have planned a trip to Sherbrooke Forest.

We are confident that the club will continue successfully and that it will prove of assistance to its members in future years.

Gordon Uhd.

VOICE PRODUCTION CLUB.

We are a very happy family of about thirty girls under the capable direction of Miss Dooley. At the beginning of the year this club, being something novel, attracted to its ranks even four of the boys. The strain of hard work, however, began to tell on them and one by one they retired.

Anyone passing room 17 any Thursday between 9 a.m. and 9.30 a.m. must be intrigued by the variety of sounds issuing therefrom. One day it may seem to be the humming of a hive of bees, another, a chiming as sweet as any carillon.

Great was our dismay one morning to see our beloved headmaster almost transfixed in the doorway at the sight of thirty or more tongues outstretched in his direction. Pass on, Dr. James! Be assured this is no gesture of disrespect, but merely one of the routine tongue exercises which help us to cope with the intricacies of "Theophilous Thistler and his Thistles." "Pretty Penelope" and the "Whimsical Whistler" have played their part, too, in making our lips more flexible, while one of our more vigorous exercises has been the occasion of many an ill-mannered jest.

Still we care little for the remarks of others, because, as I'm sure you'll agree, the results of our vocal gymnastics were plainly seen in the very fine work done on the occasion of the school Dramatic Night. Our club supplied the two verse-speaking choirs for the junior play, "Snow-White," and one of our members spoke the prologue to the senior play "The Curious Herbal."

You may think that exercises occupy all our time; but don't be alarmed; we have found time to learn some ballads and other short poems. At present we are memorizing Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily," which we intend to act as well.

Look again in this column next year for an up-to-the-minute account of our latest activities.

FIRST AID NOTES.

Calling all sick and wounded!

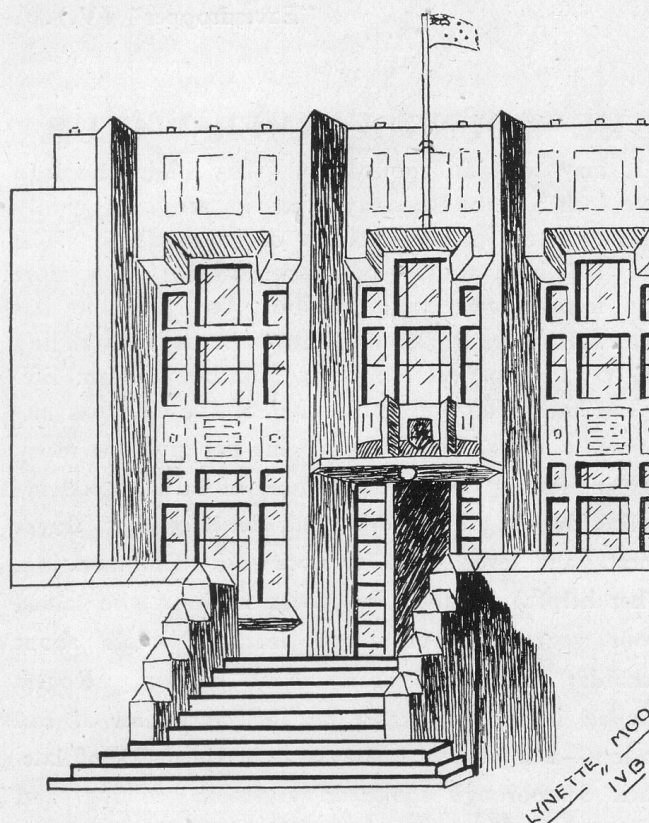
Report to room 4 for further treatment. The First Aid Club is at the service of all who require immediate attention.

Under the leadership of Miss Crane we are slowly becoming experts at bandaging, except for a few minor pin-pricks.

Among our juniors the reef knot is the greatest problem, which usually takes the form of "Granny" knots, but with the help of the experienced seniors they are slowly improving.

Any donations of material for bandages and gate posts for splints would be greatly appreciated by all students of this club.

By next year we hope to be fit for hospital duty, and then we will prove our worth.



THE ENTRANCE TO LEARNING.

Appreciation.

On behalf of the pupils, we would like to express our gratitude for the interest that Mr. and Mrs. Bamber have displayed in the very difficult task of ensuring the cleanliness of our school. During the past years they have always been ready to offer their services whenever asked, and have done this willingly and happily. We hope they will remain with us for many more years in the school, and we offer them our good wishes.

G.R., E.G.



Girls.

This year, for the first time since the school opened, the girls have competed in inter-school hockey and basket-ball matches. But unfortunately, because of lack of suitable facilities, practices were few, and our teams were not as successful as might be expected.

The hockey girls have been using a local hockey field and Chatham Oval alternately on Wednesday afternoons, while the basket-ball and soft-ball games have been conducted under great difficulties at school. Tennis was played on neighbouring courts, and many enjoyable afternoons were spent there by the girls. Hand tennis and volley-ball have been played on courts around the school; these games have been enjoyed by mostly junior girls.

But, at last, we are seeing our dreams come true, for by the time the magazine goes to press work will have commenced on the school oval, tennis and basket-ball courts and hockey field. We believe that when this work has been completed the sports facilities at our school will compare favourably with those of other high schools.

BASKET BALL TEAM.

(Left to Right): Margaret Campbell (Capt.), Dawn Hunter, Marie Dix, Pat Cole, Margaret Clark, Valerie Langdon, Valerie Cooper, Norma Tucker.



HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS.

The house swimming sports were held at the Camberwell Baths on March 5. The school spent a very enjoyable afternoon and the weather was perfect. For the whole afternoon cheers and shouts issued from the baths as the whole school cheered their house and class mates on to victory.

Final aggregate points were:—Churchill, 105½; Montgomery, 66½; Roosevelt, 59; MacArthur, 47.

SWIMMING CERTIFICATES.

Bronze Medallion (6)—Peter Evans, Brian French, Jock Hancox, Alan Hill, Robert Rouston, Wilbur Menadue.

First bar to Bronze Medallion (2)—Lachlan Christie, Audrey Murphy.

Second bar to Bronze Medallion (1)—Wendy Clark.

Senior Certificates (22).

Junior Certificates (44).

Herald "Learn to Swim" Certificates (2).

METROPOLITAN HIGH SCHOOL SWIMMING SPORTS.

B. Section.

This year, for the first time, the school entered the combined Metropolitan High Schools' Swimming Championships. The girls' sports were held at Olympic Pool and the boys' at Richmond Baths. Once again the weather was perfect and we came home tired, but very satisfied with the results. The other schools competing were Mordialloc, Coburg, Frankston, Geelong, Dandenong and Upwey. Events in which the Cam-

berwell girls were placed were:—

Under 16, Backstroke, 20 m., D. Thompson, 1st.

Under 12, Backstroke, 20 m., J. McDonald, 4th.

Open Life Saving—D. Thompson and J. Cox, 1st.

Under 16—Breaststroke, 50 m., D. Thompson, 1st.

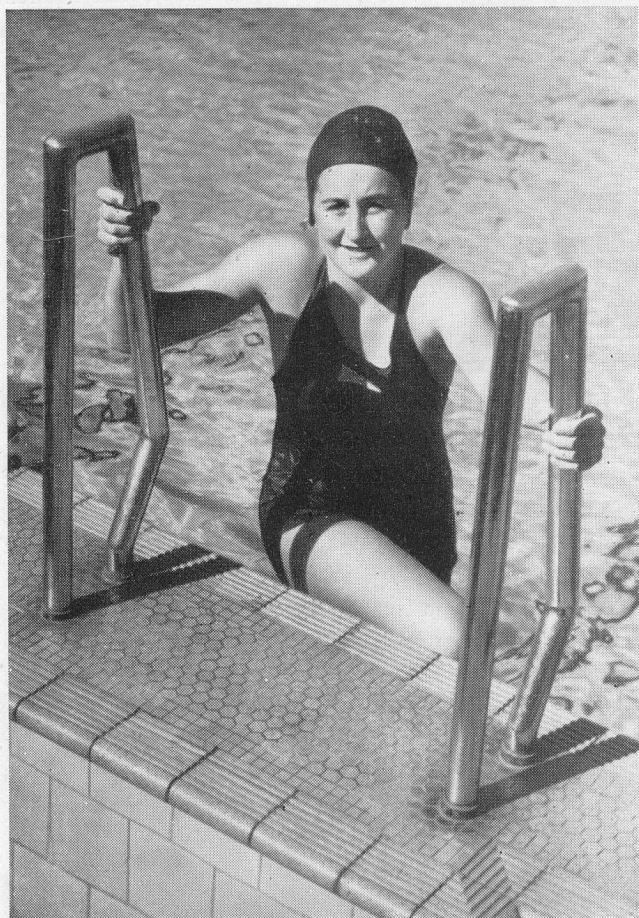
Under 12, Freestyle, 20 m., J. Vincent, 3rd.

Under 16, Freestyle, 50 m.—D. Thompson, 1st.

Over 14, Diving—G. Jacobs, 3rd.

Under 16, Relay—Camberwell, 1st.

Aggregate points were:—Coburg, 79½; Frankston, 72½; Geelong, 65; Camberwell, 35½.



DOREEN THOMPSON.

Winner of Breast Stroke, Back Stroke and Free Style, under 16, at Inter-High Schools Swimming Sports. ("Age" Photo).

INTER-HOUSE SPORTS.

Ideal conditions favoured our inter-house sports held at the Camberwell Oval on Wednesday, 9th October. At the conclusion of the afternoon speeches were given by Dr. James, Councillor Cooper and Dr. Bottomley (President of the Parents' Association). The Mayoress of Camberwell (Mrs. K. L. O. Macleay) presented the trophy to the captain of the Camberwell High School girls' relay team for winning the invitation flag race. The other competitors in this event were East Camberwell Girls' School and St.

Mark's Church of England Girls' Grammar School.

The winning house was MacArthur, scoring 211 points. Churchill came second (190 points); Montgomery third (181); and Roosevelt fourth (96). Congratulations to MacArthur on their splendid win. To the others we say, "Better luck next time."

Results:—

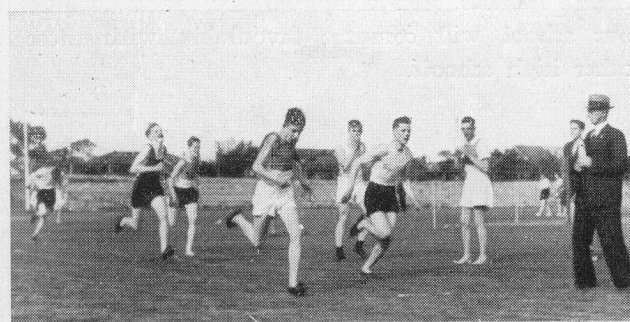
Championships—Boys' Open: Ward. Under 15: Kilby. Under 14: Partridge. Under 13: Hansford.

Girls' Open: Joan Cox. Under 15: June Ryan. Under 14: Valrie Hillis and Betty McCance. Under 13: Pat Evans and Wendy Hope. Under 12: Lois Carse and Dorothy Carse.

G. Buchanan (V.), W. Menadue (V.).



Churchill supporters at House Sports Meeting. ("Age" Photo)



Ron Kilby wins the 440 yards from R. McLellan at House Sports. ("Age" Photo).

SCHOOL FOOTBALL MATCHES.

We played our first match against Swinburne Technical School Seconds. We played without Abley, our best ruckman, but proved much too good for our opponents. Our kicking was more accurate and, adapting ourselves better to the wet ground, we won easily.

Final scores:—Camberwell High: 10 goals 3 bhd. (63 pts.); Swinburne Tech.: 3 goals 7 bhd. (25 pts.).

Best players: Forness, Smith, Ward, Hodgson., Main. Goalkickers: Forness 3, Smith 2.

The second match, played against Trinity, proved another triumph for us. The ground was exceptionally heavy and, as our side was heavier, the ground affected us less than Trinity. The highlight of this match was Smith's eight goals.

Final Scores:—Camberwell High: 13 goals 17 bhds. (95 pts.); Trinity Grammar: 1 goal 3 bhds. (9 pts.).

Main goalkickers: Smith 8, Ward 2. Best players: Smith, Ward, Hall, Forness.

Our main game was against Williamstown High, and it proved a great match. The day was perfect for football and the game was played in the best spirit. We fielded our strongest team and played perfect football in the third quarter after Williamstown had established an early lead. This burst won us the game, as we held Williamstown in the last quarter.

Final scores:—Camberwell High: 11 goals 13 bhds (79 pts.); Williamstown High: 9 goals 12 bhds. (66 pts.).

Main goalkickers: Madden 3, Hancock 2, Smith 2. Best players: Abley, Forness, McLellan, Scott.

We then played Box Hill High at Box Hill. The conditions were frightful, the ground being under water and the wind blowing strongly. The game was very low scoring, but we had the edge on Box Hill for the greater part of the match. Abley and Madden adapted themselves very well to the wet conditions.

Final scores:—Camberwell High: 2 goals 9 bhds. (21 pts.); Box Hill High: 1 goal 4 bhds. (10 pts.).

Goalkickers: Madden, Abley. Best players: Abley, Madden, Smith, Hodgson.

Our final match was played against Footscray Technical School. They fielded a very big team and had a great advantage in weight and height. We held them, however, in a hectic last quarter, although we were lucky to win. Scott played a fine game at full back and Abley, Forness and McLellan helped well on the ruck and forward lines.

Final scores:—Camberwell High: 10 goals 5 bhds. (65 pts.); Footscray Tech.: 8 goals 16 bhds (64 pts.).

Best players: Scott, Abley, Forness, McLellan.

FOOTBALL.

The ball is bounced; the rucks they fly,
The game is on, it's "Do or die!"
A rover grabs the ball and kicks
Down to the forward in the sticks.
The forward marks, he has a shot,
It's "Will he do it? Will he not?"
The ball goes well, "You beaut, it's through!"
Supporters yell—their rivals boo.
Five minutes to go, "We're a point in front."
Barrackers give an anxious grunt;
A point—the bell! "We've won! 10-6, 10-4;
The crowd lets forth a mighty roar.

Chris Rider (Ic).



FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back Row (Left to right): R. Aitken, D. Stuart, E. Ward, A. Scott, B. Madden, K. Stubbings, D. Paull, L. Masters, H. Briant.
Middle Row: P. Hancock, B. Naylor, J. Abley (V.-capt.), P. Forness (Capt.), K. Hambrook, W. Mellow, B. Smith.
Front Row: F. Schwab, B. Kilby, A. McLellan, G. Hodgson.

Metropolitan High Schools' Sports Association.

Annual Sports, 1946: C. Section.

For the first time our school took part this year in the M.H.S.S. annual sports meeting at Essendon Cricket Ground on Friday, 18th October. From every point of view the meeting was a complete success and a most enjoyable function for all participants.

Upwey H. S. and ourselves were the novice schools taking part. Valuable experience was gained and we are confident that next year both schools will provide a keen challenge for the championships.

Our congratulations are offered to Dandenong H.S. (first place in the grand aggregate and first place in the girls' events); also to Frankston H.S. (first place in the boys' events).

C. Section Results (Boys).

	1sts	2nds	3rds	4ths	
Frankston	9½	5½	5½	5	94 pts.
Dandenong	5	6½	11½	5	86 pts.
Camberwell	5	11	7	5½	85½ pts.
Mordialloc	10½	4	3	7	84 pts.
Upwey	2	4	4	8½	44½ pts.
	1sts	2nds	3rds	4ths	
Dandenong	10½	4	5	3	107 pts.
Frankston	3½	6	6	4	71 pts.
Mordialloc	3	3	5	7	56 pts.
Camberwell	2	6	4	5	50 pts.
Upwey	4	3	3	4	41 pts.

EQUAL RECORDS.

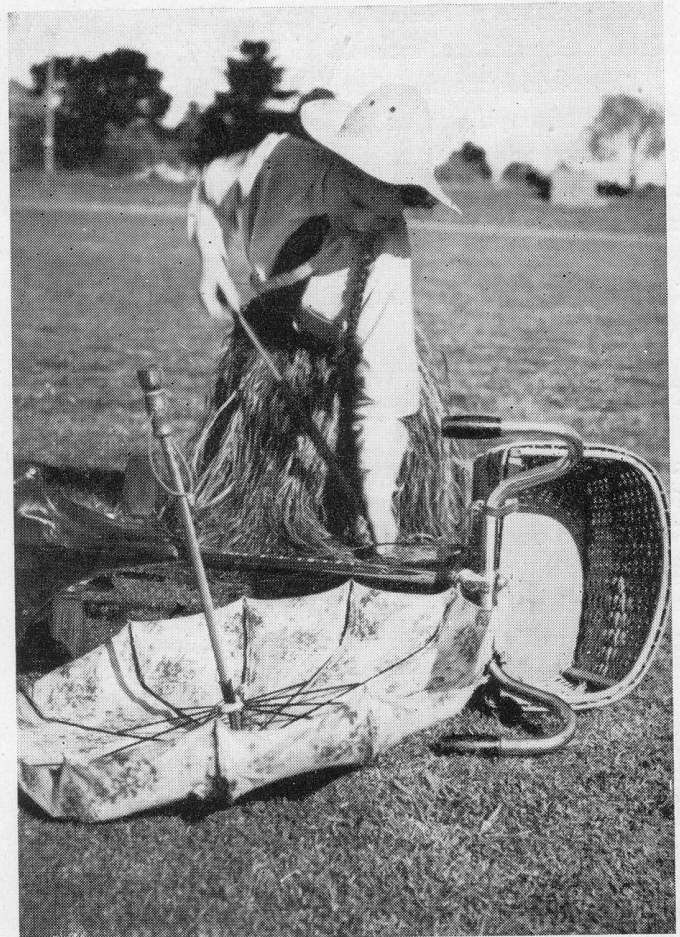
Joan Cox, over 16, 75 yards: 9 1/5 seconds.

Grand Aggregate.

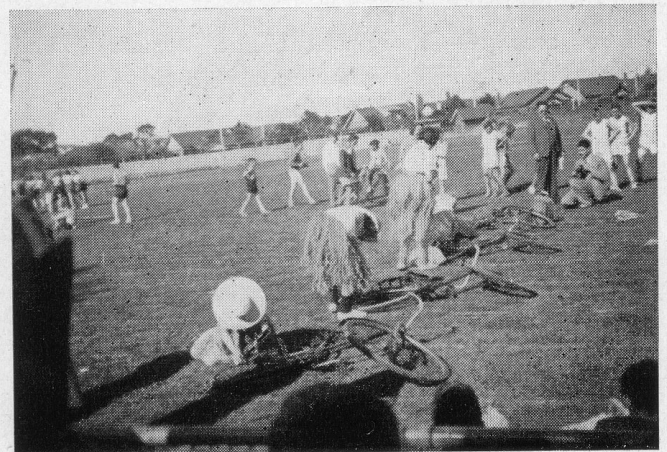
Dandenong, 193; Frankston, 165; Mordialloc, 140; Camberwell, 135½; Upwey, 85½.

Congratulations to all competitors who contributed to our placing in the above scores, and especially to Brian Madden, winner of the 880 yards; J. Lambourn, under 15 high jump; K. Hood, under 14 long jump; E. Ward, over 16 hop, step and jump; J. Partridge, K. Ryall, L. Reeder, K. Hood, J. Hawke and J. Mil-lard, under 14 relay race; and to Joan Cox, winner of over 16 100 yards and over 16 75 yards.

FED UP.



Joy Gray encounters a flat tyre at House Sports Meeting. ("Age" Photo).



Start of the "Early Morning Rush," House Sports Meeting.

RESULTS OF INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES (GIRLS).

BASKET BALL.

C.H.S. v. M.A.C.S.: C.H.S. 15 goals; M.A.C.S., 7 goals.

C.H.S. v. W.H.S.: C.H.S., 10 goals; W.H.S., 7 goals.

C.H.S. v. U.H.S.: 1st team—U.H.S., 34 goals; C.H.S., 10 goals. Second team—U.H.S., 29 goals; C.H.S., 2 goals.

HOCKEY.

C.H.S. v. W.H.S.: C.H.S., 4 goals; W.H.S., 0 goals.

C.H.S. v. U.H.S.: U.H.S., 4 goals; C.H.S., 0 goals.

Tarantella on the Basket-ball Court.

(With apologies to Hilaire Belloc).

Did you take part in the game,
Fifth-former?
Did you take part in the game?
While the cheering and the jeering
Of the crowd you were hearing,
And the bumps and thumps as the rusk-man jumps.
With the thud of fists upon the ball?
And the cries and the sighs as the ball flies high
(While tempers and players become much warmer.
Did you take part in the game, fifth former?
Did you take part in the game?
While tempers and players become much warmer,

And we're hot and wet,
For we're soaked in sweat,
By the roughness and the toughness of the game?
And the crash! lash! clash!
Of the smash
Of the boys as they fall with the ball
On the ground so trusty,
Dusty,
Musty,
Swept by winds so gusty.
All the boys are eager to reach fame
In the game—
And they run like the wind until they fall.
Did you take part in the game,
Fifth former?
Did you take part in the game?

Never more,
Fifth former,
Never more.
For your ankle's sore.
From the nearby bank I saw
Poor you
With the pain of the sprain like a chain
Drawn taut
On your foot. You said nought, but I knew
How you
Felt the pain
Of a burning, twisted sprain.

J. M. Gange (V.).



HOCKEY TEAM.

(Left to Right): Audrey Broomhead, Joan Cox (Capt.), Lorna Buckle, Doreen Thompson, Marie Scarborough, Glenda McAlpin, Norma Williams, Nora Hawke, Joy Mounsey, Barbara Bromwich (V.-capt.), Audrey Murphy, Margaret Grubb.



HOUSE CAPTAINS.

Back Row (Left to Right): Max Austin, Peter Forness, Ernest Ward, Brian Madden.

Front Row: Margaret Clark, Nora Hawke, Norma Williams, Esme Nicholl

HOUSE NOTES

CHURCHILL

Under the guidance of Miss Tellick and Mr. Vinson, and the leadership of Esme Nicol and Brian Madden, Churchill house has established itself in the foreground of inter-house competitions for 1946.

The summer sports of cricket, tennis, softball and swimming were successfully concluded when the house swam to victory in the swimming sports. Special credit is due to Joy Mounsey, champion under fifteen, and Betty McCance, champion under fourteen.

During the winter Churchill again provided staunch opposition to rival houses. Winning their share of the softball and volley-ball matches, the girls helped to increase the number of points earned by the house. The house football team fought gamely throughout the season, and those selected to play in the school eighteen were B. Madden, A. McLellan, L. Masters, B. Naylor, W. Mellow and D. Paull. W. Menadue and L. Reeder were the House representatives in the school soccer team.

All thoughts were then turned to the inter-house athletic sports, and for many weeks Churchill trained in preparation for the important event. (Mr. Vinson's great efforts to produce a suitable boys' marching squad have not been forgotten!) On the day, however, MacArthur proved a little too strong for Churchill, who finished second. Congratulations, MacArthur!

Among the outstanding performers for Churchill were June Ryan, who won the under fifteen champion-

ship; Brian Madden, winner of the open high jump and open 880 yards; Wilbur Menadue, who successfully competed in the high jump and flat races; and our under fourteen champion, J. Partridge.

And so we feel that the word "Churchill" will not pass by the eyes of our readers unnoticed, and we would also congratulate the other three houses, who have been such keen opponents this year.

Esme Nichol, Brian Naylor.

MacARTHUR

Girls.

MacArthur girls wish to congratulate Churchill, who won the swimming sports and were runners-up to ourselves in the athletic events.

Joan Cox, Winsome Grant, Valrie Hillis, Pat Evans and Wendy Hope were the most outstanding in individual events in the athletic sports.

We had no outstanding girls in the swimming sports, which took place in March, but altogether we gained quite a few points.

During the year the various teams gained many points in inter-house competitions. We wish to thank Shirley Hayes and Jeanne Kennedy for their fine work with the tennis group. We also thank very sincerely the girls of the basketball and softball teams.

Much of our success we owe to the advice and interest of our house mistress, Miss Parkhurst..

Boys.

With Forness, captain, and Hambrook, vice-captain, working hard and the very able assistance of Mr. Horne, MacArthur has accounted very well for itself in house sport this year.

We started the year exceptionally well, both first and second teams winning all cricket matches contested. The tennis team and softballers kept up the high standard. Then came the swimming sports, in which we came last. Our congratulations are extended to Churchill for a fine performance and a well deserved win. Our outstanding swimmer was Farrell, who won the under thirteen breaststroke easily, and later went on to win the same event just as easily at the Combined High Schools' sports.

Thanks to our fine tennis teams MacArthur were again to the fore in winter sports. Although inconsistent, the football team fought hard, with Forness's pointed comments ringing in their ears. The five players who won selection in the football team were Forness (captain), Hambrook, Hodgson, Kilby and Hancock.

For the last five weeks Macarthur has trained hard for the athletic sports, which we won, leading Churchill by twenty-one points. Thanks to Mr. Horne, we won the marching and the under fifteen relay. We are proud of Bob Kilby and Hansford, who won the under fifteen and under thirteen championships respectively. Our congratulations to Churchill again, and congratulations to all the houses for such keen competition during the year. Churchill still holds a twenty-nine point advantage, and we must work even harder to overtake them.

Peter Forness.

MONTGOMERY

Girls.

Firstly, all the girls of Montgomery house wish to congratulate Churchill and Macarthur, whose performances won the swimming and athletic sports respectively.

In the swimming sports we had no outstanding girls, but through each one's effort we finished second.

Dorothy and Lois Carse caused a sensation by dead-heating for the under twelve championship in the recently held athletic sports. Also Barbara Bromwich equalled the high school record for seventy-five yards.

The junior "basketball passing" and "hockey dribble" teams won full points for their house, and two of the four relay teams won. However, Montgomery could manage only third place in the aggregate.

We offer our thanks to Mrs. Rolfe, our house mistress, for the help and advice which she has given us.

Boys.

Without doubt, with Mr. Donath and Max (Buzza) Austin as house-master and captain respectively, Montgomery House has given a pleasing display throughout the year.

Our cricket team, under the competent leadership of John Abley, gave a splendid account of themselves, defeating two of the three remaining teams.

In the swimming sports the swimming team proved itself by coming second and by gaining the three championships. The successful members were—Open: L. Christie; under fifteen: J. Collins; and under fourteen: P. Evans.

Our football team did extremely well, for at the end of the season no other team remained to be beaten. The versatile champion of the team was J. Abley, without whom we are sure the team would not have been so successful.

In regard to the inter-house sports we would like to thank Messrs. Donath and Dawkins for the grand fight they put up in trying to shape us into a marching squad.

Montgomery's athletic team was in second place until the last event, when it dropped to third place. (The last event was an exhibition of marching). Congratulations go to the tunnel ball and relay teams and to L. Christie for his grand but unfortunately unsuccessful effort in the 880 yards. Better luck next time, Lach!

At the time of going to press, Montgomery house occupies third position with a total of 279 points.

Don Allen.

ROOSEVELT

Girls.

Last year Roosevelt succeeded in winning the House Shield. In the athletic sports, among the many individual winners was Berenice Fraser, who won the Girls' Senior Championship. Although many of the new girls do not know Berenice, we of Roosevelt congratulate her.

This year the first competition in which we took part was the swimming sports. The girls wish to congratulate Churchill on being the winners.

During Second Term tennis, basketball and softball matches were carried on among the houses, and the girls in our teams gained many helpful points for us.

Roosevelt girls congratulate MacArthur house on winning the athletic sports. We congratulate our senior basketball team on winning and all girls who gained a place in their event.

Miss Potter, our house mistress, has given us a great deal of help, and we thank her for it.

Boys.

Under the able guidance of Mr. Toomey, our house master, Ernie Ward, our captain, and Bruce Smith, our vice-captain, Roosevelt has had a fairly successful year.

In the first main event of the year, the inter-house swimming sports, we were not very successful; we could only manage third place. A notable performance was that of Keith Stubbings, who won the under fifteen 100 yards freestyle. The relay team, consisting of Williamson, Smith, Stubbings and Webber, provided the highlight of the afternoon, when it was narrowly defeated by the MacArthur representatives. Congratulations to Churchill House on their fine win.

The house cricket XI. was not outstanding, but its representatives played with great enthusiasm and zest throughout the season. Our softball, tennis and soccer

teams played consistently throughout the term.

During the winter we exceeded expectations, for the football team gave a great exhibition, being defeated only once. Outstanding players in a well balanced team were Ward, Smith, Scott, Stubbings, Uhd and Stuart. The great strength of our team was shown by the fact that six of our players were represented in the school XVIII.

The great event of the year, the inter-house athletic sports, resulted in a disappointment for us; but of course we can't be expected to win the shield every year! An outstanding performer in the sports was Ernie Ward, who won the open 100 yards, the long jump and the hop, step and jump, securing, as a result of these efforts, the Open Championship. Congratulations. MacArthur, on your fine win in the sports.

H. G. Stubbings.



THE GIRLS' COMMON ROOM

WOODWORK AND CRAFT ROOM



If I Gave a Speech on Speech Day.

"Ladies and gentlemen, and staff and pupils, and members of the School Board, and the School Council, and the Mayor and Councillors of the City of Blowemup, I would like to welcome you—"

No, that won't do. Our English mistress would say, "Don't begin a speech with a row of nouns joined by 'and's,' It's so ugly, and it is a weak opening." If I did start that way I'm sure she'd think, "That awful child! I thought she knew better! Evidently she doesn't! However, it's too late now! Trust her to ruin her speech! What will those councillors and the visitors think of the training which these children have been given? Oh, why did I ever let her go up without having heard her speech? Then to go on, that she would like to welcome them. Who does she think she is? That's the principal's speech."

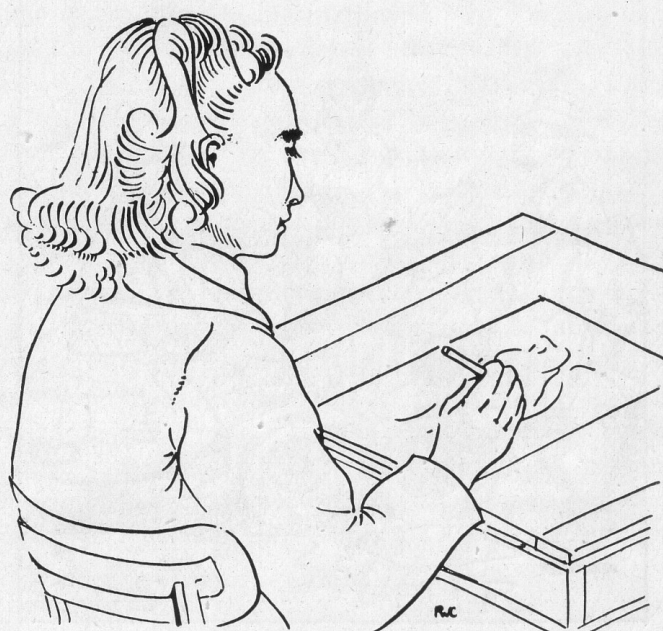
I made up this speech all by myself, and I think it's quite good, but I must think of something better. What did Abraham Lincoln say? "Four score and seven years ago—" Ah! Got it!

"Four years and eleven months ago our builders brought forth on this land a new school." Not bad! But I see that frowning face looming up before me. I had better think of something else.

"Just for the kids, they built us a school here." No, that sounds a little like Browning, except for the "kids."

"Now is the time when we must realize that our children are growing into men and women. We must—" Sounds like a parliamentary speech, and I am really only one of the pupils of the school.

Perhaps I'll make out I haven't prepared it. "Well, I—I—I d—d—don't know wh—what to s—say,



JOAN IRWIN, PREFECT.

Er—" No, I'll be asked why my speech wasn't prepared.

At last,

b—but I hope you have enjoyed the singing to-day.

"To-day, we are gathered together, as never before, in this beautiful new Assembly Hall, away from the noise and bustle of the crowded streets. Let us be thankful that we have at last seen our dreams come true—"

There is a start. Now, I ought to get on all right.

I know if I were to make a speech on speech day it would take hours to prepare. I'd learn it off by heart, and probably forget half of it—the better half.

Naomi Carter (V.).

FRESH AIR FIENDS.

Clang! Clang! The conductor pulled the bell-cord and the tram started with me sitting cosily in a corner, even though the day was cold. In fact, my only complaint was that a rather stout woman opposite was carrying a bulky parcel of some evil-smelling fish.

We had progressed as far as Swanston Street when my fellow passenger alighted. Relieved, I closed my eyes, but my thoughts were rudely interrupted at the entrance of two young girls, clad in sports attire. "How hot and stuffy it is in here!" said one in a few minutes. "Do you mind if I open a window?" "Not at all," I replied, still thinking of the evil smell which lingered in the corner, but, to my horror, the young lady not only opened one window but opened them all.

The evil odour disappeared in a twinkling, but I soon began to feel the cold. I huddled myself into my corner and pulled my collar around my neck in an endeavour to warm my frozen ears. But it was all in vain; the biting wind cut through me like a knife. These young ladies were undoubtedly "fresh-air fiends" about whom I had often heard, but never really credited. I decided to act.

"It's rather a cold day, don't you think?" I hinted. "No. I think it's a lovely day, not too hot and not too cold," replied the nearest with a shrug of her shoulders. I tried again: "Um, er . . . you know, when you get old you feel the cold a great deal." Again I had failed. She retorted with a smile: "Really? That's what father always says. But, of course, he's always growling."

I thought of moving to the other end of the tram, but I was determined to win against these two lunatics. I wished that they would alight, but it seemed that my hope would never come true. I pretended to have a bad cough. Immediately one of them advised: "You know what's good for a bad cough?" "No," I replied dismally. "Well," she said brightly, "you should

take a few drops of eucalyptus on sugar every three hours; it's a wonderful remedy." "Thank you," I responded, "but I wonder you don't catch cold on an icy day like this." "Oh, no! We never catch cold; we simply love frosty weather." I became exasperated. "Well, I don't," I replied, shaking my fist. Then I noticed my stop and arose.

"I wonder what was wrong with him?" I heard one of them say just as I started to sneeze violently.

G.Reid (V.).

Scene at a Railway Station.

Visitors to Melbourne are always tremendously impressed with their first sight of Flinders Street railway station. Equalling, if not bettering, London's famous Charing Cross, this hub of Melbourne's population is a sight never to be forgotten. Let us stand before one of these massive pillars by the gates, and watch the endless drama of life flow past us, as apparently insignificant strangers bear down upon us and then melt again into their own personal existence.

The time is five-thirty p.m. Melbourne's workers are going home. The majority of the patrons of Victorian suburban railways are stenographers, bankers, clerks and workmen. Flinders Street station is not the place for the capitalist. He goes to work and returns home in his glistening automobile. But now and then a man passes us who seems to have fared better than most in his particular method of money-making. See, here is one such. A quaint watch chain dangles at his waistcoat, and his classic fingers hold an expensive cigar which he periodically raises to his lips. His well-cut clothes seem too immaculate for his surroundings. He raises a gold watch to his aristocratic spectacles in a gesture of annoyance, flashes a ticket at, rather than to, the porter and disappears down a nearby ramp. All this could be seen by the few in this station who took the trouble to see beyond their own orbit.

Hurry, hurry, hurry! It is truly amazing to watch the tempo of the modern world. Personalities appear before us and are immediately absorbed into the struggling mass of humanity ahead. In the morning it will be the same, except for the change in direction. Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Contrasts can always be found wherever people mingle and here it is no exception. Take the human fashion-plate just disappearing in the crowd, and compare him with the dilapidated person now approaching us. He is what the Americans would call a "hobo." By us he is given the typically Australian name of "swagman." His clothes appear to be clean though many times mended, and he swings the traditional swag on the back. He also—but why go further?

Henry Lawson, in many of his stories, gives a description of just the type of man we see before us.

These are only two personalities who pass "under the clocks" at Flinders Street. But that is exactly how life is. It requires such an inanimate object as a railway station to induce such people literally to rub shoulders. The proletariat and aristocracy daily pass each other, sharing the bustle and noise, joining in the general business and always hurrying. I will not go so far as to say that individuals' lives are at all influenced by the association, but is it not significant that all races, classes, colours, religious and sects can come and go, without friction, beneath the great dome of Flinders Street railway station?

J. M. Gange (V.).

THE CANDLE.

Have you ever watched a candle

Flickering in the night?

A candle's always welcome

With its little bright light.

Have you ever watched a candle

Making shadows on the wall?

All sorts of shapes appear there—

Thin, fat, big and small.

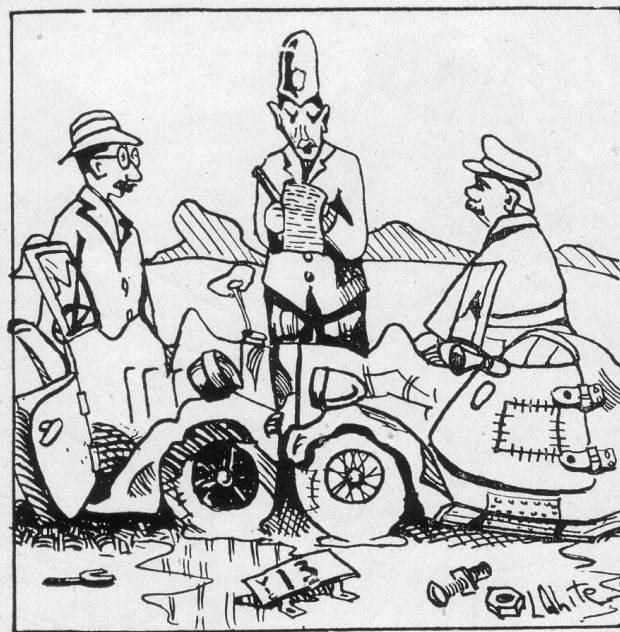
Have you ever lit a candle

In a dark room late at night?

A candle's always welcome

With its little bright light.

Julia Bull (Ic).



Policeman: "Come on! Which car hit first?"

P. White



TENNIS REPRESENTATIVES

(Standing, L. to R.): Elsie Beattie, Erica Street.

(Sitting, L. to R.): Margaret Clark, Joan Bell, Jeane Kennedy, Margaret Grubb.

RECOLLECTIONS.

My father, being a soldier of the British Army when I was young, and stationed in India, I can remember more about that outpost of the British Empire than Aldershot, in England, the place where I was born. The trip to India is a complete mystery to me, made on a liner, the "Tuscania," so my mother tells me. I first became really conscious of the world in Mhow, a world that was centred around me, for mother had little to do and so I had all her time and most of the attention.

The children I knew then were thin and undernourished looking, with freckles, having lived some time in that terrible Indian climate. In comparison I was rosy and plump, having that baby doll look which the colonel's wife so admired. Being the envy of all other mothers, my mother brought me with her whenever she went visiting or to meetings. I can remember faintly swinging on the front gate, demanding that the bearer should give me a ride, when vaguely familiar ladies would pass, linger and simper, "Isn't she sweet?" I gloried in the attention and admiration, and only one event spoils the record of happy ones. For my fourth birthday I had been given a donkey. It really was a present for my other sisters, too, who made up the family as well, but as a spoilt mother's darling I naturally insisted the beast was mine. Every morning when my sisters were at school I rode it. Perched precariously on its back, I would walk it around and with one baby arm cling to the bearer.

Alas, in my selfish devotion to the donkey it was inevitable that it should die. They told me some wild

horses had misused it one night when it had strayed from its stable, and it had to die. I watched them as the soldiers covered its nose and killed it with one blow of a hammer. I cried bitterly then, but more bitterly when mother saw my tear-stained face and said what had I to worry about? It was not I!

India was a paradise. I played and went to parties, sat on swings and was pushed, and could persuade the army carpenter that he was doing the right thing by making me toys. But three years were soon over and Dad's time was up. My mother cut my ringlets off; no time to spend curling them where we were going, she said. And so it was with a cropped head of hair I went aboard the ship at Bombay that was bound for Scotland.

We spent a few miserable days in Edinburgh, but I enjoyed them, for a carter had dumped sand outside our house, and with the neighbouring children (who spoke so queerly) I made toffee out of it. In Glasgow I was sent to school. The difference in the climates of India and Scotland began to tell. I was cold; I was part of a class of about sixty children whose English (if they could call it that) I could not understand and, worse than all, nobody took any notice of me! My mother changed, too. It was true that she loved me just as much, but she did not spend the same amount of time with me. My frocks had that plain-jane air and were not for looking at but for "keeping the cold out." How things had changed! But I gradually changed, too, and stopped being mother's darling. Those days of India became a glorious dream and I started growing up.

Patricia Reid (V.).

Overheard in a Cafe.

They were sitting in the corner of the "Dew Drop Inn" nearest to the counter, and were as alike as chalk and cheese.

I had been watching them with interest for some five minutes, because the elder man had a meek, almost timid, appearance, while the other was big and burly, with a nose that looked as if it had been hit with a bread-board.

At first it seemed to me that they were engaged in an argument; but when I listened I realised that the big fellow was giving a lecture on football.

"Now I tell yer," he was saying, "never was there such a player as Howell. 'E's the best I ever seen anywhere."

"In my opinion the best of all pastimes is golf. I always . . ."

"'Ave you ever seen this 'ere bloke, 'Owell? You oughter see 'im play. I tell yer, 'e's a real beaut. Gee! I'd like a cuppa tea."

"I always use a number two iron for a drive . . ." and again his voice broke off as the big man continued.

"An' then there's little 'ines on the list of good

'uns. But you oughter see 'Owell. Gee! I'd like a cuppa tea."

"As I was saying," continued the timid man, "for driving, the number two iron is . . ." The rest of the sentence was inaudible because the big man had started again.

"An' in cricket, I never seen such batsmen as Fothergill or Meuleman. They'll play in the Tests, they will. An' so will Tribe, the bowler. When Victoria played Queensland, 'e pretty well cleaned up the 'ole team 'imself. 'E's a decent bat, too, but not as good as Fothergill or Meuleman."

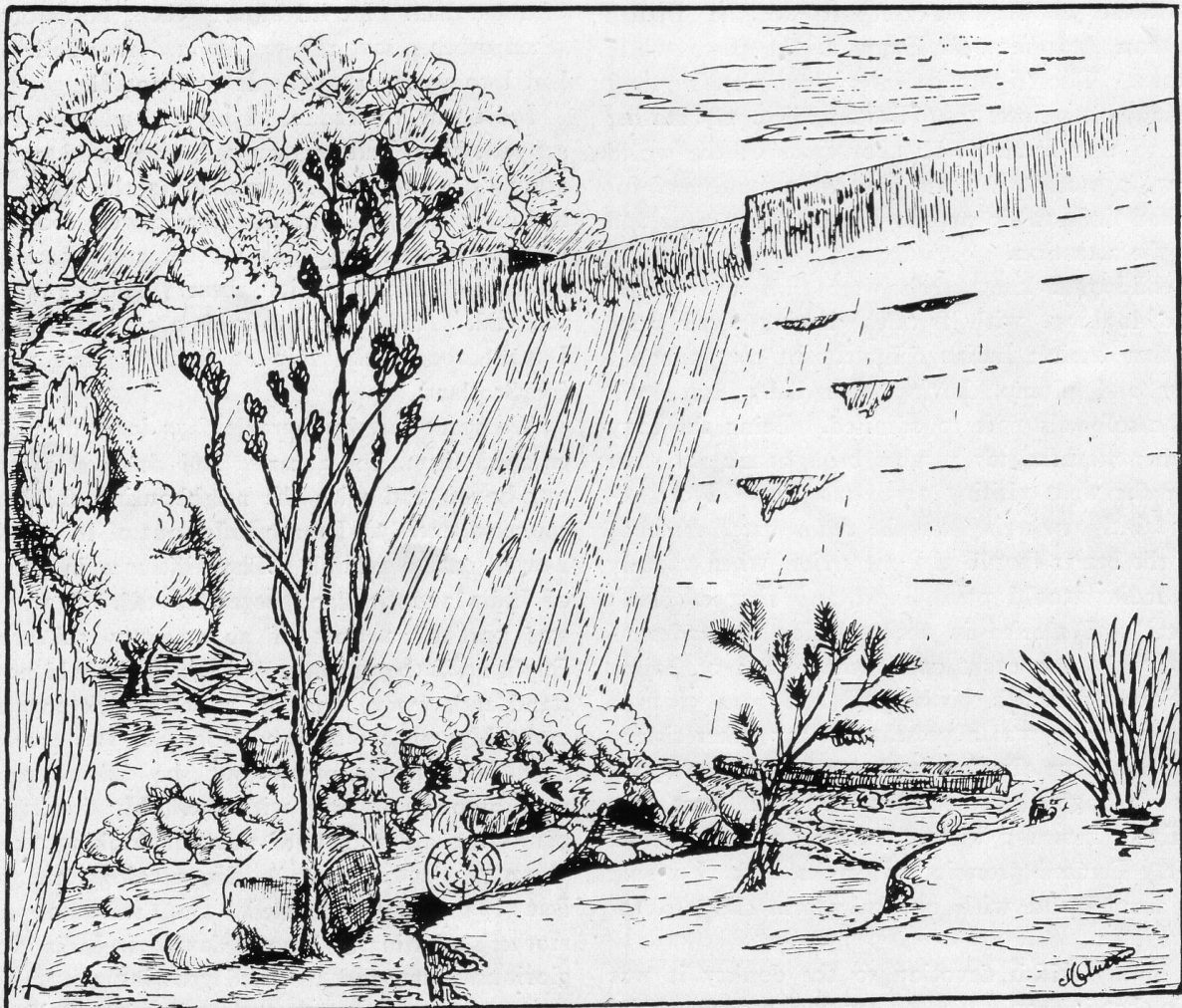
"Yes, I dare say. Once I drove a hundred and fifty-sev . . ." This time he stopped of his own accord. He could see that the other had thought of something. He was right. He had not long to wait.

"Once I seen a real beaut catch. Fothergill 'ad just 'it up ninety-nine when 'e was caught. It was a beaut catch. Gee! I'd like a cuppa tea."

Then, as if an afterthought: "What was that you was sayin' about golf?"

"Before I continue," said the little man, "waiter, two cups of coffee!"

Fred Roberts (V.).



THE SPILLWAY, BELGRAVE RESERVOIR.

M. Austin (IV).



ONE OF THE SCHOOL CORRIDORS.

THE CAT NEXT DOOR.

As a description of the locality in which this cat is to be found, "next door" is hopelessly misleading. Certainly the cat's home is next door, but it lives for a large part of the day in our backyard and invariably spends the night on the fences. On the occasions when the cat is "next door," in fact as well as in name, the air is made hideous by his attempts to imitate grand opera with garbage-tin-lid obligato. This lid, a long-suffering object of the cat's abuse, is rivalled only by the cat's drinking saucer in its ability to receive continual punishment and still make a satisfactory noise.

It would be interesting to know when, if ever, this cat sleeps. Cats are credited with nine lives and the ability always to fall feet first. Is it therefore incredible to suggest that this particular animal never becomes exhausted and needs no sleep? No one knows, but the fact remains. From ten o'clock in the evening until early morning the cat next door, sitting on the fence, entertains an unwilling audience with a concert, the doubtful quality of which is made up for in quantity and loudness. Many a time I have appealed to this fiend of the cat family to go to bed, but in vain. Our conversations remind one of the nocturnal meetings of Romeo and Juliet. I do not follow the best balcony traditions by throwing roses to the serenader. The articles I throw are chosen rather for their solidity than for their sweetness. I have considered retaliating with a serenade of my own. This would certainly remove the cat, but the effect on the immediate neighbourhood would, I fear, destroy my reputation as a vocalist.

No account of this cat's doings would be complete without a mention of his pleasant gambollings in our vegetable garden and back yard. To a disinterested observer the spectacle of a cat playing football with an unripe pumpkin is, no doubt, highly diverting, but the owner of the vegetable can be forgiven for any prejudice against this sport. Innumerable vegetables have been lost to the world as a result of ill-treatment by the amiable cat next door, while the memory of the occasion when he frightened the hen and made her lay an egg in the fishpond will, to this day, render any member of our family speechless with rage.

I think enough has been said to show that the cat next door is in the same class as Adolf Hitler, blackberries, influenza and other pests.

Now I am going out to buy a dog.

J. W. Ellis (V.).

AN UNEXPECTED HOLIDAY.

One day Peter and his father went for a hike in the bush. After they had their lunch Peter asked if he might go for a little run. His father consented, so Peter ran off. When he had been away a short time he saw an unusual butterfly and chased it, but was soon winded, so he lay down to rest. He went to sleep. When he awoke, to his dismay, it was beginning to get dark. He called, but there was no answer. Very frightened, he started running among the trees. Before long he met a little black boy about the same age as himself. The boy's name was Nimbim. Encouraged by his smiles, Peter told what had hap-

pened, then Nimbim said: "You come alonga home belonga me."

The aborigines' shelters were built of stout-anchored branches closely covered with grass and leaves, all sloping downwards.

The following morning Nimbim gave Peter a boomerang. As they walked along a track Nimbim's sharp ears detected that a rabbit was close at hand—then it dashed out of a bush. It was suddenly still; Nimbim's boomerang had hit its mark. Peter then said: "Shall we cook it and eat it?" But Nimbim said that he was not allowed to eat any game. (This was probably a wise precaution to stop the children from eating game not previously inspected by their elders). Then Nimbim broke the silence by saying: "Me shall make home for meself."

"What shall we build it with?" asked Peter, puzzled.

"Me showem you," replied Nimbim.

Before long they came upon a suitable spot. The boys first drove sharpened canes into the earth—these they bent firmly over and pressed the other ends into the ground. Over this framework they fixed palm fronds and leafy branches, and soon they had a very cosy shelter.

"It's much better than a tent," cried Peter happily.

After the boys had gathered and eaten some tropical fruits and nuts they went to sleep. Nimbim was awakened by a noise on the roof. He woke Peter and they went outside. To their surprise there was a little baby 'possum which had strayed from its mother. After they had fondled it, it was returned to its mother, who had by then appeared on the scene and was waiting patiently for her baby.

They had their breakfast—again fruit and nuts—and set out on a jungle track. Soon they found themselves in a fairy-like clearing on the outskirts of a forest. Vivid flowers peeped from the entanglement of ferns and palms, while brilliant birds took flight at

their presence. On the other side of the clearing was a beautiful pool. The boys dived in; but Peter was the weaker swimmer and when he was tired swam to the side of the pool. Looking round for something to grasp, he saw a crocodile close behind Nimbim. He called out, horrified. The ugly creature had its mouth wide open. Climbing to the bank, Peter picked up his boomerang, which he threw recklessly. What had happened? The ugly creature still had its mouth open. The boomerang had landed fair and square between the crocodile's jaws!

When Nimbim thanked Peter for saving his life, he said: "You white man spirit."

The boys started for Nimbim's camp and when they were nearly there they saw some lubras who carried bark food-containers hung from the shoulder, or dilly bags slung from the head, and yam-sticks for digging roots or stunning small animals, birds, or lizards. The next day the men of the tribe went hunting buffaloes, as they were preparing for a corroboree. Peter and Nimbim asked if they might go and watch the hunt. After a long trek they saw a herd of buffaloes.

"Get up longa this tree quick, fella," said one of the natives. "Spear make buffalo mad fella, jump all about, kill 'em quick."

Whilst the hunter was speaking the two boys had climbed the tree. They were tense with excitement when the foremost native signalled to the others to fit spears to their woomeras (spear throwers), and with great force throw them at the buffaloes. One wounded beast snorted with rage, but that didn't last long, as he was soon covered with spears. They skinned and dismembered the body for easier carrying.

The following day the two boys went hunting with the men. When they arrived at the pool the natives pulled up lily plants and camouflaged themselves.



"NIPPY" (Peter Carter, II).



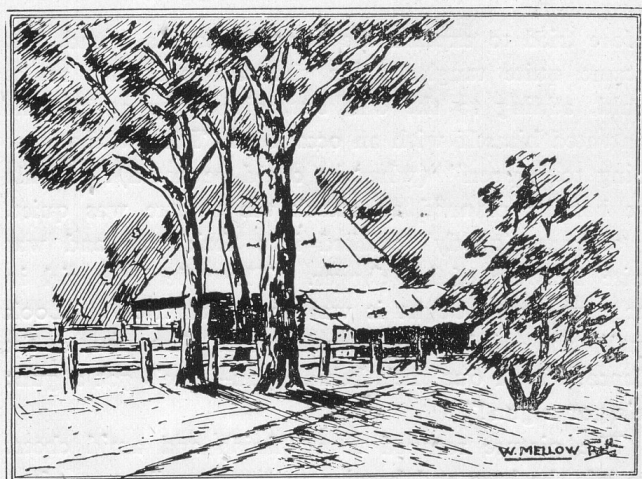
PASTORAL (L. Masters, IV).

Next, they waded out into the middle of the pool. When an unfortunate duck came along, an arm would pull it under the water and hold it there until it drowned. When each hunter had several ducks the boys were allowed in the water to try their luck. Nimbim caught two, but Peter was too slow; he just fell on his back, still holding the duck, until one of the hunters came along to rescue him and wring the duck's neck.

The next day was the corroboree and the men decorated each other with charcoal and red ochre. They danced at night; then feasted till the dawn; then they went to sleep.

During the next day they were awakened by a clatter of hooves—it was the mounted police, who had been looking for Peter for a whole week. Peter was very happy to be with his father again, but he never forgot Nimbim and his strange week with real Australian natives.

Peter Mercer (Ia).



TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

"It's a long way to Tipperary," carolled the master as he tripped gaily into the form room.

"And how are you all this fine morning, girls and boys?"

"Very well, thank you, sir; and how are you?"

"Oh, not so bad, not so bad. Well, I suppose I'd better run through these reports, though I confess that I'd much rather be in those baths I can see through the window."

He dived into his portfolio and brought forth the reports and, clearing his throat, began to read—

"JOAN BROWN: *French very bad.* I never was much good at French myself. Stupid language!

MARGARET SMITH: *History weak.* Leave it to the historians then.

MARY JONES: *Generally inattentive.* Oh, well, we're only young once.

FLOSSIE McDONALD: *Talks too much.* Well, you know teachers can't have it all their own way.

JANET LONG: *Deficient in Latin.* I never did see what use dead languages are anyway.

BILL COWPER: *Writing almost illegible.* Use a typewriter in future.

TED BURKE: *Very clumsy.* Of course accidents do happen.

CHARLES STUART: *Often late.* There are lots of temptations on Spring mornings. We're lucky so many are here in time for the bell.

TOM SHORT: *Failed in Algebra.* Well, between ourselves, $x + y$ doesn't mean much to me, either.

JACK KING: *Conduct leaves much to be desired.* Oh, well, boys will be boys."

"And now," he continued, "I ought to set you some constructions to do, but as it's such a lovely morning, I'm going to give you all a holiday." So saying, he threw the reports into the waste paper basket and skipped blithely out of the room.

Robin Botsman (IVb).

Tropical Solitude.

The scene was in tropical waters.

The hour was twenty past two.

As they glided along at four fathoms,

The captain spoke quietly to crew.

"My lads, there's a tanker out yonder,

It looks quite a good prize to me.

As the range is some fourteen hundred,

To stations—we won't let her free."

The glist'ning torpedoes were ready,

The engines gave off a soft whirr;

With the harsh grating scream of the klaxon,

The hydrophones gave a faint purr.

The escorts were streaking towards them,

The crew were all holding their breath.

With periscope scarce making wavelets,

His lips formed the grim smile of death.

"Fire one!" then, "Fire two!" came the order;

The missiles shot out straight and true.

As the captain withdrew from the eye-piece,

A bomber burst out from the blue.

With depth charges bursting around them,

The "whoosh" and the "crump" all ears caught.

As each man watched and strained at his station,

The coxswain made out his report.

The scene was in tropical waters.

The hour was just half-past two.

As they glided along at four fathoms,

The captain gave praise to his crew.

A. Westbrook (IVb).



SOCCER TEAM.

Back Row: R. Goff, R. Selby, L. Christie, L. Reeder, E. Greenwood.
 Middle Row: G. Ryall, A. Westbrook, A. Williamson (V.-capt.), G. Lurati, B. Rowlands.
 Front Row: R. Stewart, P. Evans.
 (Absent: W. Menadue, Capt.).

AN AFTERNOON AT THE PICTURES

With a burst of applause and mad stamping of their feet, the children greeted the beginning of a cowboy picture at an afternoon matinee. The noise was deafening, but nothing more than one can expect when a few hundred children gather together with one heart to cheer on their hero. Of course everyone knew that in the end the hero would come out victorious, just as they knew that the villain would be punished, and they cheered again and again as the hero made another miraculous escape and the villain gnashed his teeth. When the noise had subsided a little, one gathered that the hero's name was "Barb," and he was somewhat partial to the ranchowner's daughter, a certain Sally. The audience's interest waned when the ranchowner began talking business with another. But then the sheriff came on the scene. He was a doomed man from the start. His well-cut clothes and small clipped moustache branded him from the beginning. "He's a baddy," said the little boy in front in an awed whisper.

It soon became evident that he was, and there followed an exciting chase across prairie lands. The small pale girl in the next seat craned forward and, imaginary reins were in her hands. "Hurry, hurry, hurry," she said in one breath, "he's getting away—he's got the gold!" It was a glorious chase, accompanied by shrieking and little feet beating a tattoo that urged it onwards. One lost track of the story; it appeared a superb embroglio with cowboys shooting everywhere and the subsequent moans and groans as the "baddies" went down like ninepins.

One youngster who had obviously seen the picture

before tried to explain the situation to his friend, but became quite tangled. He shouted as loudly as he could, adding to the din, but, giving up at last, he contented himself with an occasional "I knew that was going to happen" (when he could be heard). While the bandits planned an attack the theatre was quiet. A solitary "goody" walked into their trap and was quite unaware of his danger. The pale little girl in the next seat thought it was an awful trick. "Look out!" she cried with a shrill voice that pierced the silence; "look out! he's behind you—he's got a gun; he's got a gun!"

The picture romped to its finish and amid cheers we left the hero and heroine to live happily ever after. Outside in the fresh air the children dispersed, going their various ways home. They still talked excitedly of the afternoon show, and probably later their parents would hear all about it at tea.

Patsy Reid (V.).

INDIA TO AUSTRALIA.

Embarking on the s.s. "Mulberr" at 11 o'clock, 10th of December, 1944, and saying goodbye to Bombay, we found exciting, yet rather an anxious experience in wartime.

During the afternoon we realized that we were still sailing in the bay and that the ship was circling around certain objects. On inquiry later we found that the ship had been unwinding the magnetic mine net which was around the ship in harbour.

The first two days were spent in finding the way around different parts of the ship. This was necessary

because of the blackout after sunset. Lights were forbidden on deck, and all windows and portholes were locked. The difficult part was going to bed after supper. To get to our cabin we had to cross part of the deck. To prevent any light from showing there were two heavy curtains at each doorway, which one had to negotiate before opening the door. Even in some parts of the ship, when one opened the door on to the deck, the lights in the hall and corridor automatically would go off.

On the second evening a little excitement was caused when two coastal corvettes chased us. A smoke screen was put out and instructions were given by Morse code.

Two days later Ceylon was sighted. We gradually came nearer land and by midday we were coming through the harbour entrance. We noticed large drums floating near the entrance. These were booms, drum-like explosives with iron nets hanging from them. These were to prevent enemy submarines coming into the harbour.

Colombo hasn't a large pier, but just a little jetty for motor boats which take passengers and goods ashore. The gangway was put down and the day was happily spent sight-seeing in Colombo. We came back to the ship in one of our lifeboats, which was a sickening experience. After half an hour's trip in the lifeboat, one had to jump the gap between the rockety lifeboat (which was more like a cork) on to the swaying gangway of the steamer.

In the evening there was an aeroplane practice. About eight searchlights were chasing a bomber. The pale blue lights looked lively, flashing across the tropical sky.

The next day we watched the different ships in the

harbour. There were hospital ships, corvettes, passenger steamers, gunboats, aircraft carriers, about sixty-three in number. A large captured mother ship and submarine were of much attraction, as well as the H.M.S. King George V., which went out with bands playing to join the great fleet in the Pacific. Two bombed liners were being dredged. They were two of the victims of the great air raid on Colombo. That evening we left on our thirteen days' journey over the Indian Ocean.

We played games to occupy ourselves, but wherever we went we had to carry our lifebelts. Lifeboat drill was held every week, and the lifeboats were hanging down ready to be cut at any moment. Submarine and anti-aircraft shooting was practised. Christmas Day was spent very happily with much merriment and good meals. After Christmas we struck some rough weather, which caused a great deal of fun.

Much excitement and relief came when objects were sighted ahead on the horizon. These objects were lighthouses on the little island of Rottnest, off the coast of Fremantle.

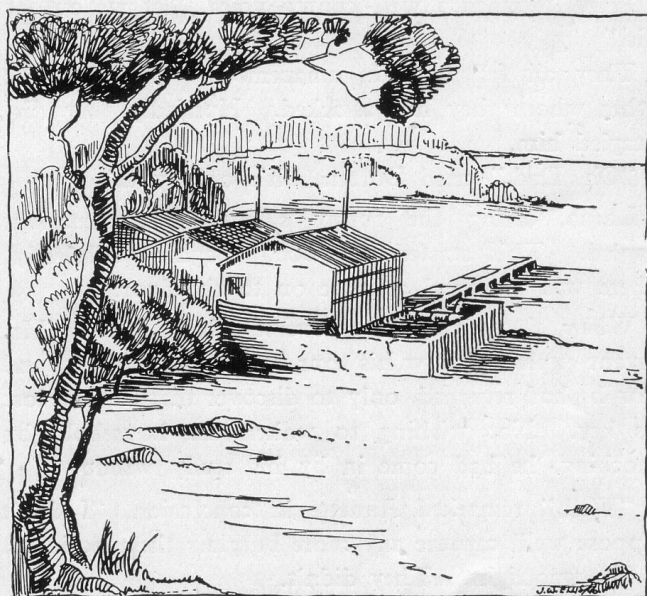
The whole day was spent in getting through the Heads and into harbour. Medical inspection and passport inspection took a long time. We were allowed to disembark about five o'clock and be back by midnight to leave in the early morning.

Rough weather followed till on the fourth day, when we sighted land, which was the southern coast near Portland. In Bass Strait paravanes were put out over the side of the ship to cut away any mines that might hit the ship. These paravanes looked like small aeroplanes with cutting devices projecting at the head. They were hung over the sides of the ship into the water on a very thick wire rope that stretched from the cranes at the back and front of the ship.

On the fifth evening out from Fremantle we could plainly see land and that night was spent outside the Heads, much to our disgust. In the early morning we were past the Rip into the bay.

We were in the bay for about four hours till at last we found we were being towed up the muddy Yarra! But never was there a more welcome sight and homecoming.

Janet Coventry (IIIa).



BOAT SHEDS, BEAUMARIS (J. W. Ellis, V.)

NEWSPAPER SELLERS.

Any evening in the week you can meet newspaper sellers. You take them very much for granted. You don't think of how they have to go through the rain and fog, the cold and heat. You don't wonder who they are, or where they come from. They are useful, so why should you worry about them?

But these lads who swing on and off the evening

trams to supply you with the papers, are learning to be independent. They are meeting all types of people. They learn to care for themselves. The boys on the railway stations have to be quick and observant. Later these boys will realize how their earlier experiences helped in their upbringing.

During the war I knew many boys who worked all the week on the newspaper rounds, and then once a week put their earnings in the war effort.

One boy had been delivering our "Herald" for some weeks. I spoke to him and asked him where he came from. This lad was working to help his mother, who had just lost her husband. He was very proud of being able to pay the weekly rent.

In Belgrave, one public holiday, I was offered a paper by an old man with a round face, round spectacles, and the brim of his hat turned up all the way round. He had last week's "Women's Weekly" and the morning "Age." But he offered us, as he seemed to have taken a fancy to us, the best paper of his collection, a "City Extra Herald." It was after seven o'clock.

But the majority of the lads on the suburban paper rounds seem very happy. They whistle on their way and always give you a smile with your change. The danger of the traffic and the wrath of elderly gentlemen with dogs only seem to make their grins broader.

Marie Dix (V.).



B. BROMWICH (IV).

A MIDNIGHT MISHAP.

When the Bryant children, Arthur, Annette, Lee, Lorna and Doreen, heard that their father had to go on a business tour in their holiday time, they were all disappointed. They had looked forward to being together for Christmas and this news came as a blow. A telegram was dispatched to their Aunt Cynthia, asking her to come and stay with them. When she arrived they found she had made out an exciting pro-

gramme for the holidays, although the most exciting adventure happened on the second night.

Annette, Lorna and Doreen slept in one room and the boys in one next to it. The house was silent, except for the ticking of a clock and the purring of Rex, the cat, who was asleep under Doreen's bed.

Suddenly the noise of a window banging broke the stillness. Annette, who was awake, sat up and listened intently. This time the sound of a closing drawer came to her ears. She shook her two sisters into wakefulness.

"U-gh. Wot d'y' want?" grunted Lorna.

"Sh-h!" whispered Annette; I think there's a burglar in Dad's study."

"Gee!" breathed Doreen; "let's capture him."

"Yes. Let's go and get the boys," Annette agreed.

After hastily donning slippers and coats the three crept into their brothers' room. When the boys were awake and ready, they armed the girls and themselves with various odd weapons. Arthur had a baseball bat; Annette, a hockey stick; the twins, fishing nets; and Doreen, a poker.

Thus armed, the five would-be burglar hunters crept along the passage to their father's study.

"I'll open the door, and when we see where he is, we'll rush him," suggested Arthur.

"All right," agreed Annette.

Arthur cautiously opened the door and they all peered in. A large figure was bending over Mr. Bryant's desk.

"O.K." breathed Lee, "onward, the Bryants!"

They all hurled themselves across the room at the intruder. Annette tripped him with her hockey stick, Arthur winded him with his bat, Lee and Lorna tangled him in their nets, and Doreen sat on him, brandishing her poker.

"Hey," gasped a well-known voice, "let me out of this."

They all fell back in amazement. It was their father whom they had attacked. Hurriedly they disentangled him.

"Oh, Dad," cried Doreen, "it's only you."

Lorna, seeing the funny side of the situation, giggled. This started everybody laughing helplessly. There was a general collapse on to the floor.

When they had all recovered their breath, Mr. Bryant explained how his tour had been cut short, and how he had returned, only to discover that he had lost his key. Not wishing to waken the household by knocking, he had come in by his study window.

"Well," remarked Annette in conclusion, "I don't suppose we'll capture any more burglars these holidays.

She was right. They didn't.

Dorothy Harvie (IIIc.).

THE LAKESIDE STOREKEEPER.

The township sprawls on one side of the highway; the lake on the other. In dotted groups, intermingling with guest-houses, a score of small shops, a hotel and a larger store stretch along the course of the winding road.

Griffiths' store, a prominent ancient landmark, is surrounded on two sides by a dilapidated verandah with boardings peculiar to such country stores. The owner's family, friendly country people, has lived here for three generations, and Pop Griffiths tells many stories both of struggles and of "the good old days." The depression saw bad days. People couldn't pay cash and things were only middling. But Pop would always listen to a "good yarn" and not too many around went hungry.

The business has since then looked up greatly, and it is now as good a country store as any. Once a week the provision launch, with Pop at the wheel, and the stern weighed down with enthusiastic tourists, delivers to the other side.

The lake is a picture. The deep water is lit by the golden sun-rays and, around the landing, reflects the multi-colored stone wall and two green and orange jetties. About these jetties is anchored a fleet of boats—passenger launches and small fishing craft. R.F.B. 178, a brightly-painted tub, is bobbing at the jetty and a crowd has gathered. Fish for sale! The gleaming silver fish, bream and luderick, soon find buyers among the tourists.

Seated at the rudder and with pipe in mouth, Pop starts the engine roaring amidst this familiar scene.

Serried ranks of gums timber the shores where the boat stops at small landings and drops the "provs." and mail in the swaying shadows. Then on again across the channel, darting from place to place until each homestead, or rather each jetty, has been visited. And then for home.

Pop won't retire. He will always make this weekly excursion. He enjoys it all—every minute of it—chatting about the tide or the 116 points of rain.

The engine's chugging is broken down, and with the skilful tying of the rope to the post, Pop declares "Journey's End" and strides off to the pub.

Robert Crook (IVa).

THE STREET I KNOW BEST.

Having used this street nearly every day for the last eight years, I feel that I am justified in naming it as the street I know best. It is an unimpressive street, lined by no magnificent avenue of trees, graced by no imposing buildings, and impressive neither in its length nor its width. However, in its way it has just as

much character as the Strand, the Wilhelmstrasse, the Champs Elysees, and Fifth Avenue.

It is a street of irregularities. The road is dotted with clumsy repairs where a hole has been worn or a water-pipe has burst. The nature-strip resembles a patchwork quilt, for each householder has a different idea of his responsibilities as regards lawn-mowing. A passer-by sees the neatly trimmed lawn of the enthusiastic gardener; the slightly less perfect one of the man who dislikes gardening, but cannot still his conscience if he neglects it; the shaggy growth which receives at best half-yearly attention; and, worst of all, the wilderness about which no comment is necessary, and no excuse can be offered save sickness or old age. Unevenly spaced along the nature-strip are the usual street trees of various heights, ages and varieties. The only thing they all have in common is a profusion of berries, presumably for the purpose of amusing the younger residents of the neighbourhood. The pavement completes the list of irregularities. It is composed of concrete slabs set at varying levels and intended to trip the unwary. The houses finish the scene, but are very much the same as many thousands of other suburban homes.

Over a period of years I have learned many interesting facts about this street. I know the exact time it takes to run from one end to the other when catching the tram, an invaluable piece of information. I have learned by experience how to navigate the many puddles which form during the wet months, and I know, too, which bumps in the road to slow down for when riding a bicycle.

Although this street is very familiar to me, I am certain that it has a host of details of which I am ignorant, and for this reason it still holds interest for me.

James W. Ellis (V.).

TRANSCONTINENTAL.

Shortly, after seven o'clock the Westland Express slid out of Perth station on its three hundred and fifty miles' journey to Kalgoorlie. Half an hour later we passed through Midland Junction, and the long ascent of the Darling Ranges and the passage through the Swan View tunnel began. The railways' theme song there is well-known to be, "I'll Walk Beside You," and certainly the warning, "Do Not Pick Flowers while the Train is in Motion" is no exaggeration, for we made very slow progress for some time.

When I awoke next morning, we were passing through very flat, sparsely-vegetated country. Stunted mallee trees dotted the plains, while the smoke-bush formed a boundless grey carpet. Beside the line ran the pipeline which carries water from Perth to the

goldfields, without which existence would be impossible.

By midday we were in Kalgoorlie. Here we changed from the narrow to standard gauge train, and were on our way again within an hour.

The scattered shacks which form the outskirts of the town were soon past, and the mining shafts soon after. The main gold-mining area is to the north-west of Kalgoorlie, and I, therefore, missed seeing it, as my train was travelling east. The straggly mulgas had now disappeared, and the sparse saltbush now gave way to spinifex. The red ground was perfectly flat, baked brick-hard by the merciless sun.

At regular intervals of thirty to forty miles, we stopped for water at one or another of the tiny plate-layers' settlements. At most of these, the canine and goat population almost exceeded the people. Naretha, the largest of these, is also the most interesting. At each of these stops, many of the passengers got out to stretch their legs, and as I walked up to the end of the train to see the engine refuelled and watch its wheel bearings being re-greased, I noticed a curious thing.

Naretha is right in the centre of the sand desert, and practically devoid of vegetation, yet, there, around me, were literally hundreds of dead rabbits. They were by then simply heaps of fur and bone, but nevertheless they were rabbits. How they could have got there was beyond me. I subsequently learned that, in 1942, a practically unheard of thing occurred in the desert. It not only rained, but it rained heavily, so that grass sprang up in hitherto arid areas. Rabbits from hundreds of miles away consequently invaded the new pastures in their thousands, only to be trapped without food or water when the drought conditions returned. I am told that the poor creatures were feet deep under the water tanks, where they died, trying to get water.

All this time I had seen blacks at various stages of the journey, but at Ooldea, in South Australia, I saw the greatest number. They were a dirty, emaciated lot, far different from the types which inhabit the coastal regions. Their clothing, had it not been so filthy, might have been amusing. How they can eke out an existence in such an arid place I shall never know, but it is indeed deplorable that any people should have to live in such degradation and discomfort as this.

Meanwhile, the train sped steadily on, and after another night I arrived at Port Pirie, which is famous for its large smelting works. It is also the eastern terminus for the Trans-continental line.

R. Goff (IVb).



A Black Maria is a negro's wife.

Zanzibar is noted for its monkeys. The British Governor lives there.

Trigonometry is when a lady marries three men at the same time.

The Boer War was a pig-fight put on for the pleasure of Louis XIV.

Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.

Algebraical symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

Chicago is at the bottom of Lake Michigan.

A mountain range is a stove used for cooking at a high altitude.

Louis XIV. was gelatined.

Did you know that a geyser is a volcanic corruption?

And have you heard of the battle of the "Choral Sea?"

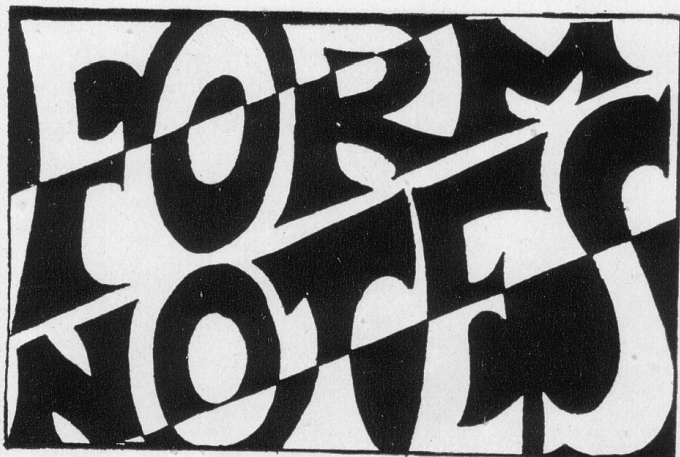
The Yarra once flew through the Botanical Gardens.

Croon: To make a continuous hollow sound, as cattle in pain.—(Webster's Dictionary, 1910).

Travelling in a tram car one afternoon, a teacher fell into conversation with a fellow passenger. Said the latter, "Do you deal in hides?" "No," said the teacher, "I tan them."

A little girl was taken by her father to the museum. On returning home her mother asked her how she had enjoyed herself.

"Very much," she said. "Daddy took me to a dead circus."



M. REVELL. V.

FORM V.

The year has been so strenuous for us that some have given up in despair and gone to seek new worlds to conquer. The survivors have had their labours considerably brightened by certain difficulties of the staff.

We are tempted to believe that some of our teachers are surely relatives of the late Dr. Spooner. Miss Egan once informed us that it is a false assumption that "all four-sided sguigures are fares;" and that a certain tree was a "Pombardy loplar" was gravely announced by our geography teacher on another occasion. However, all the fun is not confined to English and geography lessons. Imagine the result when Miss Parkhurst tried one day to say, "Showing sashed, shutterless windows."

But teachers aren't the only ones who make mistakes. Fred Roberts continually makes errors which cause the class to roar with laughter. But you'd better

ask a fifth former about that. Maybe it is these blunders which are causing Mr. Vinson's hair to go grey.

The boys are stopping their basketball games presently. Warm weather is a reasonable excuse. Some may suspect such trifles as Dave Stuart's bandaged head or Geoff Lurati's concussion—not to mention a few sprains and dislocated fingers—may have had something to do with it.

At the second term "break-up" the girls showed their kind nature (?) and generosity by sacrificing some of their "festal nourishment" to provide the boys with a re-vitalizer after the basketball. The boys' only regrets are that they didn't think of it first, but I won't mention any of the unkind remarks made.

We would like to thank the teachers of our various subjects who have worried so much about us, and who are still striving valiantly to get us through our Leaving examinations. To Miss Dooley, our form mistress, we give a special round of applause, and we shall take away pleasant memories of many varied and entertaining form assemblies. In closing we wish a Merry Christmas to all students and good luck in their examinations.

FORM IVa.

Long live IVa!

The school will be pleased, or otherwise, to know that IVa has survived a year of mathematics under the Honourable Mr. V.

Firstly, we would like to congratulate Miss Park-



FORM V.



FORM IVa.

hurst on controlling the form with the aid of the captains, Joyce Moore and Alex. McLellan, and vice-captains, Elsie Beattie and Walter Mellow. At the Friday form assemblies, different scholars (?) held "Can you take it?" shows. Alan Scott (football champion and Camberwell Football Club fanatic) has still not produced the scarf he attempted to knit at one of these functions. We also understand that Ida Hoffman still feels Norma Williams' weight on her knees from the time when she was compelled to tell her a bedtime story.

IVa did very well in the school Amateur Hour by sharing first place. Joan Irwin and her sister sang a duet. We also landed third place with "Donkey" Dyer and "Mic" McConnell, who sang a comic song. How this pair of untuneful mortals had the cheek to enter, no one knows.

At the school dramatic night, "Hairy" Al. McLellan and "Donkey" Dyer had main parts, while "Romeo" Walsh, Lou Jacobs and "Mic" McConnell had minor roles. ("Romeo" still swears he had the most difficult). Norma Williams sang a solo. Whether her encore was for her singing or the sound of her knees knocking is open to question. Worthy of special mention is John Abley, prefect and champion of the football field. He always dominates. (Get a shovel!)

The form reaches for its cotton-wool when Mr. T. speaks over the school amplifiers. It was during one of these wax-boring sessions that Mr. T. said, "In connection with the U.N.R.R.A. appeal for old clothes: Will the form captains please bring down the form donations to this appeal and leave their clothes with me?"

Any libel cases will be dealt with by our form

mistress, Miss Parkhurst. Until we meet again in court, this is Room 19, containing the most famous form in the school, submitting to some more mathematics—and Mr. V.

FORM IVb.

Mr. Vinson and his partner, Murphy, are to be thanked for leading us through a very happy year of work. The form captains, Mary Good and Lance Masters, also helped to keep things in order. The members of "The Select Group" found work to do on evenings which would otherwise have been wasted, and we are sorry that, with its disbanding, we are able to do something useless for a change. Mr. H. also helped to while away the time by carrying on one-man debates on the various subjects which came under his notice.

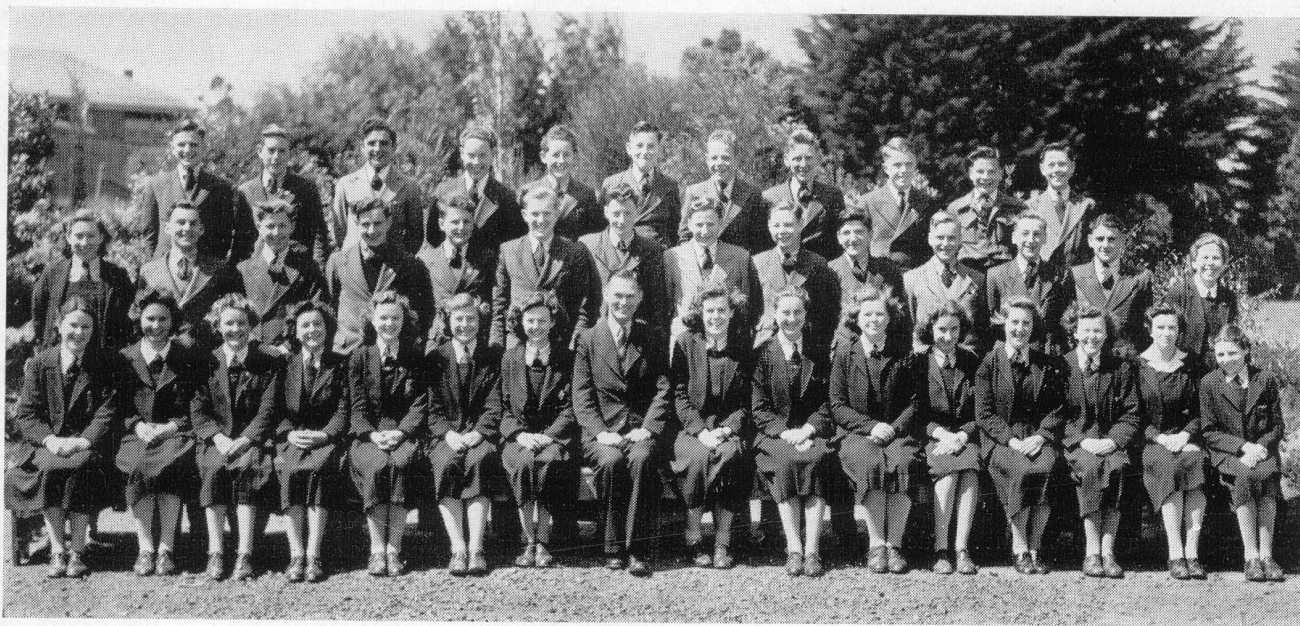
The main events of the year were the excursion to Woodstock and Yan Yean; the defeat of IVa boys at football and girls at softball; the remarks on term II. exam. papers; the second term break-up party; and last, but by no means least, Bob (Bernborough) Kilby's great effort in the school sports. Good on you, Bob! We'll see you in the Cup yet!

I am sure that every member of the form will never forget Mr. Vinson's soft voice echoing throughout the school when someone tried to take things easy.

FORM IIIa.

Form IIIa consists of eighteen girls and fifteen boys, and is well represented in most branches of school activities.

In the inter-school sports Valerie Cooper and Norma



FORM IVb.

Tucker were in the basket-ball team. Neil Hall captained the under fourteen football team. In the house sports Valrie Hillis and Betty McCance tied for the under fourteen championship.

In scholastic attainments Bill Holding headed the boys and Alison Harewood the girls.

We have some vocal and dramatic talent, too. Some members were in the choirs. "Alison Harewood and Valrie Hillis showed dramatic skill in the performance of "Snow-White" on our dramatic evening.

The appeals held during the year were generously supported, especially by George Dyer.

Our form mistress is Miss Crane, who is supported loyally by our two form captains, Norma Tucker and Rodney Rackham, also the pupils.

Normally we live in room 2, but as this room houses the piano, we are more often to be found exiled to other parts of the building.

FORM IIIb.

Even after a year in the third form, we are not beaten! What with cosines, historic present tenses, and "copy down this verb, it's a tiny bit irregular: je, etc. it's a wonder we are still alive.

As everybody knows, B stands for Best, but few teachers, after having IIIb, believe it. However, we think our form is unique in having someone so well informed as to be a Dorothy Dix and Patricia Anne combined (no less than—Norman Malcolm Hamilton Smith!).

We were very glad when our maths. teacher announced that he had at last procured a house, as we used to lie awake at nights thinking of him lying in

the pouring rain under a rose-bush. Another of our teachers entertains us in her periods by relating the gruesome details of the operations she has witnessed.

Some of us often wish that we were across the passage in IIId, learning shorthand; then we might be able to keep pace with the notes that some of the teachers give us.

The whole form is greatly indebted to our form mistress, Miss Potter, for her help during the year, and take this opportunity of thanking her. We also wish to thank the two form captains, Isobel Rodgers and Graeme Dunstan, for the wonderful job they have done in trying to keep law and order in the form room and in collecting money for various patriotic appeals. Isabel Rodgers left C.H.S. in August, and the girls elected Glenda McAlpin in her place. We were also sorry to lose Robert Nelson, the boys' vice-captain. Ross Butterfield was elected in his place.

There have been many fine form assemblies this year. What with tongue-twisters, piano-accordion and violin solos, "Can You Take It???" and gramophone records, we have had great fun.

FORM IIIc.

Hi Ho! everybody. This is platoon IIIc reporting. Our barracks are situated at room 5. Our C.O. is "General" Tellick. Her able assistants are Captain Doreen Allan and Captain David Stone.

The platoon consists of seventeen soldiers (?) and sixteen "A.W.A.S." We are in action from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. Mondays to Friday inclusive. Each day we are visited by various instructors who vainly try to impart knowledge to us.

In our platoon we have several well-known personalities. Amongst these are Corporal Spencer, who is continually being reprimanded for not putting down his rifle when told to do so. Our ex-captain of the "A.W.A.S.," Beverley Day, was transferred to another unit (many tears were shed), but her place has been filled by Captain Doreen Allan. We are lucky to have a good drummer, Private Ken Hood, who practices all day long, especially in Maths. periods.

Well, our time is up. This is platoon IIIc signing off. Squad—Dismiss!

FORM IIIc.

The thirty-four pupils of this form which, as you no doubt will agree, is the pride of the school, are worthy of their place in their distinguished form room. The boys—only seven—are by far outnumbered by twenty-seven girls, but that never worries us, for we are like a big family guaranteed not to argue more than twice a day.

Lesley Dixon and Alf. Pye, our form captains, are good all-rounders, although Alf's high jump may be improved if we put a tack in his shoe.

Among our more distinguished members are Scorgie, our history expert, and Chesty Lamborn, whose human efforts to make so few boys outdo so many girls are shattered by loud-speaking Vivienne and Shirley.

The cracks, appearing in room 3 walls are due to frequent June Ryan v. Betty Harrison laughing (?) duets.

We have a very good percentage of very brainy pupils, but even our best maths expert gets tied up in knots when a length of string comes to light.

Can you recall:—

A finger daintily held?

A really intelligent answer from Joan?

The days when the boys sat together for English?

The days when we had the reputation of being the worst form in the school?

The special broadcast—"This is Mr. X. speaking?"

A IIIc girl reports the loss of her "swedes." Wot ho! swedes, Flossie?

But space is short and time is, too, so the form of the Wise and Otherwise say farewell until next year, when we hope to be IV's.

FORM IIa.

This is not going to be as silly as you think. People seem to judge our form on Cole and Mitchell. We really have some wise old birds, but Partridge has a hand in this report and is a bit old-fashioned about puns.

One of us did tell Mr. McCance that water is an

inflammable gas, but Smithy (the boy from the bush) disproved that by pointing out that there had been no great fire in Melbourne yet. And speaking of history—and other forms and brains—we have it on good authority (our form master) that IIb thought Queen Elizabeth instituted the Victoria Cross. So we probably are no worse than the rest.

Besides, look at our handicaps! So many form masters, we begin to feel like orphans. Then a roll monitor who has no taste for arithmetic. Our form captain pined in this climate and had to return to 'is 'Arbour.

But we did have a lively by-election. Did you see the Cole campaign posters? "Vote Cole (1), the only candidate with an honest anti-teacher policy." But, as usual, his comrades did not believe him.

Going on with the handicaps. Tregaskis is our new captain. (That seems to be in the wrong place). But our English isn't extra. Our Latin master doesn't understand our Australian. Well, the magazine committee is waiting for this. Why? We can't answer that one, though we do know most of the answers.

FORM IIb.

Our worthy form wishes to record the notable doings of 1946. First of all, our thanks to Mr. Donath, who has helped and encouraged us in our work throughout the year. He also gave members of both IIa and IIb much pleasure by taking them on an excursion one Saturday during the first term. While working hard in class (oh, yeah!) we have been entertained by Fred Hay and "Froggy" French with their whimsical sayings which, alas, have often proved discomfiting to the teachers.

IIb shone in the appeal for Destitute Children, when Max Crellin and Stuart Darragh raised £1/3/9 as the result of an Ugly Man Competition, which was won by a well-known "beauty" of Camberwell High.

Our form captain, Tom Watkin, has been mainly responsible for the way in which IIb is "admired" by all the staff. The well-behaved vice-captain has also done well in Tom's absence.

One of our boys, Brian Hansford, has distinguished himself in athletics at the recent house sports by gaining the Under 13 Championship of the school.

We hope 1947 will be as successful and as happy a year as the one we have just completed.

FORM Ia.

And here we are. Hardly again, but as happy as can be. "Whistle while we work" is our motto, and if we can't, well, we sing. The "nippers." Everything good must have a nip in it. What would the

annual dramatic night have been without some of the "nips." Those dwarfs were some of us. First form students we are told are the foundation of the High School. We must be the A.1 part of the foundation. Fame lies ahead with remarkable runners, musicians and poets. Although we doze on the way to the Land we must be excused a Smut or two here and there. We have raised funds for various deserving charities. Lo(we) and behold s-Carse-ly any more space and no word of our Hope-ful girls. It could be they are the A.1 part of I.A. And now altogether we say Merry Xmas.

FORM Ib.

This is Ib. Have you ever seen (or heard) of such an enterprising crew as the forty-four future hopes of Camberwell and district who shelter their many virtues in the quietness of room 8?

Captained by two stalwarts, Barbara Brown and Rob Segall, we have steered a course (somewhat erratic at times) through the first year of our high school career.

Round the Room.

MacDonald—we wonder if his condition is kept by Eaton a little (?) of Curry, Bacon and Pud?

Mr. D.—Our art master assures us that "B" stands for "Best" and for many other things too!

Daily Bulletin.

"Be quiet, please, Ib,

And call the roll for me.

Bacon, are you chewing again?

Well, do for me sum number ten!"

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

"This is Mr. T. speaking here

(So would you kindly block your ear?)

If you have lost your locker key

Would you come and visit me?"

We would like to thank the staff, prefects and house captains for their help to us. Who knows, but at some future date we might be able to help the small fry in a similar way. A very happy Christmas and a brighter New Year to one and all.

FORM Ic.

We are forty-five in Form Ic,

And quite a merry crowd are we.

When we have flowers at home in plenty,

We bring them to fill our vases empty.

When a charity appeal comes round,

We do our best to raise many a pound.

Every week we give some money

To buy British children bread and honey.

With the U.N.R.R.A. appeal we had to cope

To help the children of far Europe.

Those homeless, starving little things;

Compared with them we live like kings.

One October morning bright

We set out for Warrandyte.

From Ringwood did we take a bus,

With teachers to accompany us.

One Friday we went to Eastern Hill

To see the firemen do their drill.

We wondered if they'd come down alive

When from the tower they made a dive.

They climbed a ladder, oh, so high!

It almost seemed to reach the sky!

From the tower we had a lovely view;

I think you'd like to go there too.

We think our teachers are just "swell,"

Except when one at us does yell

"Take fifty lines, you naughty boy!

I'll teach you never to annoy!"

We love our school and all that's in it.

We really should not waste a minute.

Three hearty cheers for the C.H.S.

The boys and girls and all the rest!

THE RETURN OF THE WAR DOGS.

(Written on V.P. Day).

Right out of the sunset we see them a-sailing,

Grey dogs of the battle, who've finished their fight.

They come from the west with their screws all a-flailing,

And onwards to harbour they sail in the night.

The muzzles of pom-pom and cannon are cool now,

Which not long ago were so active and hot.

The space of the open sea shines like a jewel now,

While last year 'twas fraught with torpedoes and shot.

The stacks all are billowing dark clouds of smoke.

That writhe in the heavens and float o'er the stern;

The engines are throbbing, the motors pulsating.

They move just as fast as the long shafts will turn.

Their long, slender bows reach so keen to the shore lights,

Which beckon with fingers of bright yellow rays.

They bring back the memory of dangerous war nights,

A memory that lingers—a memory that stays.

The captains are happy, their men celebrating

With joy that must come at the end of a war.

The battle is over for each naval rating;

The peace has been won, and there's bloodshed no more.

J. M. Gange (V.).

SECTION OF LIBRARY.



LIBRARY NOTES.

The building up of a new library, especially in war time, is something of an adventure. Restrictions on printing and binding and the consequent high price of books have made growth necessarily slow; yet, although our library is barely two years old, we are happy in the possession of 1,120 volumes, in addition to quite a good supply of magazines and periodicals.

The first books to take their places on our shelves were 170 reference books which had belonged to the original school. This nucleus was augmented by the transfer of a number of books from the Girls' School as the library quota of the girls there who had formerly attended the High School. For these and a cheque for £15 for additional purchases we express our gratitude to the Head Mistress of the East Camberwell Girls' School.

In July of last year our slowly growing store was considerably enriched by a share in the Keep Bequest. Included in the 184 volumes, thus added, were a complete Encyclopaedia Britannica, and many valuable books of Art and Travel.

An amount of over £150 has been expended on book purchases, and there have been many donations of books by the pupils and their parents. The most recent addition is the book trophy won by the senior girls in the Inter-school Flag Race at the recent sports.

Last year running repairs and rebinding were carried out by the members of the Library Club. This year the Craft Club is rendering this service.

The fiction section of the library is, as yet, naturally the strongest and most popular, and our library assistants are kept busy each lunch hour attending to the needs of 350 borrowers.

Library Assistants:

Barbara Bottomley, Lorna Buckle, Margaret Campbell, Marie Dix, Dawn Hunter, Phyllis Lawrence, Nancy Lee, Margaret Penrose, Margaret Sawyer, Gerda Segal, Ruth Elliott, Len Edwards, Ivan Williams, Brian Madden, Peter Forness, Ernie Ward, Geoff. Reid, Brian Naylor.

PAST PUPILS' ASSOCIATION NOTES.

One sunny May day over five years ago, a big crowd of boys and girls assembled in little knots before the steps of a raw newly-built school. Their varying school uniforms showed they had been recruited from schools all over Melbourne.

There was no quadrangle—no assembly place, only great heaps of stone and clay. Carpenters and other workmen were still putting the finishing touches to the building. There were desks to be unloaded and lockers to be installed.

All this confusion marked the establishment of Camberwell High School on May 27, 1941. Later in the morning the 361 foundation pupils were gathered together to hear Dr. James welcome them to their new school. A strong wind made it difficult to hear the principal's voice, but the youngsters understood and felt the solemnity of the occasion.

Within a few months they were disbanded again when the Melbourne Boys' High School moved in. Most of the foundation pupils did not return to the school again, but their interest in it has always remained alive.

Early this year this interest materialised in the form

of the Camberwell High School Past Pupils' Association.

Pupils who have attended the High School since 1941 are invited to join the Association and take an active interest in the school, as well as renewing old acquaintances.

Our aim is to maintain the old pupils' interest in the school and to promote entertainment, recreation and fellowship. This forms the basis of our constitution.

Pupils from the school's senior form are invited to all our social functions held at the school, and they become eligible for membership as soon as they leave.

The Association's first social venture, in the form of a picture night at the Rivoli Theatre, was a great success. Later, we arranged a hiking party on King's Birthday holiday. The socials we have held at the school have been well attended, and we hope for a bright evening in December, when we plan to have a Christmas social in fancy dress.

The first Saturday in October we chartered a river launch and made a trip up the Yarra. There were about 120 Association members and their friends on board, who enjoyed music and dancing.

During the year the Victorian High School Ex-students' Association invited us to enter a team in their tennis championship. We were pleasantly surprised when our team competed in the finals, in which they were runners-up to Coburg High School.

We made our first official appearance in conjunction with the school when eight Association members acted as ushers at the High School Dramatic Entertainment. This, we thought, forged the first link of our renewed life with "The Old School."

Two of our representatives joined the Committee when we were asked to co-operate in the organising of the school ball in November. We expect to attract an excellent representation of old pupils there and are looking forward to strengthening our ties with the Parents' Association and the Advisory Council.

Office-bearers in the Association include:—

Alan Piddlesden—President.

Merle Wollard—Vice-President.

Connie Davies—Hon. Secretary.

Max Lowe—Hon. Treasurer.

The general committee consists of Pam Lowe, Don Webster, Fay Moorhouse, Margaret Urban, John Moten, Peggy Storer and Ian McKay.

Before concluding, we should like to tender our very sincere thanks to Dr. James for his wonderful help and the deep interest he has taken in our activities. We also express our appreciation to Miss Egan for her valuable assistance during the year.

With the New Year approaching we look forward to welcoming new members from the ranks of the present pupils. To our old friends from 1941 onwards we issue a warm invitation—be in the fun, come and join us!

Valwyn J. Edwards.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

The Parents' Association, revived in 1945 after a lapse of three years, has a fine record of achievement to show for its two years' existence.

Membership subscription (2/- per annum), a series of monthly social functions and picture nights, furnished the necessary funds from which the school was equipped with a combination radio-phonograph. The latter may be connected with the school amplifier system. Books were donated to the school library and a shield presented for house competition.

In 1946 Dr. E. Bottomley was elected president at the annual meeting in February. He was assisted by a vigorous committee, consisting of all retiring members of the previous committee eligible for re-election together with several new members.

Continuing the programme of dances, card and picture nights so successful in past years, the Association was able to secure a film-projector for the school at a cost of £100.

In July the Advisory Council and the Parents' Association met our local members of Parliament to urge the immediate construction of the school sports oval and the provision of other essential sports facilities. As a result of the discussion and the representations made to the responsible authorities, an attractive plan has been drawn up by the Public Works Department, and the work on the school grounds is expected to begin in a few weeks' time.

This year's activities will end with the first Annual Ball in the Camberwell Town Hall on November 15, to raise funds to help defray portion of the cost of laying out the school grounds.

All parents are invited to join the Parents' Association and continue to work in the best interests of the school and their children.

G. S. Darragh, Hon. Sec.,

110 Warrigal Road, Burwood.

AUTOGRAPHS