

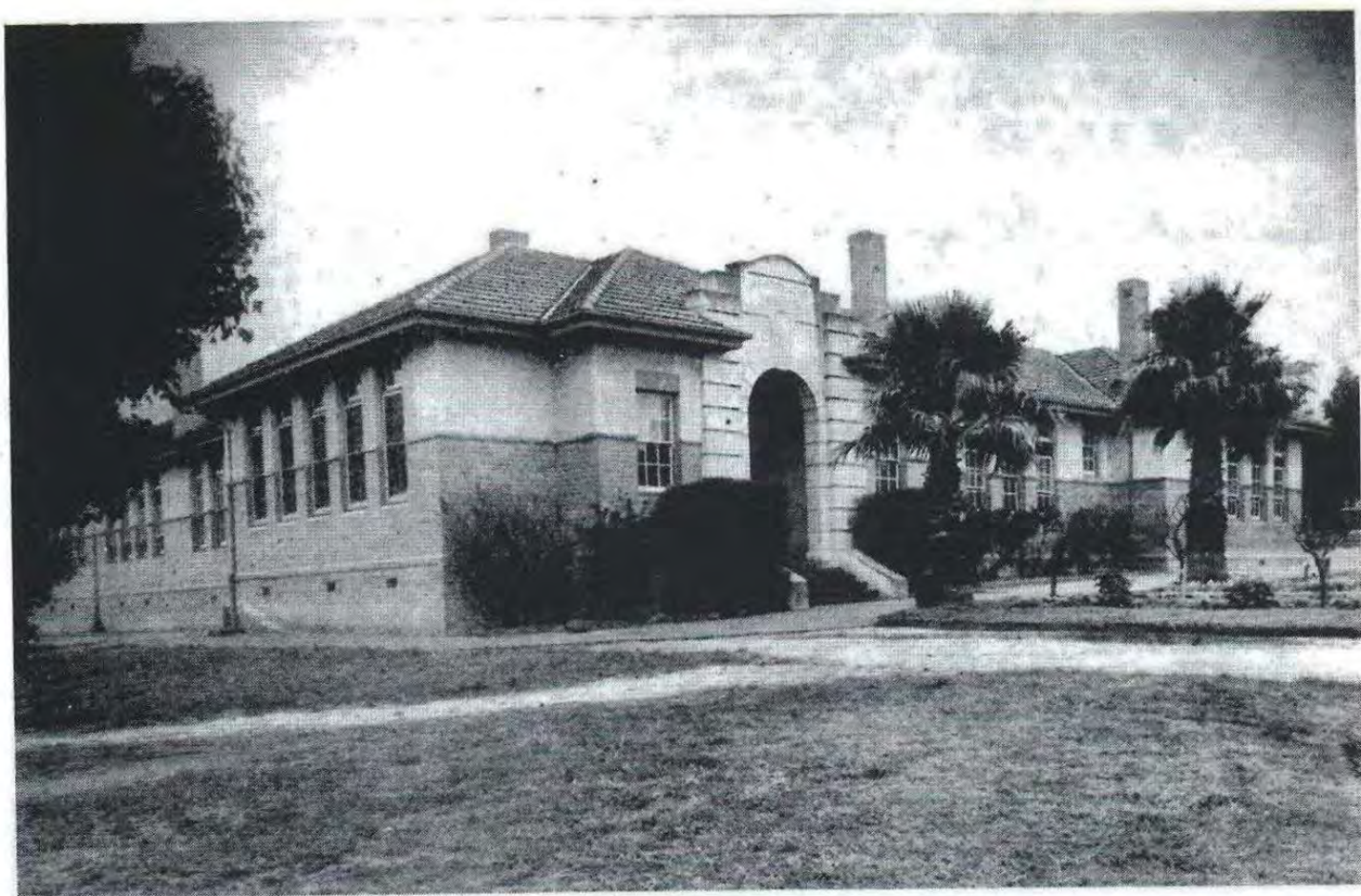
The Pylon



The High School

Vol. I.

Yallourn, 1947



YALOURN HIGH SCHOOL

—("Jay-Cee" Portraits).

High School Staff

Headmaster: Mr. J. E. Menadue, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Senior Mistress: Miss A. M. Callinan, M.A., Dip. Ed.

Senior Master: Mr. E. T. D. Graham, B.Com, Dip. Ed.

Mr. W. T. Price, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.; Miss A. Jensen, T.T.C. (Dom. Arts); Mr. L. L. Young, B.A.; Mr. W. H. Mee, B.A.; Miss J. F. Stephens, T.P.T.C.; Miss E. J. Barclay, D.T.S.C., T.T.C. (Man. Arts); Miss E. M. Hewitt, B.A. (Hon), A.Mus.A. (Hon), L.R.S.M.; Mr. P. E. Priestley, T.P.T.C.; Miss M. M. Dawson, B.A.; Miss F. Alway, Dip. of Needlecraft; Miss S. Gillard, T.P.T.C.; Mr. F. R. Farrelly, B.A. (Sydney); Mrs. S. Guatta, M.A., Dip. Ed.; Miss E. M. Gordon, B.Sc. (Madras); Miss D. L. Pearce (Office Clerk); Miss E. J. Fowler (Office Clerk).

ADVISORY COUNCIL.

Mr. E. G. Chisholm (Pres.), Messrs. G. W. Blackwood, R. P. Blennerhassett, J. Botterill, J. C. Bush, D. Ferguson, L. J. Herriman, J. H. Pearce, G. F. Rusden, D. Wallis; Crs. D. J. White (Morwell), J. C. Balfour (Narracan), C. R. Lewis (Traralgon), Mr. O. C. Phillips (District Inspector).

PREFECTS:

Margaret Reid (senior), Sheila Brooker, Ann Griffiths, Wilma Jackson, Fae Lawson, Claire Gretton.

S. Ostlund (senior), R. Stevenson, R. J. Barnes, R. Selby-Hele.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.

Bass.	Mawson,
Sneila Brooker.	Fae Lawson.
J. Vinall.	N. Moller.
Flinders.	Phillip. *
Sonja Ostlund.	Wilma Jackson.
Stanley Ostlund.	G. Edmondson.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Editor: Gwynneth Griffiths. Sub-Editor: Alan Turnbull.
Margaret Reid, Claire Gretton, R. J. Barnes, I. F. Moller, Barbara Burmeister, D. D. Graham, Jan Botterill, Beverley Jones, Deirdre Trainor.

Editorial

This will not be the usual type of editorial, as this is a very special occasion. For the first time in its history, the school has published a magazine. Therefore, as well as desiring the forbearance of our readers we, as the editors, feel some explanations should be offered, and some acknowledgments made.

The magazine proposes to be a record of every phase of our school life, to show our educational abilities and our sporting activities. In the "Original" section are examples of students' literary efforts in poetry and prose. It is hoped that next year we will be able to allot more space to this section.

The selection of a name for the magazine was a very important task. Since the source of Yallourn's prosperity is the electricity generated at the powerhouse, the committee believed that the name of the magazine should have some connection with electricity. Many suggestions were offered by students and staff, and finally the name "The Pylon" was

chosen. It was felt this name was symbolical of Yallourn, as pylons support the high-tension wires which carry electricity from Yallourn to many places in the State, and they are a dominating feature of our landscape.

Acknowledgment must be given here to the excellent work of the office clerk, Miss Doris Pearce, in typing the copy, and giving general assistance, and also to our Staff representative, without whom the magazine would never have been published. Thanks are due to the committee for their cooperation throughout the year in a task which was for all of us a breaking of new ground.

It is hoped that the magazine will become a permanent institution of the school, and will be carried on by the students each year. In accordance with the school motto, "Consilio et animis," if we have the courage to work for some ideal, and wisdom to do that work thoroughly, we will always gain that for which we strive.

Headmaster's Message

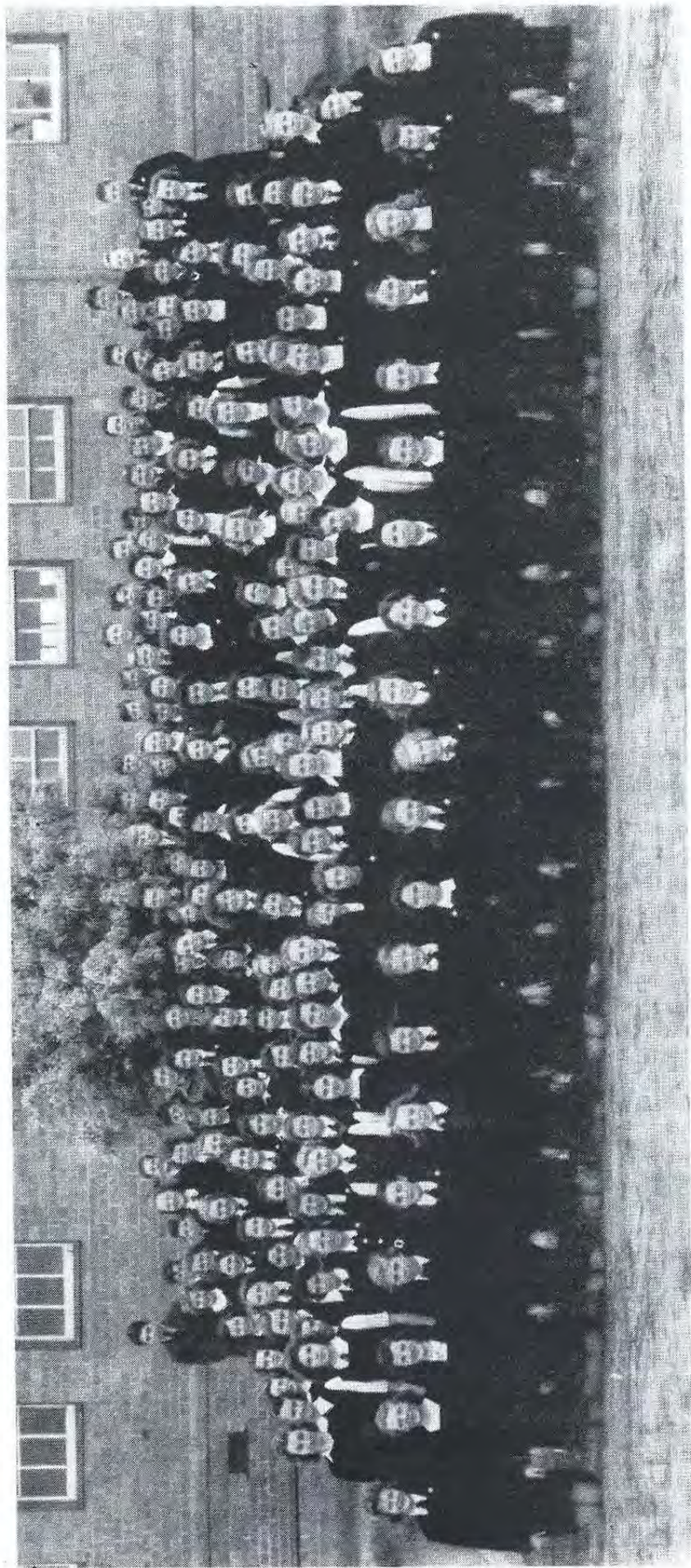
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Shakespeare—Julius Caesar.

From now until the end of the year, a number of students will be leaving school and taking up some form of employment, and thus entering into life with its varied experiences, opportunities and disillusionments; but to the majority of the students will fall the privilege of continuing at school, further pursuing their studies and developing their personalities. There was a time when the parent, as well as the student, looked forward with pleasant anticipation to the day for leaving school; but in these enlightened days, the tendency is growing for the student to remain at school as long as possible. Everyone is realizing more and more that our school days are the days of opportunity and are an essential preparation for our life's work, and as such require that greater attention be focussed upon them by all. Parents and citizens recognize that it is their responsibility to ensure that every facility is provided for educating the child, and it is for every school boy and school girl to accept their

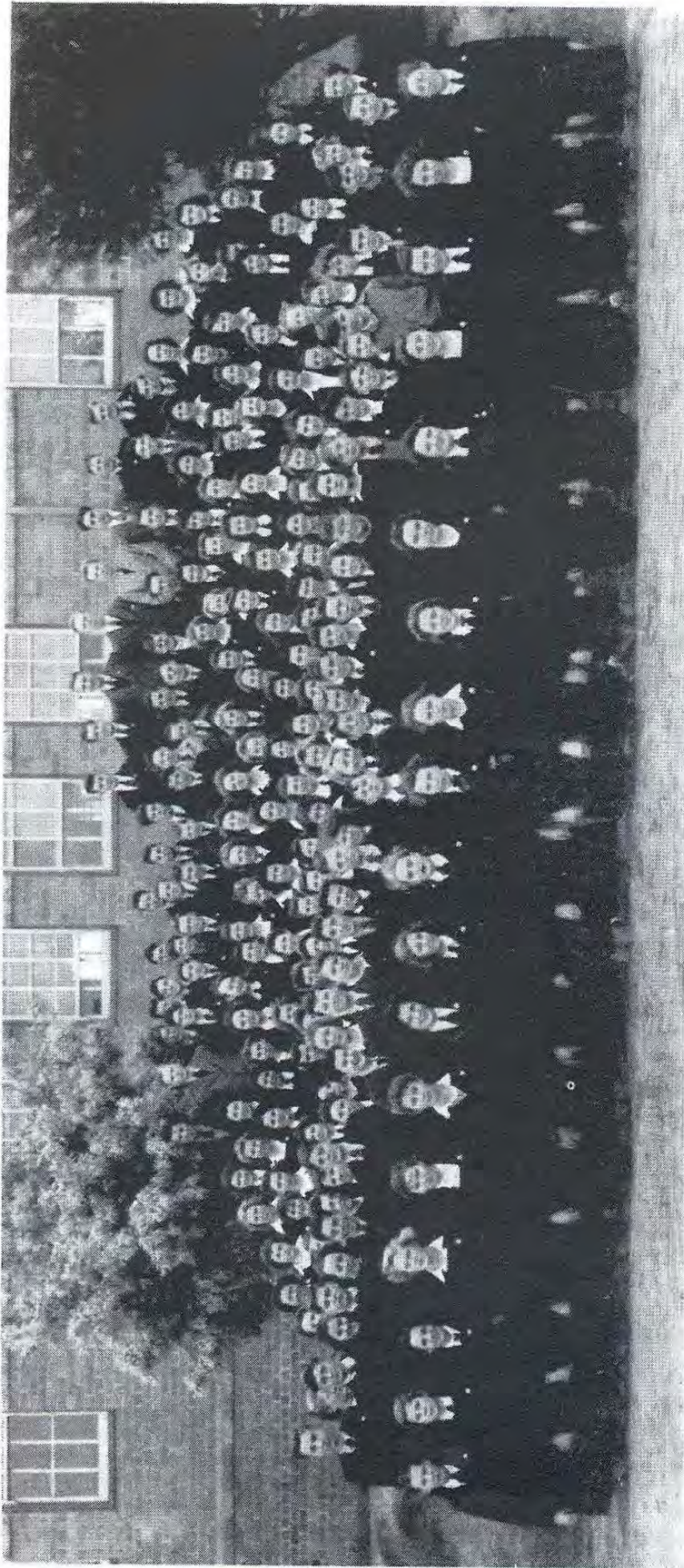
school days as a duty and as a pleasure and avail themselves, with interest and enthusiasm, of every opportunity for learning and advancement which the School system offers. Our school today not only provides the means of acquiring knowledge; but also of developing the character and personality of the student. It is a valuable training ground, and preparation for the future life of each student. If students would see their school in this light, they could rightly look to their school as a friend and a means to success in their life's work.

In the games we play and in the races we run at school, it is usually found that those who have trained the hardest and most enthusiastically are those who usually win. So, too, is it in life; those who make the best use of their school days are generally those who are best able to find congenial employment and render worthwhile service to the community in which they live.



JUNIOR STUDENTS — 1947

— ("Jay-Cee" Portraits).



SENIOR STUDENTS — 1947

—("Jay-Cee" Portraits).

Retrospect

DIARY 1947.

- February 4.—"For whom the bell tolls."
March 7.—Swimming Sports.
"The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold."
March 11.—Excursion to see Chemex Exhibition.
March 19.—Summer Sports at Warragul.
March 21.—Recital by University Conservatorium Students at Yallourn Theatre.
March 28.—Annual School Fair.
April 14.—Presentation of Badges to Prefects.
April 24.—School Anzac Day Commemoration.
April 28.—Presentation of a book to the School by Yallourn R.S.L.
May 1.—First Term Examinations.
"Calculus racked him."
May 7.—Excursion to the Power-house.
June 2.—"House-warming" in the hut.
June 18.—Visit from Traralgon H.E.S.
June 26.—Trial by Jury in Illab.
July 4.—Winter Sports Teams from Warragul.
July 9.—Visit to Sale.
July 16.—High School v. Technical School at football
August 27.—Soccer Match against Technical School.
Tree-planting Ceremony in honour of Princess Elizabeth.
August 28.—Staff v. School at Hockey.
"Muddied oafs at the goal."
September 17.—Parents' Day in Education Week.
September 23.—Excursion to Royal Melbourne Show.
September 27.—Excursion to "The Merchant of Venice."
October 9.—House Sports.
October 22.—Hospital Egg Appeal.
A lot of old hens in Flinders House.
October 25.—Combined Sports.
"So foul and fair a day I have not seen."
November 27.—Public Examinations.
"I wasted time and now doth time waste me."
December 16.—Speech Night.
December 17.—Staff v. Students at Cricket.
"Flannelled fools at the wicket."
December 18.—Christmas Vacation.

SOCIAL SERVICES.

During the year the school has made successful efforts for (1) Food for Britain Appeal, (2) Deaf and Dumb School, (3) Yallourn Hospital.

The school appreciates the magnificent services rendered to the students of today and tomorrow by the Ladies' Auxiliary, which works energetically to raise funds for school amenities, and by the Advisory Council, which has efficiently arranged for the spending of the money raised on garden seats, playground equipment, library book cases, a filing cabinet, wall pictures and books for the library.

The levelling-off of the grounds by the State Electricity Commission, after scars made by the air-raid shelters, has been a boon.



THE STAFF
—("Jay-Cee" Portraits).

GARDEN NOTES.

At the close of the war, the air-raid trenches had covered most of the area towards the front of the school, and heaps of clay covered the ground.

The filling-in of these — a major task in itself — was completed in 1946, and now spacious lawns cover the place.

The garden was re-organised this year with the aim of confining the major plots to shrubs and perennials, while two beds bordering the front path were to contain a show of annuals.

Each House has been allotted a section of the garden, and is responsible for its upkeep and tidiness.

Many new plants have been introduced, the most striking so far being the display of primulas at the approach to the school; but with the development of plants newly introduced, we may look forward to a very attractive show in the Summer and Autumn.

In order to improve the shape of the shade trees in the grounds, and to increase the playing area, the lower unshapely limbs of many have been removed, with a noticeable improvement in the attractiveness of the grounds as a whole. During the year, twenty Cootamundra wattle trees and one Queensland wattle tree have been planted, and should in future years provide a blaze of colour.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

We are proud of the fact that there are 17 Junior Scholarships, 11 Free Places, and 2 Teaching Scholarships held by students at our school.

The practical interest in the school shown by the Australian Paper Manufacturers and the State Electricity Commission in providing two Annual Scholarships each to the school, is greatly appreciated, and these scholarships are eagerly sought after.

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS

Before the urbane and benevolent Mr. Justice Shears, sighing heavily and spreading himself all over the table, at the Court of General Sessions on the twenty-sixth of June, 1947, appeared Pamela Esler, 94, mannequin, to answer a charge of having stolen a brindle Persian cat, the property of Miss Mary Mildern, 86, spinster, at pistol point. The accused, just to make it interesting, pleaded guilty.

The Crown Prosecutor, Mr. Donald Graham, perspiring freely, opened the case for the defence. He seemed to think it strange that people should go to the pictures and then to supper afterwards, which accused said happened on the night of the crime. P.C. Frederick Marr, a trifle nervous (it was his first case) rather got under the barrister's skin because he couldn't remember the time. But he did identify the accused as having dashed along the street armed with a bag full of cat. Now we're getting somewhere. Miss Mildern staggered blithely into the box, with the aid of a stick, remained prostrate for some minutes, wheezing weightily, and then recovered sufficiently to give a highly-coloured, grab-by-grab, description of the alleged outrage. Evidently she disliked the accused.

Harold Chessum, 95, professional footballer, saw nothing—he's shortsighted in the dark—but heard many screams, which, he opined, were probably emitted by a woman.

Lance Glaister, 83, steeplejack, said he took a girl to the pictures and amazed Mr. Graham and all concerned by saying he didn't know her name, but he was only bashful, natural in one so young. It turned out to be Mrs. Betty Ford, 76, a young widow. Goodness knows what Mr. Graham wanted to know all this for, but he did succeed in making Mrs. Ford blush prettily. Anyhow, Glaister saw the accused with a bag, which was moving. Mr. Graham felt pleased. Miss Marion O'Hara, counsel for the defence, asked Glaister a few snappy questions, but he knew the answers.

Miss O'Hara's witness, Miss Patricia Herriman, 105, tap dancer, and Mrs. Helen Johnston, 99, "pops" singer, both said they were with accused at the time of the alleged crime, attending a party with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Chisholm. Mrs. Chisholm (nee Rosalind Menadue) 73 H.D., corroborated this evidence, so did Donald, 85, ballet dancer. (He had to, he's scared of his wife).

The judge ponderously summed up and nobody was much the wiser, least of all the jury. However, after some little hesitation, they returned a verdict of guilty. (They were in a hurry to go to a dance. Their boy friends were waiting).

Judge Shears sentenced accused to the heavy penalty of seven hours.



PREFECTS

—("Jay-Cee" Portraits).

THE CHEMEX EXHIBITION

On Tuesday, March 11, the senior forms of the school went on an enjoyable and interesting excursion to the Chemex Exhibition in Melbourne. Accompanied by Mr. Priestly, the party left Moe in warm sunshine and high spirits, and when we met Miss Barclay in Melbourne the heat was already sweltering. The first stop was the Art Gallery, where everyone cooled off while the art students saw and, we hope, appreciated some of the notable exhibits. Then the party caught a bus, or rather, several buses, to the Exhibition Building. Inside the brilliantly-lit Exhibition was cool, and we set out to see everything.

The exhibition was really an advertisement of Australian chemical processes and of what Australia is doing in the chemical industry. There were many exhibits of the technical equipment, but the most interesting were the making of different kinds of plastics, sugar manufacture, and the making of films and pottery. Of familiar interest were exhibits by the State Electricity Commission of the Power Station at Yallourn, and a model showing the manufacture of paper at Maryvale. Another interesting demonstration was carried out with liquid air. Eggs were fried and flowers and fruit frozen to brittleness by immersion in liquid air and this was of particular interest to the chemistry class. In the centre of the hall, a pendulum swung from the dome with a slow changeless grace, illustrating the revolution of the earth. So varied were the exhibits that everyone who went learnt something helpful.

All too soon, time came to leave and everybody managed to catch the train carrying us back to school and work. Everybody found this excursion interesting and what is just as important, everybody had a very enjoyable time.

On 14th May, the first social, and a highly successful one (if noise is any indication), was conducted by the prefects in the A.T.C. Hall. Mr. Priestly and a large squad of junior boys had laboured mightily to achieve the excellent floor. A few scattered ink-stains bore mute witness of the use to which the hall was usually put. The duties of Master of Ceremonies were capably rendered by our rehabilitation student, Graeme Trigg, who kept the fun moving. The outstanding feature of the evening was the Mock Wedding presented by several glamorous senior boys. With the addition of some unrehearsed incidents, it proved most entertaining. The Staff waltz competition was appropriately won by that dignified couple, Miss Callinan and Mr. Graham, who had undoubtedly been practising hard for the event.

The second social was an equally popular event. It was held in the school on August 27. This time, the position of Master of Ceremonies was held by Mr. Young, whose stentorian bellow was frequently heard echoing eerily around many "murky niches" and the gloomy quadrangles. We are very grateful to Miss Stuart, who supplied excellent music for the dancing. The dancing was varied by games, into which certain lady members of the Staff threw themselves recklessly.

There is no doubt at all that evenings such as these, when we are all in our party dress, and when the Staff joins in our pleasure, contribute a great deal to the pleasure of our school life.

—"NIGHT BIRD."

EXAMINATION RESULTS—1946.

Matriculation—

- English Expression—6 passes.
- English Literature—4 passes.
- French—1 Hons., 1 pass.
- History—3 passes.
- Geography—3 passes.
- Physics—1 pass.

Leaving Certificate—

Eight students obtained passes in 5 or more subjects.

Intermediate Certificate—

Thirty students obtained passes in the Intermediate Certificate.

Leaving Certificate—

The following students obtained their Leaving Certificates in 1946: S. Brooker, R. McGowan, M. Reid, J. Bowman, G. Edmondson, S. Ostlund, T. Stevenson, G. Price, A. Cook. 6.

Intermediate Certificates—

The following certificates were obtained in Intermediate in 1946: G. Chancellor, L. Evans, M. Ferguson, C. Garvin, D. McRae, K. O'Brien, M. Alexander, E. Lapham, E. Pratt, P. Turner, J. Wiggins, R. Barnes, L. Melbourne, R. Selby-Hele, W. Squires, A. Turnbull, B. Baker, B. Comber, C. Gretton, G. Griffiths, K. Hayes, B. James, E. Lawson, M. Maddern, N. Wilkinson, K. Cooper, S. Ostlund.

On Friday 11th, 1947, there was recorded at widely scattered observatories between the hours of 1 and 4 p.m. some interference in the revolution of the earth, with consequent effects on the march of the seasons. Compared with this event of greatest magnitude, the cataclysm of a tottering empire was but the falling of an autumn leaf. Readers will readily recognise that I refer to the opening of the Girl Prefects' Room in the A.T.C. In this room was laid on snowy linen, a repast which, for gastronomic anticipation, surpassed a Roman Saturnalia. Intermingling with the pungent vapours from a spirit burner were the more titillating odours of hexagons of ham and circles of sausage. Frilly green lettuce with the coolness of sea-weed reposed in meticulous pyramids on white plates. Bubbling on the burner was a brown fluid, a close relative of tea. To charm the eye, various muscular (and otherwise) film stars glamoured in suspended animation from the walls. The mural decorations were enhanced by filmy curtains, which served the ulterior purpose of keeping out the ubiquitous fly. At the end, the scene somewhat resembled the M.C.G. at the end of a football final. A disillusioned teapot squatted wearily on a dirty plate, a few dishevelled pieces of lettuce floated languidly on the turgid waters of the wash basin. We were irresistibly reminded of a banquet in which Macbeth had seen a ghost, and the prefects may well ask with that famous Scot, "Which of you have done this?"

THE SCHOOL BAZAAR

On Friday, March 28, a very successful bazaar was held at the school. At 1.45 p.m. Mr. Chisholm officially declared the bazaar open, and from then until 4 p.m. the money flowed in freely. Altogether the sum of £64 was raised, and this will be used to purchase more equipment for the school.

Numerous stalls were conducted by the members of the staff, who were ably assisted by members of the Ladies' Auxiliary, together with students of the school. As the weather was rather warm, soft drinks and ice-cream were probably the most popular item on sale. The surplus stocks from the flower and produce stalls were donated to the Yallourn Hospital.

A highlight of the afternoon's activities was a well-run group of sideshows. A most efficient Postal Service operated, and many and varied were the articles delivered. For that day only, Room 3 became a Chamber of Horrors from whence there came a series of discordant sounds intermingled with the shrieks and cries of the "victims."

From 2.30 p.m. onwards a very pleasant Devonshire Tea was served in the Art Room, and this proved very popular with the visitors to the school.

It can be safely said that an enjoyable, if somewhat exhausting, afternoon was spent by all, and we can be justly proud of the result achieved.

OUR SCHOOL BUS SERVICE.

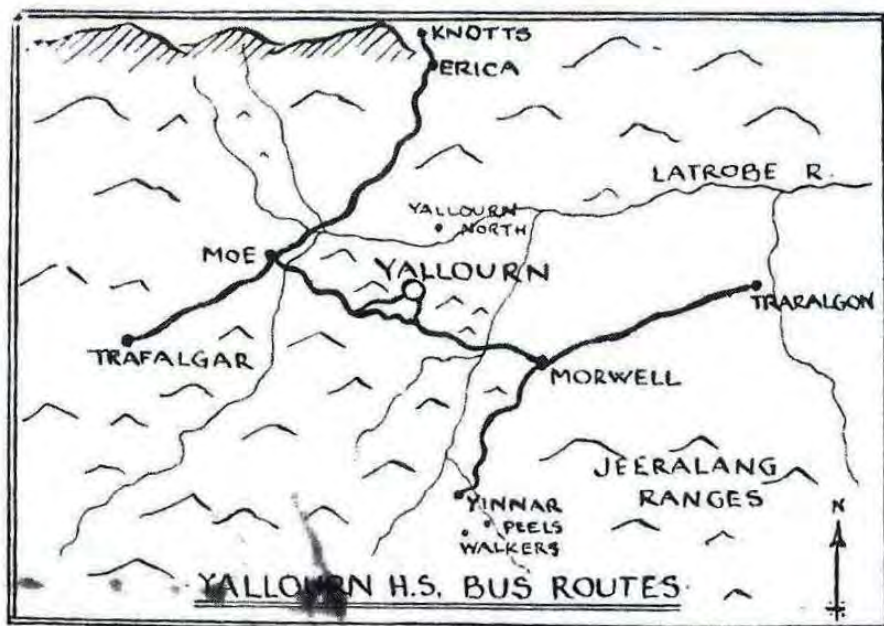
Our school is favoured with an excellent bus service. Twelve buses arrive daily, from Erica (1)—27 miles, Trafalgar (2)—12 miles, Moe (3)—6 miles, Yinnar (1)—14 miles, Traralgon (1)—14 miles, Morwell (3)—6 miles, Yallourn North (1)—3 miles.

In all, there are 220 students attending our school who are bus travellers. Some marathon travelling performances are recorded by Sylvia Firmin, 12 years 5 months, who leaves home at 7.45 a.m., cycles 6 miles every morning to meet the bus; and Anne Derham, 12 years 6 months, leaves home at

7.30 a.m. and walks two miles to catch a timber bus, then travels seven miles to catch the school bus.

Grace Walker, Norman Paynter, Ronald Dalton, Keith Harrison, Florence and Ethel Peel, and Peter Farmer all cycle more than four miles to meet their bus. The bus travellers from Erica, 1321 feet above sea level, leave home at 7.30 a.m. (sometimes in the snow) to make their bus journey to school.

The bus services are greatly appreciated, especially by those who live away from the main highways.



LIBRARY NOTES.

Lack of space prevents us at present from having in our school a real library—a room where students, during their leisure periods, could browse among the books and magazines, and where, during lessons, they could be trained to seek information for themselves, and know the triumph the explorer knows when he discovers a new land.

But, in the meantime, students find pleasure in borrowing and reading the books contained in the Junior and Senior libraries. A small committee renders assistance in checking and repairing books in the junior library. They appeal to every boy and girl to treasure the books as they would jewels of rare value.

Since the beginning of 1946 books to the value of approximately £170 have been added to the libraries. All tastes have been catered for.

Budding artists can learn from the "How to Draw" series; lovers of animals delight in "Black Beauty"; those interested in the romance of famous lives can read about Madame Curie in "The Radium Woman," or Louis Pasteur in "The Microbe Man"; music-lovers revel in the lives of Mozart and Handel; the young lad yearning for adventure thrills to Richard Halliburton's books of travel; the practical girl consults the book "101 Things for

PEN FRIENDS.

During the year, Forms 1a and 1b Geography classes made Pen Friends with students at the Penong State School, South Australia, and also Sea Lake and Western Tyers, Victoria, and have exchanged samples of products.

Penong is the terminus of the West Coast railway from Port Lincoln. It is 60 miles from the port of Thevenard, on Denial Bay. Penong produces 10,000 tons of salt and much gypsum per annum, and exports its products to New Zealand. The salt is gathered in the summer when the lakes are dry, and crushed in winter.

Sea Lake is in the Mallee, Victoria, and is noted for wheat and salt.

West Tyers is famed for its tall mountain ash timber and its saw mills.

a Girl to Make." The attractiveness of these and many other volumes will be more apparent now that a new set of shelves, with sliding glass doors, has been provided for the Senior Library. Books should not be locked up in dark cupboards; they should be allowed to reveal their beauty to the eager young readers anxious to feast their eyes and minds upon them.

EX-STUDENTS of 1945—16.

Our Magazine scouts have compiled the following list of ex-students. To those whose names have been omitted, or whose activities are wrongly reported, we express our regrets. All ex-students, whatever they are doing, or wherever they may be, have the best wishes of the School of 1947 for their success and happiness.

DIANA THOMAS, MARGARET BURLEY, and ALAN COOK have joined the Education Department and are at Yallourn, Morwell and Forrest Schools.

ERIC MILLS is attending a Melbourne school, while GORDON HAMILTON has taken his talents to 3UL.

JIM BOWMAN and GEORGE MATFIN are counting out the money in the Commonwealth Bank.

ALAN MORRISON is herd-testing, and RUTH McGOWAN is going nursing.

GORDON PRICE is doing Matriculation at Melbourne High School, while DOROTHY STAYCHES and BEVERLEY TURNER are serving the ends of justice in solicitors' offices.

Ex-students are performing a variety of functions in the S.E.C. — ALEX. LEVISTON, KEN COOPER, JIM WATT, PAT DUNLOP, BILL THOMSON are on the clerical staff, while BARBARA BAKER, BARBARA COMBER, THELMA SHARMAN, GRETA CHANCELLOR, DAWN McRAE, the O'BRIEN twins, NORMA BYRON, MARGARET FOX, GEORGINA GILCHRIST, WILMA

GRIFFITHS, ROBERTA O'BERN, MARJORIE MANNERS, AILSA MOORE, SYLVIA RAINBOW, ELMA RAMAGE play on typewriters.

The following ex-students will be found at A.P.M.: NORMA BURDETT, EUNICE PARKHILL, BETTY CURNOW, ELLENOR WALLACE.

In the nursing profession will be found SYLVIA BEULKE, JOAN McMASTER, JOAN POLLOCK, MARGE MADDERN, MARIE COLLINS.

Also with the S.E.C. are MALCOLM CHAMBERLAIN, WARWICK SQUIRES, and NANCY SMITH. JEANNETTE WIGGINS, JUNE MOULD are comptometrists, while CHRIS GARVIN does tracings with the S.E.C. ELAINE LAPHAM is doing accounts, while MELVA ALEXANDER may be found in a Morwell garage. MICHAEL MATTHEWS is in the Commonwealth Bank, while we haven't been able to trace REG. MORRISON. VALMA LANIGAN and ELAINE WALTERS are at La Mode's factory.

AUDREY STAGG is a shop assistant; DENISE VINALL, GENA GIBSON are clerks; JANET WATSON is at St. Anne's College, Sale. CORAL GOODING and JEAN PUDNEY are engaged in home duties, while EVELYN FOWLER has joined the School Staff as office clerk. DOUGLAS WILLIAMSON won a scholarship to Wesley College, and BERYL and JOHN TREMAIN are at Geelong High School.

Shirley Williams
W. J. Mees



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Brisby

W. M. Hardie

A. Jensen

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SWIMMING SPORTS 1947

The members of Mawson House will, in the future, probably refer to the 1947 swimming sports of March 7th, as the "Glorious Seventh." When they won these sports they had their first major sports victory.

Bad weather caused the postponement of the sports from Wednesday to Friday. The sports were held in the morning, in rather cool and cloudy weather. The scene at first was rather a sombre one, but some bright colour was provided by the attire of the feminine members of the staff. Morale was undoubtedly raised, and the competitors appeared in their togs, while the sun shone feebly, in accordance with the prediction of One Who Knows.

Competitors were kept to the mark by the starters and races ran to schedule—a notable achievement. The spectators gave enthusiastic support to representatives of their own houses, and some risked a wetting in order to urge certain people to "come on."

Those who were fortunate enough to win an event were treated with great respect and admiration by their house, while the unsuccessful cheerfully reflected that everyone can't win.

THE COMBINED SPORTS.

Because of adverse weather conditions, the Combined Sports were postponed until Wednesday, 29th October, and even then the weather was not all that it might have been. Nevertheless, the track was in excellent condition, and many new records were made. The organisation of the sports was carried out in a capable manner by the Yallourn Technical School.

As usual, competition was very keen between the rival schools, and some excellent displays of sportsmanship were given. In the girls' team events in particular, the Yallourn High School excelled and proved the old saying, practice makes perfect. The boys also did very well, and were always amongst the place-getters.

A fitting climax to the day was provided by a spectacular display of marching by all four schools. Just as the girls were taking up their positions, the heaviest downpour of the afternoon occurred. However, undaunted by this fact, the girls marched past the judges with military precision. Yallourn girls were just beaten by Warragul girls for first place, but the boys made up for this disappointment by winning their event in fine style.

The grand aggregate resulted in a win for Warragul, but both senior boys and girls won their sections, and we are hoping for even greater successes next year.



CRICKET TEAM

—("Jay-Cee" Portraits).

HOUSE SPORTS.

The school was fortunate to have a fine day for the sports which were held on the 9th of October. The arena had been well prepared, and had sufficient time to dry following rain earlier in the week. The wind caused a little inconvenience to high jumpers and those members of the Staff who worried over coiffure.

The events followed each other in quick succession, and competition was keen between the Houses, judging from the volume of local encouragement given.

Several sprint and jump records were broken during the afternoon. After the athletic events had taken place, a marching competition was held, and was judged by Mr. Blackwood. Mawson House won this event, although Flinders' boys, with their uniform dress, really stole the show from the remainder of the boys' Houses.

The largest number of points for the sports was gained by Phillip House, followed by Bass, Mawson, and Flinders Houses in that order.

BASS HOUSE.

I would like to congratulate our House for the keenness and enthusiasm shown in the duties of the House this year. Although not particularly strong at sport, we were able to fill the places of four of the school's senior football eighteen and two of the Cricket Eleven. Our House, in first term, secured the Social Service honours, and in both terms, the gardening, which I am sure we would not have obtained except for the work of our House Master, Mr. Farrelly. Altogether, I am sure that the House has lived up to its historical name.

Under the excellent supervision of our House Mistress, Miss Hewitt, the girls have co-operated

well, and another successful year of House attainments is expected. Although placed fourth in the swimming sports, we made up for this by winning the Social Service in first term. During the second term, the girls won their section of the winter sports—basketball, hockey and rounders—losing only two matches. Bass House had eight representatives in the school tennis, rounders and soft-ball teams which played Warragul, and seven girls came from this House when hockey and basketball teams went to Sale.

FLINDERS HOUSE.

Under the excellent guidance of Miss Dawson, the House has co-operated well, and we are hopeful for a successful year. In the beginning of the year we were placed third in the swimming sports. During term one, softball and rounder teams went to Warragul, four of the representatives being from Flinders, and six girls were from this House, when hockey and basketball teams went to Sale. The House basketball teams did not meet with much success, but the hockey did well, losing only two games.

As we have headed the aggregate for the first two terms, a successful year is predicted. This has only been achieved by the co-operation of the House and the untiring efforts of our House Master, Mr. P. Priestly. In the swimming sports we fared satisfactorily, but improved the position by winning all senior cricket matches.

We had five representatives in the school cricket eleven. In the drill competition we were placed second. The football results for the House were satisfactory, as we came third on the League ladder, and had four representatives in the school eighteen.

MAWSON HOUSE.

Our activities throughout the year have been most successful, largely due to the spirit of co-operation and the excellent guidance of our House-master, Mr. Price. We had six representatives in the school football team and two in the school cricket team. The football premierships in both senior and junior sections were won by Mawson, and, with the girls, we won the inter-House swimming sports. At the end of first term a drill and marching competition was held, and Mawson once again took the honours.

Thanks to the help and supervision of our House-mistress, Miss Stephens, and to the co-operation of the girls in Mawson House, we have passed a successful year in sport. In term one we came out on top in two events—the swimming sports and the marching. Our senior softball team were easily premiers, being beaten only once throughout the term. Half of the school softball team consisted of girls from our House. Our senior basketball team were also unbeaten premiers, and nine girls from this House represented the school in inter-school matches.



FOOTBALL TEAM

—("Jay-Cee" Portraits).

PHILLIP HOUSE.

This year, Phillip boys have been most successful in their many sports competitions, due to their team spirit and the careful guidance of their House-master, Mr. Mee. Their outstanding achievement was the victory in the House Sports, and, with the girls, the winning of the coveted grand aggregate. For the third year in succession the boys won their section of the swimming sports, only to be beaten in the aggregate. After striving hard, we managed to gain second place in the football ladder. Four of our boys represented the school in the senior football team, and three in the cricket eleven.

Phillip girls this year have had a fairly successful run, having in the course of it, won second place in the swimming sports, and, with the boys, the sport aggregate for first term. In second term, scholarship was our strong point, and with that we attained a second place in the grand aggregate. We had two representatives in both the school hockey and basketball teams, and were well represented in inter-school competitions. Mrs. Guatta has been a very loyal House-mistress, and we have also to thank Miss Gillard for her additional help in training for marching and sports.

GIRLS' SPORT — 1917.

In the school of sport this year, Yallourn High School girls have been outstanding, having gained altogether eight wins and a draw out of a possible eleven wins; Warragul High School, Traralgon Higher Elementary School and Sale High School all having been "fields of battle."

In first term, inter-school matches in summer sport were played at Warragul—tennis, softball and rounders—tennis and softball emerging victorious. Second term saw a visit from Traralgon for winter sports; Yallourn were once more the victors, having won hockey and basketball teams.

Later in the term came a visit from Warragul which was to decide which teams would be premiers

in their particular branch of sport. Yallourn gained a premiership for basketball and an equal premiership in hockey (hockey having once more tied with their old rivals).

A social visit to Sale High School saw the hockey team win once more, and the surprise defeat of the premier basketball team.

The success of the Yallourn teams this year has been due, I think, to many factors—good teamwork, plenty of practice, good coaches, and above all, good sportsmanship. It is to be hoped that this high standard will be kept up to the credit of the school next year, and in years to come.

BOYS' INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS.

The year 1947 has seen a successful series of inter-school matches. The Central Gippsland Secondary Schools' Football League was conducted between Yallourn Technical, Warragul High, Traralgon H.E.S., and, of course, Yallourn High.

By comfortably defeating Traralgon H.E.S. at Yallourn, we received the right to play the winner of the Warragul High-Yallourn Technical match for the premiership. The Technical School won the grand final, played on a wet, cold day. The whole school came down and cheered us on, and, considering the size of our team, we put up a good showing. Sale High School invited us to Sale for a social match, which we won narrowly after an exciting game.

At the time of writing this, there has only been one cricket match played, which we won against Warragul High by two runs and eight wickets. Yallourn High elected to bat, and had three wickets down for 74 runs, which was all time would allow. In the afternoon, Warragul batted, and were dismissed for 72, giving us a comfortable win. The Yallourn Technical School has also challenged us to a cricket match, but the date is yet to be fixed.

Near the end of second term the first soccer match played by the Yallourn High was held against Yallourn Technical, but we were beaten two goals to one.

ATHLETIC RECORDS.

At the Annual House Sports the following records were established:—

Boys (Senior):

Long Jump: S. Ostlund, 18 ft. 1 in.
High Jump: N. Moller, 5 ft.
220 Yards: J. Briese, 25.2 secs.
880 Yards: J. Briese, 2 mins. 34.6 secs.

Intermediate:

Long Jump: A. Turnbull, 16 ft.
High Jump: A. Turnbull, 5 ft. 1 in.



HOCKEY TEAM

—("Jay-Cee" Portraits).

Sub-Intermediate:

220 Yards: H. Chessum, 27 secs.

Junior:

Long Jump: K. Fowler, 14 ft. 2 in.
Tunnel Ball: Phillip House, 30 secs.
220 Yards: B. Harmer, 27.6 secs.

Girls (Senior):

Cross Ball: Bass House, 62.7 secs.
Hockey Relay: Bass House, 1.27 mins.

Intermediate:

Cross Ball: Phillip House, 64 secs.
Hockey Relay: Flinders House, 1.21 mins.

Junior:

Cross Ball: Phillip House, 70 secs.
Hockey Relay: Bass House, 1.3 mins.

At the Gippsland Secondary Schools' Sports Meeting at Yallourn on October 25, the following school competitors were successful:

Boys (under 16):

220 Yards: D. Graham.
High Jump: A. Turnbull (5 ft. 2 in.—a record).

Under 18:

100 Yards: J. Briese.
220 Yards: C. Cullen (24.6 secs.—a record).
440 Yards: J. Briese.
880 Yards: R. Stevenson.

Team Events: Marching.

Girls:

Under 16: 100 Yards: A. Burne.
Under 18: 75 Yards: F. Lawson.
Team Events: Under 14: Hockey Relay, Cross-Ball.
Under 16: Cross-Ball.
Under 18: Flag Relay, Cross-Ball.



Form Notes

FORM VI

With Mr. Mee as our form master the form was unsettled because of the change in abodes. Our first form room was the A.T.C. Hall, but with winter's appearance the form room was established in the Art Room, where, if one tires of being reprimanded for not having won the banner, one can feast one's eyes on the gaudy colour schemes which adorn the walls.

There are three girls and four boys in the form this year and although we are the smallest form we can boast of having five prefects and four house captains selected from our ranks. Although the fact that we are few in numbers has its good points our main grievances lie in the fact that we 'enjoy' History, French and English with the noise of the sewing machines trying to rival the speaker.

Except for occasional chalk fights and the inquisitive nose of a brown and white dog being poked in the door, form life passes quietly enough. We appreciate the entertainment offered by Noel and Gavan when they indulge in a kind of wrestling, which generally ends by either one or the other sitting on the floor. In a few years we expect to see these budding young wrestlers in the Stadium.

Life among the girls passes quietly enough and there is great joy when someone says a thing and Margaret doesn't have the last word.

However, our form life has been very happy and we extend our thanks to Mr. Mee and the rest of the staff.

ANN GRIFFITHS.

FORM V.

Despite claims to the contrary, Form V firmly believes that it is the most talented form in the school. The standard of English is very high, and quotations of Shakespeare are often heard on the lips of students. A certain member of the class always addresses his female form mates as "How now, you secret black and midnight hags"? The music of Fae, the poetry of Ian, the extensive learning of Gwynneth and the wrestling commentaries of Leon are duly appreciated by the form.

The form has attempted to live up to the reputation that it must supply leaders in all sections of school life. Three house captains and five prefects are drawn from this noble form. The boys consider themselves superior, Alan carrying off the position of dux each term. Girls point out, however, that the editress of this magazine is drawn from their ranks. Form V. always works hard for



TENNIS AND ROUNDERS TEAMS
—("Jay-Cee" Portraits).

the term socials and many blush to think of the mistletoe dance.

During the year the subjects we enjoyed most were:—Hydrogen peroxide and its uses; Scotch immigration and the failure of the Irish potato crop. Effects of the international situation are felt in the form, and a Scotch-Irish Welsh feud has begun. This year's Form V will have many stirring memories such as the sound of Nola's violin and Bob's hob-nailed boots on the concrete.

In conclusion, the form would like to thank their form teacher, Mr. Mee, for tolerating them. His words of wisdom will never be forgotten by the Form V of 1947—"Something is rotten in the State of Denmark."

—John Barnes.

FORM IVAB.

This Form comprises twenty-three girls and twelve boys. It is not the biggest Form IV in the school's record, but is reputed to be the laziest.

Our illustrious Form has Room 7 as its Form room, and each Monday we collect there for an assembly, over which Miss Stephens, our Form Mistress, presides.

This assembly is held to discuss Form matters, while sometimes a "pep" talk is given by our Form teacher to stir up lazy monitors. This weekly gathering is considerably cheered by casual remarks the Form wag often passes.

Recently IVc left our company, and we greatly deplore the loss of the pleasant store of gossip they held.

Miss Stephens is very helpful, and her efforts are untiring. She also goes to a great deal of trouble, trying to improve the Form and its standard, for which we thank her very much.

—Jill Botterill,
Lyle Hopkins.

FORM IVc.

Room 10, an old Army hut, is where you find IVc, and a splendid room it is, though rather cold in winter.

Under the helpful guidance of Miss Barclay we try to keep our room clean and tidy, and have succeeded in winning a vase during the first term. As for our work, we are told we try hard, and are especially proud of the sewing some of our girls have done. Others have represented the school in basketball and hockey teams against other schools. We are all striving to get our Intermediate Certificate this year, and I am sure we'll all finish up excellent housekeepers.

—Valma Hamilton.

FORM IIIAB.

We work industriously in Room 4, which is our Form room. We have had two new students in our Form this term. A very interesting and amusing event occurred during second term. The Form presented a mock trial during a History period, which was enjoyed by all who were present.

Our Form consists of forty-three students (eleven boys), and you can work out for yourself just how many girls. The Form is divided up into two sections, 3A and 3B. While 3B is studying Commercial Principles and Shorthand, 3A go to another room to study Mathematics and Science.

The Form would like to stress their appreciation to Miss Hewitt, who has done a great deal of work for her Form during the time she has been with us.

—Laurie Sidebottom,
Harold Chessum.

FORM IIIc.

Girls of Form 3c come from Room 11, which is one of the nicest rooms in the school. Room 11 is the needle-work room, and is one of the rooms which were added to the school this year.

We have been very lucky in having as our Form teacher, Miss Jensen, who has helped us in all our efforts to be of assistance to the Staff and Headmaster.

There are twenty-three girls in the Form, and I am sure we are very efficient at our work. At the beginning of the year we were given, by the last year's Form 3c, three very nice vases and a picture, for which we are very grateful.

We hope to be successful enough this year to add some more vases and pictures to the ones which we already have.

—Fay Bryant.

FORM II.A

This is 2A wishing you a very successful school year. Form 2 is divided into two parts—Form 2B and 2A. We have succeeded in winning the Form-room banner twice, and hope to have it hanging at the back of our Form-room again. Room 2 (the



SOFTBALL TEAM

—(“Jay-Cee” Portraits).

Science room is our Form-room, and, seeing that most of Form 2A were in Form 1A last year, and we then had Room 2 as our Form-room, we have become quite attached to it. We would like to thank Mr. Price very sincerely for giving us so much help. On behalf of Form 2A, as Form-captains, we would like to thank Mr. Priestly for doing various things to our Form-room that have been a great help to us.

—Audrey Savige,
Max Woollard.

FORM IIb.

Hullo, everybody! This is the yearly round-up of 2B's efforts. We have Miss Alway as a Form teacher, and she has been very helpful to us in many ways.

There are forty-eight pupils in 2B, and they are all girls. Consequently, you can imagine we are a very quiet Form. If we are not the best Form in the school, at least we are all happy.

We acted some of our English plays this year, and discovered we have much dramatic talent in the Form.

We are proud that some of the girls in our Form are in the hockey team, and some in the basketball teams that play other schools.

We have had a number of successes in the Form-room Cup Competition, and at singing we excel. You will find us all in Form 3 next year.

—Florence Peel.

FORM I.a.

We are the youngest Form in the school, but we are the most enthusiastic. Under the able supervision of Mr. Priestly, our Form teacher, we endeavour to keep our Form-room tidy and neat, and satisfy Miss Callinan—a difficult job. In spite of this, we have won the Form-room banner more often than some senior Forms.

Form 1 is reputed to be the largest Form, and our names grace the conduct book very often; but we have lots of fun.

—Fay White,
H. Greenway.

FORM 1B.

We have just come to the Yallourn High School this year, and are still getting used to High School life. Perhaps that is why we are the best-behaved Form in the school. We are having many new subjects this year, and are most interested in them. French is still foreign to us, but most of the Form can tell a straight line from a curve.

We are represented in junior tennis teams, but aren't big enough to have members in the senior teams. However, we make up for this in other ways. The Form-room banner has hung in our Form-room (Room 6) several times.

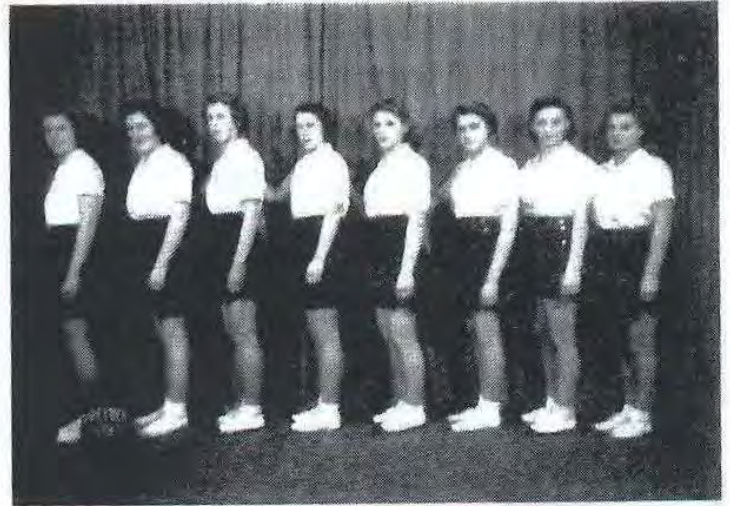
Most of us hope to be in Form 2 next year, and we are looking forward to it. During the year our Form teacher (Mr Farrelly) has ruled us with an iron hand, but we have had a very happy year. We will never forget it!

—Beverly Bond.
Brian Harmer.

FORM 1c.

This is Form 1c describing to you the doings of the Form during the year.

Our Form consists of forty-six girls, who have Room 8 as their Form-room. We are afraid that our room did not look quite so gay in the winter, when we were finding it difficult to get flowers, but we try to keep it decorated.



BASKETBALL TEAM

—(“Jay-Cee” Portraits).

During the year, we went on an excursion to the Yallourn Reservoir, which was very interesting.

Some of the girls in our Form were fortunate to be chosen to play in the rounder team at Warragul.

Many thanks to our Form teacher, Miss Dawson, who has been most helpful to us.

—Pat Foster.



"Original"

MURRAY JOURNEY

High up among the snow-covered slopes of the Alps, a tiny stream trickles over the rocks, the beginning of a great river. With the melting of the summer snows it grows to a rushing river, swollen on its downward journey by tributaries from the indomitable ring of glistening peaks which are the Alps. It flows on its way to the far-distant sea through these upland plateaux where wild brumbies roam, and raucous cockatoos screech into the night from the dead gums. Here, always, in the background lies Kosciusko like a giant wave curling and breaking against the sky.

Then the river leaves behind the snow and mists and comes to a land of rolling emerald-green pastures dotted with fluffy white sheep, where its youthful sprightliness slackens to a majestic and peaceful progress. Soon it widens to a great flood and comes to Albury where its mighty power is harnessed and its swirling restiveness is controlled for man's purposes. From here it cuts sheer across the south of Australia where it flows peacefully for hundreds of miles, now bottomless and dark, now shallow with treacherous sand banks. These lie as traps for the old river-boats which chug along with wool and fruit for the South, as much a part of the river as its tree-lined grassy banks.

Nearing the end of its journeying, the river enters a region of sunshine and row upon row of orchards. Here its waters are the lifeblood of the dusty, chocolate soil which produces the luscious fruits for which Mildura is famous. Soon, with a quickening of pace, its water yellow and opaque like a clouded crystal, the river reaches its destination, the sea. Out from Lake Alexandrina it flows to meet the frothy breakers which crash a roar of welcome on the shell-strewn beach.

To the three States it traverses in its 1200-mile journey it is an invaluable asset, not only for the use of its waters by man, but because it symbolises the spirit of the country in its peacefulness and constancy, bringing a message of hope that from a small beginning can grow a thing of might and beauty.

A. Turnbull,
Form V.

THE SWAGMAN.

Down the track comes a jolly old swaggy.
His shirt is blue and his trousers baggy.
Over his shoulder a swag he carries;
Where'er he goes he always carries.
The swaggy's mongrel is thin and lean,
But with the swaggy he's always seen.
A long, long road is the swaggy's way,
And a long, long road he travels all day.

—RON WADE (1a).

ODE TO A PHYSICS EXAMINATION

Tho' this world is racked by many fears,
There is none which can compare
With the horror of a Physics test;
—Thank heaven they are rare!

The hapless pupil has (perhaps)
Prepared for the exam;
The types are varied; here is found
The "swotter" and the "cram."

While these hateful creatures sit
And write with all their vigour,
The so-called "dullards" sit and gaze
With eyes that yet grow bigger—

To see such wealth of knowledge there
They truly are astonished;
To bring them to the things on hand,
They truly are admonished.

With heartfelt groans they take their pens,
And to their toil return,
To ponder over Joule and Boyle—
(Whom they were supposed to learn)

With heavy hearts they then descend
Into the depths of hate;
Such things as S.T.P. to them
Will never penetrate.

Why should they have to sit and think
On things beyond their ken—
For Archimedes and the like
Shall never know their pen.

And, as I write this little ode,
My brow is wrought with sorrow;
I hope I have been misinformed—
There's a physics test tomorrow!

Ian Moller,
Form V.



PRELUDE

Even now, as an old man, I cannot hear the Rachmaninoff Prelude in C sharp minor, without shuddering.

For this, though a magnificent and awe-inspiring piece of music, reminds me of my last music teacher. I was quite young when he first came into my life, but I shall never forget my first glimpse of him. In those days we lived some distance from a town, and it was arranged that I should have my lessons at home. On the night of my first lesson with the new teacher a terrific storm was raging. The wind shrieked and roared round the house, the rain poured down in one wind-driven torrent, while the thunder crashed and growled fiercely and continuously.

During a lull in the storm, I heard a knocking at the door. Slowly and with some trepidation, I opened it, for, you must remember, I was young and still clung to the childish fear of storms and darkness. Suddenly, there was a dreadful crash of thunder, preceded by a brilliant flash of lightning and, for an instant, I caught sight of my music master. He had stood, illumined in the weird bluish light of the lightning, a tall, stooped figure, with clothes which hung on him like coffin draperies. He had a long narrow face, practically bloodless, with thin colourless lips, pale watery bluish eyes.

This I saw in the lightning flash, and even then I had begun to be terrified of him. He entered the room, which seemed to become larger and more chill, and from the shadows cast by the flickering candles on the piano, there seemed to be coming little movements and whisperings, as if the Things Unknown had awakened at his entering. Then, my music master smiled.

That, I think, completed my terrifying picture of him, for his smile was as chill as the grave; he drew his thin lips back over his long yellow fangs of teeth, and grimaced—all he could possibly produce in the way of a smile. It never failed to send a chill shivering down my spine, and to produce a hollow feeling at the pit of my stomach. How, I thought to myself, could a creature such as this possibly teach music. I soon found out. He had me terrified so completely, that I dared not be in any degree lax with my practice. This was a change to me, whose previous teacher had been lenient. Thus, he urged me on during seemingly endless months of his reign. He had only to smile, in his horrible fashion, and I was willing to do anything rather than face that again. There was nothing more terrifying than that smile.

I had nothing whatever about him, where he had come from, or where he lived, nor was I anxious to find out, for I could imagine no place where a creature such as that would live.

Then he began to teach me the Rachmaninoff C sharp minor prelude. This was a piece with which I was having some difficulty—he had found cause

to "smile" at me several times, but this piece seemed to be a mania with him, and he was determined to make me note perfect. Then came a night when I was determined to tell him that I would not take lessons from him any more, and my heart had been in mouth with terror for several days beforehand. There was that night a storm raging similar to that which had heralded his first entry into the house. Lightning flashed continuously, totally eclipsing the feeble glow of the candles. He did not speak as he entered, but walked straight over and sat down at the piano. Then he spoke. His voice was like the flow of sluggish water over slimy stones, a cold impersonal voice which held me in a grip like a vice. "Have you ever heard," he began "the story of the C sharp minor prelude?" I remained dumb, staring at him, for he had smiled. "This," he said, "is the story of a man who was buried alive"—and he started to play. "It illustrates how he recovers consciousness, how he slowly realizes what has been his fate, and as the dreadful realization comes upon him, he becomes frenzied"—here he was playing as one possessed—"and he struggles, and he struggles, until he finds his strength going, the air going, his very life leaving him, and he made one more frantic effort—but in vain." He finished the piece and turned round to me, who had stood transfixed. "There are many people who have been buried alive—some have escaped, but left their very life behind them, stuck in the jaws of death—some have come back." He stood up, then smiled, horribly. "Some," he repeated, "have come back."

I looked at him in sudden horror. There was a brilliant flash of lightning and the sound of the Rachmaninoff C sharp minor prelude was dinning in my ears, thundering in my brain until it drowned all other sound, until my senses suddenly left me, and I fell in a heap on the floor.

I have had no music lessons since, nor have I attempted to account for an experience which was in reality, one of the greatest terrors of my life.

Wilma Jackson,
Form V.

DROUGHT

The summer sun burns steadily down,
On the fields so parched and dry;
The grass beneath my feet is brown,
And above is an azure sky.
It's been like this for days and days,
Or maybe even weeks;
Across the hills is a shimmering haze,
When will this heat wave cease?
A hot wind stirs the wilted trees,
And rustles softly past;
Oh, grant us, soon, a cool south breeze
And rain at long, long last.

Evelyn Jacung,
Form 111b.

CACOPHONY—(A Play in One Act)

SCENE: Hall outside office during Sixth Form Literature class.

TIME: 7th period, Tuesday.

(Teacher enters and is immediately offered the choice of three pencils. He carefully selects the best one and the lesson proceeds.)

TEACHER: "Today we shall continue Chaucer's Prologue. Open your books at page"

(The locker room door bangs open and in troop several junior boys all wearing hob-nailed boots.)

TEACHER.—(reading from Chaucer): "Well nyne and twenty in a compaignye of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle in felaweships"

(After much discussion by the amateur gardeners the wheelbarrow is trundled out).

TEACHER: "A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goat"

(Raucous voice from nearby junior mathematics class—"Put up your hands all those who are not listening!").

TEACHER: "And Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly"

(Burst of French dictee from wireless—"Il y avait une fois")

TEACHER (who by now is beginning to wear a haggard look): "What sholde he studie, and make hymselfen wood, Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure Or swinken with his handes and laboure."

(Junior boy tramps in and gets a spade which he trails across the locker room floor).

TEACHER: "And, whan he rood, men myghte his brydel heere"

(Typewriter begins in the office).

TEACHER (raising voice so as to be heard above the noise): "Ginglen in a whistlinge wynd also cleare, And eek as loude as doothe the chapel belle"

(A series of thunderous crashes is heard from the direction of the army hut as iron sheets are placed in position).

TEACHER (during lull in the noise): "And smal fowles maken melodye"

(Student passes through to the office without even apologising).

TEACHER (after a stony stare at the retreating figure): "He was a verray, parfit gentil knyght."

First bell rings

(Juniors begin returning with gardening implements. Teacher, with a look of despair, watches them as blithely go on their way).

TEACHER: "For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lye,

I saugh nat this yeer so mirie a compaigne."

Second bell rings.

—Margaret Reid (Form VI).

NOSE OUT OF JOINT

We've got a baby in our house,

A perfect little fright;

I think that is the reason

It came so late at night.

His eyes keep shutting all the time,

His head is awful bare,

And he makes so many faces,

It gives me quite a scare.

Mamma says he's beautiful,

Her precious darling boy,

Papa calls him his jewel bright,

His light, his life, his joy.

I used to have so many names,

I can't remember all;

But since that red-faced baby came,

I'm plain Samantha Hall.

Lois Olver,
Form IVa.

APPARITION

The storm developed, thunder crashed,

I saw the lightning fork and flash.

I shuddered for in its bluish light

Stood revealed a ghostly sight—

A man who had a hollow face.

This I saw, then after a space

The lightning flashed, the room shone blue

I saw this time another thing too.

His long, black cloak hanging fold on fold

Was covered with a luminous mould

That began to glow a pale, pale green.

A weirder sight could never be seen

As he looked at me with his cold grey eyes,

And smiled a smile that drew forth cries

Of horror and fear from me as I saw

Him over his teeth his thin lips draw.

Right back they went in a fiendish smile,

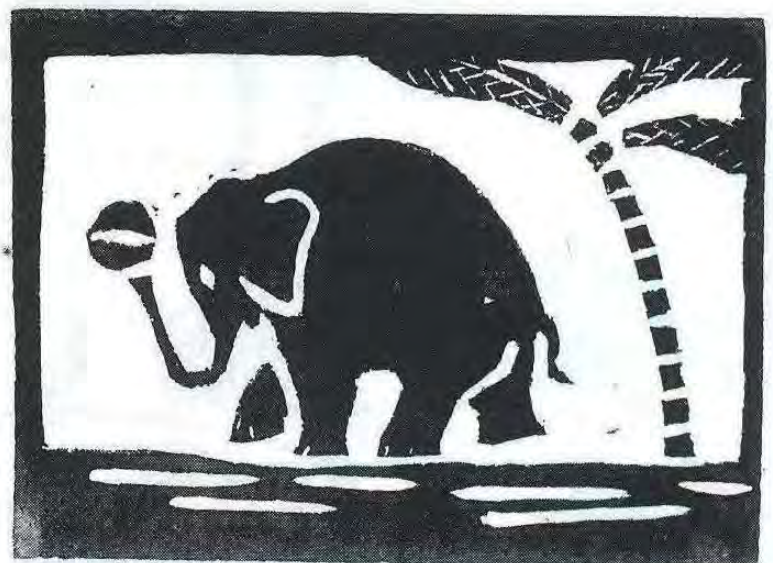
He wavered there yet just a while;

The thunder rocked just as before—

He glided back towards the door

And disappeared.

"Ilona,"
Form IVc



FANTASY

Slowly, as the majestic sun sank into a bed of rosy clouds, the last notes of a magpie rang clear and still. The leaves of the trees shivered in the slight breeze, their colour changing with the movement, now gold, now emerald green. Afar in the east the first purple shadows of night came creeping over the countryside from the tip of the rugged ranges.

Down in the bay could be heard the lapping of the wavelets as they splashed gently at the cliff. A path of golden light was stretched from horizon to shore of the great plain of heaving water. The foam, faintly tinged with pink, splashed lightly on the firm golden curve of the sand. A gentle flower-scented breeze danced over the sand dunes from the woods.

The western horizon, still coloured softly, stretched around till it met the purple shadows in the east and, in a cloud of golden light, the rim of a large moon peeped over the edge of the earth and slowly climbed higher and higher, followed by band after band of stars, moon elves and fairies with gaudy glittering wings. These elves and fairies slid down the long probing fingers of moonlight. They skipped and played on the sand. They danced and rode the sleepy phosphorescent waves to the shore. The waves awoke and seemed to leap to the moon in silver splendour as they joined in the game.

As I slowly wended my way home through the woods, through the velvet black shadows and dazzling pools of moonlight, I imagined I was surrounded by moon wraiths, and I looked behind the swaying white trunks of the trees, and in the leafy foliage, and caught a glimmer of a sparkling wing. When I reached home the fantasy remained with me, and I still dream of a golden beach and silver moonlight, and hear the rhythm of the restless sea.

Barbara Burmeister,
Form IVb.

SUITABLE SONGS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- "Six Hits and a Miss"—Staff Hockey team.
- "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Marching practice.
- "Wandering the King's Highway"—Missing the bus.
- "They Didn't Believe Me"—Excuses for being late.
- "I Planted a Rose"—Mr. Priestly's garden.
- "Run, Rabbit, Run"—Cross-country run.
- "The Last Round Up"—Final Assembly.
- "When I Lost You"—My Steel Locker Key.
- "Somebody Else is Taking My Place"—Tap dance at the Social.
- "Sentimental Journey"—School Excursions.
- "There's Music in the Air"—Room 9.
- "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen"—Rooms 10 and 11.
- "Open Your Window to the Morn"—Form Rooms at 8.55 a.m.

—FORM 1A.

TARRA VALLEY NATIONAL PARK

Tarra Valley National Park is a lovely area of steep mountain gullies and fern valleys on the Tarra River in South Gippsland. Here the ranges are steep and rocky, and as you drive along the wonderful Grand Ridge Road the countryside falls away into spurs and gullies where grow treeferns and dense undergrowth.

In most parts the country has been settled, but now it has been left, and nothing but ruined farms and all manner of weeds such as bracken, blackberry and ragwort are growing in a wild state. Therefore good land which was once cleared and meant hard work for some farmers, has gone to waste.

However, Tarra Valley has been saved from the woodman's axe, and here we see a part of the magnificent Australian bush as the blacks knew it before the white man came. Visitors are ever admiring the abundant treeferns and towering mountain ash trees which are now rare in other parts of is quickly dying out in Victoria, thrives in the Gippsland bush. Here, too, the myrtle beech, which dense gullies.

In addition to these trees, and the sweet perfume of dainty wildflowers which grow beneath them, lyrebirds live in their native haunts, filling the gullies with their thrilling music. Shy robins and many rare smaller birds live in the dim valleys where their whistling can be heard.

So we must maintain this beautiful national park so that we may know Australia as it used to be.

Grace Walker,
Form 111a.

THE CITY

The pavements
Reflecting the heat of the glaring sun—
'Neath brightly coloured awnings the crowds
Cluster when their work is done,
To stroll and chatter, till the white-
Hot heat of summer gives way to gentle night.
The evenings, calm and clear, cool gardens
And trim suburban scenes;
The late worker halts, and leans
On low brick fence to gossip.
The twilight, short and dark—
A thin drizzle blurs the light
And renders chill the street and park
Till comes the impenetrable night.
The lamps gleam dimly through the haze
And people hurry in deserted streets,
To gain the cheerful home and blaze
Of warm bright fires and snug retreats.
Whether in cold or burning heat,
Quiet scenes or busy street,
Though time may pass and seconds fleet;
My love is for the city.

Ian Moller,
Form V.

ESCAPE

Just after the inky blackness of the night changed to the eerie half light of the early dawn, the fugitive climbed silently over the grey stone wall, and crouched down for a second, listening for sounds of pursuit. None came, so reassured, he padded softly over the dewy field towards the forest. Just as he entered the shelter of the trees he heard a sharp crack and spun round thinking that he had been discovered and was being fired upon. Then he heard another crack, so he looked up only to find a koala surveying him complacently from the branch of a tree. It was she who had accidentally made the noises by breaking some dead twigs.

His peace of mind restored, he looked back on the prison farm, where to his horror he saw the warders unleashing the dogs. Immediately he turned and fled. He became soaking wet through contact with the dripping bushes but he did not notice this, because he was engrossed with the thought of escape.

Soon the fugitive was able to hear the eager baying of the bloodthirsty hounds and the cries of the men with them.

The early morning songs of the birds were shocked into silence as he crashed through the bushes in his mad rush to safety. It seemed to him as if the cries of the men and the dogs grew louder every second until the whole forest was resounding with them. He became desperate and tore through bushes without heeding their spiky branches which seemed to clutch at him. The mocking laughter of two kookaburras only served to increase his frenzy.

He knew that his pursuers would be as merciless to him as he had been to his victim, and he began to despair of ever reaching safety, for his pursuers were fresh, while he was tired and loaded with provisions.

At last he reached the stream for which he had been seeking. He paused for a brief instant to gulp down several mouthfuls of the welcome liquid. Then he waded upstream in order to throw the dogs of his scent. With a tremendous leap he sprang on to the bank of the stream then disappeared into the undergrowth.

The sounds of pursuit became fainter so he slackened his pace slightly. When some time had elapsed he could no longer hear the dogs so he spent a little time crossing and recrossing his tracks in order to confuse the dogs if they should pick up his scent again. Then once more he resumed his flight and presently he reached the place he had been looking for.

As the bright sun climbed high in the heavens and its heat dried the dew off the bushes, the weary hunters entered the gate in the grey stone wall, while safe in his lair the fox slept after having eaten the fat duck he had stolen early that morning.

Gwynneth Griffiths,
Form V.

PAPER PERFUME

Strong and low, strong and low,
Wind of the eastern side;
Oh, oh, please don't blow,
Wind from the eastern side;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the paper pulp and blow,
Blow not again to me;
While the people, while the people sleep.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
For it will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest, for from the east
The odour will come to thee soon;
The wind will come and there'll be no rest,
Drifting determinedly out of the east;
Sleep, then, if you can,
Sleep, then, if you can,

—sleep.

Gwynneth Griffiths,
Form V.

FAIRY SHIP

As I looked o'er the great white cliffs,
I saw her sail past in the bay;
There she sailed in the sunset light,
With her prow of gold and her sails of white,
Glistening in the sun's last ray.
And as I watched this great white bird
She floated away like a dream;
She sailed away into the night,
With her prow of gold and her sails of white,
And never again to be seen.
But off with hope in my breast I go
To the cliffs, and look o'er the bay,
And there I watch in the sunset's light
For a prow of gold and for sails of white,
And oft I think 'twas a fancy flight
A sweet dream that I dreamed one day.

Daphne Selby-Hele,
Form IVb.



EATING CITRUS

Modern science has solved many intricate and complex problems, but it has yet to discover a satisfactory method for eating an orange without causing anyone considerable embarrassment. The orange presents more difficulties to the consumer than any other fruit. It is most difficult to eat an orange and sustain dignity at the same time. Let us investigate the various stages in the eating of an orange.

The removal of the skin is a problem within itself. In the privacy of your home you may remove the skin by primitive hand methods. Society decrees that you must use the more civilised method of hacking the peel with a knife. Usually this results in your squirting yourself in the eye. However I am told that is a much better idea than spraying some other person. Here I must also add that it is most impolite to put peel in another person's tea.

Then follows the main attack—the disposal of the orange. If you wish, at home, you may eat the various sections one by one. This is not done in public (unless you have the reputation of being eccentric) although it is a quick, easy method of dispatch. You must cut your orange into pieces. This manoeuvre can be carried out with dexterity by most surgeons. Most gentlemen get a liberal sprinkling of juice on their waistcoats and ties. The actual eating is the most difficult aspect. You will be ostracised by society if you make any of those vulgar sounds, which people sometimes do, when eating a juicy orange.

The most delicate matter is the disposal of the pips. In public it is not considered the correct thing to spit out the pips. In your own home, of course, you can have much fun aiming at such things as your aunt's picture, or grandfather's bald head. Three well-known methods are used by those who eat oranges in public. You may either pick out the pips with a fork beforehand; swallow them, or spit them out furtively behind your hand. In my opinion all three methods are not wholly successful. The first is a sign of weakness which others will note; the second often causes indignation, while the third never works. So I have devised two infallible methods, one for a man and the other for a lady.

Here is the method a man may use. Eat your orange as though there were no pips, but in reality store the pips in your hollow teeth. If in a hotel or cafe ask for an orange squash. Allow the seeds to fall into the glass as you consume the contents. Your next step is to call the manager and complain about pips being present in the squash. My advice, however, is don't try this too often. Now for the lady. When you are invited to have an orange take one. Then you will remember a recipe for an orange cocktail a friend showed you recently. You make some concoction and don't even soil your gloves. Simple, isn't it?

So you can see that the correct way in which to

AN AUTUMN SCENE

In autumn everything glows with a multitude of vivid and pastel colours. My garden is just one mass of beautiful colours. On a fence is a creeper with leaves the shape of an outstretched hand and they look as if some one had taken a tin of bright red paint and given them a scarlet coat. The lawn is a square of green velvet broken by a lily pond covered with white waxen-like lilies with golden hearts. The flower patch is a many-coloured carpet with golden butterflies hovering over it.

In the bush, rabbits in their grey, fluffy coats run to and fro from their homes in the ground. In a small clearing where the grass is soft and green, is a ring of satin-skinned mushrooms. High in a tree a carolling magpie can be heard greeting the day with a song.

Deciduous trees lining the street have shed their leaves which have formed a golden and brown carpet. It is just as if a roll of material with Autumn leaves worked on it had been laid down on the grass under the trees. Women go out walking in their bright dresses and quaint hats. Some stop to gaze in a window of some bright shop, while others just walk around in the bright sunshine.

Soon the winter will come, and this lovely scene will be gone again until next year.

Mollie Jones,
111c.

HO-CLO, THE CHINAMAN

Ho-Clo was a Chinaman,
Brave, half-bald and handsome:
He stole kids from the Mandarins
And held them up for ransom.
Ho-Clo was a plunderer,
He plundered and he raided;
But was such an awful blunderer
Friends let him rob unaided.
One day he sailed up Hwang-Ho
In his lovely little junk;
But his victims laughed at Ho-Clo
And said "Rob us? What bunk!"
Pirate Ho-Clo wept and sighed,
He could not steal nor borrow,
Hwang-Ho flooded when Ho-Clo cried
So they called it "China's Sorrow."

Lotus,
Form IVc.

eat an orange requires skill. No doubt in the past oranges have caused many embarrassing situations. This may not be so in the future. I have heard it rumored that the Government may appoint a Minister to Enquire into the Problem of a More Satisfactory Method of Consuming Citrus Fruit. That is something which would really be beneficial to mankind.

J. Barnes,
Form V.

WEEK-END IN JAPAN

About forty sailors comprised the party from the flagship of the Australian squadron in Japanese waters, which was granted 48 hours' leave to travel to Nikko, a village about 100 miles north of Tokyo.

We left the ship at 4 o'clock one morning, went ashore at Yokahama, and caught an electric train to Tokyo. There we changed trains, and commenced a very interesting—and very pretty—ride to Nikko. The only halts were at wayside stations, where the time was used to play Australia's national game, two-up.

The country-side through which we passed was intensively cultivated, mostly under rice crops, but in badly bombed areas, every available patch of ground was used to grow vegetables.

We eventually reached Nikko—a town situated at the bottom of a long winding valley, which traversed by a very ancient train, leads to the bottom of a high mountain, the top of which may be reached by an electric car.

The Emperor has his summer resort at Nikko, which before the war, was world famous among tourists. Its beauty is quite different from that to be seen anywhere else, with scenery peculiar only to Japan. Just outside the town, on the side of a hill, and set in a large fir forest, there are nearly fifty shrines and temples of the Shinto religion, all dating back over 500 years. The buildings themselves, and the priceless contents, such as tapestries, paintings and miniatures, are the products of the exquisite skill of generations of craftsmen. One old priest, after showing us through a temple, tried to sell us some photographs—which seemed almost a sacrilege in such a setting. We saw a dance performed by "Miko" which means "Maiden in the service of the gods." The dance, called Miko-Kagura, was an interpretative one, and rather boring, but we applauded loudly, because we felt it was expected of us.

We all stayed at a quaint little inn, called the Konishi Hotel. The sleeping arrangements were typical of the true Japan—several eiderdowns on a straw-mat covered floor, with a varnished wooden block for a pillow.

It was snowing at the time of our visit, so the eiderdowns were most welcome. The townsfolk were—superficially anyway—most friendly, especially the children, who were much the same as children the world over, noisy, mischievous and forever begging chocolate. I saw two little boys one very cold morning break a large slab of ice, tie a piece to each bare foot, and use them as skates down the cobbled main streets.

The small shops contained hundreds of treasures—silken goods and paintings, relics of the old temples, and a host of interesting oddities. They were, unfortunately, within the reach only of those

who had been successful at two-up on the trip to Nikko.

Our two days passed all too quickly, so, as they say in the travel talks, it was with much regret that we left lovely Nikko for Yokohama, the ship—and work.

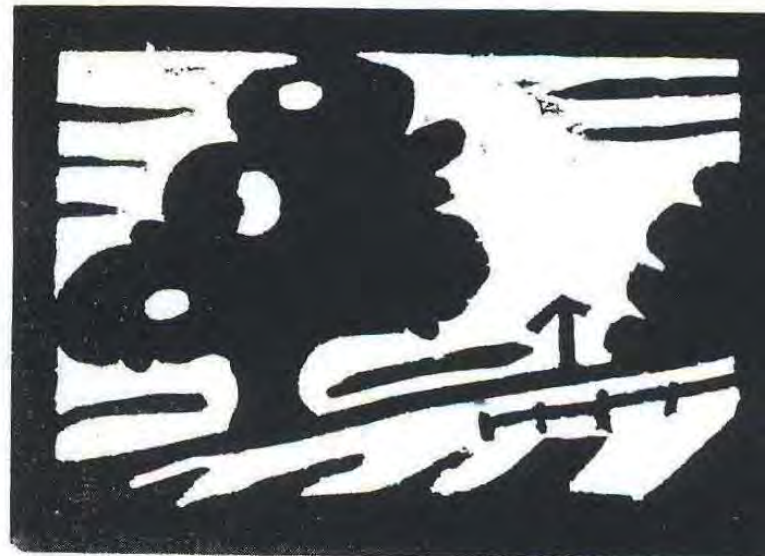
G. Trigg, ex-R.A.N.

WESTERBY CHURCH

Long, long ago, there used to be
A peninsula called Westerby,
They built a church at the end near the sea,
But the centre of it sank, Oh, deary me!
Sank in the centre till all you could see
Was the church on the rocks on Westerby.
They called it after peninsula's name,
Westerby, but it wasn't the same:
For the sand washed away when the rough seas
came

Leaving Westerby cut off by the main.
Then there came the wind and the rain
And they couldn't go to that church again.
The church they'd built so well before
On the end of Westerby just by the shore,
And planted ivy around the door
Was cut off from them for evermore;
Said Bishop—"Worst scandal I ever saw.
I never heard such a thing of yore!"
The west wind laughed to himself and sang,
He blew so hard that the church bell rang;
It called the people, clang! clang! clang!
The west wind laughed, "I don't care a hang!"
And gave the bell a good hard "whang."
The frightened folks shut their doors with a bang.
And there stands the church to this very day,
A little dilapidated, I dare say:
But little worse for the wind's rough play,
Though it will collapse with decay some day.

Wayfarer,
IVc.



A STORM AT SEA

He was standing on a cliff overlooking a small bay. It was a wild night, the shriek of the gale sounded high above the roar of the angry white capped waves.

Suddenly the howl of the wind rose higher and higher and its icy lash chilled the air. Dark clouds hung heavily in the grey sky. The foaming breakers came crashing in on the rocks, pounding on them till the spume and spray scattered like snow in a blizzard. Flashes of lightning zig-zagged across the sky to show the dark, green black valleys of water lashing furiously at the cliff face.

Then the storm broke, and what a storm it was! The thunder rolled and crashed and the rain came down in torrents. All of a sudden a tremendous flash of lightning lit up the whole of the bay to show a small sailing vessel struggling to breast the huge waves. Now rising up on the crest of some huge roller, now hidden from sight in some fearful hissing pit, now hurled upon its beam end by the sudden impact of the heavy sea. Still the ship battled bravely on. Still the storm raged and still the wind whipped the waves like an unmerciful master. The billowing waters swept over the deck of the ship like a gigantic monster, seeming to swallow up the whole vessel. Then there was a terrifying crash, which sounded loud above the blast of the storm, and even as the lightning flashed the ship shuddered, and heeled over into the swirl of the surging sea.

People stood petrified for the moment. Their cries of terror filled the air. Women screamed and children clutched in horror to their half-fainting mothers. Men tried in vain to man the heavy life-

boat, but as the frenzied people clambered into the boat it was lost in the mountainous waves of peril, but even as this happened the ship gave one last terrible shudder and sank into the gloomy depths of the raging sea. The wrecked people hung on to the floating wreckage, hoping against hope for help that could not come.

Some, fainting with fatigue and perishing with the cold sank one by one beneath the waters.

Suddenly a tremendous swell carried the survivors towards the shore. So, filled with new hope, the stronger ones battled and struggled towards a narrow strip of beach bordering the bay. At last half dead they reached safety and falling on their knees sent up a prayer of thankfulness for their miraculous escape.

BEVERLEY JONES,
Form 11a.

WIND

The wind it howled so dismally, dismally,
It drowned all other sound;
It shook the trees so fitfully, fitfully,
And leaves swirled to the ground.
The wind it now blows wearily, wearily,
Its play is nearly done.
The stars come out so fearfully, fearfully,
Slowly, one by one.
The sun shines out quite cheerfully, cheerfully,
Today the wind's played out;
But the world looks out so drearily, drearily,
From beneath the leaves about.

Ilona Jackson,
IVc.

Shirley Smith
Jack Small.

S. Warren Shears,
D. M. Holton

M. J. J. J.
M. J. J. J.

Paul K. K. K.

Margaret Reid
Ann. Gifford