

The Pylon



The High School

Vol. 3

Yallourn, 1949



Vallourn and District High School

"Consilio et Animis"

STAFF

Headmaster: Mr. H. H. Champion, M.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Senior Master: Mr. G. G. Findlay, T.T.C., (Man. Arts), D.T.S.C.

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

Mr. E. T. D. Graham, B. Com.,
Dip. Ed.;

Mr. W. T. Price, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.;

Mr. J. C. Hopkins, D.T.S.C.;

Mr. L. L. Young, B.A.;

Mr. W. H. Mee, B.A., Dip. Ed.;

Mr. I. Wynd, B.A., Dip. Ed.;

Mr. N. A. Stewart, B.Sc.,
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Mr. F. R. Farrelly, B.A., Dip.
Ed.;

Mrs. E. M. Wynd, B.A., A.Mus.
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Miss G. P. Scouller, T.D.A.T.C.
(Dom. Arts);

Mrs. S. Guatta, M.A., Dip. Ed.;

Miss F. Alway, T.P.T.C., Dip.
of Needlecraft;

Miss S. R. Mason, T.P.T.C.;

Miss A. G. Hauser, T.P.T.C.;

Miss M. A. Duke, T.T.C. (Com-
merce);

Miss J. Mather, T.T.P.C.;

Miss E. Fowler (Clerk).

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

PREFECTS

Head Prefects: Joyce Mack, R. J. Kirwood, Amy Burne, Lois Olver,
Marion O'Hara, Grace Catchpole, Joan Shaw, Helen Johnson.
A. W. F. Webb, B. D. Griffiths, D. D. Graham.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Editor: Marion O'Hara.

Sub-Editors: D. D. Graham, R. J. Kirwood.

Art: Amy Burne, Joyce Mack.

Photography: Grace Catchpole, A. W. F. Webb.

Reporters: B. D. Griffiths, Pauline White, Margaret Parkhill, N. Gilham,
Betty Mitchell, M. Trigg.

Staff Representative: Mr. W. H. Mee.



Editorial

When I commenced writing this editorial, I found difficulty in striking a sort of literary balance. The completed work must be sufficiently easy for the seniors to understand and at the same time be difficult enough for digestion by the juniors. After many anxious hours, I felt spiritually and physically prepared to commence writing. My mood was one of confidence tempered by modesty, and my spirit was full of high endeavour. But, as essay writers very well know, difficulties arise once pen is put to paper. After many trials, and precisely the same number of errors, I was able to sit back and read what I believed was a passage of excellent prose, its lines heavy with interesting subject matter.

So much for my high aspirations, however. They melted like snow at a touch of sun. A well-meaning friend, observing my complacency remarked, with the greatest of nonchalance and unaware of the destruction about to be caused, that "nobody reads the magazine editorial, anyway." After careful enquiry, I proved that such was the unhappy case. Now if there is anything soul-destroying to an author, it is to learn that her work is not enjoyed by countless eager readers. And there is no really potent form of retaliation

at her disposal. No amount of emotional prose laced with strings of vivid adjectives and with its verbs bursting with vigour, can possibly disturb the cold indifference of the multitude. Obviously then an insidious plan must be prepared for the protection of future editors.

It is usual to place the editorial near the front of the magazine as a sort of entree to the feast of literature provided by reporters and contributors. Now here is the plot! It seems obvious that convention will have to be broken. The editorial must be skillfully hidden among the creations of contributors in the second half of the magazine, where unsuspecting readers will be enchanted by its literary qualities before they have time to realize its origin. It follows then that if you have withdrawn into some secret place to read this editorial, you will be able to smile wisely when, in some future issue of the magazine, you discover some flourishing weed growing among the crab gardens of verse and patches of prose. You will not tear it out by the roots with exclamations of horrified disgust. You may tell your ignorant friends of your discovery. You have detected the editorial. Make them read it!

Head Master's Message

The steady influx of new pupils from near and far—other parts of the state, England, Scotland, Europe—is a constant reminder that we reside in an area which has a great future.

Yallourn, now electrical centre for a wide area of Victoria, is destined to expand greatly, and with its younger sister Morwell, to mount to a vast importance. Giant heart it will be, circulating its energising streams afar through city and farm-land alike to light them and do their work.

A prospect this that stirs the imagination.

Your school is in a sense a generating centre, too. This year it took in 170 girls and boys to join the several hundreds of your student ranks. Your minds are being developed now by the exercise of thought, by lessons, and by persevering study, stored with useful knowledge. Day by day you practise co-operation by accepting and discharging a just share of duties.

By entering into games you develop and strengthen your bodies, strive manfully for the success of the team (whether the odds be favourable or heavily adverse), and learn to take hard knocks with a smile.

By beneficent influences wisely chosen and wisely brought to bear, the school seeks to gener-

ate mental and physical fitness, character and citizenship.

Last December there went out from the school a distinguished group of seniors, young men and women—to University, to work and night school or just to jobs—all seeking to make their lives useful and fulfil their ambitions.

There will one day be found all over this state, many of them in high positions, men and women who spent their school-days in Yallourn—ex-students who will reflect credit upon and add lustre to their former school.

In due course it will be your turn to leave school and go out into the world. When that time comes, you, who are girls and boys of the school today, what part will you play?

We may not all be brilliant, but we all can be worthy. Will you prepare yourselves now so that in due course you may go out into the highways and byways, strong in mind, sound in character, staunch of heart; potentially as capable of contributing to the work and community life of your state as that electrical fluid which flows from Yallourn?

"Thus through life like a torch in flame,
Play up, play up and play the game."

Retrospect

DIARY, 1949

February 14.—Presentation of Prefects' badges.
March 2.—Annual Swimming Sports.
March 16.—Cricket match against Yallourn Technical School.
March 23.—Summer Sports against Traralgon H.E.S.
March 25.—Formation of Ex-students' Association.
April 1.—Annual School Fete.
April 7.—Summer Sports against Warragul High School.
April 22.—School Anzac Commemoration.
May 3.—C.A.E. concert at theatre; programme given by John Amadio, Nance Osborne, Meryl Ross.
May 11.—Senior forms' excursion to Maryvale Paper Mill.
Smashing Staff Softball victory over the school Softball Team.
First Term Social.
May 14.—Wedding bells for Miss Hewitt.
"Gone with the Wynd."
May 24.—Tuberculosis tests conducted by the Health Department.
T.B. or not T.B.
June 29.—Winter Sports against Traralgon H.E.S.
July 13.—Winter Sports against Warragul High School.
August 16.—Education Day.
August 17.—Cross-country run.
August 19.—Public debate between teams selected from senior forms.
"Full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."
—Shakespeare.
September 5.—Postponement of school competitive sport owing to poliomyelitis epidemic.
October 18.—Screening of films by Education Department Recruitment Officer.
October 21.—Visit from the Director of Education.
October 25.—Result of record egg appeal — 542 dozen.
November.—Month of examinations.
"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."
—Tennyson.
December 12.—Annual Staff v. Students cricket match.
December 13.—Speech Night.



YALLOURN POWER STATION

TRUTH OR FICTION?

The following are extracts from the Late Book, with editorial comment added:

"The clock was wrong." ("The time is out of joint."—Hamlet).

"Had to wash my face." ("With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves."—Milton).

"Fell over." (Getting a mud pack?)

"Front fork broke." (Was the meat tough?)

"Flat tyre." (What a let down!).

"Had to go to the butchers." (That meeting was a mistake).

"Slept in." (Lying (?) in bed).

"Returned for my sewing." (Got the stitch?).

"Locker trouble." (That shut in feeling).

"Didn't hear the bell." (You surprise us!).

"Felt ill." (Not before Maths, surely?).

"Talking to a friend." (We've heard that one before).

"Had to milk the cow." (Kicked the bucket).

"Late leaving home." (Later leaving school).

"Filling my fountain pen." (That won't hold water).

"Hair cut." (A bald excuse).

"Talking to Joyce Mack." (Mucking about!).

"Caught fingers in a crusher." (Very original).

"None." (Regrettable lack of imagination).

CRAFT

This year Craft was first taken as a subject at the School. The interest of pupils in this work was illustrated by the excellence of the articles displayed for the annual Parents' Day. The various crafts engaged in were the manufacture from leather of bookmarks, purses, serviette rings, wallets, and the stencilling of these articles with oil paint. Weaving was the main craft in the last term, articles such as scarves being woven.

SHOP TALK.

The following articles were written for the magazine by last year's editor and sub-editor respectively, who are now attending the University of Melbourne. We wish them the greatest success in their studies.

Delightfully situated, in the heart of Carlton, near the Melbourne General Cemetery, lies Women's College! Rising up across the sweeping avenues are the spires of Ormond and the battlements of Queen's College. The beauty of the neighbourhood is enhanced by the smooth-shaven lawns; well, there is at least an expanse of grass, and the blossom trees of the College Gardens. Cows wander secure in this sylvan paradise. Trinity's main claim to fame is the fact that its milk supply won a "Miss University" quest.

To give a more autobiographical touch to the article, now come a few glimpses into life in Women's College.

Seven-thirty, the rising bell. Thirty-five minutes later, signs of life. At eight o'clock the breakfast bell is the signal for the race to the showers. Then breakfast, cold toast and coffee—no gas (at the time of writing, the coal strike is in full swing). Later, lectures—return to sleep, tutorials—a gradual awakening, owing to the fact that, while lecturers speak in a level soothing voice, tutors have a most disturbing habit of asking questions. At night comes the social round when energy accumulated during the day can be used into the day's itinerary, as places to be visited, round about exam. or essay time.

Now for events that occurred during the year. First term the "freshers" were persuaded (or rather, ordered) to put on an impromptu show. I think the word impromptu gives enough description of it.

Recently a burlesque hockey match took place between Women's and Queen's College—an elusive goal, making things difficult, while chair-legs and baskets were more popular among Queen's men than hockey sticks as weapons.

Having used up my allotted space, and sat the fire out, I shall leave off chewing my pen now and say "au revoir."

GWYNNETH GRIFFITHS.

Let's go riding on the magic carpet of words and have a passing glance at the University, the traditional seat of learning, and the final school for most professions. The towering spires and massive buttresses of Wilson Hall first catch our eye. Inside, sunlight streaming through stained glass paints a very coloured mosaic, while organ music fills the air, but over all lingers the aura of past and the promise of future examinations.

Many of the buildings are in classical style in drab stone. The Old Arts School, with its clock tower rising above the palms is such. Many students of all ages and races study here, some for the fun of it, some for a better insight on literature and life. The Physics School, having its face lifted after a fire, is an antique, too. Here,



SCHOOLGROUND STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE

future scientists do valuable research into modern problems and the large numbers indicate the importance placed on Science today. The Engineering School of severe red brick attracts many Asians, studying to help their struggling homelands, as well as men so essential to the country's smooth running, while in the Conservatorium, home of music, future Melba's strive against the accompaniment of trams rattling along Sydney Road.

The Chemistry and New Arts Schools are impressive and strictly modern, while all faculties have branches in army huts, scattered at random in an effort to ease the housing position. Unique is the two-faced Commerce building, one side old and one new, but this is no reflection on the future business-men and politicians who study there.

Finally, there is the beautiful and stately Union House, a haven of relaxation for all students in this school for life.

ALAN TURNBULL.

SCHOLARSHIPS

The following students hold scholarships which are tenable at this school during the year, 1949.

Junior Scholarships.—Norah Burne, R. J. Kirwood, Doreen Robinson, W. R. M. Dalglish, June Williams, Valerie Bouchier.

Free Places.—Amy Burne, L. W. Castanelli, A. W. F. Webb, R. B. Archbold, Clare Easton, Lois Olver, Maureen Foster, A. R. Marr, Mary O'Meara, Joan Scott, Marjorie Smith, Beryl Stevenson, Jocelyn Davey, B. E. Edmondson, Margaret Finlayson, Beverly Gregory, D. R. Hopkins, Merle Parsons, R. H. Pruden, Marion Scarce, Elizabeth Wallace, Faye White, J. B. Mitchell.

Teaching Scholarships.—R. Turley, A. C. Balfour.

State Electricity Commission Scholarships.—D. J. Chisholm, J. N. Wallace, Pauline White.

Australian Paper Manufacturers Scholarships.—Barbara Smith, I. F. Chessum, Marion O'Hara.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE

The following students obtained their Leaving Certificates in 1948:—

Lila Botten, A. Webb (in seven subjects; B. Griffiths, J. Kirwood, Joyce Mack, Lois Olver (in six subjects); Amy Burne, L. Hopkins, Valerie Trainor (in five subjects); A. Balfour, Jill Botterill, Kathleen Hayes (in four subjects). Two students passed in three subjects, one student in two subjects, and two students in one subject.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE

L. Castanelli, Pamela Esler, D. Graham, Patricia Herriman, R. Poynter, Jessie Robertson, R. Turley, Grace Walker, Norah Burne, Pat Conquest, Valerie McPhee, Marion O'Hara, Jan Botterill, Grace Catchpole, Audrey Esler, Yvonne Moore, Joan Shaw, Joan Treadwell, John Vinall, Margaret McWilliam.

TECHNICAL EXAMINATIONS

Shorthand Theory: 7 credits, 1 pass.

Shorthand Practice: 5 credits, 14 passed.

Advanced Typewriting: 3 credits, 20 passed.

NIGHT LIFE.

On the night of Wednesday, 11th May, there assembled at the Yallourn High School such a galaxy of beauty and charm as has never been seen before. Indeed, many of the senior boys were greatly amazed by the appearance of the junior girls, but as one senior sagely remarked, "What a difference is wrought by a little paint and powder."

It was indeed unfortunate that among this brilliant company we should discover vice, but, during the evening a trial was conducted, and to our sorrow, we found that some of our number were hardened criminals. However, we all had a jolly time.

The 24th of August was the longed-for night of the second social. Dressed prettily and filled with happy expectation, the girls came along in groups, while the boys followed, also filled with expectation. Dancing and games were held, and many were the surprises the staff received. Indeed, they have not recovered yet. After a buffet supper, we were all amazed by the apparent genius of our boy prefect, Bryan Griffiths. However, we had no need for alarm, as his cleverness was explained by the Head Prefect.

Miss Stewart played very well, and for the Social, Mr. Young's stentorian voice was appreciated in his capacity as M.C.

Later, couples departed homewards to fulfil their earlier expectations!

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The photographs of school teams included in this issue we owe to the generosity of Mr. J. Lucas, of "Jay-Cee" Portraits, Yallourn. To him the Magazine Committee expresses its gratitude.



GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION — WINTER STYLE

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1948.

Matriculation.

At this examination held in November, nine candidates presented for matriculation, and all were successful in passing the examination. Details of subjects are:—

John Barnes—Obtained Honours in English Expression, English Literature, British History, Geography, passed in French.

Gwynneth Griffiths—Obtained Honours in English Expression, French, passed in English literature, British History, Geography.

Marie Elmar—Obtained Honours in English Expression, English Literature, passed in British History, Geography.

Claire Gretton—Obtained Honours in French, passed in English Expression, English Literature, Geography.

Beverley James—Obtained Honours in English Expression, English Literature, passed in British History.

Noel Moller—Obtained Honours in English Expression, passed in English Literature, British History.

Robert Fowler—Obtained Honours in English Expression, passed in English Literature, British History.

Alan Turnbull—Passed in English Expression, French, Pure Mathematics, Calculus and Applied Mathematics, Physics.

Gavan Edmondson—Passed in English Expression, Pure Mathematics, Calculus and Applied Mathematics, Physics.

In addition, the following students won scholarships or were holders of scholarships:—

John Barnes—Non-resident scholarship for Trinity College, University of Melbourne; Government Senior Scholarship; and also held a Rushall Scholarship.

Gwynneth Griffiths—Resident Scholarship for University Women's College, University of Melbourne; Government Senior Scholarship.

Robert Fowler held a Gowrie Scholarship.

Cavour wanted a republic ruled by a king (3a).

EDUCATION DAY

Tuesday, 16th August was observed as Education Day at the School. Nearly three hundred parents attended and showed great interest in the work. Interesting films were shown in the theatrette, while in the art room, together with an art display, a debate was held between teams selected from Forms V and VI. A popular event was the mannequin parade in the quadrangle, where girls showed the aprons, dresses, pyjamas and nightgowns they had made. In other rooms music, singing, commercial work and plays were in progress. In the craft room leather work and weaving were on display. The science room stole the show however. Parents and children could only with difficulty be urged to move on from the many interesting exhibits, such as discharge tubes, Kiff's apparatus, voltameter, copper plating, electro magnets, spectroscope, tadpole pond, Cartesian divers, distillation processes, and an organ pipe.

The afternoon finished with a display of team games and physical training—altogether a most successful day.

SOCIAL SERVICE

There have been three very successful appeals this year. In the first term, the clothing appeal for the Melbourne City Mission resulted in a total of 491 garments from 55 contributors. It is estimated that the value of the clothing would be over £100. Seven large boxes were packed by the House Captains and taken to the Yallourn Railway Station for dispatch to the Mission. The Superintendent of the Mission wrote to us a few days later to express his gratitude and appreciation of our efforts.

In Term II, we collected money for the Yooralla Home for Crippled Children. The donations from 308 students amounted to £21/15/2. Phillip House came first in this appeal, and shared first place with Bass in the Clothing Appeal.

The Egg Appeal for the Yallourn Hospital is now being conducted with enthusiasm. At present Phillip House is leading, having collected 1,117 eggs, and the total for the four houses is 2,536, or approximately 211 dozen.

As we go to press, the hens are still laying.

THE ROMANCE OF ROOM TWELVE.

To stumble upon romance in an unlikely place is a pleasant experience in our bustling school-world, where we fearfully explore the labyrinths of mathematics, clutch vainly at elusive historical ideas, grapple fiercely with a foreign language, or listlessly retire from the unequal struggle. But I invite you to brush the coal-dust from your weary—or sleeping—eyes and look at romance. You will notice the romance I am writing about begins with a small letter. It has nothing to do with that other kind we see frequently around our school.—It has something to do with a building and its history.



NUMBER 12 ON THE MOVE

Room Twelve is a very ordinary-looking building. Its shape is a little old-fashioned, and its appearance is uninspiring. Its history dates back about twenty-seven years, at which time you must visualise it set in dense bush on the fringe of a much smaller Yallourn, and being about half its present size. On its walls were black-boards and maps, and on its floor rows of desks, for it was the first school in the town. On Sundays, like many of us, it became more dignified, and the noise of children at work was only a memory, for it was filled with people who met for worship. It was used by the people of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Anglican churches. So secluded was it, that on dark Sunday nights you could have seen the flickering glow of lanterns which people carried to light their way to church. Earliest arrivals at services sat on the desk seats, the late ones on the desk tops!

When the present churches and schools were built and the town had extended further into the bushland that surrounded the building, it became known as No. 4 Hillside, and was used as a residence by various families. A new stage in its history came when the R.S.L. shaped its destiny. Its walls echoed the unscholarly sound of colliding billiard balls, yet it retained one fragile link with learning, for it was also used as a library. The Second World War had its part to play in this history, for it was then that the A.T.C. took charge of the building. From this point its story is well known.

After the war, it was used as an extra classroom for the school until the present year, when a new phase in its existence began. It left its first site with a certain reluctance, and today it rests adjacent to the small quadrangle, an established unit of our school, ending as it began—a school-room. Next time you enter it, spare a thought for its varied history and if you have a touch of romance in you, there are ghosts in No. 12!

(The above facts were collected by our reporter, Pauline White, from residents of the town familiar with the early history of the building.)

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY NEEDS MORE OFFICERS.

It Can Offer You a Splendid Career.

This article is included in the magazine at the request of Lieut.-Cdr. J. S. Robinson, R.A.N.V.R., Public Relations Section, Naval Intelligence Division.

A question that inevitably arises in the mind of every boy at one time or another is: "What am I going to do when I leave school?" Some boys decide the question early and some leave it until fairly late. Some others even leave it until the year in which they sit for their matriculation examination.

Whichever category you may be in, I am going to ask you whether you have ever thought what an attractive career you would have if you became an officer of the Royal Australian Navy.

If you have not, just let me mention a few of the more obvious advantages and privileges that you would enjoy. First of all, you would hold a position of authority in the senior service of His Majesty's armed forces, which is admired and respected throughout the world; secondly, you would have unique opportunities for travelling to countries in all parts of the globe; and, thirdly, you would enjoy the companionship, both at sea and ashore, of highly intelligent, ambitious and energetic men, who would comprise your brother officers.

Besides all these things you would have many opportunities for gaining promotion and exercising higher responsibilities, you would receive a good salary and allowance which would permit you to live as a naval officer is expected to live and at the end of your career you would have qualified for generous superannuation payments which would be made in accordance with the rank at which you retire.

Those are only some of the advantages and privileges that would be yours in the Navy itself. Apart from them, you would receive many social and other privileges from the general community. Nobody is ever given a warmer welcome and more enthusiastically entertained than the officers of the company of one of His Majesty's warships when it reaches a British or foreign port.

Because the Royal Australian Navy is being strengthened every year under the Federal Government's post-war policy it needs more and more officers, and there never was a time in its history when the opportunities for officers were greater.

To augment the Royal Australian Navy's officer strength, the Australian Commonwealth Naval Board has revived a system which was introduced at the beginning of the Second World War, and then suspended, under which boys in their 18th year may enter the Royal Australian Naval College at Flinders Naval Depot as cadet-midshipmen.

Normally cadet-midshipmen enter the College at the age of 13 and remain there for four years before they go to England for further training.



CROSS-COUNTRY RUN—OR WALK?

Cadet-midshipmen who enter in their 18th year, and are known as "special entries," remain at the College only for about six months before they leave for England. The special entries are supplementary to the normal entries.

Boys who wish to be considered for selection as special entries must have passed examination at matriculation standard in mathematics, physics and English and have obtained satisfactory passes in two other subjects, although they need not necessarily be up to that standard.

Boys who are accepted for entry to the College at the age of 13 do not, of course, possess such high educational qualifications, but their "Passing Out" examinations are generally accepted as Matriculation to the large majority of Australian Universities.

After cadet-midshipmen of the special entry class have "passed out" of the College at the end of about six months and gone to England they will, in the same way as those of the normal entry class, join the Royal Navy training cruiser Devonshire for two cruises, which will occupy about eight months. On completion of those cruises they will be promoted midshipmen.

Next, they will do fleet training, an educational war course at Greenwich, small ship training, and technical courses and gunnery, at the end of which, about two years and nine months later, they will be confirmed in the rank of sub-lieutenant.

On their return to Australia they will be appointed for duty with the Royal Australian Navy.

Promotion up to the rank of lieutenant-commander will then be automatic, subject to recommendation. Promotion to ranks higher than that will be by selection.

From a Fifth Form essay on Titian's "Madonna."
—"This is one of Titian's many religious pictures. He always executed his religious subjects with profane feeling."

WALES

I would like to tell you a little story about Wales. It is called the Land of Song. Port Talbot, which is the place of my birth, is an industrial town situated in the County of Glamorganshire. Its shores are washed by the Bristol Channel. Its main industries are coal-mining, steel-works and tin-works. Incidentally, the steel mill in Port Talbot is considered to be one of the largest projects in the world. A large proportion of the coal obtained from the South Wales coal-field is shipped from the docks at Port Talbot as also are the steel and tin-plate commodities manufactured locally. The school at which I attended was a board school, the eight periods comprising four periods in the morning and four periods in the afternoon. Between the four periods there was recess.

So far I have described the industrial aspect of South Wales, but also it is a place of beauty, as is the whole of Wales, which abounds in mountains and valleys of rugged beauty and fertile tracts. In North Wales it is agricultural, but most of the world's output of slate is produced there.

One of the villages is known (in Welsh) as Llan - ffairpwllgwyn - gyllagevy - chwyndrot - wyllllamdslliaogocock, supposedly one of the largest place names in the world. In the industrial towns and cities, Welsh is not largely used when Welsh people converse among themselves. A fact which Welsh people are very proud of, is that although they are intensely loyal to the crown, they have never yet been conquered. The Welsh Hills have always been a refuge to Welshmen but now are places of beauty, the coastline rugged and picturesque, with mile after mile of sea-shore abounding in bays with beautiful golden sands. I wish to impress this fact, as most people conceive Wales a land of pits and collieries. I should like to leave you remembering that Wales also abounds in glorious views and countryside and is a land of which all Welsh people are proud to sing. Singing is the Welsh peoples' way of expressing their sorrows and joys and no village is a village unless it has its choir.

I leave you now with the Prince of Wales motto for the principality, "Cymru Am Byth," which means "Wales for Ever."

EX-STUDENTS' NOTES

During the year, the Yallourn High School Ex-Students' Association was formed. The purpose of this Association is to continue the good comradeship of school days by the holding of social functions and to maintain the interest of ex-students in the school. All students leaving school are cordially invited to join the Ex-Students' Association, and may do so by contacting the Secretary, Miss Barbara Comber, 56 Narracan Avenue, Yallourn.



BASKETBALL—PREMIERS 1949

TERM CONCERT

At the end of first term, the Magazine Committee arranged and produced a concert at St. John's Hall. Despite the fact that this was a new venture, the concert was highly successful and the quality of all items was excellent. The programme read:—

"Chanson Triste" (Tchaikowsky)—piano solo, Helen Johnson.

"Serenade" (Heykens)—violin solo, Heather Jackson.

"H.M.S. Pinafore Selections" (Gilbert and Sullivan), arranged by and conducted by Mr. Graham.

A modern composition for piano—Graham and Griffiths.

Ballet Dance—Fay Bennie and Margaret Lawrey.

"Barcarolle from Tales of Hoffman" (Offenbach)—vocal duet, Noelle Rust and Don Graham.

"Waltz" (Chopin)—piano solo, Betty Mitchell.

"The Editor's Room"—sketch by Sixth Form boys.

"Mazurka" (Chopin)—piano solo, Norman Tranter.

"Waltz" (Brahms)—violin solo, Brian Brennan.

"Boys Around the House"—recitation—Janice Evans.

"Drum Polonaise" (Chopin)—piano solo—Pam Williams.

"Knave of Hearts"—play. Form 2a—produced by Mr. Wynd.

Accompaniments played by Shirley McFarlane.
Announcer: John Kirwood.

Stage Manager: Mr. W. H. Mee.

Une grande explosion cassa tous les ventres dans la rue. (Form VI). (A great explosion broke all the stomachs in the street. The word "vitres" (windows) should have replaced the word "ventres.")

Cavour was prime minister of Piedmont and Savoury.

BAZAAR, FETE, OR FAIR?

On April 1st we held our annual fete, which had been worked for weeks ahead. On the tennis court there was a menagerie, which was called the Pet Show. To aid the judges in their work, all animals entered the grand parade. Twenty-five dogs were led around, several providing entertainment by engaging in a fight. Twelve cats of all colours and sizes were carried around, some even in baskets. Seven guinea pigs competed and were carefully brushed and combed during the process. A goat, emitting feeble squeaks, was sometimes carried and sometimes walked. A white mouse was carried along, followed by two tadpoles which gloried in the names of Ada and Elsie.

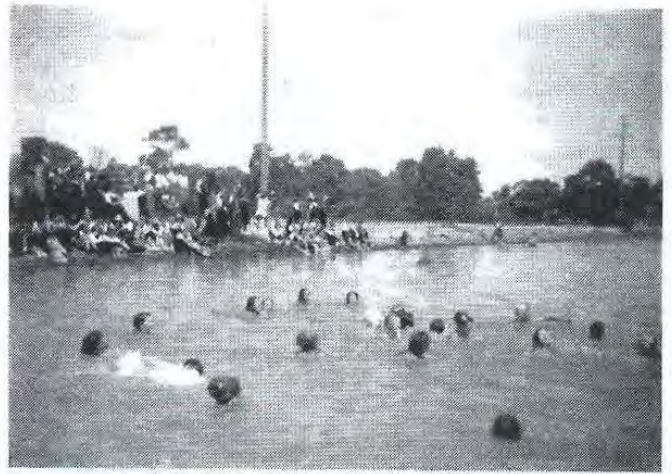
In Room One afternoon tea was served. Although the waitresses were bored, the fare provided was excellently served and delicious. Room Two was the produce stall. Here every description of home grown produce was sold, plus groceries, etc. The room was very well stocked.

In Room Three were the flowers and vegetables. Long carrots leaned up the wall, heavy tomatoes weighed the tables, beautiful flowers decorated the room, and ugly faces, fruity or otherwise, grimaced at passers-by. Room Four was the jumble stall. Here everything was sold, from pins to vases. Articles were all mixed up in a glorious muddle.

Room Five was the sweets stall. When the door was opened crowds surged in. When they left there was nothing but Mr. Mee in sticky bliss, counting the profits.

The plain and fancy stall in Room Six was a credit to the sewers of the school and their teacher. Likewise in Seven, where mouth watering cakes and feathery sponges lined the tables.

In Rooms Eight and Nine was the boxing. Opponents were howled instructions (good and bad) and insults (all bad). Cries of "Hit him hard," "Smash him," and "Shuttee eye and hittee hard."



CORK SCRAMBLE AT THE SWIMMING SPORTS

came from all corners. The referee gave certain delighted females an expert exhibition of step dancing.

A movie was held in Room Ten. Conducted by the boys, it was shown to the audience very expertly. In Eleven were hilarious frog races. Six people squatted on the floor and propelled frogs along string for the prize of one penny.

Shooting galleries, quoits, darts, and hookey were enticing sideshows which made a roaring trade.

The day was a great success. Now, was it a bazaar, fete, or fair?

EXCURSION TO MARYVALE

On May 11, Fifth Form Geography and Chemistry classes took the morning off work (so we thought) to visit the Maryvale pulp and paper mill.

We started off joyfully, anticipating a pleasant morning's outing. But these thoughts of ease were soon dispelled as we approached the saws and chippers with their ear-shattering noise, above which we were supposed to hear the guide's description of how the incoming logs were handled. As if this wasn't enough, we were taken to a building in which was a most obnoxious odour. Some said it was of burnt cabbage, but I doubted that. However, despite these handicaps, we managed to get a glimmering of the workings of the mill from the lengthy explanations, and were really interested in the many ingenious machines which needed so very little supervision in carrying out their job.

Thus, after about two hours' steady tramping, we saw all the sights and returned somewhat wearily to the school.

When Beethoven was playing the Farewell Symphony, the instruments got up one by one and went out,



Sports Notes

SPORT AND HOUSE NOTES

It was regrettable that the year's competitive sport, which should have reached a climax in the third term with the House Sports and the C.G.S.S.S.A. meeting, lapsed after second term with the cancellation of those meetings, owing to the poliomyelitis epidemic. Consequently this edition of the magazine will not contain any athletic statistics, and the records established in 1948 will be held until 1950. A new feature of the House Competition this year is the appearance of the J. J. Maher Shield, on which the name of the House winning the aggregate competition, which includes sport, scholarship, and social service, will be inscribed. Already on this shield have been inscribed the names of the Houses which won the aggregate competitions for the previous four years, viz., Flinders (1945), Bass (1946), Flinders (1947), Flinders (1948). It seems reasonably certain that a new name will appear on the shield this year.

An item of interest is that Alan Turnbull, our high jump champion, won the open high jump at the Annual Freshers' Sports conducted at the University in March of this year.

It is regretted that the annual highlight, the cricket match between the staff and students, and also the return softball match, may have to be abandoned.

THE SOFTBALL MATCH

The much-discussed match between the girls of our "A" team and the staff members took place on the 11th May. Supporters of both teams lined the oval and shouted cheers of encouragement or calls of derision as they thought fit. As the girls won the toss, we had pity on the older team, and let them bat first, which was indeed most merciful for us. We think that certain men in the team should have refrained from jumping on us and using us as swinging posts. When the girls batted, they did excellently, considering—especially Amy, our infallible morale-builder, and Judy, the "slogger." The distractive talkative staff backstop talked so much that concentration by the school strikers was impossible. The ladies of the staff surprised all, hitting strongly and really running. The umpire was marvellous, sticking to her decisions in the face of terrible odds (namely Mr. Mee, Mr. Young and Mr. Stewart). Half-time scores were a hopeful thirteen all, but at the close, we awarded the game to the staff, twenty-three to thirteen. We decided that in a softball match brawn triumphs over brain.

The umpire bounced the ball and was kicked out on to the wing (2b).



SOFTBALL

SWIMMING SPORTS, 1949.

The annual swimming sports of 1949 were conducted on March 2nd, after having been postponed for a week because of bad weather, and the weather gods favoured the school with a glorious afternoon, which must have been appreciated by the lady members of the staff, as it allowed colour to be added to their neat stylish dress; of course, the men do not need aids to beauty????

The competition right through was very keen, and when the Head Master read out the results at the finish of the day's events, the redoubtable Maths students of the senior school became quite inarticulate as they counted desperately on their fingers. However, the inevitable happened, and the sports were won by Phillip House, with Flinders 1½ points behind. Phillip always has been a fishy house.

The emblem of victory was presented to the captains of Phillip by Mrs. Chisholm, wife of the president of the Advisory Council.

Throughout the day the events were kept running smoothly; in consequence the sports finished well before time, and for this unusual phenomenon we have to thank our very efficient starter (Mr. Farrelly), the organiser of the sports (Mr. Young), and all the other members of the staff who assisted during the afternoon.

The competitions (and some of the competitors) were marked by a number of incidents which happened to various girls during the events. In the Girls' Senior Backstroke, a number of dull wooden noises were heard as the heads of several girls struck together; and Mr. Farrelly had the opportunity during the girls' cork scramble to show his versatility by rescuing a girl who was in difficulties.

These incidents go a long way towards confounding the person who said that boys are clumsier than girls!

BOYS' INTER-SCHOOL SPORT

In football, a very successful series of matches was held by the C.G.S.S.F.L., in which we were beaten on percentage for the premiership. In the first match of the series we were soundly beaten by the experienced Technical School team, but we managed to score a good victory against Traralgon H.E.S. The highlight of the series was our surprise defeat of the tall and heavy Warragul High School team. The game was exciting and hard-fought, and victory came our way because our "mosquito fleet" played fast and systematic football. Near the end of the second term, we lost a soccer game played against the Technical School, after being level with the victors at half-time.

After three successive years as Premiers of school cricket, we lost that honour to Warragul High School in the final match, after decisively defeating Traralgon H.E.S., and playing a draw with the Technical School in a very exciting game. However, next year we hope to gain the coveted "Ashes."

This year, for the first time, a boys' tennis team was entered in the inter-school competition. The team suffered a defeat in its opening match played against the Technical School, but managed to win handsomely against Traralgon H.E.S. However, the winning run was not to last. The same day the cricket team fell at Warragul High School saw the eclipse of the tennis team—a very sad affair. The experience gained will be very useful next year. Results of matches were as follows:

CRICKET.—Captain: Mac Dalglish.

Yallourn H.S. (5-27) drew with Yallourn T.S. (5-27). Yallourn H.S. (9-92) defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (39). Yallourn H.S. (9-81) lost to Warragul H.S. (126).

TENNIS.—Captain: Don Graham.

Yallourn H.S. lost to Yallourn T.S. (37 games to 54 games); Yallourn H.S. defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (50 games to 26 games). Yallourn H.S. lost to Warragul H.S. (42 games to 69 games).

FOOTBALL.—Captain: Arthur Webb.

Yallourn H.S. lost to Yallourn T.S. (3.6 to 12.6). Yallourn H.S. defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (16.19 to 1.2). Yallourn H.S. defeated Warragul H.S. (6.3 to 5.6).

GIRLS' INTER-SCHOOL SPORT

After several hard-fought matches in our inter-school sport this year, the Yallourn High School emerged victorious only in senior basketball, having thoroughly trounced both Traralgon and Warragul in this sphere. The laurels for hockey, rounders, tennis, and softball rest temporarily with Warragul until next year, when Yallourn will show them how to play sport properly.

The coaching of Misses Hauser and Mather, and Mr. Price, however, paid good dividends against Traralgon, as the teams had several comfortable wins in the elimination series.

The results of the matches were as follows:—
SOFTBALL.—Captain: Amy Burne.

Yallourn H.S. defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (13 to 9). Warragul H.S. defeated Yallourn H.S. (19 to 9).
ROUNDERS, A.—Captain: Joan McKay.

Yallourn H.S. defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (35 to 34). Yallourn H.S. lost to Warragul H.S. (30 to 44).
ROUNDERS, B.—Captain: Dawn Fisher.

Yallourn H.S. defeated Traralgon (27 to 20). Yallourn H.S. lost to Warragul H.S. (14 to 37).
TENNIS.—Captain: Claire Easton.

Yallourn H.S. defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (26 games to 21 games). Yallourn H.S. lost to Warragul H.S. (4 sets to none).

HOCKEY.—Captain: Joyce Mack.

Yallourn H.S. drew with Traralgon H.E.S. (2 all). Yallourn H.S. lost to Warragul H.S. (4 to nil).

BASKETBALL, A.—Captain: Amy Burne.

Yallourn H.S. defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (23 to 17). Yallourn H.S. defeated Warragul H.S. (20 to 17).

BASKETBALL, B.—Captain: Audrey Savage.

Yallourn H.S. defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (17 to 8). Yallourn H.S. lost to Warragul H.S. (17 to 33).

FIRST XI.

(With humble apologies to Geoffrey Chaucer, Esq. (1340-1400) and his Canterbury Pilgrims).

Chisholm ther was, and that a worthy man
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To playen cricket, he maken centuries
Which doth us all much plese.
With lokkes crulle, as they were lyd in presse
He was a hero as you may gesse.
There was eek Archbold, bet than the reste
That of his pleye was ful simple and modest.
At cricket wel ytaughte was he withalle
He leet no bails from his wikkets falle.
Ful semely after his balle he raughte
And seldom was he ever caughte.
Eek he was a bowler for al that.
With him was Edmondson, a good batte
Wel kaude he hitten balles in the gully depe,
And wel kaude Kirwood the wikkets kepe,
Stumping he was, or catching balles al day.
Fisher bowleth balles hard to pleye.
His balles they al are of even lengthe
And wonderly delivered, and of greet strengthe.
With hym was Marr, bowler, batesman;
In all the temes is noon that kan
So mucche of bumpers and of sixes,
He has gotten us out of many fixes.
And Graham, quik and clever was he;
His batte he bar ful thriftily,
And Mac Dalglish a bowler he be
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he.
Chessum is ful good at sport,
And pleasaunt and amiable of port.
Johnson the bowler doth muchel plese
With his longe haire fleighing in the brese,
And Pruden bowleth the balle wel
As many batesmen can you telle.
Of fiteen year of age, young Bridle be,
A lovyre and lusty bachelor was he.
The twelfth man, Wallace, him men calle
But sooth they are worthy men withalle.

BIRTHPLACE.

I was born in Rzeszow, a country town in the eastern part of Poland. Its population was over 12,000 inhabitants consisting of Poles and Ukrainians.

Its history dates since the twelfth century when the town's legend was born. The old people say that once upon a time there lived a beautiful girl, the daughter of a minister named Roxotana. In this time Poland fought wars with the Tartars, and the girl was captured. The Sultan himself noticed her beauty, and fell in love with her. After marrying her, he named this part of Poland after her, and called it Roxotania.

The town itself is surrounded by hills covered with different types of trees like oaks, birches, beeches and many others. It lies in a valley, so it is sheltered from the winds. The valley is cut by the river named Zgnila Lipa, which is the source of lots of fun for many. The river flows into the Dniestre, and then to the Black Sea. All streets meet at one place known as the town square, in which there is a church and a small playground for children.

All the shops are in the square, which is the shopping centre. Once a week there is a very important happening, the fair. Thousands of people come then from the country to sell their goods and to buy the town goods. It is interesting to watch them all dressed up in their national dresses. Some peasants dance, some talk, and some watching. There is plenty of noise and music in those busy days of the fair. There are two high schools called "gymnasiums," and two State schools, to one of which I went. A powerhouse supplies the necessary amount of electricity, enough for the town's use. The nicest of the streets in the town is the long avenue called Kolejowka, which leads to the railway station. On both sides of it there are very old trees and fields full of coloured flowers. It is the place of walks and rendezvous in the pleasant times of summer evenings.

This part of Poland is agricultural. It has a very good soil called the "black earth." People grow different sorts of corn, sugar-beet needed for the production of sugar in the factory nearby. There are no secondary industries which would make the town more prosperous. The town lies on the old track from Rumania to Poland, and the influence of that country is felt in Rzeszow.

This town is over 700 years old, and would probably have stood many, many years more if this last terrible war, with its destruction, had not come to it. Now it is a ruined town, with a small population. Probably in another half-century it will disappear from the face of the earth, as many other towns and people have. But I suppose it is the fate of all things in this world.

—ANNA KNOSSOW, Form V.



TENNIS

"THE TROMBONE."

How well I remember my first music lessons, but how much better do the neighbours, who heard those fearful shrieks up the scale, rending the still, night air. Howling cats often added their melodious voices to my practising, giving it an operatic effect, so I thought; but father said, between screeches, that it sounded like a rusty circular saw being sharpened.

In winter I was confined to four walls, and in summer, when the nights were warm I would stand under the twinkling stars serenading a sleepy owl, or even the next door goat, which would look as if it was ignorant of good music.

As the days passed I really advanced with my studies. I was at last able to give a recital to unfortunate friends who visited us. The programme was "Blue Bells of Scotland," full of discords, as sight reading was not my speciality. On some occasions the music seemed to flow out as scientifically balanced notes which would astound the audience, more so myself, but not the cockatoo, who would voice his opinion from afar in a language understood only by himself and his feathered friends.

After many months had passed I was actually able to play "Jingle Bells," without the aid of my manuscript, but, of course, there were several mistakes, there being forty notes in all and only thirty-nine errors, not bad for a professional, if I may say so.

Now, having been reported as a breaker of the peace, my dear comrade the Trombone has greater duties to perform than producing bewitching harmonies, for it now hangs under the verandah supporting a few wild flowers and lazy creepers, much to the appreciation of the neighbours who may now recuperate, but not for long, bless their souls, as I will soon be buying a violin.

H. E. KOHLER,

Form V.

FOURTH FORM FOLLIES.

Oh, listen, listen school kids gay,
About Form Four my tale I tell,
Loud are the notes and sad the lay
When sounds our lovely 'lectric bell.
Good boys there are, but very few,
And gentle maidens I dare say
Do all the things they may not do,
And tempt the teachers' wrath each day.
Our Captain gay is Pauline White,
Who rules us wrong as days go by.
Our French class is the best in sight
With Graham as its gleaming eye.
As usual in the morn we see
Young Aldred coming late but gay.
While Margaret, Mary, and Shirley
Discuss who drove them here today.
Babs and Marj. at hockey flair,
While daily hitting at the ball,
With many others also there,
With lives that aren't their own at all.
Audrey and Judy we all know
Play basket ball most awfully fine;
While Bridle, Marr, and Wallace show
How French is done for Mrs. Wynd.
Betty's giggle is well known,
While Marjory's never heard to mutter,
And of our messers it is shown,
The best one's Shirley Cutter.
As usual Avril combs her hair,
And Heather's voice is heard by all.
And brains are very, very rare,
According to the home-work haul.
Because of lack of pen and ink,
And brains and time and space,
The others' habits I can't think
To put them in their place.
As a class we're always good
And listen to what teachers say,
And do our lessons as we should
In a Form Four High School day.

HEATHER ROBINSON, Form 1VB.

THE CITY OF LONDON

London, the largest city in the world, and the capital of England, boasts a population of eleven million people. They are mostly housed in large blocks of flats, surrounded by commons and green belts. The city offers good shopping facilities near by. Piccadilly Circus, a few minutes' walk from Trafalgar Square and Nelson's Column, shows a statue of Eros, the Goddess of Love, which has been the cause of many a commotion.

Buckingham Palace stands in Pall Mall, and faces a huge statue of the late Queen Victoria. Westminster Abbey, the scene of many a historical event, was started by Henry III., completed by Edward I., and later added to by the famous Christopher Wren. St. Paul's Cathedral, also designed by Wren, and standing at the top of Ludgate Hill, is another fine building. The City has adequate means of transport, both surface and underground. The surface transport consists of trams, and a modern fleet of trolley and diesel buses, which is supplemented by a huge network of underground railways. The stations are equipped with escalators, which afford a ready means of ascending and descending the Tube stations as they are commonly known. The underground trains are electrically operated, and cover a radius of 30 miles round London.

R. and W. POTTS, Ia.

A FISH TRAGEDY.

There was once a small fish,
Who got caught in the sand,
And he said "How I wish
I could get off this land!
I will wait on this shelf,
For the tide to reach me.
Then float my poor self
Out again to the sea."
But the water didn't rise,
Even up to his eyes,
And this is the way many a little fish dies.

BERNICE COMTE, Form IIIa.



RIP VAN WINKLE

(Nineteenth Century Version)

The Englishman, whom we shall call James, climbed into bed after a hard day's labour in the fields. He was not in a very happy frame of mind, for in this year of 1780, men had to work hard for very little, but he still had his home and his cattle, so he was usually content. He pulled the bed-clothes over himself and went to sleep.

When he woke up, the sun was shining through the window and birds were singing happily. He dressed himself and went to look at his cattle which were grazing, as he thought, on the common. As he walked, he noted that the road he was walking on seemed to have changed, and it appeared to be covered with a hard even surface. When he came to the common, to his amazement, his cattle were gone. He was bewildered and began to think that it was a joke being played on him by some friends. All of a sudden, he was startled by a loud whistling sound quite near him. He looked over the hedge that surrounded the common and saw, what he thought, must be a demon with four wheels running along two steel tracks that had never been there before. With another toot of its whistle the train sped on its way. By this time the poor man was frightened, and ran towards the old tavern up the hill. He dashed in the door, expecting to see all the old faces that he knew. Instead, there were men there whom he had never seen before. As soon as he entered, a man yelled out and inquired to which party he belonged.

Poor James was not at all happy; all his cattle were gone, roads changed overnight, all his old friends were gone, and demons were rushing around the countryside. Out of the window he saw a building that had never been there before. He asked the men what it was, and they said it was a factory. Just then he heard a whistle blow, and all the men began to pick up their belongings and go towards the factory.

With all the men gone, James sat down on a bench and asked for something to eat. The inn-keeper brought him some potatoes and a glass of ale, also a paper for him to read. He happened to glance at the date and nearly fainted; it was the third of June, 1830. He controlled himself and began to think. This was the reason why his cattle and friends had gone.

He had been asleep for fifty years! Ah, well, he could do nothing but resign himself to this life. Maybe it would not be so bad after all.

T. PRITCHETT, IIIa.

A LETTER HOME.

Dear Mum,

I am writing to tell you how pleasant our prefects and teachers are to us. The teachers must like some of us tremendously, because often we are allowed to sit right in the front desk.

At the beginning of the first term we were given nice, bottom lockers, so that we can sit on the floor to get our books out instead of having to stand up.

The teachers kindly let us stay back at school during Sports period, so that we won't have to walk down to the oval. They also give us homework so that we will have something to do in the evenings.

We have been doing some class notes for our school magazine, and here they are:—

Our class captain, Patricia, is cheery,
She helps us keep down the noise;
But imagine what 3c would be like,
If it had both girls and boys!

We have Janice as our star pupil,
With Lorraine not far away,
And Nancy, the best at Shorthand,
Who sets an example all day.

At cooking, all really excel(?)
At sewing, too, we're bright;
But when it comes to English,
We have Shirley, our shining light.

Well, Mum, you can see we are making great progress, and we do get around — at least, around the School.

Your loving daughter,

CYNTHIA, IIIc.

A DAY IN COLOMBO.

When we came from Britain, the last port of call before reaching Australian waters was Colombo. The ship was moored a short way from the shore and little motor boats took us ashore. We had hardly set foot on land when we were pestered by natives all wanting to be our guides. We chose one who was a registered guide and he took us on a tour of the shops in the morning. Some of them were quite modern. The owners came out and shouted and waved their arms to encourage us into their shops.

We went into a jeweller's shop and saw them making moon-stone jewellery by hand. The shops and stalls were stacked with goods of all descriptions. The fruit was very welcome to us as we had had so little of it since the beginning of the war. Then we went to the Bhuddist Tree of Contemplation. There were coconut palms all round it and incense burning. In the afternoon we went for a tour of the island by car. First of all we went into a Bhuddist temple, but before we were allowed to enter, we had to take our shoes off. It was very cool and peaceful in the temple, and the three big statues of Bhudda in three different positions were very beautiful. After we left the temple, we followed the course of a river. In one place there was a woman washing clothes and further upstream there was a man washing his bullock. After passing through small villages, we reached Colombo in time to catch the motor boat back to the ship.

ALICE COOPER, Ib.

THOUGHTS OF AN AIR HOSTESS

"Yes," I said to the passenger, "that is Mount Donna Buang."

I thought to myself, "Hullo, the engines are spluttering a little. I hope they don't cut out altogether. That would mean a forced landing or maybe in these mountains we would crash. I suppose the pilot will fix it. The noise seems to be getting worse, though. Those engines are coughing badly. What would happen if we did crash? It's quite likely, too, with all the crashes there have been lately. . . . We're losing height. What a nasty place to be in. . . . If we do crash, it will probably be in a pine forest. The engines will stop any minute now. I suppose that nervy little woman who is standing up will have hysterics or faint when we crash. What a hostess I am! Why aren't I trying to calm that woman? I can't speak. My throat feels dry. Thank goodness those babies don't get upset. I wonder if we'll be knocked unconscious or if we'll be locked in. If I were to put my mind on the job instead of thinking about what's going to happen, I mightn't be so shaky and white. Can't I pull myself together and think of the women with babies? There's that old Indian praying to Allah. Well, I hope Allah does something about it. Oh, we're spinning! The wing just grazed a tree. How I'd hate to be a pilot. Those women are making such blood-curdling yells. I knew that little woman would faint. Look at those trees whizzing by. I hope they can get an ambulance here. Ah . . . ! I think I can get out . . . I think I can. The weight of these babies is terrific. . . . I think I'm clear . . . I can't see. . . I"

—JUDITH COOK, Form IVa.

CAN YOU IMAGINE!!!!

A certain IIIb girl being early for school.

A day go by without anyone being sick or hurt.

A day go by without anyone being reprimanded by the Prefects.

A recess go by without a junior asking a Prefect a silly question (for which there is no answer).

A school social where there were more boys than girls.

The pound cupboard being empty of all books.

The Room Inspection Book for one day having "V. Good" for every form room.

The magazine committee being swamped with entries.

A day with everyone present at school.

All articles of clothing removed from the cloakroom pegs.

A girl's assembly without any complaints or misgivings read out by Miss Callinan.

—"MARGARET," Form V.

In 1810 when Macquarie arrived with his own corp, the N.S.W. Corps, was disbanded.



HOCKEY

FROM TIMBER TO YOUR DAILY PAPER

Newsprint is made from the fibres of wood. Firstly the logs are cut in the forest and transported by means of motor trucks or rail to the saw mill, where the logs are run on to conveyors to the sprays for washing. After this, they are cut by six-foot circular saws into convenient sizes for treatment in the paper mills. The fibres are then separated by large grindstones or by cooking with steam in big tanks called digesters. The wood pulp which comes from these machines is washed and filtered, then stored in big tanks. After this the pulp is pumped to big paper machines where it is run on to a moving wire screen through which the water drains away, leaving a wet sheet of paper on the screen. The sheet of paper then goes through rollers called presses where more water is pressed out from the sheet. After passing over more rollers called dryers which are heated inside by steam, the paper is nearly dry. It now passes through heavy iron rollers called calendars which smooth the paper. It is then wound into rolls on a machine called a winder. Next it is cut into different sizes, weighed, wrapped, and labelled ready for sending away by rail or by boat to newspaper offices, where the news is printed on the paper ready for selling.

—JOHN SUNDQUIST, Form Ia.

SPIDERS.

Oh, how I hate spiders,
With ugly big legs,
They weave in the bathrooms,
They weave in the sheds.

They crawl up the curtains,
They crawl up the blinds,
They get in your slippers,
Especially in mine.

That's why I hate spiders,
They frighten me so,
So if you do catch one,
Please don't let it go.

DOROTHY EDWARDS, Form 11a.

THE FAIRY

I'm looking for a fairy,
A very tiny fairy,
A darling little fairy,
With wings of thistle down.
I wonder if I'll find her
Among the grass and flowers,
Away out in the country,
Or, maybe, here in town.

I think, perhaps, a fairy
Wouldn't like buses,
Or the noisy tram cars,
And the rattling trains.
And would she find a toadstool
A pink and frilly toadstool
For a small umbrella,
Should it chance to rain?

Not along the tram lines,
Or among the buses,
The red and noisy buses
On the busy street;
But maybe in the country
All among the grasses,
The tall and graceful grasses.
She'd find one at her feet.

I think I'll take a journey
Deep into the country,
To find a tiny fairy
With wings of thistle down.
She'll be among the flowers,
And the gently waving grasses,
Sleeping by a toadstool,
And never here in town!

(The writer of the above verses is unknown. They were discovered in the magazine folder, and all efforts to trace their author proved unsuccessful).

BUILDING A FOWLHOUSE.

It was the morning after a fierce gale that had raged all night. When I ventured outside, the wind was still blowing hard, and the banging of loose iron attracted my attention. I looked around and saw that the fowlhouse had been demolished. I hurried inside, donned a pair of overalls and ran to the shed to get a hammer, nails and saw.

I found that all the framework was still standing, though in an unsafe condition. As I was collecting the sheet of iron I heard a voice, and thought—"Oh, no, it can't be that!" I turned, and there it was—my fat old porpoise of an aunt, Aunt Bertha.

She was just about to speak when a sudden gust of wind tore from my grasp the piece of iron I was carrying, and it hit Aunt Bertha right in the middle. She sat down with such a crash that the ground shook. I eventually calmed her down and she decided to have a look at the damaged

fowlhouse. She entered by the back where the iron had been blown off. She surveyed the damage and attempted to leave via the framework of the door. After a lot of puffing, panting and struggling, she emerged carrying the framework about her massive form. With my help, she got free of the entanglement of wood, and said she would help me build the fowlhouse. I protested, but eventually I had to give in.

We succeeded in getting the framework up again and started to put the iron on. After Aunt B. had been swearing, banging her fingers with the hammer and bending nails for some time, she let me drive the nails in. She decided, however, that she would hold the iron while I did the hammering. While she was thus obliging me, a strong gust of wind caught the iron and blew her back against the paling fence. There was a sound of tearing and a rending crash. She had torn her dress and damaged the fence.

We finished a tedious day's work with Aunt Bertha a complete wreck. At five fifteen she remembered she had to catch the five thirty train. As she started to go, a fowl ran between her legs, and Aunt Bertha crashed headlong into the re-built fowlhouse and disappeared beneath the wreckage.

—"CARPENTER," IIIa.

MAGIC IN THE WOODS

On Sunday afternoon I decided to go for a walk in the woods. This is what happened.

I was in good spirits when I set out; I don't think anybody could be but happy. The wind was soft against my face, the sun was warm, the green trees shaded the grass and it seemed as if there was magic in the air. I went a little further than I meant to go and I was just about to turn back when I noticed a beautiful bush that looked like very delicately made lace. It hung across a little opening as if to hide something from the outside world. I pushed it back; and sitting on a leaf was Titania, crying as if her heart would break. I crept a little closer and asked her what was the matter. As soon as I spoke she jumped up and was about to run away when I told her not to be afraid. So she told me what was wrong. It was the King of the Fairies, Oberon. He had said just a little while ago, that he would not dance with her at the ball that very night and walked off. She had not seen him since. We searched for a while and all of a sudden, I saw him, standing behind a bush. The fairy queen was searching and pretended to look again. I soon heard, "Oh!" Then I knew she had found him. He explained he just wanted to see if she loved him, and of course he would take her to the dance. So I went home quite happy knowing I had done a service to the Fairy Queen.

—BETTY LEONARD, Form Ib.

The fishmonger was a man with a great big stomach tall and strong. (2c).

A JOURNEY FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA.

We were very excited as we left Burton-on-Trent, a borough, with a population of 50,000, in the middle of England. It was a cold rainy morning when we drove to the station. We had only a few minutes to wait before the train came. We had to change trains at Derby to catch the train to London, which took about three hours. We arrived at St. Pancras station, in London, and had dinner, but we did not have time for any sight-seeing. We then caught the boat train to Tilbury Docks, where we had to pass customs officers and then we were shown to our cabin on board the liner "S.S. Chitral."

There were twelve bunks in the cabin, in two tiers. I slept in the top one. The first thing on board was the very good and plentiful supply of food.

Most of us were in bed the first two days with sea-sickness, but after that we managed to struggle on deck, but did not touch any food for the next three or four days.

We soon got over that and were out of the Bay and into the Mediterranean Sea, where the weather improved and we were able to play some deck games, such as table tennis. Soon we were bored with this and were glad when we arrived at our first port, Port Said. It was evening when we arrived. It was very colourful to see all the different lights flickering.

In the morning we woke to find men trying to sell goods from their boats to the passengers. We were not allowed to go on shore. We proceeded down the Suez Canal, across which we could see both sides clearly. We then entered the Red Sea, where the weather was very hot, so the swimming pool was opened.

Our next port of call was Aden. We went ashore there, but were warned not to buy food, because it was a filthy place. We were glad to go on board again. When we were moving again we found ourselves in the Indian Ocean and, although the weather was still nice and warm, there was a slight breeze. We were then having a good time as far as entertainment, for we were having film shows, concerts, and dancing.

Our next port was Colombo. We were ashore there for five hours, so we went on a tour to Mount Latvina. On the way the driver stopped at a native open air laundry, where the natives were beating the wet clothes on big stone slabs. We were then driven to the Buddah Temple, where we saw some very fine art and statues. After that we visited the Zoo, and then went all round the outskirts of the town, past the Town Hall, which was a beautiful white stone building, then we continued our journey back to the pier and to the ship.

We sailed from Colombo in the evening, and by the morning we were well out into the Indian Ocean. During our nine days sail through the Indian Ocean, apart from the children's sports and tea party, and Crossing of the Line ceremony, it



ROUNDERS

was more or less daily ship routine until we dropped anchor at Fremantle, our first Australian port. After a stay of five hours at Fremantle we set sail across the Great Australian Bight, which took us five days, and the sea was very calm. During our last two days aboard we were busy packing our trunks in preparation for disembarking at Melbourne. The last two or three hours on board everybody was leaning on the deck rails trying to pick out their friends or relations on the quay. When they dropped the gangway our relations came on board and escorted us to the waiting car and drove us to Yallourn.

HELEN LAWSON,

Form 1a.

THE CITY OF LONDON

London, the largest city in the world, and capital of England, boasts a population of eleven million people. They are mostly housed in large blocks of flats, surrounded by commons and green belts. The city offers good shopping facilities near by. Piccadilly Circus, a few minutes' walk from Trafalgar Square and Nelson's Column, shows a statue of Eros, the Goddess of Love, which has been the cause of many a commotion.

Buckingham Palace stands in Pall Mall, and faces a huge statue of the late Queen Victoria. Westminster Abbey, the scene of many a historical event, was started by Henry III, completed by Edward I, and later added to by Christopher Wren. St. Paul's Cathedral, also designed by Wren, and standing at the top of Leedgate Hill, is another fine building. The city has adequate means of transport, both surface and underground. The surface transport consists of trams, and a modern fleet of trolley and diesel buses, which are supplemented by a huge network of underground railways. The underground trains are electrically operated, and cover a radius of thirty miles round London. The stations are equipped with escalators which afford a ready means of ascending and descending the tube stations as they are commonly known.

—R. and W. POTTS, Ia.

ATOMS, ETC.

Prior to the discovery of X-rays by Roentgen in 1896, scientists had an entirely different idea of the constitution of matter than exists now. They believed that all matter (solids, liquids, gases) was composed of very small particles called atoms, which they pictured as consisting of a central positively-charged mass called the nucleus around which electrons or negatively-charged particles revolved in orbits, similar to the way in which the earth and the planets travel round the sun. It was considered that atoms of one element (iron, carbon, oxygen, uranium) were the same in both physical and chemical properties and that the atoms of different elements had different properties. Atoms were also believed to be indivisible. Except for the picture of an atom, all these ideas have since been discounted in the light of further discoveries such as the spontaneous disintegration of radio-active and induced radio-active elements to form new elements. Thus the idea of atoms, to use an unscientific term, being "unbreakable," is incorrect, as also is the idea of the same element being identical, for it has been established that most elements have at least two different atoms, which, though they are chemically the same, differ in the number of neutrons in the nucleus. These different atoms of the same element are called isotopes. Because of the collapse of the old theory, scientists endeavoured to form a new one which would explain all the known phenomena. They were helped considerably by the discoveries of J. J. Thompson, and later, Chadwick.

Following the discovery of X-rays, came the discovery of the phenomenon of radio-activity in uranium salts, closely followed by Madame Curie's discovery of radium. In the next year, 1897, J. J. Thomson demonstrated the existence in vacuum tubes, the ends of which were at a high potential difference of approximately 80,000 volts, of some new particle which proved to be charged with negative electricity. The mass of this particle was approximately one two-thousandth of the lightest atom known, that is, hydrogen. These particles were called electrons.

At the same time Thomson found that positively-charged particles were discharged from the opposite side of the cathode or negative electrode in the vacuum or cathode ray tube (there is a small one of these in the science room). These particles were called protons and were found to be of the same mass as the hydrogen atom. They were also found to have an equal and opposite charge to that of the electron.

Just over thirty years later Chadwick discovered the neutron, which is a particle of almost equivalent mass to that of a proton, but which carries no charge. Because they are electrically neutral, neutrons have great penetrating power, and can be fired right into the nucleus of an atom.

These three particles were thought to be the fundamentals of matter and physicists endeavoured to form a theory to replace the old one. As a result, scientists have the following modified pic-

ture of an atom. It consists of a central nucleus around which revolve electrons in orbits. The nucleus is composed of protons and neutrons, there being the same number of electrons in the orbits as there are protons in the nucleus, so as to make the atom, as a whole, electrically neutral.

The different atoms of the various elements are formed by a different number of protons and neutrons being in the nucleus. For example, gold has seventy-nine protons and one hundred and eighteen neutrons in its nucleus, whereas copper has twenty-nine protons and thirty-four neutrons in its nucleus.

The idea of all matter being composed fundamentally of the same particles is verified by various experiments in the changing of one element into another; this is done by altering the number of protons and neutrons in the nucleus of an atom.

Thus it would appear that scientists have at last produced a theory which will stand up to any known test that is made upon it. Some have suggested that as the neutron and proton are of nearly equal masses, they may be made of the same particles, the difference being, that one has a positive charge upon it. The difference in mass is, however, quite appreciable, the mass of the proton being 1.0076 atomic mass units and that of the neutron 1.0090 atomic mass units.

This question has been answered by the recent discovery of a small particle similar to the electron, except that its charge is positive. This particle was called the positron and helped scientists to make their theory even more concrete. They have postulated that a positron, upon making contact with a neutron, forms a proton, the reason for the loss in mass being that part of the proton is converted into energy to enable the transformation to take place.

It has been made clear that new discoveries are continually turning up, but contrary to previous discoveries these new ones support the existing theory. It may, therefore, be assumed that scientists have at last solved the problem of the constitution of matter, though there are probably many more facts to be discovered.

In order to stop you trying to separate your fathers' gold watch to determine whether there are seventy-nine protons in the nuclei of gold, I will tell you something that may put you off nuclear physics for life. There are sixty thousand, billion, billion protons to a gram.

R. J. KIRWOOD,

Form VI.

BOYS ! BOYS !! BOYS !!

Come Into Line With The Girls !

Wear the

CORRECT SCHOOL UNIFORM

CAPE SCHANCK.

As we reached the ridge of the sand dune, the wind blew sharp and fresh in our faces. I looked down the precipitous slopes and saw Cape Schanck, the rocky headland stretching out into the green and white tumultuous sea. Although the ocean was comparatively calm, the lower and gradually the higher rocks were covered by the white seething foam. We managed to scramble down the cliff and flopped down for a well-earned rest on the pigface that grew thickly on the sheltered bay. However, the call for exploration was too great, and we soon started out over the smooth flat stones. We found numerous rock pools, but as the tide was coming in, we did not linger. We hurried around the corner of the bay into another small bay. A huge cave in the far cliff gaped at us, and we ran, or, should I say, stumbled over the stones.

The sun was shining brightly, and as we entered the cave the coolness of the air struck us like some unforeseen force. It took us quite a while to get used to the darkness, but as soon as we could see we started to explore. I must say I was very disappointed, as we did not discover anything, but the beauty of the stalagmites and stalactites made up for my disappointment. The stalactites hanging from the roof seemed to be made out of some soft material, but as soon as you touched them you realized they were "as hard as rock." In some places the stalactites and stalagmites met and formed a delicately-made pillar; some were only separated by a few inches, and we wondered how long they would take to meet.

We looked outside and saw to our disgust that the tide was gradually creeping up, and so, with one last look at the delicate formation of lime on the floor and the roof, we went out into the bright sunshine. How warm it seemed after the damp air of the cave. As it was getting late, we made our way back over the stones and rocks and so up the cliff to the waiting car. I will never forget my visit to Cape Schanck—one of the beauty spots of Victoria's coast line.

AUDREY SAVIGE, IVc.

BOGONG

Bogong, a small township, is situated in the Australian Alps. Around it has been commenced "The Kiewa Hydro Electric Scheme." It is about two thousand and ninety feet above sea level and has a population of over two thousand. Bogong is not an old town as it began only twenty-five years ago. There were only about thirty inhabitants in the early days; all being men who lived in tents in the bush. Bogong is still in the bush. No cattle or sheep are in Bogong as the only work is the production of electricity by water. In the early days, the only means of transport was by packhorse. If a horse was not available, one just had to hike it. Some of the old inhabitants



FOOTBALL

tell very thrilling tales of the early days; of the snow knocking down their tents on them during the night or of some of their experiences as they were walking to Tawong, the nearest village. Of course, it is much more civilized now. Even so, thirty is still the number of houses there. The township is built on the side of a mountain at the foot of which is Lake Guy, named after the first resident engineer.

The houses are built in rows on ledges cut out of the mountain side. Bogong is a very beautiful place and many sightseers come in by bus every day. Among its attractions is the spillway which banks up the water for the Power House which is two miles further down the valley. Another is the lovely school which has every modern convenience that anyone could wish for.

In winter, the snow comes and all bring out their skis. Then the children have a great time ski-ing to school. At night, everyone gathers at a place with their skis and have the time of their lives till about midnight. In all, Bogong is one of the nicest spots I have seen.

—BARBARA LAW, Form IVa.

NIGHT STORM.

The day had been sultry,
A night storm was high.
Dark gloomy clouds
Filled the grey, summer sky.

Flashes of lightning
Increasingly bright,
Outlined the black clouds
Of the dark summer night.

A grey owl flew silently
Over my head,
A white silhouette
On a sky that was dead.

A few tiny glimmers
Away to the east.
One mighty flash
And the night storm had ceased.

—JOCEY JENNER, IIIb.

MURRAY LANDSCAPE

The night had been hot and starry, with no wind. The silence was broken only by the monotonous drone of countless mosquitoes. At dawn the raucous laugh of kookaburras seemed to begin in the distance and echo along the banks till the very trees were reverberating. The sky flushed a pale pink, but soon the heavens were more beautifully designed and painted by the sun. A very pronounced and brilliant gold overspread the east, and was then partly covered by a deep crimson. Edges merged into orange and the rising sun outlined in silver the few regular clouds. On the far bank, trees clustered blackly. Mirrored in the water the colours seemed to gather, poise and then swiftly disperse, particularly the green reflection of the swaying willow trees. An early rabbit or two nibbled the patchy grass on the long sloping banks, while birds awoke and immediately chattered in unison, causing bedlam in the sapling gums, which formed a miniature forest on the banks.

Soon the light breeze dropped, and the heat increased. Trees along the Murray's edge, stood silent, waiting. The plain was bare. The earth seemed to stretch away and slope up till it met the sky as a hard silhouetted line. Bare, brown and broken, the earth baked. It throbbed. Heat radiated back from the earth into the still air. Shimmering waves, hot and dazzling, stayed in the sunlight. The sun was a burning, searing flame, which scorched the eyes and blackened the skin. It was merciless and enervating, and killed vegetation. The countryside was a dull brown, where sheep found a few grass seeds and ate their accustomed diet of blue bush or salt bush, unaffected by the harsh glare of the sun. The heat intensified. Even the crows closed their glittering black eyes.

During the afternoon the heat decreased, slowly and imperceptibly. Sheep filtered through a screen of trees to drink; birds recommenced their noise. Bustled by a light, fitful breeze, the leaves whispered conspiratorially and a few solitary pines sighed. Cold, austere and remote, the moon rose. Slowly and majestically, it climbed higher, shedding a pale eerie light over the silent scene. Gums, ghostly and grey, grew in the distance.



CRICKET

Even the ground looked grey, in the cold moonlight. A forest of white, dead trees stood stark and lonely—their death caused by a cruel ring cut into their bark. Now, they were old, limbless, and useless. Their boles were blackened, and knotted, and the trunks scarred and gnarled—their very spirits were gone, leaving behind an old worn case to bear silent witness that, in this timeless land, trees once flourished.

MARION O'HARA, Form V.

A HIGHLAND TOUR

If we were to enter the George Square in Glasgow on a nice summer's day in July, we would find a large queue of people waiting for buses to take them out of the bustle of city life into the country. These people are, just in their leisure hours, trying to make up for the hours spent in shops and offices by going into the country to get the smell of the heather and the heath.

In taking the highland tour, we would leave Glasgow about eight o'clock in the morning, journey from Glasgow-on-the-Clyde, and sail down the river passing the famous shipyards, the birthplace of the greatest ships that sail the seas, including the Queen Elizabeth and H.M.S. Vanguard. We would then sail on down the Firth through the Kyles of Bute, and on to the west highlands to reach Inverary, the capital of the highlands and the seat of Duke of Argyll.

By motor-coach (we are now on our way back) through central Scotland we pass some famous lochs, such as Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, also having a wonderful view of Scotland's only lake, the Lake of Menteith, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, who wrote the "Lady of the Lake" around these shores.

We would now be almost home, with Stirling Castle standing high on our right and the great coalfields of Stirlingshire on the left. Another half-hour and we are passing my home-town, Kilsyth, whose hills surround us as we approach Glasgow after an enjoyable day, feeling refreshed in mind and body, ready for another day in the big city.

—RUTH BLAIR, IIa.



THE DUEL.

In the early hours of the morning, at a quiet place a few miles from a little village, a small crowd gathered, as it had leaked out that a duel with pistols was to be fought between Mr. Leaf and Mr. Needle.

A little later a coach stopped, and an immensely fat gentleman struggled through a very much narrower door. This was Mr. Leaf. He was a plump man of medium height, and a pale face, with a cigar in his mouth. He weighed about seventeen stone.

Another coach clattered to a stop, and this time a tall thin man jumped down. This was Mr. Needle. He seemed eager to start; maybe it was because he made such a small target while he himself had such a large one in Mr. Leaf.

Each was given a pistol by his seconds, and they were about to commence firing when Mr. Leaf put forward the suggestion that he should stand twice as far away, because fat men are easy targets. This was met with a roar of laughter from the onlookers.

So another solution was adopted. Two white lines were drawn down the fat man's coat, and no hits outside these lines were to count.

At twenty paces on the command they turned and fired. Mr. Needle fired first, and was rewarded by a scream from one of the spectators standing twenty yards away, as a bullet pierced his leg.

Then Mr. Leaf fired, but the gun was shaking so violently that a branch was knocked off a nearby tree.

Mr. Needle was first to discover that he was not shot, and stumbled over to his seconds, swaying like a lily in the gale, although very much relieved.

Mr. Leaf's kees were knocking like two great coconuts on a palm tree in a storm.

After this, Mr. Needle and Mr. Leaf were the best of friends and never again were so foolish as to propose duelling.

—J. WALLACE, Form IVa.

FAMILY ALBUM.

One of the things my mother seems to derive pleasure from is the exhibition of photos of me in my extreme youth. I implore her to refrain from displaying such things, especially to my boy friend, who senses I'm slightly insane already.

A typical example shows me wearing a hectic rigout that looks like some of the old man's underwear. This, apart from my long socks and white sandals, appears to be the only vestige of clothing I have on.

A prize example shows me at the age of five clothed in what my mother insists is the very latest of swim suits. To me it looks like a suit of long underwear with a belt under the arms and a turtle neck which was rolled up on the top of my head. I look really cute.



PREFECTS

One of my mother's favourites is me at the age of six, sitting on Uncle Perce's stomach and biting his ear. Although I was wearing one of mum's Sunday hats and bib, my resemblance to Dracula is alarming. My bestial expression is topped off by my cross eyes and bare feet. This sort of thing is not suitable for general exhibition.

Another good example of me at the age of five is shown in a large portrait. I am wearing high-heeled shoes, a 1925 dress with an extremely low neck line and an old curtain around my head as a train, and I am wheeling a small pram at the bottom of which lies the prostrate form of my cousin, aged two; she has on a pair of gloves and a safety pin.

I think it is my cousin, but it may be the cat: it seems to have a bit too much hair for Minnie. It says on the back, "Joan, age four. She certainly is a scream." A scream, maybe, but it looks like I'm nuts too.

That's only a few—there are albums more of such horrors, including me with a huge pin aimed at the posterior of the Rector and another of me in the bath biting huge pieces out of the soap, which looks very much like a Pear's Soap advertisement. These indications of the insane streak in our family are prize heirlooms of my mother's, which she protects with all her might.

SCOTIA. 1Va.

SONNET

The ship slides out of port, the sirens rasp,
The friends on shore fade slowly out of sight
Ahead, the tug strives valiantly at its task
And warps the ship into the silent night,
The silver wake trails shimmering behind;
Ahead the sea swells darkly, smacks the side
Of the tall ship; fleetly stirs the wind
Scudding the ghostly clouds the moon to hide.
Off the port bow a buoy bobs up and down,
The light gleams fitfully through the purple veil
Which drapes the silence, o'er the rail
Comes silver mist or spray, a glorious crown
Upon the pale grey decks, the cry "All's well"
Comes clearly out the night, along the ocean's
swell.

D. D. GRAHAM, Form V.

HALLE.

In the middle of Germany, on the River Saale, which flows north into the Elbe stands the town of Halle, where I lived for a time. Before coming to Yallourn, I lived at Helmstedt, in the British Zone. Halle has 220,000 inhabitants and is an important traffic centre. All the trains coming from the Western part of Germany and going to Sachsen (Saxony), and all trains coming from South Germany to Berlin pass through Halle. The land around Halle is a flat plain, with few trees. The trees found there are mainly deciduous, such as the oak and linden, and there are many fruit trees, cherry, apple, and pear. There are many small towns and villages in the area. People travel mostly by railway, but around the towns they use trams, which run on tracks down the centre of the streets. The houses are mainly two-storeyed, with steep roofs. In the attics under the roofs clothes are dried in winter time.

The district of Halle has the greatest brown coal mines in Middle Germany. Therefore, big power stations and coal distillation plants grew around Halle. It is a great industrial centre. Halle is the town where Handel was born. In the market place in front of the Markt Kirche (Market Church) and in front of the Rote Turm (Red Tower) stands a monument to him.

The sign of Halle is a boy with a monkey, who walks on roses, for once long ago the people of Halle waited for their king. They strewed roses on all the roads, but before the king arrived, there went a boy with his monkey over the roses.

The heraldic figure of Halle has got the sun, the moon, and the stars on it. In earlier times salt was won from underground mines at the place where Halle is standing now. When the people asked their King for permission to build a town he wrote for his answer, "May sun, moon, and stars shine on you for your work." Therefore, they put these things in the heraldic figure.

The University of Luther, which was once in Wittenberg, a town on the south side of the Saale, was moved to Halle.

In one part of Halle the only schools were built by a priest named Franke. When he was a young man, he used to teach poor children. He did that in a very kind way, and all rich people started to send their children into his school. He earned so much money that he was able to build more schools and orphanages for homeless children. These buildings were called Frankische Stiftungen.

On the Saale are standing many old castles. Some of them have fallen in and only the walls are standing.

There are many old inns around Halle. In one of them is a hall where pupils of the University fought duels.

To end this article I will write the following sentences in German for you—

Winter in Victoria is not as cold as winter in Germany. There, the snow lies on the ground for months, and the winds are very cold. But when



HOUSE CAPTAINS

spring comes, the snow melts and the trees soon grow new leaves.

Winter in Victoria ist nicht so kalt wie Winter in Deutschland. Der Schnee liegt monatelang auf der Erde und die Winde sind sehr kalt. Aber Wenn der Fruhling kommt, Schmilzt der Schnee und die Baume bekommen bald neue Blätter.

HELGA GARTNER, Form 1a.

REVENGE.

We were so happy together — she and I — in our home by the edge of the jungle. But alas, she is gone, and this evening I seek revenge. It was the fat Vicar of the Abbey who killed her. He beat her once, twice over the head with a thick stick until my poor wife fell dead upon the ground.

I had an opportunity to avenge her death, half-an-hour before prayers. The Vicar was seated in the garden, gloating over the dreadful way in which she had ended her life. I crept up silently behind him, and was about to strike him a fatal blow when the Friar rounded the corner of the building. Just in time I slipped out of sight. The two men walked away together, while I, seeing the window of the Vicar's room was open, decided upon a plan.

The last long shadow of evening filled the horizon, and it was night. After some difficulty, I managed to climb up a vine and on to the projecting balcony. There I awaited the arrival of the murderous Vicar.

I hadn't waited long before I heard the heavy footsteps of my victim. I hid behind the curtain and watched him as he came through the door and placed the candle upon the dressing table. I waited breathlessly, for I knew he would — in time — draw the curtains. I heard him coming. I counted seven steps before his hand fell on the curtain. At last my time had come. I struck, and watched him fall dead on the floor. I had done the thing I set out to do — avenge the death of my wife — the Queen Cobra.

N. GILHAM, Form IIIa.

CHATTERING WATER.

'Mid shady glades of fragile ferns
There is a stream that swiftly turns,
Through rocks, and over shapeless stones,
'Tis here that I have built my home.

When evening colour streaks the sky,
And wasps and bees in peace do fly,
Along that bubbling brook I stroll,
And visions of delight behold.

Azure sky to purple tinted,
Snowy clouds with gold edge glistened
Under the sun—a crimson tone
Mingled with the wind's soft moan.

In this paradise of colour,
Drooping boughs aloft do hover,
Fragrant flowers with soft, sweet scent,
Toward my eager hands are bent.

R. POYNTER, Form V.

COHUNA

I will try to give you a brief picture of the township of Cohuna and its outlying district. This town, notable only because I was born there, lies sprawled on the Gunbower Creek, and is a typical country town of this northern area. In winter when it rains, which is indeed a rarity, the deeply-rutted sides of the street are a shiny space of water, and a perfect trap for the unwary.

Then, in sharp contrast, we step into summer and hurriedly discard excess clothing, very hurriedly indeed! In these days of sweltering heat, most people retire to the weir on every available opportunity. Later they emerge from the cool, sparkling water, and hurry down the street to buy an ice-cream or two. An air of languor prevails—the atmosphere is stifling. Even the few stray dogs, which lie listlessly in the dust, are too enervated by the heat to do more than flick idly at the numerous flies which torment them.

When the hot sun is hidden behind the line of bluish-grey gums which rim the horizon, the whole town steps out to enjoy the few hours of comparative coolness.

There are plenty of shops, in which the townspeople seem to be able to spend their hard-earned money very easily, especially on Thursdays and alternate Mondays, which are sale days. Then the usually idle town is a hive of activity; every type of vehicle, from the horse-drawn drays to the latest model cars line the street, as on these days the inhabitants of the surrounding dairying districts come to town to purchase their weekly supplies.

There is always much hustling and bustling on the one-sided main street, as this town is unique in the north in that its main street has only one side. The other is occupied by what was once a

park, but where roses and weeds now strive for supremacy.

It is on the other side of the creek that the sporting enthusiasts spend their leisure hours, for here are the tennis courts, twelve beautiful courts in excellent order. The smoothly-cut lawns of the bowling green, with their surrounding gardens, provide a blaze of colour, and last, but definitely not least, the sports oval, whose leaning white fence stands sharply etched against the background of gnarled gum trees.

Such is the town of Cohuna, standing alone in the midst of a vast expanse of unending plains. George Essex Evans could very well have been thinking of this locality when he wrote of:—

"The everlasting sameness
Of the never-ending plains."

CLARE EASTON, Form V.

AFRICAN NIGHT.

The cattle are grazing on the hill,
The night is coming on;
Here everything is calm and still,
For the daylight now is gone.

And down in the lonely jungle,
Where nothing is calm and still,
Animals seek their morning meal,
From the streams they drink their fill.

But now the darkness flees over the seas
On dark and silent wings,
And sighing through the jungle trees,
The African dawn breeze sings.

'Tis daylight now; the night has gone.
The bright day has ascended,
Eternal time must still roll on,
Though the glorious dawn has ended.

VIRGINIA SHAW, 11a.

