

Margaret Ferguson



# The PYLON



The High School

Vol. 5

Yallourn, 1951



# School Officers

**HEAD MASTER:** 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.

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## ADVISORY COUNCIL

Mr. E. G. Chisholm (deceased), Pres.; Crs. D. J. White, J. C. M. Balfour, Canon J. H. Brown, Messrs. D. Ferguson (deceased), F. R. Cooke, L. J. Herriman, J. Lawson, W. L. Mack, K. McIntyre, J. C. Bush, V. R. Heward, J. French, L. L. Kreitling.

## PREFECTS

**Head Prefects:** Helen Johnson, A. R. Marr.  
Shirley McFarlane, Jocelyn Davey, Merle Parsons, Wendy Wolfe, Marion Scarce, Faye White, Elizabeth Wallace, Pamela Williams,  
R. B. Archbold, P. L. Archbold, K. L. Greenway.

## HOUSE CAPTAINS

**BASS:** Helen Johnson, R. B. Archbold.      **FLINDERS:** Merle Parsons, I. H. White.  
**MAWSON:** Shirley McFarlane, K. G. Rogers.      **PHILLIP:** Jocelyn Davey, A. R. Marr.

## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

**Editor:** Shirley McFarlane.      **Sub-Editor:** Wendy Wolfe.  
**Art:** Helen Johnson.      **Photography:** Merle Parsons.  
**Typistes:** Brenda Block, Faye White, Pamela Williams, Shirley Mack.      **Reporters:** Beverley Gregory, Betty Wallace, Betty Mitchell, N. Gilham, K. Rogers, J. Evans.  
**Staff Representative:** Mr. J. A. Mitchell.



# Editorial

Once again our Magazine is published under the threat of world hostilities and general unrest. The problem of achieving peace and unity lies mainly with the individual; but there are several factors hindering this achievement. Greed and the lust for power lies at the base of every disturbance, either international or domestic. People want more money and more power, and the coveting of these ends is indirectly the cause of the world unrest.

Hand in hand with covetousness, and alike in its destructive result, is complacency. The line—

*"Not failure, but low aim, is crime,"*

may well be applied to many present-day conditions. We are too self-satisfied, and too apathetic in our attitude to current affairs. We lack the courage to think critically and intelligently.

Let us, therefore, accept the challenge implied in our School motto: "Wisdom and Courage," and apply it to our own lives. We need the wisdom to work for an ideal, and the courage to carry it out.

So, on this special occasion of the Centenary of Victoria's self-government, let us resolve to take a deeper interest in the affairs of our School and our community.

## IN MEMORIAM

**MR. E. G. CHISHOLM, Obiit. August 31st, 1951.**

**MR. D. FERGUSON, Obiit. August 29th, 1951.**

During the month of August our School sustained a very great loss through the tragically sudden deaths of two foundation members of the Advisory Council—Mr. E. G. Chisholm, Chief Clerk of the State Electricity Commission; and Mr. D. Ferguson, formerly of Moe, but more recently of Trafalgar.

Mr. Chisholm was appointed to the Advisory Council of the newly-constituted Yallourn High School in June, 1945, as a representative of the State Electricity Commission. At the first meeting of the Council, held on July 21st of that year, he was elected Chairman, an office which he held unchallenged and the duties of which he ably discharged until his death. Although advised a year or more ago to restrict his activities, he yet carried on wherever there was work to be done that he considered he should do.

Mr. Ferguson emigrated to Australia a number of years ago from an island off the north coast of Scotland. He very early interested himself in the community life and welfare of the people among whom he settled. Associated with the School Committee at Moe for many years, and its chairman for a lengthy period, he was elected to the first Yallourn High School Advisory Council as a parents' representative, and retained their confidence throughout the intervening years.

Each of these councillors felt pride in the School. Each was earnest and sincere in his desire to advance the interests and welfare of its pupils and staff, and in his desire to appreciate our problems and needs, and to solve or satisfy them by an understanding co-operation. Each lent his services freely on our public and private occasions so far as his other duties permitted. Both clearly recognised that a good school endeavours to do more than impart knowledge; that, indeed, its highest aims must be to mould character and to produce good citizens. As an expression of this viewpoint, our late Chairman each year presented prizes to the boy and girl judged to be the best school citizens of the year.

As might be expected, each of these men lived up to a high ideal of citizenship himself. Both were men with wide interests and activities—sporting, civic, and social. It was natural that a close tie should develop between the two. They were esteemed and regarded by many with a warmth of feeling far beyond the ordinary. How truly may it be said of each that his worth was made known by the multitude of his friends.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to the families who mourn their loss. The men themselves will continue a fragrant memory with those who knew and worked with them.



# Main Entrance Yallourn High School



In this Jubilee year, it is fitting that we pause for a moment to consider both the wider community of the state and our own community, the school.

States have histories, traditions, leaders and citizens. So, too, have schools—and the story, the traditions, the citizens and the leaders of a school are as important to the people immediately concerned as are those of the state to the members of that state.

Thus, although the subject of the sketch above may seem somewhat ordinary and unimpressive to those of us who see it five days of every week, a moment's reflection makes us realise that it has a deeper, inner meaning not expressed in the caption.

For most of us anyway, it means the entrance to a small state of our own, in which each of us is a citizen with his or her own part to play. It is, in the widest possible sense, a gateway to learning—not merely to classrooms, but rather to life and citizenship.

So consider, for a time, the deeper implications of "Main Entrance Y.H.S." Think, if you can, of your first coming to the school. Think of what you have become, or will become, as you leave it. And realise, above all, that as the worth of a state depends upon its individual members so too, does the worth of a school and its value to the community as a whole.





## Diary

### FEBRUARY:

- 6.—School again.
- 21.—C.A.E. play "The Importance of Being Earnest."

### MARCH:

- 1.—Opening of the Sick Room.  
"A desperate disease requires a desperate remedy."
- 7.—Swimming Sports.
- 21.—Summer Sports with Traralgon.
- 23.—East Holidays.
- 28.—Boys' Cricket Match against Y.T.S.
- 30.—Annual School Fete.

### MAY:

- 3.—Senior School Examinations.  
"I saw, alas! some dread event impend."
- 4.—Empire Youth Sunday.
- 9.—Jubilee Day.
- 11.—Senior School Holiday.  
"Far from the maddening crowd."
- 16.—School Social.  
Wedding Bells for Mr. Mitchell.  
"What's done is done."—Macbeth.
- 18.—Holidays.

### JUNE:

- 6.—Winter Sports with Warragul High School.

### JULY:

- 2.—Junior School Examinations.
- 11.—Winter Sports with Traralgon High School.
- 19.—Y.H.S. versus Y.T.S. at Winter Sports.
- 25.—Save the Children Fund.  
— A second triumph for Mawson.

### AUGUST:

- 10.—Senior School Examinations.  
"I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew."—Keats.
- 17.—Senior School Holiday.
- 26.—Excursion to Power House by Forms V and VI.
- 28.—School Social.  
Was gathered there "her beauty and his chivalry."
- 30.—Staff versus Students in Hockey and Basketball.
- 31.—Holidays.

### SEPTEMBER:

- 11.—The Bodenweiser Ballet.
- 12.—Visit by the Inspectors.  
". . . . . forgetful of their sins,  
Old learned, respectable bald heads."—Yeats.
- 25.—Holidays.

### OCTOBER:

- 10.—Inter-House Sports.
- 15.—Egg Appeal begins.  
—Something foul in Mawson.
- 24.—Combined School Sports at Warragul.
- 31.—Visit to Maryvale Paper Mill.

### NOVEMBER:

- 8.—Examinations.
- 13.—Jubilee Day Holiday.
- 29.—University Examinations start.  
"I think and think, yet still I fail."  
—Walter De La Mare.

### DECEMBER:

- 11.—Speech Night.
- 17.—School Social.  
"How sweet the looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favours fall."—Tennyson.  
Staff versus Students. Cricket and Tennis.
- 18.—Final Assembly.  
"The rest is silence."

### THE SCHOOL BUS SERVICE

Approximately 411 pupils, or two-thirds of the School, are bus travellers. Some children from Erica and Hillend travel as far as 50 miles a day, while many other pupils suffer bone-shaking rides over rough roads to get to their daily labours. During the last floods very few bus-travellers were able to reach the School, and many had a well-earned holiday which the Yallourn pupils were unable to enjoy.

Each bus has an appointed monitor, who is obliged to check the prevailing levity among the travellers, and also to check the bus rolls. Fortunately, there has been no serious disturbance on any one bus.

And so, to school by bus!



## THE FETE.

On March 30th we held our annual fete. Many excellent posters were distributed amongst the shops of the neighbouring towns and a record attendance was the result. Mr. Silcock and Miss Hannah were in charge of the cake stall, and, as usual, all their samples were quickly sold out, including the juniors' "dismal failures."

The lolly stall was catered for by Miss Duke and Mr. Mitchell, and an excellent profit was secured (one wonders if that was because only seniors were allowed to serve behind the counter).

Amidst magazines and a glorious jumble of odds and ends we sometimes glimpsed Mr. Pittard with his partner Mr. Hopkins. A Dutch auction helped to swell the funds, and it is rumoured that a fifth former obtained a skipping rope!

Credit must be awarded to Miss McKeone and Miss McDonell for their beautiful display of plain and fancy goods. (Even if some of the goods were plain, the prices were always extremely fancy).

Around the ice-cream stall we observed a minor flood, but by making the raspberry vinegar a little paler, Mr. Wynd and Miss Mason reaped handsome profits. Selling anything from jelly crystals to artichokes, Mr. Young and Mr. Price also did good business on the produce stall.

The visitors were supplied with an excellent afternoon tea, provided by Miss Cronin and the cookery girls.

As usual, the highlights of the day were the side-shows. Miss Callinan and her assistants must surely rank with Wirth's and Silver's for running tip-top shows. Mr. Stewart ran the "Chamber of Horrors," of which a junior was heard to remark as being simply "heaven," compared with one of Mr. Stewart's science lessons. The pet show was very popular, the most unique pet being a "real" live monkey who could actually talk! In fact, that "real" monkey was remarkably like a certain junior boy we know. Of course, it would not be a real fete without the post office. Just who "Lovelorn Lily" and "Faithful Ferdinand" really are still remains a mystery, though we have our suspicions. Many girls sighed with relief (or was it distress?) when they found that their love letters were fakes.

The total takings of the day were a record and our sincere thanks and congratulations were extended to our splendid organisers—Mr. Homann, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Champion, and Mr. Findlay. With the proceedings we brought a movie film projector and a sound microphone system.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The photographs seen in this issue were taken (in the face of fearful odds, i.e., rain, wind, etc.) by Mr. J. Clucas, of "Jay-Cee" Portraits, Yallourn. The Magazine Committee appreciates his gesture, and extends to him its very sincere thanks.

## EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1950

### MATRICULATION

Of the eight pupils who entered for Matriculation last year, the following were successful:—

A. C. Balfour (4 passes, 1 honour).  
L. W. Castenelli (4 passes).  
B. D. Griffiths (4 passes, 1 honour).  
Marion O'Hara (4 passes).

Details of the subjects are as follow:—

English Expression: 1 honour, 5 passes.  
English Literature: 4 passes.  
French: 1 pass.  
Pure Mathematics: 2 passes.  
Calculus and Applied Mathematics: 2 passes.  
Physics: 3 passes.  
Chemistry: 1 pass.  
Geography: 1 honour, 4 passes.  
British History: 3 passes.

### LEAVING CERTIFICATE

The following students obtained their Leaving Certificates last year:—

Shirley McFarlane, M. G. Rogers, P. L. Archbold  
—in 7 subjects.  
Merle Parsons, Gloria Farmer, Audrey Savige, G. Stanley—in 6 subjects.  
Margaret Briggs, Rae Lane, T. Rohde—in 5 subjects.  
Judith Cook, Jocelyn Davey, D. J. D. Chisholm—in 4 subjects.

In addition, one student passed in 5 subjects, but failed to get Leaving Certificate.

### INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE

The successful students last year were:—

J. Adams, G. Angus, Pamela Baker, W. Carrie, Irene Curtis, B. Edmonson, K. Greenway, Beverley Gregory, Valda Griffiths, N. Gilham, R. Hopkins, B. Mitchell, R. Pruden, K. Rogers, Marion Scarce, R. Wade, Betty Wallace, R. Westbrook, I. White, T. Wilcox, A. Williams, K. Kirwood, Marilyn Rodgers, Barbara Bingham, Lesley Boak, Valerie Bouchier, Betty Duffin, Pat Hewat, Viola Laird, Shirley Mack, Diana Marshall, Shirley McQueen, Betty Patrick, Mary Reid, Margaret Rose, June Tatterson, Deidre Trainor, Fay White, June Williames, Pam Williams, Gwenda Akers, Valerie Barrow, Brenda Block, Beverley Bond, Merle Coster, Nancy Deering, Janice Evans, Shirley Simons, Jean Stephens, Lorraine Waller.

Two other girls, Ann Hardman and Esta Thomas, completed their Intermediate Certificate this year.

### TECHNICAL EXAMINATIONS

Advanced Typewriting: 15 credits, 17 passes.  
Shorthand Practice: 100 words per minute—4 credits, 12 passes: 120 words per minute—1 credit, 5 passes.

Shorthand Theory: 18 credits, 18 passes.

Form III History: "Bismarck's motto was 'Not blood and bone but iron and steel.'"



## SCHOLARSHIP HOLDERS

The following students hold scholarships which are tenable at this School during 1951:—

### Junior Scholarships:

Pamela Baker, Glenda Dunstan, R. J. S. Cooke, Wendy Ebbott, Dorothy Edwards, Valda Griffiths, Dorothy Harris, Lesley Hawkins, J. E. Hutchinson, Elizabeth Lamont, Flora Love, Margaret McConnell, Betty Mitchell, Ruth Ray, Marjorie Rees, Kaye Spurrier, June Williams.

### Free Places:

J. D. Adams, P. L. Archibald, Myra Baker, G. E. Beck, M. M. Bell, Brenda Block, P. Brooker, L. Campbell, Joyce Cronin, Jocelyn Davey, Margaret De Carli, B. E. Edmondson, Audrey Finlay, Beverly Gregory, Valda Gregory, Gladys Holding, D. R. Hopkins, G. C. Kitney, Helen Lawson, A. R. Marr, Merle Parsons, Velma Passey, Mary Paterson, Sylvia Pederson, Janise Rodgers, Marion Scarce, R. Stuchberry, Toni Thorne, J. Walker, Elizabeth Wallace, P. W. T. Wallace, Pamela Williams, Barbara Wilson.

### Teaching Bursaries:

P. L. Archibald, Wendy Wolfe, J. D. Adams, Pamela Baker, B. E. Edmondson, Elizabeth Wallace, Shirley McQueen.

### State Electricity Scholarships:

W. C. Carrie, Faye White, Helga Gartner, D. Groves.

### Australian Paper Manufacturers' Scholarships:

Nancy Deering, Janice Evans, A. Williams, June Cahill.

### Nursing Bursaries:

Merle Parsons (Matriculation), Valerie Barrow, Lesley Boak, Beverly Gregory, Valda Griffiths, Betty Patrick (Leaving Certificate), Heather Jackson, Wendy Emmerson (Intermediate Certificate).

### Specials:

Victoria Police School: J. W. Toey.  
Kew Golf Club: Beverley Hodges.



Vigoro Team II.

## STAFF v. STUDENTS

On the last day of Term 11, the Staff tried to match themselves against the school hockey and basketball teams.

Tastefully attired in an assortment of outrageous outfits, the Staff "team" marched on to the oval to the tune of cheering and the bass drum. One suitably arrayed highland member of the staff entertained us with a lively imitation of a sword dance executed over two hockey sticks. After this the referees appeared and the battle of the sticks began with typical bullying by the staff.

All afternoon "the noise of battle rolled," but it seemed to roll on one side only, resulting in a glorious win by the staff, who gained three goals. The students' score, unfortunately, does not seem worth mentioning.

And now the enthralled crowd excitedly moved to the basketball court, where the staff soon took up the challenge again. Leaping from one part of the court to another, and displaying amazing agility and vicious strength, this remarkable team occasionally managed to get hold of the ball, and even sometimes sent it through the ring.

A good fight was put up by the undaunted school team, who eventually overwhelmed their opponents and defeated them—12 goals to 11 being the final score.

## NIGHT LIFE.

One Friday night in July, the High School Ladies' Auxiliary commenced the holding of dancing classes. For a small sum students were given the main event—supper—and as a sideline, had lessons in dancing. These have been held monthly and all who attended have enjoyed themselves immensely. We wish to thank the Ladies' Auxiliary for their generous effort. We appreciate it very much!

Form IV French: "Roland neveu bien-aimé de Charlemagne" was translated as—"Roland never well-liked in Charlemagne."



School Tennis Team



# Sports Notes

## HOUSE NOTES.

This year has shown very keen competition in all House affairs, most especially to the three appeals.

First team's Grand Ag regate went to Mawson House, with Phillip, Flinders and Bass following. Phillip won second term, but results showed that Mawson still had a slight lead for first and second terms. Just now we are in the dark as to what are the final results.

In Social Service, the Clothing Appeal went to Mawson House, as did the 'Save the Children,' for which the school raised over £60. In term 3 the Egg Appeal was won by Mawson House with Phillip a close second. Over 250 dozen eggs were collected.

In all House competitions, the rivalry has been terrific — to the point of "bribery and corruption," but the whole school has shown great sportsmanship.

## BASS HOUSE

### BOYS:

During this year, the boys have achieved great successes in inter-house competition. First term brought no startling results in the swimming sports or social service, but in second term, after quite a struggle, we won the senior football premiership.

Our athletics team was successful in winning the boys' division of the house sports, as well as the marching competition. Our thanks go to Mr. Farrelly for his fine management of the House, while our congratulations go to the other houses for their fine sportsmanship.

## BASS HOUSE

### GIRLS:

Although our sporting achievements have not been great this year, we can, however, boast two premierships in softball and another in rounders. Also, the names of certain Bass girls appeared on the lists of school teams in athletics, basketball and hockey.

Bass House gave their steady support to all appeals during the year, and can take the credit for starting the enthusiasm throughout the school in the "Save the Children Fund."

I would like to thank our House Mistress, Miss McDonnell for her help and guidance, the vice-captain and lieutenant for their invaluable assistance in the House affairs, and also Mr. Cullen, who disciplined the Junior House earlier in the year.

## FLINDERS HOUSE

### BOYS:

This year, as in previous years, Flinders House, with the splendid co-operation of all the boys, has done well. We came equal first in the junior football and together with the girls we had sundry successes in social service. In every school team we were well represented by both junior and senior members of the house.



Most of our achievements are due to the leadership of our House Master, Mr. Wynd, and to the help given by the vice-captain and the lieutenant.

## FLINDERS HOUSE

### GIRLS:

This year proved fairly successful for we won premierships in basketball and rounders. Large numbers of our girls were chosen to play in school teams and to compete in the Inter-school sports.

We worked hard for social service but always stopped just short of success, coming second in the athletics, swimming sports and in several appeals.

Thanks are extended to all house members who co-operated to produce such results, especially to our very capable House Mistress, Miss McKeone, to Mr. Duffin who helped with the juniors, and to the house officials.

## MAWSON HOUSE

### BOYS:

This year we have again been highly successful, due largely to the excellent work of our House Master, Mr. Price. In sport we did fairly well winning the swimming sports, and coming equal first with Flinders in the Junior football.



As yet, cricket and tennis results have not been determined. Of the three Appeals run this year, we were successful in winning all of them. In Scholarship we did excellently, coming a close second first term, and winning second term. After winning the aggregate in first term and coming second in second term, we are hopeful of carrying off the shield this year.

### MAWSON HOUSE

#### GIRLS:

This year, we have enjoyed the fruits of many victories, both in sport and social service. We have won premierships in hockey and rounders, and were well represented in school teams.

As for social service, we have worked just a little harder than the other houses to win all of these appeals, and I am proud to have captained a house that was so enthusiastic.

Credit is due to the House-Mistress, Miss Mason, and the Junior House-Master, Mr. Mitchell, for their guidance, and to my vice-captain and lieutenant, Betty and Brenda, for their loyal assistance.

Good luck, Mawson-ites for 1952!

### PHILLIP HOUSE

#### BOYS:

Phillip boys are to be congratulated on their keenness and enthusiasm shown in the execution of their duties. Our successes in social service are due in no small way to the active interest displayed by our House Master, Mr. Hopkins. Although not strong in sport, we were able to fill several places in the school teams, and were well represented in the school athletics. In house sport, we have had only moderate success—our only win, besides our combined effort with the girls in athletics, was in soccer.

### PHILLIP HOUSE

#### GIRLS:

This year, the girls of Phillip house have been very successful. Although the competition has been very keen, during the third term we have managed by a magnificent win in the house athletics, to keep ahead of our rivals.

I have been very proud to captain a house which has co-operated so well and worked so hard for everything they have gained. I would like to thank Miss Duke, the house mistress, Mr. Harrison, the junior house master, and the vice-captain and the lieutenant for their help.

Thanks, Phillip House, and good luck!

### CRICKET NOTES FOR 1951

Captain was Barry Archbold. The first match was against Traralgon, and we had rather an easy time against the younger Traralgon boys. John Evans batted well to get 56. Final scores: Y.H.S., 5/152, d. T.H.S., 25.

Against the Technical School we came out victors rather more easily than we had anticipated. Fine bowling by Gunn held our batsmen down for a time, but we finally overtook their score, and went on to win well against a mediocre attack. Scores: Y.H.S., 7/135, d. Y.T.S., 61.

We played Warragul for the premiership at Warragul, and we were very hard put to win. They were 3/63, when K. Rogers came on and secured a hat-trick. Warragul's time ran out when they had scored only 7/76. We went in and, due mainly to the hard hitting of Barry Archbold (42), we won by 35 runs. Final scores: Y.H.S., 111, d. W.H.S., 7/76.

### ATHLETICS.

The annual house athletic sports were held in fine weather on Wednesday, 10th October, on No. 2 oval.

As soon as "starter Farrelly" could send the competitors off on their race, announcer Young" was giving us the results amidst wild cheers or dead silence, according to which House competitor had won the event. After an exciting and exhausting (for the runners) afternoon



The House Captains



Senior Cricket Team



**HOUSE SPORTS:**

**GIRLS.—Senior:—**

**100 yds.:** J. McKay 1 (P), M. Rhode 2 (B), P. Lynch 3 (P), B. Abson 4 (F). Time, 12.8. **75 Yds.:** J. McKay 1 (P), M. Rhode 2 (B), P. Lynch 3 (P), V. Botten 4 (F). Time, 9.7. **Crossball:** Mawson 1, Flinders 2, Phillip 3, Bass 4. Time, 56.7 (record). **Hockey Relay:** Phillip 1, Mawson 2, Bass 3, Flinders 4. 1.22.6. **Extension Ball:** Phillip 1, Flinders 2, Mawson 3, Bass 4. Time, 44.6. **Circular Relay:** Phillip 1, Flinders 2, Mawson 3, Bass 4. Time, 65.2.

**INTERMEDIATE:—**

**100 Yds.:** M. O'Brien 1 (M), V. Griffiths 2 (F), B. Mitchell 3 (F), G. Recourt 4 (B). Time, 13.4. **75 Yds.:** M. O'Brien 1 (M), B. Mitchell 2 (F), D. Parker 3 (M), V. Griffiths 4 (F). Time, 10.5. **Crossball:** Mawson 1, Flinders 2, Phillip 3. **Hockey Relay:** Bass 1, Phillip 2, Mawson 3, Flinders 4. 1.23.5. **Flag Relay:** Flinders 1, Mawson 2, Phillip 3, Bass 4. 66.6.

**SUB-INTERMEDIATE:—**

**100 Yds.:** F. Taylor 1 (P), J. Walker 2 (M), A. Finlay 3 (F), G. Scanlon 4 (P). Time, 13.7. **75 Yds.:** J. Rodgers 1 (M), J. Walker 2 (M), E. Spriggs 3 (F), A. Finlay 4 (F). Time, 10.2. **Flag Relay:** Flinders 1, Mawson 2, Phillip 3, Bass 4. Time, 65.3.

**JUNIOR:**

**75 Yds.:** J. Deppler 1 (F), L. Nicholson 2 (F), M. Stares 3 (M), R. Reside 4 (B). Time, 10.2. **50 Yds.:** J. Deppler 1 (F), A. Faith 2 (P), R. Reside (B) 3. L. Nicholson 4 (F). **Crossball:** Phillip 1, Flinders 2, Mawson 3, Bass 4. 64.2 (record). **Flag Relay:** Flinders 1, Bass 2, Phillip 3, Mawson 4. Time 65.6.

**SUB-JUNIOR:—**

**50 Yds.:** J. Robinson 1 (P), L. Oliver 2 (F), L. Shields 3 (F), M. Boswell 4 (M). Time, .72 (record). **Flag Relay:** Mawson 1, Bass 2, Flinders 3, Phillip 4.

**Senior Marching:** Flinders 1, Bass 2, Phillip 3, Mawson 4.

**Junior Marching:** Phillip 1, Mawson 2, Bass 3, Flinders 4.

**Slow Bike Race:** L. Gunn 1 (B), B. Driver 2 (B), A. Boyes 3 (B), J. Bowen 4 (P).

**Open Potato Race:** J. Bowen 1 (P), E. McLaren 2 (B), L. Gunn 3 (B), O. Wood 4 (P).

**GRAND AGGREGATE:** Phillip, 221; Flinders, 196½; Bass, 193; Mawson, 177.



**Senior Football Team**

the most thrilling and most eagerly anticipated event took place—the marching competition!

The results and criticisms ably judged by Captain Robertson over, Mr. Champion handed over to Councillor Balfour the final results of the sports. Phillip were the clear winners from Flinders, Bass, and Mawson.

Final Points:—

Points	Bass	Flinders	Mawson	Phillip
Girls' aggregate	75	111	102	117
Boys' aggregate	120	85½	75	104½
Grand Aggregate	195	196½	177	221

**FOOTBALL NOTES FOR 1951**

Captain was Barry Archbold. The first match was against Warragul, and the winners were virtually premiers. The match was always close, but after three-quarter-time two quick goals saw us going on well to win a good hard sporting match.

Goals: Marr 3, Evans 1, Castanelli 1, O'Hara 1.

Against Traralgon, hampered both by wet conditions and erratic umpiring, we could not get into stride, but defeated the young and inexperienced Traralgon team fairly easily.

Goals: P. Archbold 8, B. Archbold 1, Marr 2.

The match against the Technical School, always a rough one, was no exception. Hard play marked the game, but once again we ran out winners, to win our second successive premiership. Our win in this game was largely due to the unequalled play of Barry Archbold at centre half-back.

Goals: P. Archbold 8, B. Archbold, Carrie.

Results:—

**SENIOR:**

Y.H.S. 6.6 d. W.H.S. 3.7  
 Y.H.S. 11.13 d. T.H.S. 0.0  
 Y.H.S. 10.12 d. Y.T.S. 2.2

**JUNIOR (Captain, Dave Dawson):**

W.H.S. 14.15 d. Y.H.S. 2.3  
 Y.T.S. 9.6 d. Y.H.S. 1.7  
 Y.H.S. 1.12 d. T.H.S. 3.1

**SOCCER:**

Y.T.S. 6 d. Y.H.S. 0.



**Junior Basketball Team**



## THE JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM, 1951

Our captain is a dauntless lad,  
David Dawson is his name;  
A tremendous kick and a brilliant mark  
Have won him a lot of fame.

At centre-half there's a capable man,  
Peter Hutchinson is his title;  
He changes with Dawson in the ruck,  
And plays a game that's vital.

The half-back flankers, O'Connor and Gust,  
Are very brilliant men;  
They always play a very good game—  
They could play a paddock of ten.

A full-back gay is Rodney Morrison,  
He leads the line of defence;  
To help out are Kitney and Wigg,  
Whose muscles are very immense.

Across the centre we are strong,  
For Mitchell and Goode on the wings,  
And Jonny Brennan in the centre,  
Are capable of many things.

The half-forward line is particularly fast,  
With Prestige and Coyne on the flanks;  
With bursts of speed they stab-pass the ball,  
And earn their team-mates' thanks.

The full-forward line is a high flying squad,  
Where Wallace and Gretton stand out,  
And John Pendleton, so brilliant on the field,  
Who rarely kicks the ball out.

The following division is extremely strong:  
Dawson and Burke play like thunder;  
And rover Clarke, with kicks straight and long,  
Always makes the backs blunder.

The 18th man is extra brilliant,  
At running the boundary he's grand;  
In fact this fellow, John (Ian) Lawson,  
Throws the ball in one hand.

We give hearty thanks to our coach, Mr. Farrelly,  
Who coaches us to fame;  
We hope that our win against Traralgon High  
Will show him he taught us the game.  
—BARRY GUST and PETER HUCHINSON, 2B.

### GIRLS' INTER-SCHOOL SPORT.

SUMMER MATCHES: Yallourn High School were not successful in winning any premierships this year, and we put this down to lack of practice. In softball, we first lost to Traralgon High School, after a hard-fought match; at Warragul, we scored only one run owing to the opposition's impregnable fielding.

The newly-formed Vigoro teams had no chance against the more experienced teams of both Traralgon

High School and the Warragul High School, but now the girls know how to play, they will carry off the honors next year (likewise softball).

Thanks go to the coaches, Mr. Mitchell (softball), Mr. Harrison (tennis), and Miss Hannah (Vigoro), who coached, alas, in vain.

WINTER SPORTS: This time, the "High" was more successful, winning two out of three premierships. In hockey, we had exciting, if muddy, matches, and succeeded in being unbeaten. The junior basketball also gained the honors and had fairly comfortable wins. The senior basketball, however, was overwhelmed, but we believe they won an impromptu match against the staff. Hmmm? However, we must give credit to the coaches, Mr. Duffin and Miss McKeone (basketball), Mr. Price and Mrs. Mitchell (hockey).

SOFTBALL (Captain, Jocey Davey).

T.H.S., 36, defeated Y.H.S., 33.

W.H.S., 42, defeated Y.H.S., 1.

VIGORO "A" (Captain, Marion Scarce).

W.H.S. defeated Y.H.S.

T.H.S. defeated Y.H.S.

VIGORO "B" (Glenda Dunstan).

T.H.S. defeated Y.H.S.

W.H.S. defeated Y.H.S.

TENNIS (Captain, Pam Williams).

T.H.S., 3 rubbers, defeated Y.H.S., no rubbers.

W.H.S., 3 rubbers, defeated Y.H.S., one rubber.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL (Captain, Delsa Oliver).

Y.H.S., 37, defeated W.H.S., 32.

Y.H.S., 1, defeated T.H.S., nil.

HOCKEY (Captain, Shirley McFarlane).

Y.H.S., 1, defeated W.H.S., nil.

Y.H.S., 1, defeated T.H.S., nil.

### SWIMMING SPORTS

The day of the swimming sports dawned bright and sunny, as if to oblige the hundreds of spectators and the various competitors. With each event came the cacophony—otherwise known as loyal barracking—by the onlookers, and this resulted in terrific House rivalry.

Things were kept "pepped up," and gradually the noise of the starter's gun, Mr. Young's stentorian voice announcing the progressive totals, and the subsequent cheering became intermingled with the noise that prevails over such events as these. The ladies of the staff sat sunning themselves and keeping tally of the points scored. (Sunburn resulted!) Finally the results favoured Mawson boys and Phillip girls.

The now orderly (?) assembled School cheered in turn as each House was announced by Mr. Mack, and, after the silver cup was presented to the Mawson House captains, students departed homewards with either sore throats or wet togs.

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Form IV History: "Cook went to Tahiti to study Venus."



# EX-STUDENTS

The Magazine Committee wishes all ex-students the best of luck in their careers, and if any omissions or errors have been made, we sincerely apologise. The following notes have been compiled by our reporters:—

The boys' Head Prefect for 1950, Bryan Griffiths, is studying Dentistry at the University, together with Alister Balfour—doing an Arts Course, and Laurie Castenelli, who is studying Chemistry. The teaching service has claimed Lois Olver, Marion O'Hara, and Gloria Farmer, who are training at Melbourne Teachers' College, while Clare Easton is at Geelong Teachers' College. Fay Graham, back at Traralgon High School, is not far from her friend Rae Lane, who teaches at Traralgon State School. Audrey Savige is learning dress designing at the Emily MacPherson College, along with Grace Catchpole, who was with us in 1949.

Some students have drifted away to other schools—Graeme Lindsay is attempting Matriculation at Seymour High School, Russell Pruden is at Wesley College, and Gwenda Akers is at Methodist Ladies' College. Arthur Webb is at Creswick Forestry School, Trevor Cahill is training to be an officer at the Duntroon Royal Military College.

Several of our girls have entered the nursing profession and we wish them all well. Judith Cook and Margaret Turner are studying at the Queen Victoria Hospital, while Joan Scott has started on her patients at the Royal Melbourne. After working with the S.E.C. as typistes, Jean Stephens and Barbara Murphy have also taken up nursing.

Many of our former students are now employed by the S.E.C. In the Yallourn offices we find Barbara Bingham, Diana Marshall, Betty Duffin, Mary Reid, Fay Johnson, Edna Bills and Leonie Jackson. Margaret Briggs, Esta Thomas, and Pat Hewat are typing in the Morwell office, along with Merle Coster.

Three of last year's boys—Don Ferguson, Robert Bridle, and Don Chisolm now lead farmer's lives. Mac Dalglish collects cash in a Morwell bank. Trevor Rhode may be found surveying the scenery. Max Rogers, in the Chemistry Department, and Gerald Stanley, ticking over accounts, are at the A.P.M. Also employed there is Wilma Newton, tapping a typewriter.

Gregory Angus works as an electrical apprentice at Langdon's in Yallourn; Don Hall, Ron Westbrook and Terry Wilcox are electrical fitters with the S.E.C. Two more of last year's Form IV., Colin James and Ken Kirwood are now apprentice carpenters. John Wallace is also employed by the S.E.C. Barry Mitchell is a telephone technician with the P.M.G., Melbourne.

The remainder are scattered throughout the district working at various occupations. Irene Curtis is at the National Bank, Moe, Josie Jenner works at Michael Guss', Moe, and Valerie Bouchier can be found at Brown's Garage, Trafalgar. Morlene Wheeler works among the girls at the Moe Glove Factory, June Tatterson is in the Trafalgar Butter Factory office, while Maree Ford, also from Trafalgar, is employed by Purvis Stores. Faye Scholes is a typiste at the Victoria Barracks in Melbourne, and Cynthia Cooley is also somewhere in the city. Lorraine Waller and Marjorie Woof both work in Morwell, and Shirley Simons likes her job at Kelly Bros' garage, Morwell. Ann Hardman has joined her family at Skipton and seems to like the life up there.

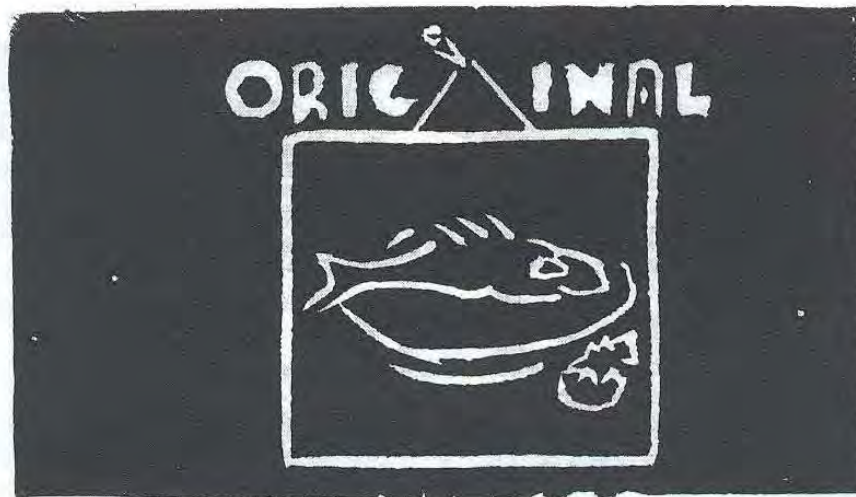
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Form III History: "English prisons were mainly places of de cease."



The Prefects





### PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE

Wesley College, situated in St. Kilda Road, is perhaps the most modern of the Associated Public Schools. Centrally placed in large grounds, this college is the home of one hundred boys, and the place of education for five hundred others. As one of the former, I have quite a lot to do with the school and its methods.

Every morning rising bell goes at a quarter-past seven, except Sunday, when we are allowed to sleep in until a quarter-past eight. From this bell we have forty-five minutes to prepare for breakfast, after which there is a break of twenty minutes to roll-call and prayers, followed by three periods of forty minutes, ending at eleven a.m., when comes a short recess of fifteen minutes. Two further periods come before lunch, which is taken at a quarter to one. Three more periods complete the day's schoolwork at half-past three. From then until tea at six, various sports practices are held. Cricket and rowing during first term, football and hockey in the second, and athletics during the third section of the year. After tea, preparation occupies us until a quarter to nine, and from then till lights out at half-past nine we hard-worked boys can relax, if our homework is finished.

Facilities in the boarding house are many and varied. There is a table-tennis room, two libraries, two reading rooms, and several pianos. Others in the school are drawn to the gymnasium, swimming pool, or hand-craft room. We are certainly well looked after.

The school itself is largely led by the boys. There are nine prefects and five probationers, all of whom have great authority. G. Smith is captain of the school, ably assisted by R. Allsop. Both are extremely capable, and lead us very well. There are four houses here—Adamson (the boarding house), Irving, Way, and Corrigan. The latter three are based on the postal districts of Melbourne. The competition is very keen for the honour of cock house. At the time of writing Adamson have a very comfortable lead in this contest.

During the year Wesley has many sporting contests with other schools. We won the cricket quite comfortably, and managed a second in the rowing. The football and athletics premierships have yet to be decided, but we have a fair chance in both.

Other activities during the year are highlighted by a social with Methodist Ladies' College, dancing with

Presbyterian Ladies' College, and some school dances. I know these would greatly interest senior boys at Yallourn High.

We boarders are allowed five day leaves (Saturday or Sunday) per term in order to visit friends, and two week-ends to go home. In addition to this we can go to the football or any other sport if we wish.

So, if anyone intends going to a public school, I strongly recommend Wesley College.

—RUSSELL PRUDEN,

Form V, Wesley College.

### LINES FROM MODERN SONGS—OUR VERSION

1. "Stars are the windows of heaven, where angels peep through"—Windows in the Staff Room.
2. "We saw the apple blossom wedding, from the balcony above"—Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell.
3. "Every day on top of a load of hay (clay)"—Mound outside the Staff Room.
4. "We'll build a bungalow, big enough for two"—Extension to Room 12.
5. "Zing zing, zoom zoom, my little heart goes boom"—Every Tech. sports day.
6. "I don't care how late it gets, I'm not going home"—School Social.
7. "There's a little white duck sitting on the water"—Outside Prefabs.
8. "'Cause I won't have to slip around to have your company"—Sports oval after rain.
9. "My defences are down, they've got me where they want me."—3B's Arithmetic period.
10. "Run rabbit, Run rabbit, Run, Run, Run"—Caught talking to boys over the fence.
11. "I'm so tired of waiting for you"—The Trafalgar bus after school.
12. "She isn't crazy for diamond rings, silken and satins and fancy things"—Miss Callinan.
13. "Mammy, how I love you, how I love you, my dear old Mammy"—Giving report book to Mum.

—D.O., 3B.



## C.G.S.S.A.

In this article, I will not begin the usual, "One bright, sunny day," but instead, "One wet miserable, gloomy day," — we journeyed to Warragul for the combined sports meeting. As the endless stream of buses jerked to a standstill at the Showgrounds, an endless stream of children poured out, and later an endless stream of exhausted competitors either strutted off or unobtrusively slunk off, according to their degree of success on the arena.

The refreshment marquee was well patronised, and unusually large amounts of food and drinks were disposed of. Apparently indigestion did not trouble the barrackers.

Rain fell spasmodically, and the boys in the 440 yards open event were drenched as they skidded around the field on one wheel. Very few records were broken, owing to the heavy track, but the Intermediate girls' crossball team from Yallourn broke their last year's record. The senior boys amazed us by showing marked successes in their events.

For the marching events, the girls wore brightly-colored tunic-bands, and their egos were tickled with many compliments. Judging was difficult, and the honours were finally awarded to Warragul. The boys marched into first place, and were ashamed of military efforts. At the assembly, the results were given by Dr. Harris, of Warragul High School.

That school won nearly all the honours, except for the senior boys' section, which was won by our boys, and the intermediate boys' section was won by the Yallourn Technical School.

Two Jubilee Plaques were awarded—one to Warragul girls and the other shared by the two Yallourn schools.

After the awards, there was a general outpour from the grounds, and groaning, protesting buses transported the wet and exhausted pupils, plus coloured streamers, homewards.

### "OUR FORM"

There was silence in the classroom, for the word had passed around

That the teacher was a-heading for the door;  
So away went paper pellets, and those awful rubber bands,  
And they scrambled for the papers on the floor.

There were angels in the classroom, for the teacher had arrived;

All their books were open, and all their heads were bent.  
Not a single word was spoken, not a pellet to be seen,  
As they studied history books with looks that were intent.

There was chaos in the classroom, for the teacher had just left;

All the boys they started fighting with the chalk,  
And as well they aimed their pellets at the poor, defenceless girls,

Whose shrill squealing really drowned the others' talk.

—LESLEY HAWKINS, 4A.

Form I History: "The sabbath tooth tiger."



School Softball Team

### A SIMPLE EVERYDAY (?) TASK: TAKING A BATH

Taking a bath is not, as many foolish, ignorant people suppose, an easy matter to cope with—no, indeed not! A bath, to extract the utmost of enjoyment from its soothing tendencies, must be dealt with like a spoiled child—it must have its own way—otherwise during your cleaning you will become irritated at the soap's not lathering, the bath water's becoming cold, and many other indiscriminate troubles guaranteed to upset the most level-headed person.

To clean oneself one must do the soaping in the prescribed manner thus: Take the soap in the left hand and the sponge in the right, and, after rubbing the two together, run the sponge along the outside of the left leg, up along the left side of the body, the left arm, and finally the neck. Now transfer the sponge to the left hand and carry out a similar process on the right side of the body. You should find this treatment highly exhilarating. Still with your right hand (or left if you are left-handed) run the sponge over the inside of your legs. Now for the most thrilling part of the bath—the loofah. Take it, and smooth soap into it, then back-scrub—not merely a slow, uninviting back-scrub, but a challenging, vigorous back-scrub that will make you feel on top of the world, like a new pin, or, to use a more modern phrase, like a million dollars.

After this, the next step is to sponge the face clean of any particles of dust that might have lodged there since the last revolution of the earth on its axis. Taking the face flannel in your natural writing hand, describe a circle round the perimeter of your face until you reach the nose. Rub this vigorously until the desired shining look is obtained.

Next comes the head cleaning or shampoo. To do this you must be very skilled, for it takes weeks of patient practice to get used to the idea. The prescribed manner is this: Rub soap well into the fingertips, place them on the scalp, and then shake the head like a Russian answering questions at Lake Success.

The toilet is now complete, and the method prescribed here is guaranteed to give the utmost satisfaction and pleasure to all those thinking of taking a bath.

—KEN ROGERS, V.



## TRAPPED!

The flickering yellow light from the lamp lit up the ledge at the side of the drive, revealing Jones, crouched in an awkward position, peering through a gap in the strongly built wall. He put his hand to his hip pocket and, drawing out a much used tobacco pouch, began to roll a cigarette while he waited. He could not help noticing how his hands shook as he tore out the tissue, as he rolled and licked his cigarette, and as he lifted the lamp to light it. He was putting down the lamp when he heard it. Immediately his body became taut, his ears tense and his eyes brighter. It was a small sound, but nevertheless distinct—the far away sound of "Big Bertha," the bulldozer, snorting and grunting as she pushed the heaps of clay and stones towards the gaping mouth of the pass. There was a hush, peculiar to underground mines, and then the faint whirr of rushing air. This merged into a dull, padded thudding which in turn grew louder and louder until it became a deafening, thundering roar. Through the gap in the wall Jones saw, in the blackness, brilliant blue and red sparks, as a boulder ricocheted from wall to wall down the pass. Almost abruptly, the noise ceased, but its song still rang through Jones' head. This experience never failed to excite him, and for a while he forgot the argument he had had in Wilson's office. Then anger filled his heart as he recalled the fat manager seated behind the polished desk, smiling at him.

"But I tell you the clay's too heavy. More water will make it heavier." Jones had paused for a moment while he ran his tongue over his cracked lips. Then he had continued in a more earnest tone: "You don't seem to understand. There are men down there with wives and families. You—you can't expect them to work down there when there's danger so close at hand." Beads of sweat clung to his furrowed brow.

"Now Jones, be sensible. I was down there not a quarter of an hour ago. I saw how much was coming down, and I say there needs to be more." Pause. "I have already rung Carmichael and told him to use the hose and wash more in. You can't make me believe there is any danger in that. As for the clay—we've used clay before, and we'll use it now."

Jones knew he would be wasting his breath if he told him that when Wilson had been watching the mullock fall, it was only a coincidence that only a little was falling; or that when they used clay last time to fill a stope, it was almost a surface job, and anyway there was more gravel and stone than clay.

And now he was in number five level, hoping that the inevitable would not happen. He picked up his lamp and hurried back along the drive to the concrete steps that led down to number six level.

He was used to walking up and down the steps and he knew them by heart. In fact, if it came to that, he knew the whole of the underground mine like the palm of his hand—even better. He had begun working at the silver, lead, and zinc mine as an ordinary labourer when he was twenty-three; now he was forty-seven and had worked his way up to the highest

position an uneducated man could reach. He was a shift-boss over about thirty-six or seven men, seven of whom he was going to see right now.

Leaping down the steps two and three at a time, he soon reached the level. Once there, he ran along the drive until he came to the pass that led to the barricaded stope above. He was now directly below where he had been working in number five level. He decided to climb this short manway pass and see Fielding, the man who was stationed there to watch the barricade.

It was dark in the pass, and climbing the ladder was hard work. It was very dangerous up there, but he was not afraid, as he had been there many times before. At last he reached a ledge, right behind a large wooden structure—the barricade. There was no sign of Fielding.

Jones was not anxious about Fielding. Probably he was yarning with the men using the diamond drill along at the end of the drive. He did this often, and, even though he was disobeying orders, he was never reported. Fielding was like that. Stretching out his arm, Jones showed the torch on the wall. "Phew, no wonder Fielding's not here," he said aloud. The top half of the barricade was bulging suspiciously. It was a built-in wall at the bottom of the worked-out slope. There were four layers of large bags, in criss-cross formation. Behind this structure thousands of tons mullock were piled up. Now the wall was creaking and moaning under the strain. Once more, sweat glistened on his face, drenching his moustache and stinging his eyes. Quickly, he climbed down the runged ladder, slipping now and then in his haste.

A few yards back along the drive, Jones rang up the man working with Carmichael, and told him not to send any more mullock down. He looked grimly into the mouthpiece. "Oh, well," he sighed. He was in the act of running down to the seven men (eight with Fielding) and bringing them back, when he froze; he felt a cold, prickling sensation. There was a loud crack, and he knew that the barricade had broken. Yet he could not move. He was hypnotised.

But his lamp fell from his nerveless fingers, breaking the spell, and he leapt into life. In moments like these, almost impossible things can happen. Jones positively flew down the drive. He could not hear the crash and rush of slush, nor did he feel the whole drive shake. He had not stopped running when he found the daylight through the entrance. He turned it had all fallen out. "Funny; I thought there'd be more," he thought. He was still shaking when he met the dozen or so men, described his escape, and around, but could not see all the mullock. Evidently told them about the trapped men.

Soon he found himself at the head of a chain of shovellers, slashing the mullock along the drive. The line of men was about three hundred yards long, and among the men were the draper, Skinner, with his fine and delicate hands; the barber, the publican, and



even the schoolteacher. News spread like leaves in the wind in that hamlet, and, outside the main addit women were busily making tea and sandwiches for the men.

Thus they worked for about seventeen hours, using the hose at times, and pushing the slush back along the drive and down another pass to the level below.

It was well into the night when they reached the telephone, only a few yards from the caved-in pass. Jones, who had been working most of the time, was weak by now. He was shaking from sheer exhaustion. Now they were directly beneath the broken barricade, and looking up, Jones saw that timber had blocked the pass, stopping the remainder of the weight. They pressed on. They were almost on their knees now. Soon now. Must press on. Jones had a headache and he kept hearing thump-thump-tap-thump.

But this time it was not only in Jones' head that the tapping was heard. It was them! They were tapping. Butler, the postmaster, was brought up to the end of the line, and tried to decipher the message—A-L-L-O—all O.K.

The night was cold. The women and the doctor were at the entrance, huddled in coats, when they carried the pale and weary party out into the open air.

When everyone had gone, Jones wandered aimlessly out of the drive into the yards. He rolled another smoke and strolled over to the trucks and sat on a stack of logs. It was not long before he sensed that he was not alone. Jones got up and walked round behind the pile. There, shrouded in the shadow, was Wilson, with his head down in his hands. He looked up at Jones.

"Well," he said slowly, "I suppose there'll be an inquest." His face was lined and aged. "You were right. I was pig-headed. Just suppose—" Jones patted the seated man on the shoulder. "Don't worry; nothing will come out, you can count on me."

NOEL GILHAM, Form V.

#### MT. ERICA

Mt. Erica stands 10 miles from Erica and 36 miles from Yallourn. It is 5000 feet high. In the winter-time the mountain is covered with snow. Once this mountain was a volcano, when black smoke and red lava flowed out of the top. In the 1939 bushfires it was one hot mass of red coal, as the beautiful mountain ash was slowly burning away.

It has an excellent ski run, and many tourists venture to climb the one mile peak. There are rocks called "The Mushroom Rocks," situated on top of each other 100 feet from the peak of the mountain. It also has a natural lake running from the snow when it melts. Some people think that the 1956 Olympic ski-ing sports may be held on Mt. Erica.

—M. BOSWELL. 2b.

Form V Geography: "The balboa tree grows in Northern Australia."

#### FRECKLED FREDA

I don't know how they started,  
I only know they're there;  
Some say it's only natural,  
Because I've got red hair!

I'm covered with these terrible spots,  
My arms, my legs, my face;  
At least I can't get many more,  
There's hardly any space.

The people always stare at me  
Whilst at the beach I stay.  
I've tried so many different cures,  
But they never go away.

The names I'm called are horrible,  
They make me, Oh! so wild!  
But if I try to defend myself  
I'm called a naughty child.

They say some day I'll lose them.  
Oh! How I hope they're right.  
So please, kind friends, in the meantime,  
Have pity on my plight.

—MARGARET EVANS, Form 2A.

#### SOCIAL SERVICE

The School has made a very ready response to the three appeals. In Term 1, the School raised 1108 garments, Mawson winning the appeal, with Phillip and Flinders second.

The Save the Children Appeal was marked by feverish competition, as each House in turn took the lead. Mawson again won, with Flinders, Phillip and Bass following. A record sum of £66/11/9½ was raised.

During Term 3, Mawson claimed another victory over the other Houses by winning the Egg Appeal for the local Hospital. Owing to the shortage of time, there were only 3087 eggs collected.



Junior Football Team



## A STORMY NIGHT'S VISITATION

I was alone at home on this particular night in 1950. Outside the rain came down in torrents, drumming at the corrugated iron roof, while the wind howled mournfully around the house, rattling the windows and flapping the blinds. I sat by the fire listening to a radio play and watching the light from the flames flicker around the dimly lit room. Now and then a brilliant flash of lightning would illumine every corner of the room with its strange light, and the house would tremble under angry bursts of thunder.

The play itself, concerning some of the worst periods of the war, disturbed me. As soon as it finished, I turned the wireless off. I lay back in my armchair, thinking of the misery and suffering that war brought, of the lives lost and the broken homes, and of the thousands of orphaned children left to fend for themselves in a world of turmoil and trouble. My thoughts wandered on as the light from the fire gradually diminished and the room grew dimmer.

A soft knocking on the front door brought me back to my senses. "Come in!" I called out lazily, thinking it to be a friend, then stood up as I saw a strangely dressed young man standing in the hallway. Curiously, I felt no alarm, but wondered vaguely why anyone should be so lightly clad on such a night.

"Come and sit down by the fire," I said brightly. "You must be very cold." He frowned and shook his head slightly as he sat down opposite me. "Do not speak so loudly," he said softly, but very distinctly. "You will give me a headache." I was puzzled, but waited for him to speak again. At last he did so, speaking softly as before. "This world of yours," he said, "it is so different from my own." I looked at him sharply in the dim light; his handsome face was serious. What was he talking about . . . his world? Heaven or Hell, perhaps? Kew probably, I thought, a sudden feeling of alarm running through me. Well, anyway, he does not look like a dangerous maniac. I thought, relieved. I decided to humour him.

"If you come from another world," I said, speaking softly as he bade me, "how is it you can speak my language, and know so much of this world?" "Ah! that is simple," he answered. "I come from a world 2000 years ahead of yours. We are able to pick up wireless waves from the earth, and have learned your language, and know what is happening here all the time." "How is your world different from mine?" I asked. "How is it governed; what are its people like; is there only one race of people; how do they live and work? What is . . . ?" He shook his head impatiently. "You talk too loudly," he said. Then his dark eyes became fixed on the dying fire, as he went on: "In my world, all races are equal. Each race of people has its chosen leaders—chosen for their ability to lead their people wisely and well. These leaders meet together regularly to plan for the continued peace and prosperity of the world. Every-

one lives and works together in harmony, and no man profits from the labours of another." He paused, then continued: "In your world there are always nations at loggerheads with each other, one nation trying to get the better of another. Even in one country, one state, there are different political parties, always bickering and disagreeing with one another. Hundreds of years ago my world was like that. It was only with the forming of a central government to work for the good of the world as a whole that we learned to live together in peace."

"What about education?" I asked. "Is attendance at school between certain ages compulsory, as it is today?" He looked thoughtfully at me for a moment. "Education as you know it," he said slowly, "does not exist in my world." "But aren't there any schools?" I interrupted. "Don't the children . . . ?" "Need a bird go to school to learn to fly?" he asked, quietly and distinctly. "Our children need no schools to teach them to live. Up until the age of 20 they learn what they must learn in their homes from their parents. The boys learn about hunting, fishing, agriculture, and a trade from their fathers, while mothers teach their daughters to cook and sew. In this way they learn all the most essential things, as well as reading and writing, in their own homes. Knowledge of such things as history and geography is gained from reading, as a relaxation, and travelling when they are old enough to leave home. Research workers have found natural cures for the many diseases that cause pain and suffering for your people here on earth. My people are healthy and happy. They are independent, and every family can produce its own requirements. They work hard in their work hours, and know how to relax and enjoy themselves in their leisure hours. Life flows along very peacefully. But here on Earth" . . . he paused. "All the hurry and noise," he said. "What is it for? Always there is someone rushing somewhere, someone shooting, shouting, yelling, something crashing and slamming. Everyone is keyed up all the time. You worry yourselves sick over every little thing, until worrying becomes a habit, and your nerves suffer with the stress and strain of the lives you lead. My people have learned to put their trust in God, and take life as it comes, giving kindness in another's trouble, having courage in their own."

While he was speaking the world outside had grown quiet; all I could hear was the steady drip of water from the downpipe outside. The fire had burned very low; the room was now almost completely dark. With a suddenness that frightened me, the room became illuminated with a strange purplish light, while thunder shook the very foundations of the house. Instinctively, I huddled down into the chair, turning my face away from the dazzling light.

Slowly it dawned on me that the lightning and thunder had stopped, and all I could hear was the rain beating steadily down. I sat up. My companion had gone!

—BEVERLEY GREGORY, Form 5.



## ENGLISH TEACHERS

English teachers are usually learned, but not always, of course. Last year's teacher found no pleasure in giving lines or too much grammar. She was rather fond of giving us poetry and reading; whereas this year's teacher is the opposite. He just adores grammar, and has lines tucked away in every nook and corner. As I do not like grammar, my answers are always different from those of the teacher's. Therefore someone's answers must be wrong (probably the teacher's).

Last year's English teacher (——) was very kind and sympathetic, and her punishments were few and far between. But this year's teacher (——) is always out to catch some poor unfortunate, quiet girl for talking. His punishments usually fit the crime—e.g., if he spies a girl talking to others behind her, he would make her sit backwards in the desk, and to add the finishing touches he would kindly supply her with a nickname.

If you are not clear on English teachers, here is one of the many recipes:—

- |                   |                         |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 tall dark man   | 1 long ruler            |
| 2 cups of sarcasm | 1 Form (if possible 3A) |
| 1 loud voice      | 1 pair of glasses       |

Place in a large room (possibly Room 7). Stir briskly with ruler, and then fold the mixture carefully, not too quickly. Add one cup of punishments and four talkative girls. Turn one part of the mixture to face the other half if any crimes appear.

After 30 minutes, place this mixture in a well-lit room, and after five minutes turn into a quadrangle and allow to cool slowly. When cooking do not heat quickly, or sparks and rulers are liable to fly. This recipe can be used every school day between 2.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.

But, take my advice, do not use this recipe, or you will wind up in trouble.—An unfortunate victim.

—G. HOLDING, 3A.

## BALLAD OF THE MARY CELESTE

Many long years ago this day  
The Mary Celeste sailed far away,  
And seven men made up her crew,  
The captain, his wife and daughter, too.

They found her on the high sea swell,  
And never a mark there was to tell  
Of what had happened to the crew,  
The captain, his wife and daughter, too.

They hunted high, they hunted low,  
But they did find not a thing to show  
Why far away had gone all the crew,  
The captain, his wife and daughter, too.

Some said the crew rowed out to sea,  
After finishing off the other three;  
But their treasures they left there, all the crew,  
The captain, his wife and daughter, too.

So it still appears to be unsolved,  
And if you can tell what was involved,  
Please tell me what has happ'd the crew,  
The captain, his wife and daughter, too.

—V. LAIRD, V.

## A MATTER OF OPINION

There was the usual crowd at the Social Club as we sat waiting for "Damon" and "Phidias." Those were not their real names, of course. "Damon" was the short, tubby Jack Skenton, and "Phidias" the tall, lanky Phil. Jones; but they were quite inseparable. They worked in the same laboratory, for the same firm, during the same hours, shared the same bachelor flat, and would probably have shared the same clothes but for their difference in size. They were good company, however, and non-stop talkers on both serious and amusing topics.

Suddenly Phil, strolled in, but no Jack! We were astounded. "Where's 'Damon'?" we cried as one "Finishing a job. He'll be here at eight o'clock," was the reply. We were shocked; each had always waited for the other previously. Still, it was already a quarter to seven, so we decided not to start the bridge until "Damon" arrived. Somehow, the conversation got round to the subject of ghosts. None of us believed in them, of course; but, to our immense surprise, Phil, the scientist, was non-committal. He told us a story about one of his ancestors who was supposed to haunt his old country home, and that on one occasion he believed that he himself had seen the ghost. We teased him unmercifully, and, as usual, he joined in the fun. The subject changed to recent films and plays, and Phil soon had us screaming with his impersonations of two eminent film stars.

About five minutes to eight, Phil said: "Jack will be here soon. I have just remembered something," and slipped out the door before we could reply.

While we were waiting for Phil to return, Jack came in. He looked like death. "Why, Jack, what's the matter?" I cried. "Haven't you heard?" said Jack. "We knocked off early, at four o'clock, and as we stepped into the road a truck hit him and killed him instantly. I've just come here from breaking the news to his parents!"

—ANN PALMER, Form 4A.

Form IV History: "Christianity was introduced into Gaul in 250 B.C."



The School Hockey Team



## HASTINGS

Hastings is in Sussex, England. The town is by the English Channel, and is a seaside resort. The old town of Hastings is a fishing village, and the new town is the seaside resort and the shopping centre. There were originally two piers at Hastings, but one of them was bombed during the war.

Hastings is set in the country, and has many glens, such as Ecclesbourne Glen, Fairlight Glen, East Hill and West Hill. Ecclesbourne Glen and Fairlight Glen are lovely places to go for walks and to pick flowers. In the woods in spring we picked bluebells and primroses.

The Hastings Castle, which was built in 1066, is situated on the West Hill. Where parts of the Castle are worn away, people have made gardens and lawns, and also seats for people to sit on. The dungeons are still under the Castle, and at one place the keeper could be thirty yards away from the prisoners and still hear them planning how to escape.

On the same hill are the caves. These were used by smugglers long ago, and there are drawings done by these men on the walls. The passages vary in height, and also in width, until there is only a very small hole to squeeze through. The smugglers made shelves in the walls to hold torches. This was to light the way for them, and these shelves are still used today. There is a dance hall in the caves, and it is lit by torches. The orchestra are dressed as smugglers, and all the people sit on barrels. The guides are also dressed as smugglers.

The boating pool on Hastings promenade is another interesting place. The little boats are run by motor, and you are allowed half-an-hour on them. The lifeboat house is next to the boating pool, and you can go in and see the lifeboat.

The last interesting thing is the White Rock Bathing Pool. This is a closed in swimming pool, and I think it is the best swimming pool I have ever been to.

—JACQUELINE FARRELL, Form 2a.

## WHY?

Why are we never satisfied  
With what we have to bear?  
We always seek for something new,  
Or what we had last year.

We wish we had the teachers  
That served us good and true;  
Why did they have to leave us?  
Oh, dear! I wish I knew.

The time of life before us,  
The time of life gone past,  
Is much better than the present,  
Which doth a shadow cast.

But with our many troubles,  
And with our load of cares,  
Our wishes shall not leave us,  
Nor take us unawares.

—"MEG," Form 4B.  
(Margaret McFarlane).

## WINTER

When the mornings are cold,  
And the snow's on the ground,  
You can hear the strong wind  
Make a whistling sound.

It whirls round the chimneys,  
And blows at the fowls,  
It frightens the babies,  
The little dog growls.

When the mornings are cold,  
And the snow's on the ground,  
You can hear people wishing  
That Spring was around.

—J. ARMSTRONG, Form 1A.

## CAIRO

The Sahara was a vast mass of yellow, which matched the monotonous roaring of the engines, and set the passengers of the 'plane dozing.

But suddenly all eyes turned to the east, where from friendly green a city rose. Soon the 'plane circled above a network of streets and buildings, to land smoothly and safely at the Cairo airport.

The first thing we noticed when leaving the 'plane was the heat, and we remembered we had left a European spring behind, and that we now found ourselves in a sub-tropical climate. Huge fans revolved in the Customs office, but they only slightly lessened the heat, and we soon perspired all over in our warm clothing. A bus was waiting to take us to our hotel, where we were to spend the night. We now got a good view of the city and its traffic. The trams that run are overcrowded with natives, who are not only crammed in the interior of it, but also cling to the outside in the most dangerous positions. Cars make extensive use of their horns, and Moslems, crowding round shops and markets, add to the noise and confusion. Camels are driven by the Arabs, who have rather a ghostly appearance in their long, flowing robes.

There are massive buildings, with tall columns and extensive balconies, crowned by dome-shaped roofs. Palm trees border the dusty roads, and, together with driven by the Arabs, who have rather a ghostly appearance of tiredness and heat.

But an oasis in this city was our hotel—a true "Heliopolis Palace." This majestic building is of enormous size, with 800 bedrooms alone in four storeys. Beautiful lounges and dining rooms are laid with thick carpets, slim marble columns rise to support beautifully decorated ceilings, and a sparkling fountain adds to this fairy tale spirit.

After an extensive supper, we went to our rooms. We were surprised not to be handed the keys, but found a native "door opener," who has a big bunch of keys, with which he admits travellers to their rooms.

As night fell the noise of the city subsided, and only now and again did we hear a far-off cry. A warm, gentle night breeze whispered through the moon-lit palms and softly lulled us to sleep. The next morning, after a hurried breakfast, we left this dream palace, and returned to our 'plane to continue our flight eastward.

—HELGA GARTNER, Form IVa.



## A TRIP TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

Whilst visiting Sydney last Christmas, my father, my brother, myself, and Bill (a friend of Dad's) made arrangements for a day visit to Katoomba and the Blue Mountains. But, the evening before we left, my father became ill, and was confined to bed. However, Bill said that he had recently obtained his driving licence, and was willing to drive the car for us.

The next morning we accordingly set out, with Dad comfortably arranged on a mattress in the back of the utility, with Bill driving. With the help of a map, we managed to find our way out of the city and the heavy traffic. It was then that we realised that Bill, unfortunately, was not used to the handling of our car. "The gears are different," he said. One time we stopped for the red light. The green light showed, but the car refused to budge. Bill was frantically pushing buttons and manipulating gears. The traffic behind us was beginning to get impatient. Horns were bibbing and drivers were swearing. A policeman moved over towards us. Poor Dad, who was in the back—I imagine he was feeling worse than ever. All of a sudden, Bill pushed something and the car started with a jolt—backwards! Two girls, who had been walking behind our car, gave a squeal, and darted across the road just in time. By this time Dad's head was under the blankets! The car suddenly moved forward, and Dad's white face appeared. His face looked quite damp—as if he had been perspiring.

Everything went all right for a while, except for the frequent grinding and squeaking of the cars, and the stopping and starting of the car every few minutes. But, alas! when we arrived at the township of Katoomba we had to travel over a railway crossing consisting of ten railway lines. We were half-way across when a train whistle blew, and the white gates began to close. Dad knocked on the window and told Bill to hurry up, as a train was coming. But once again the car would not start. We began to get panicky, and Dad was banging frantically on the window. The train was getting closer, and the people on the other side of the gate started to shout warnings. The signalman rushed over and opened the gate quickly, started the car for us (the petrol had been turned off!), and shut the gate when we were outside.

By the time we had arrived at the mountains we were all wrecks, especially Dad. Before we started for home, Dad suddenly felt well enough to drive the car home. Maybe it was just as well that he did, otherwise I might not be writing this.

—PAM WILLIAMS, Form V.

## THE MONKEY

The monkey chased the weasel,  
Around the circus diesel;  
The monkey stopped  
To pull up his socks.  
Pop! goes the weasel.

—JOAN ROBINSON, Form 1D.

## MORWELL NORTH

Morwell North is a very small country district situated about six miles north of Morwell. There is no post office or store, and the daily paper is brought out from Yinnar by the driver of the milk waggon.

This district's main interest is dairying. The milk is picked up at the various farms en route to Yinnar and transported by milk waggon to Yinnar Milk Factory.

The school consists of one large room. There is an average of 24 pupils in attendance, and one teacher to teach Grades 1 to 6. Sunday School and Church are held there every fortnight. Numerous pine trees are planted in formation around two of the fences of the school ground, near an ancient basketball court. The garden consists mainly of may bushes, a rhododendron, and lilac bushes, while pussy-willows and acacias provide the required summer shade for the sides of the building.

Every morning (except week-ends) at about 8 o'clock the school bus from Yallourn picks up children from Morwell North, Derham's Hill, and a few at Morwell, for the Yallourn High School and Technical School.

The Latrobe River winds its way sluggishly through Morwell North from Yallourn. Near Thom's Bridge is a picturesque reserve. Here the largest trees have been felled and burnt to make room for grass. Most of the acacias and young eucalypts have been left to provide shade in summer for the picnickers. Tall, slender poplars share the reserve, mainly along the river bank and road. The river is not very deep here, and provides an ideal swimming place. At times horses and cows are let in to keep the grass short.

However, after the first quota of winter rains the river becomes a rushing torrent. Then it does damage, flooding the paddocks and drowning the trapped animals. Leaving Thom's Bridge the river winds its way downstream through open paddocks.

At present the S.E.C. is laying a pipeline from upper Tyers River, through Morwell North and Derham's Hill, to Morwell's new power house. Now there is a line of white pipes marring the beauty of the scenery. The A.P.M. at Maryvale is about four miles away, and the main chimneys are visible from our front verandah.

—JOAN HURST, Form 4B.



Vigoro Team I.



## MY JOURNEY HERE

As I stood at the rails watching the diminishing shapes of my aunts and relatives and the numerous relatives of the other passengers, and as the gigantic dockside cranes gradually became shapeless masses as the distance was widened between me and the dockside, I realised that I was really going to Australia. Doubts entered my mind. Perhaps the ship would sink, or the engines fail? It seemed too true.

I was brought out of my brown study by an officer announcing over the loud-speaker that lifeboat drill would take place in two hours' time. So I was right, I thought—they expect the ship to sink. They are preparing us. Oh, well, I may as well hope for the best.

Then I remembered seasickness. I expected to be stricken down with it any minute now. I wandered hopefully down the corridor to my cabin. I was sharing it with two brothers, my father, and two strangers. I changed, and went down for tea. Instead of finding a measly slice of meat, as I was accustomed to, in front of me, I found my plate full of meat. Some decent meals at last! So accustomed was I, however, "to a slice of meat," that I couldn't eat it all. Coffee was served after a large sweet. This was living at last!

After wandering around the decks that night, I went to bed. Next morning I had changed my idea about living. I was seasick. I won't describe it. However, after a day of starvation I was fit enough to swallow a square meal—a biscuit.

By this time we were half-way through the Bay of Biscay. Here the seas tended to become rather rough. The water was a beautiful greeny-blue, and as the ship clove its way through the waters the water became a light blue where it was split up, and bubbles rose to the surface.

Unfortunately, we passed through the Strait of Gibraltar in the night. However, "The Rock" could still be seen in the distance the next morning as we cruised through the Mediterranean. The North African Alps could be seen on the right, and a measureless expanse of water on the left.

At last we came to Malta. To look at a map of Malta, and then at its shore, would surprise anyone new to a voyage. It surprised me. The Maltese harbour was entered by a narrow causeway. After a few tugs had manoeuvred us sufficiently, the huge six-inch ropes went snakelike from the ship's side to the buoys, where they were secured. A few Maltese passengers were brought out by a motor launch. Meanwhile, brisk trade was being carried on between passengers and the traders in their flat-bottomed boats, which had graceful, gently curving prows, reaching about three feet in height. These were exquisitely painted. Many good bargains were to be got there. The dock police kept the bargaining clean. After staying for a few hours, the ship left with the strains of "Waltzing Matilda" drifting faintly back to the watchers.

After a few days' sailing we reached Port Said. Here we were warned to shut our portholes, as a society of men named "Wogs" were continually raiding ships and stealing things. However, other precautions were taken, as after anchoring, armed men were sent board,

Brisk trade was carried on. Oil was brought out in large, deep barges.

That night we sailed down the Suez Canal. Next morning we were anchored in one of the small lakes in the middle of the desert, waiting for some more ships to form a convoy. Dhows, which turned out to be fishing dhows, were seen to be approaching. Grinning natives gesticulated wildly, showing their white teeth in huge smiles. An Air Force launch cruising around returned to its base. The sun beat down relentlessly on the decks of our ships.

The ship left later in the day, and we re-entered the Canal. We passed an airport. As we moved along we could see the desert on one side, and rich alluvial soil on the other. Tankers and cargo boats followed us.

In Suez we encountered a sand storm. In a few minutes the decks were covered with sand, which penetrated everything. However, the ship soon left, and we were on our way to Aden. In the Red Sea we saw sharks and porpoises. We saw, too, the coast of Eastern Africa.

Eventually Aden was reached. The passengers were allowed to go on shore for a few hours. A native boy approached us in the street, and, with a shilling in his hand, led us around the town.

We left Aden for Colombo. Here the passengers were allowed to go ashore or swim. I chose the latter. The water was clear and warm. I had quite an enjoyable day, but suffered for it, for, although I didn't know it, the sun had been extremely warm, and I had stayed in it too long. Whilst we were there we saw native boys risking their lives diving for coins.

Then came the last stages. Australia was to be the next stop. As we sailed, albatrosses soared overhead. After seven days at sea we at last reached Fremantle, and I saw "Dinkum Aussies." A trip was made into Perth, and we visited King's Park. I wondered at the similarity between the Perth of Britain and that of Australia. We then sailed through the Bight, where we saw the force of the Southern Seas. We finally disembarked at Sydney.

—ERIC BRYANT, 4A.

## THE BUSHFIRE

When the bushfire came there was no rest;  
It started as a spark, and was heading for the West.  
The children were all frightened, and the women  
crouched in fear;  
The men were working feverishly to keep the homestead  
clear.

Then through the crackling fire they heard an old man  
shout:

"Hurry up you men there, and get the women out!  
The houses are on fire, and the horses run away;  
This fire will keep on going, leaving ruin all the way!"

They had a long, hard struggle to put the fire out;  
They saw where all the rubble was lying round about.  
But at last the raging bushfire that had headed towards  
the West,

Has left the people safe and sound, and everyone can rest.

—VALERIE SCOTT, 1A.



## A VISIT TO ESSENDON AERODROME

We caught the tram which stops outside the A.N.A. aerodrome, but, unfortunately for us, we got off near the Aerodrome proper. So we had to stand and wait there for half an hour before the next tram came along. I'll let you imagine what we felt like during that time, for it was bitterly cold, drizzly rain was falling, and there was no shelter within a suitable distance.

After that incident we arrived at the A.N.A. aerodrome, bursting with curiosity, for it was the first time we had been there. The lounge was warm and snug, and everywhere there were people—pilots in their neat dark blue uniforms, air hostesses sitting down reading magazines and drinking hot coffee, mechanics in their white overalls, and smartly dressed people with luggage piled round them. Others were waiting for the 'planes which would bring their friends and relatives to arrive; then last, and of least importance, were the "just visiting" people like ourselves.

One of the 'planes from Sydney was coming in, so we ran outside to watch it land. I was surprised to see it land about half a mile away, then taxi up near the white iron fence behind which we were standing. The 'plane looked so enormous and heavy that it was hard to believe that it could rise and stay in the air for such a long time. As soon as it came to a standstill the people surged down the gangway, the hostess and the pilots being the last to get down. Then the luggage was taken out through the hatchway and put on the trolleys, pulled by a kind of Army "duck."

The 'plane was returning that afternoon, so the mechanics came out in a refuelling truck to replenish the 'plane's supply of gasoline. Rubber tubes were placed in the engines, and the petrol was transferred from the cylinders through the tube into them. While this was in progress, other mechanics were checking over the instruments to see that all was set for the return trip.

After that we saw several 'planes land and take off again with a fresh load of passengers. Others just came in and were taken to the hangars. We asked if we could see inside one of the passenger 'planes, but were told—much to our disappointment—that you were unable to do so unless you had a pass, procurable only in the A.N.A. booking office in the city.

After that we left, satisfied that all had been up to our expectations, and determined that one day we would be among those flying as passengers.

—KAY SPURRIER, Form 4B.

## LOVELY THINGS

I love trees,  
The shimmering, quivering trees,  
With leaves that dance in the breeze.  
I love grass,  
The whispering, murmuring grass,  
That laughs with delight as the soft winds pass.  
I love night,  
With its stars so bright,  
And the silver moon, with her clear, pale light.

—MARJORY CHEESMAN, Form 1E.

## THE R.M.S. "ORCADES"

During the first term holidays we went to Melbourne, where we saw many interesting things. However, one of the most memorable afternoons we spent was when we had a look over the R.M.S. "Orcares," the 20,000-ton liner, which is on the England-Australia run, via Suez. Before going aboard, we had to obtain a pass from the Orient Line Shipping Office in the city. This enabled us to board the ship without any difficulties.

The most exclusive deck was "D," on which was a spacious lounge room fitted with every comfort. The dining room was also very large, and the tables were set ready for dinner that night. The menu had an extensive range of food, some of which could not be found anywhere else in Melbourne. The reading and writing room was bright and airy, and it had big glass windows along one side, in common with some of the other large rooms.

On the other decks there were also rooms like these, and although they were not quite as expensive in appearance (and tariff), they were quite comfortable. We had a look in one or two cabins, which we found to be rather small. However, they were very nice.

The games courts had just been re-lined, and it was interesting to see just how many games could be played on board a ship. We spent a good deal of time trying to find the swimming pool, and at last we satisfied our curiosity in knowing there was one, because we had not been sure whether there was one on the ship or not.

The "Orcares" was even fitted with an elevator, which was mainly used by the hospital doctors and nurses. Along each side of the vessel were six lifeboats, which looked quite sturdy, and, I think, would make any passenger who was new to sea travel feel a little more at ease.

Now that I have been over such a large ship as the "Orcares," I have decided that I shall save up to go for a trip round the world before many more years pass.

—D. EDWARDS, Form 4B.

## AUSTRALIA

Australia is my own dear land,  
A sunny land and gay;  
To her I always will be true,  
Though many miles away.

For that's my land where the emus dwell,  
Where the eucalypts do bloom;  
Where the coach whip bird and the lyre bird sing,  
In the slowly dying gloom.

While the kangaroos hop o'er a trickling stream,  
With a soft Australian breeze,  
That's perfumed with the glorious scent  
Of countless wattle trees.

If ever from this land I stray,  
I'll ayways think of home;  
Of my animal friends from bush and plain,  
Where often I did roam.

—BARBARA MAGNUSSON, Form 2A.



**A LITTLE THING THAT GOES SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS**

(With apologies to "Much Binding in the Marsh")

There's much coal dust in Yallourn,  
Miss Callinan has left us we do fear;  
There's much coal dust in Yallourn,  
Ariding in her Austin we do see her.  
Our memories bring back the times in class we played the  
fool,  
The Senior Mistress caught us, and then dragged us out  
of school.  
Would say to us: "Now, now, my dears, you must obey the  
rule!"  
There's much coal dust in Yallourn.

There's much coal dust in Yallourn,  
To talk as well as study we are able;  
There's much coal dust in Yallourn,  
"Oh, Jan, get me some paper off the table;  
I have to do my Chippendale before I go to sport,  
Because I'm sure that if I don't I really will be caught.  
Oh, bother! Say, look what I've done!  
Gosh! Now I will get nought!"  
There's much coal dust in Yallourn.

There's much coal dust in Yallourn,  
When dancing class on Fridays is progressing;  
There's much coal dust in Yallourn,  
We never could do foxtrots we're confessing.  
We tried to do a Charleston, but our feet got in the way.  
We tried to do a Tangoette, but we were stiff next day;  
Right now we stick to Jump the Mat (except when we  
feel gay)!  
There's much coal dust in Yallourn.

**LAST VERSE.**

There's much coal dust in Yallourn.  
It really is a pity this is ending;  
There's much coal dust in Yallourn,  
If Mr. Price reads this we will need mending.  
To write something for "Pylon" we admit is no mean  
task,  
For all the pupils of this school to read is all we ask.  
To those who would come venturing,  
We warn you: Wear a mask!  
There's much coal dust in Yallourn.

—BRENNAN, Form V.

**GLEN VALLEY**

Glen Valley is a small gold mining settlement in the hills beyond Omeo. At an elevation of 3000 feet, it has one of the best summer climates one could wish for, and its residents include some of the most travelled people in Victoria.

Among the much-travelled miners was "Sailor" MacIntosh, who brought a love for whisky and a skill at rope-splicing from his former life as a sailor. "Sarge" Jones, whose nickname originated goodness knows where, had handled Chinese, Malaysians and Fijians, as well as Australians, in his work as a surveyor in remote places of Asia, Australia, and the Islands. Then there

was "Karl" Freitage, who could tell interesting tales of the Yukon and the Rand, visited in the course of his long life. There was even a Communist to add variety, and one deeply religious bachelor to counteract him. The Mine Manager himself had worked in silver and wolfram mines, as well as gold, and had lived in many strange places. The miners were mainly men from far places, the few local men being more interested in cattle and the High Plains than in the damp close small of the mines.

In the township itself straggled the narrow valley of the Wills Creek, the northerly wall being so steep that for some homes the hours of sunlight are extremely short; in fact, no home gets the full amount of the sun. In June, the month of extreme frosts, icicles form in the shady soil and remain until being thawed by the rain. The villagers, however, are compensated in times of high winds, when the great hill shelter them from the blasts. Yet even here a difficulty arises, for gusty down-draughts of air strike at intervals, and no chimney has been designed to prevent these air currents from driving smoke and ash into the room.

Snow falls often in winter-time, sometimes a foot thick—not the wet, slushy snow of the lowlands, but fine, dry snow that falls in flakes as big as your hand, and so silently that it seems unreal. On windless days clothes-lines grow to enormous proportions, limbs of trees are overburdened until they snap with a sound like that of a gun, and the iron-shod boots of the miners no longer clatter on the hard road as they come home from a shift.

So long as gold remains at a high enough price to enable the low grade ore to be profitably mined, this beautiful valley will provide its two hundred occupants with a livelihood. But when the gold fails, Glen Valley will go the way of Sunny Side, a few miles out, where a stone chimney and a clump of daffodils are the sole reminder of a once flourishing gold town.

—R. MORRISON, Form IVa.

**FANTASY**

The sun slowly sank in his golden bed.  
The trees whispered soft with the breeze.  
The birds were sleepy and nodded their heads  
To the song of the silver-blue sea.

Wavelets lapped as they splashed the cliff.  
A path of gold lay on the shore;  
I watched where the sun's last rays had dipped,  
And lingered till I saw no more.

A moon rose over the distant hill,  
Climbed higher to crown his earth,  
And bands of gleaming stars came, till  
The fairies were playing with mirth.

Then, as I wended my way through the trees,  
I saw a last glimpse of the throng,  
Playing alone on the moonlit sea—  
And then they were gone.

—CORAL CLARKE, V.



## LE VILAIN CHEVALIER

The king, who on his death-bed lay,  
Wasn't feeling extra gay,  
'Cos he knew it was time he kept his word  
To return Excalibur, his jewelled sword.

Now Sir Bedivere, the last of the knights  
(The others had been killed in various fights),  
Promised to take the sword to the lake,  
There throw it in, for the dear kings' sake.

That night he thought he would be rich,  
If he hid the sword in a nearby ditch,  
Then tell the king he'd thrown it in,  
Neglecting the fact that it was a sin.

Although the king was slowly dying,  
He knew at once that the knight was lying,  
And told him not to disobey,  
But do what he asked, "without delay."

Back to the lake went the bold Sir Bed.,  
But the thought of the jewels was still in his head;  
Again the temptation was too great for him,  
So he repeated once more his terrible sin.

The time the king said he'd slay him dead  
By cutting off his arrogant head;  
So back to the ditch went King Arthur's knight,  
And took the sword, so shiny and bright.

He thought, "I am a silly fool,  
But I'd better throw it in the pool."  
Then, running to the water's edge,  
He flung the sword—fulfilled his pledge.

This time with conscience free from sin,  
He told King Arthur where he'd bin,  
"I saw a flash, a hand shot out,  
It swung the sword, thrice, round-about."

"Alas!" said the king, "O help me hence,  
For quickly I am losing my sense,  
Lift me from this stony bed,  
And take me to the shore," he said.

Sir Bedivere cursed as his royal master  
Gasp'd from his back "Faster! Faster!"  
With beads of sweat upon his brow,  
The knight replied, "We're nearer now."

Then he perceived a low black barge,  
With pretty ladies all in charge;  
Their faces white, their dresses black,  
And from their lips, "Alack! Alack!"

With the king on his back, the knight went near;  
He laid on a bed his king so dear,  
His head upon a sweet queen's knee,  
The dying king thought, "Jolly dee."

The poor knight cried and cried with grief,  
And begged forgiveness for being a thief.  
The king delivered an instructive lecture,  
Telling him how to be good in the future.

Away sailed the king to some distant land,  
Leaving Sir Bedivere alone on the sand—  
Alone on the sand, with the rocks and the lake,  
Alone on the sand, for his dear king's sake.

—TENNY'S SONS (Rex Hopkins.).

## POWER HOUSE EXCURSION

On the morning of August 28th the two senior forms left their studies (?) and journeyed to the Power House. The teachers who chaperoned us were Mr. Stewart and Mr. Silcock.

We were met by an S.E.C. guide, who led us to the switchyard, and from there to the turbine. It was here that a Fifth Form physics student (boy) was heard to exclaim: "Ah, so these are the gadgets Mr. Price told us about!" Is it any wonder that the teachers complain about poor material?

Next we went to the boiler-room, where expressions such as "Hot, wot!" were heard frequently. The principles of the boiler-room were explained to us with the aid of a chart. Leading us out on to a small balcony off the boiler-room, the guide pointed out to us the site of erection of the new power house.

Before making the long trek back to school we were taken to the chart-room, where we viewed a large flow chart of the distribution of Victorian electricity.

Famous Last Words (heard in the switchyard): "I wonder if this is a live wire?"

—P. ARCHBOLD, K. ROGERS.

## AN ECHO FROM THE PAST?

He grips the birch with irate hands,  
And moves the glass to distant lands,  
While close by David trembling stands,  
The frightened class for shelter crawls,  
And turn their faces to the walls—  
When like a thunderbolt it falls.

—H. GARTNER, 4A.



Junior Cricket Team



## HISTORY AND 3A—OR A TEACHER'S NIGHTMARE

We enter the room in various ways. The girls (beauty in youth) walk gracefully in, while the boys (by far the handsomest and noisiest in the school) swagger in with hands in their pockets. They sit noisily, and then from somewhere in the corner a small object throws another small object. These latter small objects begin to fly around the room. A chalk fight has been started by "Hoppy." The boys just begin to howl (the girls are by far the better aims), when, "Look out, we have visitors!" The master enters without a turn of his balding head. The class hastily rises and brushes off chalk dust. Most of the talking is subdued.

"Class sit!" is heard from the front, after about five minutes of waiting for some girl who forgot to stop talking. Notebooks appear from the queerest places, and pens begin to scratch weirdly on the paper. "Is the King of America an absolute monarchy, sir?" This from a 3A boy. Well, really! After much laughter from the girls the lesson proceeds. Giggles from the back of the room signify that Gladys and Co. are hard at work. Margaret has an interest in Soccer at present, and is earnestly talking about this subject to Glenda across the aisle. "Didn't he play a good——" "What were you saying about Soccer, Margaret?" Oh! Oh! Guess who's heard? "I was—er—wondering—er—if Soccer was played before the French Revolution." The boys are attacked by wild hysteria. I wonder why?

After this pleasant interlude, and despite many sarcastic remarks from the teacher, the lesson drags on, until suddenly—very suddenly—a weird howling noise is heard. What can it be? The girls look scared, the boys turn pale. Then suddenly a slow realisation creeps around the Form—it is only a Junior Form having a singing lesson.

A depressed look comes over one girl's face. "What's wrong Ruth?" "I can't find the answer to question six." "Ask Marj." (Marj. is the encyclopaedia of our Form). When Marj. has finished giving us all the answers, we proceed to write them up in our books. It is obvious that one of our number is not writing. "Where's your book, Peggy?" "Oh, in pound, I suppose." (Not unusual in this case. It is our belief that this is where X's new car came from.)

Some of the girls in the Form have brothers. Now I wonder—but, careful! Here comes "you-know-who." Everybody begins talking about ancient history, but as "he" drifts away the history changes from the 16th century to last night. The boys are still talking about their victory against Traralgon; none of us have quite got over that.

A welcome sound rings around the School. Hooray! Only five minutes left. The noise in this usually quiet Form becomes terrific, and so our poor teacher, driven almost crazy, spends the next few minutes trying to quieten us down. Cheers! There's the second bell. "Farewell, slave."

Ah, well, after that pleasant period we really will have to work in the next period—Maths.

—"FUN LOVER," Form 3A.

## DREAMING

As I lie and watch the clouds,  
I dream of things I see:  
The ships that seem to sail the sky,  
As galleons sail the sea.

And I see a snow-white horse,  
That draws a carriage grand,  
Holding a lady and a knight,  
Just as in fairyland.

—HELEN CHESSUM, Form 2A.

## HOW TO GROW WALKING STICKS

This is going to be a description, not of some everyday task, but of an unusual hobby. You may not have heard of home-grown walking sticks, but this is a very easy way to make them.

Firstly, you must do a little exploring in the bush, looking for suitable saplings of sassafras, golden wattle, wild cherry, blackwood or hazel, all of which make suitable sticks. The saplings should be roughly one inch in diameter at the base, and about four feet is a good height to start with.

Then, taking great care so as not to crack or injure the young bush in any way, slightly bend the top of the sapling and tie it so as to keep it bent. Over a period of several months you will need to return frequently to this spot, each time bending the top of the sapling just a little more. When the sapling has grown the curve necessary for the handle of the walking stick, it is cut down right at the base.

The next step is to take off any foliage or roughness, and cut the stick to a suitable height. A walking stick should increase in thickness from the base up to the handle end, so that some tapering may be needed before you have an ideal walking stick.

Some very attractive sticks can be made by polishing and carving them. My father grew walking sticks in this way, and obtained a very high polish by charring the stick first and then polishing in the ordinary way. A good stick is a help when walking, especially up hills; but that is not its only use. Anyone who comes across a snake in the bush does not want to have to look around for something strong and heavy enough with which to kill it.

An old bushman who lived in the Erica district for many years made hundreds of these sticks, most of which he gave away to visitors and friends. With great patience and skill, he carved intricate designs up the sticks and on the handles. One example was, a stick carved to represent a snake. The stick itself as the snake's body was beautifully carved and polished, having an appearance very like the skin of a snake. The handle, representing the head of the snake, was worked in great detail, even to fangs protruding from the mouth. Though so beautifully made, his sticks were wonderfully comfortable to hold.

Many people have never heard of growing walking sticks in this way, but most old bushmen would think there was nothing unusual or remarkable about growing a walking stick.

—"WILD WOODBINE," Form V.



## THE HISTORY OF THE AEROPLANE

On December 17th, 1903, the first successful flight in a heavier-than-air machine was made on the Sandy Hills, near Kittyhawk, in North Carolina. This aeroplane was piloted by an American, Orville Wright. On July 25th, 1909, more flights were made by Louis Bleriot, a Frenchman, who flew from Baraques, in France, to Dover, in England.

The 1914-18 war was responsible for the rapid advance of the aeroplane. After this war the great nations turned their attention to peacetime flying. So records were made and broken again and again by aviators, who risked their lives pioneering air routes across the globe. Some of these daring people were Alcock and Brown, Bert Hinkler, Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, and many others.

Then came the 1939-45 war, in which 'planes appeared that left the earlier 'planes standing. Just a couple of these are the Hurricane and Spitfire, which both can fly at over 400 m.p.h. After that war came a revolutionary advance in aero-engine design. This was the jet engine, designed by Sir Frank Whittle. This engine is so much faster and simpler than the piston engine. In the jet engine, air is drawn in through the large ducts in the nose or on the leading edges of the wings. There the air is mixed with liquid fuel, subjected to compression by a propeller driven by a turbine, and fired in a combustion chamber. The intense heat of the combustion forces the burnt gases out through nozzles in the rear with such force that the 'plane is pushed forward. This means that the resistance created by the propeller is done away with, and the speed is thus increased. This power has lately been used for ground transport in cars.

These jet 'planes have reached speeds approaching that of sound, which at sea-level is 760 m.p.h. Some jets, notably the F-86 Sabre, which is the fastest pure jet in the world today, and is in use in Korea, have flown at over 800 m.p.h. Then later still has come the rocket 'plane, of which one, an American Douglas Skyrocket, has achieved over 1500 m.p.h.

But we have been speaking of war 'planes only. Let us go back and start again with passenger-carrying air-liners from 1930 onwards. These early air-liners could not go very fast, but were designed mainly for reliability. They were mainly biplanes. They had two, three, and sometimes four engines, and were considered a fast, luxurious form of transport. Then came the types which we know today, the most common being the Douglas DC-3. There are only two engines in this type, but it can go at 200 m.p.h., and can seat 20 passengers comfortably. Another air-liner has two decks, a cocktail bar, a lounge, and sleeping accommodation for 25 passengers, but it can carry 60 passengers at 350 m.p.h. This is the Boeing Stratocruiser.

With the jet age, designers of some big companies produced different types of jet air-liners. Just some of these are the Comet, Jetliners, Viscount, Apollo, and Ashton. These and a host of others carry passengers at approximately 500 m.p.h. What a difference from

the stolid old Hannibals, cruising sedately along at about 100 m.p.h.! As yet there have been no rocket 'planes, but who knows what will come in the future?

—ROBIN COOKE, Form 3A.

## SOLILOQUY

Oft, I sit alone and dream,  
And let my thoughts in endless stream  
Carry me far to mellow walls,  
Dark oaken beams and lofty halls,  
Echoing with youthful song;  
The myriad hues that ebb and flow  
With the setting sun through a rose-window.

Oft, I sit alone and dream,  
And think I hear the endless stream  
Of footsteps through a cloistered square,  
Hurrying I know not where—  
Perhaps to prayer or evensong;  
An ageless, endless, varied throng,  
Filled with zeal to learn and know  
The gifts the learned can bestow.

Oft, I sit alone and dream,  
And float along the endless stream,  
To shelter 'midst the ancient stone,  
And hear the deep, resounding tone  
Of organ notes so full and true,  
That sweep me to the school I knew,  
Where English sounds set hearts aglow,  
And English customs thrive and grow.

—ANNE PALMER, 4a.

## WINTER

When flowers are dying,  
And cold winds blow,  
And the chimneys creak,  
And the fires glow,  
When the cat curls up  
With his head on his paw,  
Then you know that Winter  
Is at your door.

—P. CROSS, Form 2A.



Senior Basketball Team



## THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK

The largest and, in many respects, the most striking permanent sanctuary for wild life in South Africa lies in the north-eastern corner of the Transvaal, between the Crocodile River in the south, and the Limpopo River in the north, bounded on its eastern side by the Portuguese Province of Mozambique. This sanctuary is known as the Kruger National Park.

Covering 8000 square miles of country, it displays a considerable variety of scenery, from that of the wild gorges where the large rivers draining it thread their way through the Lebombo Hills, to the open palm-dotted flats north of the Shingwedzi, and from the groves of gigantic baobab trees of the Pafuri and Limpopo, to the dense acacia bush of the south.

The principal rivers which span it—Crocodile, Sabi, Oliphant, Limpopo, Letaba, and Pafuri—all hold lasting courses, and empty themselves into the great harbour of Delgoa Bay. There are, as Nature designed them, beautiful, crystal-clear, swift-running streams, passing over sand and rock, between reed and forest-clad banks.

In summer, swollen by the high-veldt rains, they roar down in torrential flood, bearing on their breasts huge trees, carcasses of drowned animals, even incautiously placed native huts. An exceptional flood, such as seen at intervals of years, is a terrifying sight, and one not easily to be forgotten.

The climate during the period from June to the end of September is one of the finest on earth. The atmosphere is dry and clear, for, with the exception of a few days of winter rain, anti-cyclone conditions prevail during these months. Nights are cold, a few degrees of frost often occurring near the larger rivers during June and early July. In the early morning the air is fresh and exhilarating, and the midday heat seldom exceeds 75 degrees Fahrenheit.

October is usually a hot, dry month, when the thermometer often attains a maximum of 100 degrees; but, unless the rains have commenced unusually early, it is then perfectly healthy, in spite of the considerable heat. From November until the end of April the climate changes for the worse. The rains fall, and the summer is hot and steamy. Malaria begins to make an appearance after the first summer rains, gradually increasing in intensity, and reaches its height in April, when the heavy rains are over, and the country is beginning to dry up, leaving swampy puddles for the breeding of fever-bearing mosquitoes.

The hottest months are usually December and January, when the thermometer sometimes shows day after day a temperature of well over 100 degrees in the shade, the record being 118 degrees.

The natives resident in the park, like those of the low veldt, generally are remnants of various Thougá tribes, usually all classed together by Europeans as "Shangaans." In the south-west there is some Swazi mixture. Thougá dialects are still spoken in the kraal. For general purposes a mixed idiom containing Swazi and even Zulu words is employed. "Kitchen Kaffir" is universal in dealing with Europeans, and in latter years an increasing number of the men have learned to speak

English, or South Africa's national language, Afrikaans, which they pick up when at work away from their homes.

To open this park to the public was no easy matter, as an area of ground so large could hardly be thrown open by the dash of a pen. Thus it was put before the Government in 1926. The Bill was unanimously passed by an Assembly and the Senate. The park was wisely placed under a board of ten members, some appointed by a Minister, and others representing the Transvaal Province and Wild Life Protection Society.

So, after 25 years of incubation as the Sabi Reserve, during which period its prospects of emergence seemed but slight, the Kruger National Park at last broke forth as a living entity, amid the universal benedictions of the whole public of South Africa.

—JOHN EVANS, Form 4A.

### BACK HOME

I saunter along the old bush track,  
With memories of long ago;  
It's years and years since I've been back,  
To the bush I used to know.

It's many a time I've longed for home,  
To smell the scent of the wattle;  
Oh! to go in through the bush and roam,  
Or pass some straying cattle.

When sitting by the little creek,  
That wends its way to the sea,  
I often rest and dabble my feet.  
That's the life for me!

—WENDY PATCHING, Form 2A.

### MOTHER

Sitting in a cosy room, with the fire gleaming,  
With a lamp the only light, and her kind face beaming,  
In the home I know so well,  
In the place where I yet dwell—  
My beloved Mother.

—SHIRLEY SCOTT, Iia.

### A SUNNY DAY OUT ON THE FARM

The dawn is breaking as I lie in my bed,  
The sun is beginning to shine overhead.  
Soon will be time to milk the cows,  
And feed the cat that meows and meows.

The roosters are calling to one another;  
The chickens are sleeping snug by their mother;  
The ducks are waddling to the pond  
For their morning swim, of which they are fond.

The sun is shining high in the sky;  
I watch the birds flying high;  
And as we are going out for the day,  
It's time to get up to get away.

—HEATHER WHITE, 1A.



## ATOMS ON THE BRAIN

To most people the mention of an atomic explosion would immediately be associated with thoughts of war. But in America recently an atom was exploded which restored a woman suffering from a brain tumor to her normal senses. Before explaining this remarkable cure, I shall describe the events leading up to it.

First came the discovery that tumors—for example, brain tumors—during the course of their growth greedily absorb any element which happens to be in that particular part of the body. Then, during their many experiments in nuclear physics, physicists had noted that the metal boron had the ability to collect slow-moving neutrons. It was also noticed that brain cells readily resist any radiation from the surrounding blood-stream, so that the ray treatment was almost useless.

The above-mentioned woman had been subjected to all the conventional treatments, with little success. Her surgeon finally turned to nuclear physics to try to destroy the tumor. While experimenting, he discovered that boron, injected into a body, would travel straight to the brain, and so to the tumor. Physicists had noted that when boron was bombarded with neutrons it disintegrated, and powerful energy was radiated.

Before the treatment was commenced, however, a dog was subjected to experiments, and the result proved that the subsequent risk to the woman's life was well worth the trial.

The experimental operating-table differed from the usual standards, for here the woman was placed face-down on a wire-netting stretcher. Under it was a giant graphite cube, perforated by uranium rods enclosed in aluminium cans. Winds reaching hundreds of miles per hour in speed passed through these perforations. Of the uranium in the aluminium cans a small percentage was of an isotope from which neutrons emanated naturally.

The cans were arranged throughout the block so as to prevent any likelihood of an explosion. The woman was protected from the neutrons, millions of which were passing out of the block, by leaden walls and floor in the "operating theatre." There was a small window by her head which could be opened to admit these neutrons. Just before it was opened, the surgeon injected into her veins a solution of boron. Then the window was opened, and the woman's head was bombarded with neutrons for thirty minutes. The latter travelled to the boron, which disintegrated with great radiation of energy. This experiment was similar to the atomic bomb explosion. The tumor was destroyed, and a harmless metal—lithium, the residue from the boron—remained.

During this time the surgeon stood by at a microphone, which, if he spoke into it, would stop the bombardment, and summon the nearby nurses to try to revive the woman. Although she barely moved, the surgeons, with relief, discovered that she was still alive. She recovered the normal use of her brain in less than a week, but died three months later, due to the damage done to her brain before the atomic treatment had been used.

Because of its amazing success, this experiment opened up an entirely new field in the treatment of cancerous growths. If used extensively, the treatment will remove deep-seated growths without damaging surrounding or intervening tissues, which may happen with ordinary ray treatment. So it is seen that atomic energy can save, as well as destroy, human lives.

—R. B. ARCHBOLD, Form VI.

## QUADRANGLE ASSEMBLY (With Variations)

Brrrrrrrrrr!! (A Flat).—General Panic.

No, it's not the fire siren, it's the school hooter. Here is a general conception of what follows this signal: Approximately two hundred girls storm into the wash-room, presumably to wash their hands.

"Chuck up some soap, will yer"—muffled tones of a near suffocated junior.

"Gee! These towels are like wet bags."

Whilst out on the verandah: "Hey! What have we got next?"

"Double drag—pipe and tobacco pouch model today."

"Who did their French homework?" (Comparative silence.)

"Quick! Here he comes!"

Brrrrrrrrrr! Brrrrrr!! (Second warning). A few classes attempt to form straight lines.

"Shove up!"

"Ouch! Who clipped my ear then? Oh!"

Brr-cough-splutter!! (The microphone being connected.)

Master of Ceremonies intervenes.

"Aat-ten-shun! Aat eaze! Mr. Stewart has a message for the boys: Will the boy who mixed C1 with H2, and blew a window out of the science room, please see me after this assembly."

A Sixth Former gives a nervous cough, and reddens to the tips of his ears.

"Mr. Hopkins would like to see the owner of this book, 'Maths. for Millions.'"

Titter from a bespectacled junior, and a horrified "Oh! Its mine!"

A sandy-haired regular begins to howl, and all his canine friends investigate among the ranks of variegated legs for the culprit.

General disturbance throughout the pupils.

Master of Ceremonies once again: "Attennn-Shun! Right and left! As you were! You in the front line, step out for talking!"

Half a dozen young boys begin to argue among themselves as to who was meant.

"Right and left turn!" General movement.

Three Third-Formers are given lines for throwing pebbles in the trench as they pass. Then silence reigns.

—BRENJAN, V.

## THE GYPSY

She wears a bright blue turban,  
And ear-rings of bright yellow gold;  
She lives in a gay little caravan,  
Which stops at towns of old.

—W. BAILEY, IIb.



## "THE SNOW"

A Poem in French-Canadian Dialect

(With apologies to W. H. Drummond)

On wan cold day on our playground  
De sky she snow, snow, snow.  
An' de pupils of our school Yallourn,  
Went mad and ran to throw.  
For de snow, she was a novelty,  
To most she was lot more;  
In authority poor was the school that day  
As teachers did implore.

De boys played on the large playground,  
And on de small wan too;  
De girls came runnin' from de rooms  
To play in it also.  
Dey caught it up and flung it,  
In all de teachers' way.  
An war took hold of our school Yallourn  
On that cold winter's day.

De snow she came from mos' all ways,  
An' from some others too;  
W'en wan boy cry, "Look out down there  
Or hit you shall I do."  
De boys dey t'row de hard snowball  
De girls dey take to sides  
But none can beat "Norm's" dodging form  
With his small micro slides.

Nex' mornin' very early,  
'Bout half past s'en, eight, nine,  
De snow about was all but gone  
An' de sun he 'gan to shine  
For de sky she snow la' hurricane,  
Bimeby she snow some more;  
But all de snow on our playground  
Was gone from us next morn.

### MORAL

Now all you silly pupil boys,  
Take warning from that snow;  
An' go an' sit with wan nice book  
Where the fire makes wan warm glow.  
De sky she snow lak' hurricane  
An' s'pose she snow some more  
You can't get wet on our playground  
So long you stay in doors.

—BRIAN EDMONSON, Form V.

### TEACHER

There's a teacher, whose name I won't mention,  
Who gives me a lot of detention.  
You'll all agree  
No doubt with me  
That such is an awful invention.

—R. WARRINER, 4A.

## WHYALLA

Whyalla is situated on the west shore of Spencer's Gulf. It is 250 miles north-west of Adelaide by road, and 150 by plane. A long time ago it was called Hummock's Hill, because of a hill on which Whyalla is built. It has a population of about 9000, and is surrounded by bluebush, saltbush, gums, and sea.

The water supply comes from the River Murray. At Morgan, on the river, there is a pumping station, which pumps water 90 miles through a pipe-line to Spaulding. Along the pipe-line there are seven pumping stations to keep the water moving. From Gladstone the water flows 160 miles to Whyalla.

Milk comes from the B.H.P. modern dairy. The dairy covers about 250 acres. At the entrance, where the cows pass through to the milking shed, there are wind tunnels. As the cows walk through this tunnel any flies on the cows' backs get blown off by a powerful fan set in the roof of the tunnel. They also walk through a foot-bath. The milk bottles are washed by going through a machine that has hot and cold water baths. Most of the acreage is used for growing lucerne. The lucerne is watered from the Morgan-Whyalla pipe-line.

The town's main industries are shipbuilding and iron-works. Most of the B.H.P.'s ships for carrying iron ore are built there. Thirty miles from Whyalla is Iron Knob. The iron ore is railed from there to Whyalla, where it is made into pig-iron, etc. The pig-iron is loaded by a crane with an electric magnet, instead of a hook. The crane driver lowers the magnet on to the pile of iron ore. He then lets the electricity go into the magnet. When he wants to drop his load he turns off the electricity.

—NIGEL EDWARDS, Form 2B.

## FAIRYLAND

As I sit by the fireside,  
My thoughts are far away;  
I wish I was in Fairyland,  
Where the Pixies romp and play,  
Where the stars are twinkling bright at night,  
And the crickets sing and the sun shines bright.  
But who can tell of things so grand,  
Unless he has visited Fairyland?

—MARGARET HEWAT, Form 2A.

## WISHING

Of all the things I'd like to be,  
I'd like to be a horse,  
And pull the farmer's cart around,  
And eat his hay? Of course!

Of all the things I'd like to be,  
I'd like to be a donkey;  
I'd walk and walk and walk and walk  
Until my knees went wonky.

Of all the things I'd like to be,  
I'd like to be a cat;  
I'd sit and purr unto my lord,  
And sit upon his lap.

—MAX WILLIAMS, Form 2B.