



THE PYLON



The High School

Vol. 7

Yallourn 1953

SCHOOL OFFICERS:

HEADMASTER: Mr. G. S. Ellis, B.A., Dip. Ed.

SENIOR MASTER: Mr. G. G. Finlay, T.T.C. (Man. Arts) D.T.S.C.

SENIOR MISTRESS: Miss F. Baxter, B.A., B.Com., B.Ed., T.P.T.C.

STAFF:

Mr. E. H. Homann, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mr. D. R. Harrison, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

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

Mr. R. A. B. Silcock, B.A., B.Ed.

Mr. L. L. Young, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mr. H. Pittard, B.Com., L.C.A.

Mr. W. E. H. Cass, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mr. J. H. Cullen, B.A., T.P.T.C.

Mr. F. R. Farrelly, B.A., Dip. Ed.

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

Mr. N. A. Stewart, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mr. F. C. Duffin, B.Sc. Dip. Ed.

Mr. J. A. Mitchell, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mr. K. S. Harrison, T.T.C. (Man. Arts)

Miss A. M. Cronin, T.T.C., (Dom. Arts)

Miss A. Sellars, T.P.T.C.

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

Miss A. W. Edington, Dom. Sc. Dip.

Mrs. L. J. Mitchell, B.A.

Miss D. Derham

Mrs. Parsons, Part time.

Mrs. McLaren, Part time.

Mrs. Sagar, T. C. (London)

Miss E. Chilcote, (Clerk)

Mrs. A. Robertson, D.T.S.C.

ADVISORY COUNCIL:

Cr. J. C. M. Balfour (Chairman); Archdeacon J. H. Brown; Mrs. J. C. Bush; Mrs. W. J. Dunstan; Mr. F. R. Cook; Mr. J. French; Mr. L. J. Herriman; Mr. L. L. Kreiting; Mr. J. Lawson; Mr. W. L. Mack; Mr. McCall; Mr. H. McIntyre; Cr. W. T. Wallace; Cr. D. J. White.

PREFECTS:

Head Prefect: Betty Mitchell; Marion Scarce, Lesley Hawkins, Helga Gartner, Dorothy Harris, Joyce Cronin, Marjorie Rees, Faye Featherstone, Joyce Walker, Beatrice Miller, Ann Ritchie, Brian Edmonson, John Hutchinson, William Carrie, William Jackson, John Connan, Rex Hopkins.

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

BASS: Helga Gartner, William Carrie.

FLINDERS: Betty Mitchell, William Jackson.

MAWSON: Marjorie Rees, John Hutchinson.

PHILLIP: Leslie Hawkins, Brian Edmonson.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Editors: Dorothy Harris, Lesley Hawkins.

Art. Editor: Beatrice Miller.

Original Section: Marjorie Rees, Toni Thorne.

Reporters: Alec Carmichael, John Hopkins.

Staff Representative: Mr. J. A. Mitchell.

EDITORIAL

June 2nd of 1953 will go down in history as the Coronation day of our young and gracious sovereign, Queen Elizabeth II. But we must not overlook the fact that behind the splendour and pageantry of this memorable occasion, there lies something of deeper significance. This day saw the beginning of a new era, an era which we all hope will be as glorious and prosperous as that of the first Elizabeth. However, the realisation of this hope depends upon the close co-operation of each and every one of the Queen's subjects.

We, her subjects, have our part to play. To make a great nation, we must all aim to be good citizens, playing our full part in the community life.

We can commence this at school. Education is a preparation for complete living. If we share in the corporate life of the school, trying most earnestly to be good school citizens, our training there will be reflected in our after life.

Let us then aim at making this a glorious Elizabethan era of nation-hood, and start now with our school.

Examination Results

INTERMEDIATE:

P. Colmer, G. Dunstan, A. Finlay, V. Goodwin, A. Harrington, G. Holding, B. Jones, F. Love, M. Macauley, M. McConnell, R. Ray, M. Rees, P. Stuckberry, T. Thorne, J. Featherstone, S. Brinsmead, V. Culph, B. Deering, C. Hare, H. Lawson, F. Lynch, J. Walker, J. Stitson, S. Marginson, V. Gregory, N. Davey, J. Hogan, S. Howell, B. Miller, S. Pederson, G. Scanlon, M. Sharman, E. Spriggs, J. Stevenson, G. Beck, L. Campbell, A. Carmichael, R. Cooke, A. Forbes, M. Gregson, M. Gretton, J. Hopkins, J. McGill, W. Potts, F. Sanders, J. Sundquist, T. Theobald, J. Toey, P. Wallace, R. Warriner.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE:

L. Boak, J. Cronin, D. Harris, S. Mack, M. Patterson, K. Sparrow, J. Connan, W. Jackson, R. Stuckberry, J. Friedkalns, D. Edwards, H. Gartner, L. Hawkins, B. Mitchell, A. Ritchie, E. Wallis, J. Hutchinson, R. Morrison, I. White, A. Marr.

MATRICULATION:

P. Archbold, A. Marr, B. Block, V. Laird, A. Flavell, K. Rogers, P. Baker, J. Evans, E. Wallace.

TECHNICAL EXAMINATIONS:

Shorthand Theory Advanced, 24 credits, 25 passes. Typewriting Advanced, 2 credits, 22 passes. Shorthand Speed, 100 W.P.M. 8 passes.

TEACHING BURSARIES:

Matriculation:—L. Hawkins, D. Reid, R. Stachberry.

Leaving Certificates:—P. Brocker, G. Dunstan, G. Holding, M. McConnell, R. Ray, T. Thorne, K. Ellis, F. Featherstone, H. Lawson, S. Pederson, M. Rees, J. Walker.

NURSING BURSARIES:

B. Blythe, M. Evans, P. Lynch, R. Wallace, A. Egan, R. Nicholson, E. Starkey.

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIP:

J. Allan, I. Chisholm, J. Elsey, J. Harvey, K. McIntyre, D. Skidmore, I. Lawson, J. Cooper, M. Daly, L. Gunn, B. Hodges, S. McConnell, T. Stewart, E. Joyce.

A.P.M. SCHOLARSHIPS:

L. Leitch, B. Miller.

S.E.C. SCHOLARSHIPS:

J. McCulloch, S. Marginson.

FREE PLACES:

J. Armstrong, N. Edwards, Y. Foord, R. Hughes, D. Petty, B. Tulloch, F. Gretton, S. Cairns, B. Fleischer, B. Hatch, J. Mitchell, J. Rust, M. Young.

SCHOOL TRADITION

The history of a school is built round the important events of its existence, and each year contributes something to the development of a worthwhile tradition. Events of this year exert an influence not only now, but in the years that follow.

In the field of sport, the achievements of the past are preserved in the form of records, and, to the sportsman, these records represent a goal to be reached or a record to be broken. It is this striving to equal or surpass the great achievements of the past that leads to progress.

So, in the school, the scholastic records of previous years are an incentive to greater effort. Those who achieve success, therefore, experience not only personal satisfaction, but also have the knowledge that they have set a standard that future pupils will strive to reach.

The tradition of scholarship is an important feature in a school; but perhaps of greater importance is a record of character training. The school aims to produce trained young men and women who will be able to fill with credit their places in the community; and it therefore attempts to develop habits of diligence, powers of self discipline and judgement, honesty and sincerity of purpose and unselfish thought for others. Each pupil in the school, whether his examination marks are high or low, can help to develop the tradition of good citizenship within the school.

Two of the most impressive features of the past twelve months have been the interest, energy and enthusiasm associated with school social service appeals, and the outstanding result of the 1952 examinations, particularly those for the Leaving Certificate. In both these cases we have a record of achievement which cannot fail to have its effect on those who follow.

It is fitting therefore, that in all the places of school life—in routine class work, in examinations, in social service appeals, or merely in our general bearing in and out of school—our attitude should be conditioned by the realisation that we are building an example which will become part of the school pattern and will influence pupils of future years.

G. S. ELLIS.

Head Master



THE STAFF

"OUR NEW HEADMASTER"

This year we welcome to our school our new headmaster, Mr. G. S. Ellis. Throughout the year, staff and pupils alike have found his pleasing personality and ready co-operation a great help to them in executing their various duties.

A brief outline of Mr. Ellis's career over the last ten years shows that during World War II he served as a Major in New Guinea with the 1st Australian Corps Headquarters. After the war, Mr. Ellis was English master at the Melbourne Boys High School and then at Essendon Technical School. Prior to his promotion to Yallourn, he was at Dandenong High School.

We are looking forward to many years of happy association with Mr. Ellis and we trust that his sojourn here will be a successful one.

MR. STEWART

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." So goes the old proverb, and the leaving of Mr. Stewart this year certainly bears it out. The ill wind (the voice of the Education Department) is giving Mr. Stewart well deserved promotion to Camperdown, and our loss is Camperdown's gain.

Mr. Stewart, although a very good and efficient Science and Maths teacher and even an enthusiastic French teacher (you ask some of the juniors) will be remembered mainly for his other works around the school and his efficiency as boys' sportsmaster.

Mr. Stewart's work in the general organization of boys' sport, in the preparation of our athletic meetings and coaching of our sports teams has been rather taken for granted. Now we see how difficult it will be to replace our popular, small, stockily built Mr. Stewart.

Every time the boys play cricket on the new practice wickets they will be reminded of the tremendous amount of work done by Mr. Stewart, both in laying the pitches and putting up the nets.

The neatness and brightness of our gardens are also due in no small measure to Mr. Stewart.

For all these things we say to Mr. Stewart "Thank you" and "Good luck for the future."

—Alec Carmichael.



HOUSE CAPTAINS AND PREFECTS

SOCIAL SERVICE

During the year, two house appeals have been held. The Melbourne City Mission appeal for clothing resulted in a total of 2877 articles being sent to the Mission. Phillip House bought most articles and Mawson had most contributors.

The Hospital Egg Appeal was held during October and every member of the School, with the exception of a very few of Flinders, contributed to the grand total of 10,383 eggs. The appeal was won by Bass with 2960 eggs; 2nd Mawson, 2,541 eggs; 3rd Phillip, 2471 eggs; 4th Flinders, 2,391 eggs.

HOUSE RESULTS

During the first two terms of this year, the House Competitions have been running smoothly and with the usual keen rivalry.

The House Scholarship each term has been won by Bass. Mawson has the best record in Social Service and Citizenship, having won this section each Term. Mawson has also won second term Sport and shared equal place with Phillip in first term Sport.

SPORTS RESULTS

Term I.

Swimming Sports: 1st Mawson; 2nd Phillip; 3rd Bass; 4th Flinders.

Boys' Tennis: 1st Mawson; 2nd Phillip; 3rd Flinders; 4th Bass.

Girls' Sport: 1st Phillip; 2nd Mawson; 3rd Bass; 4th Flinders.

Term II—Boys.

Football—Senior: 1st Phillip; 2nd Bass; 3rd Mawson; 4th Flinders.

Junior: 1st Mawson; 2nd Flinders; 3rd Bass; 4th Phillip.

Soccer: 1st Mawson; 2nd Flinders; 3rd equal — Phillip and Bass.

Cross Country Run—Senior: 1st Mawson, 2nd Phillip; 3rd Flinders; 4th Bass.

Junior: 1st Bass; 2nd Phillip; 3rd Mawson; 4th Flinders.

Term III—Boys

Cricket—Senior: 1st Flinders; 2nd Mawson; 3rd Phillip; 4th Bass.

Junior: 1st Bass; 2nd Mawson; 3rd Phillip; 4th Flinders.

Sub-Junior.

Boys: 50 yds., G. Colvin-7 secs; 75 yds., G. Colvin-10.2 secs.

Girls: 50 yds., M. Blair-7.2 secs.; 75 yds., M. Jenkins-10.7 secs.

Junior

Boys: 75 & 100 yds., R. Penkethman-9.2 & 12.3 secs.

High Jump: F. Goode-4 ft. 1½ in.

Long Jump: G. Colvin-12 ft. 9½ in.

Champion:—R. Penkethman.

Girls: 50 yds., L. Frankhauser-7.1 secs.; 75 yds J. Gregory 10.3 secs.

Champions:—L. Frankhauser and J. Gregory, equal.

Sub-Intermediate

Boys: 100 yds. & 220 yds., B. Campbell-12.5 secs. & 29.4 secs.

Girls: 100 yds., J. Bacon-13.1 secs.; 75 yds., G. Loveless-10.2 secs.

Intermediate.

Boys: 100 yds., J. Boeyen-11.8 secs.; 220 yds. B. Gust-26 secs.

Long Jump: B. Gust-15 ft. 6 in.

High Jump: M. Goyne-4 ft. 6½ in.

Champion: B. Gust.

Girls: 75 yds., J. Deppler-9.6 secs.; 100 yds., I. Hall-12.8 secs.

Champions: I. Hall and J. Deppler, equal.

Senior.

Boys: 100 yds.-11.3 secs.; 220 yds.-25 secs.; 440 yds.-61.7 secs.; all won by W. Jackson.

High Jump: B. Edmondson-5 ft 1½ in.

Long Jump: W. Carrie-16 ft. 1½ in.

Champion:—W. Jackson.

Girls: 75 yds. & 100 yds., G. Scanlan-3.9 secs. & 13.1 secs.

Champion:—G. Scanlan.

THE HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS

The week began with poor weather, the rain making marching and athletic practice very hard and trying. Despite this poor outlook, Mr. Stewart and a willing group of juniors occupied themselves in laying out the wet grounds on Tuesday, October 22nd.

The following day, Wednesday 23rd, proved to be more promising, and the grounds, due to a calm dry night, were in a fair condition. Clouds filled the sky and rain seemed inevitable. Mr. Young took up his position as announcer, several members of the staff seated themselves at the scoring tables and the sports began. Several times during the afternoon the sun burst through, but each time was gone again before the warmth could be felt.

By the time the marching squads, trained by Sgt. Cass, were on their marks, there was quite a gathering of parents. This year the marching reached a standard never previously achieved and the judge, Cpt. Morrison, had a difficult task in determining the winners.

The final results of the athletics: in the boys, Bass won for the fourth successive year — 116 points, Flinders 93½; Mawson 89 and Phillip 82½. In the girls: Phillip 149 points, Flinders 113, Mawson 103, and Bass 75.

Bass House—Boys.

This year Bass boys have shown that they have good all round ability. They have been successful in sport during the year, their outstanding performance being the winning of the boys' athletics for the third year in succession. They have also done well when combining with the girls to win the first term Scholarship, and in helping to win the record-breaking Egg Appeal.

The boys worked well in Social Service and Citizenship, and I would like to thank the boys, our Vice Captain and Mr. Farrelly for their loyal support in giving Bass House a very creditable record for 1953.

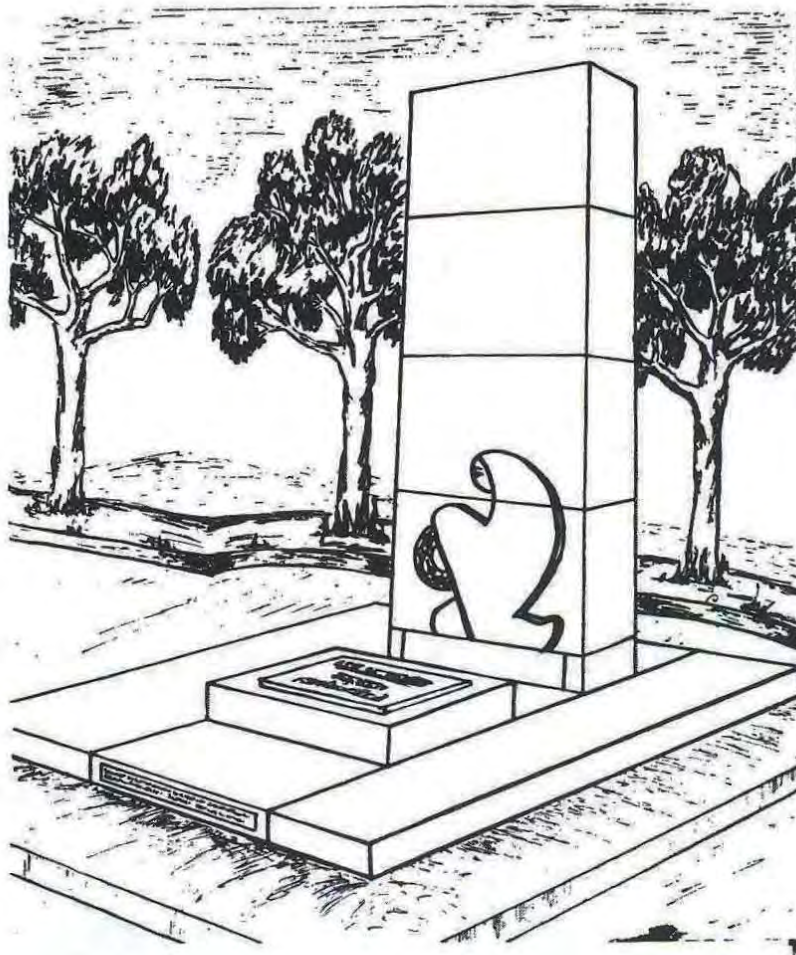
—Captain.

Mawson House—Boys.

This year, owing to the splendid co-operation of the whole house, Mawson has had another successful year. In sport, we won the swimming sports for the fourth year in succession, and were premiers in tennis and junior football. We won the scholarship section first term and also came second in both appeals this year.

After winning the aggregate first term and increasing our lead in the second term we are hopeful of winning the grand aggregate again this year. I would like to thank Mr. Harrison for his help throughout the year and also the vice captain and secretary for their co-operation.

"Lest We Forget"



TO A CREEK

Turning along each day,
Little creek, happy and gay,
Over the pebbles you splash and play,
Little creek.

Every moment you're splashing on,
Dashing at evening, splashing at dawn,
Splashing at night, when we to bed have gone,
Little creek.

Over the rocks you tumble and fall,
Causing a tiny waterfall,
Do you know you're giving joy to all,
Little creek?

Your goyness makes the weary smile,
You give travellers strength from mile to mile,
You're shedding love, and splashing all the while,
Little creek.

Graceful water ferns at your side,
Bright leaves over your waters glide,
Fish swim through your lapping tide,
Little creek.

Sparkling happily in the sun,
Though your work is never done,
For ever and ever on you'll run,
Little creek.

—HEATHER WHITE, Form 3C.

HOUSE NOTES

FLINDERS — BOYS

Throughout the year Flinders boys have combined well in all house activities. Although we were not over successful, we have always been a problem to our opponents; however, our Senior Cricket team looks set for another premiership this year.

After a keen tussle with Phillip we came second in the House Athletic Sports and we must thank the girls at this stage for their worthy assistance. In all school appeals we were well represented. Many of our boys represented our school in different teams. Our thanks to Mr. Wynd, our house master, and also the vice-captain, who have helped make this year a pleasant one for us all.

—Bill Jackson

PHILLIP — BOYS

This year Phillip boys have been most successful in their various school competitions due to the teamwork of the house under the guidance of our House Master, Mr. Cass. In Social Service the results have been excellent; inspections and yard duty have all been done very well. During second term the Annual Clothes Appeal for the Melbourne City Mission was won by Phillip House. Results in scholarship have not been up to the usual high standard, for we did not win the scholarship competition in terms one and two. The representatives from the house in the School cricket, football and athletics teams all performed creditably. The girls, with the assistance of the boys, were able to win the Athletics competition.

The achievements of Phillip Boys have been satisfying and I hope they will continue to keep up the good tradition of the House in the future.

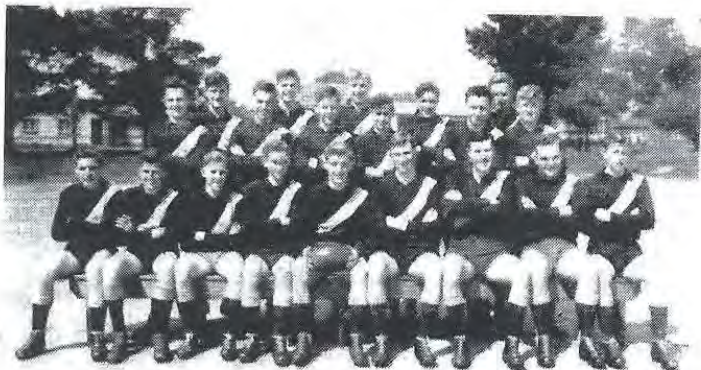
—Brian Edmondson

PHILLIP — GIRLS

Phillip girls have completed another very successful year, with their greatest victories being their brilliant wins in the annual House Sports and the Clothing Appeal.

We were proud to see so many Phillip girls included in school sports team this year, but our successes do not only extend to the playing fields. We boast many scholarship and bursary holders among our ranks.

I should like to thank our house mistress, Mrs. Eddington, and vice-captains Anne Ritchie (who left during the year) and Dorothy Harris for their help and co-operation. Above all, I must thank the girls of the house, whose constant enthusiastic



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

spirit meant so many victories for us.

Best of luck for the future, Phillip!

—Lesley Hawkins.

BASS — GIRLS

Bass House has again completed a successful year. We can be proud of the excellent results of the Egg Appeal, to which we contributed 2960 eggs, and our success in Scholarship.

Our congratulations go to the Bass boys for their great swimming sports. A number of our girls were also represented success in sport, which helped us gain a second place in the in school teams.

My thanks go to the house mistresses, Miss Clement, Miss Sellars and Mrs. Robertson, and to the vice-captain and lieutenant for their help and co-operation throughout the year. I also congratulate the captains of the other houses for their fine sportsmanship.

I am proud to have been captain to a house which developed such enthusiasm and house spirit.

Therefore, good luck and success for next year, Bass House.

—Helga Gartner.

MAWSON — GIRLS

Under the guidance of Mrs. Mitchell, Mawson girls are hoping to make 1953 Mawson's fourth successive year as "crack" house.

In Term 1 we were successful in the swimming sports and in Term 2 we gained the honour of winning the first inter-house Choral competition.

In sport, social service and scholarship, in spite of great competition, we are holding our own and future prospects seem bright.

—Marjorie Rees

FLINDERS — GIRLS

For the past year Flinders girls have worked well, and although results are not outstanding, yet you must be thanked for your enthusiasm and co-operation throughout the year.

Many Flinders girls were selected for school teams, and after a great tussle with Phillip we came second in the athletic sports, while our boys won the cricket premiership.

We participated actively in social service, and support was given to all appeals during the year.

I would like to thank our House Mistress, Miss Derham, and other house officials for their valuable assistance, and I hope that Flinders House will have many successes in future years.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

INTER SCHOOL SPORTS

Term I.

The highlight of the senior cricket matches was the excellent batting of our captain, Brian Edmondson, who made 2 fifties and almost a century.

Boys.

Cricket—Senior: YHS d. THS; YHS d. YTS; WHS d. YHS.

Tennis: YHS lost to WHS; THS; YTS.

Girls.

Tennis: YHS d. WHS; YHS d. THS.

Vigoro—Senior: YHS lost to WHS and THS.

Junior: YHS d. THS; WHS d. YHS.

Softball—Senior: YHS d. THS; WHS d. YHS.

Junior: YHS d. MHS; WHS d. YHS; YHS d. THS.

Term II.

Our Senior Football team this year was captained by Bill Jackson, and coached by Mr. Stewart. The team, full of confidence in their new guernseys were premiers runners-up. These were the results.

Boys.

Football—Senior: WHS-6.8 (44) d. YHS-3.4 (22); YHS-3.12 (30) d. THS-3 pts.; YHS d. YTS.

Junior: DCS-3.5 (23) d. YHS-3.2 (20); YHS-5.5 (35) d. MHS-3.3 (21); YHS-6.8 (44) d. THS-1.1 (7); YHS d. YTS.

Girls.

Basketball—Senior: YHS d. THS—32-19; WHS d. YHS—21-12.

Junior: YHS d. WHS—31-6; MHS d. YHS—14-6; THS d. YHS—15-14; YHS d. DCS—28-12.

Hockey—Senior: WHS-6 d. YHS-1; THS-5 d. YHS-1.

Junior: WHS-6 d. YHS-0; THS-3 d. YHS-1; YHS-1 d. MHS.

Note.—WHS—Warragul High School; YHS—Yallourn High School; YTS—Yallourn Technical School; DCS—Drouin Central School; MHS—Moe High School.

Term III.

The Combined Sports were held this year at Traralgon. The weather was fine and it was a good day for sports. For the third consecutive year we were the winners of the shield for senior boys. The winning of this shield was mainly due to Bill Carrie (winning long jump and second in 100 yds. and 220 yds), Alan Martin (placed in 440 yds. and 880 yds.) and our relay team.

Some other winners were:—

Girls under 13 75 yds. M. Blair.

" " 15 100 yds. J. Bacon.

" " 16 Hockey relay team.

" " 13 Shuttle relay team.

" " 15 Shuttle relay team.

Boys under 14 75 yds. and 100 yds.—R. Penkethman.

Our marching teams, under the capable instruction of Mr. Cass (Thank you) also were successful. The girls' team gained second place and the boys' team third place.

During the year there were two special matches with schools from Melbourne. The first was a football match against Brighton Grammar. The day was very wet and the ground muddy. We easily defeated them by 9-6 (60 pts.) to 1-7 (13 pts.).

The other school to visit us was Camberwell Girls' School. Three matches were played. In the Senior Hockey Match we defeated Camberwell by 7 goals to 2. We also won the Junior Basketball but lost the Senior Basketball.



"TALE OF TWO CITIES"

This is a "Tale of Two Cities" to quote Dickens' title to one of his famous books. Only the cities are not London and Paris, but Glasgow and Edinburgh. These two cities are so unlike each other that about the only thing they have in common is that they are in the Lowlands of Scotland. This difference even extends to the inhabitants of these cities, for there is a great difference between the characteristics of an Edinburgh and Glasgow man, as any Scot could tell you.

I shall take Edinburgh first since it is the capital city, the historical capital, Glasgow being the commercial capital. It is not for nothing that Edinburgh is called the Athens of the north, for, from pictures I have seen of Athens, the most dominating part of the city is the Acropolis with the Parthenon at its summit. In Edinburgh we also have the Acropolis and the Parthenon, but it is formed of the Castle Rock and the Castle. Every foot of Edinburgh has history in it. As you walk down the "Royal Mile" which is called the Canon Gate, you pass Saint Giles Cathedral, where many Scottish Covenanters had bitter conflicts with the English churchmen, past John Knox's house, to the Holyrood Palace where the unhappy Queen of Scots lived. And for sheer beauty, Princes Street is unequalled. The Castle, and the Princes Street gardens make a magnificent background, in fact, at night when the castle is floodlit, it is almost like a theatre backdrop. And by day, if you go to the ramparts of the castle, you see a view of perfect beauty—of the sea, the gleaming river, the Forth, and the hills lying all round.

Now Glasgow is totally different. It is of course, a seaport, with some of the finest shipbuilding yards in the world, but by the time the river comes up to Glasgow it has lost most of its scenic beauty. But to make up for this; it has one of the cheapest and best transport systems in the world. Before the second world war you could travel twenty one miles for two-pence, and the buses and trams, since replaced by trolley buses, are the last word in comfort.

But the outstanding point about Glasgow is the romance of industry. It is quite thrilling to go down to the docks, and listen to the clanging of the riveters and the welders, as they work at their task of turning out the finest ships in the world. And there are many spacious parks and busy streets in this great city, the Art Gallery and Glasgow Cathedral are two examples of its wonderful granite buildings. Yes, if Glasgow hasn't got the historical backgrounds of Edinburgh, she makes history in her factory and the shipbuilding yards. Glasgow is as modern as tomorrow, while Edinburgh seems to be lost in a beautiful dream of the past.

Now the position between the two cities is that of a good-humoured rivalry rather like that between Sydney and Melbourne. Glasgow is the busy bustling city, while Edinburgh is the educational and cultural centre. And in Glasgow, Edinburgh people are regarded as being a bit snobbish and stuck up, while the Edinburgh people say Glaswegians are rough types. The only grounds for this belief are that Edinburgh people are more reserved than Glasgow people, and Glaswegians have a reputation for gaiety.

Secretly, although they would never admit it, Glaswegians are enormously proud of Edinburgh's beauty and historical fame, for when they are showing visitors around their city, they will say, "But wait till you see Edinburgh," or words to that effect. And Edinburgh has great admiration for Glasgow's engineering and commercial leadership. In short, they are a great combination, each having what the other lacks, and Scotland is justly proud of both.

JOHN McCULLOCH, Form 4A.

THE OLD FAMILY SNAP-SHOT ALBUM

Rummaging through a trunk one afternoon I came across a photograph album. I drew a chair up to the fire and opened the album.

Pasted on the inside cover was a portrait of my great, great aunt Matilda. It took me right back to Queen Victoria's day. Great, great aunt Matilda was looking very self-conscious in a bright purple tight-fitting frock, with a long, full skirt. This was embroidered with different coloured flowers. It was very, very bright. Her hair was piled high on her head, and on top was perched a hat with two enormous ostrich plumes. A sunshade of the same vivid colour as the frock, was a further embellishment.

In the background leaning against an open carriage stood a dashing beau of the time. In the crook of his arm he held a bowler hat, and from enormous moustaches stared sternly into the distance. The pained expression on his face was either caused by the high collar he wore or the equally tight fitting coat. His general air of dignity was somewhat spoilt by the way his legs encased in stove-piped trousers, twined artistically around each other.

A flick of the page and great aunt Agatha smiled uncertainly at me. A shapeless drape barely reached her knees, and an extremely loose belt indicated the approximate position of the waist-line. And her hat? Some heavy hand had pulled it down firmly over her forehead, but, as a sop to feminine vanity, one small curl was permitted to peep coyly over the right eye-brow.

Nearby a gangling youth sported a brilliant blazer combining the pattern of a zebra and the ambition of Joseph. Even more remarkable was the straw decker perched jauntily, but rather precariously, over the left ear. Further evidence of his sporting inclination was the strangely shaped racquet he carried in his left hand. His right hand was fully occupied balancing a pipe of massive proportion.

I often hear my elders say that "old" fashions are returning. But I never see about me, or in advertisements, anything remotely resembling the clothes portrayed in my album. Perhaps photographic art was poor in those days. Were clothes really so grotesque? Will people twenty and fifty years hence, laugh at our ballerinas and school costumes? Well, at any rate, at our ballerinas?



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

rates. The tuberculin tested herd is of mixed breeds, but Illawarra Shorthorn, Friesian and Ayreshire strains predominate. The dairy is a typical example of what can be done in an area with a low rainfall, provided that irrigation is possible.

The milking shed is equipped with nine milking machines, capable of milking ninety cows per hour. Cows entering the milking shed pass through a wind tunnel where flies and other pests are blown off their backs by a forced draught. Any mud on the cows' hoofs is removed by the cows walking through a foot bath. Any flies who get into the dairy are soon killed, as all the interior walls are sprayed with a D.D.T. solution. To prevent contamination of the milk the milk bottles are washed, dried, filled and capped by machinery.

Whyalla's blast furnace was blown in on May 26, 1941, and marked the end of three years of intensive work. In making pig iron, which is an impure form of iron containing about 93% of iron and 4% of carbon with smaller amounts of silicon, sulphur, phosphorous and manganese, iron ore, coke and limestone are charged into the top of the furnace and air, which is heated to about 1200 degrees Fahrenheit, is blown near the bottom at a pressure somewhere about 15 pounds per square inch. The top hole in the furnace is plugged up with fireclay and every four hours a hole is drilled through this clay and the iron tapped out. The iron runs down a trough lined with sand into ladles which are made of steel plates and lined with fire bricks and hold thirty to thirty-five tons of ore.

The iron ore content of the hematite ores at Iron Knob and Iron Monarch, which is more than 60%, compares favourably with the 30% ores of England and the 50-55% ores of America. The ore, after being mined, is taken to the primary crusher. From pieces of ore, sometimes weighing more than 8 tons, the primary crusher breaks the stones to a ten inch size. From this crusher the ore goes to a secondary crusher where it is crushed to four inches in size. The ore is then railed to Whyalla and shipped to Newcastle and Kemplar.

—NIGEL EDWARDS, Form 4A.

IN THE BUSH

Out in the bush one sunny day,
Where the grass rustled between the trees,
Where leaves blew in the wind so gay,
With softness scented by the breeze.

Where mushrooms grew mid flowers wild,
In clusters here and everywhere;
Where sunlight and air seem'd so mild,
There was a sight beyond compare.

—SUSAN BUSH, 1C.



BOYS' ATHLETIC TEAM

WHYALLA

Whyalla, 250 miles north-west of Adelaide by road, is situated on the west shores of Spencer's Gulf.

In 1900 the birth of Whyalla as a port for the shipping of the iron ore, brought 34 miles by rail from the iron ore sources at Iron Knob, took place. On August 28, 1901 the first train ran on this line. In 1913, upon the impending news of the commencement of steel manufacturing at Newcastle, the operations at Whyalla and Iron Knob received a great impetus. This work brought about the opening of new ore faces at "The Knob" and a large amount of plant construction. In 1937 the Broken Hill Pty. Ltd. announced its intention to erect a blast furnace at Whyalla. In conjunction with this project the construction of the ship-yard went rapidly ahead. On May 12, 1941, only 16 months after the commencement of the ship-yard, the first hull was launched.

The water supply for the 9,000 inhabitants is brought over-land by a pipeline from Morgan, on the River Murray. Whyalla's original water supply came from a masonry tank, holding 100,000 gallons on Hummocky Hill. During the war years the water supply was found to be insufficient for the growing population so the 223 mile welded pipe-line was begun. This pipe-line one of the most important tasks carried out by the Public Works Department in South Australia, cost approximately £2,750,000. When this pipe-line was officially opened on March 31, 1944, Whyalla's water worries were over.

The pipe-line is of welded construction and is above ground level. In that position, corrosive action by injurious salts in the soil is eliminated, the smallest leaks are revealed, and facilities are afforded for maintenance and repairs. The pipes, which are of steel and concrete lined, vary from 30 inches in diameter at Morgan to 21 inches in diameter at Whyalla. To take the tremendous weight of this water-main there are concrete chairs every 15 feet, while concrete thrust blocks have been provided every 270 feet on the straight and at all bends, and these, together with heavy concrete anchor blocks, spaced at mile intervals, maintain the alignment of the pipes.

The district surrounding Whyalla is pastoral country. The rainfall, usually between seven and eight inches per annum, is inadequate for agricultural pursuits. The country is of a sandy loam nature with a high salt and gypsum content. Saltbush and bluebush with myall and blackoak trees comprise the natural vegetation. The land will carry about a sheep to twenty acres.

"An oasis in the bush" describes the lush green pastures of the Whyalla dairy, 3½ miles from Whyalla on the Port Augusta road. More than 100 acres of lucerne and grass pastures, irrigated by "water spray" lines fed from the pipe-line, surrounds an orderly arrangement of bluestone buildings, silos, yards and



THE HOCKEY TEAMS

R.A.A.F. COLLEGE, POINT COOK

Future Air Marshals of the Royal Australian Air Force are being trained at the R.A.A.F. College, Point Cook, Victoria. They are young men with an urge to fly, who are receiving a sound basic knowledge of Air Power and its application in the defence of this country in the Atomic Age.

When the decision was made to form the College, in 1947, the R.A.A.F. studied famous Service Colleges overseas — West Point and Annapolis in U.S.A., the R.A.F. College at Cranwell in England, and Duntroon, the Australian Military College. The training system which was adopted incorporated the finer points of the overseas colleges.

The first and second courses to begin training at R.A.A.F. College in 1948 and 1949 have already graduated. Many students have served with No. 77 R.A.A.F. Squadron in Korea and No. 1 (Bomber) Squadron in Malaya. Four of the first course are now in England on exchange duties with the Royal Air Force.

One method adopted by the College to overcome "newness" felt by students and staff in 1948 has become a permanent R.A.A.F. college institution. The whole staff and student body set up camp in Waratah Bay in South Gippsland.

The informal atmosphere of the camp quickly helped the new cadets to shed inhibitions they may have had about their new life.

The young cadets soon developed comradeship and esprit-de-corps. They got to know each other, and the staff, in a very short time, formed friendships and were quite ready at the end of their two weeks' camp to knuckle down to the first study classes of their four year course.

The main aim of the College is to produce R.A.A.F. officers with high qualifications in flying, administration and all problems peculiar to running an Air Force. But the training is not only limited to Service indoctrination.

The young officers-to-be are earmarked for high appointments in the future R.A.A.F., and in such positions they will be constantly in the public eye. The cadets are trained to deport themselves well, to meet and mix with people and learn to discuss not only service topics, but general subjects affecting the well-being and advancement of their country. They are taught to be useful citizens as well as efficient R.A.A.F. officers.

Each cadet graduates with a knowledge of political, scientific, social and economic questions which is most essen-

tial to a thorough understanding of the modern world in which they are being trained to live and work.

Character building is not on the College curriculum, but is nevertheless given a high rating and a major portion of the staff effort is directed towards its development.

To join the College, applicants must be physically fit and to be between the ages of 16 and 19 years. Educationally they must be matriculation standard by the time they enter the College with English, Physics and two Mathematics as pre-requisite subjects. However, consideration is given to applicants of superior ability whose standard is one year below this.

For the new cadets, the first two years at the College are very much the same as boarding school, but for the service discipline, and the addition of some service subjects to their normal studies. They continue studying English, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry, which the College curriculum aims at consolidating and extending. Cadets are encouraged to actively search for information rather than passively accept facts.

At the end of the second year at the College, the standard is approximately that of the first year of a University Engineering course.

In their third year the cadets study Aerodynamics, Navigation, Airmanship, and Armament subjects which are more closely related to flying. They also study Psychology and the historical, geographic and economic impact of Air Power. English remains on the curriculum but at this stage in their course the cadets are coached in developing the ability to express themselves, simply, logically and with conviction both orally and in writing.

Mid-way through third year the cadets begin the first phase of their flying training. This is the basic stage on Tiger Moths wherein they learn to become masters of their aircraft. They graduate from this stage to Wirraway flying where they are taught to make their aircraft perform as a weapon. This is the applied phase of their flying course where they do practical tests in navigation, air-to-air gunnery, dive-bombing, instrument flying, night flying, and formation flying. The main part of this stage of their flying training is flown solo.

The final stage of their flying training takes the form of field training at a distant and unfamiliar aerodrome, where the cadets do advanced air and ground exercises. This last stage of their flying training is done several weeks before they graduate at the end of the fourth year.



SENIOR CRICKET TEAM



JUNIOR CRICKET TEAM

Cadets who are destined to be Technical Officers in the R.A.A.F. are also trained at R.A.A.F. College. They are selected for training at Australian Universities after their first year at the College. The University courses undertaken by these cadets are aeronautical engineering at the Sydney University, and electrical engineering at the University of Adelaide. During the University vacations the cadets return to the R.A.A.F. College for flying training.

The technical cadets are commissioned at the end of the University third year with the General Duties cadets graduating as pilots, and return to the University to complete their degree courses. They also spend all their University vacation periods at R.A.A.F. College with the other cadets. The subsequent discussions held during these periods when the cadets of both branches mix, leave all the cadets with an appreciation of the problems outside their immediate sphere. It tends to broaden their mental horizons.

During their four years at the College the cadets go home on leave only during the Christmas period for six weeks. The mid-year breaks are spent on tours of Industrial Centres in Victoria, and New South Wales, Canoe trips down the Goulburn River, skiing at Mount Buller, and a tour by plane through Australia's centre to Darwin and back through Townsville, Brisbane and Sydney. Highlight of these tours is a mid-year visit in their final year to the Rocket Range. They begin each college year with a field training camp at Waratah Bay in South Gppsland where they learn the use of small arms and automatic weapons and conduct field exercises.

These tours are part of their instruction. It is a practical way of keeping them in touch with Australia's current development in other spheres.

The cadets are also encouraged to spend their spare time at some hobby. They have a hobby workshop where they make the canoes for their annual 100 mile rapid-shooting trip. They also make their own ski-ing equipment for the Mount Buller trip and surf boards and surf boats for their Waratah Bay camp.

Sport is given a high priority at R.A.A.F. College. It develops the cadets mentally and physically and fosters team spirit and fair play. The cadets play Rugby, Australian Rules, Hockey, Cricket, Basketball, Tennis and Golf. Athletic and Swimming competitions are vigorously contested. Specialization in any one sport is not encouraged at Point Cook.

R.A.A.F. College is at present working to capacity with four courses in various stages of their four-year course. The College has fully trained two courses and the third will graduate in December this year. Thirteen cadets from the Royal New Zealand Air Force, and the Royal Pakistan Air Force are also studying at the College. The inclusion of these cadets on each year's course will help to foster closer relations in the future between the three Air Forces.

THE ALEXANDRA HIGH SCHOOL

Alexandra High School was a Higher Elementary until this year. It has a staff of two lady teachers and seven men teachers.

The headmaster is Mr. Price, who taught at Yallourn last year.

There are approximately one hundred and fifty students attending the High School. Most of them go to school by bus.

There are four buses that "pick up" in an approximate radius of twenty miles. Two of the buses come from Eildon, where the weir is being enlarged.

For a small school, Alexandra is quite well equipped. The library is gradually being enlarged. It has about 600 books so far. The science room is also gradually becoming better equipped. Although Alexandra has no cookery centre there is a fairly modern sewing room.

—MARIAN WELFORD, 3A.

NIGHT

The distant green-clad hills grew gently olive,
As the sun slipped slowly the flushed clouds between.
The bird-songs ended, peace descended on the sight,
As myrian twinkling stars burst the bonds of night.
Then the moon, golden-glowing, with regal power,
Compelled the dazzled stars their lights to lower,
As was their duty, in acknowledgement of her brilliant beauty
And thus she ruled the tranquil night, until her sire,
The sun, the all-conquering golden orb of fire,
Caused her in turn to be afraid, to be less bold,
As up he rose amidst a splash of crimson and of gold.

—JOHN M. CONNAN, Form 6.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC TEAM



JUNIOR SOFTBALL TEAM

CRICKET IN PAPUA

Have you ever seen the natives in the Gulf of Papua play a cricket match? It is real, live cricket, and, once seen, will always be remembered.

The cricket field is situated on a big beach, fringed with coconut palms. The teams consist of the pick of the men of respective tribes.

The villages of Mei and Opau played a match on the occasion that is told of here. Each tribe was represented by about thirty players and hundreds of relatives and friends were present.

For the wickets, half a dozen bush sticks were cut, and hammered into the beach. Bails were not used, and the fact that the wickets were of all sizes and angles, and a foot higher than custom allows, was regarded as of no importance.

Bundles of sticks are usually collected by small boys and given to the men who are scoring. Armed with these sticks, the scorers take up their positions on a sand hill. The scoring system is simple. When a run is scored a small stick is set aside; for two runs a bigger stick is laid aside, and so on. At the end of the day's play the heap of sticks is counted. No time is wasted in keeping tally of the individual scores. It is the gross result that matters.

Mei won the toss, and Miri the captain, with his next in command took a strike. Miri looked every inch the cricketer. Armed with a European bat, he had a pad on his right leg; the other pad was sported by his partner. His costume consisted of a very vivid red loin cloth with yellow spots, some feathers in his hair, a nice new suit of coconut oil, and a broad smile. He just looked "IT," and, from a classy point, threw the Test captains into the shade.

At the first ball Miri made a wild swipe, and—missed. The wicket keeper caught the ball and bowled straight back. Thus the game went on, ball for ball. When a run was hit, all hands and a select circle of juveniles chased the ball. When it was thrown in, whoever got the ball at the nearest wicket promptly bowled. There was no block taken or any other useless thing like that.

No umpires are required, as a man is only out when he is caught or clean bowled. When a wicket falls, the game still goes merrily on. There are no delays. If the new batsman has not taken up his position at the wicket he goes out, but the batsman can be bowled at after he is out. Immediately after a wicket has fallen a brown streak flashes across the ground to fill the vacancy. Relays of waiting batsmen are always lying handy.

Australian cricket is tame compared with this uproarious sport. Why not wipe out the solemn five days Tests and have a one day match à la Papuan. That is the sort of game that would afford excitement. Dullness would vanish, for there would never be a moment in which there would not be something doing.—from "Pals", 1921.

Contributed by T. STEWART, 3A.

AT THE "POINT"

Point Lonsdale is an interesting but little known township, twenty miles southeast of Geelong. It is a very small place of 700 inhabitants, but in the holiday seasons, it is greatly swollen by thousands of visitors who stay at the many boarding houses, rent houses or camps, as it is a lovely seaside resort.

Its main attraction is that it is situated on the point which forms the western head of Port Phillip Bay. The eastern head is Point Nepean. In between is the famous Rip, only 1½ miles

wide through which all shipping that visits Melbourne must pass. Because of the narrow channel within the Rip, deep enough to take shipping and which has been continually blasted for the last 50 years, large ships can only come in with the aid of the pilot service. The pilot ship stays outside the Rip for days on end. It waits to guide great ocean liners from both the Southern Ocean and the Bay, through the heads. This is done by means of transferring the pilot to the vessel concerned by a small rowing boat. This often has to be done in dangerous seas, and is then very hazardous work. From the lighthouse and the pier which juts out a quarter of a mile into the Rip, you can get a marvellously close up view of any ocean liner travelling through the heads. These, particularly at night are a wonderful sight, as they are beautifully lit up with coloured and fairy like lights. Although most ships sail through the heads with utmost safety under the care of the pilots, there have been several wrecks since the early colonial days. The last of these was the coastal freighter "Time," which lost its rudder and ran on the Corsica Rock in 1950, just off Point Nepean, where most of the wrecks have occurred. The "Times" remains are still there, but are gradually being broken up by heavy seas.

During the war Point Lonsdale played an important part in the defence of Port Phillip Bay. The whole headland was barricaded off and gun and searchlight placements were built. Although the enemy did not reach Port Phillip Bay, a close watch was kept over the entrance by day and at night by special lights trained right across from head to head, during every hour of darkness. There are still remnants of barb wire, old fortresses, and gun placements which are of great interest to visitors.

The ocean beach is very dangerous for swimmers, but is a lovely surf beach. The Life Savers patrol the beach during the holiday seasons and make a number of rescues. They also teach children to swim in the safe areas on the front beach.

Although Point Lonsdale is relatively unknown, its popularity is growing every year and some of its regular visitors are afraid it may become too popular.

ELISA BUSH, 4A.

JUST ANOTHER DAY

The sirens blow, the children flow
To stand in rank and file;
The master has his little say
About the doings for the day,
In most paternal style.

To each their coop the forms now troop,
And sit in silence grave.
Most students listen with intent,
While just a few on mischief bent
Will simply not behave.

Tu es, thou art, we learn by heart,
Tres bon, nous sommes, we are.
The mountain ranges and the seas
For us they hold no mysteries.
We learn of lands afar.

With lessons learnt, and leisure earned,
We join the rushing throng
That surges out from classroom doors.
To wend our way without a pause
To homes where we belong.

—JEAN GREGORY, 3C.

DUNTROON

Because of limited military activities at Yallourn, probably few of you have seriously thought of adopting the Army as your career. For that reason I intend firstly to sketch briefly what the career of a Regular Army Officer involves, and then deal more fully with the Royal Military College, Duntroon.

The first thing that I think you should realise is that, whilst the Army provides excellent conditions of service, it is a career of highly honourable service to the Nation. A military officer must be primarily a man capable of the responsibilities of leadership. As well as being a specialist, he must possess a wide general knowledge. The life is both interesting and varied. The variety of activities which the Army pursues, offers opportunities of subsequent interesting courses, and post-graduate studies at Australian and overseas military and civil establishments.

The Royal Military College, Duntroon, is the initial training establishment for most officers, its aim being to develop character, mind, and body, to the required degree. The most outstanding feature of the four year course is its wide range. For the first three years the emphasis is on civil work. The final year is largely devoted to military work. Physical training, including almost all branches of sport, are an important aspect of College life. A wide canvas of extra-curricular activities, including yachting, skiing, flying, hiking, camping, shooting and play-reading, are enthusiastically supported. Hobbies are also encouraged. Social functions include an annual revue, dances and balls, culminating in the Graduation Ball and garden party. The College also has its own picture theatre.

The initial six weeks at the College are designed to reconcile the cadet to the Army way of life. Training during this period consists of Drill, P.T., Weapon Training, Infantry, Map Reading and Field Sketching and First Aid. For the remainder of the year a variety of civil subjects are taught and one day each week is devoted to military work. In the second year civil work is continued and a start is made in instruction in Military History, Military Law, Tactics and Administration and Signals. Military Training is continued during the final two years and subjects include Mechanical Vehicle Training, Artillery, Military Engineering, Armour and Book-keeping, besides continuing the study of Tactics, Military History and Military Law. From the point of view of civil subjects, the cadet may be chosen to do an arts course, a science course, or an engineering course.

Even from this very short summary of subjects covered at R.M.C. it must be apparent that there is much of interest for everyone in the course.

I have mentioned that Physical Training is an important aspect of College life. We have a well equipped gymnasium and there are various clubs, including a body building club, associated with it. Expert coaching is available for all sports and facilities include football, cricket and hockey grounds. A cinder track and a swimming pool will be ready by 1954.

Yachting and skiing are the most popular extra-curricular activities. We have our own boat-shed and a number of yachts at Lake George and compete with the Canberra Sailing Club. For several months there are excellent conditions for skiing at Mt. Ginini and huts and a ski-run have been built. Each year a number of cadets are selected to undergo flying training. The planes available are Austers and during the course each trainee receives his flying license. The principal hobby clubs are the radio, photography and carpentry clubs.

Social activity is another important phase of Army life. The various cadet social committees throughout the year organize functions which provide opportunities for the future officer to capably adapt himself in this sphere.

EXAMINATION HOWLERS

- Q. How do people regard the convicted criminal today?
A. Guilty.
- Q. Bismarck's policy of "blood and iron."
A. They went after your blood with swords and guns, etc.
- Q. What was the Triangle of Trade?
A. Goods such as furs, pottery and slaves were sent from Africa to England where they were made into clothes.
- A synonym for "die" = mortuate.
- Guerrilla warfare means up to their monkey tricks.
- A Kaiser is a stream of hot waterumping up and disturbing the earth.
- A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off Clive committed suicide three times.
- Edward III would have been the King of France if his Mother had been a man.
- A myth is a female moth.
- In Italy the coast is nearer the sea than it is in England.

FORM 3A

Though Form 3A is very gay,
And noisy when they're started,
And though they have a lot to say
They're really not bad hearted.

Janet is our brainy one
In all subjects she does shine,
Leonie though she's full of fun
Is not very far behind.

June is always neat and trim,
And tries to look demure
But she is really full of vim,
And talks a lot, I'm sure.

Barbara is the head of us,
She's quite a decent sort;
Shirley doesn't make a fuss
And Yvonne's good at sport.

In English when we talk a lot
And Mr. Wynd feels silly,
A piece of chalk aimed at Scott—
Misses . . . then hits Hilly.

In Maths we are not very bright
And Algebra's not pleasing,
When we get work at night,
And Janet starts her sneezing.

And though we have a reputation
For being rather bad,
We often cause a great sensation
But we are never sad.

ABOUT INSECTS

Entomology, or more simply, 'the study of bugs', is a most enthralling hobby. It is also an essentially easy matter to procure all equipment which is needed. The outfit could be a gauze net on a handle, a small jar, household ammonia, cotton wool, a piece of sheet cork or balsa wood, pins and cellophane strips.

I shall now proceed to enucleate the use of the afore mentioned articles. The catching of the insects naturally comes first for which is needed the net. The next process is the killing.

To kill the insects the killing jar is necessary with the ammonia and the cotton wool. Some cotton wool can be moistened with ammonia and a thin layer of dry cotton wool can be placed on top of it. The insect is put into the jar and eventually it will be gassed with ammonia. A five hour imprisonment should kill the insect surely. The next step is the setting.

For the setting you require the aid of pins, cellophane strips and cork or balsa wood sheets which should be cut in three parts; one for the base with the two other pieces on top with a space between for the body and legs of the insect.

The insect is impaled through the thorax with a pin to keep it still after which the wings are spread out and the cellophane secured over them to keep them in place, and if it has antennae, they should be put in place. This step cannot be carried out if the insect has no wings, of course! The insect should be left in that position for about one week.

The insect can be mounted on a board now with a pin through the thorax or if the insect is too small for that, it should be placed on a piece of white paper with wet glue on it. Another piece of paper should have printed upon it information about it.

But another way to attain them is by collecting their eggs or pupae, caring for them until they become adult insects. In this way you can be surer of procuring perfect specimens.

The insect world lies before us, it has vastness and variety blended with all forms of beauty and ugliness.

There are flamboyant lacy wings, multi-coloured wings, plain wings; but some have no wings: there is beauty of form, grace and poise which can be captured to be admired and studied. It has vastness in which you may garble and exploit. Variety

galore there is with pests and benefactors; friendly ones as well as unfriendly ones; small ones and larger ones; noisy creatures and silent ones along with whistling, buzzing and droning insects all combined, compile the insect sphere.

—R. HUGHES, 3A.

MELBOURNE — WARRNAMBOOL ROAD RACE, 1952.

I was fortunate enough to follow the Melbourne to Warrnambool road race in a chartered bus from Yallourn last year. I had to catch the bus at the Post Office at 3 o'clock on a Saturday morning. There were thirty-six passengers altogether, and as it was dark most of the way to Melbourne, there was very little noise. It grew lighter as we neared Melbourne and we passed several milkmen going the rounds.

We had to be in Spencer Street, Melbourne, at 6 o'clock to see the first of the riders off. While we were waiting here we had breakfast in the bus.

After the last riders had left we followed them out of Melbourne to Geelong. There wasn't much scenery on the way except miles and miles of stone fences like they have in England. We followed the riders to Geelong and stopped in the main street for a quarter of an hour. It was here that we picked up a Yallourn rider who had pulled out of the race. We went on from Geelong to Colac and managed to pass all of the rider had gone we started off and passed them before they had the bus and watched the sprint into Colac. Here both the bicycle riders and the members of our party had lunch.

We watched the riders start off again and after the last rider had gone we started off and passed them before they had gone six miles. We went on to Warrnambool and waited half an hour for the first rider to come in. The winning post was half way up a long hill, so, standing at the top of the hill we could see the first rider coming up the hill with several riders quite a bit behind him.

Everybody cheered for the winner and that night he was presented with trophies and prize money at the Cyclists' Ball.

The next morning, being Sunday, we left Warrnambool at 8.30 a.m. and travelled back the same way as we had come. We had lunch at Colac and tea at Dandenong. We arrived home at 11 o'clock on Sunday after a journey of over 500 miles

—E. Cook, 5



THE TENNIS TEAM



SOCCER TEAM

THE TURNING POINT

Read the lawyer — "The last will and testament of Amelia Hilton . . . and to my nephew, Joseph, I bequeth my trusty car. This car will be a turning point in your life, Joseph."

Joe had never met his Aunt Amelia, and he could scarcely contain his impatience to see the car. At last the lawyer concluded the reading, and Joe was escorted to the rear of the premises. Soon he would have a car!

When Joe saw the car, his heart, which had been in his mouth, sank to his boots. The Company that had made the car had gone out of business two years afterwards, and no wonder. Only grudgingly and apologetically was it called a car. Hadn't it a body, four wheels, and an engine? Well, only just. "If you persevere, the engine could perhaps be persuaded to go," said the lawyer, encouragingly, and left. Eventually the engine started, the kick knocking Joe on his back for the thirteenth time. A begrimed and dishevelled Joe took his place at the wheel.

The car roared and rattled down the street, at its reckless top speed of 19 miles per hour, on a 30 mile journey. A loud clank announced the departure of the rear mudguard. Joe recalled—"This car will be a turning point in your life, Joseph," and thought ruefully, "Turn me into a scrap metal merchant, as like as not." The car roared on its way, miraculously converting the smooth road into a road of cobblestones, and shaking poor Joe like a cement mixer.

And so it went on; stopping at every second garage for "Air, water, and a piece of string, please." After 23 agonizing miles had been covered in this way, a bridge, with a sharp turn before it, loomed up ahead. Joe dragged the steering wheel round.

For the fourth time that day the front wheels declared their independence, and refused to obey the steering wheel. The car plunged over the parapet and Joe shot through the canvas roof, closely followed by the steering wheel and part of the dashboard. He landed in 3 inches of water and 2 feet of mud, stood up, wavered, and promptly sat down again. After a desperate struggle he dragged himself out, covered in mud.

A length of string was wrapped round his legs, and Joe noticed a satchel attached to the string. He opened the satchel. Bundles of banknotes were the last thing he expected

to see. His chin dropped and he stared at them, foolishly. Then he remembered the £80,000 payroll robbery of last week. There was a fat reward for the recovery of the cached money.

The brief, which the lawyer had given him, concerning his Aunt, was lying on the ground. He stooped to pick it up when he espied: "Occupation:— Fortune Teller." He remembered—"This car will be a turning point in your life, Joseph." Then it dawned on him. This car . . . the accident . . . the discovery . . . £80,000 reward . . . fortune teller. It was all very clear now

—George Smith, Form 4A, Bass.

A WONDROUS TALE

This tale was told to me by my father who once lived in that wondrous land of tall pines and deep blue fjords. The tale has been confirmed by others of that land, namely Willy Jensen, Ragner Karrestad and Sivein Ausland.

Now my father as he was resting on his stick, told me that one day as he was walking in the woods of that land across the sea he met a fox who had been raiding the chicken farms and as he had only his knife with him he caught the fox in this wondrous way.

He threw the knife at the fox and pinned it to a tree by its tail; he then cut a cross on the fox's nose, and taking up a heavy stick, he belaboured the poor fox so that it ran right out of its skin. Thus my father obtained a rug for his floor.

Now I can see my father limping up the road and that reminds me of another story. Not long after this incident my father set sail in a barque bound for the South. On reaching a land in the tropics he went ashore and while walking through the jungle he discovered that a lion was chasing him so he put his hand down the lion's throat, grabbed its tail, pulled the lion inside out and let it run back the other way. Now on this same voyage he landed on an island in the South Pacific and was grieved to find that a large white shark menaced the beautiful maidens when they went bathing. On returning to the ship my father learned that the shark had been sighted close by, so he stripped to his waist and carrying a knife between his teeth, dived into the ocean. Soon he sighted the shark, and together they swam into the depths and after a heroic struggle he plunged his knife into the shark's side. [When he returned to the island, the maidens were so happy that he had many offers of marriage, but he refused them all.

Now later this ship berthed in the port of a "sunburnt country, a land of sweeping plains," and it was here that he decided to make his home. Now, one night my father's friend told me this:

He went to a dance and when he was returning home, he heard a rustle in the trees above and he started to run, as he thought it might be a wild cat which he believed to be a very ferocious animal. Now he clambered through the fence all right, but lack-a-night, he banged into the second one. On waking up next morning, he found he had been chased by—shall we repeat it—an Australian Opossum. But here comes my father limping on his stick, so I must leave this tale.

—Sylvie Pedersen, Form 5.



SENIOR SOFTBALL TEAM

THINGS I FORGET

I don't believe people who claim to have perfect memories. They are only bluffing. There are so many things to remember, that it just isn't sensible to expect to remember them all. Of course some things are easier than others to keep in mind. For instance if I sometimes forget my brother's birthday, I always remember my own; and I've never yet forgotten that my mother keeps the dates in the green tin behind the money jar.

For years now, I've been learning French, but I always forget the important words although I know where to find them, in the dictionary; but then I usually forget to bring my dictionary to school or forget to take it home when I've got French home-work to do. What begins to worry me is whether I'll remember any French. I'm afraid I'll forget it all.

Another thing which I find easy to forget is my locker key. For some reason it isn't usually where I put it the night before. My fixed rule is, that on going to bed I put my locker key with my bicycle clips in the shoes I intend to wear the next day. Unfortunately, I often forget next day which pair is which and then of course I forget my key. But if I complain enough, someone usually finds them for me, so results aren't as bad as they might be.

As I said before, there are too many things to remember. I want to classify things according to their importance.

Grade 1 would include my birthday, my favourite dishes, and other things of topline importance.

Grade 2 would cover things that don't matter much, like the right times for lessons, and whether I'd done my History homework and things that can give trouble if not remembered.

In the third grade I'd place all the things that really don't matter. Things like French verbs, and whether I'd paid back the two shillings I borrowed from Dad; and numerous other unimportant matters like that.

Thinking back over what I've written, I am wondering whether this is what I had to write about and whether I've written enough. I'll have to hope for the best in memory training but then I suppose I'd forget to train, so what's the use.

—G. L. Warriner, 4A.



SENIOR VIGORO

JOHN BLYTON AND THE GHOST

John Blyton was extremely pleased when he saw before him a monastery where he could get food and sleep. He had been travelling through the country and had lost his way.

When he arrived, the abbot was only too pleased to let him spend the night there, so after a big dinner, John went to bed.

He was awakened a few hours later by the tolling of a bell. He crept out on to the balcony and saw, just opposite, a man clad entirely in white. There was no expression whatsoever on the man's grim face, he just went on ringing the bell. "A ghost!" thought John, and before he knew what he was doing he fell over the rail of the balcony into the moat. He swam to the edge and hauled himself up on the bank where he collapsed.

When he awoke, he was in his bed and the abbot was bending over him. "So it was a dream about the ghost I saw," said John. "No," said the monk. "It was not. That was brother Gabriel who is deaf and dumb, ringing the bell to call us to midnight prayer last night."

—J. Leech, 2A.

COOLUM BEACH

Coolum is about 90 miles north of Brisbane. It is a small, quiet and beautiful place, with a beach of golden sand. The ever-pounding surf comes slowly but noisily up the beach.

Most of the people who live there are either retired or on holidays. A post-office, a general store and a tent where a man sells worms and other baits for fishing, are the only business establishments.

There is one big beach which stretches for about 10 miles to Noosa Heads. Then, surrounded by rocks, are 3 very small but dangerous beaches.

The fishing is very good. Most of the fish are whiting, swallow-tail, schnapper and baby sharks.

To buy supplies, like meat, one has to send away to Yandina, which is about 6 miles from Coolum. The bus takes the bags for the meat and brings them back every day.

The peacefulness and brightness makes it an ideal holiday resort for one who wants quietness, good fishing and swimming.

DAVID HAYNE, 1B.



JUNIOR VIGORO

INTERPLANETARY ENTERPRISE

In the Nevada headquarters of the World Interplanetary Travel Society, the superintendent of that Society, Alan Kendall, opened his newspaper. The staggering headline, "Conquerors of Moon Return," caused not the slightest surprise to traverse his complacent countenance. He had been the "brains" of that conquest, and, as he read the article, he mused over the prospective flight to a live planet, Mars. This was arranged for one month hence, with the rocket ship nearing completion.

Alan was startled out of his reverie by an urgent message on his telescreen. Mr. Kendall was needed in the radio room immediately. As Alan entered he heard "Mars calling, Mars calling," from the radio. It transpired that Mars did not want Earthmen, and threatened to completely destroy Earth unless the Mars project was abandoned.

The Martians had efficiently mastered the English language, and their fluency added terror to the threat.

Releasing pent-up anger, Alan retorted in words which the Martians had not learned in their study of English; he continued in refusing to conform with the Martians' demands, interspersing his words with choice exclamations. From the radio came: "Your world will decrease in size, diminishing to nothing in four hours. You have had your chance." Then silence. "It's only bluff," said Alan, unconvincingly.

It was no bluff. The world grew smaller and smaller. Humans alone were unaffected. Small men became larger, and larger, and large men became larger still. People could no longer get into their cars, and soon found it difficult to get into their houses. It was like a nightmare, to be so big.

Meanwhile, Alan Kendall was frantically attempting to establish radio contact with Mars. But soon the controls became too small to handle, and the once huge building was becoming too small to move in. By the time three hours of the four had expired, skyscrapers had become toys and cars became as coloured dust. Standing room became scarce; breathing became difficult. With five minutes left, dead people drifted off into space, as the mile in diameter Earth's gravity was negligible, and the Earth's surface was covered. Finally Earth vanished before our very Martian eyes, and, in our space-ship, the annihilating ray was turned off.

Every Earthman was dead, and all of Earth's people were scattered aimlessly in the vastness of space, their molecules gradually separating and drifting apart. Soon nothing remained and the Earth's moon took up a new orbit, throwing its ghostly, reflected light over an adopted planet, Venus. One small particle of space, one small world, had been utterly annihilated, absolutely destroyed. But this mattered nought to the eternal universe.

—George Smith, Form 4A.

INTERNATIONAL SPORT

International sport is an excellent way of creating international tolerance and fellowship. It is one of the best means of learning how people in other countries live and think. Good sportsmen by their ability and demeanour are excellent ambassadors for any country.

The Olympic games are without doubt the best example of international sport one could wish for. To some big city, somewhere in the chosen country, come every four years, sportsmen and women from almost every country in the world. These people compete in track and field events, swimming and water-polo, wrestling, boxing, rowing, fencing, cycling, weight-lifting, gymnastics and equestrian events. It is the dream of all amateur

sportsmen to compete in their events, and each competitor strives hard to win not only one of the much sought-after gold medals, but also the honour and points for their country that wins the games.

Probably the most popular and keenly contested individual sport is tennis. The four most sought-after titles are the Wimbledon, American, Australian and the French; a Wimbledon title being the main ambition of any leading tennis player. The Davis Cup, at present held by Australia, is a highly prized trophy competed for by teams from many countries, the winning team obtaining the Cup. This trophy is competed for each year, the challenge match being played in the country which holds the Cup from the previous year.

Cricket, although not as universally played as some other sport, is very keenly contested in the British Empire. The "Ashes" are the goal in this sport. The Australians had held the title for nineteen years until they were defeated by the English in 1953. This contest is decided in a series of five tests.

The previously mentioned sports are played mainly by amateur sportsmen, but there are many other sports that lend themselves more to competition by professionals; golf, boxing and cycling illustrating well the latter. Through the constant travelling of competitors to other countries many lifelong friendships are made, thus helping to promote international goodwill.

—Ruth Ray, 5.

JUNIOR CRICKET TEAM

This year our team was successful in winning the Premiership.

The first match was played against our town rivals, Yallourn Tech. The scores were low, but very close. The game resulted in a three run victory for the High School.

SCORES.—Y.H.S., 42; Y.T.S., 39.

The match against Traralgon was not so close, but was still exciting, and resulted in another win for us.

SCORES.—Y.H.S., 79; T.H.S., 40.

We travelled to Moe for our third match. Owing to the fact that the Moe ground was being prepared for football, we had to play in the middle of the golf course, on a grass pitch. The match was always close, and the scores were the same when the match ended.

SCORES.—Y.H.S., 63; M.H.S. 63.

We went to Druin for the second last match of the season. We knocked up a fairly large score which was just out of reach of the Druin lads. The game was most exciting, and only eleven runs separated the teams.

SCORES.—Y.H.S., 89; D.C.S., 78.

The match against Warragul High was most exciting from the start. This match would decide the premiers, as both teams had won three and drawn one game. Again our batsmen proved capable of hitting up a good score. Warragul went in and were getting the runs until the first few batsmen were dismissed. Then the wickets fell and we defeated Warragul by a comfortable twenty-three runs.

SCORES.—Y.H.S., 72; W.H.S., 49.

There were some excellent individual performances, and every boy in the team played his part. Our hearty thanks to our coach, Mr. Farrelly, who played a very important part in our winning the Premiership.

—ALAN RIPPER.

THE STORY OF THE LYRE BIRD

Once upon a time, when the world was young and all the animals and birds on earth were men, there lived a beautiful young maiden called Lyra. She loved a youth whose name was Valla. They were both well-loved, for they were both beautiful dancers, and Valla could sing and imitate any sound he heard. They loved the wooded hills and valleys near their homes and together they would spend many happy hours wandering in the bush. Valla would play his harp and sing to Lyra. They were the happiest couple in the land.

There was only one person in the whole world who did not wish the young couple happiness. He was Ratchy, an evil greedy man who wanted Lyra for himself, but because he was so wicked and ugly Lyra feared him. Ratchy would hide and watch the young lovers on their long walks, and his eyes would burn with hatred and jealousy of Valla.

One fine day Ratchy was walking along when he saw Lyra coming towards him. He hastened towards her, but when she saw him she turned and ran from him. After this Ratchy became determined that if he couldn't have Lyra neither should Valla. He thought of many plans to separate the happy couple, but even he new how foolish they all were. One idea didn't seem foolish to him though. The more he thought about it the better it seemed to him.

He would steal Lyra!

From that day on he followed Lyra, but he never once found her alone. This infuriated him but he followed her doggedly. He was about to give up in despair when one day his chance came.

It was early spring and Lyra decided to walk in the woods alone. Gazing furtively about him to see that he was unobserved, he began to follow her. It was not till they were deep in the woods that she was aware that she was not alone. Turning quickly, she saw Ratchy and with a scream that ended in a strangled sob she began to run.

Ratchy was beside her in a second, and, catching her by the shoulders he forced her to a secret cave near-by.

That evening, when Lyra didn't meet Valla, he grew worried and hurried to her cottage to see if she was ill. He was very surprised to find it empty and became very perturbed after questioning his friends, for they told him that Lyra had not been seen since early morning. He waited at her cottage all night and at sun-rise next morning he called his friends to him and said.

"My friends, Lyra has not returned. I fear some misfortune has befallen her. She knows the paths in the woods too well to lose her way. I entreat you to help me search for her."

Hope ran high as the people set out. That evening they came home tired and disheartened. They set out again the next day but still found no trace of Lyra. As spring gave way to summer and then summer to autumn even the most hopeful of the searchers began to lose heart and when winter came, even Lyra's dearest friends stopped searching.

All but Valla. His undying love for Lyra would not let him give up hope. All through the cold winter he wandered in the woods that he and Lyra had loved so much, playing his harp and calling for his lost sweetheart.

Lyra was very unhappy. She not only hated Ratchy, but she now feared him greatly, as he was very cruel to her. At first she planned to escape but Ratchy never once left her alone. He made her cook for him and wait on him. She had to sleep on the cold, hard floor of the cave, while Ratchy slept on a bed of soft warm furs. He ate rich foods that Lyra prepared for him but she lived on roots and berries and food that Ratchy

left. She was thin and pale, and grew ill with grief.

Early in the following Spring, Lyra grew so ill that Ratchy feared she would die. Knowing that she was too ill to escape, he placed her on his bed and left her alone while he went to fetch a physician. He knew an old woman who would cure Lyra, but, as she also hated Valla, she would say nothing.

While making his way to the old woman's cottage, Ratchy saw Valla walking through the woods. When Valla saw him, he knew at last where Lyra had gone. He had been so busy looking for Lyra he had not even missed Ratchy. Striding to his side Valla demanded to know the whereabouts of Lyra. Ratchy was afraid and turned to flee.

Valla caught him and once again asked for Lyra.

"She's dead," lied Ratchy.

At the look of fury on Valla's face, he once more tried to free himself. Striking him to the ground, Valla strode off without another look at the motionless body of Ratchy.

Suddenly Ratchy began to change and in a few seconds a shiny black snake with greedy evil eyes slid away into the undergrowth.

For days Valla wandered heart-brokenly in the woods until unknown to him, he sat down close to Ratchy's cave. He was amazed to hear a quiet sobbing close-by; then some-one called his name.

Recognizing Lyra's voice, he pulled the bushes away and was overjoyed to see Lyra lying on a bed of furs. She smiled and tried to speak but she was too ill. She was pale and wan, her clothes were torn and her beautiful hair was matted and dirty. Valla knew she was dying, but was happy to have found her in time to say goodbye.

Outside the cave appeared a wood nymph. She watched the lovers in silence, then with a smile she quietly entered the cave and touched the two young people with the piece of mistletoe she carried.

The cave grew dark; thunder filled the air. When the noise ceased and the dark turned once more to light, there were no humans in the cave. In the place of Lyra was a dainty brown bird and instead of Valla was another bird, larger than Lyra, with a magnificent tail, the shape of his harp, the lyre.

In the spring, if you are in the woods and hear all the sounds of bushland coming from a shady dell, you will know it is Valla, for he still has his gift of mimicry. He will be gracefully dancing for Lyra, waving his beautiful tail to and fro. He always dances in the spring for that is when he is happiest because he is remembering that spring so many many years ago when he found Lyra once more.

F. LARTER, 3C.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is here
With all its good cheer,
The snow is a-falling
While children look adoring,
Dressed in furs to keep warm
During all winter storms.

The snowmen that are built
Look as white as milk,
But the children are happy
When their dear old Pappy,
Brings home presents in glee
To put on the Christmas tree.

—JANE WAITE, Form 1C.

YALLOURN HIGH SCHOOL — 2053 A.D.

Just 90 miles from Melbourne, the centre of a thriving State, stands the township of Yallourn. Modern in the extreme, its great pride lies in the ultra modern building surrounded by luscious green pines, which children of a hundred years ago would not recognise as their High School.

Seven stories high with walls composed almost entirely of glass, the great building stands as a monument to modern architecture. For a quarter of an hour before the commencement of the school day the air hums to the noise of the helicopter bus services as they arrive from outlying districts and land at the helicopter park, situated on the roof. Descending from the roof in a swift, silent lift, it is observed that the whole of the top floor is occupied by the school library, one of the finest in the State. The next floor contains the art rooms, the exterior walls of which are entirely composed of glass. The four floors immediately below, house the ordinary class rooms and with the

specially sprung desks, automatic inkwell fillers and electric blackboard dusters are the delight of those on duty. The ground floor, with its massive entrance, contains all the offices, while in the basement is a car park where the members of staff and the students can park their cars. Set slightly apart from the main building is the science section where all experiments are carried out.

Across the carpet of green lawn, dotted with shady trees, can be seen the playing fields. A heated swimming pool which can be used both summer and winter, is set slightly to the left of the oval, tennis courts, and hockey field.

Beyond this in the distance, can be seen the open cut, with the trains speeding silently on their way.

Truly, children of a bygone age would not recognise this building as their High School.

—M. Ellis, Form 5.

