



THE PYLON

YALLOURN, 1955

The High School – Outlook Rd.. Yallourn

S T A F F :

HEAD MASTER: Mr. G. S. Ellis, B.A., Dip. Ed.

SENIOR MASTER: Mr. E. H. Homann, B.A., Dip. Ed.

SENIOR MISTRESS: Miss J. Birt, B.A., Dip. Ed., L.L.C.M.

Mr. D. R. Harrison, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
Mr. J. Nicholls, T.T.C. (Man. Arts), D.T.S.C.
Mr. L. L. Young, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Mr. K. T. Pittard, B.Comm., L.C.A.
Mr. W. E. H. Cass, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Mr. J. H. Cullen, B.A., T.P.T.C.
Mr. D. S. Lugg, B.Sc., B. Ed.
Mr. I. Wynd, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Mr. J. A. Mitchell, B.A. (Hons.), Dip. Ed.
Mr. G. Bartle, B.A., Dip. Ed., F.T.C.L.
Mr N. Henry, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
Miss A. Cronin, T.T.C. (Dom. Arts).

Mrs. McCasker, T.P.T.C.
Miss D. Thomas, B.A., T.P.T.C.
Miss J. Sims, T.S.T.C. (A. & C.)
Miss D. Derham.
Mrs. L. J. Mitchell, B.A.
Mrs. P. Parsons.
Mrs. L. Robertson, D.T.S.C.
Mrs. I. McLaren.
Mrs. G. Smith, P.T.C.
Mrs. E. M. Stinson, B.A. (Syd.)
Mrs. J. Evans.
Miss E. Chilcote (Clerk).

A D V I S O R Y C O U N C I L

Cr. J. C. M. Balfour (Chairman); Rev. R. Beckett; Mrs. W. J. Dunstan; Crs. W. T. Wallace, J. C. Bush, W. J. Pettigrew; Messrs. C. Cathcart, J. French, L. J. Herriman, L. L. Kreitling, J. Lawson, W. C. Mack, J. J. McCall, W. J. Braden.

P R E F E C T S

GIRLS: E. Ritchie (Head Prefect), J. Rust, M. Evans, R. Wallace, P. Bingham, L. Lynch, J. Harvey, J. Cooper, C. King, V. Barr, L. Mundie.

BOYS: J. Sundquist (Head Prefect), R. Cooke, L. Campbell, P. Langley, P. Hutchinson, R. Stallworthy.

H O U S E C A P T A I N S

BASS: J. Rust, John Sundquist.
FLINDERS: C. King, P. Langley.

MAWSON: R. Wallace, P. Hutchinson.
PHILLIP: E. Ritchie, R. Cooke.

M A G A Z I N E C O M M I T T E E

Editor: Margaret Evans.
Magazine Editor: Rosemary Wallace.
Art Editor: Eileen Joyce.
Sports Editors: John McCulloch, Peter Langley.

Reporters: Judith Rust, Ken Scott, Terry Stewart,
Typists: Jean Browne, Joan Roots, Margaret Bell,
Lorraine Mundie.
Staff Representative: Mr. J. A. Mitchell.

Editorial

There can be no doubt that it is becoming increasingly difficult for girls to obtain employment in the Latrobe Valley — that is, girls who have not reached a high educational standard.

It is the same old story — young people are drawn from school by well-paid unskilled positions, but if the bubble bursts, they are turned from their jobs to find themselves unqualified for secure positions.

Pleas are being made for more industries to come here, for more factories to become established in the Valley so that these "forgotten women" might be employed. But even if this does happen, in another ten years we will be faced with precisely the same problem as a new generation of girls comes out to search for unskilled employment. What then, is the real answer to the problem? How can we ensure that our girls will have secure jobs to go to?

The solution lies in our own hands — in the high schools. There is no scarcity of jobs for girls who have remained at school to gain the Intermediate Certificate; no doors are locked against them. If young girls will only stay at school until they are properly trained for their future occupations, the problem of unemployed girls will simply fade away.

This is no new theory. For years Teachers have been urging parents to keep their children at school for as long as possible, but it is only recently that the true wisdom behind such advice has become apparent.

Our message then, for 1956, is, "stay at school and prepare for life."

A Note from the Headmaster

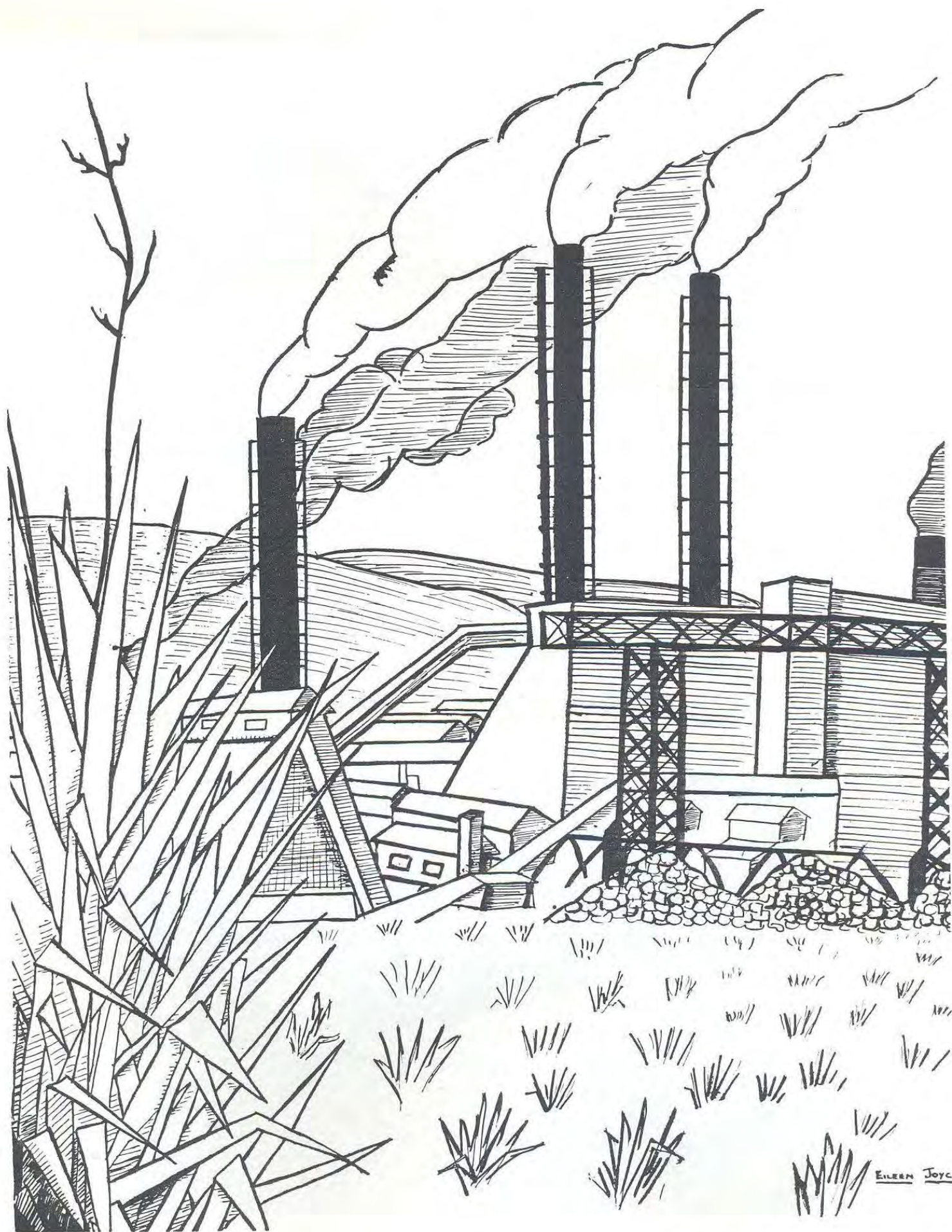
In looking back over the ten years since the establishment of our High School, one cannot help being impressed by the tremendous development in secondary education throughout the State. The number of pupils in attendance at State secondary schools has increased by fifty per cent., many new high schools have been or are being established, school bus services have made high school education available to many children in country areas, and there appears to be much greater appreciation among the public generally of the worth of secondary education.

In this period, in our own school we have seen the number of pupils double, and the available courses have been greatly expanded; but more important than this is the increase in the number of students in the senior forms—students who are willing and anxious to complete a school course which they regard as worthwhile. These

pupils are taking full advantage of the opportunities which the school offers. They are also giving their talents generously to make the school a valuable institution in the community. It has been gratifying to see 50 Leaving Certificate and 17 Matriculation candidates in the school this year.

Life in a complex modern community demands something more than basic training for a "job." It requires a full and informed mind, clear judgement, a proper sense of values, the qualities of tolerance and self control and the ability to make wise decisions. These qualities cannot be developed in a year or two. The search for greater wisdom goes on throughout life; but the school can help to lay an effective foundation on which you can build. It can do so only to the extent that you, as pupils, share what the school and your fellow pupils have to give.

G. S. ELLIOT



Examination Results - 1954

Matriculation.—

V. Goodwin, M. McConnell, M. Mitchell, G. Nicholls, R. Ray, T. Thorne, J. Walker, R. Cooke, K. Ellis.

Leaving.—

Y. Aslett, D. Belgraver, E. Bush, E. Cook, M. Emerson, M. Evans, R. Gore, J. Harvey, B. Hodges, L. Lynch, C. McCall, P. McDonald, E. Mundie, E. Ritchie, J. Rust, D. Skidmore, R. Wallace, L. Wright.

Intermediate.—

IVa.—J. Allan, H. Catchpole, J. Cooper, L. Gunn, R. Horsburgh, J. Howes, M. Johnstone, E. Joyce, S. McConnell, R. McIver, E. McLaren, E. Patterson, B. Rees, M. Smith, M. Welford, M. Young, I. Chisholm, G. French, B. Giersch, F. Goode, F. Gretton, G. Halford, N. Hill, R. Hughes, F. Lewis, K. McIntyre, J. Rees, K. Scott, T. Stewart, B. Tullock, M. Wigg.

IVb.—J. Bowen, J. Gardiner, B. Hatch, D. Kennedy, M. Lynch, L. McCulloch, L. Menner, M. Sutton, P. Butcher, G. Grant, D. Harris, J. Jell, F. Jewel, R. Nash, R. Penkethman, J. Quinlivan, T. Wood.

IVc.—J. Armstrong, V. Barr, P. Bingham, L. Canivan, J. Gregory, C. King, D. Lee, F. Lucas, M. McCarrick, L. Melnbardis, V. Mitchell, F. Oliver, M. O'Meara, M. Rissinich, H. White, J. Williams, V. Wilson, A. Dawson.

IVd.—M. Bell, E. Brown, J. Browne, A. Burne, B. Crooks, M. Daly, M. Edmonson, R. Farrugia, M. Jackson, K. Jenkins, M. Stagg, M. Stares, J. Stocks, F. Williams.

TEACHING BURSARIES

Matriculation.—J. Harvey, L. Mundie, R. Stallworthy, P. Hutchinson, E. Ritchie, J. Rust.

Leaving.—J. Allan, P. Bingham, I. Chisholm, J. Cooper, J. Gardiner, L. Gunn, B. Hay, R. Hughes, E. Joyce, C. King, V. Mitchell, S. McConnell, K. McIntyre, R. McIver, J. Rees, K. Scott, T. Stewart, M. Welford.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Morwell Shire.—M. Angus, M. Dent, V. Westcott.

Morwell Chamber of Commerce.—B. Giersch, P. Scott.

Yallourn Chamber of Commerce.—D. Cooke, K. Brennan.

S.E.C.O.A.—J. Foote, G. Anderson.

S.E.C.—R. McIver, K. Gould.

A.P.M.—B. Johnstone, M. Wigg.

Junior Scholarships.—M. Harry, L. Gore, E. Leeper, M. Roberts, J. Scott, B. Sewell, E. Veitch.

Free Places.—O. Bollen, G. Carlisle, J. Scott, A. Wilcox, M. McCarrick, P. Tulloch.

TECHNICAL EXAMINATIONS

Shorthand Theory Advanced.—8 passes, 7 credits.

Typewriting Advanced.—29 passes, 2 credits.

Shorthand Practice.—5 passes, 13 credits.

NURSING BURSARIES

R. Horsburgh, L. McCulloch, J. Howes, M. Evans, J. Gorny, B. Gust, M. Johnstone, R. Wallace, A. Oswald.



THE STAFF



SENIOR CRICKET TEAM

tion of the Grampians lies in the variety of wildflowers which cover the slopes in the Springtime, but unfortunately we arrived too early for them. We visited the McKenzie Falls and then went on to Wartook Reservoir, where we were shown trout eggs being hatched. We then visited a lookout and, although it was holiday time, being naturally curious, the boys began dropping stones over the edge to determine how high the lookout was, and by using a simple formula which Mr. Homann so generously gives us to learn, we calculated that we were 1,296 feet from the land below. As time was running short, we returned to the Bellfield Hotel for lunch. After lunch we left the Hotel and continued on our journey through the Grampians until we came to Ararat, where we stopped for refreshments. After this short break we followed the Western Highway until we reached the outskirts of Ballarat. Here we entered the Avenue of Honour which consists of two rows of trees, each tree containing a plaque with a soldier's name on it. The trees were brought and planted by the girls of the Lucas factory in memory of those who died in World Wars I and II. At the end of the Avenue we passed through the Victory Arch. After passing the Arch we proceeded down the main street until we came to Craig's Hotel. This Hotel was originally the livery stables of Adam Lindsay Gordon. Also in 1910, Lord Kitchener stayed there. Craig's Hotel is now owned by Carter's, the people who own the poultry farms in Werribee.

The Hotel was very popular with three of the Fifth Form boys because it had an automatic lift and, being very kind hearted, these three lads bestowed upon themselves the duties of lift operators.

On Friday night we broke up into groups. Some went to the pictures and others went visiting relations.

On Saturday morning we did a very quick trip around Ballarat and saw some of the many places of interest. After this very short tour of Ballarat we set off along the Western Highway towards Melbourne. We passed

the Avenue of Honour outside Bacchus Marsh, but as time was running short we continued straight on to Melbourne. Rejoining the Princes Highway after travelling 700 miles, we returned to the New Treasury Hotel for lunch. After lunch Tommy took us round to the station, and sad farewells were passed as this wonderful holiday ended. Tommy took his coach to Batman Avenue, and then came back to the train to say a last good-bye.

On the way home we decided to brighten our spirits by having a party. On arriving at Moe we hurriedly caught the bus and after passing quick farewells, everyone scurried home to hear the last of the second semi-final, which was between Yallourn and Warragul.

—KEN SCOTT, Form 5.

A VISIT TO THE ART GALLERY

On 13th September, the fifth form art group, under the watchful eye of Mr. Nicholls, made a trip to Melbourne to visit the Art Gallery.

In the morning we had a conducted tour by Arnold Shaw, of the prints which were being exhibited. These prints covered the work in art for Leaving Certificate forms.

After lunch, which was enjoyed by many of the group, on the lawns outside the Gallery, listening to the R.A.A.F. Band, we made a tour of the Gallery. By the time we had walked right around, there were twenty-two pairs of very tired feet; so Mr. Nicholls gave us permission to find our own amusement until train time.

Several girls accompanied Mr. Nicholls on a quick tour of the Melbourne University, and then amused themselves as they wished before meeting the rest of the group at Flinders Street Station, where we caught the train home, after a very enjoyable and instructive day.

THE JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

The club-room of the Junior Dramatic Club was room fourteen, and it was here that we held many enjoyable meetings. During the term we acted a variety of plays, including "The Frog Prince," "Pot of Broth," and the "Hordle Poacher," as well as Charades, and Miming.

With blocks we built a miniature stage to represent various scenes. Our acting was criticised and helpful opinions were given. We had a very enjoyable and interesting term, and our thanks go to Mrs. Mitchell for her assistance.

THE SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

With Mrs. McCasker as our leader, the Senior Dramatic Club had our enjoyable and instructive second term.

We divided into groups and took turns to act a small play each week. This not only gave us wide variety in entertainment, but also gave us an opportunity to criticise others and be criticised ourselves. Mrs. McCasker explained many of the problems of acting, miming, stage-managing, development on stage, and speech. To improve the latter we all recorded our voices so that we could hear our own faults.

We all enjoyed our club's period and at the same time learnt many points in dramatic art, and we would like to extend our sincere thanks to Mrs. McCasker.

FOLK DANCING CLUB

Under the supervision of Mrs. Parsons, the Folk Dancing Club has again proved a very popular and enjoyable session.

More than fifty girls have learned about five different dances and I think the standard of dancing this year is well up to that of previous years. Some girls found the steps a little difficult at the beginning, but Mrs.

Parsons has been very patient and so all are now doing quite well.

The beauty of the steps of the folk dance has always been a popular pastime and each dance has its own story. We unfortunately, haven't a village green on which to perform, but rooms eight and nine serve the purpose well. No doubt the villages who first brought up the dances would have been glad to have our rooms on rainy days, so we are fortunate in one way as they were. We, the girls of the Folk Dancing Club, wish to express our sincere thanks to Mrs. Parsons for all the time she has cheerfully given to us this year.

CHOIR CLUB

During the second term the Choir Club, under the capable leadership of Mr. Bartle, learnt a variety of songs, some of which are to be included in the Speech Night programme.

However the main activity of the club was learning songs for Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance" which was presented at the end of second term. Others outside the club assisted in the choruses and many happy hours were spent in rehearsing for the great event.

All members agreed that they had a very successful term, and hope that another opera will be presented next year.

RURAL ACTIVITIES CLUB

The Rural Activities Club had a successful year in 1955. The membership rose to 28. The main activity of the club was to have members give a short talk on some rural subject; this was followed by questions and conversation on the subject, by the rest of the group. There were many informative talks on such things as ducks, dairy hygiene, goats, and many other topics.

A trip to a local milk factory is planned for the end of the year. This should prove a most interesting outing.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



JUNIOR CRICKET TEAM

SWIMMING SPORTS

Junior Boys:

Free Style.—Reeves (Phillip).
Breast Stroke.—R. Brennan (Bass).
Back Stroke.—T. Comber (Mawson).

Junior Girls:

Free Style.—J. Reid (Flinders).
Breast Stroke.—M. Humphreys (Mawson).
Back Stroke.—R. Garden (Flinders).

Inter. Boys:

Free Style.—R. Williamson (Bass).
Breast Stroke.—T. Stewart (Mawson).
Back Stroke.—T. Stewart (Mawson) equal first
with D. Lynch (Phillip).

Inter. Girls:

Free Style.—L. Gust (Mawson).
Breast Stroke.—L. Gust (Mawson).
Back Stroke.—L. Gust (Mawson).

Senior Boys:

Free Style.—P. Hutchinson (Mawson).
Breast Stroke.—P. Hutchinson (Mawson).
Back Stroke.—P. Hutchinson (Mawson).

Senior Girls:

Free Style.—C. King (Flinders).
Breast Stroke.—C. King (Flinders).
Back Stroke.—C. King (Flinders).

Boys' Underwater Swim:

P. Hutchinson (Mawson).

Boys' Diving:

T. Comber (Mawson).

Girls' Underwater Swim:

B. Johnson (Bass).

Girls' Diving:

J. McHenry (Bass).

Boys' Open Relay:

"A" — Bass.
"B" — Mawson.

Girls' Open Relay:

"A" — Flinders.
"B" — Mawson.

Boys' Rescue and Release:

1st.—Phillip.

Girls' Rescue and Release:

1st.—Bass.

Girls' Cork Scramble:

1st.—J. Wallace (Mawson).

Boys' 110-yds. Handicap:

P. Hutchinson (Mawson).

Boys' Total Points:

1st.—Mawson (84 pts.)
2nd—Bass (62½ pts.)
3rd—Phillip (42 pts.)
4th—Flinders (12 pts.)

Girls' Total Points:

1st—Flinders (70½ pts.)
2nd—Mawson (70¼ pts.)
3rd—Bass (32 pts.)
4th—Phillip (23 pts.)

Final Points:

1st—Mawson (154¼ pts.)
2nd—Bass (94¼ pts.)
3rd—Flinders (82½ pts.)
4th—Phillip (65 pts.)

This is the sixth successive win in the swimming sports by Mawson — a record which is going to be hard to beat.

RECORDED MUSIC CLUB

Of all the clubs in session during the second term, the Recorded Music Club was outstanding for its combination of instruction and pleasure. The wide and varied selection of records ranged through all types of music, from jazz to symphonic, and at each meeting Mr. Lugg was present to add to our knowledge and deepen our enjoyment. His contribution was invaluable, and we owe him a debt of gratitude.

We hope to repay that debt by the ever increasing success and activity of the club in the future, confident that Mr. Lugg would prefer this expression of our thanks.

—JOHN McCULLOCH, Secretary.

THE STAMP AND CHESS CLUBS

Both these clubs, which functioned more or less as a unit under Mr. Mitchell's eye, held successful meetings during Term II. Competitions, talks (in which the Seniors were most noticeable) and an exhibition lent variety to our activities.

The Stamp Collectors are pleased that they have been able to donate to the school library a copy of the latest Stanley Gibbons catalogue and a year's subscription to "Stamp News."

We Chessmen are content with the fact that during the term, several converts have been made to the greatest of all games. Both groups look forward to a renewal of their activities next year.

THE SKETCHING CLUB

The sketching club was most successful this year, under the capable leadership of Miss Sims. We did mostly portraits and some outdoor drawings. We also attempted some perspective drawing, which was found to be most interesting. This club was felt to be most instructive and we look forward to more lessons next year.

CURRENT AFFAIRS CLUB

During the course of second term, the Current Affairs Club was once again in operation under the guidance of Mr. Young and Mr. Pittard.

The office bearers, which were chosen at the first meeting, held on May 12th, were: President, Peter Langley; Vice-Presidents, Rosemary Wallace and Ray Stallworthy; Secretary, Elaine Ritchie. A committee of six members was also chosen. This committee, as well as making decisions about club activities, did good work in choosing suitable, interesting films to be screened during our meetings. Among these were such films as "The New Pattern," "Farming for the Future," "Born Equal," and "Living in a Metropolis." Discussions on the films and on items of interest found in the daily newspapers were features of the meetings. An idea of Mr. Pittard's was carried out most successfully in the formation of a Brains Trust of four members, who presented many interesting ideas on the numerous questions put to them by club members.

Thus our meetings have proved to be very enjoyable for all members and our thanks go to Mr. Young and Mr. Pittard for their help.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB, 1955

The Photography Club has, this year, had another successful term's activities. Enlightening talks by senior members of the club, combined with the demonstrations in the dark room we established, and lectures from Mr. Henry, our chairman, have helped to pass the term very profitably and, regretfully, very quickly. A showing of colour slides in room 10, by Mr. Henry, finished the club's activities for the year quite well.

Our thanks go to Mr. Henry and to all members of the club who helped to make the club so successful again this year.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

In the complete d'Oyley Carte manner, with swash-buckling pirates, beautiful maidens and well-paunched policemen, the "Pirates," produced by Mrs. McCasker with Mr. Bartle as musical director, was vociferously received by packed houses at Morwell Town Hall at the end of the second term; the music being supplied by the Yallourn Orchestral Society with Mrs. Wynd as pianiste.

All who participated in this most enjoyable presentation will recall the thrill of rehearsal; the great expectations and the great disappointments; and above all the calm confidence of Mr. Bartle, whose virtuosity even led him to illustrate certain dancing steps for the young maidens. His delicate footwork contrasted strongly with the first rehearsal of the pirates' dance for joy which ended Act I.

The Pirate King (Mr. Veitch) who duly migrated from Tech. School to High School, with beetling brow kept his unruly band under martial order, except his Pirate Lieutenant, Samuel (Bill Sharman), who concentrated on making passes at the young maidens (so it Sims to me).

The Piratical Maid of all work, Ruth (Miss Birt) with her extensive knowledge of G. and S., presented her part with that amount of comedy necessary for the occasion; and her singing was excellent.

The Pirate Apprentice, Frederic (Mr. Hatch), pleased all with his light tenor voice and won his Mabel in true cavalier style. His daughter Beryl, kept a watchful eye on him, especially during the love scenes, and it was only on the insistence of his fellow pirates that he planted a chaste kiss upon the beautiful brow of his beloved.

Mrs. McLaren's coloratura soprano voice was heard to advantage in the role of Mabel, and her duets with Frederic were touching as she promised to remain faithful until 1940 (sixty years all told).

Miss Sims and two girls Beryl Hatch and Robin Philpott with their sweet singing, and gorgeous costumes were enough to melt the toughest pirate's heart.

The Major General (Stanley Stewart) magnificently arrayed, set many a maiden's heart a-flutter (although he was their foster-father). After receiving a few demonstrations from Ruth of how to charge up and down the stage on a hobby horse, he soon became "the very model of a modern major-gin'ral."

Mr. Young really made history as the Sergeant of Police. His clear enunciation allowed the audience to appreciate the quips, both original and parody.

This short report would be incomplete without mention of the melodious singing of the maidens, police and pirates. Urged on by the slogan, "Smile" they overcame every obstacle in true Gilbertian fashion.

Only those who participated can really appreciate the enormous amount of work by Mr. Bartle. The walls of Room 6 were covered with music and words, written on white paper. He wrote a complete musical score for the orchestra, ran at least five practices every week, and travelled widely to the homes of the principals to assist them in their parts. Equally enthusiastic was Mrs. McCasker in whose capable hands the production was a great success. But this is only part of the story as all members of the staff did their parts nobly to make our first opera not only a success but a very pleasant memory.

THE BROOK

I'd love to be a babbling brook, singing on its way,
Rippling over pebbles, and making water spray,
Under bridges big and small,
Past the poplar straight and tall,
Past green fields bedecked with flowers,
Under willows with shady boughs,
And then, I'd travel to the sea,
There, I would so happy be.

—VALERIE LOVEL, Form 2D.



SENIOR SOFTBALL TEAM

C. P. P.

As is used in C.P.P.
 We're called the 3B. Company,
 Every morning on his asset, (bike)
 Mr. Pittard has just about had it.
 And when it comes to teaching us,
 He smooetimes needs a blunderbuss.
 Then it comes to advertising,
 Chapman's Capsules for Chattering Children.
 This "Ad" was made for us alone,
 As anyone with sense would have known.

—VIVIEN GARDNER, Form 3B.



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

★ ★ ★

Inter-School Sports

Results

BOYS :

Senior Cricket:

Y.H.S., 122, d. T.H.S., 103.

W.H.S., 2/150, d. Y.H.S., 7/104.

Y.T.S., 120, d. Y.H.S., 102.

Junior Cricket:

Y.H.S., 133, d. Y.T.S., 102.

W.H.S., 7/90, d. Y.H.S., 25.

Senior Tennis:

T.H.S., 4 sets, d. Y.H.S., 2 sets.

Y.T.S., 5 sets, d. Y.H.S., 1 set.

W.H.S., 5 sets, d. Y.H.S., 1 set.

Junior Tennis:

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

GIRLS :

Senior Softball:

T.H.S., 34, d. Y.H.S., 31.

Y.H.S., 44, d. M.H.S., 10.

W.H.S., 46, d. Y.H.S., 8.

Junior Softball:

Y.H.S., 44, d. M.H.S., 10.

W.H.S., 40, d. Y.H.S., 16.

Senior Tennis:

T.H.S., 5 sets, d. Y.H.S., 1 set.

Y.H.S., 6 sets, d. M.H.S., 0 sets.

Junior Tennis:

Y.H.S., 6 sets, d. M.H.S., 0 sets.

Senior Vigoro:

T.H.S., 250, d. Y.H.S., 50.

Y.H.S., 94, d. M.H.S., 52.

W.H.S., 82, d. Y.H.S., 63.

Junior Vigoro:

T.H.S., 250, d. Y.H.S., 50.

Y.H.S., 94, d. M.H.S., 53.

W.H.S., 82, d. Y.H.S., 63.

Junior Vigoro:

Y.H.S., 94, d. M.H.S., 52.

W.H.S., 115, d. Y.H.S., 102.





JUNIOR SOFTBALL TEAM

THE "TITANIC" SINKS

It happened one foggy day in the year 1911, when the "Titanic" (referred to as the "unsinkable") made its maiden voyage from England to America, across the Atlantic Ocean when icebergs were floating in that vicinity.

At the middle (roughly) of the voyage, the guard shouted aloud "Icebergs to the starboard bow," but much too late for any altering of course, for the "Titanic" had already hit the icebergs and ripped large holes below the waterline from bow to stern. The "Titanic" sank and about fifteen hundred people perished.

—A. BOTTOMLEY.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

= ORIGINAL =

AUSTRALIAN BUSH

I like the sight of the birds and bees
Better than smoke and soot,
I like to wander among the trees
With violets under-foot.

I like the smell of the eucalypts green
Better than that of pines,
I like the moss's velvety sheen,
Entangled with climbing vines.

I like the taste of billy tea,
Better than that of wine
I like the honey from the bee,
And blue grapes from the vine.

I like the feel of a cool clear breeze
Better than that of rain,
I like the rustling of the leaves,
And the magpies' sweet refrain.

I like the sound of the babbling brook
Better than that of sea,
I like the cool and shady nook,
That's the place for me.

—RON RAWILLER, 2A.

SUMMER

I like the sight of summer flowers,
Better than that of the heath.
I like the cool of summer showers
And the freshened earth beneath.

I like the sound of the gurgling stream
When rippling over the stones,
It enters in my every dream
As I wander home alone.

I like the scent upon the breeze
From the gardens as I pass,
The lovely perfume from the trees,
And the smell of new-mown grass.

I like the taste of blackberries
As I am passing along,
I must beware of stinging bees
For they'd stop my merry song.

I like the thought of getting where
My family waits for me,
I feel so happy when I'm there,
It's home, sweet home to me.

MARLENE SLADE, Form 2A.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



SENIOR VIGORO TEAM

SUGGESTED SCHOOL SONG

(Words adapted to "Men of Harlech")

Our school is, like our country, young yet
Greatest deeds are still undone yet.
Greatest songs are still unsung yet—
Sing, Yallourn High!

In Fame's great Halls our crest be hung yet,
To all comers challenge flung yet,
Glory's walls our bells hear rung yet—
Ring, Yallourn High!

Daily knowledge gaining
Hearts and minds we're training
To make Australia great and free, with efforts
never waning,
Evil, want, disease, we'll fight yet,
Truth and Learning are our might yet,
See, our School the beacon light yet,
Shine, Yallourn High!

—JOHN McCULLOCH, Form 6.



JUNIOR VIGORO TEAM

THE HIGH SCHOOL HEROES

or FORM 6 BOYS

ALEXANDER DICKSON:

Our fleetfooted Alex is one of the few form captains to acquire the position through pure charm.

Hobbies: Athletics, wood chopping, pure maths, and eating.

Dorothy Dick's (not Dix) advice: Less eating gives less weight on the mind while running.

★ ★ ★

LES CAMPBELL:

The form 6 hero. (I'm writing this so I'm being careful) who wants to be a kill-or-cure chemist. (More likely kill!!)

Hobbies: Football, photography, curing freckles and making observations.

Dorothy Dick's advice: Get a bodyguard after this.

★ ★ ★

ROBIN COOKE:

The Form 6 "quiet man" (when the teacher is looking) who wants to be a physicist. (That's not a lemonade maker).

Hobbies: Cricket, football, and enlightening other "Matricurers" in the Science course.

Dorothy Dick's advice (for the girls): Watch out for him.

★ ★ ★

JOHN "MON" GREENALL:

Our last (no more PLEASE) import from "down under," who revels in a discussion about Lancashire.

Hobbies: Ear bashing, correcting teachers, arguing with teachers, disagreeing with teachers, and correcting log tables.

Dorothy Dick's advice: Our time may differ from Lancashire's, out here in Australia, but our text books do not.

★ ★ ★

PETER HUTCHINSON:

Our little "Pete" is one of the Form 6 sport fiends and has the misguided ambition of wanting to become a school teacher.

Hobbies: Playing sport, GIRLS, and bashing Mawson juniors around.

Dorothy Dicks' advice: Watch the "Sporting Globe" (no free ads, meant) for news of our Pete in the future.

★ ★ ★

JOHN LANGFORD (NI ++):

One of the Form 6 "funny boys". A bit of a bright bloke really, but quite a card at times.

Hobbies: Pulling radio sets to bits, putting them together again and building new ones with the parts left over.

Dorothy Dick's advice: Go on the stage.

★ ★ ★

PETER LANGLEY:

A young man (a debatable point) who has chosen his career well — a forestry career. By the time he is 21 he will be able to see over the trees (if his legs continue to grow).

Hobbies: Sport, devouring ginger nuts, and counting freckles?

Dorothy Dick's advice: Buy yourself a hatchet and a compass.

JOHN McCULLOCH:

Our male literary genius who wants to be a lawyer.
Hobbies: Soccer, gambling, being earbashed (only boy in humanities).

Dorothy Dick's advice: Get your ears examined.

★ ★ ★

RAY STALLWORTHY:

Our Ray is the Form 6 "wolf" whose exploits are known far and wide (through no fault of his own—correct, Peter Hutch?)

Hobbies: Tennis, boxing, GIRLS, bashing other Form 6 boys around, and growing tall.

Dorothy Dick's advice: Stick to tennis and boxing.

★ ★ ★

JOHN SUNDQUIST:

Our hero, John, the wog (sorry, biological) fiend, is one of the most harrassed boys in the school. Reason: He is Bass boys' house captain. (Guess who is girls'??)

Hobbies: Cricket, golf, and dissecting rabbits.

Dorothy Dick's advice: Have a holiday and recover from your ordeal of the past two years.

—OBSERVANT, Form 6.

GIRLS' ASSEMBLY

Be . . . ep the siren blasts. Everybody rushes to their places in the quadrangle. Miss Birt comes to the microphone clutching a bundle of papers. She adjusts the microphone and says into it, "Good Afternoon girls." "Good Afternoon, Miss Birt," the girls reply in chorus. Miss Birt then gives instructions to straighten the lines, which is done with a lot of bustle. She gives the house total weekly points, and a cheer comes from Bass as they are leading at the present time. Then in her most serious voice, Miss Birt says, "So and So have lost points for their houses." (For eating down the street, etc.)

The weekly inspection follows, which this time is of berets. The prefects start asking whether the girls have berets with their names in them or not, giving them a short (and sweet?????) telling off if they haven't. With the inspection finished, Mrs. McCasker then gives her usual sports resumé, usually finishing by reminding the girls not to jump or play in the gutter.

Then Miss Birt ends the assembly by saying "That's all girls, DISmiss!"

—PAT DAWSON, Form 3B.

A.7 1921 MODEL

"The Thing" it was called,
"The Thing" it was named,
And as an old thing,
Our thing it was famed.

Its shape, it was small,
Its shape, it was queer,
Its motions were stranger,
And filled me with fear.

Its wheels they were oval,
They wouldn't go far,
And yet we all loved her,
That ancient old car.

—A. WILCOX, 3A.



SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM

ROMAN HOLIDAY

I was walking up the Palatine Hill in the morning sunshine, followed by my slave Lollia carrying my scrolls, when a voice hailed me, "May Vulcan smite thee with his hammer, Maculius! Must thou hasten so fast on thy long legs?" I turned smiling, for I knew the voice. It was my friend, Discsconius. "Nay, but the chariot was delayed this morning."

"True, these charioteers know not the meaning of time. But the portals of the academy are not yet open. See, here comes Petronius and Grenalius. But mark how Petronius frowns — all is not well with him. Hail, my friends, and there my Petronius, why so gloomy?"

"By Apollo; these female slaves of mine grow idle daily — look at the folds of this toga! I have had them soundly whipped, but now I swear I shall send them to the mines at Campus Westus, and buy fresh ones! They tell me the maidens of Salia are fair."

"Those from Yarragonium are as fair, my Petronius, and nearer to hand," said Grenalius thoughtfully. "But why waste time discussing such creatures? The Imperial Games are tomorrow, and there is a fine selection of lions and tigers, and many captives from Moia to be flung to them, so we shall see fine sport. But here is Langfordius. Greetings!"

"Greetings, O friends — I come in haste to bring you the news! Hast thou heard our beloved Empress has procured animals for the Games, never before seen in Rome? They come from a distant African Province, the land of Nodia, and have huge gleaming eyes and shaggy manes, and are called drongoes! And that is not all, there is a new gladiator to fight them — Juvenilius, he is named, and he is young but a very Hercules, they say!"

"They say," said Discsconius scornfully, "Rome is ever full of rumours!"

"It is true, I swear by all the gods!" cried Langfordius

heatedly, "I had it from the slave Rustia, and she knows all that passes!"

"Rustia? Isn't that the gardener's daughter?" asked Pretonius.

"Nay, thou knowest Rustia, she is ever about the market-place in talk with the gladiators! But step aside here comes Ellisius Superlius, the first Consul, and I would sooner face a wild boar in the arena than his anger!"

"Nay, thou art mistaken, my Langfordius," said I, "It is Culeno and Vindicus, and I swear by all the gods he is declaiming some of his long-winded odes, which I shall shortly have the pain of hearing."

"Still, thou art fortunate, Marculius, that they needest no longer listen to Cassius, with his everlasting Pythagorus," said Discsconius gloomily, "That prosy old Greek! It is an insult to a Roman — everyone knows the Greeks are a conquered race!"

"And Lugerius with his Archimedes," put in Grenalius, " 'When a body is immersed in a fluid' — I wish he were immersed in a fluid — the River Tiber. It is enough to make one seize a spear and join the Eighth Legion!"

Langfordius drew me aside. "Hearken Maculius, tomorrow we shall go to the Colosseum and wager a hundred sisterces on Juvenilius—" the lounge light flashed on with blinding brilliance, and "Anthony and Cleopatra" fell with a loud thump to the floor.

"Fallen asleep, have you?" said a well-known voice, "And I suppose tomorrow you'll go to the pictures instead of having an early night for once."

"Tomorrow," I mused dreamily, "I am going to the Colosseum with Langfordius . . ."

But she had gone out and did not hear me, which was just as well!

—JOHN McCULLOCK, VI

MIDNIGHT TERROR

Smith awoke with a convulsive start from an uneasy doze. He clutched the bedclothes which enfolded him, in a hot, constrictive grasp, and lay there with his ears and eyes striving to penetrate the blanket of darkness which oppressed him. He was afraid! Something was amiss in that quiet house. There was no sound apart from his own laboured breathing. Slowly he released his hold, reached cautiously for the light switch, and then remembered the broken fuse he had forgotten to replace.

His heart pounding like a steam engine, he swung his legs from their safe resting place and groped his way across the cold floor to the door. All was silent on the landing. The sickly light of the waning moon shone faintly through the leaded windows, endowing the once-familiar objects that surrounded him, with an aspect that was menacing and breathtaking. He turned sharply, and a bolt of fear shot through him as the bedroom door swung to, with a long drawn-out creaking sound. He was alone, shut off from the comforting refuge of his bed.

Through the gaps between the banisters he could see the front door, which was illuminated by a stray moonbeam. That was his goal; if he could gain that door he would assuredly be safe. Slowly, with hesitant step, he descended the first few stairs. A cloud obscured the moon and the clinging darkness closed around him as he cringed against the unfriendly wall. Blessed light came once more, and he recommenced his journey.

At the foot of the stairs, his right foot froze in mid-air. What was that? Someone was stirring above. If he were discovered now, all his care and intrepidity would be in vain. Peace descended, and he gulped in great breaths of sweet air, which he had denied himself during the moments of suspense. At last his outstretched hand touched the door knob. He turned it gently, and finally opened the door wide with a courageous gesture. If

only he . . . Yes, he was safe. There they were, glinting in the moonlight; he had not forgotten to put the milk-bottles out!

—“UNENSIS” (Form 6), Flinders.

COME TO BALLARAT FOR YOUR NEXT HOLIDAY

In this so aptly called “City of Flowers” there are numerous magnificent attractions. As you drive around the outskirts of this intriguing city you are reminded of the past by several slate-roofed buildings dating from the thriving gold-rush days. The city’s famous Botanical Gardens rate with any of similar size in Australia. In the midst of these gardens a cottage has been erected in memory of Lindsay Gordon, the poet. For a small charge visitors may inspect it, and see many of his personal belongings, amongst which is a pair of kangaroo paws, the prize he received for shooting the first kangaroo on a hunt which he attended in his early twenties.

In a green-house beside the cottage, the flower for which Ballarat is noted, the begonia, is cultivated. On crossing the road you see the tranquil waters of Lake Wendouree where the sleek black swans glide aimlessly among the reeds. For amusement you may take a ferry trip around the lake. Another prominent attraction is the “Old Curiosity Shop.” This house was built by an old resident early in the twentieth century. He used to give peanuts and pennies to children in exchange for broken crockery and coloured glass, which he cemented in patterns to the outside walls, paths, and sheds. Inside is a miniature museum with stuffed animals, relics from the gold-rush days, a large collection of coins, a three-penny piece with the Lord’s Prayer engraved on it, and many other items of historical interest.

Ballarat is the most interesting city I have visited, and the ideal resort for your next holiday.

—DAVID WALLACE, Form 2A.



SCHOOL TENNIS TEAMS



SPORTS CHAMPIONS

THE FLOOD

Most of us have either experienced or read about floods. Of the heartbreak they bring to families who are forced out of their homes, the destruction they cause, rooting out trees, defacing the beauty of the countryside and destroying in a few hours, that which had taken years of labor to complete. In many cases death has been the result of such a monster. Such a flood was experienced by our small country town many years back.

The threat of a violent storm had prevailed for the last two days. The late afternoon sky was overcast with huge threatening clouds. Thunder rolled in the hills around, shaking the countryside illuminated by the flashing lightning. The fierce wind rushed through the trees, stripping them of foliage, petrifying harmless creatures as they guarded their young. Smoke could be seen rising from the surrounding chimneys, as families huddled around their fires, waiting for the storm to strike.

Pitter! Patter! The first few drops echoed on the window panes. Then the ever-increasing fall of larger drops, sounding like hundreds of miniature boulders, drummed on the tin roofs of the village houses. Finally the monster burst into full force. Smoke ceased to escape from the chimneys down which the rain pelted. The cry of frightened animals mingled with the roar of the raging thunder and the flash of blinding lightning. Bolted doors could no longer hold under the strain of this monster. As the night progressed the force died down quite considerably, but the torrential rain prevailed throughout.

The following day the rains still came. Rivers had broken their banks. Animals searched in vain for shelter. Many families were trapped in their homes unable to obtain supplies. Power lines were struck down, telegraph poles rooted out; water raced down the streets dragging broken boughs, portions of dilapidated fences and numerous other condemned articles. Similar conditions pre-

vailed for the following three days; rowing boats were manned to evacuate families from capsizing homes; starving children were to be cared for. These families were forced to leave their homes and all their treasured possessions to their fate, in order that they themselves might be saved.

The weeks that followed this terrible catastrophe were filled with much sorrow and heartbreak, for these victims were the people who witnessed all that they had worked for, and established, destroyed within a few days by the mighty destroyer, the flood.

—PAM BINGHAM, Form 5.

FORM 3c's RACE

The barrier has been lowered, they're off (I hope you had your safety belt fastened!) Ayre is in the lead with Bennell close behind; Bennet had a bad heart, I mean start, but has just about caught up to the others. Berg jumped the first hurdle and Hic! (Oh dear, been drinking again) kicked Cooky on the leg. Cook is racing after Hammond eggs, sorry, no eggs. Somebody must have put a bomb in Lobb because she whizzed past McFarlane like John Landy. McKay and Munkton are waltzing around the bend in a pair. (A pair of what?). Murdoch flies past at 90 m.p.h., Murphy has stopped to fill with the new supersonic %c special, and Mussard is crying in agony, because someone is standing on her foot, it's alright, she has discovered it is herself. Pulis is close behind, she's got Renwick by the leg, but Renwick again pulls away. Stares passes on, Whelan is still going strong although she has the shortest legs in the form; Webster has got some hair in her eyes — it is Stallworthy's. Wood rushes past the post, winning by a fingernail.

HOW TO MAKE NERVOUS WRECKS OF YOUR FAMILY

Are your parents grey-haired even though they are not at the stage when they should have grey hair? My parents are. They say I have taken twenty years off their lives; but personally I think differently. I believe that, through giving them a few harmless shocks now, they are being rendered less susceptible to shocks in later life. They do not agree with me, but I shall continue my policy of immunisation.

Just what do I do, you will be asking. Well, instead of a series of solitary accounts, I shall combine them into one day for you. Not that I would commit all these sins, as my mother calls them, in one day. Oh, no! That would be too much, even for me. Let the day of crime be Sunday—as I am home all day then.

Two of my brothers, who sleep in the same room with me, wake up first, just as the sun is pulling off his blankets. They jump on me and pummel me until I awaken. I arise and dutifully prepare a cup of tea and some toast for mater and pater. Instead of thanks, what do I get? Grumbles and groans, and even curses! And it is at least a quarter to six. They sleep again ten minutes later.

Eventually when my mother very reluctantly breaks the last bond of sleepiness, she reaches for her slippers. A mighty, high-pitched scream brings everyone holus-bolus to the bedroom.

"A snake! A snake!" she yells. Quietly I walk over, and retrieve by bogus snake, and prepare to weather the fiery storm that follows.

Peace lays her mantle over the house for at least half an hour. Ricky, my brother, walking into a bedroom, finds himself being battered into the floor by a "poof" (a hessian cushion stuffed with odd scraps of material) which has been placed on top of the door. It

weighs quite a bit, and Ricky is only six, so no wonder he cries.

Dad is going down the street for the newspapers; he settles himself in the seat of the car and is putting his finger on the starter-button. Baaaa . . . aaang!!!!!!! A penny bungler does its work.

"You—ahemm," Mrs. Next-Door pokes her head over the fence and saves me.

There are a couple of minor disturbances before lunch. Rodney, another brother, is rushing through the house. He gives a door a hearty shove, not expecting it to spring back and send him somersaulting backwards as it does. For you see, there is a strong piece of elastic nailed to the door and the door-jamb. Simple, but effective. Later, Mum, who adores frogs, finds one swimming around in a trough, just as she is going to start the washing. Working operations are delayed for a while to let the hot black coffee have its effect.

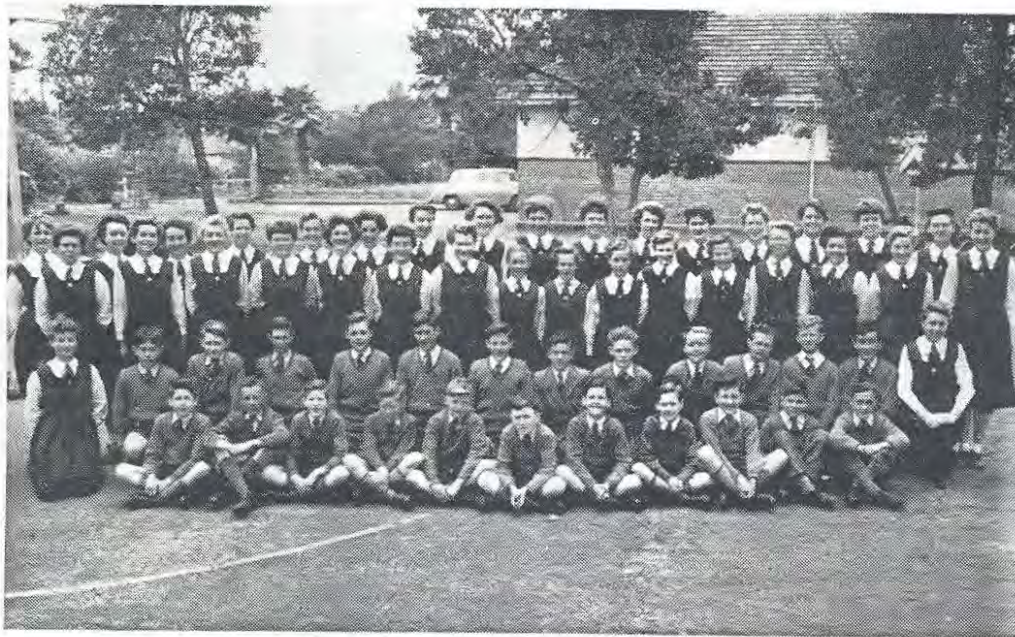
Lunch is quiet, and as life has been very hectic so far, almost too much for me to think of; in fact, I will let them have a respite until after dinner.

After tea I prepare Dad's bath — I also prepare the plug. I slip outside to the outlet pipe where I find a car battery and two copper wires protruding from the pipe. I only contact the wires for a fraction of a second, but you would think he has been struck by a million volt bolt of lightning to hear him yell and splash.

One more will do for today. In the darkness, Mum opens the bedroom door and walks into a sheet which is pulled up by a string arrangement. Judging by that performance she could be a champion contortionist any day.

And so closes a busy day. Perhaps you already have this happy habit, perhaps you have not, but in any case try some of my repertoire. It can be fun.

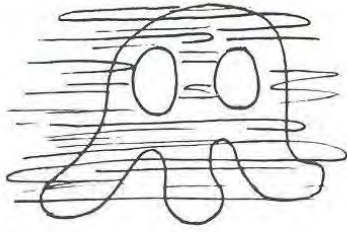
—TERRY STEWART, Form V.



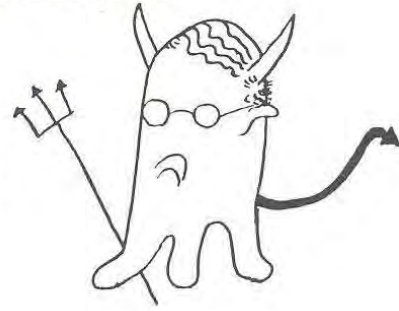
DANDENONG CHOIR

OUR FANAT-IGGLE TEACHERS

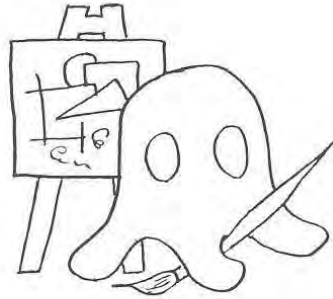
MIST-IGGLE



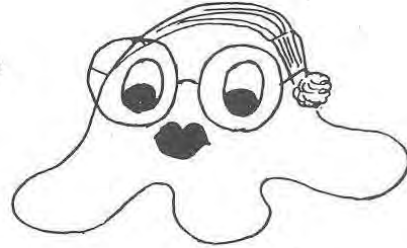
DIABOL-IGGLE



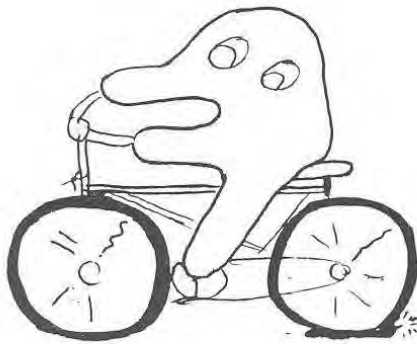
ART-IGGLE



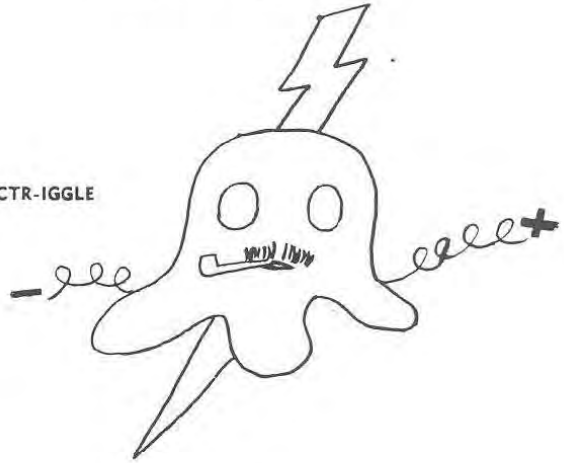
SPECT-IGGLE



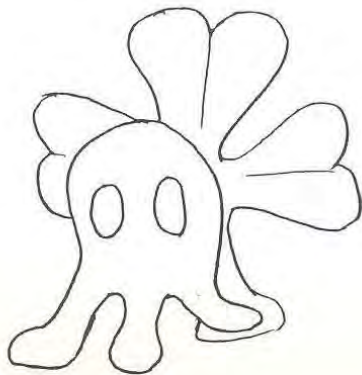
BIS-IGGLE



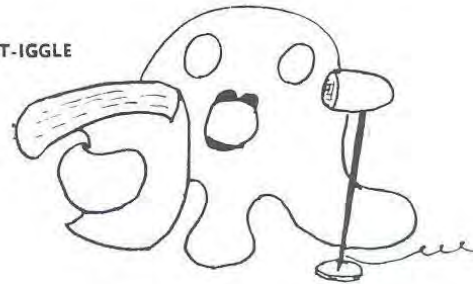
ELECTR-IGGLE



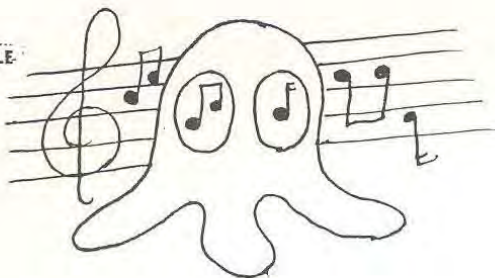
DON-IGGLE



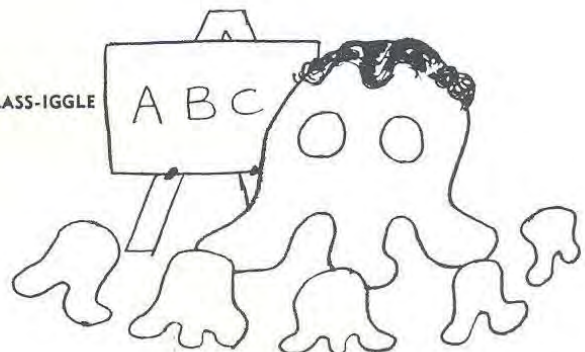
POLLYT-IGGLE



MUS-IGGLE



CLASS-IGGLE



—FROM TWO HYSTER-IGGLE FIFTH-FORMERS

A GOSSIP GRUMBLES AGAIN!

Here is your roving reporter again, and this time I have something really serious on — a crusade against crime! You've noticed in the news (those of you who can read), that they've been looking into how those mental homes are run! Well, I'm going to start a campaign against those who are trying to make me a patient in one of these places, by committing the crime of trying to cram education into my poor brains which just aren't equipped for it. And I've got a wonderful plan to alter things, so gather round, dears, and I'll tell you all about it.

But first of all, this is only for poor dumbbells like me who are solid sponge cake above the ears. Don't read any further if you are one of those fireballs who stride smilingly into the exam. room, sit down, and start writing furiously. The last time I went into an exam., the thought of terrific strain was so great for my feeble frame that I landed in hospital. The doctor said it was my appendix, but you know, they've got to get their fees from somewhere. I'm giving you the real low down, and what's more I'm telling you in confidence, but naming no names, some of my dearest friends have been in the same boat, or rather ward.

Well, there I was, and in trooped the relatives and friends, all beaming as if they'd won Tatt's or something, beaming at the thought of getting rid of me for a few days. Having eaten all the fruit and lollies they brought, they left me some magazines, because they couldn't eat them too, I suppose, and it was out of one of them I got my brainwave. There was an advert for a charm school, to train models, and I thought "Strike Me Pink! this is just what I want." (By the way, I know poor Miss

Birt will shudder at my literary style, but I never was any Thomasina Hardy!!).

Now, why can't they do that at Yallourn High? They've got all the equipment. Instead of putting all that paint into Art Folios, why not on the old dials? We could learn the art of make-up in no time! We only want the run of the lab., to make perfume. I'll bet we could find a formula for good skin that would make Helena Rubinstein sit up! We only need to know enough English to answer our adoring fan letters, and enough French to read a menu and sing like Hildegard. And another thing Mr. X. had a drawing on his board one day — he thought he was teaching Trig., but it was the loveliest collection of lines and curves; all he had to do was make a swathed neckline and there was something—a smashing Norman Hartnell model!! He could take up dress designing and we could wear them, and just think what a build-up the dear old school would get.

So there it is, dears, and I make you a present of the brightest idea of the century, and it is up to you now to do something about it, because I've exhausted the old nut thinking it out. And you'll have to do it quickly, for what I am going to do at the next exams, I can't think!! They can't take out my appendix again, so this time it will have to be something drastic—a brain operation perhaps? Anyway, if I may mix my criminals a bit—I mix everything anyway, so what's the difference? — help an old pal in distress and get cracking on that charm school idea and save one life.

By the way — if they took my head off it wouldn't make any difference. I'm really getting desperate, because among that man's mob of drongoes, I'm the prize sheep.

—LORNA McCULLOCH, Form 5.

- *Autographs* -