

BASS HOUSE CHOIR : WINNING CHOIR



Back Row (left to right): Susan Francis, Carol Gorman, Brendan Schmidt, Barry Goode, John Humphreys, Peter Skelton, Richard Snape, Ken Hutchison, Carol Hunt, Trena Neilson.

Front Row: Edna Rushton, Jennifer Cutter, Margaret Morrison, Joy Ipsen, Neils Hutchison, Valda O'Neil, Coral Valli, Eileen Fuller, Pauline Douglas, Judith Vincent.



THE AUSTRALIAN BALLET

YALLOURN HIGH SCHOOL ATTEND

On Thursday, 26th September many pupils went down to Kernot Hall to see the Australian Ballet, and judging from the corresponding number of boys they were quite as enthusiastic as the girls. It was due to a misconception, the ballet being expected on the following Friday, that Yallourn High School was able to be so well represented. The original number that had been able to attend was subsequently swelled as owing to the last minute notice neighbouring schools were unable to come. Many more seats were therefore available and Yallourn High School is never one to knock back a good opportunity. The only other school present was the Yallourn Primary School.

An appropriate introduction for the uninitiated to ballet, namely us, was the first item on the programme. Four young dancers demonstrated basic ballet exercises at the bar, progressing gradually to slightly more difficult ones away from the bar. The company then

performed excerpts from Swan Lake including a pas de deux and mazurka. They closed the programme with a modern ballet called "Just for Fun" choreographed by Ray Powell who was in charge of the Company's Victorian tour. In a setting of ladders, paint tins and paint brushes, the male dancers clad as painters, interpreted the ballet humorously as it was intended.

The Australian Ballet is the successor to the Borovansky Company. Resulting from the co-operation between the Council of Adult Education of Victoria, the National Theatre and Fine Arts Society of Tasmania, and the Adult Education Board of Tasmania members of the Australian Ballet have been able to visit country areas of Victoria and Tasmania. Another section toured New South Wales and Queensland.

"Pylon" Report.

PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION

SPEAKERS DO WELL

Although the Public Speaking Club was not reformed this year there was much interest in the House Public Speaking Contest. This year each house had to provide two speakers, one to speak about a famous or infamous person, the other about a topical subject.

The chairman, Mr. Hutchison, introduced the adjudicator, Mr. Glass. The first speaker was Roslyn Hallworth who spoke about "Decentralization". she was followed by Joan Atkinson with a speech about the late Sir John Monash. The Australian opera singer Joan Sutherland was the person chosen by the third speaker, Elizabeth Lewis and was succeeded by Howard Ellis who talked about Australia's mineral resources.

The maximum time for each speech was eight minutes and most speakers managed to conclude just as their time was up. Speaker number five, Carol Hunt, explained the art of self defence. Then came Peter Skelton with a biography of the enginewright George Stephenson and followed by June Morgan with another on Henry Morgan, the pirate. The last speaker was Vera Kolomyec who discussed Mental Retardation.

Mr. Glass judged the speeches on content, organisation, language, voice diction, physical behaviour and communication.

House Results:

First — Bass. Equal Second — Flinders, Phillip, Mawson.

Individual Results:

First — Peter Skelton, Bass.
Equal Second — Vera Kolomyec, Flinders.
Elizabeth Lewis, Mawson.
Fourth — Joan Atkinson, Flinders.

On Sunday, 27th October, three pupils will represent our school on the "Voice of the Student" programme on GLV 10. We are the affirmative for the question "Are Cities of one million population and over in the best interests of the community?"

"Pylon" Report.

TELEVISION DEBUT

"Voice of the Student"

This year the local Television Station, Channel GLV 10, has organised a students' forum which is telecast under the title "Voice of the Student."

About sixteen Gippsland schools are at present competing for the honour of winning the series of half hour debates.

On Sunday, 27th October, a team of three from Yallourn High School debated against three girls from St. Anne's, Sale. The proposition for debate was, "Are towns of over one million population in the best interests of the Community?" We had the affirmative side, and our team — Peter Skelton, Margaret Cain and David Scott — spoke very well. No results will be published until all the debates have been heard but each week adjudicators comments are given.

It would appear from what the adjudicator said of the debate on 27th October, that our team and the St. Anne's girls, could well be among the prize winners. We hope so.

The members of the team would like to thank Mr. Pyers for his help in coaching them. They enjoyed the experience of their TV debut.

"Pylon" Report.



PUBLIC SPEAKING



Peter Skelton (Bass)



Elizabeth Lewis (Mawson)

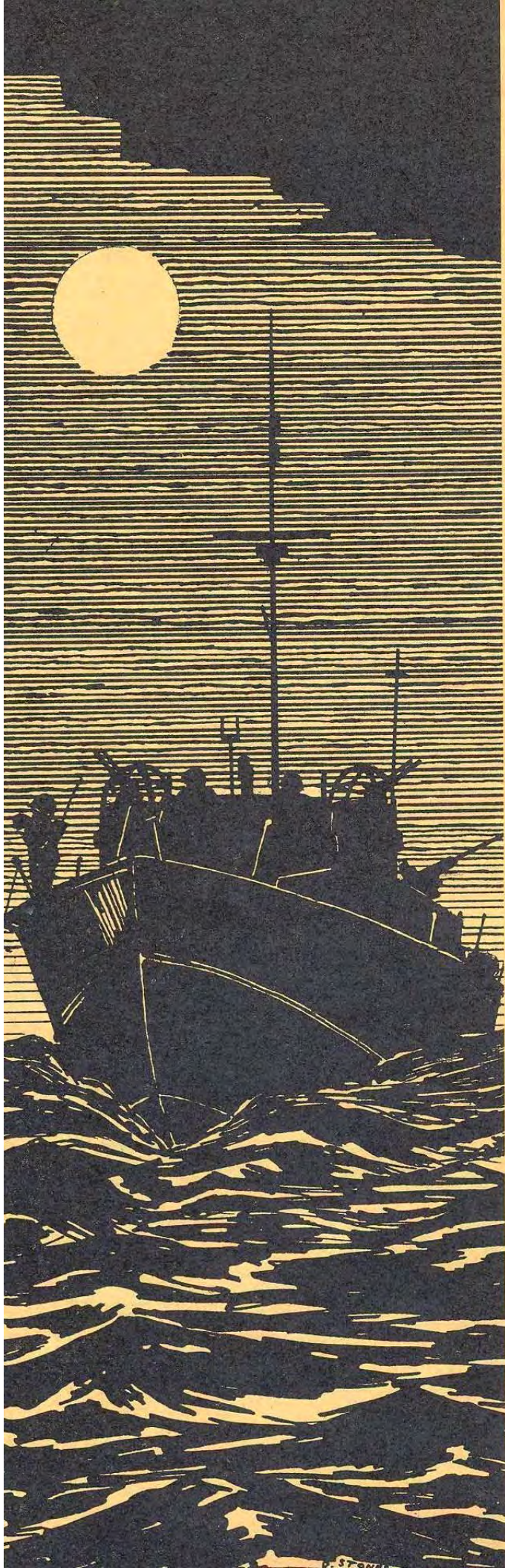


Vera Kolomyec (Flinders)



Joan Atkinson (Flinders)

**THE PYLON SUPPLEMENT
OF VERSE
AND PROSE**



MESSAGE

Ghost ships, when the sun is gone, patrol the seas,
Their screws mining moonlight and water into long
furrows behind.

Phantom men stand watch, scanning the ocean.
Feeling no cold, and mindless of wind,
They look for the war ships of the substantial world
For they have an urgent message for man, who is
blind.

Seeing a sleek battle ship they manoeuvre close.
They shout warnings and plead.
They call on megaphones their message.
They weep in frustration, and groan, but they are
unheard.

After many hours, in bitter grief, they away in the
swell,

And, with leaden hearts, but unfailing hope, they
return to their eternal virgil.

"Did you hear the eerie, wailing of the wind, friend?
It seemed to be telling us something."

Joseph Vanyai.

FOUND

Alone in the darkness, alone in the night,
No food, no warmth, no sign of a light,
Jumping at every rustle, every sound that was made,
Stood a small boy alone and afraid.

He had set off in daylight to walk a mile or two,
Where he was now only God knew,
He was a city boy, not country born and bred,
Everyone but his mother feared that he was dead.

All night long they waited for news,
At dawn the trackers found marks from his shoes,
The tracks were easy to follow, the light was still dim,
But there he lay asleep on the ground. They had found
him.

Raymond McInnes.

THE SWAMP

A damp, musty smell invaded my nostrils
As I entered the dark ghostly swamp.
There was not a sound to be heard in the stillness
And my heart thumped against my ribs.

The trees were covered in bright orange fungi
As they rotted where they fell,
Lost in a silent, mysterious wilderness
Where seldom man had been.

There wasn't a rustle, a whisper or sound
As I crept through the undergrowth,
Frightened of meeting something supernatural,
Gazing around me in fear.

A sudden rustling caught my attention
And my heart leaped into my mouth,
I ran with the speed of a fox being hunted
And cleared everything in my stride.

I ran like a madman, not stopping for breath
Until I reached my house.
Then I realized what a frightened fool I had been,
And I laughed at my fears.

Trena Nielsen.

THE MILL

(From the French)

The old mill turns in the depths of the evening,
Slow and reluctant, against a grey gloom sky;
Its sail — the colour of dregs of the creek-bed,
Sad and feeble, heavy and weary.

Since dawn, its arms, like those of despair,
Have been extended in hope of release,
And now slacken pace in the darkening air
And the silence and stillness of nature at rest.

In fields winter-hardened, the hamlets sleep;
The clouds are tired of their gloomy path
And along dark thicket which cast their shadows
The furrows extend towards a languid horizon.

Around an old pond, cabins of birch squat,
Frowning in rows discontent and decayed,
And copper lamps shine on their ceilings and walls,
And coax glimmers of light through the sooted panes.

On the vast plain, near the sleeping waves,
These torpid huts, 'neath the brooding sky, watch,
With the slits of their glassy eyes
As the old mill turns and, weary, turns and dies.

Christine Sambell.

SEASCAPE

Waves crash relentlessly
On the jagged grey rocks,
Sending the spray, in wild white fingers
High into the grey dawn sky;
Then fall back,
Lingering spent and foaming
On the cold grey sand.

A gentle, pulsating throb,
Incessant, vital;
Jealous guardian
To the sleeping grey village,
Beyond the grey sea-wall.

Boats drawn with their nets onto the sand
Point out, beyond the roll of the breakers,
Yet lulled by the murmuring waves the village
sleeps on.

Living simply, steeped in tradition.
Time stands still,
Walled in by the turbulent sea.

Elizabeth Lewis.

DAFFODILS

On waking,
They stand tall and slender,
Swaying slightly in the breeze.
They bend,

Then up they spring again,
Dancing feet and swaying gowns.
Cheery faces and sunny smiles
Greeting the dawn of day.

All day they sway in the wind
A yellow carpet of gold
But when night creeps up,
They farewell the sun
Whisper their prayers
And leave this world
For one beyond.



Murray Champion.

FAIRIES

As the sun sank in the west,
And all the world prepared for rest,
From out the forest, in a row
Came the fairies to play in the snow,
At their head, the scouts with arms
Led the Queen with all her charms
Followed then by rank on rank
Of sturdy elves. The prank?
To dance and sing until the dawn
Or take a cloud, and swiftly borne
To far off lands to join the fun of other bands
Or just to sit, as does the Queen and clap her hands.
But when the first grey streaks of dawn
Greet the Herald of the morn.
They fold their golden wings and pass from sight
To come again the following night.

Ruth Lynn.

CUP DAY — ROOM 10

Private study,
Pretending to work up the back,
Twenty to three
Transistors tuned to Flemington track.
Radios on,
Earplugs hidden inside hands,
Beginning soon,
The horses take their starting stands.
They're off,
They start with a mighty leap,
Not a sound,
The winning horse decides the sweep.
Racing now,
Tension is high and the desk runs sweat,
Pen held poised
After taking a bet.
Finishing line,
Horses hooves are pounding the turf,
Across they speed
Like sun-tanned stompers shootin' the surf.
Furtive glances
See that teacher isn't around
Steady hand
Quickly jots the places down.
Teacher sees,
The game is up,
So what's it matter?
I've won the cup!

Ken Hutchison.

THE MASTER

The iced winds; and the timbered walls
Tremble in the snow;
And redfaced children blow frost signals over the
bare desks.
Through the fogged windows
Snow falls, white and cold.
Bleak upon the iron roof
People tremble, frozen to the bone and wish
For the warm sun of summer to come slowly over
the distant hills — Summer days, warm and still,
Only the gums stir in the gentle breeze.
Seasons. Now winter. There is no choice,
And we must take their ways.

John Waterson.

RELIEF FROM REALITY

(Based on "Drought" by Flexmore Hudson)

Midwinter noon; and the snow-covered walls
become brittle in the snow,
and the children lean stiffly over the desks
with purple faces oozing vapour
caused by the clinging icicles.
Outside, the tall sun fades behind clouds
and sends the shadows overground,
the rough snow flakes shrivel
the drab sparse plants;
there's no sunlight in all the sky to cast
some warmth on the smooth white field.
Frozen the windmills: hungry cattle standing
exhaustedly about the empty troughs,
puffing and tossing their heads
in torment of the ice from dark to dark.
For ten bitter days it has been like this,
and, although I love the mountains, I
have found myself dreaming
of perpendicular palms by a tropical beach
where the waves roll in,
where surf-boards roll along with the breakers,
and umbrellas can protect from the sun;
of rock pools where the children swim,
like playful dolphins from the aquarium
to eat when the tide is low.
And as I stoop for warmth, I too,
just as I rub my hands over the fire,
am recalled to this cold stricken plain
by the petulant question
of a frost bitten child.

Albie Kenny.

FEAR NO MORE

At once into the sea I stride,
And kick the foaming waves aside.
I lead my horse into that sea.
She stopped and balked then looked at me
And in those dark brown eyes was fear,
The green foaming waves then seemed to leer. 2
She just stood, and shook, My good bay mare
And then without a fear or care
She strode straight into that green sea
With someone clinging on her back — me.
Now I don't into that green sea stride
I mount upon my horse — and ride.

Sandra Prust.

FIGHT TO DEATH

There came the sound of flying feet
As horses galloped down the street
A noise like thunder rent the air
And people stopped to look and stare.
Sweat caked flanks became a blur
As the big white stallion began to spur
The mares on, and create a stir
They headed for the wide, wide plains.
Their hides were streaked by dirty stains
Then a battle cry screamed through the air,
The stallion abruptly stopped and stared,
He wheeled and prepared to fight to death
The cool air froze the mares hot breath.
They bit and kicked and screamed a challenge
'Til a bleeding pulp was just one stallion,
And screaming his last triumphant neigh
He pounded his rival into the clay.
Then the stallion turned and galloped away
And left behind the mangled bay.

Leanne Johnstone.

"OUCH"

"Next please!" I had been sitting on that hard chair for what seemed hours, watching intently through the doorway of the waiting room that led to the surgery. People all shapes and sizes went in and came out. Now, that dreaded voice was calling me to my fate. I didn't move from my seat and the slim business-like nurse called impatiently again. "Next please! Come along. We're far too busy to be wasting time!" She turned as I rose shakily to my feet. My limbs felt like jelly as I wobbled awkwardly into the surgery, where I was confronted by a funny little man with a mask covering his nose and mouth.

"Hello," he greeted me. Did I imagine it or did he really have horns and a tail? His menacing voice seemed to be triumphant, probably after torturing his last victim. I recalled the face of the small boy who had just come out — his eyes wide with terror, his face swollen and red. I felt my stomach turn over. I was half relieved when the dentist spoke again. "Won't you sit down?"

"Yes," I managed to answer as I climbed into the huge chair. I looked around me and shrank back at the sight of a grotesque machine by my side with a horrid mechanical arm hanging over my head. There were buttons and levers all over it and by my left hand, was a small basin. I looked at the ceiling, but found myself unable to do so as there was a large light hanging over me.

I gasped as the funny little masked man suddenly appeared in front of me, waving a murderous weapon in his hand. Someone flicked a switch and the huge light became a blazing sun, dazzling me with its brilliance. I shivered all over. My feet had turned so numb that I could no longer feel them. "Open wide", said the masked monster. I clung grimly to the arms of the chair, shut my eyes, and clenched my teeth firmly together. I heard the man's voice again, "Come on now; this won't hurt you."

I opened my eyes and looked at his. They were smiling. Slowly, I let my jaw drop. My eyes shut again and I braced myself as he plunged his terrible instrument into my mouth. He clanked it against my trembling teeth, uttering "umm's" and "ah's", and occasionally humming to himself. I floated into another world and was woken up by that business-like voice of the nurse.

"You may hop down now. Your teeth are quite all right and your next check up will be in December."

Florence Ham.

THE DESERT

The hills are hazy in the heat.
The desert's burning sands are dry,
Dragging, burning at the feet.
Thirst crazed, he wants to die.

Nearer, nearer they come,
Slowly, slowly, he plods on,
Trudging, dying under a burning sun,
No food left, all water gone.

The only thing he wants is water
To smooth his swollen tongue and lips.
He wonders if he'll see his daughter,
The Death Bed has him in its grips.

The hills he knows he'll never reach,
The vultures circle overhead,
Now they swoop and screech,
Another body in the sand — lies dead.

Bryan Forbes.

EERIE PREVALENCE

As one approaches the volcanic country around Mt. Gambier in South Australia, one is aware of an eerie feeling that lingers over that region. All the elements add to the surreptitiousness. The lofty pines of the giant plantation arrest the wind in their seclusive foliage, and re-echo it in weird howls of anguish.

The limestone caves of the surrounding area, especially the one in the Cave Garden Reserve, in the middle of the town, give the imagination plenty to work on. One can almost visualize ghostly shapes arising from the creepy dark depths, to dance furtively, accompanied by the mournful murmuring of pines, through people's nightmares.

The lakes, particularly the Blue Lake, have a seemingly forbidding nature. When one looks down upon them one can almost see monsters lurking in the depths. What is their origin? What Mighty Hand stirred the depths of the earth and disturbed the deep elements, rearranging the surface appearance? One is awed by their impressiveness and stature. Also, perhaps, a little mystified. Another of the lakes, Leg-of-Mutton Lake is decreasing in size. Could it be that some huge syphon is slowly sucking it beneath the ground?

But although all these elements prevail, persistently the beauty of the country and its features are worth the sleepless nights, lying, listening tensely to the pines murmuring indistinguishable secrets, for Mt. Gambier is one of Australia's truly lovely places. But, as one drives away, a certain relief is experienced, that one is not compelled to stay.

Ruth Lynn.

JENNY

I met her at the National Fair.
Oh, how she looked so gay.
With a golden ribbon in her black hair,
I stopped and said, Good-day.
She looked up at me with big brown eyes.
And I walked a little closer.
We then started sharing sighs,
And she with her eyes said, no sir.
I raised my hand to her dainty little face,
Then looking back I walked away.
Looking at the petite French poodle
Lying awake on the hay.

Bill Udowenko, Jan Jasinski.

THE MOON

Gleaming silver in the eve
It rises slowly aloft.
Bright with light
Against the dark
Lifeless huts.
It rises —
A silver disc,
Bringing joy
To all who are miserable.
Life is reborn.
Life lasting
While the shimmering
Gleam of silver
Remains high above.
Beautiful life
Fades away.
Life of silver darkness
Dependent on the moon.

Judy Vincent.

COUNTRY TOWN

Everywhere slept.

The town, made up of one main street, was motionless. The street stretched in a straight line as far as the eye could see. Anyone coming into the town would have thought it a ghost town. I strolled down the street.

The Mechanics' Institute, built during a year of prosperity looked sorrowful with its facade of yellow wood. The rickety old steps that led up to the front doors were cracked and worn. The front doors were oak with four square panels set in each of them. Aged and dated posters hung listlessly around the doors. An old wicker armchair sat in one corner of the verandah.

The General Store was a two storey building. The second storey was bordered by an intricate iron railing which, appeared to have been left by some earlier, fashionable storekeepers. Two wooden bowls guarded the front door. Lying on the verandah was a lean-looking dog. At the sound of my footsteps it pricked up its ears, lowered them, dozed once more, and finally ambled into the store out of the sun. A tinkle of the doorbell made the storekeeper look up but he too slumbered again.

The musty line of houses longed for the evening air as they scorched in the blistering midday sun. Each house, a copy of all the others had a corrugated iron water tank on one wall. A few of them had dried-up looking pot plants and cacti on their front verandahs. On one porch, a man, a cork hat dangling on his face, slumbered in a camp bed. Resting on the rail was a bottle of beer and periodically a wiry hand coiled around it and lowered it to his mouth.

The hotel was the only other building of importance, this too being the only other two storey building in the town. A number of men dozed on the verandah, and a faint murmur of the bartender talking to a stranger together with the hum of flies filtered through the hot air. Disfigured and faked notices advertised the hotel's monopoly of trade. On the upper storey, from each window, a lace curtain hung outside the rooms. The hotel appeared to have no guests.

Against one of the side walls, which served as a wicket, two boys were amusing themselves playing cricket. Thin figures in the wilderness. One of them sauntered back to his bowling mark with another delivery while the other played each of them with a careful eye. After a number of hits, they changed over, until fatigued, they squatted against an old burnt tree-trunk and rested.

A number of prehistorically shaped tree trunks dotted the stark landscape, yet not one had a piece of foliage on it. The barren red earth stretched infinitely.

John Humphreys.

MELBOURNE CUP

Numbers seven, eleven, one or nine.
Which of the horses will cross the line
Ahead of all the others?

It could be a Woodalla at a hundred to one,
It could be a Macdougall at twenty to one,
It could even be the favourite.

And as they're led to the starting gate,
The crowd in expectation wait
For the starter's signal.

And after all the excitement dies,
And the winner's presented with his prize,
It is forgotten.

John Davies.

THE CROSS COUNTRIES

To my delight adverse weather this year forced eight cross-country runs upon us. The senior boys' runs were won by Dean McArthur, John Humphreys and me respectively. The junior boys' runs were won by John Udowenko (one) and Karl Krautschneider (two wins). The Senior girls cross-country was won by Heather Norden and Denise Ross who crossed the line in a dead heat holding hands. The Junior girl winner was Cheryl McKean.

I started the Senior run with an eager burst of speed, chasing the younger ones (as we had a half-minute per year handicap) who were teeming up the steep grade which confronted us. Another, yet steeper hill followed, threatening my sanity as I strove to pass the last few "Junior-Seniors." After scaling this I set about tackling the terrifying Coach Road hill. The fire-break proved to have a treacherous surface, but half running, half crawling I finally reached the summit. My legs felt as if they would drop off. They were sore, spiritless, heavy, they threatened to collapse under weight.

Meanwhile I ran . . . effortlessly . . . my dull aching legs had a mind of their own . . . The power wasn't in them, yet I ran, hard pressed by someone in hot pursuit . . . Beside cemetery track . . . the highway. The rutted uneven ground jarred my feet . . . my stomach tightened . . . Years later I clattered down the embankment of the creek and careered along the slimy, slippery clay, barely remaining upright.

The bridge! . . . Filled with hope and spurred onward by an intruding shadow I left the creek, increasing my pace on the home run . . . my oxygen starved body was one big knotted muscle . . . my wind was short. I did nothing but breathe and run, brutally tapping my last ounce of energy . . . rapid footsteps were catching me! I ran . . . coaxing, then forcing my succumbing limbs to work harder . . . run faster . . . blind of both physical and mental pain . . . sprinting the last fifty yards as if fresh.

One recovers in about fifteen minutes, feels fitter than ever and pleased by the little extra power and endurance built up during the run.

Manfred Krautschneider.

INSPIRATION

I am sitting in Room Nine,
With Mr. Harrison forcing me to write a poem.
I feel a little uninterested, because, huh,
Who wants to write a poem?

Ol' Foysy, he's a character,
He asked Mr. Harrison what to write about.
But Mr. Harrison with his voice so strong
Said, "You just sit there and think."
So, he'll think all period.

Unfortunately I am still thinking,
And as I stare outside the window
I see the flag fluttering in the breeze.
Yes, I shall write about the flag fluttering in the breeze.

But, oh, my thoughts they have wandered again,
Because Mr. Harrison has gone mad at Gorbal
Who had played up
Just as he went outside.

Albin Piorkowski.

THE BLUES

This record brought to me a feeling of loneliness, broken again and again by the urge to rise out of this monotony. The trumpet soared above the band on silver notes unattainable on any other musical instrument, so breaking an endless monopoly of stale emotion. But the aesthetic melody combined harmoniously to create a great sensual satisfaction, an emotion all but lost in rock and roll, surf or stomp tunes.

"I hate, loathe! This sea of senseless emotion." So say those that do not know the imaginative and creative ability that went into such a record. The story of this composition can be read as it unfolds a chain of emotions, interpreted cleverly into a musical composition akin to the mentally great man who wrote it. This passion, a striving of the individual to express his feelings is conducted by the mind of the music lover who can pick up this message as if it were spoken.

Such a man as Ralph Shneider, the composer of this masterpiece, is developed mentally beyond present standards to a standard of mind reached by few other men. There is a man who devotes his time to the emancipation of his passions, and has been rewarded by the recording of his creative dreams. As to the misguided few who dislike Jazz, Bud Heimer wrote:—"He who understands, can converse intelligently. But he who can perceive only one view is intellectually illiterate."

Manfred Krautschneider.

NIGHT LIFE

Sitting on the fire-escape, the old man listened and dreamed. He was old and wrinkled, and eighty-two. Every night for the last thirteen years he had sat so, listening and looking.

He heard the quiet roar of a distant express, the bleat of a tug or barge, the windy whistle of a factory siren, and the serenade of motor horns in the street below; and he would wonder what part each played in the life of some person. What momentous happenings were taking place in the lives of, perhaps, a child, or a young married couple. He would think about the train speeding on its way; of the people it might be separating never to see each other again, and of the ones it might be uniting or reuniting. Of the people in the cars passing below him.

"Perhaps that one is rushing to a date with his girl. That one is setting out on a journey that will take him to many strange and wonderful lands . . ."

Then he would journey to the places he longed to see on the magic carpet of dreams, becoming the hero of fantastic adventures. Finally, however, he would reluctantly return to "Greg Apartments."

Sometimes his gaze would soar and alight on the baleful eyes of an aeroplane creeping across the sky:

"Perhaps there are some important people in that plane. Maybe there is a young film-star, dazzled by recent success, flying to a filming engagement . . ."

Finally, he would revel in the marvellous neon lights. Whirling lights, swinging lights, flickering lights, flashing lights, changing lights, bright lights, dim lights, red, blue, yellow, green lights.

Eventually the dancing lights begin to mesmerise the old man, and his time battered head starts to droop. He rises in a trance and goes in to bed.

Joseph Vanyai.

ALL THAT GLITTERS, IS NOT GOLD

Max Thermopylae was an ordinary guy, in an ordinary city; a city like Chicago. He was a wanderer; also a bootlegger, and was hired by a gang of thugs, whose leader was Big Fred, from Detroit.

One day, while he was driving a load of booze through town, he thought of the small share that he was getting from this enormous enterprise. He was driving it, taking all the risks, and avoiding any Federal cops that might be suspicious of his daily trips through town.

He was so determined to get a bigger cut of the profit, that after he delivered the booze he went straight to the brains of the outfit, Big Fred. The big boss was rather generous with Max and even gave him an executive job in the office; to keep his mouth shut. Everything was running smoothly for Max; a nice clean job, not having to drive loaded trucks through the city, and maybe getting caught; just a nice comfortable office job, handling all the wheelings and dealings of the big organisation.

This was not to last, for one night, while Max was doing night work, a group of hearty gentlemen from a rival gang bumped him off, so as to speak. They sprayed his office with machine-gun fire, and tossed a few over-sized crackers made of dynamite in the depot; all went up in smoke, so too, did Max's dream, of one day maybe becoming a big operator like Capone or Nitty.

George Kivlins.

MODERN FABLE

In Germany, in a castle on a rocky crag on the bank of the Mozel, there lived a certain Count Otto von Schurtzelheimer, a mysterious and reputedly wicked man. The townfolk of the nearby village of Glockens'cheal held him in superstitious fear for just recently, Willie Hals, the honest son of a farmer, had obtained the position of cook in the Count's service, and had disappeared one night, never to be heard of again.

Willie Hals had been working in the kitchen on that fateful night. The kitchen was a cold stone room like a crypt, and bats fluttered up in the shadowy vaulted roof. A large fire was blazing in the fireplace. Over it hung an enormous, blackened cooking pot in which a yellowy-green concoction bubbled and boiled, Willie was standing on a chair stirring the contents of the pot with a big wooden spoon. The crackling of the fire drowned the noise of stealing footsteps behind him. He only felt a hand push him hard in the back before he tumbled into the pot. As he clanged the great lid onto the pot, the Count cackled with glee, his eyes glistening in the firelight.

This is the sixteenth — or is it the seventeenth — cook that has contributed to the soup. Ah, that savoury aroma! Surely it is done now, one sip, just to make sure.

He lifted the lid and placed it on the hearth. Clouds of vapour rose to the roof. He filled the spoon and took a noisy slurp. The look of ecstasy on his face soon changed to one of agony and horror. His skinny arms clutched his stomach and his tongue stuck out like a flap of red felt. Then his body crumpled like an empty sack and fell to the floor.

Moral: Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Neils Hutchison.

"THE BOSS"

Ann and Mike Walker had been married almost two years. Mike had a well-paid office job in town and was on his best behaviour as he was expecting a rise in salary for the addition to his family which would occur early in the new year. His boss had seemed pleased lately and Mike had been playing up to him. He even went as far as to say "Good Morning" these days, the boss's good humour had given him so much courage.

The Walker's next door neighbours, Jim and Betty Johnson often came over for a friendly chat and a drink or two and Jim and Mike would discuss work, as they worked under the same boss, while the wives would talk about Mrs. So and So's new baby, knitting, patterns and suchlike.

One night after Mike had had a hot tiring day at the office, Jim rang up at about five o'clock and asked if it would be all right if he and his wife came over for the evening. "The wives can have a bit of a chat," he said. Mike thought that it would be all right and was just about to hang up when Jim said, "Wait a minute, I want to ask you something."

"O.K." said Mike.

"Is it okay if I bring the boss over?" asked Jim.

"Yipe!" gulped Mike, but he continued, "Er . . . er . . . I suppose so. Wait, I'll ask the wife."

"Ann!" he yelled. "Is it O.K. if the Johnsons bring the boss over tonight?"

"What? Oh, yes I suppose so, but tell them not to come over too early," she replied.

Mike answered Jim and hung up.

After tea Mike and Ann set to work, cleaning up and preparing for their important guest.

"We've got to make a good impression!" declared Mike firmly.

"What shall I wear?" demanded Ann as she polished the cocktail glasses and arranged them on the small bar.

"Shall I wear my lemon chiffon or my lilac?" she asked, "Mike! What shall I wear?"

"Oh, I dunno, you look O.K. in both to me." said Mike vaguely.

"Men!" exclaimed Ann exasperated.

Mike shaved much too quickly and cut himself, while Ann was almost in tears because her hair would not stay up.

"Don't panic!" Mike told himself firmly and trembled all over.

Five minutes before the Johnsons were due to arrive the Walkers all ready, entered the immaculate lounge room.

"Oh, I hope you get that rise Mike, we do need it," said Ann. The doorbell rang. "Moment of Doom" thought Mike glumly.

"I'll go!" said Ann. She opened the door and there stood the Johnsons.

"Why are you all dressed up?" asked Betty regarding Ann's chiffon and Mike's suit and tie.

"The Boss — where is he?" asked Mike breathing heavily.

"The Boss? Why he's right here," said Jim cheerfully, tugging at a strap.

"Come on Boss! Here boy!" he called and he pulled into sight a large, fat, ugly, slobbering, double-chinned bull-dog. His lower jaw hung disconsolately open, displaying a thick, awful tongue and a row of

dangerous looking yellow teeth. His bow legs looked oddly like the legs of a museum piece chair. He gazed at the Walkers with a sad pair of small watery, black eyes.

"Ooh . . . How ghastly!" said Ann and fainted into her husband's arms.

Edna Rushton.

ESSAY

I hate writing essays.

The English teacher writes ten topics up on the board and then, amidst moans and groans from his scholars, tells everybody to write an essay on one of them. But who could blame the pupils for moaning when inspiring topics like "What I did over the Long Weekend" and "My Pet . . ." turn up on the blackboard? The whole class is in uproar as the topics go up, and as each one is completed the teacher is faced with a fresh onslaught by protesting pupils. Everyone copies down the topics as slowly as possible and by the time the last person has finished, the period is over. The teacher is cursing the pupils and they are cursing the teacher as they stampeed from the room leaving him crushed against the wall. Slowly, his mangled, torn body slumps to the floor as the sound of running footsteps quickly fades.

However, more serious matters prevail. You, the student, have now to go home and spend a whole evening writing an essay. Your new teacher will probably deny that it is an essay because it has not got a complete sentence in it, but you try your best.

You sit down at a table with a blank sheet of paper in front of you. Ten minutes later, after some vigorous scribbling, your paper is still blank but you have found out that your best fountain pen will not work. The ink bottle is kept fairly high up on a shelf and it doesn't take much fumbling before there is ink and broken glass all over the floor and on your sheet of paper. You scramble for the nearest rag before somebody, hearing the crash, comes to investigate. As you rush past the table, the cursed fountain pen rolls over the edge and plummets floorwards. You make a desperate leap in an effort to save it and hit your head on the table leg. Recovering consciousness a few minutes later you pick up the pen and find that the nib is now bent at right angles to the rest of the pen.

At this stage a burst blood vessel would not be out of place but you manage to confine your rage to some obscene language which you mutter under your breath. Having picked yourself up off the floor, and hurriedly getting rid of the spilt ink, you search round for another pen.

An hour later you return with a decent pen with some ink in it. You try it out on a scrap piece of paper. It writes perfectly and so, having procured another piece of paper, you are ready to begin.

The first few words of your essay suddenly jolt you to life and you at last begin to write. Immediately you are confronted with a large, dark blot which wobbles gently as you scream and tear your hair out by the roots.

By now it is about two thirty in the morning and you have just about had it. You are rolling round on the floor, fountain pen in one hand and crumpled sheet of paper in the other, shrieking hysterically. It is during this course of events that you decide never to attempt another essay.

John Alexander.

TOUR OF TASMANIA

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY . . .

Wednesday, 14th August.

Finally on our way to Tasmania. Train journey was spent talking, reading and searching for small change for wandering cardplayers. After dragging luggage off the train we caught trams to the Shrine of Remembrance then had a damp lunch while huddled beneath the trees of the Botanic Gardens. Only ones who didn't mind the rain were hungry ducks and swans. Later went to museum, where Y.H.S. pupils spent their time getting lost, listening to recorded weather reports on telephones and playing noughts and crosses with unbeatable electronic brain. At 4 p.m. went to University where we looked at sports ovals, olympic swimming pool and then had tea at University. Most of us had pie with sauce despite the varied menu. I took an anti-sickness pill in preparation for ordeal. Embarked on the Princess of Tasmania at 6.30 and took more seasick pills. Left dock at 7.30. Sea calm but later rough. Green faces became more noticeable as we entered the Rip. My anti-seasickness pills aren't working.

Thursday, 15th.

Disembarked at Devonport with a very empty stomach and boarded a bus for Launceston. Most of us were too tired to notice the scenery, but a great number of stone houses, inns and farm-buildings was noticeable, especially as Victoria had nothing like them. Visited Entally House — one of Tasmania's historic old homesteads which have been opened for tourists. Had lunch at Launceston. Interested to note that they used trolley buses here. These are the same as ordinary buses but are electrically driven in the same manner as trams, but much quieter than trams. Now why didn't Melbourne city planners think of that! After leaving Launceston the land became flat and colourless, although very wet. Passed Cadbury's factory as we entered Hobart. Would have liked to tour it. Free samples are handed out! Hobart is rather like Melbourne but not so crowded. It has more gardens and the houses are not the ugly single-front tenement houses of Melbourne. When walking along the streets later that night noticed how quiet it was — no tram and little raffic.

Friday 16th.

After fortifying myself with a huge breakfast, I left for tour of Port Arthur the one-time Penal settlement. We passed through undulating sheep country and, later, forest regions. As we travelled along the coastline the driver told us of the massacre of the Tasmanian aborigines during the rule of Governor Artliur. Only two hundred natives in 1835 and these were sent to Flinders island where they died out. The last one died in 1876 but the dark stain on Tasmania's history still remains. Stopped at Lufra Hotel for lunch after visiting the blowhole, Tasman's Arch and The Devil's Kitchen. Tasman's Arch was about 200 feet high and very impressive. The Port Arthur convict settlement with its church, cottages and stone buildings seemed like a village rather than a prison. Five busloads of tourists followed the guide around on a conducted tour, dutifully listening, but not understanding a word he said. His Australian accent perhaps made this understandable. Some Y.H.S. pupils distinguished themselves by getting locked in the dumb cell at the model prison.

Other places of interest were the Penitentiary, the tower, the hospital and the lunatic asylum which contains a clock still in use, although being an original Port Arthur relic. Noticed souvenir hunters carting pieces of Port Arthur rock back to the bus with them,

too. Returned to Hobart and, after tea, went in search of a theatre which we had chosen. Those who didn't watch the film "Come Fly With Me", talked to the boys from a Brisbane school who were also touring Tasmania. I nearly lost myself on the way home from the theatre and by the time we'd climbed a dozen flights of stairs up to our hotel rooms, few felt up to the job of packing away clothes, shoes and souvenirs and midnight was far behind before my light went out. Oh, my aching feet!

After a last rush for souvenirs we left Hobart, and travelled along the Lyall Highway towards the Great Lake. Row upon row of hop vines supported by wire frames 20 feet high were passed as we left Hobart further and further behind us. Besides these hop plantations there were a few apple orchards. The driver pointed out the oldest church in Tasmania. Crossed the Dee River but it was very disappointing — didn't seem anywhere near as big as the Latrobe. Began climbing higher into the mountains, passing the Leaporta and Wayatina power stations.. After unsuccessfully racing the second bus up a steep mountain road to the Tarraleah Chalet, we stopped for lunch while the second bus continued on to the power stations. Tarraleah village was a modern town cut out of the mountainous country-side, but it looked very quiet and there was hardly anybody from the village in sight while we were there. When everybody had finished signing their name in the hotel guest book we drove down a steep road to the Tungatina and Tarraleah power stations. Tarraleah, the older of the two was very noisy, but Tungatina wasn't at all like a power station inside. It was very quiet and clean, unlike the Yallourn power station, and the humming machinery and the silence gave it the air of a scene from a science-fiction film. On leaving Tungatina, the bus headed towards the Great Lake passing Lake Echo on the way. The most startling thing about the Great Lake, apart from its vivid blue colour, was the patches of snow along the sand and beneath the tea-tree near the water's edge. The lake itself was so big that it looked rather like part of the ocean and the yellow sand added to this effect. Further up into the mountains, the two buses stopped for a snow fight. I never realised that something that looked so soft could be so hard and cold. Wait till I get my hands on the horror who threw a snowball down my neck just as I jumped back into the bus. No chance of retaliation as we didn't stay very long. We then drove down the Western Tiers to Deloraine through some of the densest mist I've ever seen. You couldn't see more than ten feet in front of you most of the time. A few pig farms were dotted along the lower slopes but the rest was bush land. Devonport came into view at about 6 o'clock that night. The sight of the "Princess" awoke bitter feelings in some of us. Nevertheless I ate a hearty meal on the boat (like a condemned man) and added a liberal dose of anti-seasickness pills. By the time the boat left everybody had re-explored it from top to bottom and had found that the Brisbane boys, whom we had met at the theatre, were returning on the same boat. I wonder if that's why so many girls are wearing powder and lipstick this time? Returned to lounge at 9.30 where we sang ourselves to sleep. Nearly all the passengers heard samples from "Music Theatre". The singing may not have been tuneful but it was certainly loud. Mr. Brown's solo was the most popular song. Didn't feel seasick this time anyway.

Sunday, 18th.

Docked at Williamstown. Suddenly realised that the trip is nearly over. Felt like stowing away in a

cupboard or something, and going back to Tasmania! Everybody cast wistful last looks at the ferry as we piled all our luggage into the bus. Travelled home in a Latrobe Valley Buslines bus. What a comedown from a luxury Pioneer tour-coach! Tomorrow it will be back to the grindstone and exam results but the memory of a terrific holiday will "sustain" me for a while . . . well until the September holidays anyway.

"Pylon" Report.



MARTIANS AND CHAMPAGNE

I shall always remember the time when I had my first trip to Mars. I was seated in my capsule awaiting take-off. Everything was going well until I discovered I had left my gravity keepers in my locker in the testing grounds. It would be fatal to leave without them. How would I be able to walk? How could I eat? How on Earth (rather Mars) could I manage to shake hands with the Martians?

5-4-3-2-1-0, Blast off! The numbers echoed through my head. I had a rising feeling just like going up in a lift. Clouds whizzed by me. Comets and stars banged into me, but I was safe except for one thing, my gravity keepers.

Now I was leaving the atmosphere and passing through the first stage of the inmosphere and into the outmosphere. I was losing weight. I began to float towards the ceiling. Maybe it was the champagne working (I had to take champagne to calm my nerves). No, it really was the absence of my gravity keepers.

Gently my head banged the ceiling, again and again I managed to grab hold of the seat which held me down until it decided to join me floating around in my three by six feet room. I would have to lie down because all the banging had given me a headache. Taking a quick sip of champagne, I clambered down the wall and tied myself to one side of the now grounded chair. Having another small bottle of champagne I cursed myself for not having brought my gravity keepers.

I slept peacefully for some hours until quite discouraged by the loss of my gravity keepers and the completion of the intaking of my champagne, I awoke. Giving a startled cry, I saw a Martian with eight eyes, six hands and no feet, rolling up the gang plank of my ship and trying to enter through the nice iron bars a pretty white man in white had placed there to keep them out. I threw my empty bottles at him, again and again, but they wouldn't fit through the bars. The Martian came closer and closer and then he put out his twelve hands (two on each arm) and said, 'We'll look after you, never mind.' I screamed and ran into the furthest corner of my capsule and sat there until the pretty man in white came and asked me to go with him. He took me by the hand and led me to a big white Martian house with a big white fence around it and on the gate were some Martian words saying — MENTALLY DERRANGED ALCHOLICS' HOME.

Wendy Black.

WINTER

Winter, often forgotten and derided by the poets, retains a pure mystical quality of its own, tranquil yet melancholy. Nevertheless winter has become to many a season cruel, powerful and terrifying. Thomas Campbell writes of winter as

"Deflowering Nature's grassy robe
And trampling on her faded form; . . ."

suggesting violence and ruthlessness. Others think of winter merely as a gateway to spring. But winter is more majestic and dignified than this, more as a challenge perhaps, as Tennyson sees it in his light dirge on winter:

"Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine."

However, winter has a deeper meaning than this.

The powerful effects of winter can often be witnessed by the sea, where the cold red eyes of the lighthouse pierce the oncoming darkness, and illuminate the ghostly billowing sails of a fishing boat, braving the icy winds and cruel lashing of the grey foam flecked sea. We hear the continuous rhythmic pounding of the waves, and smell the salty tang of the spray, whipped up by the wind, as we walk, buffeted by the wind along the desolate shore, our shoes crunch-crunching on the cold white sand.

Again, transported to the mountains where the earth, clothed in mists and snows bows to the wind and snow, we see rugged peaks formidable cliffs and ridges majestically transformed, leaving a silent serenity, strangely haunting, compelling, majestic and inspiring. Civilisation alone mars the beauty and tranquility of winter with its massive quarries gnawing like parasites into the valleys, and pitiful remains of trees butchered to make way for settlement, leaving the mountain sides bare to erosion. Yet even these are mellowed beneath the wintry hazes.

Winter clouds, unlike the lithesome scudding Autumn clouds are dark, sometimes strangely foreboding, like vast armies of Romans storming the sky and blotting out the liberating sun, marching, marching to the proud booming of the thunder.

Yet often the turbulent skies are stilled, and peace reigns while death looms close; for winter is the time for death and dreams. It is now in the almost overwhelming silence that we see the graveyard, beneath the ivy mantled church, shrouded in the grey twilight mist of winter, peaceful and deserted. The rain beats gently down on the gravestones, trickling in rivulets down their sides like tears, wistfully mourning years passed by, and lives long spent. Here in this quiet serenity we see that death and winter are inseparable, death inevitable. As Shakespeare wrote of death:

"That time of year then may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late sweet birds sang."

Thus winter, despite its lack of warmth and displays of nature, is a variable season, restful yet restless, turbulent yet serene, evoking dreams, all clothed in the tranquil grey shroud of death.

Elizabeth Lewis.

SPRING

The trees started to come alive,
Small young bees left their hive.
Tender young buds began to appear,
Finally Spring was drawing near.

The colour came back to the children's faces;
Father was starting to take them places.
People's hearts were filled with cheer,
Finally Spring was drawing near.

The birds came back to their favourite tree,
Small green shoots appeared on the lea.
Soon small lambs would be playing here,
Finally Spring was drawing near.

Cheryl Pattle.

SLEEP

So deep is my sleep, in far away dreams.
Dreams that come and go within the night.
The darkness of night covers the world.
It's not only I that sleeps in far away dreams.

The starlight is lonely and blir.d in the midst of the night.

But sleep brings peace with closing eyes.
You shiver. The echoes of the night sound.
But all is gone. Sleep shuts out the darkness of the night.

Marie Krawac.

OUR PLACE

Yellow, it is drab,
Weeds grow round and grab
At one's ankles as they go.
Slash, slash we try to mow.

Squelsh, squelsh mud in your shoes,
Greasy, slimey stuff . . . ooze.
Broken windows, cracked walls,
My Pop's coming — splash — he falls.

The lawn's been mowed,
A change at last — and the road,
The cracked windows aren't no more
— Nor the hole in the front room floor.

I suspected some foul play
And wondered about it all day
Then when the buyer came to see,
I was forlorn — poor me.

The house is going, going, gone,
The new owner's name is Lon,
Here I am, all alone
Homeless in the slums — groan.

I'll sleep in the park I said with glee
There they don't charge a fee,
But I was kicked out into a lane,
I'll just wander down the road again.

Bobert Bottle.



TODAY

Much is cardboard.
Shows on the surface,
But behind . . . nothing!
Tinsel wrapping and glittering
Paper. Looks nice.
But cut it, and it falls
Apart.
Signs flash, screens shout
"Buy!" Impressive. Modern.
But they only want your money.
Damn you, Jack!
It's shallow. Futile, extravagant,
While others die in pain and
Squalor.

Geoffrey Hannon.

POOR ALLEY CAT

Poor old, hungry cat.
He slinks down the alley
Looking for food,
With fear
The dogs will appear.

Poor old, alley cat.
He has no home
His dinner comes from rubbish bins
Scraps and bits from discarded tins
Unless
Some kind person has a heart
And takes him in.

Poor old, scrawny cat
With his bones showing through.
Tired, for want of rest
For want of a better place to sleep
Instead of a rubbish heap.
He wants.
A bed of straw.

Poor old, squalid cat
He'd love a home
Someone to care for him
A fire to sit by
On a cold, rainy night
Food from kind gentle hands
And a nice warm bed.

Elizabeth Thomson.



REVENGE

Joe sat there with one arm on one knee and the other arm resting on the table, his hand poised to pick up a chess piece. He was bending forward and his intent eyes watched his opponent's every move with caution.

Joe was short, stubby and dirty. He was wearing a scruffy, blue lounge suit, a couple of sizes too big for him and under it a navy singlet. His face was gaunt and he had not shaved for several days. His almond-shaped eyes, bumped nose and thin, tight lips accentuated a cunning character. From each side of his head grew two tufts of hair.

His wiry hand suddenly sprang forward with a knight and he muttered, "Check."

His opponent was a rugged, tough roadworker from the Country Roads Board. He puzzled over the board and glared. He too wore a lounge suit, but was comparatively respectable. He tucked his tie back inside his jacket whenever it fell out. He had deep dark eyes, and aquiline nose. A cigarette drooped from his mouth. With a furrowed brow he scrutinized the game, and wriggled uncomfortably in his chair.

In a skilful move he covered his king. Joe quickly removed his opponent's bishop and smirked as he again muttered "Check", only to see his mistake. His opponent smoothly whipped away Joe's queen thus putting him in a very awkward position. Then he sat back in his chair, lit another cigarette and watched the intent expression on Joe's face. It was indeed a good move on his part.

Suddenly a commotion started up in the opposite corner of the room and the attention of Joe's opponent wandered to see two men angrily brawling. Joe made the most of his opportunity and surreptitiously altered the position of two of the chessmen. The brawl quickly settled, Joe calmly and obviously moved his bishop four squares and announced, "Check-mate".

He waited for his opponent's momentarily-startled reaction, as he examined his defeat. Joe collected the money and moved away leaving his bewildered opponent pondering over the board.

John Humphreys.

THE RIVER-BANK

I sat on the river bank casually letting my fishing line trail in the cool, crystal water which had its source in the refreshing, perfumed air of the mountains.

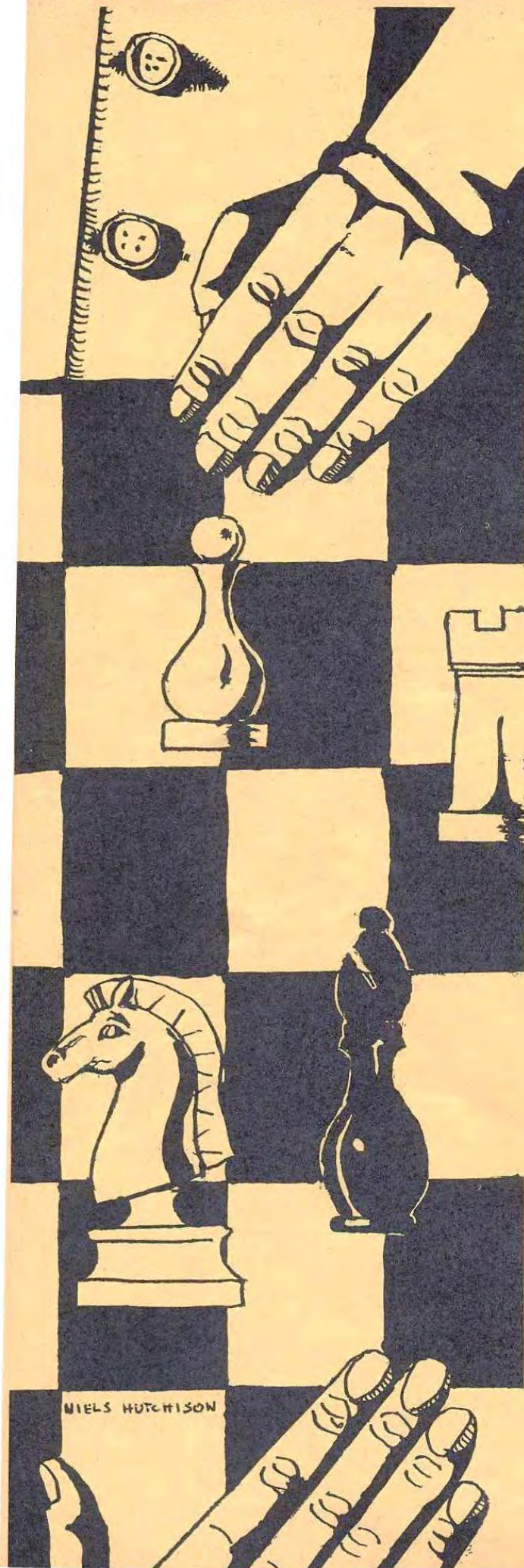
The sun pleasantly warmed my back and a cool breeze gathered the scents of the bush. The wattle and the eucalyptus combined to penetrate the air with a tangy aroma.

A flash of blue notified all onlookers that an Azure Kingfisher had been rewarded by his patience. A Blue Wren flitted through the boughs of an ageing Weeping Wallow. A Magpie chorused out. The song quickly taken up by a chuckle which turned into the gay laughter of the Kookaburra.

Dusk gradually settled over the bushland. All was quiet except for the splashing of the river and an occasional trout which for a few seconds had left his environment.

The sweet smell of burning wood delighted me as evening overtook the river bank.

Michael Hamilton.



TRAPPED — RESCUED

I had been having a fitful sleep when I was awakened by a scream from one of the other starved men. After his nightmare the screaming man, now awakened shook like a lone leaf. We comforted him and discussed our hope of deliverance for about the hundredth time since being locked up in one of the devil's death cells.

Every now and then a tremour ran through the ground. Small stones dislodged themselves from our cell and plopped to the ground or into the slowly rising water.

We looked vainly at the cave top through the solid black atmosphere in the hope that it would cave in to kill us quickly.

We were all conscious of a grating sound growing louder, getting nearer. Dirt and stones were thudding to the ground filling our cave with noise.

The stagnant atmosphere was filled with hysterical hope when the shiny red-hot drill plunged through the roof of our underground cave. We stumbled over to it and bashed at it with lumps of coal. The drill started to move again — upward, upward, leaving us all crowding around the hole. We stared up. Then amongst a shower of dust a trickle of sweet smelling air filtered through.

Above us we heard a cheering of voices. So we answered back with a roar which rid us of our dreadful past.

Thomas Johnston.

THE BEATNIK

The beatnik was beating on his drum
Chewing his arrowmint chewing gum!
When . . . "SHE" happened to pass along,
Singing the well known Beatnik song!
"Arrowmint adds to your fun . . .
It's a hit with everyone!"

He stood up and went outside . . .
And saw her wearing the Fashionable cowhide!
He took one look and his heart went bong!
When she sang the well known Beatnik song . . .
"Arrowmint adds to your fun . . .
It's a hit with everyone!"

They were wed, and lived in a mansion
And slept in a bed just because of the fashion
And every time the clock goes bong!
She sings to her children, the Beatnik song!
"Arrowmint adds to your fun . . .
It's a hit with everyone!"

Slavic Demczuk.

GIRLS' CROSS COUNTRY

You must run in the Cross Country;
We get told so bluntly.
"Oh, that would be a lot of fun,
As long as it's not in the sun,
Two miles is not a long-long way."
So off you'll start some cool, warm day.

You start off lively and so quick;
But come back limping, and so sick.
The many hills along our path,
Did not exactly make us laugh.
Also, among these hills so steep,
Were many holes which we did leap.

As the teachers their names signed.
To wait a while we didn't mind.
Come last? So what? Who cares? Not !!
At least, had a little try.
It we do have another one,
Please! Do not have it in the sun.



ENGINEERS

Every few seconds another wave breaks on the beach. As we approach we see the chief engineer and his assistant about to begin their momentous attempt to stop the onrush of the waves.

"Hey! What's your name?"

"Jimmy. What's yours?"

"Tommy. What're you doing?"

"I'm gunna build a bank."

"What! For money?"

"Na, to stop the waves as they come up the beach."

"That's fun. Can I help?"

"S'pose so. It's gunna be a real big one so that no waves can get over it."

"Where you gunna build it?"

"I dunno. Here'll do. You start pushing the sand up the beach to form a mound and I'll start scooping from behind and put all the sand on the mound. You better hurry too, because the tide comes up pretty fast.

So the chief engineer begins. He draws a line on the beach a few feet from where the water reaches now, and instructs his assistant to push the sand up to this line. They toil in the hot sun for five minutes. Then the chief engineer decided that his greater knowledge and skill is required for the task of pushing up on to the mound.

"Hey Tommy! I don't reckon that's fair. You can cool your feet in the water. Let's swap."

"Oh all right. I s'pose you can do my job. But I'm doing it later."

They work steadily as the waves roll in. Gradually the mound becomes higher and gradually the water laps further up the beach. Soon the assistant engineer is surprised to find that water is running around the edge of the mound and into the hole he has dug.

"Hey, you better come and build up the sides, the water's running in."

The chief engineer decides to give the matter his undivided attention. He desists from his former task and commences to pack sand along the edges of the hole so that the barricade now forms a U-shape. The pair start to work faster for the tide is coming in quickly now. Their haste becomes frantic as water begins to surge over the top. Suddenly there is an interruption. The assistant engineer is called away on urgent business.

"Tommy. Quit playing around there and come and have your dinner."

"Do I have to mum? Jimmy and I . . ."

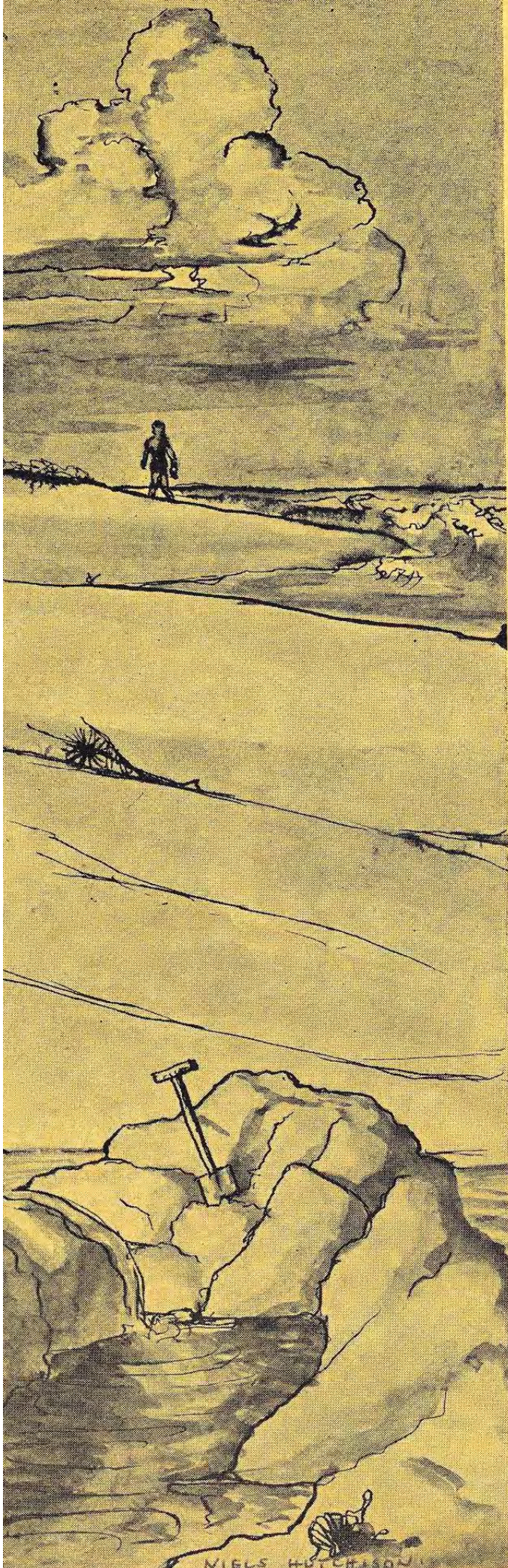
"Don't argue, get a move on."

The chief engineer is left on his own. The task is too much. He leaves his job uncompleted and as he walks off up the beach he laments that lack of manpower has caused the failure of another man's attempts to tame nature.

"Damn Tommy. He could've at least stayed a bit longer."

As we leave the scene we see the waves rolling in.

David Scott.



DEAD WOOD

It grew from a tiny seed close by its mother's trunk. For hundreds of years it soared upwards and grew mighty and strong. It basked in the hot sun and sea breezes, and lived a rich life. The first seed to drop from its boughs fell to earth before the birth of Christ and the last, when Columbus set out on his voyage. Then one day a great storm began to gather off shore and when it had worked itself into a terrible fury it began to lash the shore of the continent. It dragged back with it into the ocean, a huge piece of the continent's shore line, and the tree.

The tree lost many of its tremendous arms and was choked by the brine. Reluctantly, with a final sigh, it settled to the bottom of the ocean with only the fish to witness the titan.

One of its arms stayed afloat and was rescued by the friendly waters. For countless years it was the prize of the warring currents, belonging now to this one and now to the other. It saw many wondrous sights on its long journeys. It saw battles between whales, sharks, and most wondrous of all, battles between gigantic monsters that belched smoke at each other and waved great white arms at the sky. Then one of the creatures would sink and the other would float away. These monsters seemed to be made of the same substance as he himself was made. But perhaps his imagination had played him false.

The arm of the tree visited many strange places, and one in particular it would never forget — the floating graveyard of many of the monsters, together with thick clumps and soggy islands of sea weed. It was the Sargasso Sea.

Then one day a new current grasped it, and, together with the new wind, the current carried the driftwood closer and closer to the shore of a huge continent. Vaguely it could remember having been on land before. Or was it just a dream? He was so old he could no longer distinguish between dreams and reality. Many sleepless days and nights followed before he was very much nearer the shore, but one day with a particularly strong breeze behind, he began to move rapidly shorewards. A strange urgency was awakened inside him and he wanted with all his power to be on dry land again. Another day followed before he finally landed on the soft sand of the beach. He felt the warm dry air on his wrinkles and he died happily. The next morning some children and their parents happened to pass and saw the wonderful piece of artistry of the waves and took it back home with them, strapped to the back of their car. They placed it on the lawn of their fine house as an ornament. They placed it under the branches of a giant tree and there it stayed for many, many years, under the arms of its great-grandson.

J. Vanyai.



MUSIC THEATRE

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

Colour, spectacle and exciting singing were the key-notes of this year's production, "Music Theatre." Picture seventy-two negroes, the men in green shirts, white trousers and red shoes kneeling in a half circle at the front of the stage, behind them women, in dresses either with white polka dots on blue or green or with broad stripes of green, blue and orange. This scene from the Stephen Foster group was typical of the sights we were presented with during "Music Theatre". To thrill our ears were flawlessly rendered songs with rhythm, variation, delightful melodies and exciting harmonies.

From the name "Music Theatre" we gain some indication of the aim of the production — to present music and verse on stage and in costume, not as a choir but as actors. The production was designed to appeal to the general public and to allow a large number of students to take part. This last requirement was certainly fulfilled for there were six stage hands and a chorus of seventy-two.

The chorus started rehearsals late in June, practices being held at lunch and recess times during the week and from six to eight on a Tuesday evening. Initially the Tuesday night rehearsal was held at school but when most of the music had been learnt and experience on the stage was required, the use of Kernot Hall was secured and practices were held there.

With chorus rehearsals well under way, work was started on costuming and on building the set. The girls in the chorus had four different costumes to be made, the boys required two basic sets of clothes plus extras, such as a bandanna and a cravat, gaiters, boots and a cowboy hat. Three platforms and a large cable drum composed most of the set. The platforms were of different heights and sloped towards the front of the stage. For lighting effects a cyclorama was hung at the back of the stage. Designed to become any one of many different settings, with ladders, lanterns and a helm the set could become the deck of a ship, but with a pulpit a small organ and some boxes for seats it could become a church.

After long preparations the production was ready for the public. The show was composed of nine groups of songs, including Oriental folk songs, negro spirituals, cowboy songs and selections from the "Pirates of Penzance". For the first half the cast was white but during interval a change was effected and everyone became a negro for the negro spirituals, Stephen Foster songs, work songs.

On the three nights the show ran smoothly, in the polished manner the public has come to expect from Yallourn High. The slick appearance of the production was due mainly to the work of Mr. Pyers and Mr. Dooley who had been associated previously in producing "Oliver Twist" and "Toad of Toad Hall" at the school. The job of turning out a polished production was compounded by the fact that for a great part of "Music Theatre" the complete cast of seventy-two, was on stage. The difficulty involved in this was to get all the seventy-two knowing everything they had to do. Despite the large casts in "Toad" and "Oliver" it was only rarely that more than about ten people were on stage at once and this problem was largely peculiar to "Music Theatre". Due to the organisation of the producers and the efforts of the cast this problem was successfully overcome.

Apart from training the cast, Mr. Pyers and Mr. Dooley had to perform such thankless tasks as getting make-up artists and accompanists, buying materials, writing the programme and organising working bees for the set. For their efforts the producers, along with the cast had the reward of seeing large houses at the three performances and of having turned out a show equalling or surpassing the high standard attained by previous productions at the school.

With "Music Theatre" the public was treated to another in the long line of Yallourn High School productions a polished, sparkling show which although not named a spectacular, was truly, spectacular.

"Pylon" Report.



MUSIC THEATRE — CHORUS



VALDA O'NEILL
 MARGARET CAIN
 MAUREEN COWLES
 DIANNE TERRY
 SANDRA THOMPSON
 SANDRA JACKSON
 VERA KOLOMYEC
 RUTH LYNN
 JANINA GORBAL
 FLORENCE HAM
 HETTIE SWANINK
 MARGARET NUTT
 VERA LEIPER
 NORMA YULE
 LINDA RUSSELL
 MARGARET KIBBLE
 CORAL VALLI
 MARGARET BRISCO
 JILLIAN DOLPHIN
 JENNY CUTTER
 EILEEN FULLER
 JILLIAN LOFTS

SANDRA GARRET
 SVETLANA KARADZIC
 JOY IPSEN
 CAROL GORMAN
 MARGARET MORRISON
 MARGARET ROBERTSON
 IIS ORTOLJA
 CHRISTINE VINCENT
 WENDY BLACK
 ANNIE SWANINK
 JUNE MORGAN
 ELIZABETH LEWIS
 MARGARET LEWIS
 VERONICA LACEY
 SUSAN FRANCIS
 BEVERLEY ROBERTSON
 AILEEN MEIKLE
 BETH VAN STAVEREN
 HALINA MALIKO
 MARIE LARKIN
 ELIZABETH THOMSON
 RUBY PATTERSON

MARGARET MITCHELL
 PAULINE DOUGLAS
 JANIS GULBIS
 STEFAN TOMASZ
 GEOFFREY HANNON
 CHRISTOPHER MYERS
 JOHN HUMPHREYS
 KENNETH HUTCHISON
 PETER MATIEWJEW
 GEORGE MILOJEVIC
 JOE VANYAI
 RODNEY GRANT
 MICHAEL KOTIW
 ROBIN BAVINTON
 JOHN KIMBERLEY
 DAVID SCOTT
 IAN CHARLESWORTH
 PETER HUNTLEY
 BILL UDOWENKO
 ALAN LINABURY
 NEILS HUTCHISON
 PAUL TAYLOR



PETER LOCKE
 MICHAEL HAMILTON
 ROBERT LOWE
 GREGORY JONES
 RICHARD SNAPE