





PHILLIP BOYS

Once again this year the efforts of the Phillip House boys have been most disappointing to me, and I am sure it must have been exasperating to the girls who have tried so hard this year.

With the unforunate loss of Mr. Pyers from the position of House Master, our house seemed doomed in the house choir competition, but we rallied to come a creditable equal second.

The swimming sports and athletic sports this year yielded no significant result. Likewise the summer and winter sport, with perhaps the exception of the cricket in the summer and the cross-country runs in the winter, in which there was some notable efforts, but unfortunately only by the same few all the time.

In a joint effort with the girls we scored a very close third in both the egg and rag appeal.

Yard duty and wood cutting and carting again proved a headache, although mildly successful.

In conclusion, and so as to end on a brighter note, I would like to sincerely thank all those who have helped and supported me throughout the year.

To John Lambert, our Junior House Captain, Mr. Brown (House Master of our junior house), Mr. Elkner (House Master of our senior house), and Margaret Tullis, our girl House Captain, go my very special thanks.

To Phillip House, however, I must say all the very best for the future.

—GREG McMASTER

MAWSON GIRLS

After a rather drastic beginning to the year with a fourth place in the swimming sports, the cry of "You can do better if you try" became law around Mawson girls, and we proved we could, not to the greatest extent, but to such a degree of improvement on our first effort it seemed first-class to us. Yard duty during first term was excellent—and I mean excellent! On the girls' side, only two marks were lost for the whole term, and for this I sincerely congratulate the girls.

With all the interruptions during second and third term the duty standard has dropped, but at no time can I say it has been badly done.

I want to extend my thanks to Michael Kotiw and Miss Wallace for their wonderful efforts with our house choir. Although we only obtained equal second, we couldn't even have done that without their willing support. Thousands of thanks to those who took part. It was hard work, and we had our moments, but it was one of the proudest moments of my house captaincy. Our sport throughout the year hasn't been the best, but I feel that if more were put into it more would be gained from it.

We've had two seconds in the egg and rag appeal with the whole house pulling its weight tremendously, and once again bringing up Mawson's standard. I feel I should give a special mention and thanks to Valerie Fankhauser and Lynne Knight for their wonderful efforts in the athletic sports, also to Roslyn Hallworth who represented us so well in the public speaking.

My warmest and most sincere thanks go out to Miss Wallace and Miss Bennett who were wonderful throughout the year. We couldn't have done without their loyal support and help.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1964

PREFECTS

Christine Vincent (Senior), Robin Adams, June Morgan, Ruth Lynn, Elizabeth Thomson, Hettie Swanink.

Howard Ellis (Senior), John Alexander, John Humphries, Ian Fleming, Graham Morgan, Peter Skelton.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Senior

Bass: Carol Hunt, Neils Hutchison.
Flinders: Kristine Henry, Douglas Kimberley.
Mawson: Aileen Meikle, Grant McArthur.
Phillip: Margaret Tullis, Greg McMaster.

Junior

Bass: Linda Smith, Bruce Betts.
Flinders: Dianne Atkinson, John Baird.
Mawson: Pat Graham, John Udowenko.
Phillip: Dianne Robertson, John Lambert.

FORM CAPTAINS

VI: Margaret Nutt, Ken Hollands.
Va: Mary Van Staveren, Tony Ireland.
Vb: Elizabeth Entwistle, Terry Sullivan.
IVa: Penny Stitson, Joseph Kozak.
IVb: Linda Nutt, Robin Melvin.
IVc: Jan Jasinski.
IVd: Margaret Boskma.
IVe: Shona Stewart, John Vogel.
IIIa: Robyn Kenny, Malcolm Gibson.
IIIb: Wendy Le Lievre, John Lambert.
IIIc: Leanne Johnston.
IIa: Judith McDonald, Alan Davis.
IIb: Pamela Daddo.
Ia: Helen Dudley, Graham Dowers.
Ib: Jenny Ivanic.

KEY TO SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHS

(1) Senior Football. (2) Junior Softball. (3) Junior Basketball. (4) Soccer. (5) Senior Baseball. (6) Hockey. (7) Senior Basketball. (8) Junior Football. (9) Boys' Swimming. (10) Junior Boys' Basketball. (11) Senior and Junior Boys' Tennis. (12) Vigaro. (13) Senior and Junior Girls' Tennis. (14) Girls' Swimming. (15) Senior Cricket. (16) Senior Boys' Basketball. (17) Senior Softball. (18) Inter-School Athletics Team.

Classified Directory

OBITUARY

Died: Harvey (Scarface) Mottley, 44, beloved Policy Slip Banker, of a brain haemorrhage brought about by the pressure of a bullet administered by a policeman.

Died: Alvin (Macca) McArthur, 56, revered Syndicate torpedo, of severe burns sustained while sitting in a chair at Sing-Sing.

My thanks also go to Grant McArthur, the boys' House Captain, for his co-operation and help in various matters during the year, and to Joan Vickery, girls' Vice-Captain, and Sandra Prust, Junior House Captain, for their willing support. I can only hope that next year's house captain can enjoy and benefit from the experiences as much as I have. Good luck in 1965, Mawson, and don't be satisfied with so many seconds—restore the banner to its rightful place!

—AILEEN MEIKLE

Scholastic Results, 1963

MATRICULATION

Bruce Davis, Brian Francis, Geoff Hannon (2 Honours, Commonwealth Scholarship)), Colin Johnston (4 Honours, Commonwealth Scholarship), Alan McMaster, Ken Scott (1 Honour), Ian Skelton (3 Honours, Commonwealth Scholarship), Ben Thiedeman, Stefan Tomasz, Carol Gorman, Joy Ipsen, Iris Ortolja (1 Honour), Margaret Robertson, Chris Sambell (1 Honour), Janet Smith, Dianne Terry, Lorraine Wolfenden.

LEAVING

5a: John Alexander, Howard Ellis, Ken Hollands, John Humphreys, Peter Huntley, Peter Jenkinson, Peter Matwiejew, Geoff Morgan, Robert Parr, Svetislav Petrovic, Linton Planner, David Scott, Peter Skelton, Roger Stitson, David Stones, Joseph Vanyai, Robyn Adams, Joan Atkinson, Barbara Ferguson, Roslyn Hallworth, Elizabeth Lewis, June Morgan, Gabrielle Sova, Annie Swanink, Elizabeth Thomson, Coral Valli, Joan Vickery.

5b: Rodney Betts, Murray Champion, Geoff Dupree, Malcolm Foy, Barry Goode, Rodney Grant, Ray McInnes, Michael Kotiw, Rysard Kurek, Terry Smalley, Wendy Black, Margaret Brisco, Maree Clegg, Diana Garrett, Janina Gorbai, Vera Kolomyec, Veronica Lacey, Anne Luettgau, Ruth Lynn, Trena Nielsen, Margaret Nutt, Ruby Paterson, Marilyn Rodgers, Sheila Shaw, Hettie Swanink, Margaret Tullis, Beth van Staveren, Christine Vincent, Dianne Westbrook, Zofia Zelenwicz, Edna Crouch.

INTERMEDIATE

4a: G. Carter 8, E. Ciunelis 9, D. Drane 8, Z. Elinger 8, T. Ellis 7, M. Hill 8, N. Hutchison 10, T. Ireland 9, J. Jakobson 9, A. Kenny 9, G. Kivlins 9, M. Krautschneider 9, H. Laszczyk 9, R. Lowe 8, D. McArthur 8, J. McDill 9, E. McPherson 9, G. Middlemiss 8, C. Power 9, B. Ritzer 9, T. Sullivan 9, R. Teasdale 9, W. Thiedeman 8, A. Walsh 8, J. Waterson 9, C. Baird 8, J. Bremner 9, P. Douglas 9, K. Henry 8, K. Johnston 8, V. King 8, M. Larkin 8, J. Lofts 7, A. Meikle 9, M. Mitchell 8, E. Rushton 8, J. Scott 9, K. Skinner 8, J. Terry 9, M. van Staveren 9.

4b: R. Bottle 7, D. Blythe 5, S. Demczuk 3, J. Dobrogosz 5, D. Dubaich 7, B. Forbes 7, K. Gray 8, A. Huntley 2, P. Jackson 7, J. Jasinski 1, T. Johnston 6, G. Jones 2, J. Kimberley 2, J. Kobiela 7, J. Lang 6, A. Linabury 5, R. Loft 9, P. Lye 7, R. Menner 3, A. O'Hara 7, B. Planner 5, J. Scott 5, M. Sokcevic 8, L. Stallworthy 7, W. Udowenko 6, R. Vivian 1, S. Francis 2, S. Garrett 8, M. Kibble 5, W. Lacey 2, C. Pattle 4, B. Robertson 6, D. Ross 8, L. Vitols 7, K. Wright 8.

4c: L. Fewster 5, P. Hopcott 4, V. Kuczer 6, G. McArthur 9, A. McInnes 8, B. Masalski 7, A. Misiurka 5, G. Sands 7, J. Vasquez 2, M. Andrijczak 3, J. Ascolese 7, P. Barrons 7, M. Chopping 6, S. Coulthard 6, F. Crouch 6, H. Davis 7, E. Entwistle 7, E. Fuller 5, H. Gilchrist 7, M. Irvine

7, J. Kirchner 7, M. Krawec 5, S. Kurtschenko 7, J. Lane 7, V. Leiper 7, R. McArthur 5, D. Pedley 4, H. Prokopiwski 7, P. Vella 1, S. Wood 6.

4d: L. Anderson 2, C. Bourke 1, M. Brooker 7, D. Casey 3, R. Djordjevic 2, K. Egan 6, S. Henschel 2, R. Irving 2, L. Knight 1, D. McAuliffe 4, J. McIlwaine 3, H. Norden 4, C. Smith 4, C. Stagg 1, H. Sutherland 3, A. Swiggs 2, L. Telehus 6, K. Triller 3.

4e: G. Douglas 1, G. Gallagher 5, A. Gobius 6, M. Hamilton 1, P. Hannon 7, P. Lock 6, G. Morgan 8, P. Pavlovic 4, N. Sandman 3, G. Seath 8, B. Stevens 5, P. Trkulja 2, A. Vella 8, M. Curtis 4, E. Gaul 7, J. Gunn 7, T. Ischtchuk 3, R. Kempster 4, K. Kenny 4, D. Lambert 3, M. Lewis 2, C. Randall 2, P. Smith 3, G. Wurlod 3, N. Yule 2.

TEACHING BURSARIES FOR 1964

LEAVING: Anthony Ireland, John Waterson, Pauline Douglas, Aileen Meikle, Margaret Mitchell, Julia Scott.

MATRICULATION: John Humphreys, Peter Skelton, Roslyn Hallworth, Ruth Lynn, Hettie Swanink, Elizabeth Thomson, Margaret Tullis, Joan Vickery.

NURSING BURSARIES FOR 1964

Kristine Henry, Vivienne King, Marie Larkin, Jillian Lofts, Mary van Staveren.

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS FOR 1964

Graeme Sneddon, Judith Phillips, Marilyn Gloz, Lachlan McPherson, Jeff Gray, Erna Kimberley, David Lowe, Beverley Mee, John Brisco, Kerry French, Josie Vella, Ian Pringle, Linda Smith, Ross Chittum, Jeff Browitt, Brian Kenny, Kim Mitchell, Robyn Kenny, Anne Mitchell, Dianne Robertson, Stephen Morgan, John McClare, Beverley Malpass, Jill Mounter, Trevor Dolphin, Julie Godfrey, Jeff Gorman, Malcolm Gibson, Ann McInnes, Jeanette Tilley, Jennifer Langdon, John Udowenko, Joan Bailey, Christine Atkinson.

LOCAL SCHOLARSHIPS, 1964

State Electricity Commission: Kay Mewett, Geoff Barnes.

H. W. Wilson: Robyn Adams.

Y.H.S. Ladies' Auxiliary: Christine Vincent, William Thiedeman, John Waterson, Anthony Ireland, Manfred Krautschneider.

Yallourn Chamber of Commerce: Glenda Christie.

Morwell Shire Council: Denise Sullivan.

Narracan Shire Council: Helju Krajewski.

SOME OF OUR HISTORY

The Yallourn Higher Elementary School was established in 1928 as the top portion of the primary school, which had begun in 1922. There were 58 pupils in the first three forms, named F, E and D. The next year Forms C and B (Intermediate and Leaving) were added. The H.E.S. was administered by the primary school head teachers, in succession—Messrs H. J. Bull, J. Poletti, N. M. Abrahams, A. D. Hewitt and D. Lindsay, up to 1944, when the enrolment had reached 300. At that stage it was decided to proclaim a High School, and this was done in 1945 with Mr. J. E. Menadue as headmaster. In 1948 Mr. H. H. Champion took over, to be followed in 1953 by Mr. G. S. Ellis who continued until 1961 when Mr. A. Coulson became headmaster. This was the year of the maximum enrolment of 741 pupils. Since then the establishment of Newborough High School has caused the enrolment to drop to the present figure of 490 pupils.

The first Matriculation class began in 1946, and approval for Intermediate Certificate was granted in 1948. Approval for Leaving Certificate was granted about 1957.

The original building consisted of Rooms 3 to 9. The Science Room, Cookery Centre, Room I and Men's Staff Room were added in 1940. The Army huts (Rooms 10-11, 18-19) arrived from Geelong about 1946. The "house" which is now Rooms 12 and 13 was moved to its present position in 1949 after serving as a church, a school and Air Training Corps hall. The bicycle shelter was built at this time. The sports shed was shifted from No. 4 Hillside in 1950.

In 1951 the Bristol pre-fabricated classrooms (14-17) were built. Between 1952 and 1956 the R.S.L. hall had to be used for some classes, but the opening of Moe H.S. in 1953 and Morwell in 1956 relieved the pressure. Then in 1958 the unit comprising Rooms 20-22 was built. In 1960 the present wire-mesh fence was erected, with the bus-loading bay in Outlook Road. In 1962 the asphaltting in front of the school, and the channelling around the oval were completed.

5B GLANCES

'Old Lionel's aid to Brit. Hist———scored highest marks (for Philerbustering) this year.

Bisha has also helped this year. We may finish Brit. Hist. by Christmas (next year). (Is it going to be on the paper?)

Pauline nominated official reader of all texts by Mr. Brown (and shaker of University Examiners' hands).

Then there was the person who became so excited on his French excursion that he tore up his ticket and had to sneak in to the French Night.

Official taster (of the bitter, sour and sweet) . . . Jill and Grant.

Remember the bright red faces during a Biology lesson when somebody had a slip of the tongue (and in Form VI Expression?).

Overheard in Geog. . . "One often hears of a river falling, but never of hurting itself." Why? "Because it always falls on its own bed."

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

"Here is another hate-filled planet, Lareto. I suppose we carry out the usual procedure?"

The small, square-shouldered man turned his bearded face to the speaker. "Do as you will, Kumbara. I am tired of destroying bad planets. As soon as you have finished this one we will turn the space-bomber back to our planet, Vlakan."

Lareto laughed happily as he pulled a red lever. "See how your disintegrating bomb speeds towards earth. Soon that planet will no longer exist!"

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John Mays was smiling as he entered the office of Alan March, the editor of the "Daily Clarion".

"Well, Mays," demanded March, "have you anything of real interest to put in the evening issue?"

Mays answered, "If you want another cock-and-bull story about cigar-shaped space-ships and little men, I have the latest. It has a new twist though. The rocketship didn't land, and the only thing that happened was that a large silver object was floating down to earth." He snickered. "I thought that the age of fairy-tales had passed."

March tapped impatiently on his desk. "Go out and find a story that's true, Mays. I've had enough of these tales about little green men. They just waste space in the paper."

Mays snickered, "You don't want to send anyone to check on this story, Chief?"

March shouted at the ferret-faced reporter, "Get out of here, you idiot! You know I wouldn't send anyone on such a useless errand."

"All right! All right! I was just going anyway. Mays turned to the door. As he placed his hand on the knob there was a blinding flash and a thunderous roar as if a forty megaton bomb had exploded.

Within two seconds all was quiet and still.

Lareto gazed, satisfied, upon the gigantic cloud of dust. "Kumbara, you must admit that our latest work of destruction has been very successful. Earth and its wars are no more, and we may return to Vlakan. Our mission of peace has been completed."

—MICHELLE PETERS

A Tall Tale of Tommy

Indeed it would astonish you
To hear of all the things Tom knew.
He could speak of motor-cars and bikes,
Or how to make four-tailed kites,
He could do all Mr. Waters' sums
And even some of Mrs. Gunn's.
He knew what made mechanics tick
And could find the density of brick.
Most times he was thinking in his den
Or doodling about with a fountain pen.
One day, while digging up the yard,
I'm afraid he dug just a little too hard,
Down into the ground he went,
And that was the end of Tommy Brent.

—JENNIFER HUTCHISON, 1a

INTERVIEW WITH THE HEAD

Slowly, the hands of the clock indicated that the INTERVIEW was about to begin, as I turned my socks down, attempted to remove my make-up with a grubby handkerchief, and made an unsuccessful effort to make my uniform reach my quaking knees.

Nervously, I stepped up to the door and knocked.

"Come in," boomed a voice, and, turning the handle of the door, I entered.

The thick carpet deadened the sound of my footsteps as I moved hesitantly to the centre of the room. The door swung closed behind me. I was trapped!

"Umm-m-m," I murmured, wondering desperately if he had heard about the broken windows, or the incident which resulted in the English teacher getting drowned in ink, or the history teacher having been locked in the cupboard, or—suddenly HE moved. Closing his book, he glared down on me from his huge desk.

"Who are you?" he rumbled, staring at my right knee.

"Oh," I gulped, leaning forward in a useless attempt to conceal the word written there—"Ringo" in red, blue and green ink.

"I'm Mary Ceannibal, Mr. Hatson," I stutted. Slowly he rose to his feet. He must have been ten feet tall, and I shrunk a foot or three as he opened his mouth to speak again.

"I believe you dropped this!" he said ponderously, holding out my fountain pen. "It was found yesterday by the gate."

Slowly the room began to move around, as I sank to the floor in a dead faint.

—MARGARET CANOVAN, 4e

OUR SCHOOL FILM

Our school film was inspired by the fact that we were having pre-fair activities to raise money before our fair.

Our form, IIIa, was in charge of the making of the film, and each form had a part in it. Before we made it we had to get the necessary finance, so Mr. Cook collected 2/- from each person who wished to see it. For this price we were to see it twice. But many forms wanted to be in it, but not to see it, mainly because we were in the lead for the prize—a Christmas party at the end of the year. So we had to limit the number of forms who took part to the forms in which two-thirds of the form wanted to see it.

Then it was up to the students to make an appointment with Mr. Cook for the filming. Even so, there were many difficulties, the chief one being weather.

At last we were told that the school film was complete and we were to see it that afternoon. We found it was better than expected, but, in spite of making the film more hilarious, the absence of sound was rather a blow. The second time through was backwards, making it funnier than could be imagined. An example of this is 4d's section, where, instead of escaping from prison the crooks backed themselves in!

Although the film involved hard work for many, we feel that it was well worth the effort.

—MARILYN GLOZ, IIIa

I HATE THE BEATLES

(From a Father's point of view)

The radio is on—full volume. The room is filled with something the fans call "music", but which I definitely class as rubbish.

I groan as my daughter starts screeching along with these creatures with their utterly ridiculous name. At length, not having been able to stand this any longer, I call out, "Georgina, switch that trash off." My twelve-year-old daughter had been "Gina" to our family until George Harrison came into her life. Since then she has insisted on being called Georgina after her idol.

She still hasn't switched off that radio. Oh-h-h! What are they screeching now? Sounds like, "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!"

Yes, the so-called Beatles are something I hate.

—SUSANNE BERG, Form Ia

The Beatles

T'was the Beatle Boys from Liverpool

That caught the public's eye,
With their long and shaggy unkempt hair—
You'd often wonder why;
There's John, Paul, George and Ringo,
With their strumming beat;
If you see them you'll go wild,
They'll knock you off your feet.

Till they emerged from Liverpool
Their names were hardly known,
But their popularity through the world
Has simply grown and grown.
People ask, "Why do you like them
And what's in them that you see?"
But you just give your answer as
"The Beatles are for me."

When they first came to our fair land,
Then everybody knew,
That the English groups we idolized
Were really very few.
But these boys whom people think are a bore,
Are the very ones that I adore,
And although their songs aren't works of art
They sure hit our Top-40 chart.

I'm not the only one who loves them,
And this makes me very glad,
'Cause people then will not think
That I'm just simply mad.
There's other boys that I do like
And I'm sure you will agree;
But if there was a wish that I could grant
It would be a Beatle just for me.

—GLENDA CHRISTIE, IVd

The Beatles

1. These four lads known as the mop tops,
Are the new makers of the pops,
Can they beat the fame of "ELVIS"?
2. There's John, Paul, George and Ringo,
And in the words of their fans they really singo;
3. Their songs, beat and clothes are new,
This has their fans plenty, not few.
4. John Lennon wrote a book in his own "talk",
Ringo is to lose his tonsils so he won't talk.
5. These are the four in my eyes,
They are the "BEATLES" and not the flies.

—A. C. WHITE, IVc

SCENE AT THE SCHOOL FAIR

There were posters all over the school, introducing all the items to be sold or seen. The Fair was held to raise money for the school. There was a health-drink stall, a toy stall, a book stall, riding horses, breaking china, a coffee lounge and a fortune-teller. Our form's stall was the health-drink stall and raised approximately £6/5/-. The book stall was also a great hit because lots of children love reading (so do I).

There were streamers and balloons, and the most amusing thing was when I went to see the fortune-teller (what she told me I could have guessed myself). I also went into the ghost house; when I entered it was dark, and I screamed as somebody pulled my hair, but at last I came out into the fresh air.

In the evening there was a barbecue and later there was dancing, and it all finished at about ten o'clock. I think everybody deserved praise for working so well at the Y.H.S. Fair.

—MILICA MILENTIJEVIC

November 14th, 1964, the sun shone in Gipps-land. These two poems resulted from it:

"Sunburn"

With bursting heart and empty head
We go out into the sun to make a bed,
And lie down with the hope of a little sleep.
We say that our scorching backs will keep.

Although we are burnt to a lobster red,
We do not rise from our comfortable bed.
Of covering up, no thought have we,
We just say, "We're not that red", and let it be.

Comes the night with its searing pain,
But still we say, "We'll do it again."
Although our friends laugh, we grin and bear it,
But as for our shirt, we cannot wear it.

—F. KEMPSTER, 4c

"Sunburn"

The sun is hot, the hills are blue,
The water smiles as it ripples along
The golden shore, where I run and jump
Free as a bird in the summer sky.

I'm getting brown—Oh heavenly joy!
But is that a trace of red I see?
I can't be burning, it's not THAT hot!
I'll cover up later, an hour won't hurt.

I was free once. A few days ago
I ran along the beach with glee,
But now my back is a burning torch
And my tan is forever doomed.

I was free once, an eternity ago,
Before the fiery fingers of pain
Reached out and caressed my colourless back.
But now in agony I curse the sun and pray
For winter's icy rain.

—M. CANOVAN, 4c

THE DESTROYER

The gallant little destroyer ploughed on through the heavy sea. Lieut.-Commander Lee, better known as "George", was standing on the bridge thinking about the operation that lay in front of him: "You will find and destroy that radar station in Southern Norway." George kept repeating this order in his mind. His thoughts were rudely awakened by the bridge look-out. "Unidentified ship on starb'd quarter!" George immediately put the binoculars to his eyes and looked for a fraction of a second before he pressed the buzzer marked "Action Stations". Men were running to their stations when the first salvo came over—well over; but the next salvo wasn't. All they heard was a whistling sound and "Crash!" The frail ship was lifted clean out of the water, but plunged back, miraculously unharmed. "Guns! Maximum elevation! Load! FIRE! Load! Load! Load! FIRE!" Her salvo crashed into the sea ten yards from the big German cruiser which by now had put a shell clean through the destroyer's forward funnel. Another crashed into the quarter-deck, wrecking Y-gun and killing its crew. With fires raging around him, George turned to the voice-pipe, "Torpedo tubes, bear on enemy! FIRE ALL TUBES!" Ten twenty-one inch torpedoes leapt from the ship and sped towards their target. Six of them hit, but now eight eight-inch heavy armour-piercing shells tore into the ship from bow to stern, ripping the mast, funnels and two guns out of place. George again turned to the voice-pipe. "Hard-a-starb'd, full speed ahead, stand-by to ram!" Shaking and shuddering, the old destroyer turned and ran towards the enemy. By now the cruiser was pouring everything into her, but on she came. B-gun fired, fired and fired again. The destroyer went back, and came yet again. George ordered, "Abandon ship!" before leaping over the side. From the cruiser's fore-castle he and the other twenty survivors watched her sink. Lieutenant-Commander George Lee, D.S.C., saluted her for the last time before the hungry sea engulfed the gallant destroyer.

—L. McPHERSON, 3a

The Rain

There's companionship and comfort,
At the pattering of the rain,
I lie waiting sleep-deserted,
For the owl to hoot again.

The sparrows stir and squabble,
In their nests behind the leaves,
The drainpipes flute and gurgle,
With the flood from dripping eaves.

The eager earth is sighing,
As it drinks deep once again,
The trees stand, all atremble,
At the coming of the rain.

I know deep in my heart
That the rain cannot last,
But companionship it's given me
All through my life's long past.

—PAM CLARKE, 3a

TRAPPING A WILD GOAT

It had been three weeks that I had lived in hunger on this tropical island (except for a few coconuts and fish). I had been shipwrecked by a coral reef, and was the only survivor. The large blanket that I had hung up by the shore, was a signal for a passing ship. I had managed to build a raft, and to cart along some of the goods on the ship, such as nails, planks of wood, and a few clothes and blankets.

One day while looking over a rise I saw a wild goat on the hill about half-a-mile away. There and then I decided to catch it.

First I made a large clearing, blocking it like a paddock with rocks, broken-down trees and twigs, except for a space I would block up later.

Climbing up the hill I saw the goat in the distance. The goat ran down the hill and stood near the clearing. As I got closer the goat started backing up, closer and closer, nearer and nearer it moved towards my trap. Not sensing he was walking into a trap, he walked right on all sides, as they say in England "like a rat in a trap".

Quickly I blocked up the space that I had left open, and decided to have a little celebration of:—

Coconuts from the trees,

Fish from the sea, and

Milk (the main course) from the goat which I named Nanny.

—MILICA MILENTIJEVIC

Dreamland

The voice of the willows,
over the creek,
Brings me back to dreamland,
upon the golden shore,
upon the golden sand.
With the murmur of the waters,
up to the sandy shore,
With the palm trees in the background,
and the blossoms blooming fair,
My heart will never stray away
from the beauty there.
But, then again I hear the voice
of the whispering willows calling me.
I wish I could remain
and stay in dreamland again.

—URSZULA HORBACZ, 1b

The Drought

The dams are nearly dry now,
The grass is rather brown,
And on the farmers' faces
Is a worried-looking frown.
The stock are getting thinner,
Some have already died,
The melons must be watered,
And the soil is cracked and dried.
The bush fires are raging,
Still they burn at noon,
But still we hope and pray,
That it will rain soon.

—LORRAINE KERR, IVd

DON'T READ THIS

Please don't read this. You are not going to gain any knowledge from it. This article is just a lot of trash. Why are you still reading it? There is nothing educational in this article that you can gain. In fact you would gain more knowledge from a Secret Seven book than from this article. I just cannot understand why you are still reading this worthless piece of literature.

You are intelligent Yallourn High School students, so surely you can read. You can? Well read the heading of this article. Well, will you tell me why you are reading it? Look, we are more than half-way through it and you are still reading it. I warned you at the beginning not to read this nonsense, but you still are. I only have a few more words to write and you are still reading. The finish is drawing closer every word I write. Why are you reading this article? I warned you at the very beginning not to read it.

Now tell me honestly. Have you really benefited from it. I told you right at the beginning.

DON'T READ THIS!

—JANET MCKINNA, Form IIIa, Bass

Hardy Hardy Haaa ! ! !

1. In Fire Safety Week a 3rd grade class had to write a slogan and illustrate. One seven-year-old wrote, "Be careful when you are smoking in bed because the fag you burn might be your wife."

2. Q. What did Tarzan say when the elephants were coming?

A. Here come the elephants.

3. Q. What did Jane say when she saw the elephants crashing under the undergrowth?

A. Here come the strawberries, because she was colour-blind.

4. Q. Why are elephants grey?

A. To distinguish them from strawberries.

5. Q. Why do elephants wear gumboots?

A. So that they don't make a noise when they jump out of trees.

6. Q. Why don't pygmies walk round from one o'clock to two o'clock in the morning?

A. Because that's when elephants jump out of trees.

7. Q. Why are pygmies small?

A. Because they walk round from one o'clock till two o'clock in the morning.

8. Q. What do you do when a bee and a flea bite you?

A. Sting along with itch.

—ANONYMOUS

Think! Department

"Daddy, why do rats leave a sinking ship?"

"So they do not get drowned."

"But, Dad, where do they escape to?"

☆

"Last night, Dad, I dreamed you gave me a shilling."

"Well, you've been a good boy, my son, you can keep it."

☆

"Oi be nuts about'ee, Clara."

"Oi Jarge. Oi thought you said you weren't one for making pretty speeches."

AN ELEPHANTINE, TORTUROUS JOURNEY

All over Australia, particularly in Victoria, people are pushing each other up and down mountains, mainly for bets. That kind of thing is child's play to me. The record I made remains unbeaten.

It was when I carried an elephant from Perth to Brisbane. One of my elephants—I keep a herd in the back yard to keep the lawn down—took sick and it was apparent that he needed medical attention. I set off from Perth at dawn, carrying the elephant, with a man walking out front with a red flag. We ran out of provisions on the way so the man ate the flag. In fact, by the time we reached our destination there wasn't much left of the elephant on account of me gnawing at it all the time. Tramping across the desert in the bitter sun was a bitter struggle. The only shade I had was the elephant.

At night I pulled the elephant over me to keep me warm. As the days wore on he became feverish and then started whimpering. I had to walk up and down all night with him. Anyhow, I got him off at last, but needless to say he lost a ton and a half in a fortnight. I was worried to death. I would sit beside him, hold his foot and listen to his breathing. Occasionally, I would take his pulse and wash it in antiseptic, after which I would have to take the antiseptic, fold it up, replace the wheels on it and grind its valves.

After three weeks the man with the red flag went mad and the antiseptic, now terrified, bolted. I shot the man, put the elephant down and set off after the antiseptic. I caught it at last, and led it back to where the bleating elephant lay bleeding pitifully. I applied a tourniquet in order to stop him bleeding to death, and, picking the elephant up, I staggered on, followed by the thoroughly exhausted antiseptic.

About this time I started eating small pieces of the elephant. I started on his already ragged ears and he didn't seem to mind, but when I commenced to devour one of his legs he looked at me so pitifully that tears ran down my face, giving me my first drink for four days. By the fourth week I was so emancipated (ignorant), I was forced to remove my spurs, fasten them on to the elephant's tusks and wheel him along, by picking up his hind legs and pushing. In this manner we staggered into Melbourne. (A printer's error. They always make errors. I never do.) I took what was left of the elephant to the vet. He said, "What was this?"

"My elephant," I replied weakly. I was almost spent. As a matter of fact I had hardly any loose change. He rolled up my elephant and handed him back to me. "There's nothing I can do," he said. Sadly I put him in his trunk and left him at the Railways Parcel Office. Sometimes I take out the ticket on long winter evenings and look at it.

Ain't life horrible?

—STEPHEN REED, IVa

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HORSE

"Happy birthday, Robby." The father smiled fondly, but with a hint of sadness, as his frail little son stared with delight at the brightly-painted rocking horse.

"Father! He is the most beautiful horse in all the world!" cried the boy. "Let me ride him, please." The man tenderly lifted the boy on to the red saddle, and placed the reins in his hands. He sat proudly, rocking to and fro. "I shall call him Beauty," said the child happily, but suddenly he began to cough violently.

A worried frown crossed the father's face as the boy clutched at his chest. "Robby, come down now. You will over-exert yourself, and you know the doctor said that you must rest. You may ride Beauty again tomorrow." The coughing child allowed himself to be carried from the drawing room.

Presently a maid-servant entered, and began to flick the dust from the Victorian furniture. Glancing at the rocking horse she snorted disapprovingly. "Humf! The master shouldn't have bought such a toy for the lad, him almost dead of consumption, but I suppose the man wants to give the boy as much as he can in the short time the child has left. The doctors gave him a month at the most to live. Things haven't been the same since the mistress died last year." She swept out of the room.

The rocking horse stood there, resplendent in red leather and shining paint, a perpetual smile on his wooden face.

Outside the window a misty rain was falling. Be-whiskered gentlemen stepped hurriedly into their carriages, and horses trotted daintily along the street. Ladies in long silk dresses swept into tall houses. Children bowled hoops along the pavement, not heeding the rain.

The hours moved swiftly by. Soon the night fell, and a lamp-lighter moved from lamp to lamp, lighting up the street.

The drawing-room door opened quietly, and a small figure in a nightgown stepped softly into the room. His face was pale with the moonlight that shone through the window on to the horse. "One ride before I go to bed. I must not let Father know," whispered a small voice. He pulled himself slowly into the saddle, coughing as he did so. "Now, my own Beauty, we shall ride together. We shall ride and ride and ride and—" He coughed once more—"And ride on, to wherever you may go. Faster, my steed Beauty, faster, faster!" His voice rose to a scream.

The father, in his bedroom, heard the boy's cries.

He flung himself downstairs and burst into the drawing-room. Rushing across the carpet he seized the child in his trembling arms. After a moment he sobbed, "Dead!" and hot tears of grief fell upon the lifeless body of his son.

The rocking horse stood, and in the moonlight the smile upon its face seemed to broaden.

—MICHELLE PETERS, IIa

ROLL CALL

FORM 6

ALEXANDER, John
CHAMPION, Murray
DUPREE, Geoffrey
ELLIS, Howard
FLEMING, Ian
GANZ, Peter
HOLLANDS, Kenneth F. C.
HUMPHREYS, John
HUNTLEY, Arthur
JENKINSON, Peter
KOTIW, Michael
MATWIEJEW, Peter
MORGAN, Geoffrey
NUNAN, Peter
SKELTON, Peter
STITSON, Roger

ADAMS, Robyn
BLACK, Wendy
BRISCO, Margaret
CROUCH, Edna
HALLWORTH, Roslyn
LYNN, Ruth
MITCHELL, Patricia
MORGAN, June
NUTT, Margaret F.C.
SWANINK, Hettie
THOMSON, Elizabeth
TULLIS, Margaret
VALLI, Coral
VICKERY, Joan
VINCENT, Christine

FORM 5A

BOTTLE, Robert
CARTER, Gregory
CIUNELIS, Edward
DUBAICH, Dusan
ELINGER, Zdenko
ELLIS, Trevor
FORBES, Bryan
HUTCHISON, Niels
IRELAND, Anthony F.C.
JACKSON, Peter
JAKOBSON, John
KENNY, Albert
KIVLINS, George
KRAUTSCHNEIDER, Manfred
LASZCZYK, Henry
LOFT, Raymond
LOWE, Robert
McARTHUR, Dean
McDILL, John
McPHERSON, Ewan
MORGAN, Robin
POWER, Craig
RITZER, Bernard
SOKCEVIC, Mihailo
STALLWORTHY, Lennard
STONES, David
TEASDALE, Robert
THIEDEMAN, William
WALSH, Aubrey

JAMROZ, Mary
JOHNSON, Karen
KING, Vivienne
LARKIN, Marie

LOFTS, Jillian
MEIKLE, Aileen
MITCHELL, Margaret
PEARLESS, Deidre
ROBERTSON, Beverley
RUSHTON, Edna
SCOTT, Julia
SKINNER, Kristine
TERRY, Jennifer
VAN STAVEREN, Mary F.C.
VITOLINS, Liene

FORM 5B

DAVIES, John
DRANE, David
GRAY, Kenneth
HANNON, Peter
KIMBERLEY, Douglas
KOBIELA, John
KUCZER, Vladimar
LANG, John
LOCK, Peter
McARTHUR, Grant
McDERMID, Thomas
McINNES, Andrew
McMASTER, Gregory
MASALSKI, Bisha
MIDDLEMISS, Gary
RUSHTON, Frank
SULLIVAN, Terrence F.C.
VELLA, Alfred
WATERSON, John

BAIRD, Carol
BARRONS, Patricia
BREMNER, Jill
BROOKER, Marilyn
CHOPPING, Margaret
COULTHARD, Suzanne
DAVIS, Helen
DOUGLAS, Pauline
EGAN, Kathleen
ENTWISTLE, Elizabeth F.C.
GILCHRIST, Heather
GREENLEES, Peggy
GURAL, Stefka
HAM, Florence
HENRY, Kristine
HUNT, Carol
IRVINE, Moira
KIRCHNER, Julie
KURTSCHENKO, Soya
LANE, Jeanette
LEIPER, Vera
PROKOPIWSKI, Halina
TELEHUS, Nina
VELLA, Pauline

FORM 4A

ANDERSON, Daryl
APPS, Graeme
BARNES, Geoffrey
BLYTHE, David
CHITTEM, Ross
CLARK, John
COULSON, Edward
DOBROGOSZ, Joseph
EVANS, Chris
FERGUSON, David

HALL, Ronald
KENNY, Brian
KOZAK, Joseph F.C.
KROMOLOFF, Peter
LOWE, David
PLANNER, Barry
REED, Stephen
SCOTT, John
SEATH, Douglas
THOMSON, Ian
WADDINGTON, Donald
WALKER, Kenneth

FRANCIS, Susan
HOBDEN, Dianne
HUNT, Barbara
KIBBLE, Margaret
LANE, Annette
LARECKI, Sophie
McINTOSH, Deidre
McKELLAR, Barbara
MacRAE, Pieta
PONTIN, Karen
STITSON, Penelope
SULLIVAN, Denise
WATERSTON, Mary
WRIGHT, Cheryl

FORM 4B

BERQUEZ, Victor
CLAXTON, Raymond
DEMCZUK, Slavic
FOX, Gregory
GALLAGHER, Graeme
GLOVER, David
GRAHAM, Mervyn
HANNON, Ronald
HUNTLEY, Alan
IRVING, Stuart
JONES, Gregory
KIMBERLEY, John
LOCK, Wayne
McMASTER, Ian
MARTIN, Stephen
MELVIN, Robert F.C.
MENNEN, Robert
MISIURKA, Ramon
SAMBELL, Arnold
SAMSON, Vladimir
STEVENS, Barry
TAYLOR, Paul
VANYAI, Andrew
WAITE, Phillip
WALL, John

ABEL, Susan
ANDERSON, Irene
BOWLER, Penny
BREEN, Kathleen
HOLMES, Ann
HOYUNE, Robin
LACEY, Winifred
McAULIFFE, Rhonda
NUTT, Linda F.C.
ORME, Carol
PEARLESS, Yvonne
STEARMAN, Judith
SZULC, Stanislava
WHITELEY, Anne

FORM 4C

ABBOTT, Bryan
 ARMSTRONG, Donald
 BATES, Edward
 BOWMAN, Ronald
 CHISHOLM, Raymond
 COURTNEY, Ian
 COVE, Rick
 CRANE, Rodney
 DINSDALE, Robert
 ESSE, Charles
 HAEBICH, Kerry
 IRVINE, James
 JASINSKI, Jan F.C.
 MALININ, Michael
 MALLEE, Gerry
 MILNE, Philip
 NIELSON, Peter
 PAVLOVIC, Peter
 PUCKERIDGE, Geoffrey
 TATLOW, Douglas
 TRKULJA, Peter
 VIVIAN, Robert
 WALLIS, Alan
 WHITE, Anthony

FORM 4D

ALDRED, Gail
 ALLEN, Cheralyn
 ANDERSON, Lynette
 ANDRYCZAK, Mary
 BOSMA, Margaret F.C.
 BOURKE, Elizabeth
 BURNETT, Elizabeth
 CASEY, Donna
 CHRISTIE, Glenda
 CHURCH, Dianne
 COOPER, Lee-Anne
 DELEHAY, Maureen
 DICKASON, Irene
 DINGWALL, Jillian
 ENGELSMA, Betty
 FANKHAUSER, Valerie
 FULLER, Eileen
 GOODYEAR, Maureen
 GRANT, Sandra
 HADDRICK, Myra
 HAMILTON, Joyleen
 HAMILTON, Linda
 HILDTICH, Suzanne
 IRVING, Robyn
 KERR, Lorraine
 KNIGHT, Lynette
 KRAJEWSKI, Helyu
 McKEAN, Sherril
 McNAIR, Barbara
 McNAIR, Margaret
 MALIKO, Halina
 MEWETT, Kay
 O'BRIEN, Maureen
 PARRY, Dianne
 RAY, Karen
 SADDINGTON, Stella
 SCOTT, Susan
 SMITH, Cheryl
 STAGG, Carolyn
 WALKER, Margaret
 WALLIS, Karen
 WASIUKIEWICZ, Helena
 ZARB, Delores

FORM 4E

ABERY, Robin
 BATTY, Kenneth

HYDE, Graham
 KEMPSTER, Frank
 POOLE, Phillip
 PORTER, Gregory
 SMITH, Rodney
 WALSH, Daniel
 VOGEL, John F.C.

BROWN, Patricia
 CANOVAN, Margaret
 CROWE, Susan
 RADENKOVIC, Renate
 STEWART, Shona F.C.
 WALSH, Tina
 WITHELL, Margaret
 YULE, Norma

FRM 3A

BAIRD, Robert
 BILSTON, John
 BRISCO, John
 BROWITT, Jeffrey
 DOLPHIN, Trevor
 GIBSON, Malcolm F.C.
 GORMAN, Jeffrey
 GRAY, Jeffrey
 HEDDLES, Stephen
 HOUSE, Christopher
 KRAUTSCHNEIDER, Karl
 McCLARE, John
 McPHERSON, Lachlan
 MITCHELL, Kim
 MITCHELL, Stephen
 MORGAN, Stephen
 NYEBOER, Henry
 PRINGLE, Ian
 SNEDDON, Graeme
 UDOWENKO, John
 VINCENT, Paul

BAILEY, Joan
 BODEY, Irene
 CLARKE, Pamela
 FRANCIS, Christine
 FRENCH, Kerry
 GLOZ, Marilyn
 GODDARD, Annette
 GODFREY, Julie
 GORBAL, Teresa
 KENNY, Robyn F.C.
 KIMBERLEY, Erna
 KOTIW, Helena
 LANGDON, Jenny
 LOWE, Sylvia
 McKINNA, Janet
 MALPASS, Beverley
 MITCHELL, Anne
 PITTAWAY, Susan
 PRUST, Sandra
 ROBERTSON, Margaret
 SAGAR, Carole
 SMITH, Linda
 TILLEY, Jeanette

FORM 3B

BAILLIE, Laurence
 BETTS, Bruce
 CHURCH, Gregory
 DANIELS, Ronald
 EDMUNDS, Graham
 HAM, Harold
 JOHNSON, Russell
 LAMBERT, John F.C.
 LUCAS, Bruce

McDONALD, Danny
 MILOJEVIC, Edward
 RYAN, Gregory
 SANDMAN, Gary
 SHEPHERD, Darrell
 SMITH, Gary
 VAJLER, Alexander
 WRIGHT, Neville

FORM 3B

ALLEN, Jeanette
 ATKINSON, Christine
 CARTLEDGE, Dianne
 CHARLESTON, Dianne
 CULLEN, Carol
 FOGGO, Jeanette
 LeLIEVRE, Wendy F.C.
 LERCHE, Tove
 McCOY, Ann
 MORRISON, Ruth
 WILLIAMS, Judith

FORM 3C

ASCOLESE, Annie
 ASHMORE, Helen
 ATKINSON, Diane
 CLAYSON, Pamela
 COOK, Janice
 CURTIS, Julie
 DEARMAN, Patricia
 FRENCH, Irene
 GRAHAM, Patricia
 HAMILTON, Merle
 JOHNSTONE, Leanne, F.C.
 LOCK, Pauline
 McINNIS, Ann
 McNAUGHTON, Lorna
 MILANOVIC, Anna
 PINAL, Deanna
 SAGAR, Claire
 SMITH, Carole
 STEVENS, Judith
 VELLA, Josie
 WALL, Helene
 WALLIS, Karen
 WALTON, Beverley

FORM 2A

BRADBURY, Max
 BYRON, Leigh
 CRANE, John
 DAVIS, Alan F.C.
 GANZ, Reginald
 GRIVINS, Valdis
 HALL, John
 HARRISON, Ralph
 HARVEY, Stephen
 HAWKEN, Russell
 KARLEUSA, Milos
 KERR, Bruce
 LESTER, Paul
 LEWIS, David
 MacRAE, Alan
 MUSSARED, Donald
 PHILLIPS, Peter
 ROSS, Nigel
 SMITH, Leigh
 SMITH, Wesley
 SOUTAR, Malcolm
 STEPHENS, Alan
 WATTENBERG, Wolfgang
 ABBOTT, Jean

ASHTON, Bettye
 BUSSELL, Kay
 COOK, Jill
 FISHER, Rhonda
 GLOSS, Penelope
 KARADZIC, Nada
 KIRCHNER, Patricia
 KOBOLD, Francisca
 McALISTER, Ann
 McDONALD, Judith F.C.
 McKEAN, Carol
 PARRY, Margaret
 PETERS, Michelle
 REDMAN, Wendy
 RODGERS, Rhonda
 TANGEY, Dawn
 VANYAI, Elizabeth
 WOLFFE, Dianne

FORM 2B

AMOS, Carol
 ASHTON, Glenda
 ASPINALL, Elizabeth
 BECKMAN, Diana
 BONNER, Margaret
 COLTMAN, Pamela
 CULLEN, Vicki
 DADD, Pamela F.C.
 FERGUSON, Pamela
 FIELDER, Joy
 GLASPER, Cynthia
 GNED, Maria
 GRANDO, Yvonne
 HALL, Diane
 HAWKEN, Dayle
 JASINSKI, Nellie
 JONES, Valerie
 KELLY, Barbara
 LENNON, Marylyn
 LYONS, Lynette
 McKEOWN, Heather
 MARSHALL, Linda
 MILANOVIC, Mila
 MUSCAT, Carmen
 NYEBOER, Rouly
 RALSTON, Patricia

RICKMAN, Irene
 RISSINICH, Rosalyn
 SADDINGTON, Mary
 SAGAR, Dianna
 SMITH, Colleen
 TABACZYNSKA, Tonia
 TABONE, Mary
 TANGEY, Pauline
 TAYLOR, Hilary
 WILSON, Margot

FORM IA

BRASS, Charles
 BYRON, Noel
 DEARMAN, Kenneth
 DOWERS, Graham F.C.
 HALL, Michael
 HESKEY, John
 JANIAK, Ludwig
 KELAVA, Bozo
 KENNY, Robert
 LAMBERT, Stephen
 LINABURY, John
 NORMAN, Larry F.C.
 PARK, Stuart
 PEARLESS, Brian
 SAMSON, Richard
 SZABO, George
 WILLIAMS, Barry

ATTARD, Angela
 BERG, Susanne
 CANOVAN, Francis
 DUDLEY, Helen F.C.
 DUDLEY, Patricia F.C.
 EARLE, Elizabeth
 GIBSON, Barbara
 HUTCHISON, Jennifer
 IRVINE, Sheila
 KROMOLOFF, Christine
 McDONALD, Marcia
 McEWAN, Marie
 MARINKOVIC, Helena
 POTTER, Merrill
 SHANKLAND, Wendy
 SMITH, Valerie

STOTT, Susan
 TAYLOR, Anne
 TRIPLETT, Jennifer
 WEBB, Bronwyn
 WIGGINS, Robyn
 WILKINSON, Merlene
 ZEHETHOFER, Christina

FORM IB

ALEXANDER, Gayle
 BARTER, Jennifer
 BURROWS, Jeanette
 CORY, Caroline
 DJORDJEVIC, Olga
 ELLIOT, Christine
 FIELDER, Dianne
 FISHER, Janice
 GARDNER, Jennifer
 GRAY, Ann
 GREGORY, Sue-Marie
 GURNEY, Dianne
 HORBACZ, Ursula
 IVANIC, Jennifer F.C.
 JASINSKI, Danita
 LOCK, Rhonda
 LOFTS, Meryn
 McDONALD, Beverly
 MAGNUSON, Robyn
 MILENTREVIC, Milica
 MITCHELL, Marjorie
 MITCHELL, Lynsie
 PATCHING, Helen
 PATCHING, Rhonda
 PITTAWAY, Jan
 POWER, Cheryl
 RAINBOW, Ellen
 ROBINSON, Paula
 ROGOWSKI, Elizabeth
 SAGAR, Janet
 SKINNER, Denise
 SMIRFITT, Margaret
 STEVENS, Cheryl
 STRONG, Carla
 SZULC, Wendy
 TABACZYNSKA, Mary
 VELLA, Joan