

The Pylon



The High School

Vol. 2

Yallours, 1948

High School Staff

Headmaster: Mr. H. H. Champion, M.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Senior Master: Mr. G. G. Findlay, T.T.C. (Man. Arts), D.T.S.C.

Senior Mistress: Miss A. M. Callinan, M.A., Dip. Ed.

Mr. E. T. D. Graham, B.Com., Dip. Ed.; Mr. W. T. Price, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.; Miss A. A. Jensen, T.T.C. (Dom. Arts); Mr. L. L. Young, B.A.; Mr. W. H. Mee, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Qual.); Miss J. F. Stephens, B.A.; Miss E. J. Barclay, T.T.C. (Man. Arts), D.T.S.C.; Miss E. M. Hewitt, B.A., A.Mus.A., L.R.S.M.; Mr. I. Wynd, B.A., Dip. Ed.; Miss M. M. Dawson, B.A.; Miss F. Alway, Dip. of Needlecraft; Mr. F. R. Farrelly, B.A. (Sydney); Mrs. S. Guatta, M.A., Dip. Ed.; Mrs. S. Measday, B.A. (Adelaide); Miss S. R. Mason, T.P.T.C.; Miss E. J. Fowler (Office Clerk).

ADVISORY COUNCIL.

Mr. E. G. Chisholm (Pres.); Messrs. G. W. Blackwood, J. C. Bush, R. P. Blennerhassett, J. Botterill, D. Ferguson, L. J. Herriman, J. H. Pearce, G. F. Rusden, D. Wallis; Crs. D. J. White (Morwell), J. C. M. Balfour (Narracan), C. R. Lewis (Traralgon); Mr. O. C. Phillips (District Inspector).

PREFECTS.

Claire Gretton (senior), Marie Elmar, Gwynneth Griffiths, Beverley James, Jill Botterill, Sonja Ostlund, R. J. Barnes (senior), R. Fowler, N. Moller, A. Turnbull.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.

Bass: Kath. Hayes, J. Vinall.	Mawson: Laurie Sidebottom, N. Moller.
Flinders: Sonja Ostlund, R. J. Barnes.	Phillip: Jill Botterill, G. Edmondson.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Editor: Gwynneth Griffiths. Sub-Editor: Alan Turnbull.
R. J. Barnes, Claire Gretton, N. Moller, Marie Elmar, Beverley James, D. D. Graham, Beverley Jones, B. Edmondson, R. Hair.

STAFF REPRESENTATIVE.

Mr. W. H. Mee.

Editorial

This, the second edition of our school magazine, is produced against the troubled background of a restless world. Rival countries bicker dangerously over the atomic bomb, hotspots in Europe and the East seethe with dissatisfaction, industrial unrest is rife, and everywhere people die of starvation and cold, or wander homeless. The bright horizons of peace once more fade behind the foreboding clouds of possible war, and those who remember other times, now history, ask themselves why man is unable to attain the perfect state of world peace.

Are we as a people yet too immature, too imperfect to accept peace as our natural heritage, like a baby knowing by instinct what is good for it, but lacking the wisdom to cope with any eventuality? We have taken enormous strides in scientific discovery and envisage greater still, but we have not yet learnt to live together in friendship and contentment, to share the wonders and pleasures of our world with each other.

The fault seems to be in our social advancement and our cultural and moral education, and it is education in the right direction that is of primary importance today, not only in our schools

and Universities of the future, but in our communities for the present.

In the light of this conclusion, it is the sincere aim of this magazine to do all possible towards upholding and advancing standards of literary achievement, and to keep burning ever more brightly the torch of learning which our school carries high. We feel like knights of old entering for the second time upon the field, in our case of literary endeavour, having gained wisdom by our first experience, to do battle with the monster Ignorance and this twin brother, Complacence.

Our magazine, which we hope will provide enjoyable reading for all and pleasant memories of happy times, is in its contributions truly representative of all classes and aspects of our school life, and reveals our belief in helping people to help themselves. This edition, for whose existence our sincere thanks go to our Staff Representative and all those who have helped with such enthusiasm and energy, has endeavoured to further the fine tradition set up in the previous year, and to uphold the ideals of courage and wisdom which should be our guides in this complex world.



YALOURN HIGH SCHOOL

—("Jay-Cee" Portraits).

Headmaster's Message

Our High School is just four years old. In January it attained the dignity of a Class 1 school. Its numbers have increased rapidly during 1948, and an enrolment of 404 was reached, with further increments expected. It has made material progress also. Renovations, long delayed by the years of war, have been carried out, so that the buildings have been restored from a condition of grime and neglect to one of freshness and attractiveness within and without. Shelter pavilions, fencing, yard-paving, pathways and tennis court all have received attention, a big programme for just one year. One may let one's eye range approvingly over all in their pleasant well-laid-out grounds ornamented with gardens and tastefully decorated with native shrubs and trees.

What of ourselves? Much has been done for us. Are we seeking to recompense those who provide — the State, our parents?

A year has run its course. How have we spent it? Pleasantly, no doubt. But how besides? Have we made good? Have we grasped our opportunities and used our time well? Have we accepted the duties of school life as well as its enjoyments? Each one of us knows, and his future will disclose the answer.

"As my life today has been determined by the way I lived my yesterday, so my tomorrow is

being determined by the way I live my today." May we then be fortified with wisdom and courage (*Consilio et animis*) — wisdom to choose right paths, and courage to follow them! Let us observe due proportion, that while we enjoy to the full all that our school life has to offer, we yet seek to improve and develop our minds and store them with useful knowledge, so that later we may have both the material benefits of a vocation we have earned, and the satisfaction of knowing that we are doing work of value to the community, and doing it well.

In every community there are many who give it more than just the daily measure. There are others who do this and more. These are the community leaders. So is it, too, at school.

The school is grateful to its prefects, house-captains, form-captains and others who have rendered fine service during the past year. Yes, we have taken pride in their quality, especially that of our prefects! We shall probably lose all of them at the end of the year. All should make good. Some will distinguish themselves. Leaders at school, they have it in them to become leaders among men and women. High aims and ideals are theirs! To all who go out from among us we wish success. "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

Retrospect

DIARY, 1948

- March 1: Presentation of badges to Prefects.
March 3: Swimming sports.
"The future is not wholly dry."—Brooke.
March 10: Excursion to opera, "Rigoletto," at Princess Theatre.
March 12: Recital at theatre by Willem Noske, violinist, and Eunice Garland, pianiste.
March 17: Summer sports at Traralgon.
April 2: Annual School Fair.
"And I must buy a quarter loaf and half a gooseberry tart."—Gwen Clear.
April 7: Anzac Day Commemoration.
"They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted—
They fell with their faces to the foe."—Binyon.
May 7: Excursion to Maffra Beet Factory and Condensories.
May 10: Presentation of "This Is Australia" to school by S.E.C.
May 12: Term Social.
"There was a sound of revelry by night."
—Byron.
May 13: Commemoration of Battle of the Coral Sea. Address by Colonel Hester, U.S. Military Attache.
May 14: "Pride and Prejudice," at the theatre.
June 16: Address to girls by Mrs. Matthews, of China Inland Mission.
Visit for winter sports by Warragul H.S.
June 23: Visit for winter sports by Sale Technical School.
July 7: Winter sports at Traralgon H.E.S.
August 23: Second Term Social.
"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."—Milton.
August 27: School Concert in St. John's Hall.
"I fetched my flute and played."—Housman.
September 27: Visit to the Royal Centenary Show by Forms 111c and 11a.
October 5: At the theatre to hear Henri Penn, pianist, and Alan Eddy, bass-baritone.
October 6: Annual House Sports.
"For surely there
Heroic shapes are moving."—Freeman.
October 21: Trafalgar Day address by Mr. D Smith.
October 29: Annual C.G.S.S.S.A. meeting at Traralgon.
"Peace hath her victories . . ."—Milton.
November 16: Holiday to celebrate birthday of H.R.H. the Prince of Edinburgh.
November 25: Public examinations commence.
"I know not what to do."—Shakespeare,
"King Richard 11."
December 15: Annual Staff v. Students cricket match.
"A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
Ten to make—and the match to win."
—Newbolt.



MR. J. E. MENADUE.

VALE.

It would be easy to make an article such as this into an eulogy, and it could be done with absolute sincerity, but the subject of such a eulogy would not really appreciate it. Mr. Menadue is a man who prefers to work quietly and to do good by stealth, as it were. Only those who have worked with him realize his sterling worth, both as a citizen and a teacher, and his great capacity for hard work, coupled with his infinite kindness and understanding both of his staff and pupils. Perhaps the quality for which he is remembered by his staff is his unflinching faith in his pupils. Even the most abandoned of them was always worthy of not only a second chance, but of many chances. Nothing gives Mr. Menadue greater pleasure than the return of the prodigal who has made good.

Another of Mr. Menadue's firm convictions is that even the least likely child will gain some benefit from a secondary education.

This is the man who had the task of establishing Yallourn High School. The task, bristling as it was with all kinds of unexpected difficulties, was far from easy, especially in that first historic year, and yet, when Mr. Menadue left us at the end of 1947, it could be said in all truth that he had succeeded admirably.

VALE (Continued).

Mr. Menadue was intensely proud of his school. He was firmly convinced that we of Yallourn had an educational establishment second to none. Yallourn High School was unheard of in Yallourn in January, 1945. Today its name is known throughout Gippsland and beyond for its prowess in the fields of scholarship and sport.

Mr. Menadue is a great worker. It was no common sight to see him in the school ground with his coat off, showing boys how wood really should be chopped. Our adequate wood supplies were in no small measure due to his famous working-bees. Mr. Menadue was easily the most industrious worker.

It may be said of Mr. Menadue that in spite of his willingness to remain in the background, he has those qualities — great drive and industry, together with kindness and a desire to see others succeed, that can only result in successful leadership.

As a school we thank Mr. Menadue for his work here, and wish him success wherever his vocation calls him.

TERM SOCIALS.

"But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more —

As if the clouds its echo would repeat."

Contrary to popular belief, this was not the cannon, but the voice of Mr. Young, M.C., at both our first and second term socials held at the school. The programmes were arranged by the prefects, and many were the delicate blushes and bashful glances when a Mistletoe Dance was suggested. Miss Stuart provided excellent music for the dancing. The main item for the boys was, as usual, supper, and to fill in time, dances and games were conducted before this big event took place. The "Exclusives" (Staff) supped in the Cookery Centre, thankful to rest in peace and quiet if only for a few minutes. At the first term social the senior students produced a Debutante Set notable for the latest and last in Spring fashions and "glamour." Miss Callinan and Mr. Champion as Lady Mayoress and Lord Mayor, lent added dignity to the presentation of the debutantes which was carried out by that social butterfly—Mr. Graham. These events, when lost locker keys, home-studies and examinations are forgotten, are welcomed by everybody as a fitting end to a term's work. After "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem, pupils and staff limp home to anoint their wounds, and prepare for another day at school.

A certain IB girl wishes to be informed whether she could meet Mr. Findlay in the squad-wrangle.

I wash my clothes in Purcell.



AFTER THE MARCH AT TRARALGON.

EXCURSION TO THE POWER HOUSE.

On Friday, October 15th, Form V. decided (or rather Mr. Young decided) to make a tour of inspection of the Power House. Armed with pencils and pads, we closely resembled a pack of newspaper reporters as we paddled through bogs and mires, and meandered along railway lines on our way down.

At last the home of electricity hove into view, and collecting a guide on our way, we proceeded to plough through thick, black, squelchy mud, laboriously withdrawing one foot after the other, until we arrived at the terminal bunkers where we saw small electric trains tip coal into the conveyors.

From here we plodded through more mud to the weir, where many mechanical intricacies were explained to us. Here also we saw several bewildered eels swimming around the concrete tanks into which they had been dragged by the water.

The boiler house was our next victim. This was a truly terrifying place. There was only a steel grating which served as a floor, between us and the dark outlines of the machinery on the lower floors. The heat was oppressive and the noise ear-shattering. The flickering needles on the gauges of the boilers seemed to mock at our anxiety to leave the place behind us. Happily, this opportunity soon presented itself, and we wandered wearily (by this time we were very nearly exhausted) into the turbine room. Here the noise was worse than ear-shattering, and our fears that it was going to be a repetition of the boiler house were relieved when we discovered that there were few flickering gauges and the floor consisted of red tiles; so that we proceeded without examination quite happily.

After merely glancing at the switchyard, we slowly and wearily wandered back to the seat of learning. Arriving there, we had great hopes of a quiet rest, but these were soon dashed as a member of the staff quickly descended on us and furiously bundled us all into class.

When boys and girls are dressed alike they look very neat. (L.C. essay on the wearing of school uniform).

EX-STUDENTS

Our magazine reporters have been able to trace the following ex-students. To those whose names have been omitted, or whose activities are wrongly reported, we offer humble apologies. To all ex-students the School extends best wishes for their future success and happiness:—

DIANA THOMAS is at Teachers' College, and MARGARET BURLEY has taken up nursing.

Several students have joined the Education Department—SHEILA BROOKER and MARGARET REID are teaching at Morwell; ANN GRIFFITHS at Trafalgar; and BETTY FERGUSON at Moe. WILMA JACKSON has a teaching appointment in Tasmania.

BOB STEVENSON and STAN OSTLUND have transferred to the Technical School. HELEN, ROSALIND and ELIZABETH MENADUE are at Kerang High School. ILONA JACKSON and BARBARA BURMEISTER are at Melbourne Technical School, and WARREN SHEARS is at Dandenong High School.

S.E.C. employees include—JOHN BRIESE, PAT. DUNLOP, and BILL THOMSON on the clerical staff; and BARBARA BAKER, JOAN BOAG, JOYCE FLETCHER, SHIRLEY GRASKE, AILEEN SCOTT are typists. FAE LAWSON is in the drawing office. CHARLIE CULLEN and JOHN JACKSON are apprentices.

PAT. TURNER, DAWN YEOMANS, MARGARET LANIGAN and LEON MELBOURNE are to be found at the A.P.M.

IAN MOLLER is the trim, white-coated figure seen at the chemist's in Morwell. JOHN BLENNERHASSET is at the Morwell Savings Bank, and ELSIE PRATT is at the National Bank, Moe.

ALAN BURRAGE, LYNETTE ADAM, RITA STEPHENS, GWEN DUNLOP, MAY WALSH may be located in various offices. MYRA BOURCHIER is at a Trafalgar garage.

JUNE WELLS is a switchboard operator. MARY GALE and PAT. DUXBURY are at the Yallourn General Store, while LOIS EVANS works at the Yallourn Library. LORRAINE HUTTON is at Burroughs Business College.

HOBBIES.

During the year boys of Forms IIa and IIb spent two periods a week engaged in various types of handcraft. Many fine wool rugs of colourful design were completed, while a few boys made dressing table sets of attractive colours and designs.

Later in the year some turned their skill to the construction of self-propelled aircraft, using the familiar balsa wood, with rubber bands for motive power. Before the end of the year, it is hoped to hold an exhibition of work done. Altogether, the hobbies class has been a success. It provided an opportunity for creative work which was eagerly seized, particularly by those whose enjoyment of more formal subjects was rather limited.

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1947.

Matriculation:

English Expression	4 passes.
English Literature	1 pass.
British History	5 passes.
Geography	1 Honour.

Leaving Certificate.

The following students obtained their Leaving Certificates in 1947:

R. J. Barnes, A. G. Turnbull in 8 subjects.

A. R. Fowler, Claire Gretton, Gwynneth Griffiths in 7 subjects.

L. Melbourne, Beverley James, Elsie Pratt, Betty Ferguson in 6 subjects.

Lois Evans, Fae Lawson, Patricia Turner, Marie Elmar in 5 subjects.

Wilma Jackson in 4 subjects.

In addition, one pupil passed in 3 subjects and one pupil in 1 subject.

Intermediate Certificate:

Jill Botterill, Amy Burne, Lois Oliver, Valerie Trainor, A. C. Balfour, L. F. Hopkins, N. K. Robertson, A. Webb, Lynette Adam, Joan Boag, Lila Botten, Myra Bouchier, Betty Derham, Gwen. Dunlop, Sonja Ostlund, Betty Pearce, Aileen Scott, Dawn Yeomans, Barbara Burmeister, Joan Cutter, Joyce Fletcher, Shirley Graske, Ilona Jackson, Dorothy Webb, Pat. Duxbury.

Technical Examinations:

The following results were obtained in Shorthand Theory and Practice, and Advanced Typing:—

Shorthand Theory—27 credits.
8 passes.

Shorthand Practice—6 credits.
18 passes.

Advanced Typewriting—7 credits.
22 passes.

THE BABY SHOW.

Goo, goo gurgle — I mean, hullo folks. This is your society reporter bringing you the news of the High School Baby Show of July 16th.

"Mr. Mee's Baby Show," as most people incorrectly called it, did not consist of a number of howling infants. If you have any ideas about a room full of children, grandchildren of the staff, and brothers, sisters, cousins of students, then dismiss them. The show, run by Form IIIa. in aid of their Picture Fund, consisted of photographs of students in their baby days. The visitors were given the chance of trying to recognize the various individuals, the names of whom were listed in the wrong order on the blackboard.

Arriving late, your society reporter, wearing the New Look, whirled past the door attendants, who wore a harrassed look, and was swept into the social swirl. Let me describe for you the frocking of the official party. Mr. Mee wore a navy blue striped suit with inkspots to match. Noticed petit Mr. Farrelly in a grey stripe, de-

murely elbowing his way through the thronging crowd. Mr. Findlay wore one of this season's super sports coats and an amiable manner. But the cynosure of all eyes was Miss Barclay in a stylish new hemline creation with a coat of all colours to match.

Noticed Miss Barclay admiring an exhibit (a senior girl). "What a charming little boy!" she remarked, "I don't know who it is, but isn't he lovely!" Well I never — where is the school discipline? Your society reporter was looking at a picture of a slim young lassie in bathers when Miss Helen Johnson, who bears a striking resemblance to the portrait, approached. "Who is that demure young creature?" The maiden, blushing deeply, fled.

A ripple of laughter kept running through the room. "Ah, yes, that's Gavan Edmondson," ran the whisper. Dear old Gavan, he hasn't changed a bit. There he was in the photo, sitting up with a big grin all over his handsome puss and poking out his tongue — ah, how natural!

A group of female admirers had gathered round a portrait of a mountain of fat, which turned out to be Robert J. Bridle seated majestically on a strong table. Any resemblance to the Lama of Tibet is purely accidental.

One very attractive picture was that of Joan Scott, who went swimming but her bathing suit didn't get wet. . . . Shirley Cook, dressed in infantile finery, resembled an advertisement for lavender and old lace. Don Chisholm, who posed with coy looks and curly locks, was at that early age showing traces of the manly beauty he now possesses.

As I was leaving, I thought what a chance for a gala publicity stunt had been lost. The gramophone should have been set up outside the door with George Formby singing "The Baby Show."

P.S.—Why were there no photos of the staff? (Photography is a modern invention.—Ed.)

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following students won scholarships tenable at the school during 1948:

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS: R. J. Barnes, Marie Elmar, A. G. Turnbull, Lila Botten, R. A. Fowler, L. F. Hopkins, Valerie Trainor, Norah Burne, Doreen Robinson, F. J. Kirwood, Gwynneth Brown, W. R. Dagleish, Beverley Jones.

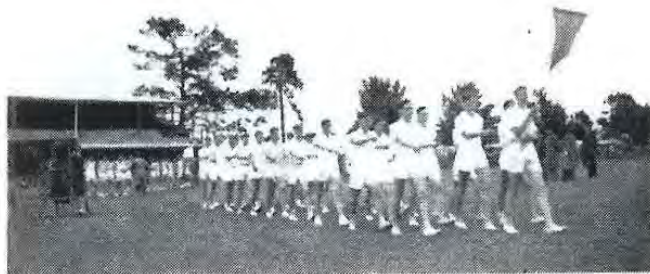
TEACHING SCHOLARSHIPS: Jill Botterill, A. C. Balfour, R. Turley.

GOWRIE SCHOLARSHIP: R. A. Fowler.

STATE ELECTRICITY COMMISSION SCHOLARSHIPS: Beverley James, D. J. Chisholm, Patricia Herriman.

AUSTRALIAN PAPER MANUFACTURERS SCHOLARSHIPS: H. J. Chessum, Betty Pearce, Barbara Smith, Sonja Ostlund.

Also, thirteen pupils of the school hold Education Department Free Places, and A. C. Balfour holds a State Savings Bank Bursary.



BOYS, MARCHING TEAM AT TRARALGON.

MAGAZINE MEANDERINGS.

Last edition of the magazine was certainly a world traveller. Here are some of the addresses to which magazines were sent, together with the names of the senders: Ardrossan Academy, Ayrshire, Scotland (Joan Treadwell); Lincoln High School, Mantowac, Wisconsin, U.S.A. (Valerie Parsons); Surbiton, Surrey, England (Mr. Graham); Middlesbrough, Yorkshire, England, and Kuantan Pahang, Malaya (Valerie Trainor); Gateshead, Durham, England, from where the magazine of the Gateshead Secondary School, "The Apple Cart," was sent in reply (Joyce Mack); Gotenborg, Sweden (Sonja Ostlund); Kirkstall, Leeds, England (Jocey Davey); Ludgvan, via Penzance, Cornwall, England (Margaret Turner); London, England (Gwynneth Griffiths).

In addition, copies were sent to some ex-teachers of the school, and to ex-students in various parts of the State.

"HEIGH HO, COME TO THE FAIR"

This was the theme song of the Staff during the few weeks preceding the Fair. Apart from many colorful posters advertising various stalls, the Headmaster's Monday morning talks contained many references to the fete, especially the side-shows—so many, in fact, that one was led to wonder whether that arch-propagandist, Miss Callinan, had prepared them.

Great excitement and amazement were expressed at the announcement that two senior boys were furtively "sponging." They were Gavan all the ingredients, and that's all we Noel about it. "So lock up your houses—there's plenty of fun."

There was certainly plenty of fun on Friday, April 2nd. Several boys were observed sneaking to Miss Callinan with their dolls—tut, tut! did someone say boys?

Let's start our tour of the Fair at the Doll Show. Dolls, dolls, dolls, and more dolls!

Michael Angelo is a great sculpture.

A Redskin touch Michael Angelo is a great sculpter.

Cuddly-wuddly dolls, teeny-weeny dolls, and just dolls—ugly, beautiful, black, white, and Anne Boleyn, complete with head under her arm. A sweet and “touching” scene. It certainly was—to the extent of several pounds.

Boxing—and “Battling” Bridle belts “Furious” Foley in the star event, which is being refereed by “Fireworks” Farrelly, with his knuckle-dusters on.

At the Cake Stall nothing now remains but paper and bits of icing sugar. Some people certainly take the cake.

Ice Cream and Drinks—Come along and join the throng quaffing in the quad.

Produce—Nearby are Young & Price Pty. Ltd., profiteering on the produce. They sell anything from cucumbers to cornflour and tea, for no coupons, by special arrangement with

Fancy Stall—Extremely fancy.

Jumble Stall—Mr. Graham sold and re-sold comics—a vicious circle. Any literature from movie mags. to educational editions are available.

Post Office—Girls are busy delivering beautiful bouquets (who sent Mr. Farrelly a bunch of onions?) and libellous letters (who sent the painter a proposal?).

Sweet Stall—Mr. Mee is surveying the debris left after the rush, counts the sticky pennies, and combs the toffee out of his hair (?).

Fortune Teller—In a transformed Prefects' Room, Zeeta, the mystical maiden, gazes in the crystal ball and sees fantastic futures.

As we pass by Room 1, we can see a tempting Devonshire tea being served, while numerous side-shows cajole pennies from innocent visitors.

Aftermath—On Tuesday morning, Miss Callinan distributed the prizes won at the side-shows. Money for prizes was raised by the Ugly Man and Ugly Duckling competitions—both won by teachers, as was expected!

The sum of £106 was raised by this school effort, and the money will be used for school improvements. All those concerned have reason to be pleased at the splendid success of the Fete.

Yes, the Y.H.S. will remember the Fair (so will the painters).

“Heigh ho, come to the fair.”

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The studio portraits of school teams included in this issue we owe to the generosity of Mr. J. Clucas, of “Jay-Cee” Portraits, Yallourn, to whom the committee expresses its gratitude.

The committee desires to record its appreciation of the work of Miss Fowler, who was pleased to attend to correspondence for the magazine, sometimes at inconvenience to herself, and who typed copy whenever required without ever throwing her typewriter at the editor. She must have felt like doing so on many occasions.

A TRIP TO MAFFRA (Condensed).

On Friday, May 7th, a party of Yallourn High School students from Form IVc and Forms V and VI went to Maffra to investigate the sugar and milk industries. The journey in one of the famous Yallourn buses was remarkable inasmuch as nothing out-of-the-ordinary happened to the occupants.

When Maffra hove in sight, everyone was tired of seeing just farms, trees, roads and grey sky. Maffra, however, had many delights to offer. At the factory the party saw the whole process of turning beet into sugar. Inside the factory it was very hot, and owing to the cold draughts and burning blasts, it's a wonder someone didn't catch a chill.

Mr. Young and Miss Jensen were in charge of the students, who displayed a keen interest in everything. At the end of the process we saw real white sugar, but the management, strangely enough, didn't offer any samples.

Then, after lunch, we went to see the Maffra Co-operative Factory. Here we saw milk being condensed, powdered and buttered. There was milk in all directions, and one had to be careful lest a drowning should occur.

A quick tour, during which Mr. Young braved the scales (or the scales braved Mr. Young) and then home again to find the buses nearly all gone. Some bus travellers showed excellent form in sprinting for the departing buses.

(For further information contact Form V, who have written a geographical account).

VISIT TO THE OPERA.

On Wednesday, March 10th, some thirty pupils of the school were fortunate in attending the first presentation of grand opera by Australian artists, at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne. A bus was chartered, and we arrived in town in good time and good spirits, though vocal chords were already a trifle strained. At an intersection, however, the bus gave an asthmatic cough and refused to go, so we left the driver delving into its “innards” and took a tram to the theatre, where we found our seats amid many hundreds of other school children.

The opera was a new and interesting experience to all, and the music and acting were well appreciated. The characters, especially Rigoletto himself, were convincing, and the scenes and costumes, bright and colourful at first, later became dark and ominous as the tragedy unfolded. The last pathetic scene, where Rigoletto weeps over the body of his daughter, who has died because of his nefarious aid to the romantic Prince in his affairs, is particularly moving.

The bus driver's struggles were rewarded by this time, and we set off with strains of “La donne e mobile” (especially from the boys) floating on the night air.

APPRECIATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Much of the joy of living is derived from the surroundings in which we live. If we appreciate the beautiful, we will surround ourselves with beauty in form, line and colour.

The teaching of Art in school is not to train a generation of artists. Occasionally an artist of outstanding merit may emerge, but rather the aim is to develop within the pupil a standard of good taste, an appreciation of the beautiful.

The study of the works of the famous artists and builders past and present, and of the arts and crafts of peoples ancient and modern, will surely develop the ability to appreciate and enjoy all that man with his modern equipment and skill can so easily produce.

Once we truly appreciate the beautiful we will be dissatisfied with that which lacks beauty of form, colour and good design. What is our school doing to raise the common standard of good taste among pupils?

The Art room shows a pleasant array of good pictures and prints, together with a display of pupils' work. The Art classes are engaged in the study of Art and Architecture, the development of creative design, the study of composition, form and colour.

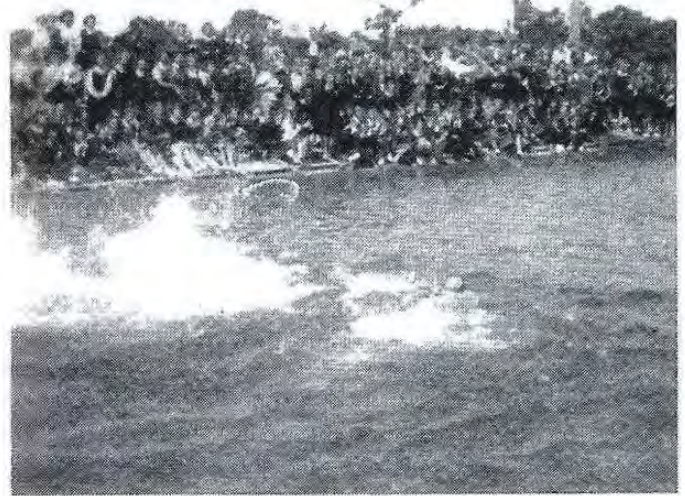
The recent internal renovation of the older portion of the building has given us the opportunity to redecorate. With this purpose before us, early in the year we purchased four pictures — "Sonata" (Webster), "Afternoon Light" (Johnson), "Ballinger River" (Gruner), and "Land of the Golden Fleece" (Streeton). These pictures made a great appeal to our pupils, who very eagerly took up a suggestion that they should raise money in order to purchase more; enthusiasm ran high; concerts, a baby show, competitions of various sorts were organized, with the result that a further £50 was spent on fine pictures, making a total of £60 for pictures this year.

These pictures are reproductions of paintings by eminent artists, past and present, overseas and Australian: "Sheltered Bay," "Valley Sheds," "Morning Pastoral," "Morning Light" (Robert Johnson); "Spring Frost" (Gruner); "Summer" (Heyson); "Silvan" (Buckmaster); "Bogong" (Carlyle Jackson); "London from Richmond Terrace" (Canaletto); "View of Delft" (Vermeer); "Lady With a Harp," "The Spinning Wheel" (Campbell Taylor); "Court Yard of a Dutch House" (De Hooch); "St. Erth" (Stanhope Forbes); "Fisherman's Hut" (Corot); "Haywain" (Constable).

Question: What are the Grand Banks of Newfoundland?

Answer: Where the fishermen put all their money.

In winter, the climate of Yallourn is coal and wet. (How true!)



VIEW OF THE SWIMMING SPORTS.

THE ROYAL MELBOURNE CENTENARY SHOW.

One Monday morning during third term, Miss Alway and Miss Callinan took thirty-one girls to the Melbourne Show. We left the school about ten to nine, taking with us two cut lunches. We arrived at the Showgrounds about half-past twelve.

First we went to the "Homecrafts" section, where we saw woollen mats, d'oyleys, paintings from still life, and frocks.

After seeing this we went to the cake section. Here we saw fruit cakes, plum puddings, and iced cakes in the shape of a house, a crown on a cushion, a horse shoe, and a basket of flowers.

At the Agricultural Hall were preserved fruits, oranges, pears, different kinds of grains and their products, and illustrations of soil erosion.

After seeing this section we were allowed to go off in groups to see other parts of the show. It was quite easy to get from place to place without being pushed around, but the cake section was crowded.

We arrived home at half-past eight, after having a most enjoyable day.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

During the year the following amounts and articles were contributed to various worthy causes:—To the Save the Children Appeal, £12 19/6; to the United Nations' Appeal for Children of Europe, £29/17/6; to the Yallourn Hospital Egg Appeal, 154 dozen eggs; to the Melbourne City Mission Winter Appeal, two large boxes of clothing. In addition the Staff contributed to the Deaf and Dumb Institute and the Victorian Institute for the Blind.

Sport and House Notes

SWIMMING SPORTS, 1948.

The first major sporting event of 1948 was the swimming sports, which were won by Flinders House.

The weather was almost perfect, which was a most unusual occurrence in Yallourn. While swimmers churned their way through blue water, the ladies of the staff, decked in their latest and most elegant summer creations, sat in comparative isolation, calmly totalling figures, which recorded the fate of eager competitors.

All events were run according to schedule, even the rescuing of certain damsels in distress, thus showing the enthusiasm of the competitors. It is interesting to note that there were nearly as many swimmers in the cork scramble as there were corks.

The keenness and ability shown by swimmers and the interest shown by spectators made it a most enjoyable day — especially for Flinders House.

HOUSE SPORTS

The annual House Sports meeting was held on October 6th, in brilliant weather. The occasion was notable for the large number of records broken, the contributing factors being the perfect weather, excellent condition of the tracks, good training, and streamlined organisation. Some of the new records are going to be hard to beat in the future. Phillip House for the second successive year won the aggregate, and received the emblem of victory to place on the House flag.

The following are the records established at the Annual House Sports:—

BOYS, SENIOR:

- Long Jump: N. Moller (M), 18ft. 6ins.
- High Jump: A. Turnbull (P), 5ft. 2½ins.
- 220 Yards: R. Fowler (B), 25.2 secs. (eq. rec.).
- 440 Yards: N. Moller (M), 60 secs.
- 880 Yards: D. Graham (P), 2 mins. 29 secs.

INTERMEDIATE:

- 220 Yards: D. Graham (P), 24.8 secs.
- Circular Relay: Flinders House, 53.6 secs.
- Long Jump: L. Castanelli (M), 17ft. ½in.

SUB-INTERMEDIATE:

- 100 Yards: J. Wallace (M), 11.4 secs.

JUNIOR:

- 100 Yards: A. Marr (P), 11.4 secs.
- 220 Yards: A. Marr (P), 27.6 secs.
- High Jump: B. McCarty (F), 4ft. 6ins.

GIRLS, SENIOR:

- Flag Relay: Mawson House, 1 min. 2.4 secs.
- Circular Relay: Bass House, 59.2 secs. (new event).

JUNIOR:

- Flag Relay: Flinders House, 56.8 secs.
- Hockey Relay: Phillip House, 1 min. 20 secs.
- Cross Ball: Bass House, 1 min. 7 secs.



SOFTBALL TEAM — PREMIERS 1948.

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

The annual Central Gippsland Secondary Schools' Sports Association meeting had to be postponed owing to rain having flooded the Traralgon oval. The meeting was finally held on October 29th in dull weather. The running tracks were fairly sodden, and very few new records were established, a gusty wind adding further to the difficulties of runners and jumpers. However, the sports were carried through without being delayed by rain. A feature of the meeting were the exciting finishes in the Intermediate Boys' track events, on several occasions inches only separating the place-getters. Warragul High School fielded very strong teams and managed to carry off the honours, except in Junior Boys' events, where Yallourn High School won a decisive victory. The following school competitors won first places at the meeting:—

Senior Boys:

- High Jump: A. Turnbull, 5ft. 2½ins. (record).

Intermediate Boys:

- 100 yards: D. Graham.
- Long Jump: L. Castanelli.

Junior Boys:

- 75 yards: A. Marr.
- 100 yards: A. Marr.
- 220 yards: A. Marr.
- Long Jump: B. Jackson.
- Circular Relay: Yallourn High School.

Senior Girls:

- Hockey Dribble: Yallourn High School.
- Flag Relay: Yallourn High School.

Sub-Intermediate Girls:

- 75 yards: Pam. Esler (equal first).

An atheist is an insect — (Form V. effort).

BOYS' INTER-SCHOOL SPORT.

This year again we have had a successful series of inter-school sports matches.

We were premiers in cricket for the third year in succession, winning the final very easily. Our first match at Traralgon H.E.S., although not good cricket for a winning team, gave promise of better things to come. This was proved correct when at home we soundly defeated Warragul High School to take the "hat-trick" in premierships. "The Gentlemen" (members of the School XI.) are awaiting with anxiety their conflict with "The Rest" (the Staff) in a few weeks time.

Our first football match, at home, resulted in a narrow win by two points for Warragul High School after a thrilling game. Like Collingwood, our team this year was a "mosquito fleet" and for its size performed very creditably. A much weakened team (Form V. and VI. students omitted) played Traralgon H.E.S. at Traralgon, and won comfortably. Sale Technical School visited Yallourn for a social match which we also won convincingly. The School Captain for football and cricket was Noel Moller (incidentally this student won the 1948 trophy for best and fairest in the second eighteens of the Central Gippsland Football League).

The results of matches were as follows:

FOOTBALL.

Yallourn H.S. (11 goals 4 behinds) defeated Sale Technical School (3 goals 8 behinds).

Yallourn H.S. (7 goals 6 behinds) defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (4 goals 5 behinds).

Yallourn H.S. (7 goals 6 behinds) lost to Warragul H.S. (7 goals 8 behinds).

CRICKET.

Yallourn H.S. (8 wickets for 94 runs comp. dec.) defeated Traralgon H.E.S. (7 wickets for 69 runs comp. dec.).

Yallourn H.S. (7 wickets for 86 runs comp. dec.) defeated Warragul H.S. (all out—46 runs).



FOOTBALL TEAM.

GIRLS' INTER-SCHOOL SPORT

In the inter-school winter and summer sports, Yallourn H.S. girls won premierships in hockey, softball and basketball. The victories in hockey and basketball were fairly easily won, but a keener struggle was witnessed in the softball competition. The only travelling this year was to Traralgon H.E.S., for both summer and winter sports, while Warragul H.S. and Sale Technical School visited Yallourn.

The captains of the various teams were: Basketball—Betty Peace. Hockey—Marie Elmar. Tennis—Kathleen Hayes. Rounders—Beverley Jones. Softball—Sonja Ostlund. Junior Basketball—Joan Green.

Our successes were due largely to coaching by Miss Barclay (Sports Mistress) and to our excellent team spirit.

The following are the scores in premiership games:—

	Yallourn H.S.	v.	Warragul H.S.
Softball	61 runs		20 runs (19/3/48)
Rounders	20 runs		40 runs (19/3/48)
Tennis	1 set		3 sets (19/3/48)
Basketball A . .	47 goals		8 goals (4/7/48)
Basketball B . .	42 goals		7 goals (4/7/48)
Hockey	2 goals		nil (4/7/48)

In elimination games against Traralgon H.E.S., Yallourn H.S. scored victories in hockey, basketball, rounders, softball and tennis.

In the social game against Sale Technical School, Yallourn H.S. won hockey (11 to 0); basketball A (25-13); basketball B (22-22).



CRICKET TEAM — PREMIERS 1948.

When Charlemange massacred the Saracens, the infidels got their desserts.

An opera is a place where all good singers go!

Aborigines are stone men.

A suite is a sweat piece of music.

Rembrandt excelled at itching.

“Original”

JOURNEY FROM ENGLAND.

Having often wanted to travel, I was pleased when the opportunity of coming to Australia, by sea, arose. Of course, saying goodbye to one's friends is never a pleasant duty, especially when the parting is to be so long, but it was at last accomplished. Late one Saturday night we closed the door of what had been our house, and the exciting journey from Gateshead (over the river from Newcastle-on-Tyne) had begun.

The long trip to London was uneventful, as we made good use of the sleepers we had booked on the midnight L.N.E.R. train from Newcastle. Our brief stay was spent almost entirely in shopping in the big stores, such as Selfridge's, or sight-seeing. Time flies when there is plenty to do, and very soon we were at Tilbury, the port for London, looking at the R.M.S. Ormonde, which was to be our home for the next six weeks.

The first few hours were spent in marvelling at the white bread (something none of us had seen for a long time) and the gentle motion of the ship. No one remembered we were as yet sailing down the river, and that the sea would not be as smooth—that is, not until next morning, when 90 per cent. of the thousand passengers were conspicuous by their absence at breakfast; in fact, they took a marked lack of interest in any meal for the next two days.

Gradually they emerged and braved the chilly winds on deck, wrapped up in voluminous rugs. The approach of the Mediterranean, with the improvement in the weather heralded deck sports, a pastime which became boring as the novelty

Port Said, therefore, came as a welcome relief, the more so as it brought the first letters from home. On the morning of arrival everyone was up early. As the ship neared the town, fleets of rowing boats, bearing loads of leather articles, came out to meet her. Before breakfast, these men from the rowing boats had thrown coils of rope up to the passengers, who tied them to the rails, and straw baskets containing money and goods were going up and down at a great rate.

To get to the shore we had to walk along a floating path, both sides of which were crowded with “Wogs” (which, for the benefit of the untravelled readers, means the inhabitants of Egypt of doubtful nationality). They had one peculiarity—their ability to talk with a Scottish accent. We soon christened them U.B.T. men, because all they said was “You buy this?”

The shopkeepers of Port Said were very hospitable, and at the first chance of a sale would order Turkish coffee all round. This, I believe, is considered a delicacy, but apparently one must have a taste for it, which we definitely did not possess. It smelt, tasted and looked like scented mud.



HOCKEY TEAM — PREMIERS 1948.

All too soon came the time to leave and sail down the Suez Canal. This was rather disappointing, as I expected the Canal to be very wide, and we could shout across to both shores and be heard quite clearly. The shores were just desert, but we saw one or two villages, and a man with some camels, before it became dark, and all there was to be seen were the coloured lights of smaller craft or the bright lights of an army camp. Next morning we were in the Red Sea, which was of no interest, except for the increasing heat.

The next port was Colombo, which we enjoyed, despite the heat, unpleasant aromas, and horrible beggars. Having left this port, excitement was growing, as Fremantle, our first Australian port, was to be the next stop. As we crossed the Indian Ocean we had boxing matches, concerts and races arranged for our entertainment, which helped to pass the time more quickly.

When we arrived at Fremantle, those of us that wished to visit Perth disgraced ourselves by neatly forming a queue for the bus, much to the amusement of Australian passers-by. The time quickly passed as we walked from shop to shop gazing at the goods in the windows, or excitedly comparing notes with other groups of fellow-travellers, and once again we were on our way.

It was with some misgivings that we awaited the crossing of the “Bight,” for it has as bad a reputation as the “Bay,” but by then we had our sea-legs, and no one was seasick. That does not mean that the sea was calm. The little children for once sat down on chairs voluntarily, instead of running around, because there was much more fun in careering across the polished floors on chairs, as the swell of the sea tipped the ship at disconcerting angles.

Even the fun of the Bight, however, had to come to an end, but we didn't mind, for soon were to come Melbourne and then our new home at Yallourn. JOYCE MACK, Form V.

OUR PUPILS FROM OVERSEAS.

(During the last two years we have welcomed to our school new pupils from the United Kingdom and Europe. We have been pleased to see how quickly and happily these pupils have been absorbed into our school life. It is a tribute both to them and to our own pupils that this is so. In the following articles we are told something of the places from which they come and which they have seen in their travels.

PARIS.

We stepped off the train which we had boarded at Przemysl, in Poland, when at last it arrived at the Gare de Lyon in this famous, immortal city. Our time in Paris was limited, and we wanted to see most of the city.

Our first steps were to Versailles, where we admired beautifully designed tapestries and carpets on the walls and floor. On these were pictures of the lives of the French Kings, battles and historical events. The King's summer residence at Versailles is surrounded by large gardens. We returned to Paris and at the Louvre we saw old Egyptian, Greek and Roman Statues, the best known of which are the Sphinx and Venus de Milo. In the picture galleries there were thousands of priceless pictures. We went to the grave of Napoleon in the Palais des Invalides. The atmosphere there was grand, and nobody who goes there can describe what he is feeling. There were many other museums and palaces which we visited.

Paris itself has the biggest population of any city in Europe, and is the noblest and most beautiful city in Europe and perhaps in the whole world. The streets are wide and are known as boulevards and avenues, and they are tree-lined. They have banks for tired people on hot summer days. Paris is built in a circular form, and the streets radiate from one point. At every meeting of the streets there is a square with statues. There are no trams in Paris, and all public traffic is carried by underground railway known as the Metro. In the old city in Montmartre, the streets are very narrow so that cars cannot pass each other. There are old typical-to-Paris cafes where Frenchmen sometimes sit outside when it is nice, and sometimes inside to enjoy the music. Montmartre is situated on a high hill from where the whole of Paris can be seen. Above all this reigns the Eiffel Tower. It looks like a lace of iron. With sadness in our hearts we left Paris, because one cannot help being sad when leaving that wonderful city.

ANNA KNOSSOW, Form IVa.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

I was born in Dundee, a town situated near the mouth of the River Tay. From the Esplanade in the town the Tay bridge (once the longest bridge over running water) spans the river to the Edinburgh side. Alongside the bridge stands the foun-



BASKETBALL TEAM — PREMIERS 1948.

dation stones of the old bridge, part of which was blown down in a hurricane. A passenger train was crossing the bridge at the time, and crashed into the Tay.

At one time Dundee was the centre of the jute trade and marmalade manufacture, but now, new industries have sprung up — plastic and linoleum manufactures and fish canning.

Before the war, Japanese, Chinese and Indians came to study for the medical and other professions at the Dundee University.

Not far from Dundee stands Glamis Castle, mentioned in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and the home of the present Queen and Princesses. Dundee claims them as its own.

Very far north from Dundee in the hills of Aberdeenshire is Balmoral Castle, the country residence of the King and Queen.

Travelling south along the coast from Dundee you come to Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. From all around Edinburgh one can see the famous castle which stands on a huge rock at the back of Princes Street Gardens. Up one side of the main entrance to the castle are statues of famous men: Earl Haig, Lord Beattie, Lord Kitchener, and others. As you cross the drawbridge, on either side of the big doorway you see the statues of two famous Scots, William Wallace and Robert Bruce.

In one of the big turret rooms is a large glass case in which are the Crown jewels. In one of the rooms Mary, Queen of Scots, lived for a while. It contains a few pieces of furniture said to have been used by her. Nearby is the Shrine, a beautiful memorial dedicated to every man of Scotland who lost his life in the First World War. From the main gates of the castle one passes down the Canon Gate and comes to John Knox's house and St. Giles' Cathedral, where Jenny Geddes threw a stool at the minister. At the far end of the Canon Gate is Holyrood Palace, part

The discoverers of oxygen were Priestley and Price. (Congratulations, Mr. Price!)

of which is used by Royalty when they visit Edinburgh. From the Palace grounds can be seen the blue Pentland Hills in the distance.

BRUCE SCOTT, Form Ia.

GATESHEAD.

Over 12,000 miles away, on the English north-east coast, stands the town of Gateshead on the south bank of the Tyne, with a population of over 127,000. From the south the entrance to the town is along the Great North Road which stretches the length of England. Entrance from the North is over any one of the six bridges linking Gateshead with Newcastle-on-Tyne. One of these bridges is low over the water, and whenever a big ship has to sail up the river for coal, this bridge has to be swung around to allow the ship to pass, thus earning the name of the "Swing Bridge."

High above it is the comparatively new Tyne Bridge, which the late King George V. opened twenty years ago. Sydney Harbour bridge is similar in shape to this one. High Street, which begins at Tyne Bridge and runs for about three miles, is the main shopping area. One of Gateshead's chief features is Saltwell Park, which is so big that it takes about half an hour to walk across its narrowest part. As it is the most natural park in the north of England, people come to it from miles around for picnics and outings. Near one of its gates is an iron well set into the wall surrounding the park, and above it is a stone engraved in Old English letters telling that it was once a salt well, hence the name of the park. In the centre of the park is a lake on which people take trips in a motor boat, or row themselves. People who fancy themselves as fishermen try their luck from the banks, but mainly catch tiddlers and frogs. Many swans and water-birds live on a small island in the centre of the lake. For admirers of roses, the park has a special attraction in the form of a rose garden, where people can sit under arbours of roses if they don't object to the friendly overtures of stray caterpillars. There is also a museum containing old relics of Gateshead. For amusements in Gateshead there are several cinemas in which screenings are continuous from two o'clock until eleven. There is also a "Little Theatre" in which are produced amateur and professional theatricals.

SHIRLEY MACK, Form IIa.

"LET GLASGOW FLOURISH."

You may think this is a strange title, or a patriotic gesture because I came from Glasgow, but it is merely the motto of the City of Glasgow. There is no doubt that Glasgow has lived up to its motto. From its small beginnings centuries ago, it has grown to one of the major industrial cities in Great Britain, with a population of three-quarters of a million. The main industry is ship-building, many famous ships having been built



TENNIS AND ROUNDERS TEAMS.

on the Clyde. This river, which contributes much to Glasgow's prosperity, is a very fine one, about 800 yards wide and capable of harbouring the world's largest ships. Although an industrial city, Glasgow has many fine buildings and historical places. One of them is the Art Gallery built after the 1901 Exhibition, which houses many works of art of all kinds and historic relics. Tourists always make sure that they see this building.

Some of Scotland's finest scenery may be reached within a short distance of Glasgow. This is the Loch Lomond region, made famous by the song of that name. Just outside the city at Renfrew is a fine airport which links Glasgow with all parts of Britain and Northern Europe. It is possible to reach London by air in approximately two hours, while the train journey takes 2½ days.

NORMA DUNLOP, Form IIa.

JERSEY.

I came from Jersey, the largest of the Channel Islands. There are five islands, all of them off the north-west coast of France. Guernsey is the next largest, Alderney is further north and Sark near Guernsey, while Herm is the smallest. Both Jersey and Guernsey are world-famous for their cattle, which are sold at high prices to America and Australia. The farmers on these islands take great care of their cattle. The cows are tethered to a stake so that they can graze over a radius of about ten feet, thus ensuring that they cannot eat too much of the rich grass. In winter the farmers put sacks on the backs of the cattle. Jersey has a very early potato season, after which they grow tomatoes in the later part of the season. Potatoes and tomatoes are exported to England. Every year thousands of English visitors are charmed with the islands which have very varied scenery. The north of Jersey is very rugged with Jersey granite, a lovely golden brown in colour. The south has lovely silver sands.

The shape of Jersey is somewhat like Australia, but the size is very different, Jersey being nine

miles long by four miles wide. There are no trains or trams in any of the Channel Islands. The population is catered for by buses. However, Sark is not allowed to have any motor vehicles at all.

Jersey has many prehistoric remains, such as the dolmens, which are ancient burial places and were used as places of worship in prehistoric days. There are also many historical buildings, for instance, Mount Orgeuil Castle which dates back to the Roman Empire.

More recent history of the Channel Islands has been made during the Second World War when the Germans occupied the islands. They fortified every point on the coast, and made underground hospitals and garrisons, all the work for which was done by Russian slave-labour.

There was a great deal of rejoicing when the relief ship "Vega" arrived with the first Red Cross parcels in 1945, many of them coming from Australia.

Prior to coming to Australia, I lived at Burntisland in Fife.

DAPHNE MCKEE, Form IIIa.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE SUPERNATURAL.

We walked to the heavy, brass-studded door and pushed it open. Inside, everything was dark and gloomy after the bright sun-light. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we could see statues in small alcoves situated along the walls near each beautiful stained-glass window. At the end of the long cathedral aisle was a beautiful, carved altar which was surveyed by a magnificent statue of Christ. This statue was at least twelve feet in height, beautifully sculptured and tinted. As we walked on tip-toe down the aisle,

we were startled by a dull thud. The heavy door had closed on us. Knowing that it could only be opened from the outside, we continued down the aisle.

Passing through all the vestries and small rooms, we came to stone steps at the bottom of which was a heavy, iron-studded door. Our curiosity aroused, we opened the door, which led to a dark, damp passage. We descended two flights of cold, stone steps and found ourselves in a crypt. Lying on the damp floor were rows of dusty web-covered coffins. We shivered — and it was not only because of the cold.

Our senses alert, we stiffened with alarm at a sharp scratching noise. In the semi-gloom, we stared at one of the coffins in the middle of the crypt. Straining our eyes, we were horrified to see the lid slowly and soundlessly rise. Out stepped an ancient Roman. His rotted vestments hung in shreds. It could have been the long-dead Julius Caesar, or some later Roman come to haunt his murderers. Petrified, we watched him gliding noiselessly about the crypt, in and out of the columns, until he was lost to view. Although no word was said, we stumbled hurriedly towards the stone steps, keeping against the cold slimy wall away from the coffin.

From when we reached the last step, an overpowering feeling of something invisible being near clung to us like a pall, until we stepped through the door — which was open now — into the bright sunlight, to see the man selling papers still in the same place, and the pigeons strutting and squabbling on the lawns.

JOAN SHAW, Form IVc.



BLACK TUESDAY.

Baaaaaaar (slightly lower than B flat).

"Good heavens! Is that the first hoot? Our bus must have been late again! What's on first period? Arithmetic. History. Sounds good. Hey! Who stacked my locker? I'm running late already!"

Baaaaaaar — Baaaaaaar (with a slightly French accent).

"Phew! Just made it. Have you done your homework, Harold? Oh, you rat! Now I won't have any company when I get told off. Oh, well —."

TwEEEEEEEE—t. "School, Attention! Right and left turn. Forward." A scuffle of feet.

So began the first lessons of the day. Arithmetic with Mr. Mee. "Oh, he's away, is he? Then I expect we'll have Mr. Farrelly. What? He's not here either? Oh, of course. Test cricket last night."

As both these excellent gentlemen were late, we had the unexpected luxury of a free period, during which time I caught up with my homework. I had just finished my history notes when the second hoot went, and Mr. Young stalked into the room, loudly informing all and sundry to "Take this note." Being obedient, we proceeded to take the note, which, by period end, had lengthened into four pages. (Mr. Young is a man of "note.").

After recess we had English and Maths. The bell sounded, we came from our corners — Sorry! —I should have said Miss Stephens came from the staff-room armed with a pile of homework books and having a gleam in her eye. . . . Need we go into unpleasant details? Came Maths. Said Harold to me: "Do you know theorem 52?" Said I to Harold: "I know where to find it in the book." At this stage I began to give up hope of seeing out the day, but by the end of Maths. I was past caring whether I survived or not, and with no apologies to Browning—

"And after Maths, when dinner follows,

The battered kids all raised loud hollers. . . ."

I'll say we did. We had just an hour in which to recuperate before our next dressing down, which was Science. Ah, Science; that beautiful subject with which one associates experiments and lots of disagreeable smells. I cannot remember the last time I passed in it. Let us draw a kindly veil over that period.

Ah! French dictee next. This was more like it. For a quarter of an hour we listened to a man on the wireless talking in some strange tongue, and occasionally I wrote down a word or two like "Il y avez . . ." or "Nous avons une difficile piece de dictee. . . ." This very enlightening period of studious concentration over, there arrived Geography, but as were in Room 10 and Mr. Wynd was next door . . . well, enough said! At last came the end of a perfect day. The bus was half an hour late!

D. GRAHAM, Form IVa.



PREFECTS AND HOUSE CAPTAINS.

"FACT AND FANCY" (or "THE GOOD OIL")

Tom Brown was busy oiling one of the huge machines which generate electricity for our city. His ear caught the steady, throbbing hum of these mighty engines with pleasure, but as he thought longingly of his comfortable chair and novel, he wished there was no such thing as friction, so that his machines could run forever without any attention. He thought of the gallons of oil and grease used every day on these machines, and in outside life—in his bicycle and car, and many moving parts—and wondered idly why there was friction. From his first skating lesson he recalled vividly how easily things move when friction is reduced.

Perhaps Tom ate too many oysters and tomato sauce for supper that evening, but as the black, velvet drapes of sleep dropped over him, he dreamed. He seemed to hang motionless, watching the earth below him; but what a topsy-turvy earth he saw. People were lying helpless on the ground, unable to rise or walk, and slipping and sliding to the bottom of every hill. Buildings and furniture fell apart because the nails slipped out, trams and trains wouldn't grip their rails. It was a world without fire or warmth, because no one could strike matches, or rub hands together, where people couldn't hold food to eat or pencils to write with, and ropes and clothing fell apart, all with disastrous results. Certainly, all the machines were spinning helplessly, but man could not use them because all people, fat and thin, short and tall, rolled and slipped in a most undignified manner. As a tiny voice whispered that this was a world without friction, Tom felt his feet slip from beneath him, and he was falling, falling

Tom woke with a start as he hit the floor, and as he rose, recalling his vivid nightmare, he was a much wiser man, realising that everything in Nature serves a purpose, and that friction helps as well as hinders man.

A. TURNBULL, Form VI.

A RADIO PLAY

Announcer: We present another episode in the romantic and dramatic adventures of the Highwaywoman. Last week she robbed Lord Pompous, and he sent the redcoats after her. This daring woman of the road threw off her pursuers by escaping into the forest. We take up the story as she rides into the cobblestoned courtyard of the "Dripping Dagger" to see the landlady's son, Cuthbert.

Theme music: "Serenade."

(Tlot, tlot, tlot . . . and other horse noises off stage, followed by two loud knocks on the door.)

Highwaywoman: Cuthbert! Darling Cuthy!

Cuthbert: Yes, my peach.

(They kiss. Suction noises off-stage, followed by noise like a cow pulling its foot out of a bog to heighten the atmosphere of the touching scene.)

Highwaywoman: I was nearly captured last night. A cantakerous old fellow called Lord Pompous set the scarlet runners after me, but I tricked them in a thicket.

Cuthbert: Sweet nectarine, you make me all a-tremble. I'll die of cardio-sclerotic!

Highwaywoman: I must rob Duke Slumbers. I'll lift his jewels one dark, frosty night. I must mount my cheval and be off.

Cuthbert: See you later, my pomegranate.

Highwaywoman: I'll come to thee by moonlight, though coal-dust bars the way!

Tess, the ostless (who has been slinking around the barn and listening with both ears flapping): Try to pinch my boy friend, huh! I'll set the troopers on her (nasty laugh), and have dearest Cuthy all to myself.

(More nasty laughs. . . . Sound of horse-hoofs fading into the distance . . . tlot, tlot, tlot.)

Theme music: "The Storm."

(Two thundering crashes on the inn door. Coal dust trickles from the rafters. Loud sneezes and the blowing of noses in the key of G major.)

Landlady: Who's there?

Captain: Troopers!

Landlady: I'll have nowt to do with you. A lot of moth-eaten . . .

Captain: Silence, woman! We're coming in. We've been tipped off that the beautiful blonde, the Highwaywoman, comes to see your son at midnight tonight. Where is his room?

Landlady: Oh, it's a lie! Go away! No, don't shoot! I'll tell you. Fifth room on the right on the second floor.

(The troopers trudge up the rickety stairs and bang with their rifle butts on the Queen Anne door, marking the new paint.)

Cuthbert: Coppers! Get out!

Captain: Grab him, boys, and tie him to the chest of drawers, with a gun under his chin!

Cuthbert: You won't get away with this. She'll fill you full of lead, you scullions!

Captain (tauntingly): Fancy having Cuthbert for a name! Sissy!

Cuthbert: What's yours, anyhow?

Captain: Cecil—a man's name.

Trooper: Look out! Here she comes in a cloud of dust.

Cuthbert (quietly): If only I can reach the trigger. Ah, I've done it!

(Loud bang, followed by gurgling noise like water running down a spout.)

Goodbye, cruel world!

Theme song: "Funeral March."

(The sound of an approaching horse, furiously ridden, is heard. The Highwaywoman enters, riding side-saddle, clutching the horse's mane with the left hand, and a fierce-looking blunderbuss in the right.)

Highwaywoman: Scram, you murderous villains!

Captain (apologetically): I'm very sorry, madam. We didn't mean . . .

Highwaywoman: Breathe your last, you soupy knave, you . . .

(A thunderous crash as her blunderbuss explodes, the recoil knocking her off her horse with a noise like a bag of briquettes emptying.)

Captain: Oh, I'm shot! Send for mother!

Trooper: Tell her little Cecil's hurt himself.

(The Highwaywoman charges the troopers, with her pistol smoking. They scatter, and she pursues them, leaving the Captain to expire alone. Sounds of static on the radio can be taken to represent the sound of shots in the middle distance.)

Announcer: So the Highwaywoman has killed the cowardly Captain and avenged the death of her lover. But what of Tess, who has been responsible for his death? Will the Highwaywoman go after her? Follow the thrilling adventures of this woman of the road . . . next year.

PRADE, Form 11a.

RUFUS

Rufus is the good dog's name,
His only love is home;
His treatment sometimes isn't tame,
But never will he roam.

He barks at other dogs and cats,
His word is law and order.
No one dares to touch "his" mats,
Or sit upon "his" border.

Sometimes we take him for a splash—
The ladies almost frantic;
We often feel we ought to dash,
When he performs an antic.

And when he's had a busy day,
We lay him down to sleep,
To dream of foes he's kept at bay,
And other dreams, so calm, so deep;
That's Rufus.

MARGARET DENSBY, Form 1Vc.

TO SCHOOL BY BUS.

Many pupils of the school travel by bus to their daily labours. This article is to describe the adventures of some bus travellers one wintry morning this year.

Arising early, or at least what appeared to be early, we glanced out of the bedroom window only to see rain pelting down in torrents, and the trees being blown by a gusty wind.

We were tempted to scramble back into bed, but thought better of it. After we had breakfasted, done the every-day chores and dressed for school, we said good-bye to our mother.

Then came the frantic rush for the bus shelter which is about five hundred yards from our gate. As we waited, shivering in the cold, four more students arrived in wet clothes and squelchy shoes. Standing under the insufficient shelter of a tree, we shivered harder and thought how late the bus was. A quarter-of-an-hour later we were still in the same position — waiting not so patiently for the bus. By this we realised the bus had apparently met with some mishap. At a quarter to nine (fateful time) we saw the bus come into view. Finally it lumbered up before us. We clambered on with damp clothes and spirits, but the latter soon revived as the driver smiled and passed a greeting. He explained the bus had been bogged along the road, and fortunately some workmen had come to the assistance of the driver.

The first stage of the journey was down a very steep hill, the road down which had been partly washed away by rain, and great cracks had appeared in it. We held our breath as the bus ambled clumsily down this steep descent. When we finally reached the level road, we gave sighs

of relief. The driver looked up into the driving mirror and smiled at us. No mishaps occurred until we reached the railway hill, up which the bus refused to climb. Fortunately at that moment a bus owned by a rival bus-line pulled up and offered to tow us. Our driver forgot his pride and accepted the offer with relief.

At ten o'clock we arrived at school, to be greeted when we walked into the class-rooms with all sorts of ironical comments about being late. Now, would some of you students who profess to envy us really like to travel by bus? I think you would!

"FIRELIGHT".

Continuous, drops fall
Beating a tattoo on the sodden brown earth.
Within, winter shadows lurk,
Pursued by the firelight leaping from the hearth.
In joy, the flames reach
Tapering to the shadows, and wisp away,
Wraith-like figures of blue haze
That the scented bushland aromas betray.
Piled high, the logs drop
In the Satanic inferno of blistering coal.
Fantastic; fascinating there to view
Temples and palaces, a fanciful world to measure
Eerie in the mellow glow
Lulling all things to dreams of pleasure.
Subdued, the flames die,
Spears of yellow and blue
Leaping, flickering over the dying coals.
Pinnacles fallen and still
Reduced to dull coldness lie stark and still,
Cold relics once resplendent
In the rugged splendour of green hills.

MARIE ELMAR, Form VI.



VALERIE TRAINOR.

A DAY ON A SHEEP STATION

The sudden unmelodious jangling of a bell near my bed awoke me. "Ugh! Six o'clock," I thought, as I scrambled out on to the cold floor and hurriedly raced into jodphurs, jumper and jacket. I ran downstairs into the big old homestead kitchen, where a steaming hot breakfast of porridge, bacon and eggs awaited me. After milking the house cows, I set the milk and went to the stables, where my uncle had just caught and groomed the horses. We filled our saddlebags, strapped on guns, and set out for the day.

Riding at a brisk canter, we soon reached the paddock around which we had to boundary ride. Away we went, eyes scanning the fence for weaknesses where a lamb might crawl through and escape. The horses were eager and alert, dancing, sidling and jumping from their fresh spirits, and yearning for a long, tiring gallop over the gently undulating plains. They champed at the bit as we held them to a steady trot until we finished the fences. Then how we raced! Across country, over logs, through channels and bushes, neck and neck we galloped through the exhilarating cold wind. As we were steadying down over a marshy patch of ground, both horses shied and swerved suddenly as two long-legged brown birds suddenly appeared from the trees. They gave an angry flap of their short, useless wings, and their strong, hard-skinned legs carried the emus swiftly over the plains till they vanished behind a high lignum clump. We circled their resting place, shown by a great circle of flattened grass, and then rode on as a mob of kangaroos went bounding leisurely across the land, led by an eight-foot white "old man" 'roo, whose colour contrasted with the dull greys and reds he preceded.

We left the animals to the flat, dead grassland, and travelled along the bank of an irrigation channel. Tumbling along, the cool green waters flowed swiftly away from the glossy black, flashing blades of the water-wheel which they propelled. A black snake writhed across the ground from the water to a hole in the bank, where half of it promptly vanished, the remainder relaxed. I dismounted, found a stick, tied up the horse, and walked over to where the snake's scales glistened wickedly in the sun. I hit it on the back, paralyzing it, and then dragged it from the hole and killed it. Between its jaws there was a half-eaten yabbie. When I had hung the snake on the fence, I rode on with my uncle, who had noticed in the distance the sheep for which we were searching. I looked and saw nothing. Gradually, away in the haze there appeared a mirage. A miniature lake surrounded by trees seemed to float in the never-lessening distance. As we neared a clump of trees, I could make out, lying in the shade, the flock of sheep which my companion had sighted from a mile away.

When we had taken a rough check of their number, assured ourselves that all were well, and had fixed a broken wire, we set out for home and tea. After a bath and a meal, we joined the station hands who had gathered around the open log-fire to swap yarns till bedtime.

MARION O'HARA, Form 1Vb.

"ULTRAMARINE."

Before tackling my homework, an essay on Milton, I sank down into the most comfortable armchair, and with a twirl of the wireless knob, softened the announcer's voice to a soothing murmur. I had managed to write that Milton had been guilty occasionally of using that play upon words, the pun, before the dulcet tones of the announcer monotonously reciting the prices in the fish market succeeded in lulling me to sleep . . . and to dream. . . .

I was a fish on the sea floor. In front of me gently waved a huge clump of red and purple seaweed. I could hear the voices of two fish floating out from behind it. "My dear," bubbled one, "have you heard the latest about school?" Without waiting for so much as a bubble in reply, she gurgled on as I wriggled myself further into the ooze — "On Fryday, Sockeye Salmon started a bout of finny-cuffs because Perry winkled at Coral Whitebait. Isn't it just like that soleless eel!" By this time the water was seething with talk bubbles, but more was to come. "And if that wasn't enough for one day! A silly little sprat knocked over a pail breamful of whiting left by the painters!"

Rather than listen to this carping fish any longer, I sloshed cut of the ooze and drifted off to school to observe things for myself. The class rooms looked rather patchy. The painters couldn't decide which colour scheme to use, whether salmon pink, seal blue or seaweed green.

I wriggled into the back seat of one of the classes. The teacher was a Scot named Mackerel, and he wore a leatherjacket. His porpoise was to teach seaography. After that, another teacher tortoise how to put the herringbone in stitch. He threatened to can a flathead who gave the atrochus answer that an eight-sided figure was an octopus! He apparently suffered from a cold in the head, as he looked a bit green about the gills. When Coral threw ink on the sealing, and gillgled, he threatened to schnapper head off. Coral began to whale noisily.

School was dismissed when dugongs sounded. The quadrangle was immediately full of catfish and dogfish bubbling frothily. Coral began more mischief. Perry used his mussels and oyster'd her up on the scalloping erected by the painters. She gave a couple of uneasy flaps of her flippers, then fell off and bent her yellowtail. Seeing the accident, Mother-of-Pearl spouted "Get a sturgeon, quick!" The soft rippling of scales on the piano was the last thing I remember. . . .

"PISCES."

ADVENTURE IN POMPEII.

The great mountain, Vesuvius, was spouting flame and smoke as I ran from the Coliseum with the crowd of jostling, rushing people.

Many were running towards their homes, thinking, no doubt, of their families who were still there. Other people were on their way from the scene of terror with their costliest goods on their backs and under their arms.

I ran towards my home on the outskirts of the city. As I passed one of the beautiful temples, I saw a man with some of the gold and silver belonging to the priests in his hands. I called to him, but he took no notice. Instead, he started to run down one of the dark and dirty alley-ways near the temple. So I resumed my passage through the crowds towards my home. When I arrived home, it was nearly a wreck inside. Most of the valuable goods had been removed.

Suddenly there was a terrific crash, and running outside to see what had happened, I noticed that a large rock which had apparently come from the volcano, had fallen on the roof of a house on the other side of the street.

Looking towards the mountain, I saw that there were rivers of lava flowing down from it towards the city. This frightened me so much that I started to run away from the city as fast as I could.

As I ran along the road towards the coast, I saw many people struggling along with their possessions. Finally I reached the sea, and turning and looking back, I saw that the molten lava was only about half a mile behind me. Steam from it was rising in clouds into the sky.

After searching for some time, I found a small boat. I clambered into it, and, taking the oars,

I rowed some distance out into the Bay of Naples. I turned to look back, and at that moment the lava had nearly reached the shore. As I watched, the lava reached the water, and there was a great hissing noise as the sea boiled and steamed. The rocks from the volcano made great splashes as they fell around my little boat.

I rowed as fast as I could towards an island that I could see in the distance. When I reached there, I found that the rocks flung by the volcano did not reach there, and I saw that there were many people on the island. I stayed there till the volcano ceased to erupt, being given food and shelter by the people who knew me and who had assured me that my parents were safe in another place.

D. DALGLEISH, Form 11a.

"VIGIL"!

He waits, calm, inscrutable,
His rifle poised.
Silence, but for the wind whispering in waving
 reeds,
And water lapping on the lake shore.
The moon, solitary in the velvet curtain of the
 night
Peers timidly.
Crack!
Silence is shattered.
The cries of startled birds echo over the water.
Moonlight gunts on the lowered rifle's shining
 steel.
A figure moves through the shadows.
Silence, but for the wind whispering in waving
 reeds,
And water lapping on the lake shore.

CLAIRE GRETTON, Form V1.



BEVERLEY JONES.

FROM THE NARRACAN HILLS.

The road of yellow sand winds up the hill between tall gum trees in which many birds gather to chorus their pleasure of the world. Around sudden bends come glimpses of a lovely landscape.

From the hilltop the green slopes slide down to lower levels, darkened here and there by patches of dark green fern or shadow of a cloud. Down in the sheltered valleys the first signs of spring are appearing. Wattles are grouped in clumps of bright gold. Cows graze serenely on the lush green grass, while sheep run around contour paths made on the hillside. The hawthorn trees stand bright with white blossom. In the creek chuckling down the foothills, the willows with their green leaves droop long arms over the daffodils growing in clumps on the banks.

Far below the hills, roads stretch flatly across the valley of the Latrobe, and the red roofs of Trafalgar glisten in the sunlight after a shower.

Across the valley the Baw Baws and Mt. Erica rise steeply from the flatness of the plain to merge softly into piles of low over-hanging grey clouds. The sun brilliantly touches patches of the snow slopes, making the white dazzling and deepening the blue of the rounded lower hills.

In such weather evening comes softly, throwing a veil of purple over the mountains. It shrouds their sides and drops gently over the towns. The trees on the far slopes and across the valley darkened by the shadows, are suddenly tinged with a red glow as the sunset colours spread from the west and flood the sky.

Down in the towns, the lights wink on, to twinkle brightly as stars. The road down is a pale ribbon winding into darkness.

M. ELMAR, Form VI.

NIGHT SCENE

The dim, blue light from a distant street glimmered on the twisted iron bars of a gate. A figure emerged from the shadows and walked slowly towards the gate, the tasselled ends of a long scarf flapping behind him. In his hand he carried a long slender instrument. A pause in front of the gate, the glint of a key, the faint wail of rusty hinges, a step, a click, he was inside and the gate locked behind him.

He made halting progress over the uneven planks until he reached the edge of the wharf. Below, the sea moved; smooth gleaming water glided under the pier to slap against the shell-encrusted piles, and fell back in a shower of foam. Fascinated by the ceaseless movement he watched for a while, then remembering his task, moved on rubber-shod feet towards his goal.

A faint mist began to swirl in from the sea, brought by an icy breeze. He stopped in the shelter of a pile of packing-cases. Two eyes watched him from a deep patch of shadow a few yards away. Taking advantage of his immobility, the possessor of the eyes slipped forward, step

by step. Suddenly the figure moved, the rat whirled and streaked over the packing cases into blackness.

The figure left his shelter and hurried onward, past squat coils of rope, which smelt of tar and the sea, through dark passage-ways, over smooth boards, rough planks, cold concrete.

He stopped near a sign-board and sat down on the edge of the pier, his feet dangling above the water. With deft fingers he prepared his instrument, then a flick of the wrist, and the curved metal sailed out over the water, falling with a soft plop. A line of ripples traced the path of the connecting twine back to the watcher, who contentedly settled down to wait, deliberately avoiding the notice above which read:—

"Fishing Prohibited from these Wharves."

GWYNNETH GRIFFITHS, Form VI.

THE NIGHT IS DARK

Wind hacks at our faces,
Cruelly, unrelenting.
The cliff of coal shudders
Behind the drapery of darkness,
And our faces are lined with sweat.
Rain lashes our bodies—
Stinging of nettles.
Stolid, unflinching, is the machine—
Monster of steel—
Black, slimy rods; glistening oil.
Silvery raindrops, whipped by the wind,
Glide to the heart of the steel,
Freshen the heart of the man
Like a promise from afar.
He is the master of this metal;
He, with strong brown hands,
Rules for but a night.
Cold, unemotional, is the machine.
Who knows what evil lurks there?
Now with fury drives the wind
Spitefully;
The machine stands like a bulwark.
But now its long, lean arm
Sways in the gale, suddenly swings—
With secret glee the monster rolls—
A crash of grating metal;
A sudden silence.
The black, shapeless monster
Crushes the fragile life.
From the darkness
Flees the feeble flame
Into greater darkness.
And the battered flesh
In pools of blood and sloppy mud
Lies limp and cold.
And the rain rushes through the air,
And winds whine;
But silent and fallen,
Black and twisted,
Is the brutal, disjointed machine
Flecked with the blood
Of innocent, insignificant man.

R. J. BARNES, Form VI.

TO KOSCIUSKO ON FOOT.

(The following article was written for the magazine by Mr. Priestly, who was a teacher at the school during 1947, and transferred to Corryong at the beginning of this year. R. Selby-Hele was a student at the school during the years 1943-7).

Last Easter, Bob Selby-Hele and I planned to ascend Kosciusko from the steeper western face, following largely the path of Strezlecki who named the peak. Though the eastern slope is gradual enough to permit a well-graded road, the mount drops almost sheer to the Murray, 6000 feet below.

We left Corryong in perfect weather on Good Friday and, after leaving the car at Khancoban (30 miles away) we trudged with packs "that weighed a ton" the ten weary miles to the top of the Geehi Wall. Here, enlivened by superb views of our goal, we descended sharply for 1000 feet to the roaring Swampy Plains River, and the Geehi Flats.

The stream, some thirty yards of swirling icy water, had to be forded six times, and, though neither of us got a ducking, we did have some narrow escapes, especially when I nearly lost a boot in mid-stream.

From the hut on the flats we looked at Mt. Townsend — rough and rocky — standing flushed in the sunset — a sight not easily forgotten.

Tea, soon prepared, was eaten as quickly, for the walking had sharpened our appetites and we sought a well-earned rest.

Next day came our real ascent — The Hannel Spur leads to the top six thousand feet above in only six miles. It was an extremely difficult climb, but its views are unsurpassed anywhere.

Soon we had rounded Abbot Range and turned up the cleft of Wilkinson Valley to our goal. As we rose, we caught the force of a tearing gale piercingly cold. We made our way to Seaman Hut, where, sheltered from the blast, we prepared stew, an experiment in dehydrated food which proved a huge success, and thus fed and warmed, we turned in, lulled by the howl of the wind.

Next day saw heavy frost with a sub-zero wind which precluded much activity, and by lunch-time heavy mist had fallen, accompanied by some snow.

As we expected more snow, we descended to camp just below tree line (5800 ft.), where we had some shelter. That night, six inches of snow fell, and our first two hours' walk next day saw us wet through.

Bob nearly lost his boot when throwing it over the creek — poetic justice — for he had laughed at me for nearly doing the same a few minutes before.

We dried off in the now pleasant sunshine, and next day returned to Corryong by the same route, feeling a certain thrill at having accomplished something seldom attempted on foot, and in spite of the prophecies of some local residents.

MARGARET PARKHILL, Form 111b.

DREAMING CLOUDS.

Like a lonely cloud I wandered
Plucking flowers and dreaming;
And only solitude I wanted
With the yellow sunlight gleaming.

Like a lonely cloud I wandered
When the flowers were at their brightest.
I was dreaming of the coming days
While the sun was at its highest.

VIRGINIA SHAW, Form 1a.



R.A.F.

DAWN.

(This poem was inspired by reading Eleanor Dark's "The Timeless Land").

The smooth outline of the rounded hills
Is softened by the morning light —
Those wooded hills,
With graceful curve sweeping
Down to white foam and blue water.
He stands among this primitive loveliness,
His own,
This, his land, his home.
The bay, sublimely beautiful,
Is enfolded in his view,
And green gums and misty mountains,
That rise to meet azure skies.
He sees them all.
Here is his life, his freedom.
He, the warrior,
Brave and strong, proud of his tribe,
Feels the warm sun,
And breathes the pure air
Of a lovely, lonely, silent land.

On the pale, pencilled horizon
He sees a shape appear,
Like a spirit from another world;
A vision, a phantasy
Is the wondrous ship,
And elated, afraid, he watches
As, cleaving the waters
The battered vessel glides to rest
In the welcome shelter
Of a towering shore.

The flag of England flies
In the rude camp
Of an outcast settlement
In a strange, virgin land.
Where aisles of forest giants stood
Are rows of rough huts and wretched tents.
The redcoats in their faded splendour
Guard the unwanted of another world;
And the black, with primitive wonder,
Watches, and waits, and fears.

One of the white invaders,
The leader,
Looks at the changes he has wrought.
He sees the bay in the glory of the sunset,
He sees the forest in green magnificence,
And feels the promise
And the vision of greater destiny.
With hope and faith he looks
Into the misty future,
Seeing always
The fulfilment of his dream.

But forgotten, misunderstood,
A shadow of his greatness,
The warrior finds no delight
In the primeval lusts.
Unable to live a new life,
His fellow warriors degraded, his laws
infringed,

He sees no grandeur in the land;
His vision is broken —
White civilization overwhelms him.
The times of Change are come.
He is an exile in his own land.

R. J. BARNES, Form VI.

"WOULDN'T IT!"

These mystery stories work me up
And slowly raise
The hair upon my head.
Then right into my fearful gaze
Then comes the line—
TO BE CONTINUED.

Two shots ring out; the hero gasps;
Cries, "I love her still!"
Collapses. But is he dead?
It makes me really ill,
For the tale is yet again
TO BE CONTINUED.

The bold Sir Ralph did lead
His trusty varlets on;
They walk where none dare tread.
Again I say "tis wrong,"
For in italics comes the line
TO BE CONTINUED.

In all these serial stories
Those words, those painful words,
Beat thro' and thro' my head;
They rend me as do surds.
But I must cease this now
TO BE CONTINUED.

G. L. EDMONDSON, Form VI.

"LYING IN BED."

Half-past seven in the morning! My time has come — "now comes the sick hour!" Actually, it comes every school morning at this time, but to-day the frost is a little whiter and the cold just a little more penetrating. The sheets, topped by a liberal supply of blankets, have that warmth of appeal which infuses my limbs with an unusually helpless and very comfortable feeling. My eyelids seem to be weighted. I try to resist them as they drift back into their proper place — over my eyes. "Just for a couple of seconds!" I concede when my eyes have closed.

But somehow, my sense of time has evaded me. Hours, seconds, days — what do they mean when I'm just sinking, floating somewhere through timeless space? How is anything important when I can nestle inconspicuously under the sheets and condemn all matters of urgency to some place in the supernatural world? It is therefore reasonable that two seconds should lose their earthly significance.

Clap! Clap! Clap! comes the dreaded handclap, and my reluctant head emerges from under the blankets into the frosty air. And so to work.

R. FOWLER, Form VI.

THE ARTIST.

In a corrugated iron hut in Babina, Queensland, an artist is engaged in a reproduction in coral, plaster and plastic of the Barrier Reef, that will convey an impression of its beauty and the life that springs from it. Mr. Nick St. Alan is interested in the truth that lies at the heart of things and the beauty that is to be found everywhere in nature.

He is over sixty years of age, but is still very active and alert. Mr. St. Alan was born in Budapest, Hungary, where he studied art. During summer vacations he travelled to Europe, Asia and North Africa. He spent two years on research in America before coming to Australia. He is most interested in this country, because he says it offers a surprising interest to tourists. At present, Mr. St. Alan is engaged on a reproduction of a Reef grotto with its coral and fish worked in plaster of paris, to be presented to the Melbourne Museum.

For company on his two-year trip, Mr. St. Alan took along a small fox terrier dog which is named "Lady." He travelled in a blitz-buggy painted in silver with the Latin words "Semper Paratus" painted on the side, which mean "Always Ready." He is an artist, naturalist, cartoonist, and is a collector of shells.

He has had two unpleasant experiences. Two natives and he were gathering specimens off a reef, when the boat they were in capsized. Something hit him across the shoulder, and there was a great swish in the water. Later he was told it was probably a shark. Another time, while he was looking over his specimens, he happened to glance up and saw a black snake, about six inches away from his left hand, with its head poised ready to strike. He looked around for

something to throw at it, and when he had done so, he was just in time to see it disappear among the rocks. This is the most remarkable person I have ever met, and I feel privileged to be one of his many friends.

MARGARET DENSBY, Form IVc.

AN HOUR IN THE BUSH.

The summer sun was in the sky.
The twittering birds were flying by,
The little refreshing, whispering breeze
Was playing amongst the giant gum-trees.
The wise old owl sat asleep in his tree,
While the bubbling brook gurgled with glee;
The wild flowers looked up with their beautiful
faces,

Like old-fashioned ladies in satins and laces.
I felt as though I could sing and laugh,
As I wandered along the twisting path.
When I had to leave, my heart filled with
sorrow,

But I said, "Good-bye! I'll be back tomorrow."

CYNTHIA COOLEY, Form IIc.

LUNCH TIME.

Don't know what I ought to buy;
But where the queue stands so do I
Watching everyone passing by;
But where the queue stands so do I.
One by one the people file past,
Hurrah! my turn has come at last!
Fish and chips, and apple tart
Hungrily, I cut it apart.
Not many minutes left to eat
For the yard's to be cleared and made all neat.
Then goes the bell and down I rush
To get to the lockers before the crush!

DENISE FARNES, Form 1a.



JOYCE MACK.

A DOG AT A WEDDING CEREMONY.

This particular wedding was really spoilt by little sister, who let the "dear little dog" off the chain.

The wedding guests, all dressed up in their best clothes, were walking to the church looking very dignified, when, to some of the people's utter disgust, Tricks pranced joyfully up to the bride's mother and began to lick her. He was sent back home, or at least the guests thought so. It had been raining during the night, and there were a few little puddles around the church door. Everyone was waiting anxiously for the bride, and, when she arrived I don't know who received the biggest surprise — the gathering around the church or the bride, for out of the bushes flounced Tricks. He bounced through the puddles and ran excitedly up to the bride when he recognised her. Little did he know how agitated he was making his mistress as little drops of muddy water flew on to her spotless white dress. Once again he was thrown angrily away.

As the procession moved in a dignified stroll down the aisle, there was a scream from one of the congregation. Tricks had come to a final decision; he wasn't going to be left out of this! So he crept down the church wagging his furry little tail against the ladies' nylons. He stopped at the feet of the bride and sat looking innocently at her. Just as the bridegroom said "I do," Tricks began to howl mournfully because no one was taking any notice of him. He clawed at the bride's veil and jumped up on the bridesmaid's dress with his muddy paws. When the bride and the rest of the procession went through the vestry, Tricks followed, but the door was slammed in his face. Then the singer commenced his songs, accompanied by very musical yaps and barks (slightly off-key) from the dog. Amused giggles came from the congregation.

As no one seemed to want him, Tricks went outside and sat in a puddle, whining at the top of his voice. When he heard the organ begin again he peeped in the door. Hurrah! he thought, there is my mistress! He galloped into the church, barking gleefully. He jumped up on to the bride's beautiful frock, shaking his wet muddy body. The surprise caused the bride's bouquet to fly across the aisle. The minister, who was nearest, bent to pick the flowers up, but Tricks, who didn't appear to like the minister, growled and stalked menacingly towards him. He grabbed him by the leg and raced around the church, hanging on to him. A vase went crashing to the floor and fell on the bridegroom's toe. He jumped, and held his foot, dancing on one leg. At that moment Tricks came racing past, and unbalanced the bridegroom, who fell backwards on to the minister. By this time Tricks had been put outside, leaving a complete mess in the church, with the bridegroom lying on top of the minister, with



**CLOSE FINISH OF INTERMEDIATE RELAY
AT TRARALGON.**

a bunch of flowers (from the vase) in his hair, and the bride's bouquet was scattered in a puddle of water.

I don't think there's any need to say what happened to little sister after the guests had gone.

VALERIE McPHEE, Form 1Vb.

COUNTRY STORE.

Smoke trailed in leisurely coils across the dim doorway,
Drifting from the pipes of the men yarning on the bench;
Mingling with the fragrance of old spices, leather and peppermint,
And a host of undefinable tangs.
Hushed stillness indoors,
Save for the swirling, dancing specks
Glinting on the beam of light.
Then, the sound of strong-nailed boots
Tramping across the floor;
The ancient bell quivered in the grasp of a rough, brown hand.
No answer — but for the twittering of the starlings in the eaves.
Then out of the dimness came the grocer,
Hardware merchant, and postmaster in one,
A crumpled list slid across the wooden barirer.
"For the missus," he said.
The jar of sweets with the promise of sticky, blissful smiles
Caught his eye,
"And a bag o' these for the kids."
He talked with the neighbours on the verandah.
Finally, as the mists of evening veiled the distant hills
He drove off —
Along the tree-lined, pot-holed road
To his farm, his family, and tea.

GWYNNETH GRIFFITHS, Form VI.

Bonnie Prince Charlie was defeated somewhere between Patty Pans and Peter Pans.

The chief fur-bearing animal in North America is the minx.