

M.E. Sovall

The Pylon



Vol. 4

The High School

Yallourn, 1950

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Editorial

In a world which appears to be on the edge of further hostilities, it seems obvious that some form of true international co-operation is necessary. Many plans have been advanced to achieve this aim, but most if not all, have had a world-wide scope apparently remote from the ordinary individual. We feel that a more personal approach to the problem in a narrower field, such as a town or village could yield results, which, if multiplied through a whole nation would ensure a stronger desire for world co-operation. We feel this state of affairs could be reached through the ideals of good citizenship.

It is a common belief that citizenship is a name, rather than an attitude of mind that leads to an urge for community service; that it is merely a matter of voting at elections, or of holding some political office. But we believe the full meaning of citizenship is not so limited and that it necessarily entails obligations. Citizenship means being a good member of society in every aspect. This implies that we must take an active part in community life and by so doing lead others to follow in the path. We do not believe good citizenship comes about easily, for good attitudes are not always easy to acquire, and it is not only a matter of the spirit. It is an understanding of civic behaviour which can light the the good neighbourliness which should always munity experiences.

There are various ways in which qualities of good citizenship can be acquired, and they all come primarily from life itself. One can become a good citizen, by growing up in a home where people talk intelligently over family decisions; by discussing the current events with one's fellows; by reading the newspapers intelligently; by listening to the wireless with discrimination and generally by fitting easily into the social sphere in which one's life is involved. Further, a good citizen is well-informed, is always ready to accept responsibility and to discharge duties.

In our school we have excellent opportunities for putting these ideas into practice. The House system helps to develop loyalty, and a sense of fair play, and good sportsmanship. There is present the corporate sense of belonging to a House, and it is this sense which perhaps unconsciously makes for team spirit with all its implications for working together.

The prefect system allows the highest expression of citizenship possible to a student. Also, from the point of view of the rank and file a useful civic sense of co-operation is assisted to grow. It is important to note that co-operation rather than unquestioning obedience is the desirable aim, and implies an attitude of sound reason and fairness on both sides. Also, the use of the well-stocked library broadens horizons and helps students acquire that knowledge so essential for intelligent citizenship.

One of the most pleasant aspects of our school is the rapid assimilation of migrant children into the school community, which illustrates the good neighbourliness which should always be a part of our civic life. This school is probably unique in the State for its cosmopolitan population. There are children here from the United Kingdom, Poland, Hungary, Germany, the Baltic States, the Netherlands, Palestine, South Africa, and many more will come.

Just as the highest form of discipline is self-discipline springing from the individual's recognition of its necessity, so good citizenship springs from individuals, yet binds a community whether school or adult, to perform services which render life more pleasant, gracious and satisfying.



Retrospect

DIARY — 1950

January:

- 31—School begins. An appropriate Noel Coward title, "Bitter-Sweet."

February:

- 13—Presentation of Prefects' badges.
15—Miss Australia and Miss Victoria visit the school. "She walks in beauty"

March:

- 7—C.A.E. Concert at theatre. Artists were Eunice Garland, Betty Fairbanks, Desmond Bradley.
8—Swimming sports won by Mawson House. "Swim, little fish, swim on."
11—Visit of Minister for Education.
30—Third Form excursion to La Mode Industries, Morwell. Screening of films by State Films Centre unit.
31—The annual school fete. "Double, double toil and trouble Fire burn and cauldron bubble."—Macbeth.

April:

- 6—Easter holidays.
19—Examinations commenced. "Now comes the sick hour . . ."—Richard II.
24—Anzac Commemoration Ceremony. "At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, We will remember them." —Binyon.
26—Address on behalf of U.N.A.C.
27—Senior school holiday. "Rest for the weary."

May:

- 4—Junior school holiday. "Peace, perfect peace."
5—First form excursion to the Yallourn reservoir.
10—Term social. "A verrey par fait gentil nyght . . ." with apologies to Chaucer.
12—End of term.
23—School again.

June:

- 7—Winter sports against Warragul High School. "All day long the noise of battle rolled."—Tennyson.
21—Winter sports against Traralgon High School. "Play up, play up and play the game."

July:

- 19—Winter sports against Sale Technical School. "It was roses, roses all the way." Browning.
26—C.A.E. play "She Stoops to Conquer"—or better known by the staff version, "She Snoops to Stonker."
28—Lecture by Education Department Recruitment Officer.

August:

- 4—Second term examinations. "Some villain hath done me wrong."—King Lear.
25—End of Term II.

September:

- 5—School again.
11—School holiday granted by the Governor, Sir Dallas Brooks.
21—Screening of films by State Film Centre.
25—Lecture on India given by Mr. Davidson.
26—Trip to Royal Melbourne Show.

October:

- 3—Concert in Yallourn theatre—artists were Beth Dean, Victor Carell, Eric Mitchell.
4—House Sports.
18—Combined sports. "So all the cracks had gathered to the fray."—Patterson.

November:

- 17—Arrival of prefabricated school rooms.
20—Wrecking of room 12, and adjoining rooms.

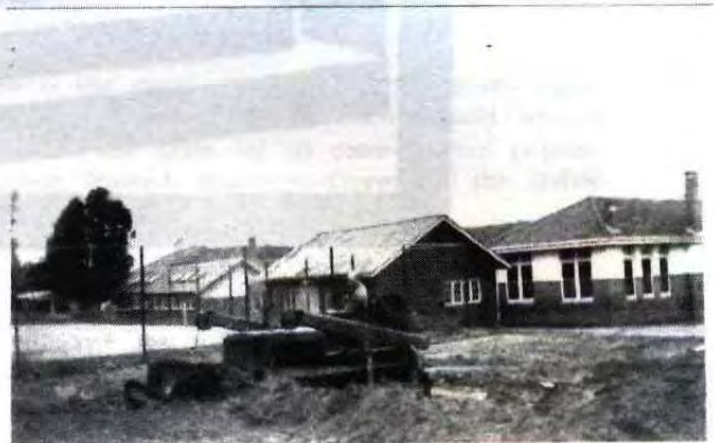
December:

- 4—University examinations begin. "Cheer up, the worst is yet to be."—Browning (with variations).
12—Speech night.
18—Cricket match, Staff versus Students. Tennis match.
19—End of school for 1950. "Ring out, wild bells . . ."—Tennyson.

C.A.E. CONCERT

On the 7th March, the Council of Adult Education provided a concert in the Yallourn Theatre, for the pupils of this school. As the guest artists, the celebrated Eunice Garland, Desmond Bradley, and Betty Fairbanks were presented.

Mr. Sutton-Crow introduced Mr. Bradley who in turn presented the artists, and for the next hour and a quarter pupils listened attentively. This concert was truly appreciated by all present. We hope that these artists will come again.



EXCAVATING FOR THE NEW HUT

THE BAZAAR

March 31st was the scene of great activity at the High School. The reason: the annual School Fete. The stalls were all well stocked and very well patronised. The morning was enlivened by several fights (cat v. dog), and Mr. Graham beat all other stalls to the jump by disposing of large quantities of reading matter before lunch.

A large crowd swarmed around the Chamber of Horrors, where the highlight was a photo of a Form V girl, clad only in a bathing suit (probably of French design).

A trail of blood led to the Boxing in Rooms 8 and 9 where one, Fang Churchill opened a gash above his opponent's head with a nice right, then leads with his chin and sinks gracefully to the canvas. The next bout put the female fans in a quandary, the two school glamour boys fought to a strangely quiet audience.

The Jumble Stall describes itself; a glorious jumble, though a very profitable one from the smile on Mr. Graham's face. Room 7 was hard to recognise under mountains of baby clothes, aprons, and tea cosies, while sideshows were dotted all over the place in an effort to entice customers to part with any "sugar" they had managed to keep from pets' owners.

The highlights of the dying moments of the fete were the official opening speech by Mr. Chisholm and the Pets' Parade. Animals, birds and reptiles ran, waddled, crept and were carried around the quadrangle. There was very little between the pet to judge by the worried looks of the judges.

This year's fete was the most successful yet, as was borne out by the takings; over £175.

SCHOLARSHIPS

The following students hold scholarships which are tenable at this school during the year 1950:—

Junior Scholarships: W. R. M. Dalgleish, June Williams, Valerie Bouchier, Pamela Baker, Wendy Ebbott, Dorothy Edwards, Valda Griffiths, J. C. Hutchinson, Betty Mitchell, Kay Spurrier, Lesly Hawkins, Velma Passey.

Free Places: R. B. Archbold, L. W. Castanelli, Clare Easton, Lois Olver, T. J. Cahill, P. L. Archbold, Fay Graham, Rae Lane, A. R. Marr, Joan Scott, J. D. Adams, Jocelyn Davey, B. E. Edmondson, Beverly Gregory, D. R. Hopkins, K. G. Kirwood, J. B. Mitchell, Merle Parsons, R. H. Pruden, Marion Scarce, Elizabeth Wallace, G. Angus, Brenda Block, Joyce Cronin, Irene Curtis, Margaret de Carli, Mary Patterson, Virginia Shaw, Shirly Simons, Pamela Williams.

State Electricity Commission Scholarships: D. J. D. Chisholm, J. N. Wallace, Pauline White, W. C. Carrie, Fay White.

Australian Paper Manufacturers' Scholarships: Marion O'Hara, Nancy Deering, Janice Evans.

Leaving Certificate Bursaries: P. L. Archbold, Jocelyn Davey, Rae Lane.

Teaching Scholarships: A. C. Balfour.

Nursing Bursaries: Joan Scott, Merle Parsons.

VISIT OF MISS AUSTRALIA

Excitement at the High School runs high! You ask me why? Let the boys answer! Miss Australia is coming today. The girls wait with avid interest to see her clothes and also that indefinable something which helped her win her title, but the boys wait only to see her, and in honour they wear their best suits and even meticulously brush their hair. Even the men teachers (who should know better) wear their best suits and generally act like adolescent boys.

However, after much feverish waiting on the part of all, Miss Australia (Miss Hughes) arrives. There is an expectant breathless hush as she leads the official party along the verandah. Behind her comes Miss Victoria (Miss Joan Easey).

Eagerly, boys and girls (and the Staff) gaze at the celebrity and change their positions to get a better view. Some of the staff, I daren't say whom, even adopted a favourable position in order to ensure an unobstructed scene. Perhaps, they wanted to count the windows in room five? We don't rightly know. The Head Prefect presented our visitor with a bouquet of flowers and welcomed her. Miss Hughes thanked her, and in spite of rain and coal dust told us she was thrilled to be here.

Meanwhile hidden cameras appeared and snaps were taken, the press adding glamour by taking many photos by flashlight. Very kindly Miss Australia waited till all were finished and then was besieged by autograph-hunters. After this delay, the party left amid applause and cheers from the pupils who lined the fence to say goodbye.



MISS VICTORIA AND MISS AUSTRALIA, 1950
VISIT THE SCHOOL

Matriculation—

Of the seven pupils who entered for Matriculation, the following were successful—Amy Burne, 4 passes; R. J. Kirwood, 2 honours 2 passes; Joyce Mack, 3 honours 2 passes; A. W. F. Webb, 1 honour 2 passes.

Details of subjects are as follows—English Expression, 1 honour 5 passes; English Literature, 1 honour 1 pass; French, 1 honour 1 pass; Pure Mathematics, 1 honour; Calculus and Applied Mathematics, 1 pass; Physics, 1 honour; Geography, 5 passes; History, 2 honours 4 passes.

Leaving Certificate—

The following students obtained their Leaving Certificates last year—R. B. Archbold in 7 subjects; Norah Burne, D. D. Graham in 6 subjects; Marion O'Hara, Clare Easton, Dorothy Akers, M. D. Parr in 5 subjects; Valerie Parsons in 4 subjects.

Intermediate Certificate—

N. Aldred, R. Bridle, I. Chessum, Judith Cook, Shirley Cook, Jocelyn Davey, M. Dalglish, D. Ferguson, J. Graham, Barbara Law, A. Marr, J. Rouse, Joan Scott, N. Tranter, Margaret Turner, J. Wallace, Margaret Briggs, Gloria Farmer, Shirley McFarlane, Mary O'Meara, Heather Robinson, Pauline White, Doreen Way, Merle Parsons, Doreen Reynolds, Doreen Robinson, Audrey Savige, Avril Scanlon, Barbara Smith, Marjorie Smith, Beryl Stevenson.

Technical Examinations—

Shorthand Theory—24 credits, 21 passes. Shorthand Practice—5 credits, 10 passes.

Advanced Typewriting—7 credits, 9 passes.

Commercial Law—5 passes.

THE ROYAL MELBOURNE SHOW

On the morning of the 26th September at nine o'clock, Miss Cronin, Miss McKeone and thirty-three girls left in a bus for what was to be a very enjoyable and eventful day. After passing through Moe, singing began and there appeared to be a competition between the girls at opposite ends of the bus to see who could sing the loudest, highest and longest. We were soon through Warragul, but by this time there was little singing, due mainly to sore throats, and the time and scenery quickly passed until we reached Dandenong where we stayed a short time while the driver arranged for our tea on the return trip. We passed Springvale and lunches emerged at Oakleigh. While going through the suburbs we admired the gardens and houses, the Shrine and at last the city itself. Over Princes Bridge and along Swanston Street and then Sydney Road after a bit of clever manoeuvring by the bus driver. At last Royal Park, Flemington and the Royal Show. There was a general rush for sixpences and the turnstile and when we were actually in the showgrounds we all wended our way to the Homecraft Section. The smocking, knitting, needlecraft, painting, artificial flowers and decorated cakes were too lovely to try to describe. After a thorough search of this section we were free to do as we pleased until ½ to

5 when we had to meet again. The girls' general idea was to see as much and to buy as many sample bags as possible, so with this in mind we, the fifth formers, made for the Government Pavilion. After viewing the wonderful displays of wheat, wool and preserved fruits we retraced our steps to the Administrative Building and here bought our first sample bags, and picked up various pamphlets. Then off we went for the Hall of Manufactures where we spent more on novelties and sample bags, and heard the familiar plaintive cry of "Can anyone direct us to the Hall of Commerce, please?" A map was produced and very soon we were all in the Hall of Commerce. Emerging happy but hungry we literally flopped on a nearby bench to consume potato chips. Miss McKeone with other girls, came along so we exchanged experiences amid much laughter. After this we again set out and looked in at Foys and the Horticultural Pavilion. From here we once more entered the Administrative Building and were lucky enough to be among twenty people invited into the A.B.C. studio. We, the fifth form were invited to sing and after much persuasion and giggling we managed to warble "A Lovely Bunch of Coconuts." A hasty glance at the clock gave us exactly five minutes to return to the main game. As the bus had not yet arrived we retold our studio adventure to our disbelieving fellows. The bus drew up and we all, balloons, dolls, and sample bags scrambled into the bus. With the roll-call answered we set out on our homeward journey through the city and suburbs and then Dandenong where we consumed our previously ordered fish supper. It was a strangely quiet—most of the way—and happy bus load of girls who arrived home from a day at the Show.

—AUDRY SAVIGE, V.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The photographs of school teams included in this issue we owe to the generosity of Mr. J. Clucas of Jay-Cee Portraits, Broadway, Yallourn. To him the Magazine Committee expresses its gratitude.



END OF SWIMMING SPORTS

Sports Notes

HOUSE NOTES

Owing to the ban on competitive sport due to the poliomyelitis epidemic being extended to cover first term, there were no House matches in cricket, tennis, softball or rounders. However, the swimming sports were held as usual in term one and resulted in a very narrow win for Mawson House from Flinders House, with Phillip House and Bass House trailing.

During the winter, House matches commenced in earnest, in football, basketball, hockey and vigoro. The highlight of these contests from the staff point of view was the basketball match played against the School senior team at the end of the second term. The end of an exceedingly rough encounter saw the umpire being carried off the court with the scores level.

The annual athletic sports were held in October in perfect weather and resulted in a clear win for Mawson House, with Phillip House second. The keenest competition was for the wooden spoon between Flinders and Bass Houses, Flinders being the unlucky winners by half a point.

The rivalry between Houses has been very keen in social service and scholarship.

At the time of going to press no House had an individual grip on the J. J. Marr Shield. Mawson House has a very slight lead over Phillip House, but we would not attempt to predict the final result as an Egg Appeal and Scholarship for third term have to be taken into account.

Important events in third term will be the annual cricket and tennis matches against the staff.

Y.H.S. HOUSE SPORTS, 1950

On the 4th of October the sky was cloudless, and at 11.30 the entire school hastened to the ovals to witness and participate in, the annual house sports.

From the first explosion of Mr. Farrelly's gun at noon, battle after battle of the turf was lost or won with amazing rapidity, and many new records were established. Highlights of the day were the team events, which were particularly colorful, as each team marched on to the field behind its respective banner-bearer, who carried the emblem with befitting pride.

As the afternoon bounded away, public feeling became more and more heated, and many throats were unusually hoarse. Even so, the heroes and heroines of the field of combat were almost carried along by the rousing cheers of their anxious housemates, who at the close of the afternoon, felt as physically weary as the participants themselves.

The final event of the day was the house marching, and as the teams stepped out in grand style, it was realised that the gruelling practices had not been in vain. Mr. Chisholm announced the results, amidst complete silence, and places were: Mawson, Phillip, Bass, and Flinders a very close fourth. This was the signal for general rejoicing, and on this note, the eager children of a few hours earlier, staggered home exhausted.

GIRLS' INTER-SCHOOL SPORT

We regret to announce that the Yallourn High School was not victorious in winning any of this year's premierships. Although we played hard and well the weather conditions were against us, as all matches were played in rainy weather on slippery courts. Also, the opposition were very good.

Apparently the strenuous efforts of the coaches Miss Hauser and Mr. Price were to no avail.

The results of the matches were as follows:—

BASKETBALL, A. (Captain: Marion O'Hara)

Warragul H.S., 36 d. Yallourn H.S., 6.

Traralgon H.E.S., 22, d. Yallourn H.S., 17.

BASKETBALL, B.

Yallourn H.S., 13 d. Warragul H.S., 12
(lost on protest).

Yallourn H.S., 22 d. Traralgon H.E.S., 6.

HOCKEY (Captain: Lois Olver)

Warragul H.S., 4 d. Yallourn H.S., 2.

Yallourn H.S., 0, drew with Traralgon
H.E.S., 0.

BOYS' INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS

The boys upheld the honor of the school by winning the premiership in the senior football. We had decisive victories over our opponents at the three matches we played, as the co-operation shown by all players was outstanding, and in particular that of the forwards. However, the team's goal to goal line was very strong and proved too much for our opponents. Against the teams from Warragul and the Yallourn Technical School, the matches were evenly contested but against Traralgon the game was rather one-sided.

We thank Mr. Stewart for his great help in coaching us and do appreciate it.

The results were:—

SENIOR FOOTBALL (Captain: Barry Archbold)

Yallourn H.S., 12.12 d. Warragul H.S., 6.8.

Yallourn H.S., 30.28 d. Traralgon H.E.S., nil.

Yallourn H.S., 15.11 d. Yallourn Technical
School, 5.4.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL (Capt.: John Hutchinson).

Warragul H.S., 13.8 d. Yallourn H.S., 1.8.

Traralgon H.E.S. 3.8 d. Yallourn H.S., 1.2.

Yallourn T.S., 13.19 d. Yallourn H.S., nil



STAFF HOCKEY TEAM



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM—PREMIERS 1950

YALLOURN HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

A back-pocket player is Jerry Stanley
An extremely vigorous lad
In the defence he is very strong
And makes his opponents sad.

Bob Bridle is a full-back gay
A boy who's young and keen
At marking the ball he's really good
And his kick's a delight to be seen.

In the other pocket is Gavan's brother
Brian Edmondson by name
He's a player who's sole ambition
Is to win himself great fame.

One half-back flanker is Camel Greenway
A footballer classed very high
Whilst the other defender is named Castanelli
A player who is very spry.

At centre half-back we've a hefty lad
12.9 is Don Chisholm's weight
And if an opponent bumps into Don
He'll never know what was his fate.

Our wingers also are a fine pair
Max Donnelly and Alan Marr
These two really are very fast
More so than their opponents by far.

Our centre player is Barry Archbold
He plays for Traralgon firsts
His game is a very good one all the way through
And not in spasmodic bursts.

Two fourth-formers play on the half-forward
flanks
Ken Rogers and big Bill Carrie
The marking of Ken is lovely to watch
Whilst Bill kicks much better than Barry.

Our centre half-forward is a fine player
Trevor Rohde is his name
He was football captain at his last school
From whence to us he came.

In one forward pocket is Robert O'Hara
A tenacious young rover of class
When Graham gets tired then Robert steps in
To try and give Peter a pass.

A clever full-forward is Peter Archbold
A player who is a fine shot
One of the stars of our excellent team
He scores goals more often than not.

In the other forward pocket is John (Skinny)
Wallace

His teamwork with Peter works well
He passes to Peter with foot or with hand
Who puts it through 'midst a loud yell.

One of the rucks is gallant Mac Dalglish
At getting the hit-out he's great
Mac's assistant's name is Trevor Cahill
He's easily as good as his mate.

Graeme Lindsay is our first rover
When he collects the ball
He passes it on to the worthy Trevor
At the half-forward's call.

The team is coached by Mr. Stewart
He trains them hard and long
When asked why he must keep them at it
He says "So they won't go wrong."

—RUSSELL PRUDEN, 4a.

SPORTS REVIEW

Y.H.S. d. W.H.S.

On the small Warragul oval we defeated our heavier Warragul opponents in a hard, interesting game.

The ball, and the ground itself, were both greasy but this did not noticeably affect our play. After gaining a first quarter lead our confidence mounted, and we increased the lead to eventually win by 6-3, the final scores being 12-11 to 6-8.

The fact contributing most to our win was the co-operation shown by all players. This was most noticeable in the forward lines. Our goal-to-goal line proved too experienced and was on top all day. Many forward moves were started by the rucks gaining the hit out and most of Warragul's forward moves were countered by our backs who played constantly.

It was a very meritorious win.

Goal-kickers for Y.H.S.—P. Archbold (6), A. Webb (2), B. Archbold (2), T. Rhode (1), J. Wallace (1).

It was a pity that the girls could not follow the example set by the boys.



SENIOR BOYS' BREASTSTROKE

SWIMMING SPORTS

Eager expectancy on the part of onlookers and fear and trepidation on the part of competitors greeted the arrival of the day of the swimming sports—the 8th of March. Contrary to the dubious speculations forecast as to the weather, the day was fine and hot, and it was with light steps and light hearts that we set off for the pool at midday.

Clad in swim-suits and with distinctively-coloured caps the first competitors line the jetty; the starter approaches, outlines the rules, gives the signal and the sports begin. Participants in the events, although they are keen, and eager to win for the honour of their House, are seriously rivalled for enthusiasm by the pupil-spectators who anxiously wait for each race and while it is in progress, yell and cheer frantically for their House representatives in each event. Dripping but smiling, the victor in each event emerges resembling a wet and bedraggled crow, to be greeted jovially on all sides by congratulatory mates. Thus, on through the races, till the diving is on. As this is a highlight, nearly all spectators constitute themselves as private judges of the merits of the divers, and almost invariably disagree with the staff decisions. Judging was admittedly difficult, especially for the boys' diving, as there were several dives (?) executed, for which we as yet have found no names!

After the relays, the whole school assembled in Houses, for the announcement of winners and presentation of awards. House Captains, for the first time, carried the new banners, and Mr. Rusden announced that Mawson House had won the sports by a narrow margin, so Mawsonites cheered wildly as the Captains received the Cup, from Mr. Rusden amid applause from the school, and the 1950 swimming sports were swum.

RECORDS BROKEN BY Y.H.S. 1950

Senior:	Previous Record.
100 yds., T. Rohde 10.5.	R. Widdis, Trar. 10.6, '45.
220 yds., T. Rohde, 24.5	C. Cullen, Y.H.S 24.6, '47.
Cir. Relay: Y.H.S., 49.	W.H.S., 50, '47.
Intermediate:	
220: A. Marr, 25 secs.	D. Graham Y.H.S. 25.4
440: A. Marr, 57.7.	1947
Circ. Relay: Y.H.S., 50.5	T. Roberts, W.H.S. 58.9
Junior:	1948
Tunnel Ball . . . 72.3	Y.H.S., 51, 1948
Girls Events:	T.H.E.S. 18.4, 1948
Inter. Cross Ball, 58.3.	W.H.S., 59.5, 1948.

Other Records Held

Boys' Events:

Inter. High Jump: A. Turnbull, 5ft. 2in—1947.
Senior High Jump: A. Turnbull, 5ft. 2½in—1948.

Girls' Events:

Senior 75: F. Lawson, 8.8—1947.
Sen. Hockey Relay: Y.H.S., 1.7—1947.
Sen. Flag Relay: Y.H.S., 59.2—1947.

Q: What is a pillory?

A: A pillory was a wooden structure where the leading man in parliament sat.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

SCHOOL ATHLETICS

The annual house athletic meeting of the Yalourn High School was held in good weather, on No. 2 oval.

Competition was closely contested throughout, and attracted many spectators. At the conclusion of events, the headmaster, Mr. H. H. Champion, thanked the marching judges, Messrs. D. Robertson and I. D. McCallum, and introduced the chairman of the High School Advisory Council, Mr. E. G. Chisholm, who presented the shield to the winning Mawson House captains, Clare Easton and Arthur Webb.

Results: Houses Bass, Flinders, Mawson, Phillip shown as B., F., M., and P. respectively.

BOYS' EVENTS

Senior (under 18)

100 yards: T. Rohde (P.) 1, A. Bridle (F.) 2, L. Castanelli (M.) 3, B. Archbold (B.), J. Wallace (M.) equal 4. Time: 10.7.

220 yds.: T. Rohde (P.) 1, R. Bridle (F.) 2, L. Castanelli (M.) 3, B. Archbold (B.) 4. Time 24.8 (record).

440 yds.: T. Rohde (P.) 1, D. Chisholm (F.) 2, L. Castanelli (M.) 3, B. Griffiths (F.) 4. Time 58.4 (record).

880 yds.: I. Chisholm (F.) 1, A. Webb (M.) 2, G. Stanley (B.) 3, L. Castanelli (M.) 4. Time 2.21.5 (record).

Circular Relay: Phillip 1, Bass 2, Mawson 3, Flinders 4. Time 51.8.

High Jump: L. Castanelli (M.) 1, R. Bridle (F.) 2, G. Stanley (B.) 3, J. Wallace (M.) 4. Height 5ft. 1in.

Long Jump: L. Castanelli (M.) 1, R. Bridle (F.) 2, J. Wallace (M.) 3, B. Archbold (B.) 4. Distance 17ft. 7in.

Intermediate (Under 16)

100 yards: A. Marr (P.) 1, P. Archbold (B.) 2, R. Castanelli (M.) 3, K. Greenway (B.) 4. Time, 11.2.

220 yds.: A. Marr (P.) 1, P. Archbold (B.) 2, R. Castanelli (M.) 3, K. Greenway (B.) 4. Time, 25.9.

440 yds.: K. Rogers (M.) 1, A. Marr (P.) 2, R. Castanelli (M.) 3, K. Greenway (B.) 4. Time, 62.1.

High Jump: K. Rogers (M.) 1, T. Wilcox (M.) 2, K. Greenway (B.) 3, A. Marr (P.) 4. Height 4ft.-8in.

Long Jump: W. Carrie (M.) 1, P. Archbold (B.) 2, R. Castanelli (M.), A. Marr (P.) equal 3. Distance 16ft. 6½in.

Circular Relay: Bass 1, Mawson 2, Flinders 3, Phillip 4. Time, 50.9 (record).

Tunnel Ball: Mawson 1, Bass 2, Flinders 3, Phillip 4. Time, 23.4 (record).

Sub-Intermediate (Under 15)

100 yds.: B. Thomson (P.) 1, C. Warren (B.) 2, N. Rodda (F.) 3, J. Hutchinson (M.) 4. Time, 12.8.

220 yds.: B. Thompson (P.) 1, C. Warren (B.) 2, N. Rodda (F.) 3, R. O'Hara (F.) and J. Hutchinson (M.), equal 4. Time, 30.4.

Junior (Under 14)

75 yds.: M. Trigg (P.) 1, D. Lindsay (B.) 2, T. Gretton (B.) 3, D. Andrew (F.) and B. Church (F.) equal 4. Time, 9.8.

100 yds.: M. Trigg (P.) 1, D. Lindsay (B.) 2, T. Gretton (B.) 3, B. Church 4. Time 12.7.

220 yds.: M. Trigg (P.) 1, D. Lindsay (B.) 2, B. Church (F.) 2, B. O'Connor (P.) 4. Time, 30.9.

High Jump: D. Lindsay (B.) 1, D. Dawson (F.) 2, G. Kitney (B.) and M. Trigg, equal 4. Height, 4ft.

Long Jump: G. Kitney (B.) 1, M. Trigg (P.) 2, D. Lindsay (B.) 3, B. Gust (M.) 4. Length, 12ft.-10in.

Tunnel Ball: Flinders 1, Mawson 2, Bass 3, Phillip 4. Time, 27 secs. (record).

Circular Relay: Bass 1, Phillip 2, Flinders 3, Mawson 4. Time, 61.5.

Sub-Junior (Under 13)

75 yds.: G. Kitney (B.) 1, B. Gust (M.) 2, B. Bond (P.) 3, W. Bailey (B.) 4. 10.5.

50 yds.: G. Kitney (B.) 1, B. Gust (M.) 2, W. Bailey (B.) 3, R. Cook (P.) 4. 7.1.

Open Handicap, 880 yards

B. Gust (M.) 1, P. Hutchinson (M.) 2, W. Allen (P.) 3, G. Kitney (B.) 4. Time, 2.15.7 (record).

Boys' Marching

Mawson 1, Flinders 2, Bass 3, Phillip 4.

Boys' Aggregate

Bass 115 pts., 1; Mawson, 103½ pts., 2; Phillip, 90 pts., 3; Flinders, 64½ pts., 4.

GIRLS' EVENTS

Senior (Under 18)

100 yds: P. Esler (M.) 1, L. Olver (M.) 2, A. Savige (F.) 3, M. Rohde (B.) 4. Time, 13.1.

Crossball: Flinders 1, Mawson 2, Phillip 3, Bass 4. Time, 1.5.8.

75 yds.: B. Esler (M.) 1, C. Easton (M.) 2, M. Rohde (B.) 3, A. Savige (F.) 4. Time, 9.0.

Hockey: Phillip 1, Flinders 2, Mawson 3, Bass 4. Time 1.22.2.

Extension Ball: Flinders 1, Phillip 2, Bass 3, Mawson 4. Time, 45.5.

Potato Race: Mawson 1 and 2, Bass 3 and 4. Time, 39 secs.

Flag Race: Mawson 1, Flinders 2, Phillip 3, Bass 4. Time, 1.22.9.

Intermediate (Under 16)

100 yds.: J. McKay (P.) 1, B. Laird (M.) 2, F. Bennie (B.) 3, L. Jackson (P.) 4. Time, 13.3.

Crossball: Mawson 1, Flinders 2, Bass 3, Phillip 4. Time, 1.2.8 (record).

75 yds.: J. McKay (P.) 1, F. Bennie (B.) 2, B. Mitchell (F.) 3, M. McFarlane (F.) 4. Time 10.4.

Hockey: Mawson 1, Phillip 2, Flinders 3, Bass 4. Time, 1.31.4.

Extension Ball: Phillip 1, Mawson 2, Bass 3, Flinders 4. Time: 44.7.

Potato Relay: Phillip 1, Bass 2, Phillip 3, Bass 4. Time, 40.6.

Flag Race: Mawson 1, Flinders 2, Bass 3, Phillip 4. Time, 63.7.

Junior (Under 14)

75 yds.: D. Steele (P.) 1, P. Brooker (B.) 2, J. Walker (M.) 3, M. Emond (P.) 4. Time, 10.7.

Crossball: Mawson 1, Flinders 2, Phillip 3, Bass 4. Time, 1.68 (record).

50 yds.: M. Emond (P.) 1, J. Rodgers (M.) 2, M. Davis (F.) 3, D. Steele (B.) 4. Time, 7.2.

Hockey: Mawson 1, Phillip 2, Flinders 3, Bass 4. Time, 1.42.

Extension Ball: Flinders 1, Phillips 2, Bass 3, Mawson 4. Time, 45.5.

Potato Race: Flinders 1, Bass 2 and 3, Phillip 4. Time, 40.

Flag Race: Flinders 1, Mawson 2, Phillip 3, Bass 4. Time, 61.6.

Sub-Junior (Under 13)

75 Yds.: J. Deppeler (F.) 1, L. Oliver (F.) 2, V. Gregory (P.) 3, J. Bacon (M.) 4. Time, 10.4.

50 Yds.: J. Deppeler (F.) 1, L. Oliver (F.) 2, V. Gregory (P.) 3, M. Boswell (M.) 4. Time 7.3 (record).

Sub-Intermediate (Under 15)

100 yds: D. Fisher (M.) 1, V. Forte (F.) 2, F. Harmer (B.) 3, F. Nicholson (F.) 4. Time, 14.

75 yds.: V. Forte (F.) 1, D. Fisher (P.) 2, F. Nicholson (F.) 3, P. Lynch (P.) 4. Time, 9.8.

Girls' Slow Bike Race: Flinders 1, Bass 2, 3, and 4.

Circular Relay: Mawson 1, Phillip 2, Flinders 3, Bass 4. Time, 60.5.

Marching: Bass 1, Mawson 2, Phillip 3, Flinders 4.

Girls' Marching

Juniors: Bass 1, Mawson 2, Phillip 3, Flinders 4.

Seniors: Bass 1, Flinders 2, Mawson 3, Phillip 4.

Girls' Aggregate

Mawson, 145 pts., 1; Flinders, 136½ pts., 2; Phillip, 116 pts., 3; Bass, 86½ pts., 4.

Grand Aggregate

MAWSON (248½ pts.)	1	BASS (201½ pts.)	3
PHILLIP (206 pts.)	2	FFLINDERS (201 pts.)	4



SCENE OF THE VICTORY AGAINST WARRAGUL



HOCKEY TEAM

ATHLETIC RECORDS

The following is a list of school athletic records as they stand at 31/12/50

Houses: Bass (B.), Flinders (F.), Mawson (M.), Phillip (P.).

Senior Boys:

- 100 yds: J. Briese (P.) 10.4 (1947)
- 220 yds: T. Rohde (P.) 24.8 (1950)
- 440 yds: T. Rohde (P.) 58.4 (1950)
- 880 yds: D. Chisholm (F.) 2 21.5 (1950)
- High Jump: A. Turnbull (P.) 5ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. . . (1948)
- Long Jump: N. Moller (M.) 18ft. 6in . . (1948)
- Circular Relay: Phillip House, 51 (1947)

Intermediate Boys:

- 100 yds: D. Graham (P.) 10.6 (1947)
- 220 yds: D. Graham (P.) 24.8 (1948)
- 440 yds: D. Graham (P.) 59.6 (1947)
- High Jump: A. Turnbull (P.) 5ft. 1in. . . (1947)
- Long Jump: L. Castanelli (M.) 17ft. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. (1948)
- Circular Relay: Bass House, 50.9 (1950)
- Tunnel Ball: Mawson House, 23.4 (1950)

Sub-Intermediate Boys:

- 100 yds: H. Chessum (F) 11.4 (1946)
- J. Wallace (M) 11.4 (1948)
- 220 yds: H. Chessum (F.) 27 (1947)

Junior Boys:

- 75 yds: H. Chessum (F.) 9 (1945)
- K. Harrison (B.) 9 (1947)
- 100 yds: A. Marr (P.) 11.4 (1948)
- 220 yds: B. Harmer (B.) 27.6 (1947)
- A. Marr (P.) 27.6 (1948)
- High Jump: B. McCarty (F.) 4ft. 6in. . . (1948)
- Long Jump: K. Fowler (B.) 14ft. 2in . . (1947)
- Circular Relay: Bass House 59.6 (1947)
- Tunnel Ball: Flinders House, 27 secs. . . (1950)

Sub-Junior Boys:

- 50 yds: A. Marr (P.) 6.6 (1947)
- 75 yds: A. Marr (P.) 9.3 (1947)

Senior Girls:

- 75 yds: S. Brooker (B.) 8.6 (1947)
- 100 yds: S. Brooker (B.) 11.4 (1947)
- Cross Ball: Bass House, 1min. 2sec. . . (1947)
- Hockey Relay: Bass House, 1 7.8 (1947)
- Flag Relay: Bass House, 62.4 (1948)
- Circular Relay: Bass House, 59.2 (1948)
- Extension Ball: Bass House, 45 (1950)

Intermediate Girls:

- 75 yds: A. Burne (P.), 9.3 (1947)
- 100 yds: G. Gilchrist (F.) 12 (1945)
- A. Burne (P.) 12 (1947)
- Crossball: Mawson House 1 2.8 (1950)
- Hockey Relay: Flinders House, 1 21 (1947)
- Flag Relay: Flinders House, 56.2 (1948)
- Extension Ball: Flinders House 44.7 . . . (1950)

Sub-Intermediate Girls:

- 75 yds: A. Davis (B.) 9.4 (1950)
- 100 yds: A. Davis (B.) 12.2 (1945)

Junior Girls:

- 50 yds: A. Burne (P.) 6.4 (1945)
- 75 yds: A. Burne (P.) 9.6 (1945)
- Cross Ball: Mawson House, 16.8 (1950)
- Hockey Relay: Phillip House, 1 20 (1948)
- Extension Ball: Phillip House, 45.5 (1950)
- Flag Relay: Phillip House 56.8 (1948)

Sub-Junior Girls:

- 50 yds: J. Deppeler (F.) 7.3 (1950)
- 75 yds: P. Robins (B.) 9.8 (1947)

Le chien est debout sur les pattes derriere, was translated by a second form student as: The dog was standing on his behind.

Name two Greek city-states: Egypt and Abraham.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



JUNIOR BASKETBALL AT WARRAGUL



R. BRIDLE IN ACTION

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

"Bang" went the starter's gun and like veteran Stawell Gift runners the competitors raced down their lanes of string. The raucous, straining voices of sixteen hundred children fiercely urged on competitors and tried to aid them by eliminating the sound of the advice of the opposition. Time and again this occurred, as first fleet-footed fairies fled lightly down the lanes to the judges, and then hefty heroes hiked hurriedly, mangling their muscles and grimacing gruesomely. Alternately, flashes of red, blue, gold or green broke the tape, and the respective schools breathlessly congratulated themselves on their lung-power and rushed into a mysterious marquee to emerge quaffing liquids of vivid hues and disposing internally and externally of amazing amounts of pies, toffees, cakes, chocolates and pasties in the stated order of precedence. As these pies, toffees, cakes, chocolates and pasties were made, often for the first time, by hopeful amateur cooks of the school, we can only hope that the constitutions of these consumers will survive the orgy, or should I say ordeal, as these pies, toffees, etcetera would then be thoroughly and vigorously shaken up by the owner dashing wildly back to the rails to recommence the performance.

Skies were leaden as if in disapproval of the fevered anxiety of spectators as the uprights, bar and boys for the high jump were being prepared. With effortless ease and ungainliness the boys cleared the bars lower down, in varying styles of jumping—one rose to the top, paused and then simply jerked himself over as if he was late; one worriedly brushed his hair, sorrowfully ran at the bar, rose to the required height and then horizontally rolled over and fell on the other side; next came four spokes with a spherical object in the centre, which, once over proved to be a boy's arms, legs and finally collected per-

son; another thin, stork-like creature continually 'crossed the bar' and eventually won—we don't know how, as he seemed such an odd bird.

To the strains of "Madelaine," the banner-bearers led the way as teams waltzed on to the field. Sudden silence as "Madelaine" is switched off, then the event and the yelling begin simultaneously. At the conclusion the winning team leads the way back amid the cheers of the spectators.

Frequent hearty yells, dire threats and odd comments regarding someone named "sweet Nell," were interspersed with announcements in a high, piping, obviously feminine voice and was traced through the loud-speakers, along the cord to the official table, on top of and beside the stray pair of trousers.

Amazingly, considering the track and the weather, marathon records were made by the senior boys who ran in a rabbit-like fashion—however, the school congratulates them on a good run. (Watch out, girls). Previous tough training and a course of glucose showed results in the endurance displayed by the long-distance runners.

Preceded by the waving banners, the cream of the schools, the girls' marching teams crossed the lawns and marched calmly and well around the square, to the drumming of the Warragul band. After the girls marched the boys but we have heard that they did not march as well as the girls.

Swiftly, fearing further fearful threats from the loudspeaker, the sixteen hundred children assembled to hear the results. After welcoming visitors and cordially thanking the ladies who helped, Mr. Champion introduced Cr. Balfour who, after addressing the gathering put an end to the suspense by announcing results. These were, in the girls' events: Warragul first, Yallourn second, Traralgon third, and in the boys' events Yallourn High first, Yallourn Technical second, Warragul third, Traralgon fourth. As these were announced, the light was darkened considerably by many odd objects being thrown up into the air, such as jumpers, caps, papers and even several small boys; this was a sign for a general exodus from the oval for home to relive the day in its retelling.



HALF-TIME AT WARRAGUL

Ex-Students' Notes

Our ex-students' correspondent has compiled the following list of ex-students. To those whose names have been omitted, or those whose activities have been wrongly reported, we express our regrets. All ex-students, whatever they are doing, or wherever they may be, have the best wishes of the School of 1950 for their success and happiness.

Our head prefect for 1949, John Kirwood is at present at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, in the process of becoming an officer. He topped his course last term, and no doubt already has his Field-Marshal's cap fitted. Our head girl prefect, Joyce Mack, is cooking accounts at the National Bank, Moe. The ranks of the teaching profession have been swollen by the addition of Grace Catchpole (Yallourn Primary), Amy Burne, Valerie Parsons and Graeme Larmour (all at Morwell Primary). Don Graham is now sprinting at Melbourne High School, Barbara Law has strayed to Wangaratta High, Shirley Cook has gone north to Echuca, and Barbara Goyen has drifted to Camperdown High. John Graham and Herman Kohler are now attending the Yallourn Technical School. Audry Esler has taken up nursing and the last we saw of her was in a picture in a recent "Argus" showing her counting eggs at the Eye and Ear Hospital. We were very pleased to hear that Audry, together with Nola Davis, Winsome Menadue and Margaret McWilliam have passed the first Nurses' Professional Examination. As yet, however, we do not feel inclined to trust ourselves to their ministrations. Anne Knossow and Noelle Rust are mixing up ingredients and bottle washing at the Yallourn Pharmacy and at Davies' Pharmacy, Morwell, respectively. Two of our ex-students who should be handy in debates are Norah Burne and Doreen Way—both work in solicitor's offices.

Many of our ex-students have been absorbed by the State Electricity Commission—Milton Parr as a civil engineer's apprentice, Jim Rouse and Norman Aldred as carpenter's apprentices, Shirley Cutter and Elaine Broberg in the briquette factory office, Marjorie Smith, Doreen Reynolds and Beryl Stevenson in the Main Office. In the office at the Maryvale Paper Mill are Barbara Smith, Norman Tranter, Margaret Parkhill and Mary O'Meara. Ivan Chessum is also working for A.P.M. in the carpenter's shop, and we hear he is good at roller skating—likewise brother Harold.

Three of last year's fifth Form are working in various occupations at present—Fred Marr is a builder's apprentice in his father's firm, Ron Turley is clashing cream cans at the Moe Butter Factory learning the art of cream testing, and Lindsay Johnson is exercising his lungs with McLean and Hill, auctioneers of Traralgon. Joan Shaw is now at Catani down Dandenong way getting her ear bashed as a telephonist. Betty Edwards is with the Holly Studios in Morwell and Maureen Foster is at the office of an estate agent in Morwell. Marjorie Wilkin is at Kelsen's in Moe, Doreen Robinson is doing clerical work in Melbourne and Heather Robinson and Avril Scanlon are occupied with home duties. Margaret Turner is doing radiology at the Yallourn Hospital. Dorothy Akers has returned to Shepparton. Keith Robertson is working with the S.E.C., Lyle Hopkins is working at the Nestle's Milk Factory, Yinnar. Valerie Trainor is attending the Ballarat Teachers' College, Kath Hayes is at the Melbourne Teachers' College, while Alan Turnbull, John Barnes, Gwynneth Griffiths, Claire Gretton and Marie Elmar are found somewhere around the University. We hear that Noel Moller has transferred from the Maryvale A.P.M. staff to Melbourne.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Original

SAMOAN WELCOME

Important guests have arrived from Australia and must be received with becoming formality. Boys from the boys' school across the way arrive, bearing palm fronds which the girls rapidly place in position and plait around the slender posts which surround the fale (Samoan house). Other girls bring armfuls of frangipani, red ginger and hibiscus flowers, and brightly coloured croton leaves. The flowers are sewn into garlands which are suspended from the thatched roof to form a canopy of glorious colour above the heads of the guests. Croton leaves alternating with the broad white satin-like "talo-talo" are used to decorate the big posts inside the fale. When the girls have finished, the fale is a bower of beauty. Seats have been placed at one end for the European guests, and Samoan mats spread for the Samoan guests who sit crosslegged on the floor.

And now the guests have assembled and the ceremony begins. There is none of the hurry which so often detracts from the dignity of European ceremonies. Each part of the ritual must be performed with the meticulous exactness required by tradition. Knobby sticks of kava are presented to guests of honour, both European and Samoan, and one is selected and ground to powder outside for the kava bowl. And now the bowl is in position with the "taupou" (the chief maiden of the village) seated behind it. Unless the ceremony is a church welcome to a new missionary the taupou is the only woman present. The young man who acts as her attendant pours water over her hands (a concession to modern hygiene), and then pours water into the mixing bowl, while she, in a series of sweeping formal gestures, uses a bunch of prepared fibres to strain the mixture. With great dignity she wrings out the fibres, tossing them over her shoulder to be caught and shaken out with a flourish by a young man who stands just outside

the fale. This process is repeated several times until the kava is properly strained.

The Master of Ceremonies now calls, in a long drawn out chant, the ceremonial name of the chief guest. The attendant on the "taupou" thereupon dips the polished coconut cup into the mixing bowl, and with cup held high approaches the guest whose name has been called. Woe betide the young man whose knowledge of ceremonial names is not perfect, causing him to make a mistake. The guest takes the cup, pours out a few drops on the floor (probably a libation to the gods in olden times), gives a brief greeting to the assembly and then either drinks the liquid or hands it back untasted to the attendant, who retires to dip the next cup, while the Master of Ceremonies intones the next name. This procedure continues until all guests of distinction have been served.

In the rare ceremony of King's, Kava the principal guest is not served first. Two Samoan chiefs of opposite parties seated one on either side of the fale drink before him. If they survive it is safe for the king's representative to imbibe. This custom of course dates back to the times when poison was not unknown in the cup.

—"O UALESI"

WILSON'S PROMONTORY

One of the most interesting holidays I have had was spent at Tidal River, Wilson's Promontory.

Tidal River is as far south as one can go by road on the mainland of Australia, and is 95 miles from Yallourn.

The Promontory is a Sanctuary for birds and wild animals. During the war a military camp was established at Tidal River for defence purposes. There is also an air strip a few miles away.

The Promontory is very mountainous; Mount Leonard 1,800ft., Mt. Oberon 1,968ft., Mt. Verekie, 2,092ft., Mt. Wilson 2,350ft., Mt. Latrobe 2,366ft., and many others not quite so high. There are some very lovely bays with wide expanses of sand stretching down to the water's edge.

Most of the coastline is a series of small bays, and to get from one to the other quite often a mountain saddle has to be crossed. The scenery is very beautiful. From Tidal River, Norman Citadel and Great Glennie Islands can be seen, the latter having a lighthouse. We often watched the light which flashed every six seconds.

There is a hiker's track to the Promontory lighthouse 12 miles away on the South East point, also one to Sealers Cove (about 7 miles east from Tidal River) where a lot of fishing is done and the scenery is almost tropical.

When we were there we had some exceptionally windy days, and although it was January the nights were cold.



SOLDIERING AT DUNTROON

The awakening sound of a metropolis swells gradually from the first diminutive yawn of an early riser to the full volume of sound which is a consequence of a normal day. At Duntroon, this ideal leisurely awakening is foreign. At a quarter past six a bugle call rings clearly through the inevitably frosty air and the Royal Military College is awake. Within minutes, cadets in their dressing gowns with towels over shoulders and shaving gear in their hands, are standing in their doorways whilst their section commander ensures that all are present. He then dismisses them and the next stop is the bathroom. Having been fully awakened whilst under the shower we return to our rooms and quickly don the uniform laid down as the order dress for the day; for example, service dress is worn for lectures, or it might be working dress if military subjects are to be studied.

Once dressed, the cadet begins to tidy his room and with a good start usually has his bed made and room swept before breakfast which is at seven. After a good breakfast the day takes on a more cheerful aspect, and cadets return to their rooms until the inspection parade at eight o'clock. In this time tidying of rooms and preparations for the ensuing periods are completed.

A bugle call, or "fives" as it is called, heralds the fact that we have another five minutes to go on parade. This inspection parade is also another roll call and is the parade most dreaded by cadets, excepting of course defaulters' parade which takes place at twenty past six in the morning. After the 8 a.m. parade the classes are marched to their various periods, either military or civil.

At 10.15 a.m. there is a break of fifteen minutes in which morning tea or "toc" is served. The mail is also distributed during this break and we then return to lectures or letter reading depending upon whether we received mail or not.

The lunch hour starts at five minutes past twelve, and twenty minutes later the bugle sounds "come to the cook house door boys" and we assemble for another roll call in the recreation room, after which we proceed to the mess.

Afternoon periods start at 1.15 p.m. and finish at ten past four on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and at ten past two and ten past three on Tuesdays and Thursdays, respectively. These latter earlier finishes to work provide time for sport.

The college sports are many. Hockey, rugby, Australian rules, and basketball are played in winter whilst tennis, cricket and swimming predominate in summer. We not only play in the Canberra competitions, but also against Universities and colleges throughout the Eastern States.

At six o'clock evening mess is served and we are free until studies at 7.30 p.m. These continue until half past nine when more "toc" is consumed and at 10 p.m. tattoo is blown followed by Lights Out at 10.15 p.m.

You will realise from this description that a typical day is a very full one. However, I have not mentioned many small things such as cleaning of equipment for the next day, or visits to the

canteen which latter occupies much of our leisure time.

Though the discipline is severe and the work hard we all love the college for both its traditions and the future it promises us. My only regret is that there are not many more such colleges throughout Australia so that all young men might receive the benefit of such a fine training, for it is discipline of oneself which is the primary asset for success.

—R. J. KIRWOOD, S/C.

THE DRAINING OF THE WASH

In the time of Hereward the Wake, the Wash came into the county of East Anglia. It might have been called an inland sea except that most of it was composed of marshes and swamps. Little hills rose out of the swamps and upon these towns and villages were built. Food was plentiful for there were wildfowl and fish in abundance.

One of those towns is now famous as a city and has a beautiful cathedral. In the days of the marshes it was called an isle and the name has persisted to this day. The Dutch came later and drained the marshes, but they were opposed by the fen-people who thought that their living was being taken away from them. Actually, the fens produced more food when they were drained because they were very fertile. One of the jewels of Alfred the Great was found in the fens, which he lost when he was hiding there. Much Roman armour has been recovered from the Siege of Ely. About every three years the fen is flooded.

The house in which I lived was situated on top of a bridge. This bridge was over the river Ouse which is the border-line between Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely. Cambridge is famous for its University and colleges. Through the town runs the river Cam. It is on this river that the Oxford and Cambridge boat race is held. Although Cambridge is very much larger than Ely, it is not a city because of the absence of a Cathedral.

—J. BURGESS, IIa.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

WHAT — AN APE?

How old is our world? Geologists place it as being 2,000 million years old. During this period of time, which is beyond our understanding, life and vital organisms came into being, first in the simplest form and then in varying complexity. How the world came into being is still the subject of much speculation amongst scientists.

There are four well defined periods in this advance. The first 800 million years, (it sounds pretty grim) are known as the Azoic Period, which really means the Age of Rocks. The world was indeed a barren place. At this period commences the mystery of life-organisms which live, move, feed and reproduce themselves. The miracle of life is beyond solution although Russian scientists have recently claimed that they have produced by chemical synthesis a low organism which exhibits all the features of a living thing.

The succeeding 600 million years spanned the Palaeozoic Period, the Age of the Fishes. The world was no longer a rocky desert for great stretches of water divided the earth, and certain organisms were forced to accept this new factor and change their living habits to suit their new surroundings. During geological history, there have been five world-shaking upheavals, each representing an "aeon," and with these upheavals climatic conditions changed greatly compelling new forms of life. Australia, which was submerged in only the first two upheavals, shows forms of life unknown elsewhere on this globe.

The succeeding 520 million years covered the Mesozoic Period—the Age of Reptiles. This was a time when giant armored lizards roamed the surface of the earth. Many of these early reptiles, e.g., Dynosaurs-Dynosavrus, Brontosavrus have left their skeletons to be unearthed by scientists, and their size shows them to be enormous animals, the flying lizards having a body about 20 feet in length. Their brains were extremely tiny and their reflexes very slow. A mortal blow would not be felt till seconds after it was received.

Fortunately, these hothouse conditions changed and the monsters, unable to adapt themselves to cooler conditions, passed away.

The last 80 million years are known as the Cainozoic Period—the Age of Mammals—when conditions, somewhat similar to the ones we enjoy today, existed. Though there were numerous climatic changes none were as great as before. Forests with low growth and grasses appeared. It was much colder and the weather varied more than before. Furred animals appeared which suckled their young, giving them life until they were strong enough to face the vigorous world.

Two hundred thousand years ago (a short span) the Neanderthal Man appeared, being classified as a "subman," a hairy creature in some ways resembling man, and in others the ape. Then developed the Paleolithic Man, a refined version which stood upright, had less apeish features and was not so hairy. In the last 50,000 years the Neolithic Man appeared whose brain capacity was as big as ours. However this is no indication

of intelligence—an idiot has the largest brain on record.

This means man began to draw apart from other mammals. He became organised, developed primitive arts and most vital, had a language and could pass on experiences and knowledge. Possibilities of progress were then obvious. Despite reverse man has moved ever onwards.

How did the first man appear? Anthropologists claim he evolved from the ape. They hold that the Ice Age forced monkeys to leave the forests near present-day Tibet and adapt themselves to new conditions in fresh surroundings. This they did by producing a prehensile thumb and a thinking (cerebral) portion to the brain. Man is the only creature which has a thumb opposed to the hand and thus he alone is capable of wielding delicate tools. The above "Theory of Evolution" is not basically un-Christian.

Others claim that man's spinal structure, his thumb and cerebral portion of the brain have no parallel in the apes. Thus he is an entirely new creature; he did not develop, but was created by God.

How be it, it is indisputable that there is such evidence scientifically based, to support the "evolutionist" solution to the world's most fascinating of all problems, "How did man originate?"

—N.A.S.

THE RABBITS

As I went into the bush one day

I saw a rabbit at his play.

He jumped around in the soft green grass

But he ran to his hole as he heard me pass.

As I sat down on the green hillside

I heard from the hole right by my side

"Mother, Mother," I heard him say

"A terrible giant passes this way.

He wears seven league boots and carries a gun

Don't you think we'd better run?"

—V. READ, IIIb.



MAGAZINE CAMERAMAN DEFIES DEATH!

HOW TO MARCH or PUTTING YOUR BETTER FOOT FORWARD

The noble art of marching is ancient and mostly honourable. An historical example is that of Hannibal, who crossed the Alps with a herd of elephants, striking terror into the hearts of the Gauls, and admiration into the hearts of the girls. Then there was the march to Rome by Garibaldi, and the march from William Tell by Rossini. But enough of history! I now propose to give some hints to beginners in the art of marching, with a few notes for those who need only finishing off.

First collect the apparatus. About five hundred boys and girls of assorted sizes; one large drummer with spectacles; a second large drummer with ditto; one large drum (made in Hindustan); one small drum (made in Turkestan), and two small boys. And collect from somewhere a voice that may be heard at the briquette factory. Assemble this apparatus on the oval, and when the shouting is loudest is the time to begin.

Assemble the sexes separately in lines. Last century the number was four, but the necessity for modern labour saving reduces the number to three—also it is easier to count. Place the banner-bearer in front of each group and all is ready for the march.

Now a word about the music. That is the term given to that horrible and irregular succession of noises that has been assaulting your ears for some time. If you are fortunate, you will be able to distinguish one definite rhythm, for sometimes there are many, including the one desired. The most easily distinguished sound goes something like this:—

Bang! . . . Bang! . . . Bang-bang-bang!!!
and the next goes

Tiddle-de-um . . . te-tee; tiddle-de-um . . . te-tee.
Tiddle-de-um, tiddle-de-um, tiddle-de-um-te-tee.
Repeat the refrain ad. lib.

Students of literature need not attempt to air their knowledge by seeing in this latter a reminiscence of Elizabethan poetry. Sad to relate, it is merely the kettle drum behaving as usual.

Now a word to the individual marchers. It is usual for all marchers to step off with their left feet and place them simultaneously on the gravel. If there is no gravel, grass, or your neighbour's ankle, will do. Then repeat with the right feet (which sometimes may be the left) and so on. Be very careful with this first step, for quite upsetting results are obtained by marchers not observing this simple rule. It is also advisable to carry a small fan with which to remove perspiration or alternatively, dust your shoes.

Now for some hints on posture and how to keep straight. First, girls should wear a refined look, the nose slightly elevated, and should try to give the impression of being "sober, steadfast and demure."

Boys should emulate the best movements of a man following a plough, and the heavy-footed might practise walking on egg-shells. To keep in line, fix your eyes on the shoulder blades of the

person in front, although it is only fair to warn you that the rotary motion of the blades may bring on an attack of vertigo, or cause cross-eyes if followed too closely. It is advisable not to watch the ears of the person in front. This is apt to cause them to burn, or what is worse, twitch, and this person may unfairly blame the flies.

Now for the hands and arms. It is usual to lift the arms alternately before and behind, while the legs are progressing behind and before respectively. Do not raise the arms more than shoulder high as you might (a) split your seams (b) fracture your shoulder joint, (c) cause a lot of unnecessary confusion by striking your follower on the nose, and this rarely leads to a happy result.

Now a word for the banner bearer. He or she should always study the weather charts, for if the clouds are low, the bearer must wear the holster around the ankles rather than the waist.

And finally, a word for the long-legged marcher whose stride is too long. Try knotting together the four ends of your shoe laces. This is an extremely effective device which always brings quite staggering results!!

—"RAG-TIME."

THE HAUNTED CLOTHES-LINE

Herb. woke with a start and gazed out of the window. What was it he could see as he sat there in the dark with his hair on end and his face white? A ghost stood in the yard with the moonlight shining on his white clothes. Now and then he raised an arm as he flopped and seemed to dance on the silvery ground. A careful look showed that he had no head. A headless ghost in the night seeming to dance in time to the music of the wind whistling outside! Herb. gave a loud and lusty shriek which woke his wife. "What's troubling you, you big ape?" said his wife. "L-l-l-look o-out t-the w-w-window, deary," said Herb. "Why, bless me soul," said his wife, "I forgot to bring your SHIRT I WASHED, in from the line!"

—J. ADAMS, 4a.



FOLK DANCING

FLASHBACK

Pausing among the flowers in the garden around William Shakespeare's final resting place, the actor, script in his outstretched hand, questioned his ghostly father—

—Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak,
I'll go no farther.

—Mark me! commanded an urgent whisper from the direction of the headstone among the waving irises. Startled, the actor, who was learning Hamlet, spun round.

—“Ah! Mr. Shakespeare sir?” he inquired on seeing the smiling gentleman near him.

Introductions soon over, the creator and the actor of these famous plays, seated on the grave, fell to discussing and marvelling at the differences between today's films and the way of presenting a play in Shakespearian times.

—It must be a wonderful thing this filming. You must understand it's a little difficult for me to grasp. Tell me a little of it.

After a moment's reflection the young man spoke.

—You must realize that the camera, which reprints the pictures before it, can see as much as any one of us can, in the one glance. A whole army in a picture, can be photographed from say, an aeroplane. There's really no limit to the number of people. We have the advantage too of being able to use real scenery. If the setting of the story is in a jungle, the film company travels to the jungle and plays the scenes there, in front of the cameras, and is thus able to show the people in the cities the play in its true setting. It's quite a simple matter to stop the machine and begin another scene elsewhere, another time. Finally when the whole play has been filmed it is sent to other countries to be shown. Another thing is that a man's state of mind or character can often be judged by the look in his eyes. This needs a close view. Up the cameras go to the man's face and you can actually see, for example, perspiration breaking out on his forehead.

Talking of breaking I wish you could see a thunderstorm filmed—it's really remarkable—the lightning flashes and you can hear the roll of thunder. Of course, the sound is the true thunder. I saw an earthquake on the screen once, a real one—immense trees were uprooted and the earth split open. All the way through the scene the earth was shaking and rumbling.

—Remarkable! cried the bearded man, 'tis truly remarkable. You can imagine how we were handicapped by the lack of scenery and natural sounds. Not even a curtain mind you! When the players had finished their act they just walked off the stage while men rushed on to change the scene, in front of the whole audience. You can see how much depended on the conversation of our plays.

As there was no artificial lighting we had to rely on the sun for illumination and so our theatres were built without roofs. It was rather difficult too, if the play demanded that it be night time and the sunlight was streaming in.

Then again when it rained either the play was postponed or the actors continued, taking the risk of ruining their costumes.

Our stages had to be sloped so that the players could be seen from all points.

As custom forbade women appearing on the stage, boy apprentices were employed to act the parts of heroines. Inevitably, just as the climax was reached, the heroine's voice would break and the audience become convulsed with laughter. Ah well!

But this filming—ingenious, ingenious, muttered the great man and the actor gazed at him until brought back to earth by a step on the cement path, and

—Oh I say—respect for the old boy and all that you know, Henry.

It was laughable to see the face of the actor as, bewildered, he rose from his cold seat and faced his more earthly companion.

—JUDITH JOAN, V.

A TOUR OF SCOTTISH LOWLANDS

Starting from Glasgow we travel by train to the capital of Ayrshire which is by name Ayr. As this is the home of the Scottish poet Robert Burns, we will linger and view the house where he was born (now a museum) and we also see various places well known in Burns' works. We travel on by the way of the Ayrshire coast passing Girvan one of Scotland's famous fishing ports before we reach Strannaer which is the starting point for steamers to Ireland. We then come inland and call at Dumfries as we make our way across Scotland to the Scott country made famous by the late Sir Walter Scott in his writings. We then move on toward the east coast and journey on to Edinburgh the capital of Scotland. We spend a few days here amongst the historical beauties of the old days. We now make our way to Waverly Station to travel home on the Flying Scotsman as it winds its way from London to Glasgow. A few days well spent, with a host of memories.

—J. BLAIR, 1b.



AN INTRODUCTION TO TELEVISION

I have selected this title, because television is a new science about which there is a great deal yet to be learnt. I cannot give you more than a simplified version of what television is.

Television is an entirely new science and involves a completely new technique of transmission and reception. Naturally enough the basic problem is the transmission of a picture or scene. Before this can be done by electrical means, some system of transmission has to be devised which will assess the light reflection from all points in the scene, produce corresponding electrical impulses and then produce those same light values in exactly the same position at the destination.

As regards this, all inventors have been forced to come to the same conclusion, viz., that the scene must literally be taken apart and the electrical impulses transmitted one after the other. At the receiving end the signals are received and counted back into light impulses. By suitably synchronising the receiver and transmitter the light impulses are received in the same sequence and relationship as in the original screen, although this may seem rather elementary. There is a fortune awaiting the men who can invent means of transmitting a scene bodily from place to place without the cumbersome process of breaking it up. There are many ways in which one can analyse and reconstruct a scene. It can be broken up into small pieces or large pieces, one can start from the top and then the bottom or vice versa. Furthermore the transmission of colour values can be attempted, or everything can be black and white like the ordinary photograph. Obviously there must be uniformity among the television authorities about these picture standards. If this were not done, tuning from one station to the next would produce nothing more than a series of erratic blurs and patterns on the viewing screen

If a picture is going to be transmitted and reconstructed without too much loss of detail it is a good plan to divide it as finely as possible. Then to prevent noticeable flickers, the complete process should itself be repeated as many times per second as possible. However, there are limits to which this process can be carried, as it becomes difficult to build transmitters and simple receivers of adequate design and to maintain a good arc of coverage. Also it is useless breaking the picture up into microscopic parts if the imperfections of the receiver and the tube only blur the result. It is like using high grade films in a badly-focussed camera.

Indoor lighting for television cameras need be no brighter than artists are accustomed to on a movie set, whereas outdoors television cameras make a better job of unfavourable weather than do movie cameras.

The introduction of television to the general public will have a dramatic effect on their lives. Authorities are divided as to whether this effect will be for the best or not. Those in favour of television say that it will help raise the standard



—J. STITSON, IIc.

of the general public by actually allowing it to see plays and other such items of educational value. Television is opposed on the grounds that it will only serve to keep the public indoors more, and they will not have to move outside for their entertainments. They say that this will have a detrimental effect on the health of the public. However, whatever the views of these authorities, I think that introduction of television is now inevitable.

—B. D. GRIFFITHS, VI.

SO PERMANENT IS DEATH

He struggled. The suction of the thick treacle-like substance pulled stronger as it found a firmer, more deadly grip on its victim's legs. Slowly, treacherously, it rose up to his knees. He realised he was sinking down to his death and fear began to creep into his mind. Though petrified with fright he pulled his senses together and made a determined effort to put up a good fight for his life. Again he struggled to free himself. But the oozing murkiness imprisoning him was determined also. Determined to kill; kill its prey with a slow and horrible death: suffocation.

Even as he watched, his numb body was sinking deeper and deeper down. Horrified, he gazed around him. He knew Death was hovering around him, ever ready to encircle him in her wings of silence. He knew Death would wait until the last spark of life was squeezed out of his paralysed body before she claimed him as her own. Slowly, as if trying to tantalise death, his unmerciful captor rose higher and higher till it reached his neck. He knew it was useless to struggle now. The closing chapter of his life was open before him.

Death was near. His breath came out in laboured spasms. Bravely he gave himself up to his triumphant captor and disappeared into the inky blackness as it swallowed him.

Alas! Another fly had met his death in the treacle tin.

—JANICE EVANS, IVc.

AEROPLANES AND AIRPORTS

Some of the first aeroplanes were balloons. One of the first was the Montgolfier balloon. It was filled with hot air and it stayed in the air for ten minutes and travelled one and a half miles. Where it landed, the peasants, whose land it dropped on, thought it was a devil and tore it to pieces, and the brothers were lucky to get out of it alive.

Then there were the Wright brothers who on Kill Devil Hill launched their famous Kitty Hawk in 1903, and so on until today we have such planes as Spitfires, deHavilland Mosquitoes and the deHavilland Sea Hornet, which is believed to be the fastest propellor driven plane today. The latest types of planes are powered by the latest jet engines, ones such as the Gloster Meteor, deHavilland Vampire and the American Shooting Star. Britain's first jet propelled airliner, the new Vickers twin-engined Nene Viking is believed to be the first jet-propelled airliner.

The modern airport has runways up to 15,000 feet (nearly three miles) in length and 300 feet in width, with a perimeter track connecting the runways of three times that length and about one-third the width. The great length of the runways is essential with the development of larger and faster aircraft while their increasing width is governed by the vast wing-span of modern freight and passenger carrying airliners.

The control tower is the most important building of the airport. In it is a radio and radar room where, by the use of the most up-to-date instruments, planes are kept in close touch with prevailing weather conditions and brought safely to landing.

The Meteorological Office is also found in the Control Tower. On the walls are found maps and charts indicating the nature and direction of winds, the temperature and hours of sunshine expected and experienced, forecasts of the flying hours possible within a given period.

New York airport handles three planes in one minute. Essendon airport handles one plane in one minute.

—L. CAMPBELL, 2a.

MY DREAM

One night as I was lying in bed,
I dreamt a funny dream
Of a big, tall man all made of lead
With a hat of silk and cream.

He came down to earth on a nice big cloud
And lived in a great big shoe
Where his big lead wife and his little lead cow
Lived happily all the day through.

He went to work in a butcher's shop
And brought the meat home for tea
Where his wife swept the floor with a mat
While the cow slept under a tree.

Then all of a sudden he heard a call
And saw his cow playing with a ball
Then I fell out of bed and on to the floor
Just as my mother knocked on the door.

—P. THORPE, 2b.

FOOLED

Two workmen had been lazily working on a small stretch of road for nearly a week, and did not seem to be getting anywhere with their work. The gutters on which they were working were nearly as dirty as when they had first started, and the road was nearly as rough.

While they were working, a small girl who was passing on her way to school said that one day her father lost 5/- in a piece of paper in the gutter where they were. When the little girl had gone on her way, neither of the men spoke but both seemed to be thinking very hard.

Shortly after, the men were working very hard at cleaning the gutter and continued to do so for the rest of the day. The following morning saw them still working hard at it again.

When the little girl sauntered along a little later, one of the men asked her if she was sure her father had lost the 5/- in this gutter. She replied that she was certain that he had lost it there, because she had seen him find it again.

—VALERIE BOURCHIER, 4b.

RUGBY

One day I bought a ticket
To see a Rugby scrum,
The ball was in the centre.
And when the bell was rung
The men raced up the field
As fast as they could go
To pile up all the goals they could
Before they got too slow.
One man tried to stop them.
But he was punched away,
Another tried to do the same
(Not seen again that day)
A bunch of players jumped on them
And bore the ball away
Then our team went to town.
We kicked goals all over the place,
And the goalie's face was red,
For he had tried to stop the shots
By using his aching head.

—R. COOKE, 2A.



—B. EVENDEN, 1d.

LOOKING BACK

Where once the coach whips cracked
Along rough winding tracks,
And wagons lumbered slowly through the mire
Of dirt tracks rutted deep,
Or crept up cuttings steep,
With crunch of basalt under iron tyre;

Where plodding packhorse teams
Climbed hills and forded streams,
To distant shacks of slab and stringy bark,
Mid clearings in the scrub
Far away from store or pub,
Where pioneers toiled from dawn to dark:

Now cars move smooth and fast,
And heavy trucks sweep past
On highways firm, through town and pasture land
Past modern homes made bright
By boon of power and light;
Past streets where shops and public buildings stand.

Yet stands the mountain range
Unmoved by all this change
Though torn and scarred by fire and axe and saw;
And old Latrobe still flows
From the melting of the snows
To the Lakes, just as it did in days of yore.

—B. GREGORY, 4a.

THE MOUNTAINS AFTER RAIN

The top of the pass was cloaked in an impenetrable fog of clouds and misty rain. After slowly slithering down the muddy pass track we skidded out from the clouds to find the valley saturated by brilliant sunshine.

All around us was the constant drip-drip of the rain, falling from the trees, to the shrubs, to the ground, where it collected in tiny gurgling gutters from whence it flowed into a small stream that rushed and bounced down the mountainside to leap far out over a rock ledge into nothingness. The pleasant smell of the Australian eucalypt bush after rains, halted us in our downward rush. The bush world was rejoicing at this recess in the torrential downpour which had lashed for two weeks with only intermittent respites sparsely distributed throughout the deluges. From the largest to the smallest the birds played their parts in the after-rain orchestral piece. Magpies carolled to the morning sun, jays called in the distance and the tiniest wren cheekily scolded us as we looked out on this clean world.

Before and above us stood Mount Bullungonga lost in a writhing mass of semi-vaporised water. On the lower reaches of the mountain slope, the sun reflected brilliantly from the glistening surfaces of the gum leaves. Looking down the valley we saw where the virgin bush was marred by one or two roughly-hewn clearings. This was our venture at a Garden of Eden.

From one of these clearings rose a thin spiral of blue smoke that mingled with the air and the two clouds which chased themselves across the azure blue sky.

We turned our gaze towards the head of the valley and there, like a flooded river breaking its levee banks, rain clouds came pouring down into the valley. All thought of the beauty of the scene passed from us fleeing to freedom as we turned and plunged downwards into the muddy undergrowth.

As I slowly slushed on towards the citadel, I saw where fences and gates which had been painstakingly constructed, were ruthlessly smashed and I thought that for all the beauty rain brought she took back more in damages to crops and farms in general.

—B. EDMONDSON, IVa.

HOLLAND

Yes, Holland is a very small country in comparison with England or Australia. It is near the North Sea on the west side, and Germany is on the east side; Belgium is on the southern border. There are few big towns, but many small villages. Although Holland is very small, it is becoming bigger, as the men make the polders. The sea always leaves some alluvium behind it, and when the mud becomes above the sea-level, the men build a dike around it.

There are two parts of Holland joined together by a big dike. Holland is mostly grassland, but in the south there are a few hills with small woods and lakes. The lakes are mainly small, and are situated in the grasslands, but they are made smaller, because the land is needed for the people to live on. Holland is overcrowded, so many people go to America, Australia, Canada and Africa.

The climate is much colder than here, sometimes the snow is six feet high, and then the lakes are frozen, and there is much skating. In winter time it is a nice looking country, and also in spring with the crowds of daffodils and tulips. After winter time there are many weddings, and in summer it can be very hot, though not as hot as here.

The village where I lived was called Irnsum, and it had seven shops. Many farmers lived around the village, which was very busy, because there was much traffic, but now there has been a road made around Irnsum as it was too dangerous for the little children. The houses are slightly different from those here, and the people go upstairs to sleep.

In Holland the traffic is all on the right hand, and so it seemed very strange to us when we first came here. Near my village was a river, on which small boats sailed, and we also used to swim in it. In 1920 there was a butter factory in Irnsum, but now it is used for old machinery. There were also three clog sellers in our village, one sold yellow ones, another sold black and gold ones, and the third sold all colours.

There are no open fires in Holland, but stoves which burn coal and wood. At present there are 1200 people in Irnsum, but it is expanding like Newborough.

—FIM BOERSMA. 11b.

HILSEN FRA NORGE

Norway is one of the countries which form Scandinavia. It has an area of 125,000 square miles and a population of 2,895,000 of which 253,000 dwell in Oslo the capital and largest city. Norway ranks second to Canada in the production of hydro-electricity which is planned for use by sending it along cables to England and Denmark. Timber and fish are the main products. The country is rather hilly and in these hills the country folk have farms, where they keep cows, goats and sheep; they make their own butter and cheese—goat's cheese is the most popular.

In winter, snow covers the ground. It is then that sports like ice-skating, skiing, ice-hockey and ski-jumping are played. The timber from the forest is taken out by horse or truck during this season. The 24th of December is mid-winter but January is the coldest month.

In summer it is rather hot with occasional rains. Sports such as running, jumping, tennis, bicycle racing, soccer, sailing, basket-ball and swimming are carried on. Timber is floated down the rivers in summer. The Gloma is the largest river in Norway and is always packed with timber. Mid-summer is the 24th of June, when there is a midnight sun.

Oslo has entertainments such as dancing and pictures; the pictures are spoken in English and then translated into Norwegian. In the centre of Oslo there is the sports ground which is called Bislet and holds 37,000 people. There are subways, some of which take people up the hill, and streamlined tramways.

The animals are similar to Australia's—bears, wolves, rabbits, hares, beavers, skunks, and squirrels and two types of snake—one non-poisonous and the other a little poisonous. In the north, snow and ice cover the ground all the year round.

—SYLVIE PEDERSEN, 2a.

OUTER-HEBRIDES OF SCOTLAND

The "Outer Hebrides" are a group of islands lying off the north west coast of Scotland. The "Isle of Lewis" is the most northern island of the group, and "Stornoway" is the main town. Stornoway is noted for herring fishing and the kippered herring industry. It has two large mills for manufacturing Harris tweed which has become famous all over the world. On the outskirts of Stornoway stands the Castle which overlooks Stornoway Bay, which is one of the safest harbours on the west coast of Scotland. The people live in villages all round the coast of the island. Some of the modern houses are built of stone with slated roofs, but the older ones have thatched roofs. The villagers use peat or turf instead of coal as fuel. Their main labors are fishing and farming. The most common fish caught there are haddock, cod and flounder. The people also weave tweeds with hand looms. The Butt of Lewis is the northernmost point of the island. In Spring they sometimes see parts of icebergs breaking up. It is a very interesting island and it amply repays a visit. The people speak Gaelic and English.

—D. MUNRO, 1b.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Transvaal, in the Union of South Africa, is often called the "Golden Province"—this is because of the immense amount of gold found there.

The countryside is scarred as far as the eye can see, with the headgears, sometimes towering to 120 feet, and cyanide dumps of the numerous gold mines. This offers a striking contrast to the beautiful green fields and rolling hills in Gippsland, around Yallourn, Morwell and Moe in particular.

In the Northern Transvaal there is the large bush veldt. This veldt has hardly any trees over twenty feet high, but mainly low bush vegetation. In this veldt, covering a large area, we find the Kruger National Park, a game reserve where lions, elephants and other animals common to South Africa are in natural surroundings. Outside the Park, however, there is extensive country for buck hunting, for here the Springbok, Wildebeest, Kudu and others are found. Many a pleasant holiday shooting buck can be recalled here. The buck is hunted mainly for its carcass; the tough, muscular meat is cut in strips about two feet in length, and hung in the open after salting, to be acted upon by sun and wind. As the meat dries it blackens, and when completely dried is very tasty and nourishing, but tough. It has to be cut into small pieces or torn with the teeth. This meat is known as "biltong."

Of the other provinces, Natal, Cape Province, and the Orange Free State, Natal is the most scenic. On travelling down the coast one comes first to the "Valley of a Thousand Hills," a wonderful sight, especially in the morning sun. Mountains upon mountains rolling seemingly endlessly. Natal is known as the "Garden Province" for here countless ferns, trees and other flora can be found. Natal has many beauty spots, the most prominent being Durban, a holiday resort which caters for thousands of holiday-makers per year. Of the other provinces, the Cape with its old English and Dutch homesteads, shady hanging vines, and the ever-famous Table Mountain, is far more popular than the dry Orange Free State, with the great diamond hole at Kimberly.

To close, I should like to mention the recently-opened Voortrekker Monument in the Transvaal, just outside Pretoria. This simple monument stands with dignity that expresses the hardy spirit of the pioneers. The monument stands as an impressive symbol of the nation's birth.

The monument was inaugurated on December 16th at a ceremony where Dr. D. F. Malan, Prime Minister of the Union, Field-Marshal J. C. Smuts, and Mr. N. C. Havenja, Minister of Finance, were the principal speakers.

Surrounding the monument is a great amphitheatre capable of accommodating 30,000 people, though some 250,000 attended the ceremony. Thus the people of South Africa honoured the memory of those, who in every respect, were builders of the nation.

—JOHN EVANS, IVa.

If I had a modern kitchen, I would bake plenty of toffee and bisguts. (Form I English).

MY HOME VILLAGE

A village called Midway, was where I lived before I came to Australia. It was quite a large village, and it has two parts, one was called Upper Midway and the other Lower Midway. I lived in Upper Midway, about which I will tell you. Midway is situated three miles from Burton-on-Trent, and two miles from Swadlincote. Burton is quite a good shopping centre with a good variety of shops. Burton is situated in Staffordshire but I really lived in South Derbyshire or, as it is sometimes called, the Midlands. Burton has four to five thousand people and it is famous for its beer, which is exported.

The houses in my village were mostly built of bricks, and hardly any of wood. They all had tiled roofs.

About a mile in the direction of Burton was another village called Bretby. In Bretby there is a Park, and in it there was a Castle. The Castle was called Bretby Castle but is now called Bretby Hall. Situated in the Hall grounds there was a Yew tree which is said to be the second oldest in the world. It was planted by the Earl of Chesterfield and there is a saying that when one of the Earl's family died, one of the branches would break off the tree, which is kept chained up as there was only one branch left. The Hall is now used for a hospital which is mostly for children.

Also in the Park are six lakes which contain fish, and the people spend hours fishing in them.

—MARGARET GREGORY, 11a.

GOING ABROAD

In England, when I was learning the geography of Australia, I never thought that I should be in that particular country about a year later. In November, Daddy saw an advertisement in one of the Sunday papers. It stated that the Victorian State Electricity Commission wanted migrants to work in or around the Power-house. Mummy and Daddy talked it over then asked Patricia, my sister, and I, if we would like to go to Australia. We thought this was a good idea because a house was provided.

Daddy sent away for the necessary papers to fill in. In December we went up to Kilmarnock for an interview with an Australian Migrant Officer. The interview was nice and we came away feeling as if Australia might be quite a good place to go to. In January, 1950, we went for a medical examination and an X-ray. When this was over we had to wait and see whether or not we would be acceptable. About the end of February a letter arrived saying that we were accepted and that we would receive our sailing orders in a few months' time.

While all this was going on I still didn't think I was really going to Australia. However, on the fifth of April, three days before my fourteenth birthday, a letter arrived stating that we would sail from Southampton Docks on the eleventh of May, 1950, on the S.S. "Asturias." After that everything seemed to be a scramble to get ready in time. My sister and I left school and we bought trunks, suitcases and packing cases. For

the last few days before we sailed we had to say goodbye to everyone we knew. On Friday, the fifth of May, the whole family travelled up to Montrose to say goodbye to our relations who lived up in that town. We all returned to Prestwick on the following Sunday evening.

On Monday, one of my aunts threw a party for us and we had a lovely time, though one aunt said that if we didn't want to go to Australia when we reached Southampton, then we were to come right back. We all received many keepsakes, and many of them were tartan. Eventually we arrived on the boat, but to tell all that happened there, I would need another ten sheets of foolscap.

When I arrived in Australia, somehow I couldn't believe it. After being in Australia for five weeks I met a wallaby. I not only got the fright of my life, but I believed I was certainly in Australia. Wallabies don't roam about in Scotland unless they have escaped from the Zoo. I'll finish my short story by saying that Australia isn't a bad place at all despite my aunt's words.

—SUZETTE JOHNSON, Form 2b.

ONE OF YALLOURN'S MARVELS

Have you ever been on a coal dredge? My visit to one of Yallourn's dredges was during the last May holidays, when my father took my sister and I on one as my sister was learning about the open cut at school.

We went by car most of the way, but the last three hundred yards we had to walk on the railway track near the edge of the face. Looking down we could see a ninety feet drop to the next face. As we neared the dredge we found it was moving towards us, so we had to be pretty smart jumping on to the high step.

Once inside the dredge the noise became deafening and it was difficult to hear another speak. Looking to the left just inside the door, we could see the driver in his compartment. On crossing to the other side there was a similar compartment for use when the dredger was moving the opposite way. Then my father lifted off a disc and we could see the big chain of buckets moving up inside the dredger. Each bucket holds two cubic yards of coal and there are thirty-one buckets on the machine.

We mounted some steps to another floor where we could see a man watching through a window directing the coal, by means of a flap in a chute into the train trucks beneath the machine. Climbing more steps to other levels we saw different pieces of machinery which go to make up the whole. One point of interest was the big wheel on the top outside, which is wound up or let down according to the required level of the bucket ladder as the long arm is called.

Having then been all over the dredger and seen coal dug at the rate of 500 tons an hour we agreed that it was certainly one of the marvels of engineering.

—ANN RUSDEN, 11a.

A WARNING

When he and I go walking
There're teachers everywhere
One walking here, one walking there,
And oh! they're everywhere.

They ride past on their bikes or cars,
They walk out with their wives,
I'm sure there's one at our back door,
The trials of our lives.

When walking past the Guest House,
You're sure that they all stare
And walking down along West Cross
You'll soon collect a glare.

We go down to the library
A peaceful time we crave,
When in blows one of them and says
"That's not how one behaves."

You go up on the hill one day
A lovely view to see,
But oh! a blot upon the map,
A teacher do I see.

Now don't you dally after school
Or have a daily spree,
There's sure to be a teacher lurking
Just behind that tree.

So if you for a boy should fall
Be sure to pick the place,
For heaven's sake don't pick Yallourn,
But go some other place.

—"BETTY." IVa.

THE MOON

At evening when the sun goes down
The moon comes up in her glorious gown
Her round bright face
Lights up each place
And hovers high above.

—B. DEERING, 2b.

KENT

The county of Kent is situated in the south east of England and stretches from the outskirts of London down to the coast. It has an area of 1,555 square miles and is noted for its orchards and fruit farms. It has often been called the "Garden of England." Maidstone is one of its many large towns and is about twenty miles from Farningham, the village in which I lived. Farningham is on the river Darent and has many old and historical houses some of which date back to the sixteenth century. Part of the village church is seven hundred years old, and the old manor house in which Captain Bligh of the "Bounty" once lived is still partly standing. In Eynsford, which is about a mile and a half from Farningham there are the ruins of an old castle, and it is in this castle that a knight who helped in the assassination of Thomas a'Beckett, once lived.

—TONI THORNE, 2a.

PIRACY

I'd like to be a pirate
And sail the ocean blue;
To search for gold on coral isles
Like Drake and his comrades true.

I'd navigate the seven seas
With a cut-throat crew and a cat,
And search for lost and fabulous lands
You won't find marked on a map.

I'd rob the merchant shipping
And steal their silks and spices,
And hurry the loot to England
To sell at ridiculous prices!

"BLUEBEARD," Ib.

HOWLERS

The Athenian boy learnt to play the liar.
The Pyramids were used to store dead bodies.
The barometer is used to preserve fruit.
The planet nearest the sun is called cercredi.
A pair of classes sat neatly on her nose.



PREFECTS