



"Bold and fierce and strong, Hal Hal!"



"Their hearts are dead to men"

This Year's Opera

"Princess Ida"

A Staff Member's Evaluation:

Only a very short-sighted person would question the value of the Gilbert and Sullivan productions in the life of the Yallourn High School. Even apart from the excellent musical and dramatic experience they provide to students, there is always immense value in the satisfaction of having done something supremely well; and there is even greater value in the satisfaction of having been a member of a very large group who, between them, achieve something as polished and as nearly perfect as the production of "Princess Ida" was this year.

For many weeks, under the guiding inspiration of Mr. Pyers, a very large proportion of the senior school, and almost the entire staff shared the excitement and satisfaction of co-operating together in creating something which was artistically and musically first-rate. In the enjoyment of working together, staff and students grew to know and appreciate each other. Not only in actual rehearsal, but also in the equally necessary tasks of designing and making costumes and properties, designing and manufacturing the stage sets, in stage managing and scene shifting, in front of house organization, the same happy co-operation between students and staff existed. This production was a real team venture, and all those who were fortunate enough to be members of the team found in the preparations and actual performances of "The Princess" a thrilling and rewarding experience.

The school owes a real debt of gratitude to Mr. Pyers for making the opportunities each member of the team enjoyed, and for the spirit of co-operation his enthusiasm and ability aroused in the whole school.

A Student's Opinion:

Very little has to be said about the Gilbert and Sullivan production of "Princess Ida", for enough has already been said. One local paper urged the High School to "extend its season" and we only wished we could have done so. Being a member of the chorus I think I speak for all of them when I say that we had a most enjoyable time preparing for the opera. But were we thankful to hit that bed after the final performance!! Even though I was a member of the chorus I would say that we put on a bonza show. That is not a boast but a fact.

Space does not permit me to name all the chorus individually, but the total number of students taking part was 90. Of course, next year's opera will be much better; it always is, but the standard this year will be almost impossible to beat.

Thanks, Mr. Pyers!



"There is nothing but to fight for it"



"We are dumb and we would talk"



"Whom thou hast chained must wear his chain"

SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM (GIRLS)

Senior hockey players were thrilled with their efforts as they were undefeated for the season. Elaine Verey was a very efficient captain.

Season's Details:

Y.H.S. 9 d. Moe H.S. 1.
Y.H.S. 2 d. Morwell H.S. 1.
Y.H.S. 5 d. Traralgon H.S. 1.
Y.H.S. 3 d. Warragul H.S. 1.
Y.H.S. "A" 12 d. Nunawading H.S. "A" 2.
Y.H.S. "B" 5 d. Nunawading H.S. "B" 1.

JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM (GIRLS)

Junior hockey players also had a wonderful season. We lost no matches. The highlight of our season was the goal-less draw we played against Moe H.S. Maureen Kitney was our captain with Sue Wallace vice-captain.

Season's Details:

Y.H.S. 0 drew with Moe H.S. 0.
Y.H.S. 2 d. Morwell H.S. 0.
Y.H.S. 2 d. Traralgon H.S. 0.
Y.H.S. 3 d. Warragul H.S. 1.

Janice won the 75 yards, the 100 yards and the broad jump and the high jump. Janice's broad jump was a record, 15' 3", and Marje's broad jump, 14' 8", and high jump, 4' 5", were records.

Our best boy was Albert Gobius who won a double in the Under 13 75 yards and 100 yards. **Other individual champions** were as follows:—

Elaine Verey—Under 16 Girls 75 yards.
Iris Ortolja—Under 14 Girls 50 yards.
Vera Kolomyec—Under 14 Girls 75 yards.
Sandra Thompson—Under 14 Girls high jump.
James McArthur—Under 19 Boys discus.
David Brown—Under 16 Boys broad jump.
Peter Alford—Under 16 Boys shot putt.
Stan Sutherland—Under 15 Boys 220 yards.
Ivan Ivanic—Under 14 Boys broad jump.
Terry Sullivan—Under 15 Boys broad jump.

Champion relay teams were as follows:—

Boys Under 15 4 x 110 yards circular relay.
(G. Dibsdale, R. Thompson, J. Robert, P. Allford.)
Girls Under 16 4 x 110 yards circular relay.
(E. Verey, N. Huguenin, C. Wooten, M. Gray.)



BOYS' SOFTBALL TEAMS

Back: R. Read, L. Standley, A. Politakis, R. Stewart, D. Wallace, T. Griggs, J. McArthur, K. Scott, R. Lawton, J. Robertson, J. Lewis, P. Bavinton, I. Jackson, W. Ebbott.
Front: R. Bavinton, W. Zajarski, S. Petrovic, I. Fleming, A. Smith, I. Brown, C. Scott, G. Morgan, G. McMaster, A. McMaster.

The Combined Athletics Sports

The Combined Athletics Sports were held this year at the Traralgon Recreation Reserve in beautifully fine weather. Although we did not win the Combined Aggregate Shield we had many wonderful wins during the day and it was thrilling to see so many of our athletes standing on the winner's dais. Moe High School showed us in no uncertain manner the need to win team games if a school is to win the sports. We must work hard in team games next year.

Our two outstanding champions were Janice Bawden (Under 19 Girls) and Marje Gray (Under 16 Girls) who each won trebles.

Girls Under 19 4 x 110 yards circular relay.
(E. Jones, L. Loft, M. McLaren, J. Bawden.)
Boys Under 14 6 x 75 yards shuttle relay.
(G. Morgan, I. Ivanic, K. Ely, R. Knight, D. Stone, T. Smith.)

Champion Teams:—

Boys Under 13 leader ball.
Girls Under 14 hockey relay.

Shields. We won three shields as follows:—

Senior Girls' Aggregate.
Intermediate Boys' Aggregate.
Boys' Grand Aggregate.

At the end of the day we came second to Moe High School.

Results:—

1. Moe High School—276½.
2. Yallourn High School—247½.
3. Drouin High School—238½.

FORM NOTES

FORM 1a GIRLS

This short poem is to give you a line
On the girls that are in 1a.
When school is in session we're all very good,
But we're glad at the end of the day.

Elizabeth is very top of the girls;
She obtains high marks it is true.
Flossie is no Florence Nightingale
But she's a nice kid, too.

Nina's a very good artist,
And Luba, her sister, is nice.
Joan, writes excellent poems,
But she's not all sugar and spice.

Christine and Margaret are very good pals;
Deirdre and Marilyn make four.
Coral, Peggy, Beth and Trena
Are full of pranks galore.

Hetty, Margaret and Diana
Are the very best of chums;
Wendy is our Form Captain
And she's quite good at sums.

All the old 1E's must know
I'm sorry I didn't have space,
And Robyne (that's me) combined with 1A
Regret this awful disgrace.

What a mistake to forget Stasia,
And also Mrs. Gunn,
And altogether, throughout the year
We girls have had such fun.

FORM 1a BOYS

We have a very adaptable mob who can be horrors, mugs and even angels. We have a "Gold Star" brains trust, consisting of Howard, Ken, John and David. Brains are few but mugs are plentiful, the main ones being Ken (hero) Linton and Peter Martin.

We also have a representative of the . . . well . . . the other . . . type . . . DOXFORD! Our beloved Form Captain Scott is to leave us soon but we will have memories of him—we hope.

FORM 1b GIRLS

To make 1B the form it is we have girls, not only from Yal-lourn, but as far away as Morwell West. Most of them play sport and the most popular game is basketball. As well as playing basketball, Carol and Maya skate around Newborough. Other basketball players are Gabriele and Fay who can swim, too. Elizabeth, Tessa, Robin and Marilyn all have something in common—they play hockey and collect stamps.

1B has two Scotch lasses—Linda and Norma. Heida is not "of the mountains" but from Morwell West. Jacky, who is one of a pair, is very keen on sewing. Margaret and Barbara, both belong to families of six children. Zofia and Jeanette both enjoy music. Zofia plays the accordion and Jeanette plays the piano.

Contrary to the popular belief, Jenny does not wear horns in her beret, even though a direct descendant of the Vikings. Lynn's art work is often on exhibition, while Beth excels at book work. Although Joan rides a bike and Pat runs with speed, they both come to school in the bus. Stefka, our only red-head, came with friend Maria from Newborough State School. Valerie, Iris and Lynnette are the remaining members of our form. They play sport and are typical of the average 1B girl. Also two of our happiest girls are Annie and Crista who both like swimming but can't swim.

With them and the rest of the crowd we all try to make Mr. Hinde proud to be our Form Teacher.



BASKETBALL "A" TEAM

Back Row: M. Nielsen, A. Theobald, G. Lacey, Miss Street, A. Davis, K. Wharton, B. Curtis.
Front: J. Theobald (Junior Captain), S. Daubin, J. James, K. O'Brien, V. Humphreys, J. Vincent,
T. Vervoort.

FORM 1b BOYS

On behalf of all the boys in 1B I would like to thank the teachers who have helped us throughout the year, especially Mr. Hinde, our Form Teacher.

1B boys are not a bad lot really, although we get rowdy sometimes. This, our first year at High School, has been a very pleasant one, and we have especially enjoyed learning the new subjects.

FORM 1c

When we in Form 1C began our schooling at Yallourn High School we had to become familiar with secondary education. This we soon accomplished and in the past seven or eight months we have been fairly successful in our studies. Those who did not do as well as they would have wished still have the future.

In sport we have competed strenuously using our ability to the utmost.

Room 10 pleases us as a Form Room and we have managed to keep it tidy. We hope things will continue in this way.

FORM 1d

This is 1D. We have many unusual individuals in this form. The girls' Form Captain is Marcie Scott and the Vice-captain Kay Wright. The boys' Form Captain is Rex Batty while the Vice-captain is Perry Knight. Our Form Mistress is Miss Thorne.

Our form room is room 11 and the form has worked well to get ten marks for it every day. The class clowns are Norma Male and Douglas Walton. They help to keep our lessons lively.

Next year we all hope to be in 2D.

FORM 1la BOYS

A is for asses; we've lots of them here,
B is for BAVVO who likes to drink beer (Kola).
C is for CEDRIC who cracks corny jokes,
D is for DELY who drinks others' cokes.
E is for eager which we are not,
F is for FULLER who ought to be shot.
G is for GORMAN who loves to throw pies,
H is for HANNON who'd spit in your eyes.

I is for IAN who is such a mug,
J is for JOHNNY who acts like a thug.
K is for KUREK with his cabbage cut tall,
L is for LIONEL who's not really small.
M is for MIXY who's our fattest one,
N is for NASHER who's all for some fun.
O is for oval, that's CHRISSY all right,
P is for punishment after a fight.
Q is for questions we get in a test,
R's for our reading which isn't the best.
S is for SCOTT who hit GAS on the ear,
T's for the trouble in FRANSO's career.
U's for umbrella, which would ward off a duster,
V's for VLAD who throws what chalk he can muster.
W is for WINDY who was here last year,
X is for Xmas with goodwill and cheer.
Y is for YOGI who throws and flicks ink,
Z is for Zombies, that's us, so they think.

FORM 1la GIRLS

Clatter, bang, bash,
2A have entered with a crash,
Mr. Dooley looks on with despair,
Just when he wishes we weren't there.
Jill is our captain, Margaret our vice,
Jenny and Alice both try to look nice.
Sandra and Alice love to play sport,
They also play pranks and often are caught.
There's Lucy and Sandra; these two are good friends,
While Cora and Annie are making amends.
You know our Form Teacher, the best in the school,
Of course! Mr. Dooley, Dad, he's real cool.
(But hot under the collar.)
There are many more I can't put to rhyme,
But you can be sure that we have a good time.
And now I have to come to the end of my poem,
But it's not very good 'cause I did it alone.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Back Row: L. Godridge, J. Guy, J. Bawden, D. Ross, J. Gault, H. Sturtz, P. Guy, K. Hodgson,
Mr. Sherman.

Seated: B. Duncan (Co-Editor), D. Wallace (Co-Editor), D. Sloan.

FORM IIb

This is not a class of budding Einsteins but we do have one or two outstanding personalities. Maureen Cowles is one of the best in her studies and we all hope she keeps up the good work. We also have a couple of girls who are unique. They diet at home and eat in class!!

We would like to throw a few bouquets to the boys who have kept their slates clean, such as Roger Stitson and axes to the others who shall be nameless.

On the whole we are a happy form and only the future will tell whether we shall realize any of our many ambitions.

FORM IIc

A is for ASSEMBLY we have at Kernot Hall,
B is for BOGDAN who's not very tall.
C is for CLEVER we all are not,
D is for DENNIS the tallest of the lot.
E is for EXAMS we all like to aim,
F is for FORM CAPTAIN—Mary's her name.
G is for GOOD we all try to be,
H is for HELEN who works with glee.
I is for IVAN, a good acrobat,
J is for JUDY who likes to chat (with boys).
K is for KARYN who sits with Glennys,
L is for LIN who is a menace.
M is for MONIKA who always does shout,
N is for NORTON, Mr. Dooley does clout.
O is for OLGA who reads lots of books,
P is for PRYDE who has good looks.
Q is for QUESTIONS we all like to ask,
R is for RUBY who came top of the class.
S is for SCOTT, a Form Captain, too,
T is for TAYLOR who should be in a zoo.
U is for US of Form 2C,
V is for VALE, a horse has he.
W is for WENDY, French she does hate,
X is for XMAS for which we can't wait.
Y is for YALLOURN where some of us live,
Z is for ZARB to whom our notes we give.

FORM IId

Form IId, which consists of forty girls, is quite a good form when it wants to be, even though one teacher told us we have a reputation as long as his arm. We are sure Mr. Trembath has to take an Aspro before he enters the room to teach us Maths. Our science teacher gives us lectures (of the roaring kind) that set us thinking for a few days. But really we are a friendly and sociable lot of girls.

One of the most popular girls in the form is the captain, Rosalie, nicknamed Sally, who is very conscientious and helpful. Glenda, our vice-captain, also does a good job when Sally is absent. Mrs. Robertson, our Form Teacher, has helped us a lot and has been patient with us over the two years she has been our Form Mistress.

One of the sad moments of the year was when Polly Xuereb, the little Maltese girl with the deep voice, was farewelled as she left us to return to Malta. We were all very fond of Polly and were sorry to see her go. Now we have Shirley, a friendly and pleasant pal, in her place.

As the end of the year approaches we shall all be studying hard so that we can be promoted next year to Form III. But while we are in IId we all think it is the best form in the school.

FORM IIIb GIRLS

3B girls have worked hard this year and most of us have shown improvement in all subjects and sports. Our Form Master, Mr. Tremain, has helped us to keep our chins up and has given us plenty of confidence for next year. We all hope to be as good a Form 4B as we were 3B this year. Thank you, Mr. Tremain for putting up with us.

FORM IIIb BOYS

The first two places of the cross-country race were won by a couple of bright sparks from 3B. This shows we have some talent. Six of our members were in "Princess Ida" (more talent). We've won the Form Room Banner a couple of times but can't get our hands on it again. A new member who has promoted himself to our form is Stanley Sutherland from Mt. Beauty. Mr. Tremain, our lovable Form Teacher, keeps us in check and makes sure we do our jobs and duties.

We all love sport, especially chalk and duster throwing. Everyone enjoys it. It's a pity that the teachers don't join in. All have enjoyed themselves and taken an interest in all the lessons (even French) sometimes. The teachers sometimes find us very trying but really it's only our nature. If anyone dislikes a teacher it's only for a day or so, then the whole thing is forgotten. Thanks must be given to all our teachers for making our school and form what it is.

FORM IIIa

Apparently this year's 3A is a sport-loving form. John McLaren was best and fairest in the school soccer team while Corrie Lommerce was runner-up, besides being the leading goal-kicker.

It might have been noticed that the school was nice and tidy before the September holidays. Quite a bit of that was due to 3A.

The change in our French teachers from Mr. Dooley to Miss Thorne lost us a good leading voice when singing (?), but gave us a teacher who decided to give the 3A girls lessons in ballroom dancing. Thank you, Miss Thorne!

We were going to say that Mr. Gearing's experiments were working better than usual lately, but he took quite some time to work out what was wrong with one of the recent ones.

In August Maria Fuentes became a sister and while on the subject of babies, congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Tremain. Peter Tremain is rather small (5 lbs. 3 ozs.) but Mr. Tremain assures us he will grow.

We count ourselves fortunate to have welcomed back a traveller from Scotland, Stefan Tomasz.

Now, last but not least in these form notes, we should like to thank Mrs. Parsons for the magnificent job she has done as our Form Teacher.

FORM IIIc

Form 3C has had a very profitable year. We have had our ups and downs. Mrs. Smith, our Form Teacher, has been very helpful and we should like to thank her and also our Form Captain, Janice, who has set us a good example to follow.

We seem to get full marks for our form room when the banner is not here. The teachers dread taking us, but we aren't as bad as they make out.

There is considerable talent in the form (even if most of it is hidden). Our personalities include Norma B., who is noted for her running, Joy, the journalist, who excels at English, Irene and Eunice, the artists, Kathy, the soprano, and Jenny, the beauty, and brain of the form, who is ably supported by Pat.

We were sorry to have to farewell our French teacher, Mrs. Sanders, but glad to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Tremain, the proud parents of Peter John. Our sympathy goes to Una whose mother died very suddenly.

We look forward to next year when we hope to be known as 4C.

FORM IIId

Three D is quite a form;
We never rave and never storm.
There are fifteen of us all together,
And we get the teachers in quite a dither.



—Drawn by J. Young, IVa.

Janise is our Form Captain,
While Lorraine is our Vice;
But just the same
They, too, get into strife.

Gillian Snook who is never at school,
Makes our form look quite a fool.
Our Miss Derham makes quite a fuss
If one of the girls should miss the bus.

Judy and Lorraine have quite a brain,
But never use it just the same.
Faye and Deidre are real cool,
They're always jivin' round the school.

Jennie James is quite a girl,
And Christine at last has got some curl;
Janise is our boss,
With a friend, Joy, who is never cross.

They walk to school on a bike,
Pat and Pat are quite alike;
Margaret Wood who is never late,
Always beats Merle in the gate.

This is 3D signing off, hoping to be back next year.

FORM IVa

Form IVa (Mr. Hollingworth's "cherubs," Mr. Gearing's "pride and joy," Mr. Ellis's "big headache") has had an interesting and eventful year. Just to prove the cynics wrong, we have won the Form Room Banner more than once.

The boys are very popular with girls (usually from other forms where the girls do not know them so well). Why, some even receive fan mail. They have managed to conduct themselves very well on the whole; that is, only one window was smashed and only about two decent chalk fights took place. Smithie is an ideal Form Captain, except for a few minor faults such as sending Mr. Gearing's blood pressure up by losing the roll book.

On the whole the girls have mainly been concerned with pen-friends, boy-friends and just boys. Of course, in their spare time

they still manage to beat the boys in school-work.

To sum up, who wouldn't be in Form IVa? On second thought you need not answer that.

FORM IVb

IVb has completed an interesting year. Our Form Teacher, Mr. Pyers, MUST like us, for this is the second year in succession that he has been our Form Teacher. We'd like to thank all the teachers who have put up with us during the year. All of us are speaking better French since Mr. Hollingworth found us French pen-friends. During the course of the year two girls left and at the end of the year many more will be leaving to take up secretarial positions.

FORM IVc

IVc girls are "The Girls" of the school. There are only nine of us in the form, but we have made such a good impression that the whole school (especially the teachers) will be sorry to see us all leave at the end of the year. Seven out of the nine intend to train as nurses.

So far we have had three Form Teachers—Mr. Pyers, Mr. Trembath and Miss Street.

Now I should like you to meet the form:—Dot has at last started to take an interest in dates (not the fruit); Gwen and Marion are still giggling; Marget and Marilyn both have one-track minds; Pat was our form deb. this year at the High School Ball held at Kernot Hall on 11th September; Val is the quietest of the form, except on Saturdays at the football (she's a one-eyed Morwell supporter); Myra has found an inseparable companion (one hockey stick); Judy has had a dickens of a job trying to take an interest in geography.

As this is our last year we would like to extend our sincere thanks to all the teachers for their help throughout the years that we have attended Yallourn High School. We should like to give special thanks to Mr. Ellis for his patience and understanding. We in Form IVc have found that he has been a great friend to everyone of us.

And now, as we say good-bye to our school days and go our separate ways, we hope that many others may have the good time and fun that we have had. Thank you, teachers, one and all. Goodbye from Form IVc.



CRICKET TEAMS

Back: I. Brown, J. McArthur, R. Foy, A. Crilley, A. Spaul, M. Porter, J. Lewis, G. McHenry, L. Standley.
Front: A. Smith, C. Johnston, H. Ellis, I. Fleming, D. Ross, J. McLaren, R. Swainson, W. Mooney,
M. English, R. Knight.



GIRLS' HOCKEY — SENIOR

Back: S. Martin, B. McInnes, M. McLaren, S. Green, Mrs. Robertson, J. Bawden, E. Jones, L. Godridge, J. Abrecht.

Front: L. Loft, W. Hine, D. Bishop, N. Huguenin, E. Veray (Captain).

FORM V

Form V this year was divided into two forms, because of the large numbers of students who returned to attack the year's work with much spirit. Altogether, the combined forms numbered 76. Due to the seriousness of our attitude towards study, we had little time for parties, etc., so we can report that Fifth Form social life was non-existent. However, during the year we had our gay moments when things went wrong (remember the Kipp's apparatus, Mr. Gearing?), or when we went on geography excursions.

Many of our numbers represented the school in a variety of sports, including football, hockey and swimming. Perhaps we were sometimes too gay in our attitude to life, and we had to be subdued by lectures from certain staff members. We were fully represented in the "Princess Ida" chorus, among these representatives being people whom one wouldn't think could sing a note. Our exam. results are above average so far, and some of us can expect our Leaving Certificate. For this we have to thank our Form Teachers, Miss Jones and Mr. Sherman, for their guidance throughout the year. Best of luck and a word of advice to those not returning next year. Don't become teachers, as it has been discovered that 99 per cent. of the Education Department employees end up in mental homes. The other 1 per cent. are lucky. Really, though, I think we have all enjoyed this year in Fifth Form.

FORM VI GIRLS

Form VI girls have spent a most enjoyable, if not profitable year. Pam is a small girl with a big squeak; Linda is our gay girl; Liz is our musician; Scholesy is our little angel (very much in disguise). Heather is our diplomat and Scotty is our Form Captain. We had three lovely High School debutantes and three members of the Gilbert and Sullivan chorus among us.

We think that by the end of this year our teachers' grey hairs will be too numerous to count. We sympathize with Mr. Collins over his appointment as our Form Master. Our French teacher is beginning not to be amazed at the small amount of work we hand him but he continues to say, "Learn your French poetry."

Mr. Warrell has despaired of ever being given any essays to correct and of giving a serious lesson. On one particular occasion while he was giving vent to his displeasure a tape recorder was recording everything that was said in 16a. On hearing the tape played back to him Mr. Warrell could not believe that everything he was hearing was what he actually said. Mr. Pyers is the only teacher who believes that we work; we are glad of some support.

Our trip to Melbourne was the occasion of much mirth. Before and after our tour of the Police Headquarters and our visit to the theatre to see "Cinerama," we dispersed throughout the city on our various ways. Our return train journey proved very enjoyable, especially when we showed each other our souvenirs of the day. That was our only excursion for the year but we crammed enough pleasure into the occasion to make up for a number of other trips.

Although dreading our exams. we are looking forward to the beginning of our new courses of study for most of us at different teachers' colleges.

FORM VI BOYS

Form VI spent the year profitably under the capable supervision of Mr. Collins (our chief warder). Our sense of humour was maintained throughout numerous incidents, although sometimes at the expense of grey hairs among our teachers (notably Mr. Hutchison).

In first term we gave the school respite when the school's pride invaded Melbourne for a day's "Education Tour." Then in June tragedy struck in the form of the most horribly conceived disaster ever to befall any self-respecting student—EXAMINATIONS!

But our morale recovered due to our excellent results (these little white lies!), and in general we were somewhat more subdued, and we contented ourselves with watching Mr. Trembath dismantling and re-assembling his most highly esteemed Volkswagen, then supplementing the Physics lab. with the parts left over.

During the opera season Mr. Gearing experienced his second childhood, much to our amusement. During the past six years we have caused our teachers many embarrassments, but this is only to be expected and although some of us may be leaving at the end of the year, we have all enjoyed our second last year at Yallourn High.

ORIGINAL

MATRICULATION CHEMISTRY PRAC WORK

TIME: Monday, Periods seven and eight.

PLACE: Room two, Yallourn High School.

2.30 p.m.: Chem. teacher arrives with pile of text books under one arm and mess of tattered prac books under the other.

2.35: Class starts to straggle in.

2.36: All complete—lecture starts. Teacher being methodical, sets his grievances out in points:

No. 1—Use only a few drops of the reagents at a time.

No. 2—Clean up after you.

No. 5—Don't drop anything down the sinks; they block easily . . .

No. 10—Replace the bottles on shelves.

2.50: Teacher glares at Ross. Ross tries to brave it out but in the end has to regurgitate his chewing gum back into dust bin.

2.51: Prac work begins. Students race for test tubes, etc. First tinkle as Morrison fails to hold fourteenth tube in the one rack.

2.55: Charlesworth has succeeded in fusing seven tubes together like spokes of wheel. Very pretty.

2.55½: Shout from teacher, "Those things cost money, Charlesworth," etc., etc.!

2.57: Ebbot drops first test tube down sink. By luck teacher not in vicinity.

3.00: Jackson solves his problem of having no carbon dioxide evolved to colour his lime water by surreptitiously exhaling into it. Jackson goes on to next test.

3.02: Rawiller seems to be under the effects of H₂S. Goes outside for fresh air.

3.03: Rawiller being bellowed at for throwing nuts at Lewis doing "private study" in room twelve.

3.10: Porter: "How do you balance—

$\text{Cu}(\text{NH}_4)_2(\text{OH})_3$ plus $\text{Al} \cdot \text{Ba} \cdot \text{O} \cdot \text{Al}_2 \cdot \text{O}_3$ equal CrPO_4 , H_2 , O_2 ."

Stewart: "That's easy. Just add:—

$\text{Zn} \cdot \text{Al} \cdot \text{O}_2 \cdot \text{dy/dx} (\text{S}1 \cdot \text{O}3 \cdot \text{Be}7 \cdot \text{O}3) (\frac{1}{2} \text{ lb. grapes})$ to each side."

3.10½: Right cross by Porter catches Stewart on chin. Left to solar plexus by Stewart.

3.11: Inarticulate scream: "Porter, Stewart, etc., etc."

3.15: Wallace carefully adds liquids to obtain perfect pink precipitate. Tells teacher, gets pats on back. Good work!

3.15½: Pink precipitate disintegrates, finishes up spread across roof. (Too much alkali, David?)

3.15¾: Banshee's screech: "Wallace, you brainless clot, etc., etc."

3.18: Ebbot drops ninth broken tube down sink. Strangely enough, sink blocks.

3.20: Goold cheerfully fills tube with costly chemical, unaware of teacher standing directly behind him. Choice epithets fill the air as shock blast envelops Goold.

3.22: Unwin accidentally sits his burner on metho tin—blood curdling explosion. Hysterical sob reaches across room to Unwin. Teacher looks haggard, worn out. Poor man!

3.25: First siren. Class grab personal belongings, take up strategic positions near door.

3.27: Teacher looks at heaps of empty bottles, broken glass, spilt chemicals and misplaced apparatus. Stentorian bellow calling for volunteer. Class elects Hearn to clean up mess, he being smallest and therefore easiest to subdue.

3.29: Muffled ejaculations from Hearn to no avail, but benches now shiny having been wiped with teacher's best dust coat, and debris swept unobtrusively into closed cupboard.

3.30: Sound of siren is drowned out by rumble of stampeding feet through narrow aperture known as exit.

Teacher sighs, totters out door for refreshing cup of tea (?) in staff room, faced with the prospect of six whole peaceful days before next C-day (to the uninitiated, C-day stands for Chem. prac day).

—The Sixth Form.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Back: M. Foy, R. Knight, R. Mulberg, K. Ely, I. Brown, G. McArthur, L. Standley, R. Cook, G. Morgan, W. Mooney, D. Lewis, C. Karpinski, N. Gorman, G. Milojevic.

Front: J. McLaren, N. Ashmead, I. Fleming, C. Lawton, C. Murdoch, R. Swainson, T. Smith, M. English.

ALICE VISITS THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

Alice, who lived on a farm in the country, had never seen the sea. While playing in the attic one day she found a bucket with mermaids painted on it. Alice held the bucket tightly to her in the hope of bringing the sea a little nearer. As she did so she wished she was at the sea. A very strange thing happened! It was a magic bucket, and swish! she found herself sailing away in the water. Suddenly she heard laughing, and found that the mermaids on the bucket had come to life and were carrying her through the water.

"Hello," they said. "Thanks for wishing to go the sea. We thought we'd never see our home again." They asked Alice in, but Alice said she couldn't live under the water. They were very sad. Then one mermaid said, "Let's see the magician on Lonely Rock. He might work some magic so you can join us." "Oh dear," said Alice, "some magicians aren't very kind to people." "Oh he's all right," they said, so Alice said she would see him.

They reached Lonely Rock and the mermaids sat on the rocks and coo-eeed. The magician appeared, putting on his hat. "Well, my dears, I wondered if I'd ever see you again." The magician was indeed pleased to see them. The mermaid told him what had happened. "Well," he said, "the magic in the bucket is good for three wishes. First, you wish to come to the sea; secondly, you wish to be a mermaid, and thirdly, you wish nothing else but to go home." She held the bucket and wished. Then she let out a cry of delight and leapt into the water to join her friends. Then down, down they went until they reached the bottom of the sea.

The houses were made of coloured corals with sea-weed for garden beds and shells for chairs outside. They played leap-frog and many other games. Then they decided to come to the top and play on the rocks for awhile. While playing Alice remembered her precious wish. She had seen a puppy lying on the rocks, its paws bleeding. Should she wish the puppy back to safety and health? But what about getting home? If she left the puppy to die she'd never be happy again. But what about her pets on the farm, and her Mummy and Dad? The puppy rubbed his nose into her hand and without hesitating she picked up the bucket and wished. "I wonder how it managed to get here?" she said aloud. "I'll tell you." Turning she saw a fairy Prince. "My father was king of fairyland and broke most of the magician's wicked spells. One magician changed me into a dog far out to sea, never to return. You gave me your last wish and brought me back. Have you thought how you will return home?" "No," said Alice. "May be I can help you," said the Prince. Taking a trumpet, he blew and suddenly appeared a beautiful chariot. The Prince kissed her hand as he said good-bye, and out of the attic window he flew.

Later, when Alice's mother came up to call her for tea, she picked up the little bucket, and said, "When I was a little girl I think it had some pretty pictures on it, but they seem to have faded right off." Alice nodded her head wisely and went down to tea.

—L. Huxtable.

THE BALLAD OF DAVID NORTH

When I was in Fourth Form a friend I had there.
His name it was David, all teachers' despair.
His attire quite jolly, his hair was quite long,
His English improper, his maths. always wrong.
Although my friend David wasn't a brain,
I thought that he must have been slightly insane.
He had a great mania, he had a great dream
Of captaining Flinders great bat tennis team.
One day Ron Rawiller, a prefect of fame,
Decided to let David captain our game.
Was David happy? was he indeed!
His mission accomplished, he'd have to succeed.
He had to play Hilly on that fateful day.
Hilly the big boy wouldn't give way.
He thrashed our friend David; he thrashed him with glee.
That David was finished was plain to see.
For one poor David the shame was too great,
So David decided to seal his own fate.
Down to the river our David did go,
And over the bridge himself he did throw.
Now David is buried and over his head
This verse on his tombstone is there to be read.
"Rest you in peace and cut your hair
And don't play bat tennis at all, anywhere."

Published by the kind permission of the late David North, M.S., O.B.E., D.S.O.

—Ron Wall.

A SHORTER HISTORY OF THE BOYS OF FORM SIX

BILL EBBOTT: A dashing RUTH(LESS?) boy, whose hobbies include brushing his hair, hopelessly supporting the Hawks and playing Scrabble.

Advice: Why not try making words?

RAY HEARNE: Spends his time bullying boys bigger than himself. A crack shot with a duster.

Advice: Stop walking on ceilings.

MALCOLM PORTER: The Form's most beloved Romeo, whose hobbies include camping in 'phone booths and sprinting after buses.

Advice: Beware! The last bus may leave early.

RAY STEWART: A bottle blonde, who spends half his time writing fan letters to Graham Kennedy, and the other half in the Yallourn Library.

Advice: Try borrowing books.

RON RAWILLER: Mr. Hutchison's personal body-guard, who is Form VI's champion snooker player. A staunch Brigitte fan.

Advice: Stop using the wrong end of the cue.

DARYL RAGGATT: A devoted music-lover, who likes relaxing (?) to music. Favourite record: "1912 Overture."

Advice: To stop dy/dx from escaping to Russia.

ROB. MORRISSON: The last surviving Flying Dutchman, who speaks a variety of languages—recognised and unrecognised.

Aim: To return to Holland and thus join his friends in the land of "Black Tulip."

REG. CHARLESWORTH: Our up and coming golfer, whose aim in life is to hole in one.

Advice: Do the nineteenth hole last.

IAN JACKSON: The bachelor student who is the only competent housewife in the Form.

Advice: Take it easy; your parents may arrive home early from their hols.

DENNIS ROSS: Known to his close friends as "Den." "Mr. Hairy Legs", 1933, who revels in impersonating "Uny's" voice on the 'phone.

Aim: To run Elvis down on his motor scooter.

JOHN LEWIS: As yet no-one has worked out whether he lives in Yallourn or Morwell. John has given up throwing the discus due to other commitments.

Advice: Stick with Geelong—they can't be last forever.

DAVID WALLACE: Hopalong Cassidy's most serious rival, who insists on practising his German in everyone's presence. Can he Hulbe it if he can't afford an M.G.

JOHN GOOLD: The golfer who insists on practising in a place where he can terrorize motorists and pedestrians.

Advice: Leave your brother alone.

GEOFF WIGG: The National Bank's young fan. Geoff's hobbies include football, football and football.

Advice: Remember, it's your own funeral if you go.

GEOFF UNWIN: A boy of Davine character and a champion footballer. It is rumoured that he does the toothpaste ads on TV. Aim: To beat Poss at billiards.

—Anon.

THE NEW AUTO

Mr. Tremain had essayed to buy
A Buick Eight, to satisfy
His taste for modern transportation.
The news was soon in circulation;
A crowd did form to view with awe.
"Yes," cried the owner, "I bought it for
Twenty five hundred, a really good buy."
"Good-bye to your money," someone did cry.
"Please," Mr. Dooley asked, "How does it go?"
"Why sir, just twist this lakker band, so."
They all stood back as the owner climbed in,
The car lurched forth with a terrible din.
And Mr. Tremain was on his way,
Coating us all in a coat of grey.
We all stood amazed and filled with suspense
"Mr. Tremain—look out for the fence!!!"
"Oh," Mr. Dooley cried, "C'est la fin!"
Mr. T. came to earth enveloped in tin.
When the dust had settled we rushed to his side,
"It went like a bomb!" he exclaimed with pride.

—Kilday and Young Operatic Co.

WINTER IN THE VALLEY!

As the seasons again roll round coldness creeps once more into the atmosphere, and icy fingers probe the air. Already the leaves have fallen and the wild life of the woods sense the missing heat which means life to them. It is as though the sun has grown cold and all things must cease, but it is merely a yearly event—the coming of winter.

Before long the frost has appeared to sparkle, jewel-like, in the morning sun, and the clouds overhead have become a thick grey blanket. No longer are the calls of tropical birds heard, bell-like, echoing through the greenery around; instead life is still, and leaden skies look down and wait.

Clashing rain-clouds herald the scene that is to follow, and soon curving arcs of water fall on the barren earth to mingle fairy-like with the fallen leaves. For some in the Valley this is a time of joy; here the wildfowl disport playfully among riverlets of fallen water; there the large green frog, which in the summer had hardly moved, breaks the surface for his rebirth. For some this is a time of sorrow, for winter can mean death. The water will multiply and grow until the trickles become streams, and streams mighty rivers, and rivers flood, and all will suffer.

In time the days grow longer, the nights grow short. The moon shows its dress of phosphorescence as a frosty halo begins to form. The sun is smaller, much unlike the glowing orb of former days, and the wild life has gone, as if from the very face of the earth. Soon the first crop of winter grass shows its tip in the mild awakening, and the trees take on new life. The leaden skies give way to flashes of blue, for spring is near.

However, as if trying to hold on to life as long as possible, Jack Frost gives vent to one last onslaught. Biting winds race across the fields, and the gales rise to a screaming crescendo. In regular succession branches fall to earth and aching trees whine fearfully from the torture. The rabbit and the fox, enemies as of old, listen together forgetful of instinct, until the raging winds subside. Then peace is once more with the Valley, for Spring has come.

—Fred Billington, Form V.

BRAHMS VERSUS PRESLEY

In the right hand corner we have Johannes Brahms, born 1833 (a "great occasion"), wearing a G flat trombone and weighing six cellos and one Cor Anglais (no, not cor blimey). In the left hand corner we have his opponent, Elvis Presley, born (never mind when—it was a sad day), wearing a "gittar" and weighing two castanets and five empty tins of Ardmona Sliced Peaches.

In a moment the referee, better known as Bob (a job) Menzies, will bring "the Master" (Brahms) and "Hound-dog" (Presley) out into the "pit" where they will battle for world acclaim.

The crowd is hushed, the theatre is silent save for the final pre-selection "pep talk" given by the referee. The gong rings and out oscillates Presley, singing "A Fool Such as I" with "gittar" backing. This hits Brahms hard—a cruel blow, but "the Master" rises to his feet and assaults Presley with a fierce rendition of the Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor opus 15. Presley sinks to the floor—down for a count of 2/4—but Menzies can only count 6/8 time and Presley rises to his feet amidst cries of "We want Kurt Woess."

The fight now becomes a real battle: Brahms receives aid from the "Kaiser" whilst Presley shouts for reinforcements from his pal, Kruschev. The battle rages, Presley has a strangle-hold on "the Master"—they don't call him King of Crete (oops, I mean Creole!) for nothing. However, Brahms reveals his tremendous guile—he takes the G string from Presley's "gittar"—a shrewd move—as Presley is defenceless. "The Master" now seizes the initiative, and he hits Presley the "Hound-dog" with quartets and sonatas—Presley turns green—he looks sick; in fact he's "all shook up." Now it's the Violin concerto—the Haydn Variations—and finally, amidst the strains of the immortal Symphony No. 1 in G minor opus 68, Presley sinks to the floor in a "Perry type coma."

The battle is over—"the Master" taps the dents out of his trombone and stands victorious in the ring. "He has come of age."

Well, ladies and gentlemen, these are your commentators signing off:—Connie Francis (I was barracking for Brahms), and Ilych Tchaikovsky (Presley for me—he's one of my mates).

—Dennis Ross, Form VI.



HIS CROWNING GLORY

By D. MacRaild, IIIa.

HIGH SCHOOL TREASURE

(Featuring Boys' Love for their School Caps)

Any boy who goes to Yallourn High School will know just how wonderful his cap really is. The Tech. boys are green with envy as they stand at the fence and look at us, wishing they had them, too. His cap is a boy's "treasure," and if anyone loses his cap the senior master will soon make sure he gets another.

The world couldn't do without caps. There are, for instance, the two large ice-caps at the North and South Poles, and the cap on the toothpaste that you use every night. Even Elvis wears a cap until he starts to sing and jump around, when it falls off. The gold crown worn by the Queen is rather heavy, and if it were not for the cap she wears beneath it, it would hurt her head.

Truly the cap is a finely-tailored article which when not in use is folded neatly and placed in a back pocket. Probably all the teachers have a night-cap. They are handy for running, too—that's why they have handicaps. So it's no wonder that every boy cherishes and guards his cap and loves to wear it on every occasion.

—P. Waters, Form IIIb.

PRINCESS IDA

Princess Ida was a wonderful show,
A show to which we all did go.

Our Mister Collins took the part
Of winning over a pretty girl's heart.

Tremain, Sherman and Gearing are
Three proud guardsmen who like the cigar.

Mister Dooley played King Gama;
His haggard appearance made the drama.

There's Mister Hatch, Hilarion he
Who took the hand of Ida free.

Mister Lynch, a right good guy
Does not like Gama, who can't think why.

And Mister Pyers produced it all
Deserving the greatest curtain call.

—Ian Hall, Form IVa.

BUNYIPS ON THE MOVE

Husky was a bunyip. He knew he was a bunyip because his mother had told him so. He also knew his name was Husky; well he didn't exactly know, but his mother said it was, so he took it for granted.

She had told him a little story about how he had been given his name. She said, "Well, when you were young and we lived in the Latrobe River near Yallourn, you tried to eat the bridge; a piece got caught in your throat and you could neither cough it up nor swallow it down. When you tried to tell me what was wrong you spoke in a deep, husky voice, so your father and I called you Husky. Later on it became time for your christening. We took you along to the bunyip minister. He christened you, but as he did so he used up most of the water in the river, and that caused a drought, so we had to evacuate from that place. That's why we're living here."

"Here" was the muddiest, dirtiest, swampiest place in the Darling River, where Husky had grown up from a baby, with small plump legs, a hairless body, with teeth just coming through his gums, small bumps on his head where his horns were starting to grow and small blue eyes, to a great big, hairy bunyip with teeth five inches long projecting over his lower lip. Sharp horns grew out of his rock-like head and his large green eyes looked like headlights.

After moving from the Latrobe River they had gone to the Goulburn River and there they had lived for a few days. During one of those days Husky had watched two boys play fiddle-sticks on the bank of the river. Ever since then Husky had wanted to play the game. The first thing to do was to get some fiddle-sticks, so he chewed up the bridge which was about one hundred yards down the river. After exactly five hours forty seven minutes' chewing he had made enough sticks to play.

He was just beginning to ask his mother to play with him, when an army of jeeps carrying men came over the hill. Word had got round about the bunyips destroying the bridge and these were bunyip-hunting expeditions.

Husky warned his mother and father and they ran as fast as their legs could carry them. They didn't stop at the Murray River but took one flying leap and landed on the other side. They ran on until they came to the muddiest, dirtiest, swampiest place in the Darling River where they are living now.

Since then Husky has been playing fiddle-sticks, although he isn't chewing up the bridges and using them for sticks; he's using saplings.

If you don't believe this story, ask Husky; he will tell you it's true, because his mother told him so. —Howard Ellis, Form Ia.

OUR WEEK'S TELEVISION

On Monday night Bret fills our screen,
At a gambling table he is real keen.
He solves the crimes with brother Bart,
They are alike—both tall and dark.
Their surname is Maverick.

When Tuesday comes, comes Johnny Mackay,
Deputy "Lawman" who helps in the fray.
He assist Dan Troop in his bid to keep law,
He does the necessary but never any more.
Laramie City is where they are found.

On Wednesday a Southern accent is heard,
As on comes Chester to do Matt's word.
Matt is the Marshal of Dodge City renowned,
Chester is the Deputy with Matt to be found,
He has a limp and tries to sing.

On Thursday we view Flint McCulloch,
A wonderful man, always full of pluck.
He rescues damsels in distress,
Who try to cross into the West.
He scouts for the waggon train.

On Friday on Channel Nine,
At half-past-eight right on time.
Comes a "nervous" Guy with well-groomed hair,
His count is plied with the utmost care,
His name is Kookie, and he's "crazy dad."

On Saturday night at half-past ten,
Comes Mike Hammer on Channel Nine again.
His story is written by Mike Spillane,
So naturally he always meets a dame.
But he is a good detective.

On Sunday night at half past seven
Comes Bill Longley called "the Texan."
He's tall and dark and slow-talking,
But his alertness belies his slow-walking.
He always gets his man and fast.

—L. and M.



BASKETBALL "B" TEAM

Back: P. Adams, D. Wilson (Captain Junior "B"), V. Wright, Miss Street, J. Humphreys (Captain Senior "B"), M. Thessalou, M. Scott.

Front Row: B. Davis, M. Gray, L. Irving, K. Stratford, M. Broekstra, B. Baker (Captain Senior "A").
Kneeling: R. Grant, M. Kennedy, M. O'Brien.

THE FIRST BILLY GRAHAM MEETING I ATTENDED

It was about six thirty, one summer evening in Melbourne. The sun was beginning to set after a beautiful day. Its beams filtered through the deep foliage of the trees in the Alexandra Gardens, casting gold light all around. We were walking along with a crowd of people and all about there was a delightful air of expectancy. The well-kept gravel path curved as we came into view of a green hill. Instinctively our steps quickened for we could see a gleam of silver at the side of the hill. Then we heard music—the music of seven hundred voices lifted in the song, "To Thee will I give the Glory for Thou art Mighty to Save." We younger ones broke into a run up the hill and at the top a sight that I shall never forget met our eyes—thousands of people seated upon the lawns and the seats under the cover of the Myer Music Bowl which resembled a huge silver half umbrella, all waiting for something.

The day died and the stars of the evening peeped out and then Mr. Cliff Barrows greeted the forty thousand spell-bound people and the great meeting began. When the choir with George Beverly Shea sang "How Great Thou Art," we seemed, in spirit, to soar above earth and trials and cares. Then Dr. Graham began to speak with tremendous authoritative power. One could have heard a pin drop, the silence was so intense. At the conclusion of his message an appeal was given for those who wished to make personal commitment of their lives to Jesus Christ, to come forward. There was a hush, and for a few moments no-one seemed to move. Softly the choir began to sing, "Just as I am," and then they came, hundreds of people with faces set ready to make the greatest decision of all. Never have we seen such a moving and glorious sight.

Surely these meetings will be written as some of the most wonderful and meaningful events in history.

—Chris Thomsen, Form IIIa.

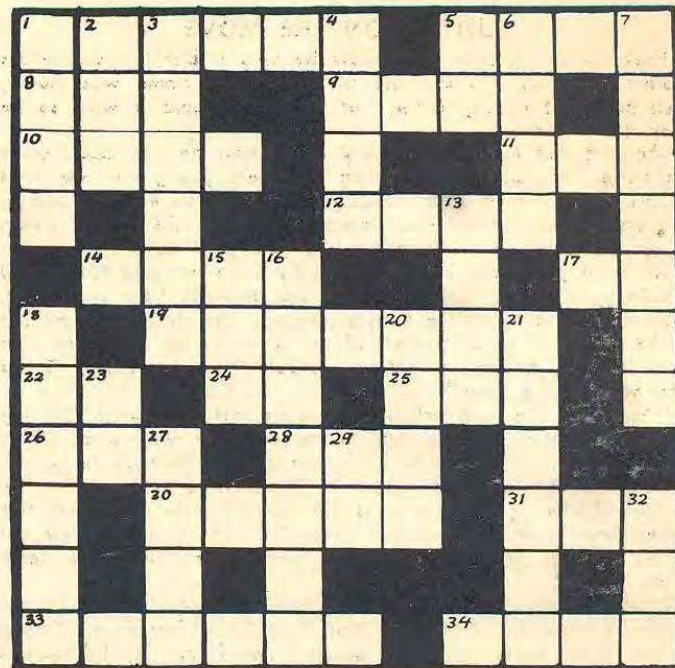
MY LONGEST AND SHORTEST TRIP

I was strolling in the gate after the pictures, half asleep, when my senses were jolted and alerted. The dog next door was barking furiously, and tearing round the yard. "Shaddup, dog," I growled, and felt reassured at the sound of my own voice. Then it hit me. He was barking at that strange apparatus in my back yard. My fear returned.

I sidled closer to see what the object was. It resembled two oversize saucers, one the right way up, and the other, upside down, placed on top of it. A trapdoor flew open, and a purple something appeared (it turned out to be from Mercury). It consisted of a head with numerous television antennae protruding therefrom, an eye in the centre, and where his neck and body should have been were five tentacles. "I" he said, "represent the Mercurian Surgeons' Union. 'Op aboard mate." Out reached a tentacle and picked me up. "Here, boy," he said, "have a Saturnian-heated canine." I munched through the hot dog, and feeling slightly more confident now, I asked, "Where're we going?" "Goin'" he said, "Look boy, we're here." I looked through a small opening and saw that we were in some strange place, and wondered at the speed of the journey. "How fast did we travel?" I asked the Mercurian. "—Aw, well we took thirty seconds, but the cops had a blitz on today," was his apologetic reply. "We're at Mercury I suppose." "That's right, boy, but of more importance, is why?" "Yes," I agreed, "well why are we here?" "Boy, you are greatly honoured. You have been chosen to help medical science further on the road to success." "Oh, have I?" "Too bloomin' right. We're going' to dissect you, boy—one life could save thousands, you know." "Well," I said, all heroism and pride disappearing, "This one's gonna be saved right now, if I've got anything to do with it." Fear lent me strength as I shoved the Mercurian through the top of the hatch. I looked at the controls, found a gear lever, and changed into reverse.

One press of button "S" and thirty seconds later I was in my back yard. Now the problem was what to do. I found a destruction unit, set it for one minute and clambered out. I backed away from the saucer carefully. Then it just disintegrated—not even a bang. I felt cheated—scared—but mainly I felt tired. So off I went to bed, and dreamt of Mercurians, hot-dogs, space-ships, and operating tables. I wonder if they will ever return? I hope not—sometimes I rather enjoy living.

—Brian Kilday, Form IVa.



CROSSWORD

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Subject (taught in school).
5. Law.
8. In His Service.
9. Affirm.
10. Want.
11. Born.
12. Weapon (pl.).
14. Heroic Poem.
17. Bachelor of Arts.
19. Western Australian town.
22. Boy's Name (abbrev.).
24. Behold.
25. Name of a Certain Princess.
26. Female Rabbit.
28. Rest on Haunches.
30. Cheek.
31. Dried Leaves—A Beverage.
33. Animal.
34. Tidy.

DOWN

1. Tool.
2. Royal Horse Artillery.
3. Flee.
4. Suspend.
5. Prefix.
6. Vase (pl.).
7. Gem.
13. Want.
15. Sick.
16. Act of Closing.
18. Middle.
20. Toy (Flying).
21. Noise.
23. Perform any Action.
27. Deserve.
29. Verb to be.
32. Skill.

—R. Finlayson, Form IIIa.

(For solution of Crossword see page 30.)

"SHOW DAY"

Over the paddocks comes a sound very much like an approaching jet plane as we walked towards the Melbourne Show Grounds on the third day of the Royal Melbourne Show. As we walk excitedly through the gate of the Show Ground the slight breeze changes direction and blows into our faces, causing the noise of people shouting their wares, children screaming and yelling and the raucous music from the merry-go-round and ferris wheel, to rise to a crescendo. Walking towards the stables I am amazed at the variety of colours and shapes formed in the ever-changing kaleidoscope of moving people around us. Filling the air with most alluring scents are the most beautiful flowers in Australia, while the most farm-like odour imaginable floats towards us on the gentle breeze from the cattle pavilion. But, dusk is falling, and we must return home so, reluctantly we turn about and walk again through the Show Ground gate, leaving the rich medley of sounds behind us.

—Marie Gorman, Form IIIa.

MOTTO OF FORM V COMMERCIAL

"You don't have to be crazy to work here, but it helps!"

THE BROWN SUIT

John and I stood in the queue at the entrance of Luna Park, John counting his money and I pursuing my favourite occupation, namely producing characters to fit the people around me. My object that night was a man of medium build, about 5ft. 9in., I think. He was dressed in a brown suit, with a brown hat perched on his head at a rakish angle. His shoes were that peculiar shade of orange-reddish brown and his tie was one of the species that flaunt brightly-coloured flowers.

In a little over two minutes I had bestowed this fellow with a character reference that would have made a jail-bird blush. I confided my thoughts to John and he, always ready for adventure, elected that we follow the fellow. By this time we were inside and to my dismay our suspect headed straight for the Scenic Railway. My stomach began to turn even then, and John, who knew my hatred of heights, told me to wait. He boarded the same truck as the suspect. They were soon back and as we raced on, John confided that the trip had been uneventful.

Our quarry led us through the Fun Palace, and the Ghost Train in quick succession, and then, as we rounded the "Dodgems" we nearly crashed into him. He stopped just in time and, suddenly, our suspicions came to a head.

Brown-suit was loitering near a richly-dressed group of people, one of whom bore a striking resemblance to a well-known film star, and Brown-suit had his hand in a pocket of that infamous suit, covering something that looked suspiciously like a firearm.

We acted quickly. In a few minutes John was back with an agitated manager and several helpers. Then came the most embarrassing moments I have ever known. Brown-suit was disclosed as a plain-clothes policeman, detailed to shadow the over-jewelled one, who was, in fact, a film star visiting Victoria for a film, and her party.

However, we were rewarded for our vigilance with a free pass for the star's latest film. All's well that ends well!

—Sheila Martin, Form IVa.

MAKING FOR THE HEIGHTS

We had been climbing for about three hours when we at last reached the summit of the mountain. Snow covered most of the ground in a thick white carpet whilst here and there smooth round rocks were protruding. Far below us lay the mountains in a hazy blue mist whilst across the valley the glittering of white snow on a far off mountain peak could be seen. It was a long and tiring climb up the mountain but the view was certainly worth it.

—Jennifer Gibby, Form IIIa.

"SEFFREY"

When Seffrey was born he weighed twenty-five pound;
They viewed him with awe as they gathered around;
They took him straight home to the slums of Yallourn
Where criminals gathered with flick knives all drawn.

His father in prison, his mother in jail,
He stole some hot money to use for her bail.
He hated his father; he loved his poor ma,
He had to steal something—he stole Dooley's car*.

He bailed out his mother with money tres hot,
But left his poor father in prison to rot.
When he was sixteen and full in his prime,
He went to reform school for the first time.

He never got out, for he died of heart-break
'Cos they wouldn't allow him to keep his pet snake;
The snake was his best pet, he's had it for years;
When he went out driving the snake would change gears.

Now there is a moral this story does tell
As we hear the ringing of "Seff's" funeral bell:
Never be fat, never be broke,
And have a father wots a good bloke.

* Tom Dooley, of course (J.D. hasn't a car).

—By David North and Ron Wall (Insults Incorporated).

THE DAY AFTER THE STORM

On Wednesday, 5th August, the town was ravaged by strong winds and on coming to school next morning we found that several of the trees had been uprooted, or had had their branches smashed off. The whole of the first period was spent in recounting what had happened during the night—this caused great annoyance to the teachers. This included tales of So-and-So's fowlhouse and Such-and-Such's T.V. antenna. After most of the debris had been cleared away, there was left, to the boys' delight, many gum-nuts. With these, our lives are still endangered.

—Frances Cove, Form IIIa.



TENNIS

Back Row: J. Robertson, K. Hannon, D. Raggatt, R. Batty, R. Rawiller, T. Rozensteins, D. Ross,
K. O'Connor, G. Unwin, P. Gray, D. Wallace, C. Lawton.

Front Row: B. Finlayson, L. Abbott, L. Godridge, Jenny Abrecht, E. Jones, M. McLaren, Judy Abrecht.

AT NIGHT IN A TRAIN

Clockety, clockety, clickety clack!
 Beat the wheels on the railroad track.
 Drowsily through the window I peep,
 But drift again into deeper sleep.
 I pull the rugs up to my chin,
 When all of a sudden there's such a din;
 Bottles clanking, people walking,
 Up the platform noisily talking.
 Then suddenly the train gives a lurch,
 We're off up the hill, and past the church.
 Down the hill we rush like mad,
 The trees are looking as though they're sad,
 They're moaning, groaning, such a terrible noise,
 Worse than the chatter of girls and boys.
 Then at last comes my station, as I start to despair
 And I thankfully step into midnight air.

—Trena Nielson. Form Ia.

HANDS

Hands are the most wonderful things given to men. The old woman knits with her old, wrinkled hands, while the pianist plays the piano with his beautiful long, slim, tapered fingers. The mother picks up her baby with care, and the little baby sucks its tiny thumb. Housewives prepare the dinner with weary, red and roughened, but loving hands, for their husbands and children. The lady in the beauty salon admires her hands and long, tapered fingers, with well-manicured fingernails, polished blood-red. White, bony hands in a hospital bed seek for life. But all hands, no matter what shape, have beauty in their own way.

—Jenny Wybengo, Form IIIc.

"LITTLE THIEF"

Dirty little fingers creeping up
 Next to the plates and over a cup,
 Their destination a plate of buns,
 A main attraction for little ones.
 But Cook the filthy fingers spy,
 So to the buns it's a hasty goodbye.

—Robyne Adams, Form Ia.

MORTE DE POETRY

To Heather who may command him anything.
 "Fear no more the heat of the sun."
 We have our caps.
 "The building of Pandemonium."
 Shelter sheds on a wet day.
 "Nutting"
 What Fifth Form does in English Lit.
 "La belle dame Sans merci,"
 Opinion of girls without berets.
 "Sounds and Sweet airs,"
 Hydrogen Sulphide, etc.
 "The Compassionate fool."
 No comment.
 "It would be strange."
 If this were printed.

—John Robert, Form Vb.

TV PROGRAMMES

"Steve Canyon" flew "Wyatt Earp" to "Tombstone Territory" to arrest "Maverick" on "Suspicion" of stealing "Fury." "Perry Mason" was his lawyer while "Mickey Spillane" and the "Highway Patrol" investigated. "The Lawman" was hired to "Trackdown" the real thief and he asked "Whirly-birds" to fly him to "77 Sunset Strip" where he arrested "Rifleman" who was watching "In Melbourne Tonight."

—Margaret and Susan Duxbury.

THE CURVED KNIFE

A shady character slunk into the street,
 Hid in a shadowed doorway,
 Drew out a curved knife,
 And—slit a banana in half.

—Anonymous.

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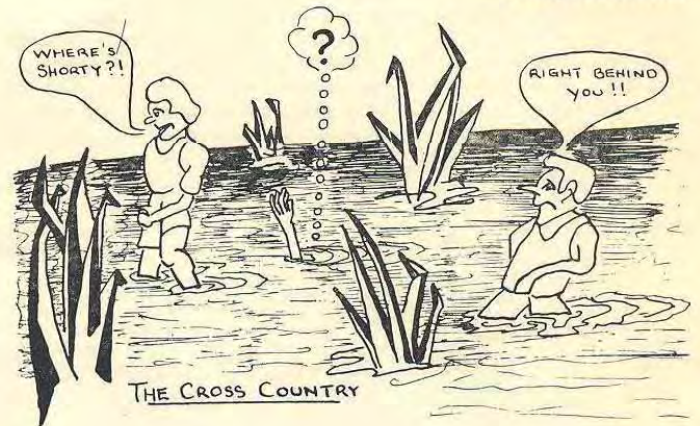
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SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. French.
5. Rule.
8. I.H.S.
9. Aver.
10. Lack.
11. Nee.
12. Guns.
14. Epic.
17. B.A.
19. Elleker.
22. Ed.
24. Lo.
25. Ida.
26. Doe.
28. Sit.
30. Abuse.
31. Tea.
33. Monkey.
34. Neat.

DOWN

1. File.
2. R.H.A.
3. Escape.
4. Hang.
5. Re.
6. Urns.
7. Emerald.
13. Need.
15. Ill.
16. Closure.
18. Medium.
20. Kite.
21. Rattle.
23. Do.
27. Earn.
29. Is.
32. Art.

THE SCHOOL YEAR (Cont.)

HOUSE CHOIR COMPETITION

BOY CONDUCTORS

The annual House Choir Competition, which was held at the newly completed Kernot Hall on the last Friday of term 1, had especial interest this year since three of the choirs (Mawson, Bass and Phillip) were trained and conducted by boys. Without exception, they, as did Elaine Verey, the conductor of the fourth house, showed themselves to be masters of the situation. They controlled their large choirs with firmness and intelligence. The result was some very creditable singing. Competition was keen and there was much speculation as to which choir would win. The adjudicators, Miss Jones, Mr. Collins and Mr. Hollingsworth, placed Mawson first, Bass second, Flinders third and Phillip fourth.

Each choir sang three set pieces—a unison hymn, "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow," to the tune "Ebenezer," a three-part arrangement of "Land of the Silver Birch," a Canadian folk song, and a Spanish folk song, "The Dark Rose."

The conductors and accompanists for each choir were:—Mawson—David Wallace (Julie Graham); Bass—Robert Lawton (Elizabeth Tait); Flinders—Elaine Verey (Linda Milne); Phillip—Dennis Ross (Ken Hannon).

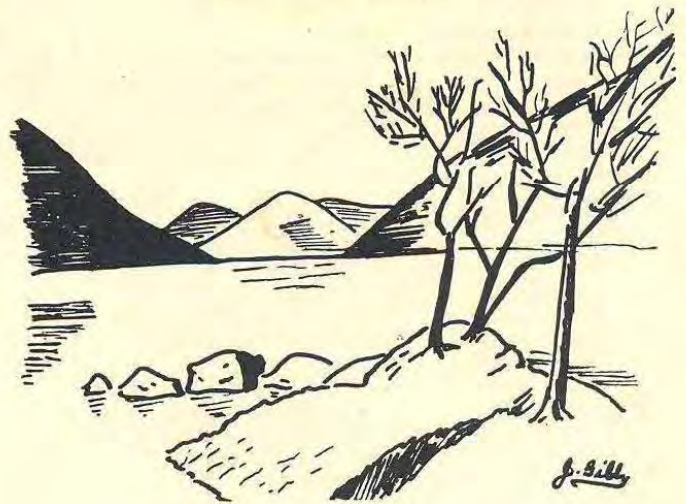
DANDENONG FESTIVAL

GIRLS AND BOYS SUCCESSFUL

The musical event of term 1 was the visit by our senior choirs to the "Festival of Youth and Music" at Dandenong. This year we returned with a second place in the Boys' Choir section and an equal third in the section for Girls' Choirs.

The adjudicator, Mr. Herbert Davis, commented favourably on the work of both choirs. The Boys' Choir, conducted by Mr. Pyers, sang John Ireland's "Sea Fever," and a four-part carol, "A-Rockin' All Night." Mr. Davis commended them for their pleasant tone and expressive singing. The Girls' Choir, conducted by Mrs. McLaren, scored high marks with their lovely singing of "Fa La Nana Bambin," an Istrian lullaby. Their second item was a bright unison song, "Go Not Happy Day." Both choirs were fortunate in having Mr. Bryant Dunsmore as accompanist.

There is a chance that next year there will be a section for a mixed choir at Dandenong. We certainly hope so.



OUR GLORIOUS DAY IN MELBOURNE

After five intensive months of training, our girl athletes were thrilled to win the cup given to the school gaining most placings at the Victorian Schoolgirl Championships held at Royal Park, Melbourne. Results:—

1. Yallourn High School—34 points.
2. MacRobertson Girls' High School—27 points.
3. Numurkah High School—22½ points.

This made Yallourn High the champion school of Victoria in girls' athletics. Twenty-one girls travelled to Melbourne with their coach, Mr. K. C. Hollingsworth, and their win was a great reward for all their hard work.

Fifteen of the girls showed that they were amongst the top ten athletes in the State in each of their various events. This was truly an amazing performance. The best individual performances were as follows:—

- Janice Bawden—2nd—Under 19 broad jump. 7th—Under 19 hurdles.
Anne Theobald—5th—Under 19 broad jump.
Edith Jones—4th—Under 19 high jump.
Margot McLaren—7th—Under 19 high jump.
Gwen Lacey—5th—Under 19 discus. 6th—Under 19 shot put.
Anne Vincent—5th—Under 19 javelin.
Marje Gray—6th—Under 16 shot put. 8th—Under 16 broad jump.
Elaine Verey—7th—Under 16 shot put.
Vera Kolomyec—5th—Under 14 75 yards.
Wendy Black—9th—Under 14 75 yards.
Iris Ortolja—10th—Under 14 75 yards.
Judy Abrecht—1st—Under 14 discus. 2nd—Under 14 shot put.
Veronica Lacey—4th—Under 14 javelin. 5th—Under 14 shot put.
Elizabeth Lewis—6th—Under 14 javelin.
Christine Scott—6th—Under 14 shot put.

THE BOYS GO TO MELBOURNE

A week after the girls went to Melbourne a team of twelve boys went to try their skill at the Victorian Schoolboy Championships at Olympic Park. Though not as successful the boys showed that Yallourn High School has an athletic potential second to none in the State. Five of the boys proved that they also were in the top ten athletes in the State in their various events.

- Robert Lawton—4th—Under 19 pole valut. 4th—Under 19 javelin.
James MacArthur—6th—Under 19 javelin. 8th—Under 19 discus.
Rodney Foy—4th—Under 17 discus.
Terry Sullivan—7th—Under 15 broad jump.
Russel King—9th—Under 17 broad jump.

Thus no fewer than twenty girl and boy athletes from Yallourn are amongst the top ten athletes in Victoria in each of their events.

Mr. C. J. Warrell, B.Com., Dip. Ed. (A.A.S.A.), (prov.).
Mr. E. R. Sherman, B.A., Dip. Ed.