

# Chez Nous



## Geelong College

The GEELONG COLLEGE  
110-1120-nd-street

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## Rectangular Sports.

The features of the Rectangular Sports held at Corio on Saturday, the 3rd, were the 40 m.p.h. hurricane which effectively contrived to blow prohibitively for every event; Alan Blackwood's and Ken. Stillman's wonderful performances; and the vagaries of the Hermitage bus.

Scotch's victory was principally dependent on their skill in the sprint and under-age events and the strength of their second strings. The College had a very strong team in middle and long-distance events.

The final points were: Scotch College (193 points), 1st; Geelong College (128 points), 2nd; Geelong Grammar (98 points), 3rd; and Ballarat Grammar and Ballarat College combined team (32 points), 4th.

The first event of the afternoon was the Under 16 Long Jump. Ken. Stillman, who won this event with a wonderful leap that would have given him second place in the corresponding open event, gained, altogether, 37½ points for the school—approximately a quarter of the College points. He won the Under 16 High Jump from Kenwood, of Scotch College, the height jumped being 5ft. 4½in. He gained second and third places in the 100 and 220 Under 16 races, respectively.

The closest finish of the day was seen in the mile. For three and a half rounds, Doig was content to run with the pack; 220 yards from home he moved up into second place, and raced level with Moore, of Scotch, for the last 50 yards, only to be beaten by inches.

In the 880 yards, Blackwood was content to lie in second place until the 660 mark, then he, Wilson (Scotch) and Gilder (G.G.S.) passed the leader (Scotch) in a bunch. Blackwood managed to retain his lead, although hard pressed by Wilson, and won in the very meritorious time of 2min. 5 1/5 sec.

Blackwood's 440 was superb. Starting at the outside track, he, running at an even pace, maintained a 15-yard lead the whole way, doing the dis-

tance in 50 1/5 sec, with a disturbing wind, which is equal to the Combined Sports record. As far as school times are concerned, Blackwood broke his own record of 51 7/10 sec, which he set up at the Combined Sports last year.

In the 100 and 200 Yards, Menzies was unfortunate in getting two poor starts. He ran an excellent 400 with a well-timed finish

Just, who, after two orthodox jumps, reverted to his successful "pedal" style of last year, did excellently to win the Open Long Jump. It is conjectured by many well, up in athletic circles that he would in all probability have broken the record if the wind had not been present. The Scotch jumper, who came second by a foot, is reported to have jumped over 20 feet on occasions.

Exell, who putted excellently, was unfortunate in having such big opposition in Burges, of Geelong Grammar.

In the Mile Open Relay, the College system was eminently successful, if apparently unorthodox.

The College athletics team has every reason to be pleased with its performance, and every member of the school is very proud of the fine showing they made at the sports.

# ?

Well, we must all be Old Collegians some clay, dead or alive, in 'gaol or out. For some of us it won't be long till we are wearing the old school tie, so let us brush up our Old Boys.

1.—To lead off with something easy, can you name six present boys who have already been Old Boys

2.—How many 1940 Collegians are sons of Old Boys—10, 20, 30, 60 or 80?

3.—How many masters are Old Boys—3, 5, 7 or 9?

4.—How many boys have attended the College in its 79 years of existence—800, 1,500, 2,000, 3,400 or 6,350?

5.—Which of the following positions have not been held by an ex-Collegian: Anglican Bishop, Rajah of Sarawak, Test cricketer, Adviser to the Chinese Emperor, Davis Cup player, inventor of a sunburn lotion

made from mutton-bird oil, captain of Interstate football team, Rhodes Scholar, owner of a Melbourne Cup winner?

6.—The Old Geelong Collegians' Association was founded in 1900. Mr. Calvert was Hon. Secretary for 39 years. Who holds the office now—Mr. T'ait, Mr. Lamble, Mr. Fallaw, Mr. Menzies, Mr. Ipsen, or Mr. Shannon?

7.—If you are leaving this year, and want to join the O.G.C.A., what should you do about it?

8.—A little practice for I.C. Arith. candidates: As every schoolboy knows, it costs 10/- per year to be a member of the O.G.C.A., or £5/5/- for Life Membership. What is the difference?

9.—What is the good of being a member of the Association?

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## Chez Nous

Saturday, 16th November, 1940.

### EDITORIAL

"Chez Nous" was started with the purpose of raising money for war parities. In this aim the editors have been very successful, owing not only to the generosity and patience of the school, but also to those of our numerous advertisers.

The paper, near the end of one year of what might be called successful progress, stands at the cross-roads. Will it die, a happy memory in the annals of Geelong College, a precedent for future generations, or will it become an institution,

Let us consider the first possibility—what happens if it dies? Nothing vital—it is not a necessary part of school life; sorrow, there may be at its decease, but no inconsolable grief. Perhaps it is better that it should lapse.

But, first, let us see how it would progress if it lived. Firstly, it would have to be placed under the care of a master—the work and responsibility are too great to again be shouldered lightheartedly by a group of boys. If it were to become an institution, everybody in the school would have to buy it—the chances of free distribution are very slight indeed. Its chances of popularity under such a system would be very small. It is essentially spasmodic, unofficial, and plebeian.

Then there is the question of the editorial staff. Those who comprised the staff this year were in the enviable position of not being totally immersed either in work or in sport. Those of them who are returning next year will not be so placed. There is, of course, always the possibility that another group of fellows will be willing to take on the job—they can count on receiving everybody's wholehearted support. But the position now is that, unless such a group

### SOCIAL.

#### The Prefects at Home.

The Prefects' Dance was almost perfect. Everyone got away to a good start (and that is not a pun), the prefects, as always, being in the fore. The Pres' good taste was reflected both in the decorations and the company. Both were impeccable, though the latter, we were told, not unpeckable. The decorations just showed what prefects can do when they really try. Beats us why more of them didn't stay inside and enjoy their handiwork.

We, in our innocence, were most surprised to see numerous couples going downstairs after the second dance. At the time we thought, "Fast work!" but later found that the bar was downstairs, and half of the couples had only gone down for a drink.

Supper, we were told, was to be served in the Dining Hall. Funny, but we could have sworn that everyone would have known where the Dining Hall was by now. For the benefit of those who don't, let us point out that it is in a southerly direction, while the building lying to the north is the House of Music. But it was locked, anyhow.

Everything was hot, from the music to the costumery. In several evening dresses we noticed the back well in evidence.

Congratulations to Geoff Chisholm, who won the Monte Carlo. Talking about Carlo, we offer our sincere condolences to Foxy Murdoch.

(Continued next column)

volunteers or an alternative scheme is suggested, the next issue of "Chez Nous" will be the last.

Any member of the staff is willing to explain the position in greater detail to anyone who would like to know more, and if anyone has any suggestions to offer, we will be only too glad to hear them.

### ANSWERS TO ? ? ?

1.—2 Tait, 2 Cunninghams, A. J. Macdonald, L. Turnbull.

2.—60.

3.—S.

4.—About 2,000.

S.—Rajah of Sarawak, Rhodes Scholar, owner of a Melbourne Cup winner. (There are still opportunities to become famous.)

6.—Mr. Fallaw.

7.—Get the cash from home, or parents' written consent to have the subscription put down on the account.

8.—If you pay 10/- now, you will some day save up to the £5/5/-. But if you become a Life Member right away, you may be fortunate enough to have it paid by Dad.

9.—A permanent connection with the College through "The Pegasus" (free to members), the activities of the committee (of which members are kept informed), and periodical reunions. Besides the personal benefit, you will also have opportunities of helping the College—one of the Association's chief objects.

STOP PRESS.—Mr. Fallaw will shortly address senior boys on this matter; but write home at once!

The fact that they were in charge of the bottles 'didn't seem to bar the drinkmen from dancing . . . and we wonder where those two dozen bottles went. One sweet thing we noticed was Allen's "Black Crow," Butterbit later we noticed her with someone else.

Here are two beaut puns that came to us after supper. We saved them for the end. You'll die laughing! The first one is, "Who was Bill Crockett strachan it up too," and "It would Just Cooke our goose to tell some of the things we saw." . . . They don't look so good in print, but say them over to yourself once or twice, and you'll get the hang of them.

"Taking one consideration with another," as the Sergeant of Police once said, it was a jolly good dance, and we thank the prefects a lot.

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## GRIME DOES NOT PAY

No. 5.

Sixteen years ago Ivan Brushbridge saw a cat that had recently been run over by a taxi and an engine with a tender behind. These two events had combined to give him, at the age of sixteen, a desire to separate couples at dances. Don't ask us why, but the answer has something to do with psychology. Consequently, when he received an invitation to attend the forthcoming Prefects' Ball from Thomas Dowling, the head prefect, the bounds of his joy can only be described as boundless.

When he issued this invitation, Thomas, who was known to his intimates as Tom, did not realise just what he had let himself in for. Ivan knew exactly what he was going to do, and which couples in particular he would smite asunder, for at Geelong College everybody knew everybody's private affairs better than they themselves. There was, first and foremost, Tom Dowling and Olive Brock. They were what might be termed inseparables. Then there was Joan McIntyre, known at Marshall Hall as the irresistible, and her partner, Peter Russell. These, in particular, he would make it his business to part; of course, if any others came to his notice during the course of the ball, he would know what to do.

From early in the afternoon, females were arriving specially washed and dressed for the great event. Meanwhile, prefects followed by little bands of "volunteer" workers, were putting the finishes on the interior decorations. Eventually, fortified by a hearty tea, the boarders arrived, resplendent in their best and sleekest. Groups were formed, and by the time the orchestra arrived, everything was ready for a quick get-away.

For the first dance Ivan sat, head in hands, and looked malevolently at the couples as they passed. All was as he had expected—Tom was dancing with Olive, and Peter with Joan. So far, his scheme had succeeded.

At the end of the dance Ivan rose and quickly crossed the floor to where Olive and Tom were, seated in heavenly bliss, their eyes fixed on the corresponding visual organs of the other in perfect harmony; and just to cement the feeling their hands were secretly clasped behind the chair.

"Er—" said Ivan. Tom, six feet down in happiness, did not reply; he merely wriggled his shoulders. "Er—Tom," said Ivan again, in the true British style of if at first you don't. . . . At the sound of his name, Tom came to earth with a slight start, blinked his eyes and closed his mouth, then opened it with a start to say,

"Well?" "Er—Betty Barber just rang up to say she was sorry she couldn't be at the usual place tomorrow, but she was sending her friend, Nancy, who is a very nice girl, instead. And she hopes you won't mind very much." He might just as well have dropped an H.E. aerial torpedo. The effect was electric. Tom went as white as a sheet, and went off, muttering something about a forgotten engagement. Olive remained motionless, arching her eyebrows like the Firth of Forth Bridge. Ivan remained to speak words of consolation, and in a few minutes he had obtained the next dance. He had two dances with Olive, and at the end of that time was so popular that he had difficulty in getting away. Finally, he managed it, and went downstairs for a celebrational.

There, to his great delight, he found Peter Russell and Joan McIntyre engaged in the enthralling but seemingly never-ending occupation of drinking each other's healths. So engrossed were they in this pleasant pastime that they failed to observe Ivan's presence until he apologetically spilt a bottle of sarsaparilla down Peter's neck. "You clumsy fellow," said Peter in the superlative, with gusto of which no true Geelong Collegian should be guilty, thereby deeply shocking his companion. "Why ever don't you look what you are doing," and muttering similar words of abuse in a never-ending stream, he went out the door, closely followed by Ivan's fervent apologies.

After a few dances with Joan, who found him a delightful companion, he retired with a satisfied air to the back benches, there to gaze benevolently on the dancing couples.

No sooner had he settled down than he noticed that Percy Wright, a quiet and unassuming boy in every way inferior to Ivan, was about to embark upon his sixth successive dance with a lady in an evening dress of lacquered organdie. "I must get into this," thought Ivan, and at the end of that dance, he rose and strode quickly to where the couple was seated. "Percy, Tom Dowling wants you immediately, if not sooner," he said, laughing heartily at his own joke (he was not a nice person). It was not until Percy had gone, that he noticed the woman. She took a deep breath, turned towards him, and started to talk. Nature, not having endowed her with sweet feminine grace and beauty, had made up the deficiency by providing her with an extra three inches of tongue and an

## HOUSE CRICKET

The first two rounds of the House Cricket Competition were held last Saturday. Shannon was pitted against Calvert and Morrison against Warrinn.

In Shannon's first innings, the Calvert bowlers had everything their own way, and only three of Shannon's batsmen managed to reach double figures. The side was dismissed for 70. Many good bowling figures were consequent, Hills 5 for 36 being the most outstanding. Calvert were a superior batting side also, and helped a lot by two fine seventies by Roydhouse and Cartwright, went on to make 298, the match thus being an overwhelming victory for Calvert.

Morrison batted first, and although scoring was not fast, finished with a total of 146, in which Souter's 48 was the largest single score. Although two or three Warrinn batsmen succeeded in reaching the twenties and thirties, there were many low scores, and as a result, when the tail went in to bat, they were still behind their opponents' total. Harding and Farquharson, however, resisted the attacks of the Morrison bowlers, and went ahead to pass their score, thus winning the match for Warrinn.

The second round of house matches is to be played to-day. The draw is: Shannon v. Morrison, Calvert v. Warrinn.

eye with a steely magnetic quality. If the reader seeks a literary parallel, he will find one in the bridegroom and the Ancient Mariner. Ivan suddenly realised just what he had done. Instead of parting an amorous couple, he had provided Percy with a chance to escape from the human spider, only to become enmeshed himself in her burble web. This meeting proved to be the turning point in his career, for, for the rest of the dance, he was compelled to endure her ceaseless flow of speech. She made sure that this was not the last time she met this 'delightful' person, and, finally, several years later, she literally drove him over the threshold of St. Amos to be conjugally matrimomified, or as a grammarian would say, conjugally to be matromomified. Thus ended, to all intents and purposes, the life of one, Ivan, or as he was known to his associates, Skevinski-Skevarr.

There is a moral to this Crime Does Not Pay, and even if there wasn't, the Editor would make us put one. Look before you leap. An optician only charges ten shillings a visit, and don't believe all that a girl tells you at a dance, especially if she starts off with, "You know, you're the first boy that I . . ."

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