



1. MURRAY CHAMPION 6.
2. BOJO KELAVA 4P
3. TOVA MELGARD-LERCHE 6.
4. HELENA KOTIW 6.
5. HELENA KOTIW 6.

COVER DESIGN - INGE LERCHE



THE BRAVE ONE

by BRUCE JONES.
Continued from Pylon 1966.

Synopsis.

Secret Agent Stephen Holloway, alias Schultz Heremier has been commissioned to destroy missile base plans in a vault in the Kremlin. He has succeeded in his mission but due to a fault in a jet his escape has been interrupted. A helicopter tries to kill Schultz but he cunningly takes over the helicopter. His life is in acute danger as he escapes, NOW READ ON

....Now that he was in control of the helicopter, Schultz put it in full thrust. His movements were calm but inside he was quite worried. It knew wouldn't take the Reds long to retaliate to that major upset Schultz had given them. He was right. A jet streaming at him from above:- obviously sent to get him.

He zig-zagged amongst the buildings. The jet came streaming after him. A missile shot by blowing up a twelve-storey building. The jet was coming closer. More missiles shot. The jet screamed overhead. Then Schultz took advantage of taking aim and firing a missile. It missed. He fired another missile, which made deadly contact destroying the jet. But the danger was not over.

There was a clearing ahead where Schultz landed. Shots came from the surrounding forest, one finding its target. The pain from his shoulder was unnerving although it still didn't stop him from taking action. With precision speed he whipped out a can of hallucinatory gas spraying the surrounding undergrowth. Soon the soldiers were acting like hippies on a trip. It was safe to walk away now. They paid no attention to him as they started chanting "Make love, not war." If Egypt had known about that gas they could have enjoyed winning an entertaining war and lived in peace afterwards.

It was hard walking, always in danger and no sign of a house where he might get some relief. There was snow everywhere. He thought that if Melbourne melted down that snow, the dams would be filled and then some would be still left over.

Bang
You'll be sorry if you don't watch it
Hands up or I'll blast you to pieces
Don't move till I'm out of town o.k?
It's loaded. Careful! Easy!!

Easy! Click
Click
Click
Click
P
L
L
U
shock'em up.
Drop it buster
Just fill the bag
Stop or I'll shoot
Don't move yet Mac
Give us the money
Better move fast
Let's go!!!
c.s.25.

At last a light shone on the snow-fields. With quietness and stealth he sneaked up on the house. It was safe for him to enter. There were two fat women and a girl who by comparison looked like the "Russian Twiggy".

"Hands on your head and down on the floor. You....go get a medical kit", Schultz ordered the girl. The girl left and while she was out made a secret phone call to the Secret Police. Within a few minutes soldiers had swarmed around the house. Schultz was ready to shoot and then fainted through loss of blood.

"He will probably be sent to prison and then shot," a guard commented. "Just what he deserved. PTUI!" Schultz was dragged off.

WILL SCHULTZ END UP A CORPSE OR WILL HE YET ESCAPE? DON'T MISS NEXT YEAR'S EXCITING INSTALMENT.

The nastiest Kid in town

One morning six boys were fiddling around in their back yard, Joe, their neighbour, was burning beetles on the other side of the fence. The moment he heard them speaking he thought to himself. "This is my big chance to try out the marble shooter." Joe climbed, to his feet and was running towards the shed, when suddenly there was an explosion in Joe's yard. "Thrown bombs over ear, ay," said Joe slowly. "I'll fix em." He started towards the shed again, only this time he was running. He raced in and kicked open the toilet door. There was a loud splash and out he came quickly. In one hand was a small object with a cord attached to it. While shaking the other vigorously he muttered. "Good they didn't find it." He then proceeded towards the fence by crawling on his stomach. When he reached it, he pulled down a loose board and peeped through. Up and down the yard he looked but no kids could be seen. Then in or behind an old creeper he heard a giggle. "Yeh! There they is" he said in a low voice. "I'll teach 'em to play tricks on me," grasping the cord, he pulled it hard. There were nine loud bangs and six boys fell to the ground. Joe let out a wild shriek of laughter and drawing a pocket knife he dived into the bush of creepers. Soon he appeared with six scalps which he hung on the side of his cubbie house.

I often think about Joe, and wonder if the police ever caught up with him. If you ever go to a town with a "Joe" in it. My advice is to leave.

D.C. 2S

U.F.O.

SOMETHING
JUST WHIRRED BY
BLACKENING THE SUN & K
PLOTTING OUT THE WIKI
PEOPLE STARE UP BETW
IT'S MANY A HOVERING
IN A GLOW OF RADIATION,
EVEN THOUGH THEY SA
SO IT IS NOT SO ST
THAT U.F.O. ARE RARE.

"All human beings are born free and ...

equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood".

With exploding heat and violence, the flames of a Negro revolt crackled across the United States bringing thousands of police, Federal Marshalls and National troops into riot duty, as Negroes expressed their "fate".

For the first time in a quarter of a century the army had to be used. Troops from the National Guard and paratroopers, tanks, machine guns, and more weapons were employed in suppressing this riot.

The disorder was widespread. "They took what they never could have. Expensive articles such as liquor, radios, television sets. It looked like a singing commercial for all the things they had seen on television", says a Detroit sociologist.

This year, 1967, the United States experienced one of the worst riot patterns since 1943. Why? It was ignited by a small police incident—a raid on a Negro—"Speak - Easy," and erupted into a lust of destruction, arson, death, looting (television sets, liquor, clothing).

The riot in Detroit, alone was estimated to have costed one billion American dollars.

Racial problems in the United States, and generally throughout the world, South Africa, Rhodesia etc., are a major cause of widespread discontent, turmoil and squalor. These problems distinct from all others. The Negro population, making up 11% of America's two hundred million people, feel that they are being denied the same privileges as the white Americans enjoy.

Negro educational facilities are inferior. Unemployment, low pay, second-rate jobs—these are widespread among the Negroes. Segregation makes them feel inferior and the old images of the Negro (Uncle Tom's, lovable old "Mammies", and comical men-servants) which still exist, help little.

They are forced to live in squalid "ghettoes" because of white pressure and hate.

Why do these people riot? The peaceful methods—"Sit ins", marchers demonstrations and lobbying under the leadership of Martin Luther King, seem to have failed. "Rioting demonstrates the power of the discontented to disrupt and paralyse any city and the difficulty of reimposing law and order". The discontent and the frustration of the Coloured American is now expressed by this violence. Militant organisations like "Black Power" and "Mau-Mau", have turned to arson, violent demonstrations and even killing as reprisal. The old view of solution—"Give us

our rights. Can't we live together as a united people, in a world identical to both of us, as equals?"—now would more often read—"We are now flexing our muscles. Power, real power, can never be a gift, it must be wrestled. We will use any violent means possible".

The Negro wants freedom from the "anti-black" laws, freedom from suppression and slums and an end to the "era of white breast feeding". The American Whites have to understand the massive problem of these people waking from out of a world where slavery was normal to a world where it has been abolished.

The answer could lie in rioting and violence on civil war scale, as predicted by some, but force provides no real answer. The other solutions range from a modified Apartheid policy (Different communities under the one government) to gradual but complete Assimilation. No-one knows the answer to racial discrimination as it exists today.

"They stand in the hose fire at Birmingham, they stand in the rain at Hattiesburg. They are young, they are beautiful, they are determined it is for us to create, now, an American that deserves them..". The Negro does not want police dogs, tear gas, fire hoses, batons or guns but he will put up with them if they seem to make freedom a little closer.

In Australia we are obviously without this problem. The Australian Aborigine 120,000 strong, a mere one per cent of our population, has never really given us much need for worry.. no rioting, no violence etc. On the surface it seems that the aborigine is satisfied: after all, we are giving him more of the benefits of our way of life all the time. For example, he is now counted in population polls and can vote.

We are completely justified in criticising the powerful whites overseas who by one means or another keep some people subject to them....OR ARE WE???



Scene: A Melbourne pub close to the

city towards five thirty in the afternoon. A middle - aged workman leans over the bar and orders a beer. An Englishman enters and also orders a beer. As the Australian hears his accent he becomes interested.

Australian: Hey mate! You ain't Australian are you? I reckon you'd be a Pom.

Englishman (*turning and nodding*)

Yes I am English. I'm on a working holiday, seeing the country, you know.

Australian: Lucky man! You'll love it here.it's beaut - really beaut. Do you like what you've seen so far?

Englishman: Oh....well... I've only just arrived and.....

Aust: Yeah? Glad you like it here anyway. You know mate, we get a lot of foreigners out here and all they do is complain. It makes you sick. All the jealousy just because they haven't got Aussie Rules or real beer. I think it's just sour grapes meself.

Eng: Mm. Well of course we do have our own football and beer but not on the same scale as you Australians. I'll think you'll find that in England we pay more attention to the Arts and Literature.

Aust: Yeah mate! That's what I can't figure out about you lot. You don't even try to be great beer-drinkers. You're content to be just reading and painting and all. You've got no ambition mate!

Eng: Oh well, you're not so good yourself you know. I can remember when Australia was the second-greatest beer-drinking nation in the world, and now look.... and your're about FIFTH!

Aust: Yeah but it aint for lack of trying either mate! I know I drink a lot more now that I did as a lad. You just have to look at the side of Australia's roads to see how many cans we go through a year. Them cans are just new you know. Bottles were real heavy...but of course that didn't stop us gettin' round...

Eng: Really?

Aust: Oh too right mate, I remember the first party I went to. Drank till I was sick as a dog. Beaut party. We were all under the table and...STRIKE mate. Look!...A sheila coming into the bar...behind ya mate!

Eng: Oh yes. I see. Quite attractive. I suppose she's coming in here for a quiet drink after work.

Aust: Quiet drink nothing! They've got their own Ladies Lounge and that's where they belong.

Eng: Oh I see.....

Aust: Yes mate. I should think you would see; No decent, self-respecting sheila would come to the bar!

Eng: But the men are here and if it's alright.....

Aust: That's exactly what I mean mate! You can't have women with the men ...it's UNCIVILISED!

Eng: Well if those are your customs you have to live up to them. Honestly though, don't you often wish you had a real culture of your own! I mean - Art, Literature and Films.

Aust: But mate we have. Nowtake Literature. Why the other day Kennedy put out a book. You know "Graham Kennedy's Melbourne". Terrific book mate. And "The Australians" Surely you've heard of that! all the beaut coloured pictures....you know... the REAL Australia.....the "outback" and all that...And as for films mate, why we're making new Australian productions every day.... showing the life we lead. "Homicide," "Hunter"....fantastic show that "Hunter" - really great. I think they'd do well overseas, don't you? You have seen them haven't you?

Eng: Oh yes.....but I don't know about showing them overseas.

Aust: Oh yeah mate.... I see your point. Perhaps they're not ready for them. Ya can't push these things you know.

Eng: Yes well....can I buy you a drink?

Aust: Oh too right mate...go right ahead. You know I'm not usually partial to Pommies, but you're alright. Matter of fact I'm not partial to many foreigners. I think the only lot worth anything are the Tasmanians. By the way, what are you doing this weekend? Would you like to come out with the missus and the kids for a picnicyou know?

Eng: Why thank you. Yes, that would be great.

Aust: My wife and I like to get away from it all now and then....you know. A picnic under the trees at the side of a road with the tranny.

Eng: "Tranny"??

Aust: Yeah. The transistor, so I can listen to the footy.

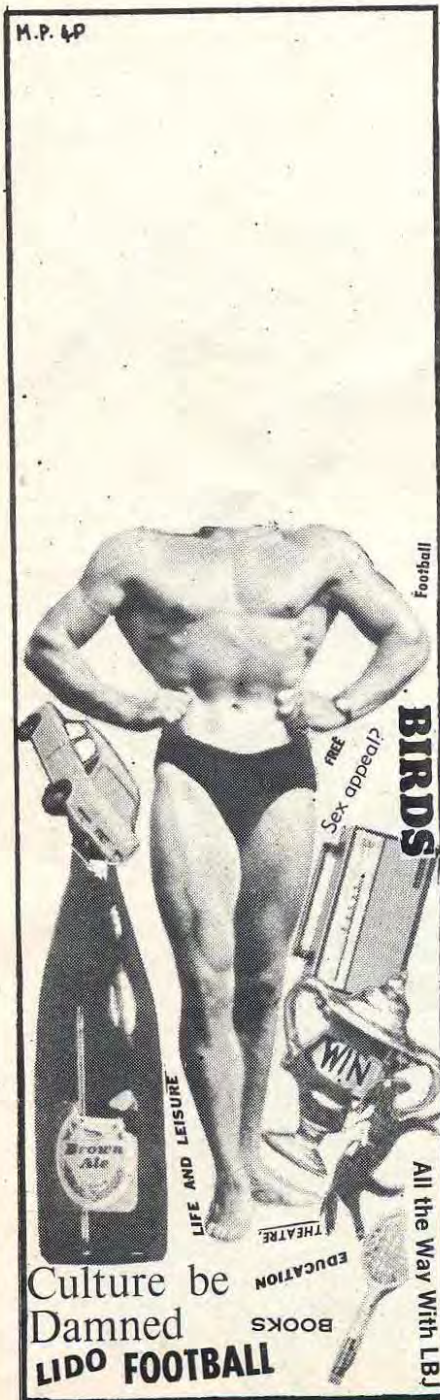
Eng: Oh of course.....

The Australian's turn to "shout" comes up quicker than he thought.

Aust: Well...er mate. Sorry I can't stay but the wife....you know how it is. Now don't forget about the weekend. See you again... probably tomorrow...Seeya!....

The Englishman nods and smiles as the Australian makes a quick exit.

H.G.A.P.



I step from the red ...

Number 20. Double Decker Bus as it stops near Tooting Broadway. How different it seems from those garbage grey and maroon Latrobe Valley Buses. My thick tweed coat fends off the foggy damp; I pull on my pig skin gloves, tuck "The Guardian" and my black umbrella under my arm, and start the 15 minutes walk from the bus Stop to Hillcroft.

"Damn!" I scraped the sole of my shoe against the gutter", my nose wrinkling at the offensive odour. Sometimes I hate dogs, I suppose: they have place, and it is not on the Tooting footpath. Carefully, I pick the remainder of the way to school, only occasionally looking around lest I should put another foot astray.

Hillcroft, 13 00 boys, 75 masters and a three story ferro-concrete building, its address Tooting Bec. I don't know about the Tooting part but I do know Bec means stream, although the stream has long been enclosed underground in a big concrete or metal pipe. The town I have just left is also named after a stream. Traralgon, "the River of little fish" in the aboriginal language, and Traralgon, High School, 800 students, boys and girls; and wide strung collection of single storey, concrete veneer "chicken coops" and a staff of about 40.

There is no form assembly but I am a Tutor Master.

At the tutor base, when the "bleeps" have gone, tutor groups S8 trickles in to room A5. S8 is the eighth tutor group of Shaftsbury House. "Sir! Church has dropped my Maths book on the roof of the hall." "Alright Whitney, see the janitor and he'll get it for you at playtime; I want to mark the roll". "Sir you mean register." "Alright Whitney, register."

The 35 boys of S8 come from forms 1 to 5 and will remain in the same tutor group with the same Tutor Master, (unless the master returns home to Australia, or perhaps Wales in the meantime) until they reach 6th form. In theory it is a good idea. The Tutor Master should get to know his boys and they certainly get to know each other. But like Victoria, London has too few teachers and so the tutor system breaks down; the boys have more tutor masters than school shoes.

"Time for Scripture boys, Lusack, your turn today." A dissenting murmur rises from the tutor group as the dark boy from Nigeria reads the daily Bible passage and I am reminded of the complaints when Victorian students have to attend R.I? once a week.

Bang! the door smashes against the front desk and Fred Gumble announces his entry with a raucous "Hello Sir! Hello Whitney! Hello Church!" only to be

objected immediately ...and report to Mr Leech immediately." "But Sir, he'll give me the cane." I know this but have quickly reached the conclusion that two strokes of the cane on the seat is the only message that has much impact on Fred. What a name "Fred Gumble", but Oh how it fits.

Period one; two, three and four. 2C Maths, "Whitney, how many times do I have to ask you to be quiet?" 4E Maths, "Morlock, cut the talk and get on with exercise 5"! 5J Maths, "Morri, Lurack, Rose be quiet and settle down". 3B2 Science. "Brown and Brown, SHUT UP AND SIT DOWN! Dinner at last and an hour's peace.

Lunch hour makes a complete contrast. No sandwiches, no pie and sauce, no chocolate slices, instead for 1/- a day the catering staff serve any boy who wants it, with a hot freshly cooked, two course dinner. The teacher on "dinners" duty calls, "Right Shaftsbury 4 next" and the next tutor group moves up to the counter in a fairly orderly queue. A small white boy tries to push in but is quickly apprehended and efficiently removed from the queue by a prefect. Restfully he waits, red eared, now last in queue.

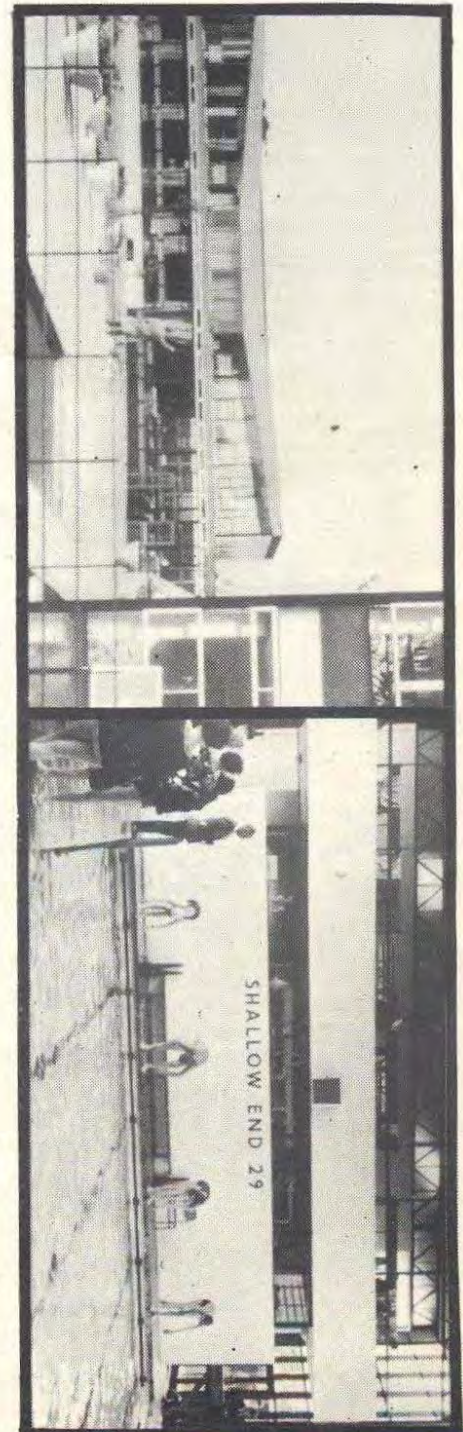
Dinner over, Staff and students relax. The staff in the lounge, play bridge. Englishman and Welshman verses Greek and Scot! Pakistani and South African verses Nigerian and Englishman. While out in the crowded asphalt playground boys from England play football with British boys from Pakistan, India, Trinidad, Nigera, and Guiana. About one third of the boys in the school are coloured boys. The British Immigration laws are more liberal than the Australian in some ways.

Period five, six, seven and eight; 4.15 and work is over. Overcoat, gloves, umbrella and off to Tooting Bec Station. Not a double decker bus on the way home but into the West End by the Underground. Down the escalator, through the automatic doors into the long silver train, I read the station names;

Tooting Bec
Balham
Clapham
Clapham North
Oval
Kennington
Elephant and Castle
Waterloo
Charing Cross

And I think of the pint of Watney's Red Barrel at "The King's Arms".

Mr. Chalmers



The very nature...

of most men and women makes them an easy target for a challenge. There is nothing more mentally stimulating and for that matter, exhausting than a nice big challenge. Of course there are physical challenges and these are perhaps more immediately exhausting than those well-known mental contests. What challenges are these?

Well firstly there would be no such thing as sports competitions, quiz shows without challenge and, to greater extent, scientific discovery would be severely retarded, or non-existent. Why? Well society has built and modelled itself on challenge presented to such people as Pasteur, Lister and Bacon they would probably never have made their great discoveries. It is the very need to do something about a problem; the very challenge that prompts men to greater things.

If we accept things as they are; if we are not aware of problems and phenomena that need solving; then we will not find a challenge. But, if we think of something and if we occupy ourselves with asking, "Why is this so?", then we are aware of a challenge - the challenge to find an answer.

The return to the less important aspects of challenge - quiz shows and sports competitions - we find that there we see the more mundane side of challenge. If people did not have the spirit of challenge, or competition, then there would be no competition. If the very thought of a stimulating competition had not presented itself to them (competitors), then they never would have entered competitions in the first place. To these people challenge constitute an aspect of everyday living - it is part of their life.

Now, all cynics will say - "but these people go on quiz shows and into races just to win money and other material comforts!" To some people this would be their sole motive - BUT challenge is still involved. The challenge being whether or not they will win their one hundred dollars or whatever they desired.

In some cases it is man's desire to accept a challenge, a dare, that produces criminals and juvenile delinquents. Most of us have, at one time, done something silly or forbidden because we have been dared to - in a way we were offered a challenge. However, because we were resolute we were not turned into criminals, or else we refused to be moved by the challenge. Others less strong-minded find that the challenge is exciting and petty thieves can become armed robbers because of this strangely warped sense of challenge.

There are some, of course, who do not accept a challenge - they are apathetic

living life without asking questions, but accepting whatever they are told. But to these people and everyone there is a challenge, a big one, that some delight in; others despair in.

It is the mainstay of our world. What is it? In one word - life!

K.F.6



"Science speaks; many hear and tremble!"

How true this saying is in one sense but on the other hand often when science speaks people are given new hope in life. Science has produced both good and bad products, but the bad scientific discoveries are only bad because of the use that man had made of them. Science is not bad itself; man is the element that is bad. Science is marvellous and we have a lot to thank her for. Men are constantly striving to understand and exploit nature's gifts. It is

only because of fear that man will put nature's harmless gifts to the destructive and horrible uses that many hear and tremble; Science is not to blame. We cannot do without science. She permeates our lives. Unfortunately, because of man's foolishness, she also threatens our destruction.

The scientist is dedicated, creative and inspired man. He seeks to rebuild nature. He wants to investigate nature so thoroughly that he leaves no stone unturned. Wanting to understand nature he notes thousands and thousands of ideas, possibilities and facts. He hopes that some day inspiration will come and he will be able to see some order in his maze of dates. When this inspiration comes and a new scientific discovery is finally complete, every body waits. They wait to see how this new discovery is going to be employed. Will it contribute to the health or decay of the human race? This is when people hear and tremble. This trembling is justified. Man has to a certain degree become the master of nature. He has at his fingertips tremendous scientific knowledge. He can, in fact, use nature to destroy herself. He has a tremendous decision to make; but this is not the decision of science. It is the decision of man. I believe science to be the discovery not the adaption. Man channels the adaption of science into good or bad uses. Man is the one to be afraid of. Man and not science causes us to tremble.

Often man will make a mistake. He will produce an Atom Bomb. He will produce terrible weapons of war and destruction. He will blow up whole cities like Hiroshima and Nagasaki and suffer from a guilty conscience for years afterwards. Man will channel science into tremendous space projects. Here again he is overcome by a passion to gain a greater understanding of nature. It is when he uses these space exploration projects to show how strong and mighty he is, that man falls down. But sometimes man will use his head a bit and think of the people on earth. He will direct his scientific discoveries into medical research. Science will thus give people new hope for life, health and happiness. Agriculture will benefit now and again and millions of starving Asians will be given hope for survival. New products will be developed that will aid and brighten the lives of millions and millions of people. Science can thus be wonderful. Science can thus be beautiful. Science can thus be a gift from God.

I think I would alter the saying "Science Speaks ; many hear and tremble", I believe it would be more to the point to say. "Man Speaks ; many hear and tremble." Science cannot rule itself. Man rules science. Thus, to a certain limited extent, man rules nature. Man is often both the creator of something horrible when he tangles with science and nature. Who rules man? Do we need a change of Government or do we need a change of heart?

M.C.6





1B

GIRLS
 BOSKMA Dianne, BYRNE Robyn, DUN-
 WOODIE Susan, EARLE Rosemary,
 GED Margaret, HUMPHREYS Sus-
 an, KNIGHT Denise, GOSS Pauline,
 IVENS Susan, LARKINS Kerric Ann,
 MALPASS Gayle; MARTIN Audrey; PE-
 ARSON Carol; RADFORD Lyne; SETCH-
 ES Kerry (left), WARING Marilyn,
 WATKINS Jennifer, WILSON Gayle,
 YEOMENS Susan, KROMOLOFF Dale
 (left).

BOYS
 BOYS Adrian; CRANE Keith; FIDA
 Peter, JACKSON Peter; MEADOWS
 Phillip; PARR Peter; VOGEL Gary;
 REID Geoffrey.

The pupils of our form would like to express their thanks to Mr. Marshall, our Form Teacher, and to all the other teachers for the help they have given us during the year as we know that it hasn't been easy for them. We would also like to thank both Marilyn and Rosemary as our Form Captain and Vice-Captain for the girls and Keith Crane as the Boy Form Captain.

The Form raised \$25 with the Cool Drink Stall and the Sewing Stall at the School Fete. Thanks to all the members of the form who helped.

In the sports Peter Parr came in fourth in the Under 13 and Gary Vogel got a Second placing in the Inter-School Sports in the Discus.

1H

GIRLS
 CASEY Janet; CIECHORSKI Bar-
 bara; DEAGNOI Louisa; DONDHOE
 Sharon; DUFF Heleb; GORSON Dia-
 nne; GRINTON Anne; GIVENS San-
 dra; HENSON Jennifer; JENSON Sus-
 an; LANGDON Elizabeth; McDON-
 ALD Jennifer; MOFFAT Carol;
 RICHARDSON Wendy; ROBERTSON
 Pamela; TAYLOR Jean; TRKULJA
 Lily; WIDDONS Christine; WIG-
 GINS Julie; WILLIAMS Janet; YOUNG
 Lynda.

BOYS
 DENNING Neal; DOBSON Shane;
 GOMPLEMAN Robert; GRIMES
 Andrew; NOBLE Peter; ROBERT-
 SON Phillip; SMANIOTTO Max.

We would like to thank Mrs. Fullard for trying to cope with us this year as our English teacher and our Form teacher. Also thanks to Mrs. Thiele who is not teaching at the school now, for being a good English and Form Teacher at the beginning of the year. Also thanks to all the other teachers for trying to put up with us this year which was our first at High School. I'm sure they'll be glad when they can all have a rest from our noisy form over the holidays. Also thanks to Mrs. Fullard for helping us with the activities in which we raised \$25.

1P

GIRLS
 BARNARD Susan; CASEY Dianne;
 CARLTON Sandra; CLARK Eliza-
 beth; DICKENSON Cathleen; DOR-
 EY Florella; DOUGLAS Kim;
 FERGUSON Heather; GLOSS Josie;
 HARRISON Gall; KINNE Jill; STEPH
 ENS Pauline; SUTCLIFFE Karen;
 URE, Jillian; WAKEFIELD Susan;
 WOYLES Kerry; RENWICK Judy.

BOYS
 ALLISON John; DAVIES Phillip; GAL
 LOP Stephen; GORMAN Malcolm;
 MOSTAN-DUGGAN Michael; OBER-
 SBY Neal; WILTSHIRE Nick.

At the beginning of the year we had to suffer with 21 girls and 8 boys but then the numbers dropped to 18 girls and 7 boys. During the pre-fair activities we raised \$50 which will go towards the gymnasium. At the end of the year we combined with the other Form Ones and twos and went on a trip to Cape Pater-son with Mr. Wilson, our Form Teacher had a really enjoyable day.

There are all kinds of kids in our form - Brains, Skites, Nuts and Quiet Kids (there are never any quiet boys of course) loudmouths, and a couple of Twiggies. We have been a good form this year and we especially thank Mr. Wilson who has been good for a teacher.

GIRLS

BERG Cornelia, BAILLIE Lexine; BRIGGS Gina; COOK Jennifer; FLEMING Gayle, HIBBERT Celia; HYDE Vivian; INGRAVALLE Lidia; McDERMID Susan; MILTIADOUS Helen; MONGTA Fay; MORRISY Carolyn; MULLINDER Teresa; SIDEBOTTOM Caroline; STEWART Faye; THORPE Margie; VOSPER Patricia; WEBB Alison; WELLS Christina; WOOTTEN Jackie; YOUNG Jenny.

BOYS

BURNS, Danny; CULLEN Matt; CUNNINGHAM, David; DUFF Lawrence; EVANS Greg; GRAY Jeffery; HOY Steven; JONES Bruce.

Once upon a time Sir LAWRENCE OLIDIA went to see ALI SON, a magician who lived in the far off land of Eccentrics, ruled by MAI GRET.

ALI SON fed his dog, FLEE MING every morning with JUICY BONES and occasionally a CUNNING HAM. FLEE MING had a WOOTTEN kennel which was painted pink.

It was a cold KNIGHT, when LAWRENCE arrived but as the KNIGHT didn't stay long, he soon found ALI SON'S house. He had come by ship called the "CAROLYN STEWART" which, although being quite a nice ship, had its SIDE BOTTOM leaking. The COOK had been a bad tempered old thing too, he thought reflectively.

He mounted the steps to ALI SON'S house humming "BOTANY BAY". He had just reached his favorite line, "Farewell to the well known old BAILLIE", when the door swung open of its own accord.

He went inside and stepped over a MATT of an animal HYDE. He thought that it was a bad HIBBERT to place matts in front of doors.

He stepped through the door and was startled when a voice yelled out; "HOY Lawrence!" "HOY, yourself Ali Son!" replied LAWRENCE, trying to recover from his fright. "You made every HAIR on my head stand on end just then, ALI".

"I'm sorry. What do you want?"

"Well actually I was wondering if you could help me. Lately I have been getting seriously frightened."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," said ALI SON. "why only last year you won a VOSPER award for bravery. "But it's true. Last week when a NEW TON of cement was being delivered at our place, I ran inside to the W.C. and had to be comforted by our gardeners second wife, SUSAN THORPE."

"You know I'm a teacher don't you? WELL, last week, I walked into class,

humming my 2nd favourite tune "Hear the music of the WATERS", when my two favourite YOUNG students, Connie and Johnny, who are twins, rushed at me and set me alight with a match. Then along came the new French Teacher, MISS DWYER, who is my girlfriend and threw a bucket of water over me. All the same, I got lots of BURNS on me."

And just the other day, I went to CASH IN a cheque and all of a sudden I ran away because I saw a picture of a TREG on the wall.

Finally I went to my mothers whose name is Helen Theresa, Merrill, Elaine, Susan, Gina Evans-Mongta. Her name was so long that she left out Elaine and Merrill, and reduced the size of it somewhat. I asked her for a solution, but she kicked me out on my pants.

"And just the other day I thought I heard a COW PURR. Can you help me?"

"No", said ALI SON, all I can think of is to commit suicide."

So out went Sir Lawrence Olidia and after he had sung a CAROL, he killed himself. Now that he was dead he knew Ali had not been WRIGHT. It would have been nicer to be alive.



2E

GIRLS
 BENSON Kay; BRIMACOMBE Gillian;
 BROWN Karen; CANOVAN Christine;
 CASTELL Anne; DAVIS Jennifer; DJ-
 ORDJOVIC Olga; FRANCIS Julie; HAR-
 WOOD Susan; HESKEY Noeline; HOL-
 LAND Cheryl; KELAVA Kety; McIN-
 NES Marion; McMICKEN Susan; MILLER
 Rosalind; PARKER Sandra; PETERS
 Bronwyn; PLAVINS Anita; RADFORD
 Colleen; REEDER Patricia; SHEEKEY
 Jeanette.

BOYS
 KOTIW Charles; LEUTKENS Michael;
 PYE Warren; SPENCER John, TODD
 Michael (left); URE Graeme; WELLS
 Brian.

Our form consists of 22 girls and 6 boys. Thanks to them and the driving force of Mrs. Gunn we won the School Fair Activities when we raised \$110, Toffee selling and the Cent Parade were the main moneyraisers but the Cake Stall and the Dart Competition on the day of the Fete raised almost as much.

Lessons were interesting enough (Science too) although when we dissected a rabbit and a rat some girls didn't seem to think so. The worst English lesson of the week was that one on Monday afternoon when we had spelling. We had to spell each of the 20 week's words twice .. sometimes droning and other times racing.

Our sports women were Julie in Hockey and Jenny, Gillian and Susan Harwood in Basketball. Cheryl Holland was our only real new arrival, although two people from 2E, Mary and Robyn, joined our classes. Terry Fox and Michael Todd left quite early in the year. Charlie and Warren were the leading swimmers for the boys. Charlie was also the star ORANGE-BOY at school. Michael was our Baseball star. We had several good Cross Country runners taking 1st, 2nd, 5th and 6th places

All of our teachers tried to read teach us something and I hope we proved to them that it wasn't a waste of time.

Bronwyn, Rosalind, Michael

2C

GIRLS
 ALDRED Dianne; BAGHUS Arja; BECK-
 MAN Linda; CIECHORSKI Mary;
 DINSDALE Carol; FERGUSON Lynda;
 FINDLAY Dianne; GRANDO Noreen;
 METCALFE Janice; PACE Mary; PAR-
 RY Robyn; PITTAWAY Gail; PYE Chris-
 tine; REDSTON Roslyn; RICHARDS Dia-
 nne; SKINNER Jennifer; WELLS Jen-
 nifer.

BOYS
 BEARD Daryl; COWPER Brian; DUFF
 Peter; GRINTON Gary.

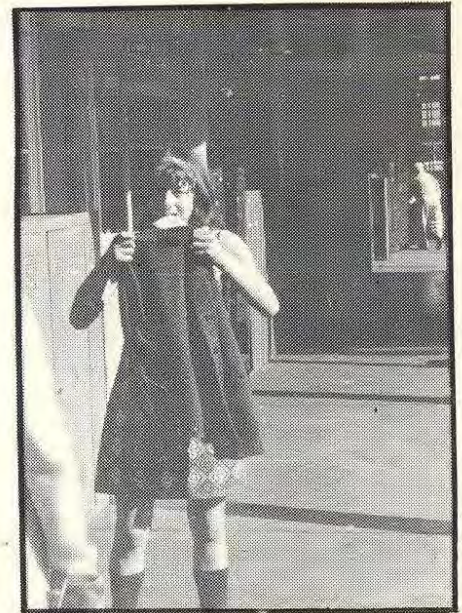
Our form 2C is verycompared with the other forms 2 E and 2S.

There are twenty-one pupils in the form seventeen girls and four boys. I am the Form Captain for the girls and Peter Duff the Form Captain for the boys.

During the second term four pupils went from the form to Form 2E and 2S. Robyn Parry and Mary Ciechorski went to Form 2E, Carol Dinsdale and Brian Cooper went to Form 2S.

We are a very happy form, some of our members being very talkative. Miss Marsh our Form teacher has been very good to me and the class, from myself and the class we thank you.

Thank you, Lynda Ferguson Form Cap-
 tain.



3P

GIRLS
 ALDRED Janine; ALLAN Carolyn;
 BROWN Vivianne; BURROWS Janette;
 DE AGNOI Dianne; FIELDER Dianne;
 FRENCH Anne; GODDARD Rosemary;
 HARKINS Shirley; HYDE Elaine; JAM-
 ES Brenda; LYONS Judith; McALLISTER
 Linda; McINTOSH Norma; McLENNAN
 Anne; MEWETT Lyn; MUSCAT Kay; ROB-
 ERTSON Gael; ROGOWSKI Helen; SAG-
 AR Julie; VANYAI Maria; WATKINSON
 Dianne; WETZEL Lynette.

BOYS
 CARLTON Terry; DIMSEY Talbot;
 GLOZ John; HARRISON Neil; PRICE
 Lesley; LENNON Greg; LEY Philip;
 YOUNG Colin; TABART Peter (left).

Our form teacher this year was Mr. Anderson who we think has done a really terrific job for our form. As our Science Teacher as well as for other forms he has put up with a lot, as you could see, through the year. He has been of good character and a good sport to all. Our sincere thanks go to you Mr. Anderson for an enjoyable year. We wish you all the luck in the future.

We walked along with the bird watcher as he made his daily stroll along the river. He saw a "Red Headed, Speckled Beak, Ley Bird" a "Greasy Feathered Lennon" and a "Dancing McIntosh". In his room which has never won a cup, he has cages of weird, rare and ridiculous looking birds some of which are the "Long Legged Caso", "The Loud Mouthed Wettex", and the "500lb Talbot". He has a few bird watching students who take a great interest in Lyn Mewett and Gael Robertson. Though he loves birds, he has a mutual affection for a pet "Gorilla" who is contented if he gets a "Quince" each day.

Maria Vanyai.



3M

GIRLS

ACIMOVIC Mariya, BAILEY Ruth; COOK Vicki; DOUGLAS Lesley; FISHER Janice; GNEED Josephine; HALL Linda; HALL Heather; HYDE Wendy; KEMPSTER Margaret; KING Janice; LYE Jennifer; MELBOURNE Lynette; MUS-SARED Lynn; MALLIA Veronica; PAS-SMORE Jenny; ROBINSON Paula; RICH-ARDSON Margaret; SMITH Shirley; SES-TOKAS, Wendy; SWINDON Collette, TA-BONE Vicki, WILDEN Lynette.

BOYS

BROWITT Colin; BUTT Peter; DELL Alan; HESKEY John; IRVINE Alan; Mc-CLARE Andrew; PEMBERTON John; SMALLEY Eric.

We did very well in the fete mainly because Ruth Bailey, our Form Captain worked very hard in organising. All the hard work we put into the "Pre-Fair" and the actual day of the fete were well worth while as we raised \$109 which was only \$1 less than the winning form.

Most of the form have also been successful in sporting activities this year. In SOFT BALL we were represented by Collette, Linda and Janice Fisher: In the GIRLS BASKETBALL, Linda, Collette, Margaret Kempster, Josie and Lynn Mussared. VIGARO - Ruth and Lynn Mussared. HOCKEY - Ruth. In Boys' Sport we were also well represented. FOOTBALL - Alan, Andrew, Peter and Eric. TENNIS - John Heskey and Eric and in BOYS BASKETBALL Colin.

Although we have had some bad moments throughout the year, we have also had a lot of fun together. As a form we would like to thank all members of staff who have put a lot of time into helping us although we admit that we haven't always given full co-operation. We would like to thank Mrs. Smith especially as she is our Form Teacher.

A final thanks to all the members of the form who did their Room-Duty without complaint and thereby helped us to win the Form-Room Cup on several occasions.



3G

GIRLS

ASHMEAD Joan; BAIRD Jennifer; COURT-NEY Fay; DOWNEY Dianne; DUDLEY Julie; FLEMING Rhonda; INGRAVALLE Kitty; KELLY Margaret, KITNEY June, KRYGSMAN Leonnee; LERCHE Inge; Mc-DONALD Beverley; MARSHALL Kay; OLIVER Sheryl; PEACOCK Jillian; RED-STON Carol; REEDER Linda; SMITH Judith; SMITH Janice; STEVENS Cheryl; WALL Dianna; HORNE Irene.

BOYS

BOSKMA Ronald; BOYS Eric; DINS-DALE Graeme; DOLPHIN Roger; GEORGE Stephen; MACRAE Ken.

Once upon a time King Waters, who was a busy old soul, had loyal subjects from the village of 3G. One day King Waters wanted a feast in honour of Irene Horne a new subject in his realm. He ordered all the food and called upon all his subjects before him, one at a time, to find the right people to prepare the feast.

First person to be called was Joan, the job to be assigned to her was chief waiter but, as has already been discovered this year, Joan has trouble standing on her own two feet, so she was counted out. Next to be auditioned was Kitty. It was thought that perhaps she could stir the ice-cream, but as the bowl was so big and Kitty was part-pigmy she might have ended up as THE DESERT (KETTY A LA CREME). So Kitty was sent back to the hockey field. King Waters decided to call upon his capable, hard working, intelligent, active helpful form captain, Margaret. But alas! after participating in hockey - basketball - swimming and athletics teams she was suffering from severe fatigue, and was unavailable. Next on the list was Inge. Even if she couldn't help prepare the meal, she could always be the main course - Roast Dux. Many subjects were busy with sport. They were Janice, Judith, Anne and Sheryl at Basketball, June at Tennis and Dianna and Jill at Heckey.

In despair King Waters turned to the Court Jester, Dinny, to help him. He suggested Ron, who unluckily was on a diet and couldn't bear to see all that food being prepared. He had to be locked out of the castle until after the feast. Roger was then summoned, and as everyone knows he is an expert on fish, he was supposed to prepare the fish dish. But Roger, after spending so much of the year swimming, had turned into a dolphin and swam away. (We would like to take this opportunity to say Good-bye to Roger. He was a very good form Captain and we hope he fulfils his life's ambition - to shake fins with Flipper. Meanwhile at the Castle on the hill, King Waters had run out of loyal subjects .. all but one. The Court Jester who had managed to tear himself away from football, tennis (and other past times we haven't the space to mention here) hadn't had time to learn to cook in his younger days, and was sent away sad and dejected to find someone who could cook. King Waters in despair went to the kitchen and (messed) made up the meal himself.

The moral to this story is:

"Every dog has his day".

Joan Ashmead, Kitty Ingravalle, Jenny Baird.



4P

GIRLS Susanne; CANOVAN Francis; BERG Elizabeth; GRAY Anne; GRIMES Heather; HOLDEN Robyn; HORRACZ Ursula; LENNON (Marilyn) Kaye; MAGNUSON Robyn; PITTAWAY Jan; POTTER Merrill; POWERCheryle; RICKMAN Irene; WEBB Bronwyn; ZEHETHOFER Christine; NEW Barbara; COOPER Katherine.

BOYS DEARMAN Ken; DELL Colin; DOWERS Graham; GRIVINS Wally; HALL John; HALL Michael; KARLEUSA Milos; KELAVA Bozo; MUSSARED Don; PARK Stuart; SPENCER Paul; STEPHENS Alan; SUTCLIFFE Craig; WILLIAMS Barry; Woolles John.

The EARLE of ZEHETHOFER PHILLIP. 'D his WOOLSELY with LENNON gas at hall's gas station on the corner of SPENCER and WILLIAMS street where the paper boys were selling ERROLS. The car pulled out of the gas station and dragged down WILLIAMS street passing the NEW mini-COOPER which was painted GRAY with green GRIMES down the sides and which had cob-WEBBS on the windows. Half way down the street the WOOLSELY hit a POTTER hole just outside the CRAIG SWINDON Kirk disco where snake CHALMERS stood listening to the beat of "Itchycoo PARK" Suddenly there was a loud screech. A HOLDEN had just missed an Ice-BERG Butter truck and side-swiped a CANOVAN. It kept on going and went over the SUTCLIFFE with tremendous POWER and landed on a PIT-TAWAY by the WATERS edge at WILSON'S Prom.

It was found that the driver of the HOLDEN was suffering from RICKETTS The disease was analysed by DR. CLIVE MAGNUSON. It was believed that the disease caused the driver to lose control of his car. The car transistor was blaring out "DONALD where's your troosers". After the accident everyone went to the disco for a MIL-it-ov-cocktail and listened to MACNAMARA'S

band sing "Spicks and SPECKS". Then a DWARF came riding in on HORZBAC followed by BOZO the world's most famous clown singing, "If your maths acts up a 'ornery, holler for a MARSHALL: I say holler for a MARSHALL.

Thanks to all members of the staff, especially tour form teacher Mrs. Waters for guiding us throughout this year

AUTHOR: W.E.G.

4C

ALEXANDER - Cayle; ATTARD - Angela; BARTER - Jennifer; CORRY - Carolyn; (left) DJORDJEVIC - Olga; (left) DUDLEY - Helen; GIBSON - Barbara; GURNEY - Dianne; (left) IVANIC - Jenny; (left) JASINSKI - Danita; LOCK Rhonda; MARINKOVIC - Helena; (left) McEWAN - Anne; MUSCAT - Carmen NYEBOER - Marlene; (left) ROGOW - SKI - Elizabeth; SAGAR - Janet; SHANKLAND - Wendy; SKINNER - Denise; SMITH - Colleen; TABACZYNSKI - Maria; YALOR - Joan; VELLA - Joan; WIGGINS - Robyn; WILKINSON - Merlene;

After a rowdy first term the 4C girls and 1 boy (named KENNY BABE) quietened down and "most" of us put our nose to the grindstone, although a certain C.P.P. teacher may not agree with this.

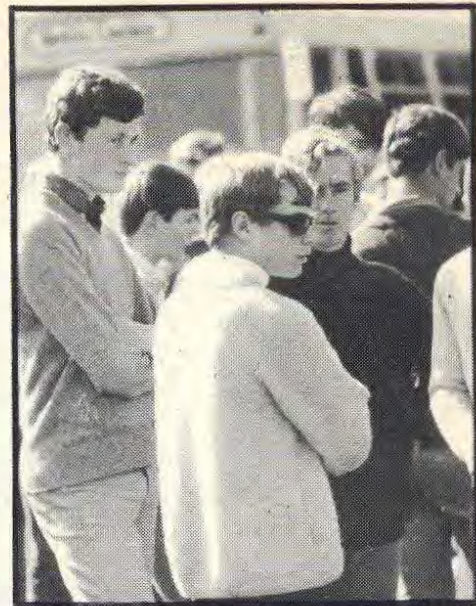
We hope Mr. Phillips appreciated the impromptu birthday party and the "dirt made" gravel-berry-cake which was our revenge for the gravel-berry-"damper" in a History class. Also the girls and one boy pitched in and managed to rake up 2 apple cores (from the rubbish bin) an orange, a banana, some peanuts and 2 large apples. A good time was had by all.

A mathematician brain we had not, much to the despair of Mr. Waters, but we did our best to please him ... (LIKE FUN).

Many thanks to Mrs. Wright for her help during the year and pre-fair activities and on the day of the fair itself.

Many girls (and one boy) who were with us in February have left and more than half the girls left will be out job-hunting at the end of the year. Those remaining wish them well in the business world

Robyn.



5

Jean ABBOT; Diana BECKMAN; Kay BUSSEL; Pamela DADDO; Cynthia GLASPER; Penny GLOSS; Annette GODDARD; Teresa GOREAL; Diane HALL; Margaret HORNE; Nellie JASINSKI; Valerie JONES; Ann McALISTER; Carol-Ann McKEAN; Janet McKinna, Beverly MALPASS; Anna MILANOVIC; Francisca MULLER-KOBOLD; Margaret PARRY; Sandra PRUST; Wendy REDMAN; Antonia TABACZYNSKI; Dawn TANGEY; Pauline TANGEY; John CRANE; Alan DAVIS, Malcolm GIBSON; Russell HAWKEN, Gary HUGHES, Russell JOHNSTON; Bruce KERR, Paul LESTER, David LEWIS; Danny McDONALD, Lachlan McPHERSON, Alan MACRAE, Gregory MARRS, Ian PRINGLE;



"I'll take my long pole hoe in hand and plant some more good seeds of man." Woodie Guthrie.

On February 7, 37 precarious, young seeds were planted in another stage of their education - Form V. The first man with the longpole in hand was Mr. Elkner who, to the seeds appreciated thank you, guided their development until the eighth month of this year 1967.

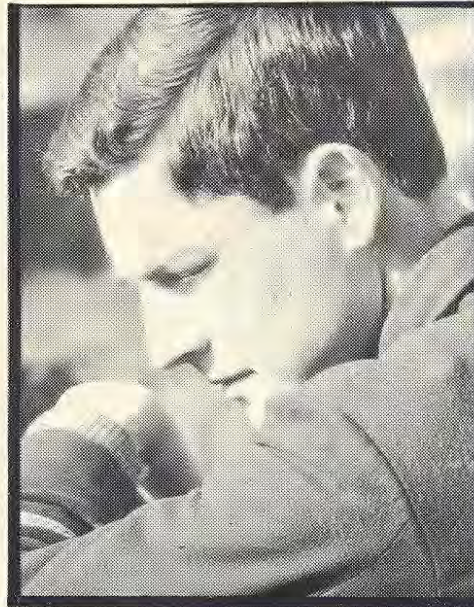
In the fertile soil of the form's friendship and sense of belonging, the seeds began to germinate.

In the sixth month, after the strain of the last part of the germination - the exams - the seeds at last, by the way of a growing shoot of knowledge, reached the light that was to guide them for the rest of the year, with the help of men with the longpole hoes in hand. At the same time a shooting seed - Margaret Horne - was introduced to the soil. It was up to this soil to see that she developed, and grew successfully. The young shoot did; and now plays an active part in the forming of this growing crop humanity.

In the sixth month the shoots began to spread into leaves, providing the young plants with more activities - pre-fair activities. The selling of soup and toasted sandwiches, at recess. No deaths were reported as a result of this activity, so the form regards the activity as a success.

The young plants grew on, reaching towards the light and in the ninth month, spread their leaves to their finality - the fair. The form was responsible for the Discotheque - Coffee Lounge. The Discotheque was a wild success, and the "swingers", coffee-sipping, congregated into its psychedelic atmosphere.

Thanks should go to all members of the form for their help, especially Alan, Janet, Sandra, Danny, Kay, Ann and Margaret Horne. Now, in the tenth month Mr. Woodard has been handed the longpoled hoe, to lead the "young plants" of form 5 onto further development and, they hope, a transplanting into a further stage of their education.



6

A CLASSIFICATION OF MATRICULATION WILD LIFE AT YALLOURN HIGH SCHOOL

GENUS - CONGREGATUS OUTSIDE TOILATUS

FAMILY (Female)

SPECIES:

- P Pamela CLARK Welsh Raritus
 - Jeanette FOGGO - Foggo Neuroticus
 - Christine FRANCIS - Nicotinus
 - Kerry FRENCH - Studious Too Muchus
 - Marilyn GLOZ - M = C²
 - Leanne JOHNSTONE - ♂ → ♂
 - Robyn KENNY Denteo Falsicus Toothicus
 - Helena KOTIW - Slobius Ukranus
 - Tova LERCHE - Tallus Crankius Skinnius
 - Sylvia LOWE - Silly Ignoramus
 - Ann McINNES - Commercius Economus
 - Linda NUTT - Nutteo Nuttus
 - Dianne ROBERTSON - Much Cluckius
 - Jeanette TILLEY - Ferretus
 - Ann MITCHELL - Luvus Flipperus
- LEFT:
Erna KIMBERLY
Jennifer LANGDON

FAMILY (Male)

SPECIES:

- P Graeme APPS - Chemokinetikuselectron-uckeositic
 - J Jeffrey BROWITT - Muchus Garrelous
 - P Murray CHAMPION - Profunus Too Muchus
 - Trevor DOLPHIN - Flipperus
 - J Jeffrey GORMAN - HULKUS BULKUS
 - P Ronald HANNON - Ronnus T Amus
 - David LOWE - Tankerus
 - J Gerard MATTE - Ravus at Rabble Extraordinaire
 - P Ian McMASTER - Super Kryptonius
 - P Clifford NEW - Lairus In Greenus Hotrodus
 - P Arnold SAMBELL - Corpus Microbus
 - P Gary SMITH - Depravus Valentinos
 - P Graeme SNEDDON - Perfectus Prefectus
 - T Robert TABART - Mickio Mickus
 - T Ian THOMPSON - Fussius Cranus
- LEFT:
Brian KENNY
Peter KROMOLOFF



This is the last year

FOOLUS WHO TRYUS TO TEACHUS.

- Mr. CHALMERS - Fussius O'Corridorius.
- Mr. WOODWARD - Bullard Extraordinary
- Mr. WILSON - Kneesus Exopus
- Mr. PHILLIPS - Moppio Moppus
- Mr. ANDERSON - Romeo
- Mr. MARSHALL - Voicus Always Crackus
- Mr. RUMNEY - Pommus Economus
- Miss MARSH - X+Y=Z
- Mrs WATERS - Matrikus Englishus Dictionarius

of school for us. It has included its joys and sorrows always beneath the overhead shadow of possible doom. It is indeed in Sixth Form that you fully realise the implications of the fact that, while the teacher is indispensable, he is incapable of gaining a pass or failure for any one of his students. You must be willing to help yourself or face a certain failure.

After this year you will never be able to turn back and relive your school years and many of your friends who pro-

gressed through school with you, will be gone forever.

Our form teacher was Mr. Chalmers under whose trustworthy guidance we spent the year. To him we owe our thanks for his constant flow of literature about colleges, universities, scholarships and future occupations. We must also thank him for the great support he gave our Form Captains, for organising our money-raising activities for the Fair.

But our greatest thanks must go to the school and all the individual teachers who have helped us in our years here.

Jeanette Tilley and Gary Smith.

Secondary schooling

is a necessary evil. There are many excellent aspects of secondary schooling. The immediate purpose is to enable children to find new friends of the same age and more or less grow up together"

"Although I have attended two High Schools which were very different establishments on many repair, they both had one major similarity - especially at senior level - they can be, and are, extremely dull.

"Although many aspects of secondary schooling could be improved, the majority adequately equip the child for his later years."

"To others who enjoy a life of wine, women and song - mainly wine - school is used merely as a time consumer until they are old enough to leave."

As I got near the head of the school I realised how insolent actions were to be deplored from the young, old and people of any age. I think that I began to be able to differentiate between fun and insolence.

Strangely enough, I seem to have developed a better opinion of teachers as the years went on. In regard to teachers - I have found them to be human after all."

"Wail, sob.....Alas! What will I do with myself when there is no more homework, study or examinations?"