



1) A. Playins, VB. H. BAYSW; 2) S. Harwood, BB. BAYSW; 3) L. Ferguson, BB. T. BAYSW; 4) R. Parry, BAYSW. SW; 5) C. Radford, ATHS; 6) K. Sutcliffe, ATHS; 7) A. Castell, ATHS. SB; 8) J. Davis, B3. BAYSW. ATHS. SW; 9) D. Boskma, ATHS; 10) V. Hyde, SW. 11) J. Peacock, ATHS. BAYSW. H; 12) C. Canovan, ATHS; 13) L. Baillie, VB. ATHS. SB. 14) F. Stewart, ATHS; 15) C. Moffat, ATHS. SW; 16) M. Thorpe, SW. ATHS. 17) L. Ingravalle, SW; 18) S. Bussell, SW; 19) V. Lang, ATHS. SW; 20) G. Amos, ATHS. 21) P. Watkins, ATHS; 22) J. Crookes, ATHS. 23) A. Sheddou, SW; 24) C. Crane, ATHS. SW; 25) M. Morris, SW; 26) E. Coad, ATHS; 27) K. Setches, ATHS.

1) G. Ure, BS; 2) S. Gallop, SW, BS; 3) M. Luefjens, ATHS, BS; 4) J. Spencer, ATHS; 5) C. Kottw, FT, B. CK, SW, ATHS; 6) M. Cullen, ATHS, SW; 7) M. Smaniotto, FTB; 8) Hoy, ATHS, BS; 11) N. Wiltshire, SW, ATHS, FTB; 12) G. Evans, ATHS, FTB, CK, BS, BAYS; 13) P. Davies BS; 14) P. Parr, ATHS; 15) W. Pye, ATHS; 16) A. Grimes, BS; 17) D. Burns, ATHS, FB; 18) A. Boys, BS; 19) S. Sambell, BS; 20) A. Hill, SW; 21) D. King, ATHS; 22) S. Dobson, T, FTB, SW, ATHS; 23) G. Setches, FTB, ATHS; 24) A. Thorpe, FTB, ATHS; 25) C. Ure, SW, ATHS; 26) J. Allison, BS; 27) P. Robertson, SW; 28) P. Noble, ATHS; 29) C. McMicken, BS.





1) S. Park, FT. B; 2) J. Crane, FT. B. ATHS. B. S. BAYSW; 3) E. Smalley FT. B. SW. T; 4) D. McDonald, FT. B. BAYSW. SW. ATHS; 5) R. Johnson, FTB. CR. VB. ATHS. BAYS; 6) R. Hawken, FTB. CR. BAYSW. ATHS; 7) B. Williams, VB. BAYSW; 8) G. Vogel, FT. B. CR. BS. ATHS; 9) R. Boskma, FT. BL. B. B. BAYSW. ATHS; 11) G. Smith, FT. B. BAYSW; 12) G. Hughes, FT. B. BAYSW. BR. ATHS; 13) J. Hall, FT. B. BAYSW. BS; 14) C. Dell, FT. B. BAYSW. SW. ATHS. CR. BB; 15) V. Grievens, FT. B. B. B. BAYSW. ATHS; 16) R. Dolphin, FT. B. T. BAYSW. SW; 17) S. George, FT. B. ATHS. VB. BAYSW; 18) A. Davis, BS. SW. BAYSW. ATHS; 19) T. Dolphin, SW. FT. B. ATHS. BAYSW; 20) P. Ley, ATHS. BAYSW. BS. BB; 21) P.

Spencer, VB. BAYSW; 22) C. Young, FT. B; 23) G. Lennon, ATHS. BSL. BB; 24) C. Browitt, BB. BS. BAYSW; 25) P. Butt, FT. B; 26) J. Pemberton, FB; 27) A. Dell, FT. B. ATHS; 28) G. Dowers, FT. B. BAYSW; 29) J. Conners, FTB. CR. ATHS. BAYSW; 30) T. Dimsey, FT. BL. B. B SW. BAYSW.

1) B. New, VB, BAYSW. ATHS; 2) K. Bussell, BAYSW. BB, SW; 3) M. Kelly, BAYSW. V. SW. BB; 4) R. Wiegins, BAYSW. T. BB; 5) E. Kimberly, SW. 6) A. MacAllister, BB, ATHS. BAYSW; 7) J. Passmore, VB. BAYSW; 8) D. DeAgnot, BB, V; 9) M. Vanyal, V; 10) L. Rickman, SB, VB, ATHS; 11) C. McKean, BAYSW. H. SW. ATHS; 12) Judith Smith, SW; 13) J. Kitley, T. BAYSW; 14) R. Bailey, V; 15) S. Harkins, H. BAYSW. ATHS; 16) U. Horbacz, BAYSW. VB; 17) K. Lennon, ATHS; 18) C. Allan, BAYSW. BB, SB, ATHS; 19) S. Prust, H. SW. ATHS. BAYSW; 20) E. Earle, BAYSW. V. BB; 21) J. McKenna, BAYSW. SW, ATHS, H. V; 22) J. Foggo, H. V. ATHS. BAYSW. 23) B. Malpass, BAYSW. H. ATHS; 24) M. Horne, BAYSW. BB, SB, V; 25) J. Ashmead, BAYSW. T; 26) P. Gloss, H. SB, SW. T; 27) M. Loftis, BAYSW. H; 28) R. Connors, BAYSW. VB.

BB; 29) G. Robertson, SW; 30) D. Hall, H; 31) V. Brown, SW; 32) C. Swindon, BAYSW. ATHS. BB, SW; 33) Janice Smith, SW; 34) J. King, ATHS; 35) A. Gray, SB; 36) A. Goddard, BAYSW. VB, SB; 37) K. Ingraville, V. 38) A. Peacock, BAYSW. BB, SB, ATHS; 39) B. James, VB; 40) J. Lyons, BAYSW, BBB, VB, ATHS; 41) J. Lye, ATHS.





wednesday: arrive bayswater, girls basketball. thursday: heaslesville, maroondah dam

THE BAYSWATER TRIP

WEDNESDAY:

Highlights of - The Bus Trip.
We left in high spirits but they were drowned when we arrived.

Our Arrival:

Amidst the shouts and ch(j)eers of the lovely Bayswater girls. The welcome was followed by Mr. Lawson's order to 'get your gear off boys' (ie. off the bus) Followed by raucus laughter. After rescuing Margaret Horn from a puddle we partook of victuals and met our hosts.

Sport:

The boys played football in a quagmire. The interest here was in the extremely accurate kicking by Yallourn's talented forward line, who, under conditions amassed a score of three goals, one point, as compared with the inexcusable inaccuracy of Bayswater's twenty one goals twenty-four points; brought to bear by the tenacious pressure applied by the Yallourn back line. Hockey won

after a big "praaaggga" session. Due to the superior vocal power of Irene R. and Co., Yallourn won the evening debate.

THURSDAY:

Highlights of - The Trip to Healsville.

Immediately we were all absorbed in the wild life and birds and some students were noticed disappearing into the flora with local fauna.

Maroondah Dam = lunch. Food appeared from everywhere. We looked at the lovely trees, grass, the nice dam and the waterfall.

The social - "fantascue". Supper was super.

FRIDAY

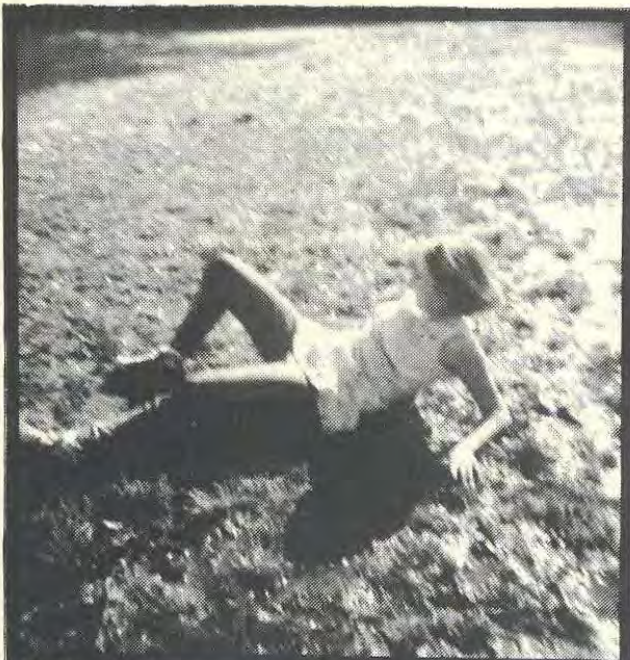
Highlights of - Morning Sport:
Unfortunately, due to bad luck and adverse climatic conditions, the Yallourn boys were again prevented from win-

ning in the baseball and the basketball; but the girls were physically stronger, ('cause Sandra said they were) and consequently won several games in the softball etc.

Owing to the Bayswater homeground advantage, the biased umpire, lack of a cheer squad and lack of players, the Yallourn Volleyball lost in the upset of the day.

The departure - bye - byes were said. The bus trip back. Well you all know what bus trips are like.....uneventful; except for a minor encounter with the Warragul constabulary.

We wish to console Mr. and Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. Kendal (then Miss Marsh) as they must have suffered considerable embarrassment and at the same time thank them sincerely for making the trip a success.

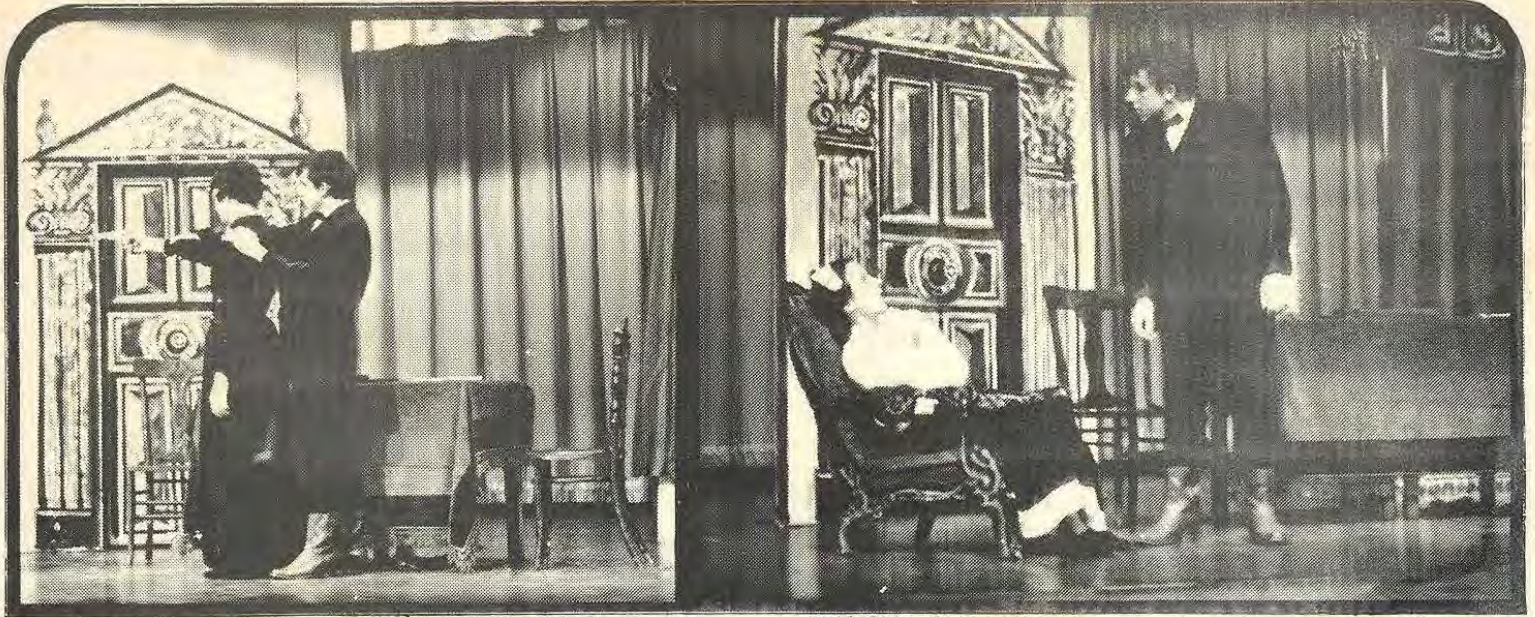


friday: some of the spectacular moments of softball play . thursday:

lunch at maroondah dam . friday: (bottom) the bus trip home







The Drama Club continued with its presentation of the one-act plays. The following plays (with these casts) were presented.

"THE HAPPY JOURNEY TO TRENTON AND CAMDEN" Thornton Wilden

CAST:
The Stage Manager Colin Dell
Pa Kirby (Elmer) Don Mussared
Ma Kirby (Kate) Janet McKinna
Arthur Alan Dell
Caroline Kathy Cooper
(their children)
Beulah (their married daughter) Heather Grimes

This was presented at school assembly and at the 1967 Speech Night. Best performances were probably those of Alan Dell and Janet McKinna. Some members of the audience were unkind enough to suggest that Alan was just being himself as Arthur, the naughty young boy.

"THE BEAR" Anton Chekov

CAST:
Elena Ivanova Popora Janet McKinna
(a widow with dimples)
Gregory Stepanovich
Smirnov (a middle aged gentleman: the bear) Don Mussared
Luka (Popova's servant) Kathy Cooper

The Gardener
The Coachman

Neil Obersby
Philip Robertson

"The Bear" was staged three times: during Education Week, at school assembly and at the Gippsland Drama Festival at Traralgon High School. At the festival the play was very well received and while we hesitate to sing our own praises we have no qualms about reprinting here the report of the adjudicators. As you might believe from this report Don Mussared's was the outstanding performance.

"This play was extremely well presented, the standard being well above average from introductory music to final curtain. It was obviously very well rehearsed and the moves were all well planned. The set looked attractive and the costumes were good. The scene with the gun deserves special praise as these scenes can be embarrassing if not done convincingly. Audability was 100%.

Luka: Kathy Cooper: Good performance good voice and easy movements. Could possibly have looked a little older (suggest hairs over ears).

Elena: Janet McKinna: Another fine performance, .. very controlled. Timing was very good. We did suggest that if

you had been a little more "involved" in the play a few more hand gestures might have come almost automatically. However it is much more difficult to stand perfectly still on stage than it is to gesticulate wildly. Well done Elena!

Gregory: Don Mussared: Congratulations! You took command of the stage from your very first entrance and the audience loved you (so did we)! Wonderful timing, bowed very well, interesting ups and downs in vocal range understanding of character ... keep up the good work.

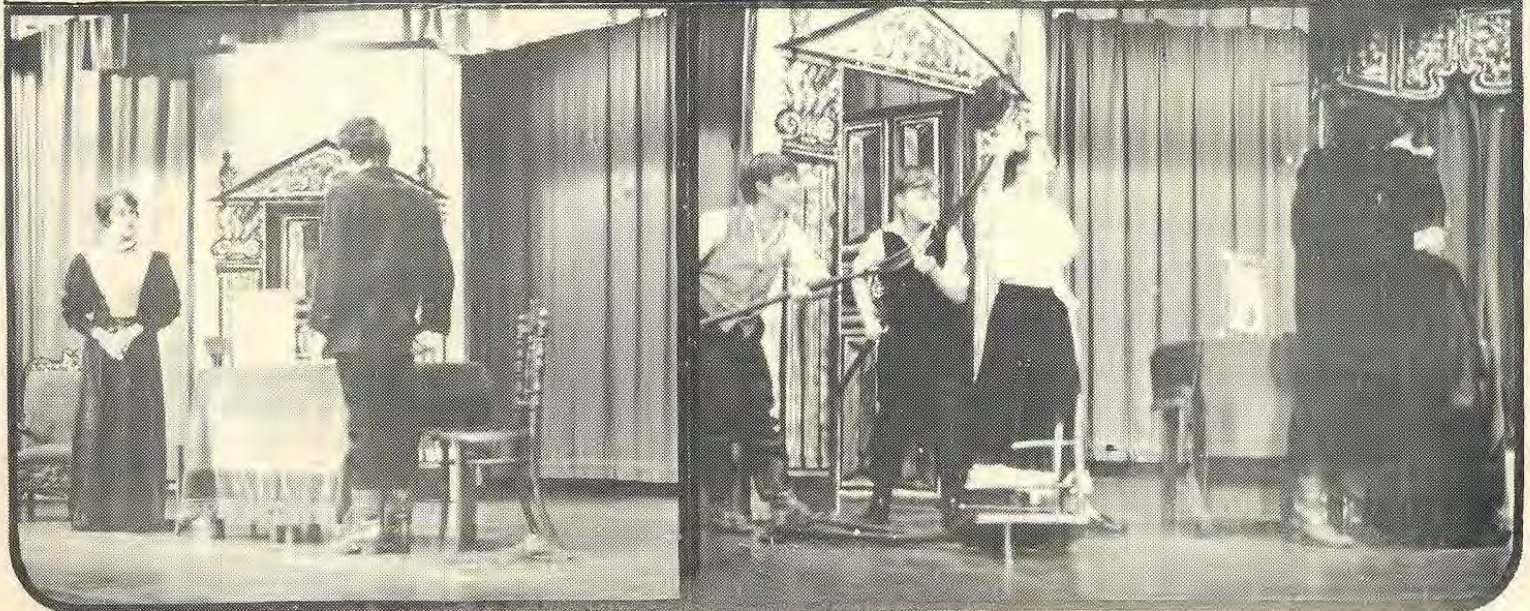
Congratulations Yallourn, your play won this festival ... an award justly earned."

Adjudicators: Mrs J. Dyer,
Mrs. R. Libbis.

At the time of printing Mr. Gubbins is preparing a play for Speech Night 1968.

This play is "The Eccentric" by Danny Abse and the cast includes Colin Dell, Bruce Jones, Alan Dell, Connie Berg, Brian Cowper and others.

A final word of appreciation, for Mr. Wilson, thanks for your good assistance with sets and painting and for Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Lawson for your assistance with costumes.



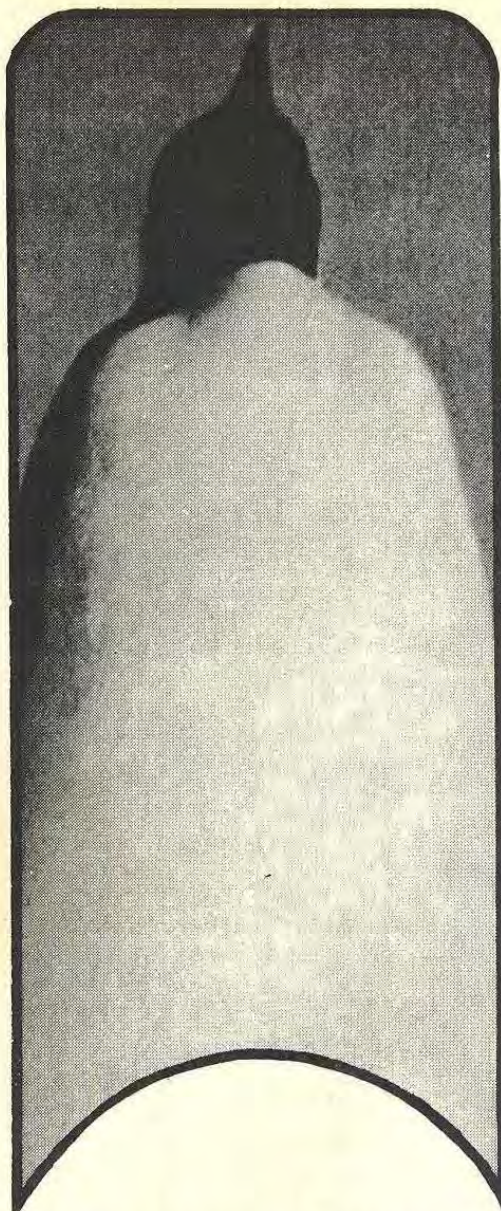
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS



SNAKES

The snake moves through the grass,
Its eyes gleaming,
Its tongue shooting in and out,
It lifts its head,
It hisses,
It strikes,
BANG!
It falls
A bullet through its head
It lies writhing,
Hissing,
A pool of blood beneath its head,
It dies.

J.S. 3G.



PENGUIN PARADE

Here they come strutting up the sand,
Their tails all trim and neat.
They're going to a dinner party to-
day.

day to have a great feast.
The little ones are bobbing along,
The adults are as proud as peach.

They're going to a big parade to lis-
ten to a speech.

Before the feast begins,

They have a gishing quest.

They're off! And the mates are swim-
ming west.

Bobbing and diving along the crest

And when the day is done

They feed along the coast.

Then they go strutting back into the
twilight.

Now all that is visible is their dinner
jacket coats.

S.M. 3.

HANDS

By the press of a button the world
could cease,

But after a war there usually comes
peace,

All living has stopped by dropping
one bomb

And nature is dead and humanity
gone.

A hand has caused death, an hand
can bring life,

A hand can bring happiness, peace,
love and strife,

Some hands one day I hope will
bring peace,

And then I hope that all wars will
cease,

Some people have lost the use of their
hands,

Many, I'm sure, don't think that's
very grand.

But they overcome their trouble you
see,

By using their feet and their mouths,
Lucky me!

A.C. 3P.

SEA

As the white-laud seagulls swept over
the water,

The angry-eyed waves tickled their
wings,

The seagulls chuckled and twinkled their
eyes like shadowy bits of tinsel;

Up from behing the sea crept,

And cut the waves in half,

Tattered and torn, weary and weak,
the poor little waves panted,

The starfish watched them sink to the
ground and slowly disappear,

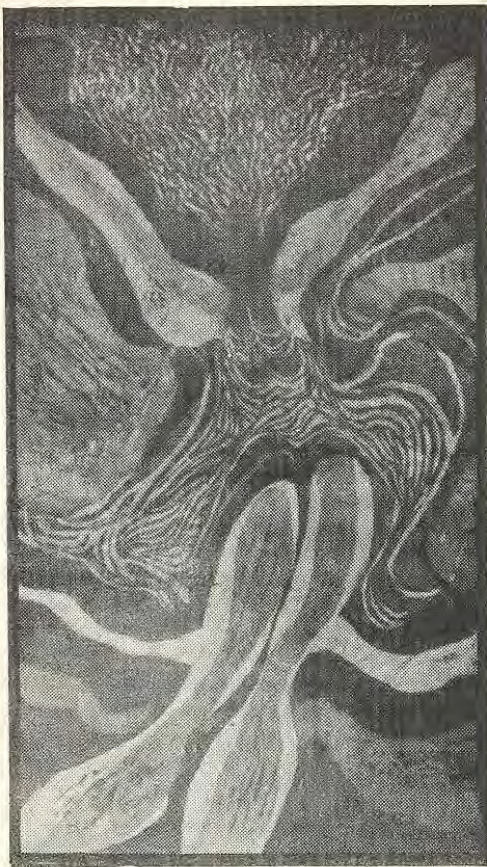
While Mary crab came up to drink
the water they did leave,

The sea felt sorry for himself,

So he calmed the other waves down,

He drifted slowly of to sleep and didn't
wake until next day.

E.W. 1B.



K. Bussell 6, Lino-cut.

TEACHERS PET

The following interview between a parent of a school student and a teacher has just been made public.

PARENT: Tell me, Sir. How do you go about choosing the questions you ask in your exams?

TEACHER: In the usual way. My questions are based on material that was never assigned or discussed in class, and cannot be found in text books. In this way, favouritism is avoided; all pupils are on equal footing and there can be no chance of any pupil attaining a passing grade through normal study.

PARENT: I've been wondering, Mr..... Can you be bribed?

TEACHER: Any donation of Australian currency discreetly placed in an examination booklet will receive prompt attention.

PARENT: One final question, Sir. Out of your class of 40 students, how many do you expect to pass?

TEACHER: At this point, I can think of only one student, who, on the basis of diligent study and persistent endeavour, is assured of passing. However, son or no son, he'll take the exam like everybody else.

A.G. 5

FEAR

With weak legs he walked through the mud,
In early mornings twilight rays,
A deathly hush had set over the fold,
When "crack" his companion fell.

Bullets whistled over his head,
And petrified he hugged the ground,
He wanted to kill and prove himself a man,
Oh why couldn't he conquer his fear?

The bullets whirled till all his friends were dead,
With slanted eyes his hatred foes advanced.
Anger pulled him up and forced him to charge,
Deadly rage made him fire and fire again.

Blood of companions and enemy alike,
Coloured the Vietnamese paddy - field.
A helicopter back to the turmoil of a slum.

He died behind the enemies lines,
A purple strip ran across his chest.
"Fear of death will always be there,"
And so he died in a country of fear."
B. J. 3G

THE BRAVE

Continued from 1967.

Things seemed quite gloomy as he rode along handcuffed, with stone-faced "comrades" on all sides of him. Being so sternly cuffed and guarded without any secret devices, he was at their mercy. Out of no where a flash of flame accompanied by a boom resounded from the side of the vehical.

Outside people were fighting so inside a guard started setting up a machine-gun. This was his only chance of escape and if they set up that machine-gun, that thin chance would be gone. With a great lean he knocked the guard and the machine-gun both outside. Viciously he brought up his foot, knocking the air out of the guard.

Luck was with him. That particular guard had the handcuffs' keys. After taking off the cuffs, he used the machine-gun to annihilate the last of the guards. At that moment, out came a group of very English looking peasants, with 303's in their hands.

After hearing what Schultz had done and where they (the Guerrillas who had aided him) were going to raid the following morning. Schultz agreed to go along with them and use one of the jets for escape. He was on his way out of the country at last.

B.J. 3G.

STEALING THE CROWN JEWELS

Hello, do you know me? If you don't you're gunna. I'm the leader of a bunch of hoods. The cops have been after our scalps for a long time. they're real hot man! My chosen profession is stealing. Me grandfather handed it down to me, I've had me ups and downs for the past twenty years and I don't plan to put up with any more. This is me last job whether it means life or death. I'm gunna steal the Crown Jewels.

The blokes at the old shed thinks I'm mad, gone in the head they say. But they'll think twice when old Dangerous Dan brings them Queenies Jewels back. Me plan is to get in a Beefeaters rigout and act like one of them. I'll knock the blokes silly and grab them Jewels and be off. I'll catch the ducks sitting down this time with the I'm using me head.

As the clock strikes twelve I say goodbye to me mates and go off into the tower. I knocked them silly all right but alas, to me dismay an alarm goes off as I hold the Crown in me hands. I wonder if its worth it. Never had time to think when a bullet comes sailing thru the air and struck me in the throat. Death came instantly.

From that day to this you can see this epitaph on poor Dangerous Dan's Tombstone.

Here lies poor Dangerous Dan,
Who thought himself a clever man,
Crown Jewels were his aim,
Caught red handed at the game,
Poor Dangerous Dan never again.

W. E. 1B



E. Kimberly, 6, Etching and Aquatint.

THE DAY TIME WENT BACKWARDS

What would happen if time went backwards? Surely some scientists have asked themselves this question before. Well now it has happened. think of all the problems facing us.

As I was going on the escalators I found that they stopped and as I climbed down and went outside; everybody was panic stricken at what they saw. Some people said it was all a dream seeing tropical rainforests like those of Brazil in the city of Melbourne. But was it a dream it seemed realistic enough. Midnight came and all we could do was to cope with it until it was over... morning come, it seemed as though time was reversing because the lands surface was changing rapidly.

Several scientists came to our dwellings and surveyed the land and to try and find the approximate date; they estimated it to be several hundreds of years ago. As time went by we went to bed and in the morning I heard a sound which I never heard before; I looked out of my window and several hundred yards away I saw a Dinosaurs fighting another animal of its species.

As time went backwards the temperature was getting hotter and hotter. The water began to evaporate and 3/4 of the Earth which was all the Oceans wasn't there anymore, it looked as if they all had gone through a filtering process and only the salt was left. Now we knew for sure that this was the Era where the Earth supposedly broke away from the sun and was molten rock.

Some people committed suicide so as not to witness it and also as the heat was unbearable. All nations were destroyed, some wondered: if there will ever be another civilisation like that of ours and if so will it be a better place and with no wars? Who knows, I only wished I could go into the future and find that out.

J. M. 3G.

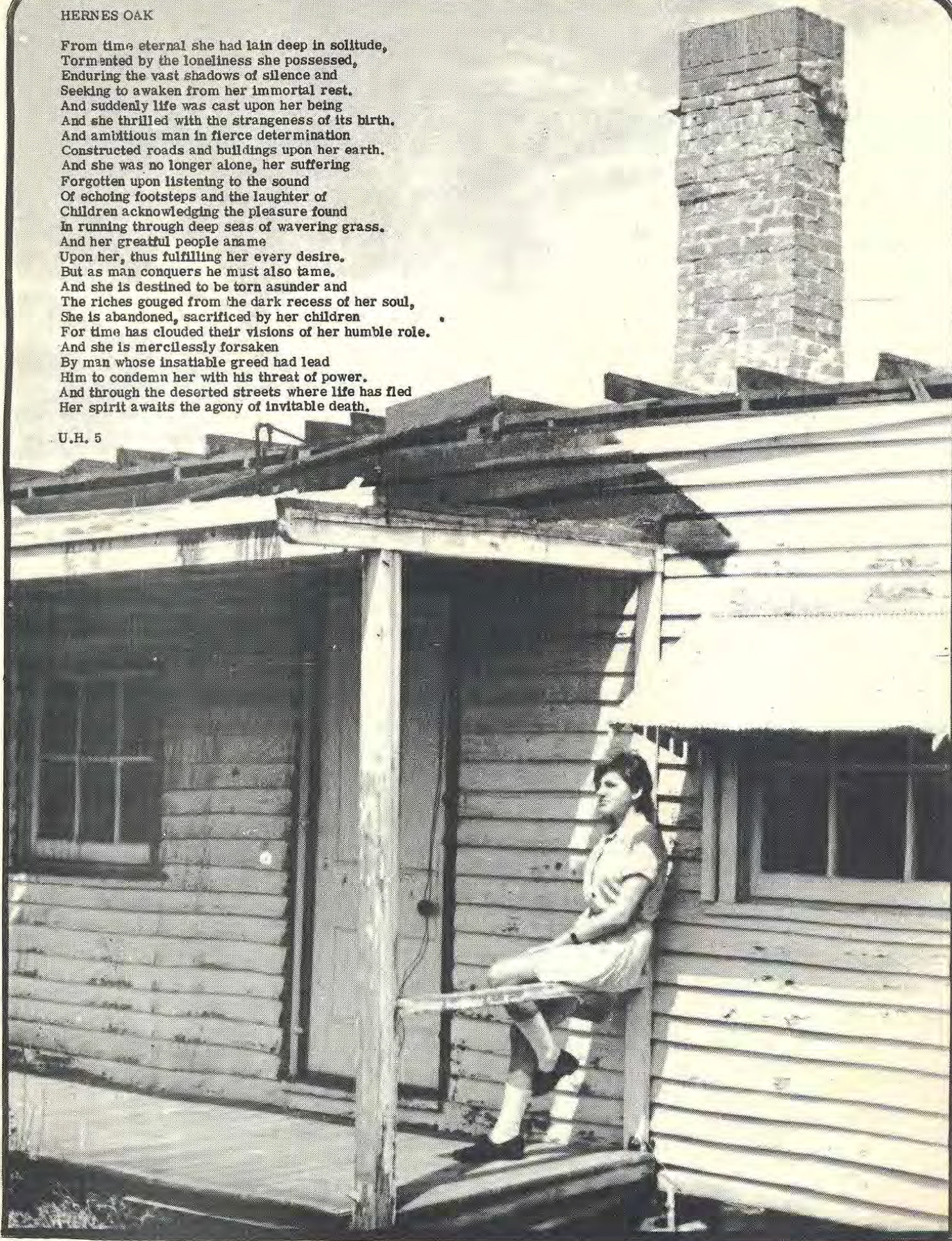
S. Vanyai, 1H Paper Mache Money-Box.



HERNES OAK

From time eternal she had lain deep in solitude,
Tormented by the loneliness she possessed,
Enduring the vast shadows of silence and
Seeking to awaken from her immortal rest.
And suddenly life was cast upon her being
And she thrilled with the strangeness of its birth.
And ambitious man in fierce determination
Constructed roads and buildings upon her earth.
And she was no longer alone, her suffering
Forgotten upon listening to the sound
Of echoing footsteps and the laughter of
Children acknowledging the pleasure found
In running through deep seas of wavering grass.
And her grateful people aname
Upon her, thus fulfilling her every desire.
But as man conquers he must also tame.
And she is destined to be torn asunder and
The riches gouged from the dark recess of her soul,
She is abandoned, sacrificed by her children
For time has clouded their visions of her humble role.
And she is mercilessly forsaken
By man whose insatiable greed had lead
Him to condemn her with his threat of power.
And through the deserted streets where life has fled
Her spirit awaits the agony of inevitable death.

U.H. 5



A STORM

"Muggy, isn't it? I think we're gonna get back just in time." Paul lay on the deck and tried to sleep. The heat was oppressive like Melbourne on a steamy February day. Then the wind from astern dropped; the air became drier. Paul dozed off. When he awoke they were only a few hundred yards from the Jetty. The others, Bramwell and Jack, were tucking in their shirts and the women were beginning to tidy their hair. The tide was out but Harry took the boat in as far as he could and put her alongside the jetty. Paul had expected him to anchor off and go ashore in the dinghies, leaving the fish until morning.

Celeste remarked how good it would be to have a bath again but Harry spoke sharply: You won't be having a bath for a while yet. No one's going to do anything till we've got these fish up to the factory. And that includes you. As he spoke a hard puff of hot air came from the north-east.

Jack went to the factory to get the truck and the rest started to pack the fish into the boxes and load them onto the trolley.

By the time Jack returned Paul and Bramwell were taking the first trolley-load ashore ready to be loaded on the truck.

The gusts of wind were stronger now and coming more frequently.

Jack brought bad news. A cyclone had hit Oslo, flattened half the town, and was still moving south. The latest report was that the centre was out to sea north of Carnarvon.

The wind was becoming stronger every minute. No one had to be reminded of the impending cyclone. They worked at top speed, throwing up the fish from below, packing them in the boxes and getting them on to the jetty.

Jack raced the truck along to the factory, then brought it lurching and jolting back again. The trolley rolled and rumbled down the jetty with its load, then rattled and clanked empty out to the boat. The wind continued to rise, strong enough now to hamper them as they worked. Black clouds were showing on the north-western horizon.

Harry urged them on. "Faster" he cried. We've got to get the boat away from the jetty yet. Into it now, come on into it.

By the time they reached Harry's place the wind had veered to the north-west and sizeable waves were running across the shallows near the beach.

"Well," said Harry. We've done all we can. He looked at the ramshackle cottage. Let's hope the old homestead is still here in the morning.

The sky was fully overcast now and it had suddenly become quite dark as it does when a big bushfire is burning. He stood for a moment watching the boats in their anchorage. They were twisting

and rolling at their moorings and lines, riding up, then falling back and riding up again.

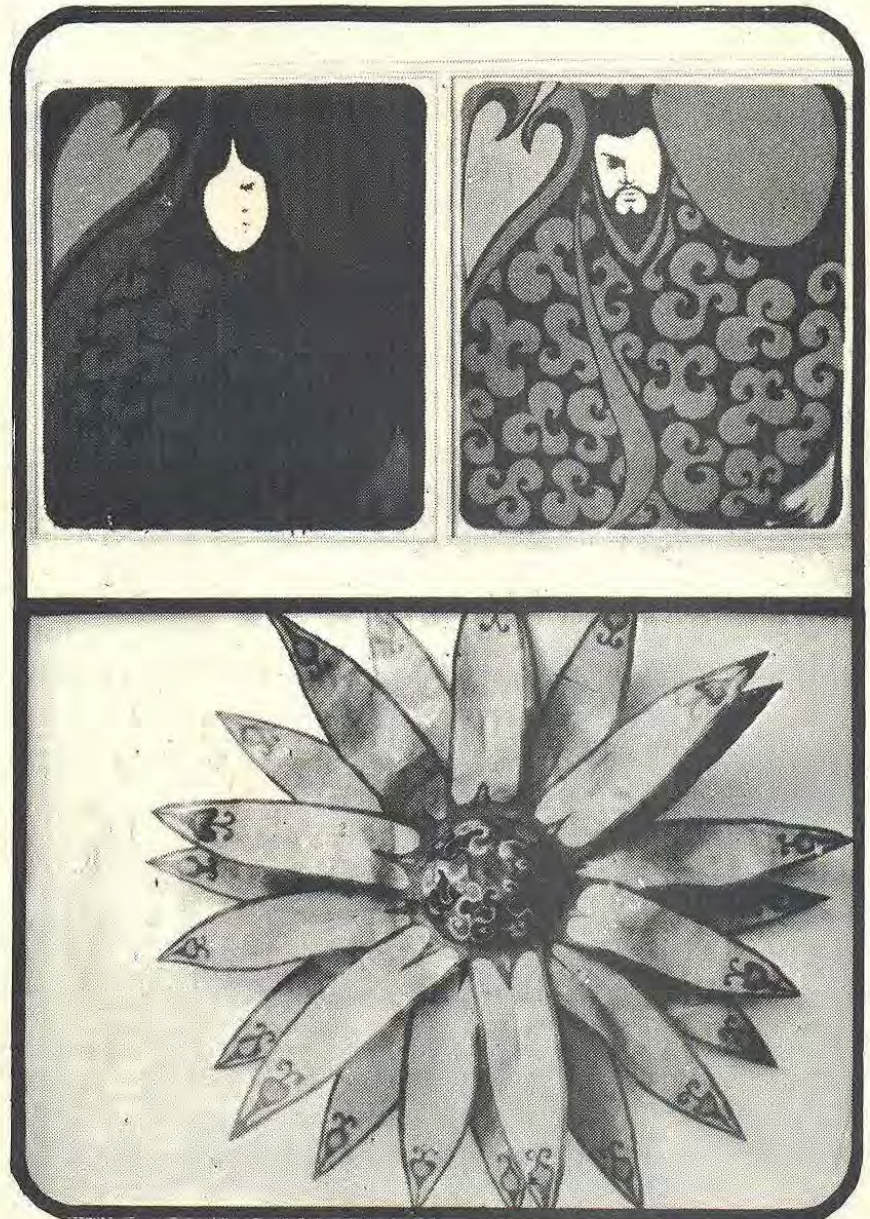
When Paul joined the others for tea the wind was whistling round the hotel. Jagged streaks of lightning ripped the western sky and thunder rolled heavily. As they began their meal the rain came down.

It arrived with a roar, then it fell on the tin roof in torrents. Smithy a tall, thin boy came in and shouted, "Looks like it's going to be a rough night."

All the guests were alarmed at what might happen to the hotel when the cyclone reached its peak. Every few minutes the building shook, as if a giant terrier had gripped it with its teeth and savaged it.

The wind had been building a greater force since they went to bed, with heavy rain and thunderclaps. The hotel rocked. Lightning flashed, thunder cracked and rumbled and rain lashed down. More rain came and then hail, the hail clanged on the tin roof and it gathered under the verandah.

For about 5 minutes there was no rain, hail or thunder; only the whine of the wind.



D. McDonald, 6, Silk-screen prints.
P. Davies, 2S, Paper-Mache money-box.