

MRS. W. ASHAME AD



What is it about a School that makes you feel you are still a part of it -- though you've been left for more than thirty years?

What makes you walk through the corridors of "Parents Day" -- looking into corners to see if this picture, or that, is still there? -- to see if the tree you planted so long ago is still growing? -- to hunt for the ghosts of the children that once you were?

Your School is a part of you, a very part of the person you have become. And for as long as you live, your schooldays whether they were long or short, will bring back memories of possibly the most precious time in your whole life.

So that there must be literally thousands of boys and girls (grown up, and hard and horny, many of them, by this time) to whom Yallourn High, established in 1945, is "My School"...

Actually, schooling in Yallourn goes back a long way before that. And although I never did attend the Yallourn High School of 1945 and after, I can remember almost back to that tiny school, that opened with 15 pupils on February 13, 1922. There were 12 houses in the town then, but there were also youngsters in the Western, Eastern and South Camps, and outlying settlements.

The first school was a small weather-board cottage shell at No.4 Hillside, the site that is now a small children's playground. Attendance grew to 77 by the end of 1922, and 139 by the end of the following year.

I can remember when the new brick school was built in 1925, with a second cousin of ours, Mr. Bill Eddy, as Head Teacher - and that is the core of the building you boys and girls are still attending today.

The first secondary classes, Forms "F" and "E" and "D" were started in 1928, with Mr. Henry J. Bull as Head Master, and 61 students. When the "D" formers reached Intermediate standard the following year, "C" Form classes were started, the Central School became "Yallourn Higher Elementary", and secondary education in Yallourn was a concern.

I can remember some of those first teachers. The dynamic Mr. Charles Adkins, Mrs. Edith Sagar, with her great love of English and drama, Miss Marie Rigby, "Sammy" Aldous.... The only drawback was that we did not have the school to ourselves. Although a Primary School had been built in Fairfield Ave., in 1932 the overflow of "primaries" remained at the H.E.S. and High School until as late as 1958.

It was in 1950 that the Primary School reached its peak of enrolment of 730, when the High School had grown to 600.

Yallourn's was the only High in those days, between Traralgon and Warragul, and although Moe High School opened in 1953, and Morwell in 1956, the enrolment at Yallourn continued to grow, until the peak of 700 was reached in 1960.

That number could not possibly fit into the space available, and there were classes in Army huts, classes in "pre-fabs", classes in corridors, and wherever a desk and a bookshelf could be fitted. For a time there were the two cottages in Narracan Avenue, remember?

The School as I remember it, ended with the present Female Staff Room as our Leaving classroom. It was very cosy - but then a new wing, for Art, Science, and Cookery was opened in 1940, and there was always talk of a new school in all kinds of different locations. It

was not until March 1935, that the Head Master, Mr. Allen Coulson, announced the \$156,000 re-building program that transformed the building in the space of nine months, to the school we know today.

Headmasters before Mr. Coulson were Mr. Bull (1928-30), Mr. J. Poletti (1931), Mr. W.M. Abrahams (1932-35), Mr. A. D. Hewitt (1936-38), Mr. D. Lindsay (1939-45), Mr. J.E. Menadue (1945-48), Mr. H. Champion (1949-52) Mr. G.S. Ellis (1953-60). Mr. Coulson was transferred to Mornington in December 1965, and was succeeded by the present "Head" Mr. J.M. McAdam.

Has it been worthwhile? Has it been successful? Stop a moment - and think of the names of those who scratched their initials in the desk-tops - Bill Roberts, MBE, Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power; Bill Graham BE, Liaison Engineer Power Production SEC; Churchill Scholar Arthur Webb, MSc, now studying on a Russel Grimwade Scholarship at Oxford University. Dr. Tommy Nills, Dr. Charles Wilson, Dr. David Wallace, the Scott twins, Andrew Spaul, Lecturer at Monash University, Graeme Sneddon, by invitation at the National University, Canberra.

Yallourn has turned out engineers, doctors, lawyers, scientists, lecturers, secondary and primary school teachers; soldiers, sailors and airmen who served their country during World War 2 and since, some to the extent of giving their lives. - fathers and mothers of you boys and girls who are now "The School."

It has been worthwhile alright. It is still, and it will be.

UNUSUAL BEHAVIOR

Ever since I was born that church had been there and for me it held a special terror, for it was the constant subject of my nightmare. I would wake, screaming, gabbling and unable to tell my dreadful secret. I was not deceived, I knew the church was alive because I had heard its heart beating.

After my mother died, I stayed in the house and planned how to kill my church. I knew that if it was pulled down the heart would live on, so I formed a plan where my very own presence would be its destruction.

I became obsessed and some people even thought I was mad, but they didn't know of the evil emitted by the house of satan (to them it was the house of God).

Every night I watched the church; I wouldn't let it get away. I could hear its evil plans because it couldn't see me and forget to muffle its creaking timbers. Then it called to me and I knew that its hour of destruction had come....

I entered the gloom and its soul almost suffocated my being and I felt the enormous burden of its guilt. My lamp was a small window in its velvet blackness, throwing dancing gnomes onto the walls of the church's body.

The red eye beckoned me on and I followed, feeling the increasing cold and slipping on the shiny staircase. Something touched my cheek and I heard it whisper in my ear. I understood its evil language and knew that I had become one of THEM.

The timbers exploded as the glass shattered.

Outside the people gathered: It was too late to save their church and they could only listen helplessly to the screams of the THING inside.

I.L. 4 P.



P.Gloss, 6, Oil Painting.

ON RACIALISM

(Negro's viewpoint)

You are persecuted, murdered, and things like that,
Because of one thing, your colour, you're black.

You are blamed for things you never have done,
But will they believe you, no not one.

For all you're blamed what do you try to do,
Make a future for generations after you.
Give them the vote, and let them live,
And God please let them love and forgive.

The white has no honour or royal decree
To tell darker skinned people like you or me,
To live in the slums or rusty old shacks,
And be lucky that we've got the clothes on our backs.

But then what happens when we try to repell them,
They shoot us like dogs, and then give us hell again,
We have respected whites long before this,
But God when will they learn to respect us.

A.C. 3G.

THE TIE

The "Tie" is a piece of pretty coloured and patterned cloth which is put under the collar of a man's (in some cases women's) shirt and tied in a knot and just left to hang there. It serves no earthly purpose. It does not keep you warm or cover any part of your body that needs covering.

The tie is used more as a sign of respectability. If you see a man wearing a tie, you are supposed to think to yourself, "now there goes an honourable man." Wearing a tie is like wearing a place-card saying.. "I AM A RESPECTABLE PERSON." But if you see a man walking down the street with an open neck shirt or a polo necked sweater you are supposed to think to yourself, "now there's a person I wouldn't trust."

This respectability linked with the tie is shown in many cases; for example, men going into some of the higher class Hotels and have been refused entry, because they were wearing opened necked shirts and not a tie. But the era of the dear piece of useless cloth is dying.

S.P. 4. G.

THE SPIDER

There is a creepy spider,
It's dancing around the wall,
I hope the scary thing makes a fall.

Dirty spider, dirtying up my walls,
Hope the greasy looking thing falls
And breaks it's dirty neck.

Oh! I bashed it over the head,
Till it is quite dead
All pscodelically.

J.G. 3G

U.F.O.'S?

It was the 25th January, 1966, at a Cape Paterson beach house, when suddenly I felt dizzy and sick in the stomach and so I went outside to get some fresh air. I walked out onto the verandah and sat on the step.

After about five minutes, I saw a light coming down from the sky, but thought it was just a shooting star. Suddenly it started to slow down and take shape.

It was about 100 yards from the house and was hovering over a paddock. It was shaped like a cigar with a dome underneath surrounded by all different colored lights.

It hovered over the paddock for about two minutes, then just shot off into the air at a fantastic speed and disappeared.

This is only one out of about twenty sightings that I have made.

JOHN EMBRY.

I was calmly sitting on the balcony when I looked up in the sky. I was dazed for a few seconds with astonishment. I snapped out of it to see a flying saucer. It had approximately 22 lights, 20 around it and 2 bright purple lights in the middle. I watched it for about five minutes before it faded away into the sky.

VIVIENNE LANG.

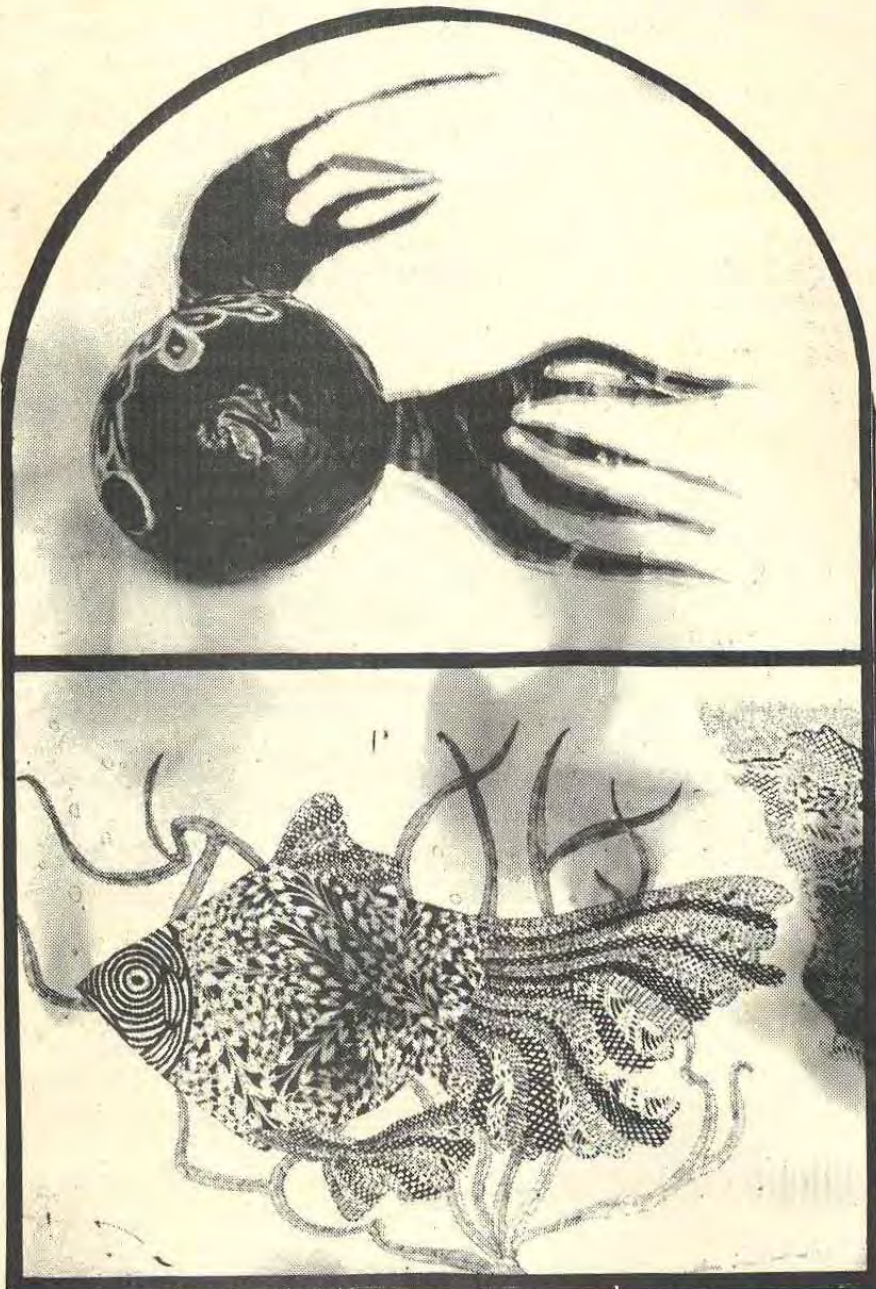
One night at about half past nine, as we were coming home from Cape Paterson, Mum noticed a flying object which she thought to be an aeroplane.

It was near the Hazelwood Pondage when we lost sight of it. We didn't see it again until we got over to the far side of Morwell, near the drive-in. Now it was flying in the opposite direction so we stopped the car to have a look. It flew on for about three more seconds and then it stopped suddenly and hovered in mid-air. We watched it for about five minutes while it hovered above us. Then Dad drove off with Mum telling him to go faster.

We couldn't make out the shape. All we could see was that it was a mass of colored lights. My brothers and I looked at it through the back window. The strange object was still hovering above. After a while it flew over in our direction, at an estimated speed of ninety miles per hour. It passed the car and flew into the pine forest. That was the last we ever saw of it.

I have always believed in flying saucers and always will.

CHRIS JACKSON.



S.Vella, 1H, Paper Mache, Money-box.
C.Pye, 3G, Pen and Ink.

FIRE!

Fire!

The flames leapt higher,
The sky grew dim.
Oh! The din
As the fire leapt through the houses
In our sight.
The firemen tried with all they're might,
It wouldn't be out by night
We'll have to wait till light.

All colours of black, yellow and red,
As they tried to get ahead
Of the never-ending flames,
The land would never be the same,
All charred and burnt
I hope that firebug; has learnt
His lesson.

K.B. 3P.

FIRE!

The servant of man was running amuck
Hungriily feeding on the forest wood
Liquidly red shedding off heat,
Freedom to move, to light, to burn.

Leaping towards that smouldering mass,
For a second it seemed to join.
The man lit a cigarette,
And blew the match out.

B.J. 3 G.

THE BONFIRE

Every one gathers from afar
To celebrate in the eerie light.
With bursting flame and shooting stars,
The people celebrate the death tonight -
And above stands the citadel.

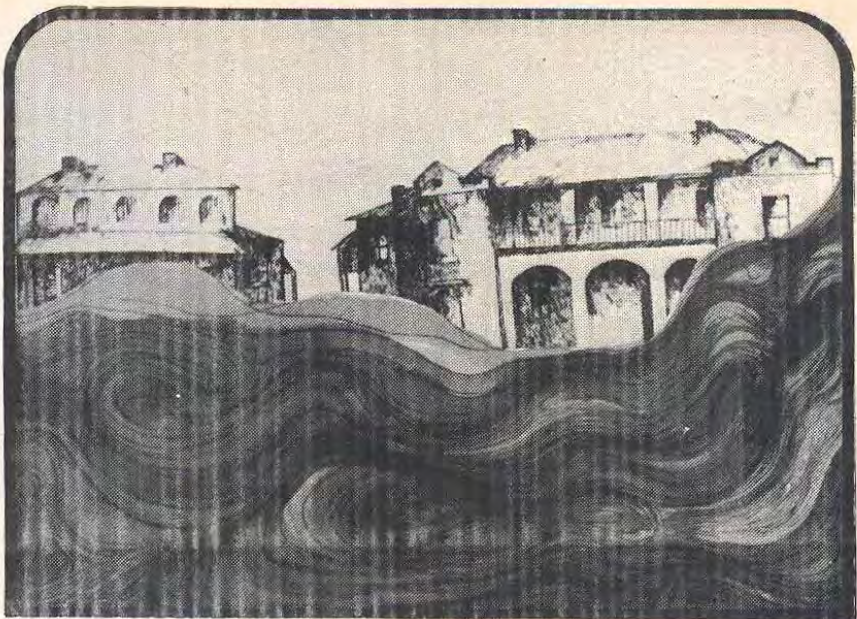
A multitude of noises like a hurricane
sound,
of screaming, banging and whooshing.
Shadows of phantoms spread the field,
Lit by the tumult of star's fires -
And above stands the citadel.

The time draws near to the burning of
a man,
A representative of a man long dead -
Who every year us persecuted again,
Guy Fawkes is ready to be burnt -
And above stands the citadel.

A great shout from his persecutors,
Spreads through a field of acrid smell.
Then the bonfire is lit where Guy Fawkes
stands,
So gradually the rebel turns to ash -
No longer stands the citadel.

B.J. 3G.

Painting, R.Clark, 11.



J. Foggo, 6, pen, ink and food-dye.

THE BLOODY BATTLE

Rar! Crunch!! Crunch!!

As the massive structure moved about in the jungle the ground shuddered beneath him, and he crushed fallen trees beneath his four huge feet. The animal: A Tryronosaurus. It had huge tusks at least ten feet long. His huge feet which were like blocks of steel had a diameter of over two feet. This monster had a body many times that of a five ton elephant and his hide, at the minimum, was two feet thick.

The great animal now roared as it lunged through the dense jungle, for only forty yards away were two other giants, very similar to himself. One of the animals before him moved to one side, leaving her companion still facing the invading giant.

It was the mating season and the two massive males were prepared to fight for the female spectator.

The attacking giant ceased his attack only ten yards from his opponent. The two powerful creatures lowered their heads and charged at each other. They locked tusks, neither gaining an advantage. The creatures simultaneously pulled back, breaking the hold they had on each other. One of the huge monsters turned and charged towards the other, injuring his foe by jabbing his tusks into him, thus causing blood to flow from the creature's body. The massive giant let out a cry of pain as his enemy withdrew his powerful tusks. Now the injured creature, with blood pouring from his body by the gallon, valiantly stormed towards his foe, enforcing injury upon him by thrusting his mighty tusks into the body of his deadly opponent also forcing blood from the now hurt giant.

Now the two giants near death made one last attempt to kill one another. The monstrosities charged, very slowly they again locked tusks only to fall down paralysed. Both were dead!
D.K. 1B.

A MAN OF WORDS & NOT OF DEEDS

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds
And when the weeds begin to grow
Its like a garden full of snow

Its like a bird upon the wall
And when the bird does fly away
Its like an eagle in the sky
And when the sky begins to roar
Its like a lion at your door
And when your door begins to crack
Its like a stick across your back
And when your back begins to smart
Its like a penknife in your heart
And when your heart begins to bleed
Your dead as dead indeed. W.B. 1H.

CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT

There wasn't a sound in the still, clear night,
The whole earth was covered with a snowy couterpane,
Asleep,
Suddenly a chord of music split the fragile veil of quite,
And Christmas was rung out again by song.

Springing from a tiny church lit by flickering candlelight,
Carols ages old and new together
Alive,
Then quite again, while the candle burned down.
Alone, again the night and stillness.

C.B. 3P

THE EMBARRASSED COCKATOO

Away on a hill lived a maid,
Who carried a cocky on the end of her spade.
It could speak you know,
But its languages Oh!
It could fly as high as a butterfly
And swoop and duck.
And soar and glide
But his landings although he tried and tried
Were a hopeless loss
And embarrassed the bird
He came down from the heights at a terrible speed.
He'd be killed soon it was agreed,
Like a fighter bomber, he'd come hurtling down
Look out he's nearly on the ground.
And then with a bang and a crash
And a clutter you'd see the poor bird,
Upside down in the gutter.
His feathers scattered up and down
His mistress standing over wearing a frown,
But next time it came time to land
Things got quite out of hand,
And with a bang, a crash and a clutter
And a little putter,
He was gone,
His new address,
Number seven,
Bird heaven.

F.M. 3 G.



alister



karen



valda

1H

BRIGGS Wendy; CHISHOLM Julie;
 COOPER Mavis; COAD Elaine; CRANE
 Carolanne; DADDIO Jan; FINDLAY Karen;
 FISHER Carol; FYFE Katherine; GOTTS
 Shirley; GURNEY Linda; RALSTON Lor-
 raine; SIM Kerry; SMANJOTTO Rosemary
 SNEDDON Anne-Marie; SULLIVAN
 Sharon-Lee; SWINDON Lorraine; WEBB
 Lynden; WOODS Jillian; ZEHETHOFFER
 Eva; CUNNINGHAM Robert; FROST Ste-
 phen; HAWKEN Mark; JACKSON Chris-
 topher; KING Andrew; McMICKEN; Chris-
 topher; SETCHES Glenn; THORPE Alister;
 VANYAI Stephen; VELLA Steven; YOUNG
 Alan.

Our form would like to thank Mr. Gubbins for trying to cope with us during the year. Other teachers had a hard time too, but I think they expected it from our first year at High.

We raised \$23 in the Book Stall and thanks to Mr. Gubbins. Our "Loud-mouth" of the year was Steven Frost with Steven Vella bringing in second place Andrew King and Robert Cunningham were another good pair for making a racket. We had three small fry kids in 1H, Karen Findlay, Chris Mc.Micken and Steven Vella. We had queer nicknames in "Gorilla Little", "Little Mule" and "Hawkeye".

Stephen Vanyai was the best craft student with some pretty good constructions and was well assisted by Chris Jackson.

KAREN FINDLAY
 ALIST THORPE.

ALDRED Karen; BAILLIE Robyn;
 BALZAN Carmen; BAXTER Vicki
 BJSSELL Susanne; COOK Susanne
 COWLEY Dianne; CRANE Cheryl;
 CROOKES Jenny; DOWERS Kerry; DUFF
 Helen; GALLAGHER Lindy; GRANT
 Dianne; HALL Valda; MILOJEVIC Vera;
 MORRIS Margaret; MORRISSEY Sandra;
 PACE Pauline; PLAYDON Elizabeth;
 RAY Vicki; RENWICK Judy; SLATER
 Therese; STALLWORTHY Heather;
 TILLEY Andrea; VELLA Mary-Rose;
 WATKINS Patricia; WATKINSON Jenny;
 WRIGHT Wendy.

This is form 1P's report,
 And it's just one of those sorts,
 When everyone chips in to help,
 So read what it is all about.

I wanna tell you all a story,
 about the girls in our form,
 There a pretty good bunch,
when they're all asleep.....!

KAREN: a long haired Weirdo, in-
 herited from the tree of
 knowledge.....sawdust.....!

ROBYN:
 Hobby. Boys.
 Sparetime. Boys.
 Fulltime. Loves boys.

CARMEN
 Hobby. Eats nuts.
 Sparetime. Loves nuts.
 Fulltime. Is nuts.

HEATHER
 Hobby. Likes batman.
 Sparetime. Is batman.
 Fulltime. Goes bats.

1P

VERA.
 Hobby. Eating.
 Sparetime. Growing and putting
 on weight.
 Fulltime. Dietition.

LIZY
 Hobby. Being pretty.
 Sparetime. Is pretty, looking in the
 mirror.
 Fulltime. Cracking it.

SUE.B.
 Hobby. Swimming.
 Sparetime. Swimming.
 Fulltime. Fish.

The rest of the girls,
 Are jolly decent too,
 We didn't mention them this way,
 For you would of got bored, stiff,
 reading it all through.

We like all our teachers,
 They're all good sports,
 We've got special favourites,
 That's reasonable of course.
 Our favourite is Miss Potma.
 A jolly old girl,
 Next to Miss Butterworth,
 Always in some sort of whirl,
 All the others are terrific,
 Done a wonderful job,
 They must feel very proud,
 Being able to cope with our tame mob.
 FORM TEACHER,
 MISS POTMA.
 Hobby. Being sensible.
 Sparetime. Is sensible.
 Fulltime. Senseless....!

Jenny Crooks. Fastest runner in form.
 Broken several school
 records.

Sue Bussell. Fastest Form 1 swimmer
 in school "like a fish"
 truly promising future.

THANKS GO TO MISS POTMA.



robert and sandra



lynda and nick

2S

BARNARD Susan; BOSKMA Diane; BYRNE Robyn; CASEY Janet; CASEY Diane; CARLTON Sandra; CIECHORSKI Barbara; CLARK Elizabeth; DICKSON Catherine; DONOHOE Susan; DOUGLAS Kim; DUNWOODIE Susan; EARLE Rosemary; FERGUSON Heather; GNEED Margaret; GORDEN Diane; GRINTON Ann; GRIVENS Sandra; HILL Janet; HUMPHREYS Susan; HENSON Jennifer; IVENS Susan; LARKINS Kerry; KINNE Jill; CHAPMAN Alan; ALLEN John; BOYS Adrian; CHISOLM Peter; CRANE Keith; DAVIES Philip; DOBSON Shane; GALLOP Steven; GOMP LEMAN Robert; GORMAN Malcolm; GRIMES Andrew.

MALPASS Gail; MARTIN Andrew; McDonald Jenny; MOFFAT Carol; RADFORD Lynette; RENDALL Susan; RICHARDSON Wendy; ROBERTSON Pamela; STEPHENS Paula; SULLIVAN Kerry; TAYLOR Jean; TRKULA Lily; URE Jillian; WAKEFIELD Susan; WARING Marilyn; WATKINS Jennifer; WIDDOWS Christine; WIGGINS Julie; WILLIAMS Janet; WILSON Gail; WOOLIES Kerry; YEOMANS Susan; YOUNG Lynda; SUTCLIFFE Karen; SETCHES Kerry; JACKSON Peter; MEADOWS Philip; MORTON DUGGAN Michael; NOBLE Peter; OBERBY Neil; PARR Peter; REID Geoffrey; ROBERTSON Philip; SMANIOTTO Maxwell; WILTSHIRE Nicholas; VOGEL Gary.

This year there were thirty-five students in our form and we managed to raise \$101.01 in pre-fair activities. We were well represented in the interschool football, baseball, softball and other teams. We would like to thank our form teacher, Mr. Waters, and all our other teachers who helped us throughout the year.

R. GOMPLEMAN.

During the times of the Scarlett Pimpernel, a young, Irish noble named Nicholas Williams Sullivan was spending his life searching in vain for a wife.

One day while riding through some meadows, he saw a beautiful girl wearing a Woolies dress.

He followed the girl into a wakefield, past a Sutcliffe and into a town, past a Tailor shop where the tailor sat upon a piece of cloth and singing his favorite song:

Little Miss Moffat,
Sat on her toffat,
Eating her curds and whey,
There came a big, black Widdows spider
That sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Moffat away.

2E

He followed her across the reedy and weedy waters and through the Wilson, Robertson, Richardson, Jackson and Sons company who manufacture the Parroberby Vogel Volkswagen, and past the Yeomans who guard the factory.

From there she ran to Smaniotto Hollow renowned for the famous bank robber Michael-Martin Malpass-Macdonald because the latter robbed the three most famous banks in London, The Wiggins, the Setches-Stephans and the Rendall-Radford and hid the money there under the custody of his sweetheart Lilyana Gillian.

The girl was now crossing the Watkins Creek Sullivan attempted to follow her but, was swept away by the current and drowned.

We would like to thank our Form Teacher, Mr. Williams, Mrs. Gunn and Mrs. Scarlett for having to take us at form assemblies during the year and all the other teachers who have helped us.

LYNDA AND MICK

CREATIVE DANCING

Creative dancing is a wonderful way of expressing feelings in dance form. Mr. Lawson and Mr. Waters make a wonderful team when showing us different steps and Mrs. Lawson is the greatest at turning the tape recorder on and off. With the many varied colours of the girls costumes, quite a few eyes will be popping on Speech Night.

It is very hard work, but we all enjoy ourselves thoroughly, especially when Mr. Lawson groans about us girls talking too much. The boys, fortunately are greatly outnumbered for there are only three with the thirty-five girls. We have practised once every week after tea, and in activities period on Tuesdays.



FORM REPORTS

debra

colin



1B

AMOS, Gayle; BAILLIE Claire; BECH-AZ, Rhonda; DE AGNOI Louisa; EADES Wendy; EVES Dawn; FOWLER, Rosemary; GEORGE Christine; GREEN Jeanifer; GOSS, Pauline; LANE Susan; LANG Vivienne; LONG, Annette; MANGION, Lucy; McAULIFFE, Nola; MORRIS, Sandra; NASH, Maxine; PEARSON, Pamela; STEVENS, Debra; WALLMAN, Bronwyn; WARRING, Eyvonne; WETZEL, Vicki. CLARK, Richard; EMBRY, John; GRAY Gregory; HOY, Terrence; KING, David; McKINNA, Robert; SAMBELL, Steven; URE, Colin; WATKINSON, John.

What better way could anyone think of starting High School than in 1B? 31 in number, the gang has been directed by ring-leader Wilson and partners Debra and Colin. Every morning in hide-out room number 14 we would meet to compile our many great plans. The success of these show in our terrific fair effort where we gained the noble opposition of 3rd, on raising \$50.00. Many thanks to all those who worked for this.

On behalf of all the form 1B we would like to thank all the teachers for coping with us all this year, especially Mr. Wilson who has been a terrific form teacher, and art teacher, Recently Mr. Wilson won an art contest. We were very proud of him.

Gayle Amos and Vivienne Lang and also Debra Stevens were a credit to the form in the school sports. Gayle Amos jumped 4ft. 1in. in high jump.

Vivienne Lang jumped 17ft 3 ins in broad jump.

Debra Stevens is the fastest runner out of the girls.

We have competed against 1P and 1H in debates, we have won most of them.

Thanks go to Debra and Colin for being good form captains all year. I hope the teachers do not go grey during the holidays from our form.





3P

ALDRED Dianne; BAGHUS Arija; BAIL-
LIE Lexine; BECKMAN Linda; Benson
Kay; BERG Connie; BRIGGS Gina; BRIMA-
COMBE Gillian; BROWN Karen;
BURROWS Jeanette; CANOVAN Christine;
CASTELL Anne; CIECHORSKI Mary;
COOK Jenny; DAVIS Jenny; DINSDALE
Carol; DJORDJEVIC Olga; FERGUSON
Linda; FINDLAY Diane; FLEMING Gail;
FRANCIS Julie; GRANDO Noreen; HAR-
WOOD Susan; HESKEY Noeline;
HIBBERT Celia; HOLLAND Cheryl; HYDE;
Vivian; HYDE Wendy; KEMPSTER Mar-
garet; BEARD D.; BURNS D.; COWPER
B.; CULLEN M.; CUNNINGHAM C.;
DUFF L.; EVANS G.; GRAY J.; GRINTON
G.; HOWE Andrea; INGRAVALLE Lydia;
KELAVA Caterina.

Thanks to Mrs. Anderson alias Miss
Esdale for being our form teacher and
helping us in all ways. We were bad
in 1st and 2nd terms but in third we
were worse, much to the distress of
Mrs. Hair who tried to reform us
during English but it didn't do so bad
as a form contributing together we won
a form party at the end of the year,
for raising the most money, bad luck
28 try again next year.

Our sporties were: L. Ferguson, S.
Harwood, J. Davis, G. Evans they managed
to be picked to go to Bayswater, others
were L. Baillie, C. Canovan, A. Castell,
L. Ingravalle and D. Burns and the rest
were just triers. Brian Cowper (Clipper)
the funny one who makes the lessons
brighter, followed up by David Cunn-
ingham (Cunns) who's always outside the
room. Carol Dinsdale (Skull) is the funny
one out of the girls she's always making

3G

PEACOCK Jenny; McDERMID Susan;
MALLIA Veronica; KITNEY June;
McINNES Marion; McEWAN Susan;
METCALFE Janice; MILTIADOUS
Helen; MONGTA Fay; MORRISSEY Carol-
MULLINDER Theresa; PACE Mary
PARKER Sandra; PARRY Robyn;
PITTAWAY Gael; PLAVINS Anita; PYE
Christine; RADFORD Colleen; REDSTON
Roslyn; REEDER Pat; RICHARDS Dianne;
SIDEBOTTOM Carolyn; SHEEKEY Jan;
SKINNER Julie; STEWART Fay; WEBB
Allison; WELLS Christina; WOOTON J.
Allison; WELLS Christina; WOOTON
Jackie; YOUNG Jenny; SETCHES Merrill
HILL Alan; HOY Steven; JONES Bruce;
KOTIW Charlie; LEUTJENS Michael;
PYE Warren; SPENCER John; URE Gra-
ham; WELLS Brian.

Lynda Ferguson (Fuzz) laugh like an
idiot.

Mr. Lawson has been terrific all year
in Physical Education and although some
of his exercises nearly kill us but we
still like him. Noreen Grando (Granny)
has the loudest voice but Lidia (Mario)
doesn't do to bad with the biggest mouth.
We like Mr. Chalmers because he let
us chew in school one day while doing
food experiments. Kay Benson (Bubbles)
is thought to be quiet because she looks
innocent but she is sly because she
talks behind their backs. Well thanks to
all the teachers who had to put up
with us, and thanks to the kids in the
form although we haven't mentioned their
names we think they are great. Thanks
to Susan Harwood Girl Form Captain.
Vice Captain - Jennifer Cook, Boys
Captain - Lawrence Duff.

This year 3G consisted of 27 girls and
9 boys. In the sporting field Gail Pit-
taway, Michael Luetjens, Charlie Kotiw,
June Kitney and Margie Thorpe were
swimmers. Jackie Wooten and Allison
Webb (Hockey), June Kitney (Tennis), Jan
Sheekey and Margie Thorpe (Basketball),
Anita Plavins and Janice Metcalfe (Soft-
ball).

Our form teacher, Mr. Morrissey got
himself hitched to a Blonde at the end
of second term.

Margie and Jackie, Alison and Merrill
are always getting into trouble for chew-
ing and giggling much to the despair
of Mr. Morrissey and Mrs. Hair. Mary
Pace and Brian Wells are always muck-
ing around in Mr. Andersons classes.

Mr. Lawson is our favourite teacher
although he nearly kills us in athletics
(but we still like him).

Michael Leutjens and Faye Stewart are
never apart from each other, but then
Brian Wells is a bit of a cassanova
too.

The quiet girls in our form are San-
dra Parker, Jan Sheekey, Jenny Young
and Carolin Sidebottom.

Our capable form captains were Margie
Thorpe and Warren Pye.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Morrissey
and all the other Teachers we had for
putting up with us all through the year.



4P

As far as I can see the only successful event in this mad Mad, MAD form chaperoned?? by Cassius this year is that we raised the largest amount of money on the day of the fair, \$72.60 worth of chicken dinners. I don't think I or any of the other girls could stand to carve another chicken

The whole form contributed to this effort and I thank you all. Ruth Bailey particularly, without her we would have been lucky to raise \$20. Ruth (our V.F.C.) bought all the chickens and other products on behalf of the form, at crash prices; glad you've got a keen eye Ruth.

Oh! and another event, hardly to do with school but effected us all, happened to Mr. Williams in a hot "E" type F.J., well would you believe a mobile (if you pushed it) "Cop colour" F.J. sorry it was an F.J. anyway. We all extend our deepest sympathy. THIS YEAR TO BE DIFFERENT WE WILL DESCRIBE OUR FORM WITH SONG TITLES.

FORM THEME:- "Funny, Familiar, Forgotten Feeling" (that we've forgotten our homework.).

FORM MASTER:- Mr. Williams "Breaking Point", "Don't Blame it on the Children", "Respect", "Joker Went Wild".

Maria Acimovic - "Silence is Golden" (But a word would help); Carolyn Allen - "Carolyn" (Johnny Young's version.); Joan Ashmead - "Joan be nimble, Joan be quick - Joan don't trip over the candlestick"; Ruth Bailey - "Lady Godiva" (You'd better bleach your hair.); Jenny Baird - "We are the Mighty Blues" (Keen supporter); Vivienne Brown - "Mrs Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter"; Faye Courtney -

"Exit Stage Right" (Snaggle Puss); Deanna De Agnoi - "Dream a Little Dream With Me"; Lesley Douglas - "Goosle, Goosle, Gander"; Dianne Downey - "Fool on a Hill" (Yallourn North Hill); Rhonda Fleming - "James Bond Theme"; Ann French - "Georgie Girl"; Rosemary Goddard - "Teacher's Pet" (I wanna Be) Linda Hall - "Bus Stop"; Heather Hall - "Guiding Light"; Shirley Harkins - "They're Coming to Take Me Away .. Ah, Ah"; Irene Horne - "Goodnight, Irene"; Kette Ingaravelli - "What Am I doing Here with you?" (I dunno) Brenda James - "Jangle" (By Johnny); Margaret Kelly - "Anyone Here Seen Kelly?"; Janice King - "Old KING Cole"; Leonie Krygsman - "1,2,3. Red Light"; Inge Lerche - "Bottle of Wine"; Judy Lyons - "Judy In Disguise" (With glasses); Jenny Lye - "Old MacDonald Had a Farm"; Meryn Lofts - "Lady Willpower".

Ron Boskma - "Whiter a Shade of Pale" (Minus appendix); Eric Boys - "Rudolph the Rednosed Reindeer"; Colin Browatt - "Freckles" (They may come in fashion); Peter Butt - "Good Ship Lollypop"; Terry Carlton - "My Boomerang Won't Come Back"; Alan Dell - (JACK) "Happy Jack" .. (always ticklish); Talbot Dimsey - "It Ain't Necessarily So" ... but who cares! or "Devil in Disguise" ... but quite harmless; Roger Dolphin - "I am Just Fishing for Love" ... but when will I catch it? John Gloz - "Fiddler On the Roof"; Stephen George - "Simple Simon Says"; John Heskey - "MacArthur Park" ... he left the cake out in the rain; Michael Hall - "Trouble in Mind" ... never learns.

CONCLUSION Vacation - "Exit stage Right", "Il Silenzio". "The Monkees" - Joan and Ron. (and helpers).

4G

IRVINE Alan, LENNON Greg, LEY Philip
McCLARE Andrew, MACRAE Kei, PARK
Stuart, PEMBERTON John, PRICE Leslie
SMALLEY Eric, SUTCLIFFE Craig,
YOUNG Colin, SETCHES Leigh,
McALLISTER Linda, McDONALD Beve
erley, McINTOSH Norma, McLENNON
Anne, MELBOURNE Lennette, MEWETT
Lya, MUSCAT Grace, MUSSARED Lynn
ette, PASSMORE Jennifer, PEACOCK
Anne, ROBERTSON Gayle, REDSTON
Carol, REEDER Lynda, RICHARDSON
Margaret, ROGOWSKI Helel, SAGAR
Julie, SESTOKAS Wendy, SMITH Janice,
SMITH Judith, SMITH Shirley, SWINDON
Colette, TABONE Vicki, VAN YAI Maria
WALL Dianne, WILDEN Loraine, WAT-
KINSON Dianne, WEITZEL Lynette.

Our Form consists of thirty people who, thanks to the members of staff, especially Mrs. Newton, we have been kept in order all year. We would like to thank them as we realize how tiring it must have been teaching the notorious 4G. I'd like to thank them for their co-operation throughout the year especially as far as the fair goes. We raised a grand total of \$71. It has been a good year despite the somewhat mischievous members of our form who include: Mule, Pinky, Gorilla, Pickies, Bugs, Gregorious, our Chief Cul Scout Ken, Quince, Lips, Squeaky and the Is-raelite Graeme.

Our Motto: If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. OR You can't win 'em all.

Form Captains: Julie Sagar,
Eric Smalley.



colin

barbara

BERG Suzanne; COOPER, Katherine, CONNORS, Rosemary, EARLE, Elizabeth GODDARD Annette; GRAY Anne, GRIMES Heather; HOLDEN Robyn, HORBACZ Urzula, JASINSKI, Danita; HALL Dianne, LENNON Kay, MCKEAN Carol-Anne; MAGNUSON Robyn; NEW Barbara; ROGOWSKI Elizabeth, POTTER Merril, POWER Cheryl, RICKMAN Irene, SHANKLAND Wendy, TABACZYNSKI Mary, WEBB Bronwyn; WIGGINS Robyn, WILKINSON Merlene, ZEHETHOFFER Christina, GIBSON Barbara, TAYLOR Anne-DELL, Colin, DOWERS Graham, GRIVENS Wally, HALL John, KELAVA Bozo, KERR Bruce, LESTER Paul, LEWIS David, MUSSARED Don, SPENCER Paul SWINDON Craig, WILLIAMS Barry, WOYLES John.

5

At the beginning of the year we looked ahead and saw a great deal of difficult work in front of us, and we wondered if we could ever get through it - well, thanks to the help of all our teachers we have managed to endure it all. Despite all the hard work, Form V students have managed to partake in many school activities - Kathy and Don excelled in the presentation of "The Bear" at the Drama Festival; Meril, Irene and Bronwyn did well in the Inter-School festival and Christina and Paul Spencer did well in the Science Talent Search - our congratulations go to these kids as well as others in the form who took part in sporting activities due to the help of everyone in the form our fair activities proved quite successful.

Our very special and sincere thanks must go to Mrs. Kendall (alias Miss Marsh) for all her help and guidance throughout the year and we wish her the best for the future.



At the end of the year we will be losing some members of the form to the working world while others will continue their studies elsewhere - a number of us will be staying on to matric. Thanks must go to everyone in the form for their help and participation throughout the year, and good luck for the future.

A school year does not just mean pages and pages of notes stored in the memory bank - there's much more involved. As well as learning written notes it is hoped that we have learned something more about life and human nature through this year. It is hoped that we have achieved a better understanding of our friends and problems, resulting in the development of unselfish attitudes. We hope that we will pass the final exams, but if we do not it will not be a wasted year if this knowledge of people and situations has helped us to grow up and achieve more of the qualities we require to be better citizens in the adult world we will soon be entering.

BARBARA NEW.



John

Beverly

6

BUSSELL Kay
 FOGGO John
 GLOSS Penelope
 HORNE Margaret
 KIMBERLY Erna
 McALISTER Ann
 MALPASS Bev
 McKINNA Janet
 PARRY Margaret
 PRUST Sandra
 REDMAN Wendy

CONNORS John
 CRANE John
 DAVIS Alan
 DOLPHIN Trevor
 HANNON Ron
 HAWKEN Russell
 HUGHES Garry
 JOHNSTON Russell
 McDONALD Danny
 MARRS Greg
 SMITH Gary



THE FORM PRAYER

We don't ask much but please....

Bless John Connors and his little blue Prefect with its white GT stripes

Bless Kay Bussell in the little blue Prefect with its white GTs stripes.

Bless John Crane and his Volleyball war cry "Leave it, - it's mine."

Bless Penny Gloss who shall never be missed as her raucous laughter will waft down from New Guinea.

Bless Trevor Dolphin, may his hair line never recede and his mouth stay shut.

Bless Erna Kimberly whose dirty jokes never fail to effect.

Bless Alan Davis and his quick draw multi-coloured texta pen. Woo! Woo! Bless Jeanette Foggo may ber buckle cracking never lead to arthritis.

Bless Danny McDonald; help his big grabby hands to grow bigger and grabbier.

Bless Sandra Prust and forgive our prejudices against her.

Bless Gary Hughes and may he achieve the success with his big bushy eyebrows as did Alan's "Uncle Robert"

Bless Janet McKinna and help her overcome her problems from the rear. Bless Margaret Horne and Russell Hawken, please make them grow so there will be no more arguments about the number of students in the form - 19 or 21.

Bless Ron Hannon and his FANG, may it grow sharper as the years progress.

Bless Wendy Redman; may her false teeth never rot.

Bless Russell Johnson; may the obtaining of his licence lead him to achieving

(or hitting) bigger and better things.

Bless Ann McAlister who wishes she could come down to earth at times.

Bless Gary Smith, Yallourn High Schools answer to the confrontation at the Paris peace TALKS.

Bless Margaret Parry whose stomach has acted as a time piece for those with outwatches

Bless Bev Malpass, may the sun shine brightly on her face so her freckles become one (we're not racially prejudiced).

Bless Greg Marrs in the name of the Father and of the Son.....on second thoughts don't bless Russell J., he'd vote labour. AMEN.

Don't forget to bless our form teacher Mr. Woodard whose bright orange jumper is only fit to be worn when he is travelling in the boot.

BEV MALPASS (and others)

PYLON cover photograph — Yallourn high school class 1943

