



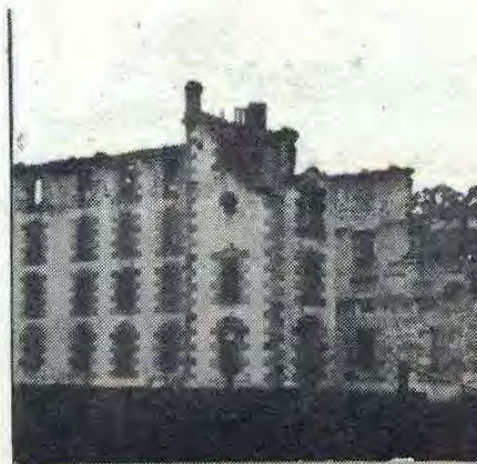
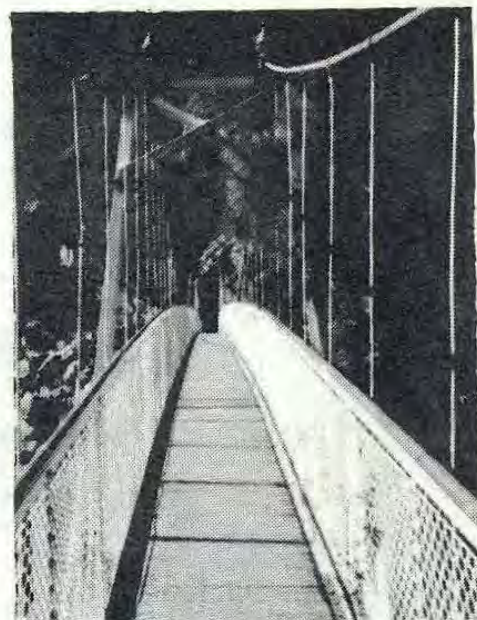
After 7.45 breakfast Saturday 27th we started off for Port Arthur on the Tasman Peninsular to see the convict ruins. There was a tour of the Model Prison and if you haven't guessed it already Ann Gray comes from a family (way back) of hardened convicts. After the tour an unexpected surprise in the way of a Smorgasbord lunch awaited us. It was what you would call a meal and a half. After lunch, needing to walk it off, we went to see the Devil's Kitchen, Tasman's Arch, the Tessilated Pavement and the Blow Hole. (While trying to take a photo I was nearly wiped off my perch - I'm still here though).

After dinner that night we went up Mount Nelson (2,000 ft above sea level) to see the night lights which are rather spectacular. Hobart seems larger at night.

Sunday after breakfast we left Hobart and headed for Devonport, we stopped at the Hydro Electric Power Stations at Tarra Leah and had our last lunch in Tasmania. We toured around the Great Lake to Deloraine and Devonport where we had tea (fish and chips) before embarking the 'Princess of Tasmania'. After travelling about 173 miles we were all fairly tired. The ship left at 7.30 p.m. and did a wheely in the middle of the river and headed for the open sea. We occupied a lounge and Mrs. Newton, Lyn, Faye and Shirley didn't spend much time there, they occupied the corridor all night running up and down it to the 'Ladies' and back again.

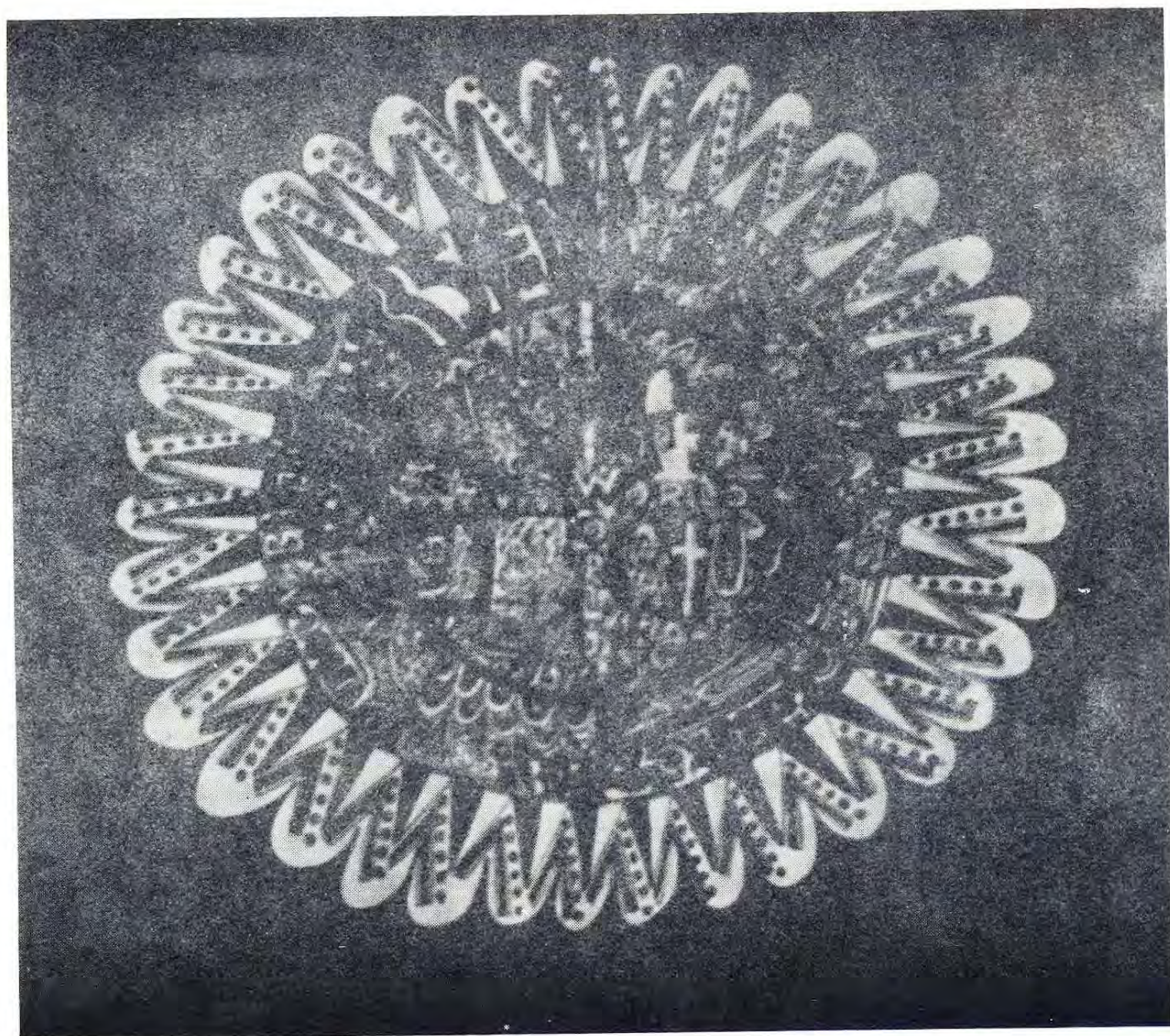
Breakfast at 7.00 a.m. Monday 29th and the majority of us had it. Our tea was poured out just as we went through the rip and the cups were running around the tables. We disembarked at Port Melbourne about 10.00 a.m., boarded the bus and headed for home arriving about 1.00 p.m., everyone returned home to comfortable beds and a decent sleep.

Thank you to the three teachers - Mrs Newton, Mrs. Williams and Mr. Woodard for giving up their time to take us to Tasmania. It was really appreciated, everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and would like to have stayed longer. We may get back there some other time though. This was really a trip to remember for all those who took part in it.
Anne Gray.



ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

A. HILL



THE STORM

"Hurry! We haven't a moment to lose!"

John's call came to us through the distant rumble of the approaching storm. We ran inside, stirring the dry ground into clouds of dust around our heels. Mama scooped little Jane into her arms, and continued to make her way to the small house through the clusters of frightened, fluttering chickens. Paul and Jane had been crying ceaselessly since dinner time, long monotonous sobs that placed all our nerves on edge. Now Pa was trying to gather the chickens into their coop, but half-demented by the oncoming storm they eluded him almost deliberately. John and I ran outside to help him, and between us we pushed the clawing, clucking chickens to safety and then ran for the house.

Breathing heavily, we closed and bolted the heavy door. Mama and the little ones were at the window watching the huge purple-black cloud rolling ever nearer. The yard was desolation itself. Not even the mice remained, to lend reality to the picture. Purple shadows scudded over the ground, and the air was hot and still, as we waited for the breaking of the storm.

The animals were inside, safe unless the storm proved to be as strong as we feared. Down by the creek, the still, lifeless reeds, were reflected in a glassy mirror of water. The animals had fled long ago to the upper reaches of the creek where the storm would not pass. The first tongue of fire flicked whip-like across the sky, followed by a thunderclap of such tremendous impact that we could no longer hear ourselves speak.

Mama fell to her knees in front of the crucifix, and prayed as we had seen her do many times before. Rosemary followed her example, but the rest of us remained terror-struck at the window. During lulls between the thunder, our ears were filled with the agonized screams of the animals reaching to us over the wide expanse of yard.

It was day, but surely it was night, a weird, purple night filled with a holocaust called storm. It was a vast emptiness where everyone was alone, each to his own.

"God remove thy anger from us," prayed Mama. So this was God's fearful anger. This was why one went to church each Sunday to escape this anger, for surely God was paying us back.

The storm passed. The sun came out and rustled up the window. We sat down, stiff with burning eyes, as limp as rags. We should be outside, mending the remaining roof, repairing what could still be repaired, and crying over what we had lost. But we sat there, void of thought and energy. The baby cried. Mama got up, knelt, and went to the door and opened it. Cool refreshing air touched our faces, long accustomed to the humidity of the storm. I began to cry, and John laughed. We got up and ran, almost to life.

So far yet so near,
I can hear it.
Yes, there it is again,
That deafening sound
Drumming in my ears,
Thunder, the rolling sound of thunder,
The drumming goes on and on
Until finally one cloud bursts,
And the rain starts falling
Lightly and gradually gets
heavier and heavier until
it's falling so hard that I
can't bear it any longer,
Suddenly it stops.
It's all over,
The clouds disappear
and the sun peeps through.
What a beautiful sight!

K.K. 4G.

Slowly, silently, swiftly and violently,
Lightly, heavily, reluctantly and readily,
It falls.

It's texture is soft,
It's quality pristine.
It's form is in crystals,
It's manners are clean.
In out-of-the-way places,
It lies tidy and neat
Hiding from it's enemy -

The sun's heat.
C.M. 4P

As the grey - blue clouds mass and
gather,

The river slows and hushes its foaming
lather,
The wind is tamed and everything is
quiet.

The clouds are almost bursting and the
air is heavy,

A flake floats down and another fol-
lows and yet another,
They resemble young lambs following
their mother;

Then the clouds open and everything
comes down,

The rain, the hail, the sleet and the
snow,

The wind starts howling, the river
roars, then floods,

The dams are overflowing and the snow
is feet deep,

The wind twists and breaks all the
trees,

The branches lie embedded in the snow,
But then is is quiet once more, but
the snow

Still falls down, down and forever
down.

S.B. 2E

It was one morning in September,
When I thought of something I had
to remember

Today was the day, I suppose you know
That it really had to snow.

Down it came and finished our game,
So we ran into class,
To look from the glass.

We had rain, hail and snow,
And I was rather sad to see it go.
It had to you know

And the white town was brown again
Sad was I as I whispered good-bye.
S.W. 1B

Snow! Snow! Snow!

What did it look like?

It was cold and white.

It covered the ground in a carpet
of white.

Then it covered us and we were happy,
We threw it, put it in pockets,

Ran in it, skidded on it

Until it melted and we were working,
But we watched the hail fall,

Bouncing off the ground.

And then the sun came out.

M.D. 1B

SNOW

As the snow flakes fall down from the
heavens above,
I gaze at the beauty of the country I
love.
As they mask it,
I want to ask it,
Why do you fall, and from where do
you come?
Where do you go when day is done?
A.F. 5 H

Softly falls the snow flakes,
Landing on the ground.
The chilly air bites sharp, while red
faces hurry indoors,
And lock out the winter colds from the
warmth of their homes.
Still, the snow flakes fall,
Window panes are frosted.
And icicles hang from rooftops, like
glass needles,
Showing that mid-winter is definitely
here.
The glassy lakes reflecting happy faces
of children,
Rugged up in winter woollens for colds
they do not want,
Skating brings joy, and smiling faces
have all,
Ah, what a life, from now till night.
Others, where their skating days passed,
Prefer the blazing fire burning upon
them,
And do not attempt to venture out their
doorsteps,
For winter, to them only bring on
Bitterness cold.
What a wonderful sight to see the happy
people,
But to outdoor like the story is quite
different,
Animal roaming the forest looking for
food,
Trees standing bare in the snow frozen
to the rest of the world.
For many, winter is wonderful,
For man, winter means hunger and
cold,
It has its good side and its bad.
But then snow can only mean a cold
winter.
D.D. 4P

The snow flakes fell softly to the ground.
Every where was white when I looked
around.
Branches of the trees hung low,
Heavily laden down with the snow.
The children built a snow man,
Complete with hat and pipe.
They danced around him in a circle,
He really was a sight.
I made a great big snow ball,
and heaved it with all my might,
It knocked the snow man's hat off,
and he also lost his pipe.
Now the snow is melting,
Trees lift their branches to the sky,
Flowers bloom, birds all sing,
Gladly waiting for the spring.
V.L. 2S

There is an old tale goes, that Herne
the hunter,
Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor
forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still mid-
night,
Walk round about an oak, with great
ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes
the cattle
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and
shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner;
You have heard of such a spirit; and
well you know
The superstitions idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a
truth.
SHAKESPEARE

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Thus this quotation portrays some of
the super-natural elements involved in
the early history of the township named
after a legendary tree in England's
Windsor Park.

The early 1900's saw the virgin con-
quered and settled by pioneers who
drove their bullock drays along the
dusty track which later bore the name
of Bourke Street. Braving the blood,
sweat and tears of their labour these
early settlers built, strived for, and
created a township which could well
have been classed as being equal to,
if not more advanced than any other
contemporary town in Australia. She could
brag of her thriving community, the
modern feat of engineering, the railway
line, when new born townships further
along the tracks could hardly boast
of a few straggling shacks.

As this vast country was awakening

with civilization she was one of its
prize children who grew, nourished
by the dreams and aspirations of her
residents.

But this young township bore more
than the qualities of being just an
ordinary settlement, for there was
magic in the atmosphere of slender
gumtrees and profuse wattle. The earth
trembled. Cattle wandering her naked
hills disappeared. Nights were haunted
by the muffled thunder emerging from
the depths of the earth. And men
dreamed of ghosts, and superstitions
pervaded these dreams and drenched
them with fear and awe. And in acknow-
ledgement they named this town the
Haunted Hills.

Dissatisfied with this strange name,
residents sought to change it but were
reluctant to lose its charm of provok-
ing interest. And thus it is believed
that a local member of the community,
corresponding to relatives in England,
mentioned this plight and received a
reply relating to Herne, which inspired
the name of Herne's Oak to be assumed.

In 1935 she was ravaged by fires
whose merciless flames sought to
destroy her, but with the valiant ef-
forts of her community she survived.

But then as the surrounding town-
ships sought to catch up with her,
her existence was once again threat-
ened, and this time doomed. For beneath
her hills dwelled ghosts who shuffled
the sought - after coal in the darkness
of midnight.

Inability to arrest the project to
destroy this earth born of the mingling
of sweat and dust leaves only the con-
solation of trying to preserve the mem-
ories of dying pioneers. U.H. VS

FIRE

FIRE

Fire!

Fear!

Friendless,

It's never ceasing flame

Devastating the countryside,

Scarring the scenery for timeless ages,

Unconquered,

Invincible,

A part of our anguished life

T.G. 4 G

OLD TIMER

He sits on the shady porch smoking,
A hand rolled cigarette hanging limply
from his cracked lips,

A weather-beaten hat was perched
on his matted hair,

Dull blue eyes were gazing into the
far-off horizon,

Blinking occasionally to keep the small
black flies out of his eyes.

His skin was burnt brown and unshaven,
Clothes, if you could call them clothes
hung round his body,

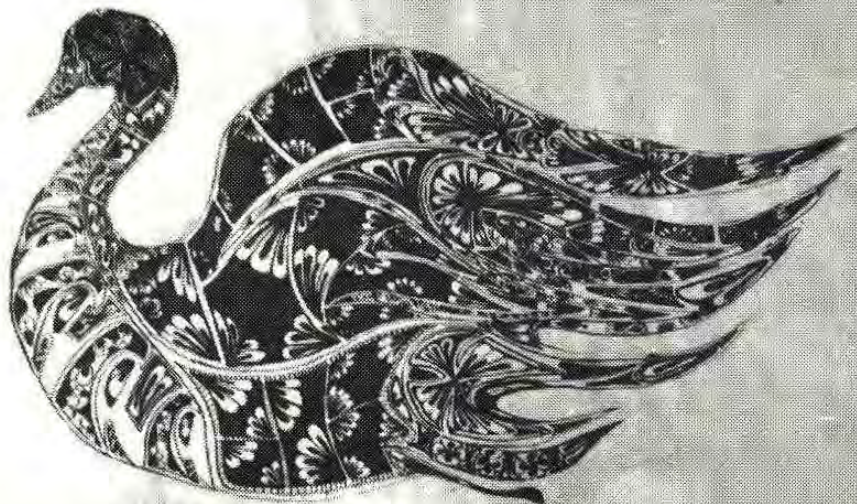
A torn shirt, and great huge baggy
shorts,

In his huge hairy hand he clutched a
tumbler filled to the brim with foaming
beer,

Dogs yapped continuously,

Only stopping to snap at the buzzing
annoying flies,

A.W. 4C



S. DOBSON

MY CAT SMOKEY

As he takes a last drink of the creamy
white milk,
I take him in my arms and pat his
soft silk;
His fur is so shiny and his nose is
so pink,
His feet are like cushions as clean
as new mink.
He lies on the hearthrug all day long,
He doesn't stir he sleeps on and on.
His two green eyes they gleam like
gold,
And his shiny grey coat is two years
old.
His whiskers are fine and they feel
just like satin,
His teeth they are white and he's
only a kitten.
He's afraid of big dogs and their big
husky barks,
He hates to go outside when its cold
and it's dark.
He chases small mice into their wee
homes.
He plays with his pillow and blanket
of foam.
He hides under the house and in with
the flowers,
And doesn't come out for hours and
hours.
He's warm and he's cuddly and ever so
neat,
He nibbles at your arms and scratches
your feet.
He looks cute and sweet when he
lies by the hearth,
I wouldn't give him up for all the
treasures of the earth.
K.A. 2S

GINGER

Ginger is an alley cat,
He isn't thin or he isn't fat.

He will get wild if you pick him up,
But if you give him a pat his back
will go up.

He likes to eat an awfull lot,
But is he keen on his milk? No, he's
not!

He sits by the fire his eyes they
do beam,
And while he sits out-side he likes
to dream.

At night time Ginger always fights
Then comes home in the morning with
scratches and bites.
J.W. 2S

MY DOG

My dog is just a little one,
But he's always full of fun,

Pinching slippers , tearing socks,
Running around playing with rocks,

Running around helter skelter,
Hiding under beds for shelter,

When night time comes and we're
fast asleep,
A little black figure quietly creeps,

Up to my bedroom onto my bed,
And quietly snuggles close to my head.
D.C. 2S

PETS

A lazy dog that likes to rest,
A good friend? Yes the very best.
If you call his name,
I think you'll claim,
He doesn't even know it.
As cars go past and slippers too,
The cars get chased and slippers
chewed.
He eats what's put in front of him,
If that's not filling he'll raid the bin.
He loathes the day he comes to rest
A good friend? Yes the very best!
C.M. 2S



D. DeAgnoi

THE IMAGE OF THE STUDENT

The term image seems quite suddenly to have become prominent in our language. We have the economic image, the political image, the image of a teacher. Let us study briefly our own image - the student during the years of his secondary education.

During the later years of adolescence and education, the student develops a sense of individuality fostered by the heavier burden of responsibility placed on his shoulders when he essentially becomes less reliant on teachers and parents. Pupils in the lower forms, however tend to be content with a high degree of dependence on others and, although they may possess an individual character, it does not emerge till later in the adolescent years.

The concept of our image would be rather complex and involved, but let me attempt a small summary - the student is radical in method, rebellious in manner and sceptical yet broad in outlook; he is critical of authority or superiority, and often cynical towards his friends but possesses an underlying mutuality with them; he is largely capable of forming his own ideas and beliefs, yet confronted with expert opinion may be credulous; the student has a great admiration and respect for intellectuals and values education very highly indeed.

In adopting a seemingly non-conformist attitude, the student becomes increasingly difficult to understand.

Often his teachers, parents and, in many instances, even himself, fails to interpret his actions and beliefs. This is fundamentally undesirable, for, particularly in the later years, students need vocational guidance and assistance in this most important phase of life. Such guidance at present is grossly lacking and the onus is placed largely on the individual in choosing an avenue for the future.

Getting back to the idea of an image developing independence is perhaps the theme at adolescence. The student rejects the old world with his childish whims and looks ahead to the new with a rather critical scepticism and attitude of wild hellicosity. Thus he tends to form one additional section of the community, a small but distinctive group giving great emphasis to advanced education and non-conformity in principle and practice.

The last stage of the secondary education, then is a transition period to intellectual maturity, during which the student adopts a sceptical outlook and an independent character to create a distinctive, yet non-recognized, sector in society.

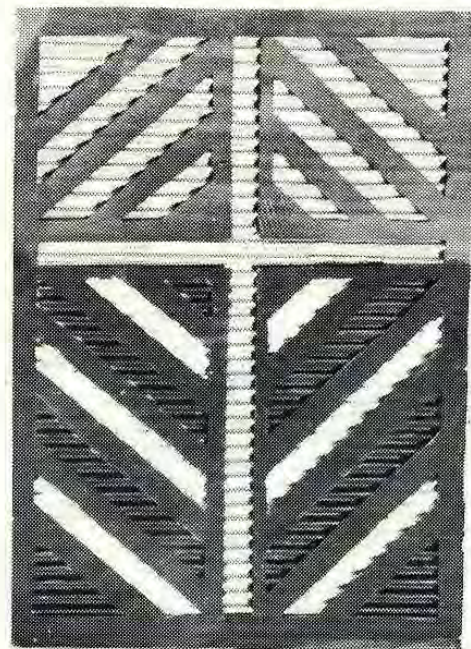
Although this image I have described may not appear obvious to older persons, it is certainly most apparent to the students and other adolescents. Indeed, student radicalism cannot be denied.

C.D. VI

G. Hayes.

BLAST OFF

30 minutes 59 seconds
Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin
Are making their last preparations
To Blast Off.
1 minute 25 seconds
All's well with the astronauts
Ten, nine and eight
Everyone at the gate
Not a word to be heard
Except the man saying
Seven, six, five and four
Now shut that door
Three, two, one
And, and
Blast Off!
They're aff to the moon.



The priest prays his prayer
And the soldiers move out in line
And he's happy with God for he's
never alone
He looks at the soldiers go into the
night
And he looks after them 'till they're
out of sight
He stares at the hill where they have
to go
And sees pictures of men and their
blood all over.

In the morning they returned with tears
in their eyes
The spirit of death looked up at the
skies
A young soldier so he looks at the hill
Remembers those words: "Thou shalt
not die!"
He read those in a book, somewhere
at home
And he thinks of those and forgets
all his pains
All of a sudden he feels death on his
mind
And in the sky he sees a serpent as
that was a sign
The death flew over his slow sliding
body
And they carried him over the sea
And it by his spirit
His soul they say they
see it all

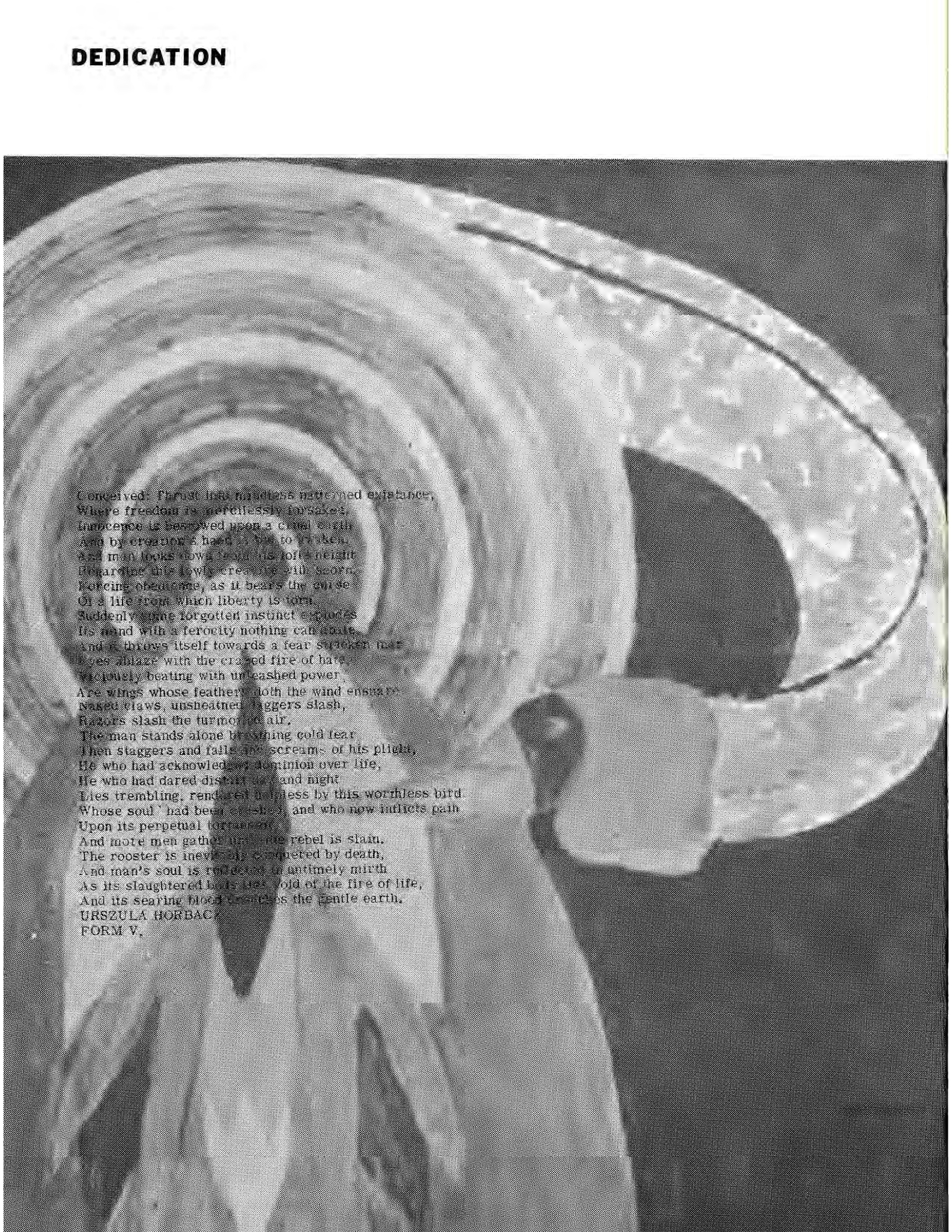
On this dark and stormy night
I sit and write by candlelight
Of the stories that were told
At the the soldiers strong and bold
Near the soldiers on the front
Waiting through that awful storm
Waiting in that cold and lonely night
Just able to keep each other in their
sight
A shot a spear a man is down
All the others hit the ground
A deathly silence fills the air
Not a sound, not a sign
Still the silence fills the air
The soldiers disappear in the night
And death to mark their end and
lonely fight
O.C. 45

Oh Lord,
Give us the strength to survive this
day
And over battle, famine, pest,
Pardon them their virtues
Whose time is up
And remove their families to rest
Oh Lord,
Thou art the light
And we are your blind
Please give us the strength
To support its light
Oh Lord,
For us give
Our blood, our words
Not on earth
For this is the day
ANON.

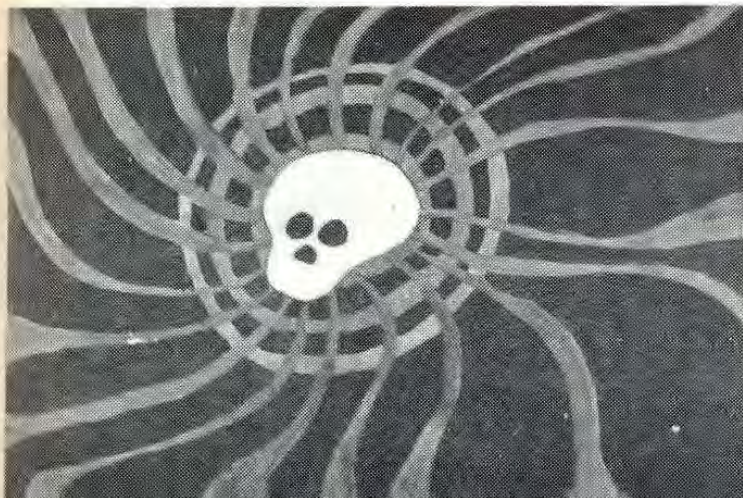
War is a dreadful sight
A terrifying noise
Anguish under a burning sun,
Cold wastelands of snow,
War is homelessness,
Poverty, weeping, fear,
War means solitude, pain,
War is children crying for their mothers
Sickness, hunger,
Children burrowing into rubbishbins for
food,
Dying parried lips to gutters,
War is never coming back home
Death,
C.B. 46

The young boy walks along the dusty
road
The perspiration gathered on his brow,
His wounded arm throbs dull at his
side
And his stride grows weary with the
burning heat
His soul of hope pined to see,
Faint for the war of heat and hope
men
Clings to his ragged garments as they
pass
A huge explosion rips the earth nearby,
The shaking ground beneath their feet
is a war
They stumble, fall, crawl slowly in
their pain,
and walk along the muddy city streets,
Scarcely ration from the soldiers they
receive,
Tomorrow may come too late to believe,
Poor children ... does tomorrow ever
come
ANON.

DEDICATION



Conceived: Thrust into naughtiest patterned existence,
Where freedom is mercilessly forsaken,
Innocence is bestowed upon a cruel earth,
And by creator's hand is due to be taken.
And man looks down from his lofty height
Regarding this lowly creature with scorn,
Forcing obedience, as it bears the guise
Of a life from which liberty is torn.
Suddenly some forgotten instinct awakes
His mind with a ferocity nothing can abate,
And it throws itself towards a fear-stricken man
Whose eyes ablaze with the crazed fire of hate,
Violently beating with unleashed power
Are wings whose feathers doth the wind ensnare,
Naked claws, unsheathed, jaggers slash,
Razors slash the turn of the air.
The man stands alone breathing cold fear
Then staggers and falls in screams of his plight,
He who had acknowledged dominion over life,
He who had dared disturb day and night
Lies trembling, rendered helpless by this worthless bird
Whose soul had been crushed, and who now hurls its path
Upon its perpetual tormentor.
And mote men gather and the rebel is slain,
The rooster is inevitably conquered by death,
And man's soul is reflected in untimely mirth
As its slaughtered body lies void of the fire of life,
And its searing blood crumbles the gentle earth.
URSZULA HORBACK
FORM V.



DYING OR DEAD

As the man sits alone in his room, he can hear the sound of the city. The unending screech of brakes, continuous stench of exhaust, they all drift to his room.

What is the man thinking as he sits alone? His room is so square and geometrical, so cramping, so restricting and so lonely. His radio crackles to life with the sound of death in wars and accidents. All the time the radio is spewing the filth of the world and the man listens to it all.

His radio starts a new tune of music; the man still listens while sitting alone. He takes it all in. The room is drab and uninteresting with the only faity coming from his radio. He is all alone with his room.

All of a sudden the man moves then stands up. He walks to the door and without looking around walks out onto the street.

Minutes later his radio tells the story of a man being run down by accident, another death, or was the man dead already?

D.L. VI

DESERT

The wind is its foe
The sand is its master
Together they are overpowering it
Faster and faster.
In the vastness of the desert
The shack stands alone,
And all that remains
Is the skeleton of a home.
The spring had dried up,
And without water you're done
So the man who had dwelt there
Died from the heat of the sun.
C.M. 4P

Not a sound,
No grass,....no trees....no water,
Did mother nature forget?
Or was she in the moment of creation,
So vile, or such a spat of hatred,
That she could deprive this arid
Deserted place of everything,
Every thing she has given all other
places.

Why does she forbid the clouds to
open wide,
And shed their tears across this dry
thirsty land.
And why does she call on the sun to
Penetrate its rays, deep into the land,
Denying it of all moisture and scorching
it by day,

There are no towns,
There are no people,
Ever it is deserted and nothing
Can survive the wrath of mother nature
upon the desert.
F.M. 4 P.

A VOICE CALLING ME



B. KELAVA

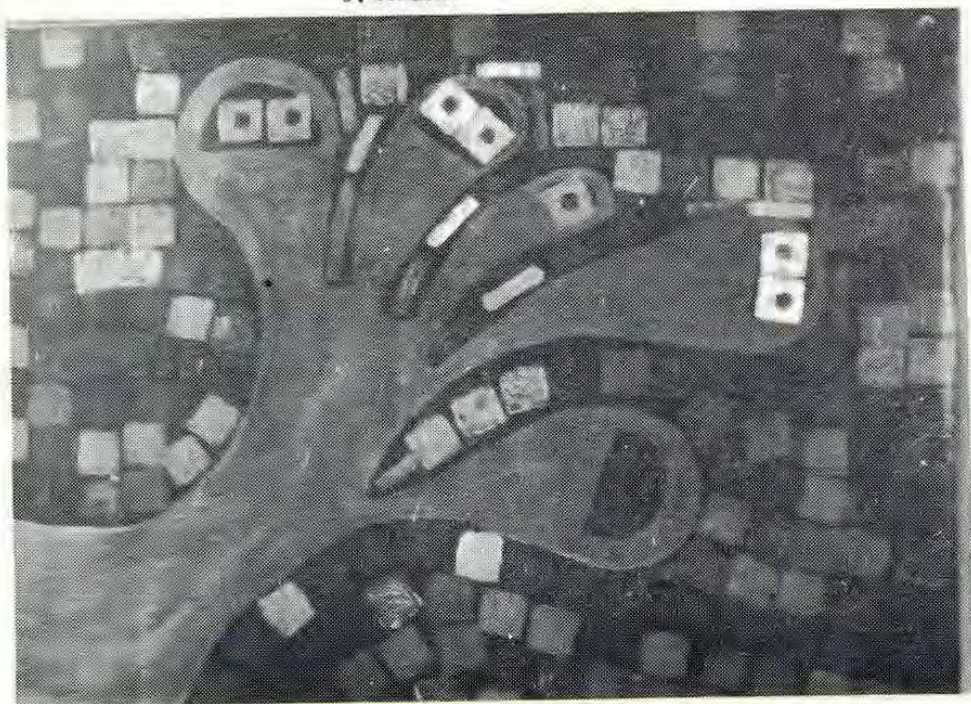
It was half past twelve, I had just been to a picture theatre and I saw Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I was walking home by myself in the thick dark fog which had settled down not more than 2 hours ago.

I came slowly through the park not seeing or hearing any one around. My ears were on the alert for I could hardly see anything. I walked on nearing the street where I lived, I looked at my watch to find the time but to my horror I found the watch was missing. "I must have dropped it", I said to myself and started a thorough search along the route which I had just come. I reached the park and looded in the dark and the gloomy park seemed to bid me to come in.

Lying on the path I saw a small glittering object taking it to be my watch I raced over to it only to find it was a small silver disc.

"It's over here," a sinister voice came from the shadows behind me. I whirled round not seeing anything except the inky blackness and fog. I stopped dead still every muscle tensed, but ready to run. My heart beat although I could now feel it thumping rapidly inside me. My nerves were taut not knowing what to do. Suddenly I remembered my legs. "Run, Run," I thought but my legs would not obey me, then a heard the tick of my watch getting closer, closer. I could hear heavy gasps of air being breathed and then something flitted past me and produced a thump just in front of me there was a scuffle and one man emerged clad in a white suit.

J. SAGAR



"Is this yours," he asked, and held up my watch.

"Yes" I replied, "But who are you and who is he," still on the alert.

"I'm a guard from the M.I. and he escaped yesterday, I'm sorry if he brought you any trouble, I'll take him home right away.

S.B. 2E

A GRAVE GOODBYE

Instead of body leaving sole
As I was lowered down the hole
My eyes bore through the oblong pine
To see a weeping crowd in line
Bordering my muddy plot!

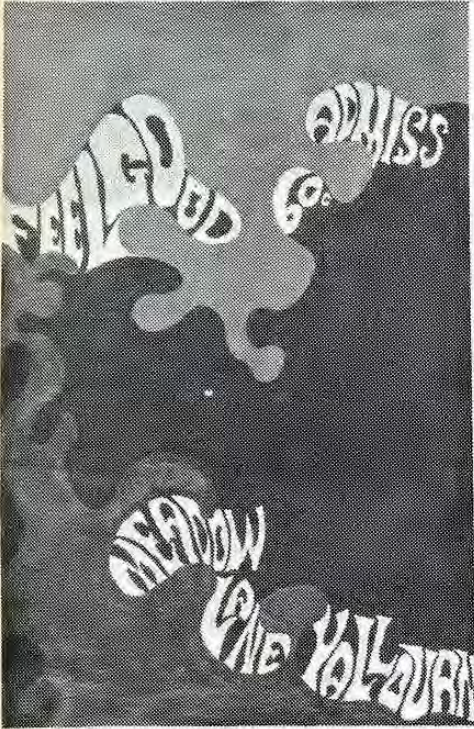
The sky no longer was just blue
The flowers no longer stood and grew
The whole world changed into a live stage
While a lion stalked in my cage
And there for ever-to escape-never!

If only I had lived my life
Doing better things to help the world's
strife
But now alas it's much too late
To relive my useless life of hate.
A.S. VH

P. WATKINS



CRIME NEVER PAYS



S. PARK

Up the alley echoed the muffled clip-clop noise of hurried footsteps breaking the eerie silence.

"Why, bless my soul, it's Percy McCrew me old buddy from reform school," muttered I to myself. As I came out of the bush I greeted pal with a shake of the hand. "Well Percy, what are you doing around these parts of town?" I questioned. "I'm in a bit of a fix and afraid the cops are on me trail," he stuttered. "Thought I'd come for a holiday till the pressure's off, you know what it's like bein' a hood. What have you been doin' Wal," he asked. "Only small stuff, a few poor boxes. I've been havin' a holiday meself," I whispered. "Hey mate, I sure glad you've come, how about us two pullin' a real big job for old times," he exclaimed excitedly. "Sounds great Wal, doesn't it. I tell you what let's rob the 'Bank Of England'".

In happy spirits we wandered down to me house the "old shed" and parked ourselves on the fruit cases. "Wal,

let me be the robber and you the copper." "I don't get ya." "Well, if you dress up as a cop and me go and rob the bank, you can wait in a police car and pick me up as I come out. How does that sound," he barked. "But Perc, how are we going to get the police car." "You mug, steal it of course!"

All went as planned, 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Me feelin' a fool dressed in a cop uniform and Perc there grin-

nin' at me like a cheshire cat. Well let's hurry up and do the dirty work, eh! Perce entered the bank as planned and held up the fool behind the counter who gave us \$30,000. Whew, this is the biggest yet. Ah no the stupid fool set off an alarm. Here we go! Where had it, people al 'round us, we fired our guns but alas, we knew no more.

Perc and Eval a terrible pair,

Both robbed a bank without a care,
We entered to do or dare

Not knowing what they'd find in there
Shooting the clerk with the balding hair,

They ended up in the electric chair,
You listen here you stupid coots,
If you want to die without your boots
Don't enter Banks, looking for loots,
And carefully listen when the police-
man toots!

W.E. 2c

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

Pussy cats climbing up a tree,
A book on a shelf waiting for me,
Staying in bed on a misty morn,
Wearing a dress that's never been worn.

Finding ten dollars on the beach,
Auntie giving us money each.
And bars of chocolate to eat for myself,
To read in a tree a book from the shelf.

C.B. 1B



S. VELLA



ANDERSON Alanna; BERG Christine; BOWMAN Julie; BYRNE Susan; CARLTON Marie; CHEESMAN Jennifer; COLLINS Susan; DUDLEY Faye; FERGUSON Jean; GORE Julie-Ann; GRIFFIN Lenore; GURNEY Yvonne; HOPMAN Annie; MC ILWAINE Julie; MC INTOSH Susan; O'CONNOR Terri; PATCHING Lesley; PARR Maxine; RAWILLER Roxanne; SCHESSL Helen; TERRIL Linda WARNER Judith; WATKINSON Helen WHITMORE Sharron; COURTNEY Mark; DE VRIES Martin; DINSDALE Peter; DUDLEY Frank; HILL Geoffrey; JACKSON Michael; KOTIW Victor; LUETJENS Bruce; MORRISSEY Alan; PYE Rodney; POULOS George; SESTOKAS Jon; THORPE Stephen.

FORM CAPTAINS: Leonore Griffin, Jon Sestokas.

In Form 1B there is 23 girls and 13 boys. Mrs. Tregaskis has been a very fine Form Teacher.

She has put up with our very loud noise of a morning every day of the week.

We thank the teachers this year for their fine work and are looking forward to going up next year.

Lenore Griffin
(Form Captain).



1H

BAGHUS Fredrica; CAHILL Annette; D'ALTERIO Lucia; DICKINSON Joanne; DOWSETT Annette; EVANS Kerri; GALLOP Jillian; GOMPLEMAN Jennifer; GRIGARIUS Patricia; HEDT Linda; HIBBERT Linda; LEE Caroline; LARKINS Debra; LAWREY Sandra; MANGION Mary; MELBOURNE Tracey; NASH Christine; RICHARDSON Judith; SMITH Debra; SPENCER Jillian; TABART Pamela; TANGEY Lorraine; WILSON Janette; WILTSHIRE Ruth. BROWN Frank; BROWN Russell; CROZIER John HOUGH Peter; HUTCHINSON Peter; JACOBS William; LYNCH Ian MC ADAM David; MORRIS Bruce; MORRISSEY Peter; PUCKRIDGE Peter; REID Douglas; GRAY Gregory; HORSEY Lane.



We were very fortunate to have the library for the first time ever as a form room. Also with Mrs Hair as our form teacher. We have earned the vase many times to this date. Early this year we went on a science excursion with Mr. Woodard and Mr. Bishop to the boating pond. Guess who fell in? The one and only Frankie Brown. We had some shorties in our form. These were Jillian Spencer, Linda Hibbert, Debra Smith, Judy Richardson, Frankie Brown, Lane Horsey and Doug Reed.

Ian Lynch and Linda Hedt each broke a record at the Athletic Sports. All together we had a very successful year.

2E

AMOS Gayle; BALZAN Carmen, BECHAZ Rhonda; BUSSELL Susanne; COOK Suzanne; CRANE Carol-Anne, DADDO Jan; DUFF Margaret; FINDLAY Karen; GALLAGHER Lynette; GRANT Diane; LONG Annette; MARTIN Audrey; MIL-OJEVIC Vera; MORCOM Ailsa; RENWICK Marilyn; STALLWORTHY Heather; TILLEY Andrea; WATKINSON Jenny; WRIGHT Wendy; ZEHETHOFER Eva. BICKNELL Stephen; CLARKE Richard; FROST Stephen; HAWKEN Mark; JACKSON Christopher; MC-KINNA Robert; SAMBELL Steven; THORPE Alister; WATKINSON John; PARAVINIC Roy.

Now here's the story of form 2E The craziest form in the school, They've had lots of fun

Annoying teachers and others That have done a wonderful job coping with us.

Our most thanks go to dear old Mrs. Wallis,

A jolly good girl at that, She tried very hard to keep us quiet During the long form-assemblies.

Never mind, no harm was done And everyone's still in one piece; Well, I don't know about poor old Mr. Gubbins

Who lost a fighting battle Trying to keep us quiet in our fabulous music classes.

To end this great story I'd like to say That all the teachers did a great job teaching us what,

We had to learn And I hope that other forms had as much fun

As we did during the year.

Sue and Alister

Heather Stallworthy came second In the "Miss Yallourn High School" quest

Sue Bussell was the fastest swimmer in form 2.

A promising future.

BAILLIE Claire; BAXTER Vicki; CHISOLM Julie; COOPER Mavis; CRANE Cheryl-Anne; DE AGNOI Louisa; FISHER Carol; FOWLER Rosemary; GEORGE Christine; GNEID Margaret; GURNEY Linda; HALL Valda; LANE Susan; MC AULIFFE Nola; MORRIS Sandra; NASH Maxine; PEARSON Pamela; PLAYDEM Elizabeth; RALSTON Lorraine; SETCHES Kerry; SIMKerry; SLATER Therese; SMANIOTTO Rosamaree; STEVENS Debra; SULLIVAN Sharon; VELLA Mary-Rose; WALLMAN Bronwyn; WARING Eyvonne; WEBB Lynde; WETZEL Vicki.

On behalf of form 2C we would like to thank Mrs. Williams for putting up with our weird mob. Our clubrooms are situated at the top end of the school in shackles. After kicking out a few members we have 29 left in our one and only club. With Busty Stevens in our ruck we were able to miss defeat by a couple of goals. Happy Hall made a remarkable rescue when Little Lizzie was mistaken for the ball and was kicked sky high. Claire-a-bell Baillie and Bully Baxter Best and Fairest just missed from having their belts confiscated by the umpire which would have made them look like grandma's before their time. Sad Sullivan finally put a smile on her face when Crafty Crane "SOCKED IT TO HER". The rest of the mob are a pretty swell bunch when you get to know them. We hope the remainder of the teachers haven't gone grey after witnessing some of our hair raising events, maybe we won't be so weird next year (or WILL WE).

by VALDA & LIZZIE



ALDRED Karen; BAILLIE Robyn; BRIGGS Wendy; COAD Elaine; COWLEY Dianne; CROOKES Jennifer; DOWERS Kerry; EVES Dawn; GOTTS Shirley; GREEN Jennifer; GRIFFIN Katherine; LANG Vivienne; MANGION Lucy; MORRIS Margaret; RAY Vicki; SNEDDON Ann-Marie; SWINDON Lorraine; WATKINS Patricia; WOODS Jillian. BOYS Adrian; CUNNINGHAM Robert; HAYES Geoffrey; HOY Terrance; KING David; MC INTYRE Michael; MC MICKEN Christopher; SETCHES Glenn; URE Colin; VANYAI Steven; VELLA Steven; YOUNG Alan.

This year for square eyes we'll dedicate our form to T.V. shows.

Form Name: Laugh - In.
Form Mistress: Beauty and the "beasts"
Anne-Maree Sneddon, Geoff Hayes, Robert Cunningham, Chris McMicken - Four Corners.

Shirley Gotts, Wendy Briggs - Girl Talk.

Dianne Cowley Jillian Woods - Woman's World.

Kathy Griffin, Robyn Baillie - Batman and Robyn.

Kerry Dowers, Colin Ure - The Honey-mooners.

Alan Young, Dawn Eves - The Minsters

Karen Aldred - I dream of Jeanie;
Patsy Watkins - Patty Duke Show; Elaine Coad - Bewitched; Margaret Morris - Maggie; Jenny Crookes - Fugitive; Lucy Mangion - Lucy Show; Vicki Ray - That Girl; Vivienne Lang - Skipper; Lorraine Swindon - Assignment Under Water; Jenny Green - Green Acres. Steven Vella - Get Smart; Terry Hoy - Circus Boy; Stephen Vanyai - Play-

boy Theatre; Glen Setches - Tarzan; Michael McIntyre - Deadly Ernest; Adrian Boys - Rifleman; Alan Young - Rolf Harris Show.

We would like to thank Mr. Wilson our former form teacher who is now on a world trip. We would like to thank Mr. Bishop for taking over the place of being form teacher and helping us with prefair activities. (Which we won by raising \$100)

We would like to thank Miss Cuthbertson also for being a terrific form teacher, art teacher and history teacher. Thanks go to Jenny Green and Colin Ure for being good form captains. We would also like to thank the form captains for being so co-operative during the year.

Best wishes from beautiful down town Yallourn.

By Colin & Jenny.





when we received our B.C.G. injections and nobody started bawling, most fainted before they had the chance.

L'il Lynda Young, Pammy Robertson and Heffer Ferguson gained selection in the fabulous Y.H.S. Hockey team. It was a tribute to these girls who showed that Desire, Dedication and knowing the right people is more important than ability.
A.G.

3P

BARNARD Susan; BOSKMA Dianne; CASEY Dianne; CIECHORSKI Barbara; DOUGLAS Kim; EARLE Rosemary; GORDON Dianne; HILL Janet; JENSEN Susan; KINNE Jill; MOFFAT Carol; RADFORD Lynne; RICHARDSON Wendy; STEVENS Pauline; SUTCLIFFE Karne; THOMOS Helen;

URE Gillian; WARING Marilyn; WIDDOWS Christine; WILLIAMS Janet; YEOMANS Susan; HENSON Jennifer; ALLISON John; BEARD Darryl; CHISOLM Peter; DAVIES Phillip; GALLOP Stephen; GORMAN Malcolm; JACKSON Peter; MOSTON - DUGGAN Michael; OBERSBY Adrian; REID Geoffrey; SMANIOTTO Max; WILTSHIRE Nicholas.

The pupils of form 3P wish to express their thanks to all the members of staff especially our form teacher, Mr. Williams, for having to put up with us, the worst form in the school so we're told.

Jenny Hensen, our form captain who was an entrant in the "Miss Yallourn High School Quest" came third by raising \$90. She and John did a lot of work towards pre-fair activities and on the day of the fete, we had the White Elephant stall and afternoon teas.

While the Tassie kids were away having a good time we had a contest with 3G of Hits and Misses. The grand finalists were Gillian and John. Much to our surprise Gillian won, if you know what I mean.

Some of our class mates have left, one in particular, Rosemary Earle who went to New Guinea.

Thanks to all.

Form 3P.

Marilyn Waring.

3G

BICKNELL Linda; CARLTON Sandra; CASEY Janet; DICKINSON Kathleen; DUNWOODIE Susan; FERGUSON Heather; GALLAGHER Deborah; GRIVINS Sandra; HUMPHREYS Susan; LARKINS Kerri-Anne; MALPASS Gayle; PEARSON Coral Louise; RENDELL Shirely Jean; ROBERTSON Pamela Heather; SULLIVAN Kerry; TAYLOR Jean; TRKULJA Lilyana; WAKEFIELD Susan; WATKINS Jennifer; WIGGINS Julie; WILSON Gayle; YOUNG Lynda; BICKNELL George; CRANE Keith; DOBSON Shane; GOMPLEMAN Robert; GRIMES Andrew; MEADOWS Phillip; NOBLE Peter; PARR Peter; ROBERTSON Phillip; VOGEL Leslie.

3G. was without a doubt the greatest form to use room 7 as a form room during 1969. There were a few bludgers but they were all girls though, because all the boys pulled their weight. The outstanding event for 3G was the fete in which we raised well over 2 cents.

Although a couple of boys managed to weasle into the footy and baseball teams full marks must go to Peter Parr, Peter Noble and Keith Crane who, by sheer skill and dedication won a place in the Y.H.S. Boys Carpet Bowls Team. One boy, showing immense courage, actually playing with a sore big toe, after one of his comrades dropped a carpet bowl on it.

Another display of extreme courage (this time by the entire form) was





BAILLIE Lexine; BERG Cornelia; BROWN Karen; CASTELL Elizabeth; DAVIS Jennifer; DJORDJEVIC Olga; DINSDALE Carol; FINDLAY Dianne; FRANCIS Julie; GRIFFIN Teresa; HARWOOD Susan; HIBBERT Celia; HOWE Andrea; HYDE Wendy; KELAVA Caterina; MC EWAN Susan; MC INNER Marion; METCALFE Janice Maree; MULLINDER Teresa Christine; PLAVINS Amita; RADFORD Colleen; SAGAR Julie; SHEEKEY Jan; SMITH Shirley; WEBB Alison; WOOTEN Jacqueline. CARLTON Terry; CULLEN Matthew; EVANS Gregory; GRAY Jeffrey; HOY Steven; KOTIW Charlie; LUETJENS Michael; PEMBERTON William; SETCHES Leigh; SPENCER John; WELLS Brian.

FORM CAPT. Julie Sager, Terry Carlton

This year we feel has been most profitable as at least half of us failed. Not due to us, the members of 4G, but due to circumstances beyond our control. We haven't had the fair yet but we've got really marvellous cooks in our form and I'm sure the boys won't have the flowerstall and we're hoping that lots of nice people will donate flowers to us, (even if they don't realise it.) especial'y those close to fences. We really have enjoyed this year tremendously including our fabulous snow dance for Mr. McLean, growing wheat for Mr. Bishop, (Boy we didn't know teachers were that underpaid) and making lovely toffees which have probably won the fair for us by now. The girls are taking care of the car wash only I hope they remember to wind the windows up this time. As far as talent goes we have to thank Maigret who has written us many stirring stories on War and Religion. The clown of our Form well there are many and so I won't tell you their names (L. Setches) Charlie Kotiw is our artist and although he failed art by about thirty marks we are still hoping. In sport we have Brian Wells who will probably end up being a P.E. Teacher. We'd like to thank each and every teacher, especially Mrs Anderson our form teacher who has been very patient with us. A special thanks to the members of 4G who really make it what it is?



BAILEY Ruth; BENSON Kay; BRIGGS Georgina; CANOVAN Christine; CIECHORSKI Mary; DE AGNOI Dianna; DJODRJEVIC Millie; FERGUSON Linda; FLEMING Gayle; GRANDO Noreen; HARKINS Shirley; HESKEY Noeline; HOLLAND Cheryl; HYDE Vivian; INGRAVALLE Lydia; KITNEY June; MC DERMID Susan; MARSHALL Valerie; MULTIADOUS Helen; MONGTA Fay; MORRISSEY Caroline; PARRY Robyn; PEACOCK Jillian PYE Christine; RICHARDS Diane; SETCHES Merrill; SIDEBOTTOM Caroline; SKINNER Jennifer; THORPE Marjorie; WELLS Christina; YOUNG Jennifer. BURNS Daniel; COWPER Brian; CUNNINGHAM David; GEORGE Steven; HILL Alan; JONES Bruce; LAZARUS Graeme; LEY Phillip; PYE Warren; SMALLEY Eric; URE Graeme.

In HOLLAND there is a pleasant little town called DE-AGNOI which is found at the bottom of INGRAVALLE. The MARSHALL of this town is ROOF BAILEY who lives in a beautiful house made of BRIGGS. Roof is married to Ben, who doesn't like living alone with her. They have a son who works in the bakery making PYE'S all day. Very often BENSON goes out and plays HYDE and seek with his friend John who BURNS around in his car all day, going up and down RICHARDS HILL testing his brakes.

About half way through last JUNE a lot of inns were open with the name HARKINS painted on signs, which LEY near some rocks which formed a SMALLEY, waiting to be hung. The cows from LAZARUS farm mope around the signs all day eating the YOUNG grass.

Two days ago Lazarus went across MORRISSEY to visit his uncle's horse farm. His uncle told him to MONGTA one and ride around a bit. After a few hours he came back with a very sore SIDEBOTTOM, he got down off the horse and staggered inside, flopped down in a big soft, HESKEY chair and watched PARRY Mason on T.V., while his uncle's pet PEACOCK ate the roses out of the flower-pot, when his uncle came to see if Lazarus was alright, Laz told him that he had heard a COWPER and wanted some McDERMID biscuits to calm him down.

After this he was running outside to the wishing WELLS, but on the way he stood in some manURE, and got millions of CANOVAN bugs all over his new FERGUSON shoes. He THORPE that the shoe maker Mr. JONES would be very angry so he ran back to De-agnoi to escape him.



ACIMOVIC Mariya; DOUGLAS Lesley; DOWNEY Dianne; FRENCH Anne; GRAY Anne; HALL Heather; HALL Linda; HORNE Irene; INGRAVALLE Catherine; JAMES Brenda; KRYGSMAN Elisabeth; MELBOURNE Lynette; MEWETT Ruby; PITZNER Marianne; ROGOWSKI Helen; SESTOKAS Wendy; VANYAI Maria; SPENCER Anita; WALL Diana; WILDEN Lynette. BARNARD Robert; PARK Stuart.

Form 5H.

This year's form five, somewhat larger than last year's, was divided into two classes, ours being generally humanities. We began the year with twenty girls and two boys but with the departure of Diana Wall we are now left with twenty one in the form.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Gubbins as Form Master (and for singing the french National Anthem over the P.A.) to Lyn Mewett as Vice Captain and to all those who helped during the years activities. Although our pre-fair activities are hardly worth mentioning we must congratulate Irene Horne on winning the Miss Y.H.S. title Well done.

On the more serious side - most have realized by now the work involved at this level and most of us have managed to endure it, but the outcome will not be known until the end of the year. However, whether you stay on for Matric. undertake studies elsewhere, or leave for the business world, keep on working and best of luck for the future. Brenda James.

Form Capt. 1969.



ALLAN Carolyn; ASHMEAD Shirley; BAIRD Jennifer; BROWN Vivianne; COURTNEY Faye; GODDARD Rosemary; HORBACZ Urszula; KELLY Margaret; KING Janice; LERCHE Inge; MC LENNAN Anne; PEACOCK Anne; SMITH Janice; SMITH Judith. BOSKMA Ronald; BOYS Eric; BUTT Jeremy; DELL Alan; DOLPHIN Roger; GLOZ John; HALL Michael; KELAVA Bozo; MACRAE Kenneth; SWINDON Craig; ZWANKHUIZEN Carl.



5S report..

Brrrr it's 8.30 and the siren rings to start the day's play. The VS team comes strolling in quite unprepared for the match because they didn't do their training the night before. Everyone takes their positions with Umpire McLean in the middle ready for the centre bounce.

"The first brilliant technical move is that of putting Janice at full-forward and Judith at full-back, this of course is to confuse the opposition and umpires. In the centre we have Carl, for, with his big mouth he is able to humour the team, and hand out helpful instructions during the course of play.

On the wings we have vice-capt Vivianne, and Joan who emulates that well known Carlton footballer. Vivianne is placed on the wing to help keep control of Carl?

Backing up that great centre line we have Urszula, Inga and Rosemary, who with their precise and mathematical minds can by PHYSICAL reaction counter their opposition.

On the half forward line we have Anne Peter and Janice who have helped the team a lot this year.

In the back pocket we have Bozo, and in the forward pocket we have Anne P. who although often quiet, make up our premier team.

The rucks are capably (?) led by Michael (who won our special award of the Wooden Spoon) who is ably assisted by Ron, By the way, Craig is our trainer because of his scouting abilities. The two ruckmen are helped by Cas, who with a nursing career in mind needs the practice at aiding team mates, John is our fourth ruckman because of his ever increasing height.

Jack, the other vice-captain is the first rover. Although this is a dangerous job Jack carries it out well, despite the broken glasses, bones and his crutches.

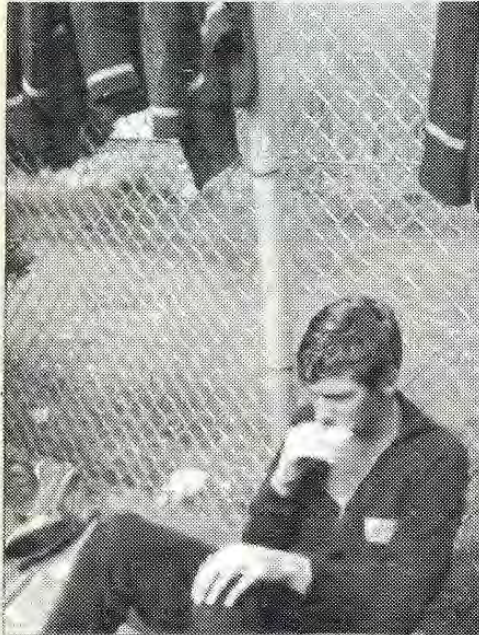
A necessity for a coach is that he must be able to voice his opinions and criticisms (like Barassi) and after careful deliberation we awarded this critical job to Faye.

Naturally Mr. McLean is umpire, and to assist him we have Margaret and Roger (Form Captains) as boundary umpires. They have done a really great job of keeping control. One necessity for a B.U. is to be able to move fast. Margaret is fit with all her sport and Roger particularly dominates in the wet by being able to surge ahead when the ball is out of play.

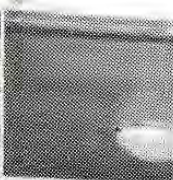
A new position included this year is umpire's advisor. Ken attacks the ability and techniques of any umpires, and often tends to take over the job and so is the best suited.

After the typical match where skills and faults are apparent the end of play siren will ring at 3.30 and the physically and mentally exhausted team will head for the lockers as-per usual. The result never seems to differ so its not much use me broadcasting the match So this is Jenny signing off - Good-bye and Good-luck."

J.B.



THE FORM 6 REPORG



Please don't adjust your glasses or rub your eyes, yes, what you see is "REPORG".

Form "6" this year is very proud of its social activities. At various times throughout the year we managed to throw three successful parties two at the inglorious "SANTUUM HUT" and another at Rosemary's joint, not forgetting Merrill and Collin promoting academic - togetherness whenever and wherever opportunity presented itself. Social activities were not restricted to the school, it is comforting to know that we had worthy representatives at several exclusive out-of-scholastic social meetings throughout this fruitful and fulfilling year.

The honours in the revue must be awarded to our very own "Rum and Coke" team who topped the fair off admirably, although public opinion had it as a FISSER.

Sally Bicknell and her committee must be thanked for their courageous and unrelenting effort in the "Miss Yallourn High School Contest". It is a pity that the reward did not reflect the effort it involved. The school thanks you Sally.

Six people had obtained a licence to live a more MOBILE life, these proud people are DON, GREG., DAVID, IRENE

PAUL and BRUCE. Irene ensures us and fellow nature strip users that all her lessons were not REALLY necessary.

We admire the logic and wisdom of Liz Earl and Barry Williams who left us through the year. Liz writes and tells me that life among the blacks is most refreshing and rewarding, however it has many similarities to the life she had previously left (mentioning the general ignorance and behaviour).

With one exception every boy had managed to be told to have a hair cut this year. With this unverified record in the State we will approach the "Age" for a front page splurge and also notify "Guinness Book of Records".

Form 6.

BERG Susanne; BICKNELL Sally; CONNORS Rosemary; COOPER Katherine; EARLE Elizabeth; GRIMES Heather; MAGNUSON Robyn; McKEAN Carol-Anne; NEW Barbara; POTTER Merrill; POWER Cheryl; RICKMAN Irene; WEBB Bronwyn; ZEHETHOFER Christina; MALPASS Beverly; CRANE John; DELL Colin; HAWKEN Russell; KERR Bruce; LESTER Paul; LEWIS David; MC LENNAN David; MARRS Gregory; MUS-SARED Donald; THOMPSON Ross; WICKS Peter; WILLIAMS Barry.

