

"YALLOURN IS DEAD, LONG LIVE DEAD YALLOURN"

This man, I am, who speaks now,
Is bottled up, ready to blow
And has been a year.
I am contained, captivated,
sadly some say,
In the midst of a non-existence,
A town that sleeps all day
and dreams at night.
A town that wallows in peace, serenity,
slumbers, and boredom;
That cold, coal town
YALLOURN;
or is that only rumour.

One fine morning,
with sun in hiding,
when the patterned clouds appeared spasmodically
as did the wind;
I chanced to venture, to seek, to measure,
the unpulsating lack of vivid entertainment —
that flows, freely,
within, throughout,
this cold, coal town — YALLOURN.

Incognito I travelled,
using the vague disguise
known only to we
the pleasure seekers, us jet-set, us happeners;
we who vomit boredom at the sight of an
uncultured television,
we who measure life thrills and spills, kicks and fun, us
young.

So drifting hopelessly, as always,
over the vast expanses of nothingness,
that cold, coal town — YALLOURN,
I achieved nothing.

And wandering slowly, haplessly, hopelessly,
despairingly,
through dead
End Street, I watched everyone else,
the cold, coal town,
sold, soul citizens, achieve nothing.

In their utmost earnestness,
they all seemed content with their nirvana.
They, in their self-styled, ruptured mind,
seemed to enjoy lethargic oblivion,
to enjoy their own pointless achievement of blankness.

And upon further examination,
I noticed the citizens hovering moronically,
almost zombie-like,
infecting themselves, limitlessly,
unendingly,
upon the town centre;
spending their time with money,
vastly furthering themselves,
extending and surpassing themselves,
in their self-tyled merits of achievement,
nothing.

And so I charged them.
YALLOURN pleaded guilty,
no sentence passed, conclusion,

"Why ban the bomb when we could end it all now,
dig us up."

and sadly, maybe gladly,
we both agreed, Yallourn and I
that neither will achieve anything.

YALLOURN's fate is to remain,
the same, until
they dig us up for coal,
our only reason for existence.

PETER LOFTUS V

WHEELS

Wheels turning,
Wheels rolling,
Wheels speeding,
Wheels burning,
Wheels KILLING PEOPLE
Wheels Wheels Wheels
Fat wheels
Skinny wheels
Wide wheels
Bike wheels
Car wheels
Truck wheels
Bus wheels bringing us to school (YUK)
Old wheels
New wheels
Good wheels
Bald wheels
Wooden wheels
Rubber wheels
Iron wheels
Buckled wheels
Spoked wheels
Broken wheels going to the dump!
All wheels are working
Their special jobs they do,
They will get you from place to place,
Making travel easy for you.

J. SESTOKAS III

Square man, square,
Squares for boxes, squares
for houses, squares for rooms
squares for windows, squares
for doors, squares for books,
squares for paper, squares
for chairs, squares for
maths, squares for everything.

VICKI RAY IV

Steps are big
Steps are small
Steps are many
Steps are few
Steps to walk upon
Steps to lead to many rooms
Upstairs steps and downstairs steps
Steps made for entrance and exit.

VICKI RAY IV

VIETSONG

And walking another vietlong mile
I still couldn't understand
Why just this vietnam minute ago
I killed a Vietman.

P. LOFTUS V

WAR

War, and the sight of blood!
Limbs, torn from their lonely painful sockets!
Eyes, hanging by sinew, bloodshot and pale!
Ears, echoing with the sounds of war!
Blood, pouring from wounds left to heal themselves!
War, not a subject I relish to write a poem on!

GAYNOR LOFTUS IV

'T WAS LIFE

'Twas the son of the bomb
the scourge of man
the end of mankind.
'Twas the sun and the earth
the grey and the black.
'Twas the birth of my child.

'Twas the eagle and bear
man and man
'Twas the world of the apes.

'Twas the cautious cat
the malicious fear
'Twas the broken twig.
'twas life.

C. KOTIW V

Living in a world of automatic, democratic puppets
Manipulated by rusty old cogs,
They operate slowly, taking their time,
Propositions for expositions
Take months to gain permission.
An autocratic government, the so-called
Backbone of the country is,
Out of date, not with it.
So; . . . dig it!

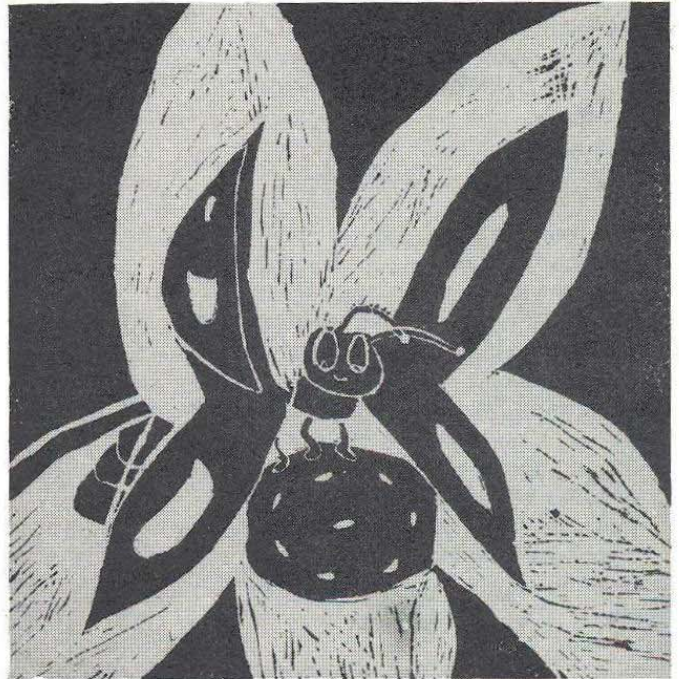
Bungling Idealists
Living in the past; a dead era of
Pessimistic opinion on the good of man
A portfolio in need of rejuvenating; restoring
To the rising age of scepticism,
Get with it!

SUE HUMPHREYS V

THE DRUG ADDICT

Black, Purple,
Purple Black.
The room is spinning,
The pain grows stronger
He screams!
Opens his eyes
It's over
It's finished
Now for another,
Black Purple,
Purple, Black.

LUCIA III



G. GRIMA, II

THE ATOM BOMB WAR

Swindling scums in a den of vulgarity,
Though sky is blue and sun shines red.
You love me, I love you.
Love is peace and peace is living.
Let not hatred and sin be your guide.

Now Bloody Ruts fill the earth,
Vultures fly high in the sky,
Black is revenge, the will is strong
Will thunder strike?
Is still the conscience holding?
Let curses bring forth the committers of sin.

The sky is barren, darkness has fallen,
No sound is uttered over the earth's stillness.
No human voice is heard.
Never more will it be uttered.
Man's character has destroyed another's
Will to live!

SHARON SULLIVAN IV

"VIENNA WOODS"

Your head bowed to the ground
and hands in pockets,
and there,
where you enter the woods' realm
there seems a most intriguing
fascination
about the whole thing.

Birds that greet you by their chanting,
that perch themselves high,
amongst the tall and slender branches
of the trees.

And when you walk further on
your head automatically looks up
and turns to the left.

There on the left, you see down before
you
a valley,
a valley of gentle hills
that slope down and show their beauty,
and the cows, fat and full of milk
start back to the milking shed
with the farmer urging on
those that are left behind.

And then to the right,
and your soul is being cleansed
by the beauty you have been
so long without,
there you gaze upon
the steep and rough mountains
that are hundreds of miles away,
with the snow collecting itself
on the mountain caps,
with the clouds hiding
the upper part of it,
which looks like mist.

The birds end their mystical chanting
and your head is once again bowed
to the ground,
the winds begin to blow
through the trees
through the trees and before you rea-
lize where you are
you have already left
this place of beauty,
but you can't remember
leaving it.

Although your soul is cleansed
and you feel new again,
you wonder if you had ever
entered its realm,
and whether it is alive in itself.

LUCY MANGION IV
and
EVA ZEHETHOFER IV

STARBIGHT

She calls softly to the breeze 'Still'
and as said — it does
calming, fading, finally ceasing
becoming a part of the silence it made

and like the wind she stands
her image a sculpture in the water
her laughing eyes make ripples on the surface
as they echo — smiling back.

Slowly the hush grows deeper in our minds
as her face shines moonbright upon the reeds
and glancing at me, the reeds blush humbly,
feeling naked as she looks through the keyhole of their
dressing room.

I watch her lips as they tell me to join her
and swimming out
I notice how agile, how subtle the water is
in taking pains to swim around her,
protecting the image she had carefully placed upon its
looking-glass surface.

The starbight lady came to see me
and you'd wish she came to you

my lips said hello to hers as they brushed across her face,
they were getting excited
and more anxious to meet the rest of her
as they smothered their words 'I'm Spooie.'

Our faces lipply fused together
both speaking at the same time
and not apologising, they instead conversed
and sometimes shouted tongue-tied things
until they parted to stare at each other.

Time passed
and in the distance I could hear guns being fired
sometimes pausing for effect
and as a light searched for a carcass
a wart grew on the beauty of our silence,
wounding the night as it fled

bleeding
into
dark

at this
her body screamed violently and making gestures
her hand lashed through the mute wind
ripping a hole in the water.
Suddenly a storm broke the sky into jigsaw pieces
and as it threw its temper upon the river
it made blemishes appear on the surface.

and the river ran for its life,
bruised and swollen it scrambled over the river banks
I looked back at my woman and

she was gone.

The starbight lady came to me and you'd wish she came
to you.

PETER LOFTUS V

THE OLD MAN

The old man sat still on the chair
His face covered in a cold, lonely stare.
Lifting his hat to people not there
And talking to himself without a care.

Everyday he sits there
By the river on that chair
Watching the people, watching the water,
Has he a son, a life, or daughter?

I see him every night, I see him every morn,
He's there from dawn till dusk and dusk till dawn.
Does he ever move? Does he ever eat?
He's always there in the rain, snow or sleet.

I see him moved, moved from there.
His face covered in that cold lonely stare.
Feeding invisible birds of the air
And lifting his hat to people not there.

I see him moved, moved from there.
From by the river, from on that chair,
Will he ever go back there,
To by the river and to that chair?

DEBBIE HALKET II

ANTHONY SPOOLE: PULLITZER PRIZE:

When Spoolle died the other day,
Of an early death,
It was we who demoted him
By another six feet;
And he,
Feeling disposed already,
Leapt out of the sublime pan and into the fire—
Six steps further into surreality.

Later I met him in the pool-room
Shooting the pope with his cue-stick.
The devil he did.

Later I saw him on television
Shooting Paisleyites with his camera
The hell he did
And won the pullitzer prize.

Nonend I
And that was the last time I saw Spoolle.

I met his Christian name Anthony on Brighton Pier,
He looked pale and white
As if he had seen a ghost,
But it was Aldous Huxley in the Conditioning Centre
that made him epsilonic,

PETER LOFTUS V

JUST TOO LATE

As the water trickles down
on the lonely man,
the story of his life
is open like a book.

As the skies are open wide
there's not a bird in sight,
just the little man,
resting, under the tree.

As the rain begins to pelt down,
he doesn't move.
He listens attentively,
watches the earth swallow the rain,
and then, he really knows
why God made his planet.

The lightning flashes like fury
but still he doesn't stir.
It's as if he were in a trance,
hypnotised by nature,
by all its beauties.

In the distance
there's a voice that calls his name.
Her saturated clothes
Cling to her slender body.
And her auburn hair
flies to and fro in front of her face,
and her face,
is like a rose in bloom.

The young lass sees him at last
and plods through the wet mud
in her bare feet
and just looks at him.
She bends down and kisses him
gently on the cheek,
and begins telling him
how sorry she is.
About what happened
in the house.
She speaks too late . . .
He's dead . . .

The old man
rests in peace,
just him and nature
side by side.

EVA ZEHETHOFER IV

A SONG FOR FINGUS

Of peppermint and wrigleys
your breath of fireplace ice
is kissed upon my tastebuds
so double-flavoured nice.

Of Van Gogh painted harvest
your blonde and daffodilled hair
complements your Sassoon style
and the clothes you sometimes wear.

Of Clark Kent's cape and cherry
and appleskin and rose
your cheeks are red and sunkissed
like other things I know.

Of Raquel Welch and Bardot
your mannequinned figure's line
has cut out a glowing silhouette
aurora in my mind.

Of silken soapy water
you touch so furcoatly
it's when you feel — it's when you touch
I know that you need me.

PETER LOFTUS V

DROPPING TEST-TUBES AGAIN

(with apologies to Ted Mulry)

It's sung in songs,
It's knowing looks,
It's funny smells,
And Chemistry books,
It's everywhere,
Around the class,
It happens everyday.

Chorus

Dropping test tubes again,
Dropping test tubes again,
I lost my experiment again,
Down the wonderful world of the sink.

It's wondering,
Why it went wrong,
Produced this smell,
Oh what a pong,
It's what to do,
And what so say,
When teacher comes around.

Chorus

There's times when you're up,
And there's times when you're down,
Picking up glass off the floor,
But if I had to choose between this and Physics,
I'd do it all the more.

It's special times,
That students know,
The room blows up,
It's time to go,
They realise,
And they they know,
The lesson's got to end.

by Four Anonymous V Chemistry Students.

Duplicating machines

do all the work

do all the work

work

work

work

work

We write it once

We write it

Then they do the rest

Then they do the rest

rest

rest

rest

rest

How lazy us humans are.

How lazy us humans are.

lazy humans

lazy humans

lazy humans

lazy humans

Septuple

Septuple

Septuple

Septuple

Septuple

Septuple

Septuple

Etc.

Etc.

Etc.

Etc.

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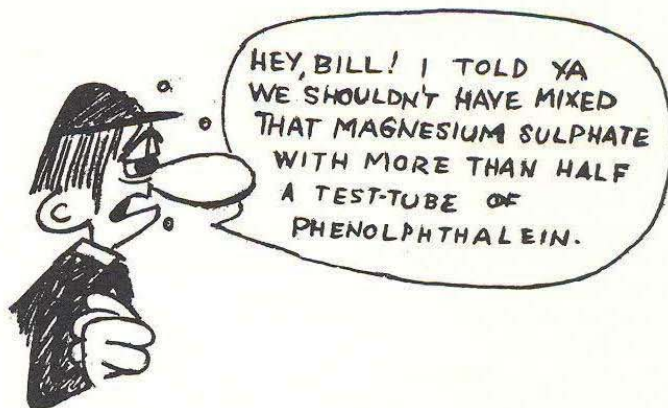
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Etc.

Etc.

Etc.



TRUE OR FALSE?

The little purple pronozotl, sat
In his little porzots, wondering
About the big world outside
And the big problems he might have
To face.

Orange zunk and green zoofle were
Part of his normal way
Of life
And he could never part
With the adoring hooferngli.

In the outside world he would be
Confronted by dreaded things
And poly-morpho-nuclear-lucethites,
Oversecretions of thethelln In
Pituitary anterior lobes and
Not forgetting the despised
Antidisestablishmentarianism, all
Part of the world of reality.

The day had come and
Purple pronozotl had to leave
His little porzots and all the
Other things he had in his
World
He zapped his last goodbye and left
For the world of reality.

But he had met his match in
This world of reality and was
Finally killed by
The menacing menagerle of
Moto-traffic rumble, toe-jam football,
Joo-joo eyeballs and a conglomeration of
Paradichlorbenzene.

JOHN CROZIER III
and
JON SESTOKAS III

THE OUTSIDER

It was late at night
And the gang
Was hanging round the streets,
Taking long drags out of their cigarettes,
Leaning against walls,
Hands in pockets,
Occasionally spitting in the gutter.
Their leader, a stout fellow
Wearing a leather jacket,
Had a certain wariness
In his eyes
Which were surrounded by
A thick bushy beard and moustache.
He was talking about
Past incidents with the Fuzz,
While his cigarette hung limply
From his lips.
And jerked up and down
With every word
He drawled out.
But overall
The atmosphere was dreary
And most members were becoming restless
With boredom.

Then, suddenly, all members became alert
As the atmosphere changed
From boredom to excitement.
For, approaching
Was a young man
About twenty-five, wearing glasses.
From the gleam in the gang's eyes
It could be seen
That he, The Outsider,
Was to be their victim.

A single command from their leader and
They advanced
Like a herd of wild animals
Stalking their prey.
And then the attack began.
Boots, with steel heels
Sunk in
And groans
Of extreme pain
Could be heard,
Nearly drowned out
By the roaring of the gang,
And not until the groans
Had gone
Did they stop,
And disappear
Leaving a battered and bruised
Corpse
Almost unidentifiable
Lying in the gutter,
A pair of smashed glasses
Sitting next to it.
This was the work
Of the gang.

JOHN CROZIER III

THE ATTACK

He must be dead,
I'm glad it's not me
They're kicking him,
Cutting him
Ripping his clothes off,
Blood is everywhere.
If he lives through this
He won't be much good.
Poor bloke!
I'd like to help him
But I'm not going to commit suicide.
There must be at least fifty of them.
I wonder what he did to deserve that?
They pick on anyone
And
Somehow
They always get away with it.
After they finish with them
they just drag them off,
Anywhere,
Somewhere
Where no-one will find them.
Probably
down a drain,
in the bush,
up the tip,
in a river.
Looks like they're finished with him,
They'll drag him off now.
I'd like to see where they take him
but I'm not going to follow them,
they'd do the same to me.
I wish someone would do that to them,
Belt them up,
And see if they like it.

PAMELA TABART III

HELL AND THE DEVIL

Hell and the devil.
I can feel the heat already,
Of fire-flames licking round me.
Have I been that bad?

Death and the blackness.
I dread it, with my every breath,
Because I'll leave none to grieve.
Can I be that lonely?

Heaven and the angels.
I hear them sing all round me,
Now they've come and found me.
Am I really that good?

GAYNOR LOFTUS (IV)

THOUGHTS

Walking home from the weekly shopping,
Thinking of what I'm to have for tea.
My only friend is my cat, Happy,
I only see him for tea.

Lighting the Open fire,
Sitting in my old rocking chair,
Looking at my mementoes,
That bring back memories.
A tear comes to my eye,
Which I try to blink back.
A thought flickers through my mind,
About yesterday's scare.
Then I suddenly remembered,
Happy wasn't there.
Slowly I climb the stairs,
Of my four-roomed flat.
So slowly I get changed,
Ready for bed.

What is there in life for me?
Not love nor happiness can I see.
By myself at day, alone at night,
I'd light the fire if I had the might,
But alas I don't have any of these.

RHONDA GIBSON II

THE STRANGER

As I was walking, down the road,
I saw a stranger dressed in a long white robe.
I said to myself, I said to me,
"Now who can this stranger be tryin' to be?"
Well, I said to that stranger, I said to him,
"Hell man, what kind of a get up is that your in?"
That stranger, he looked at me and said, "Brother Jack,
The Lord has sent me to bring you back."
I said to that stranger, I said to him,
"Hell man, you ain't runnin' me in."
I drew out my pistol, got ready to shoot,
Aimed at him steady but stopped in my boots,
I looked up and down and there on the track
Comin' fast was the devil on a horse's back.
That devil, he stopped and he said to me. "Brother Jack.
I've come along to help you pack."
He said, "Jack, you're comin' to stay with me while."
I said, "Bad luck man, I don't like your style."
I said, "No man, I ain't goin' without a fight.
Try as hard as you two might."
Well, I've fought nature, I've fought men, But I aint fought
nothin' like the two of them.
Well, the fight was over, I was alone.
I shot outa there like a bee from a hive.
As I sit back and remember that scene,
I remember that angel, now he was keen.
I remember that devil, I remember the fight,
But now I'm glad to be back where I like,
When the time comes, I know I've gotta go,
But where it'll be, the Lord only knows.

STEVEN BICKNELL IV

BATTLE OF THE SOUNDS

Never in my entire life had I experienced
Such a sensation.
Excitement pulsed through my veins,
Electrifying my movements.
All my thoughts were numbed by the vibrations
Pounding my mind,
Crushing my visual of colour,
Glorifying the sensuous harmonies, thundering about me.

Pleasure rippled through my soul,
Quivering my heart.
My companions merged into a furious tide.
Flooding me with a wash of fresh stimulation
I wanted to sink my talons into the bloody flesh.

But it was impregnable.
I cried out — in terror — in ecstasy.
Was there ever to be an eclipse of this sun,
A drought of this flood,
A break of this sword
Stabbing deep,
Blinding me with universal flame of joy.
Stretching me — tossing me —
Suspended in a haze?

KAREN SUTCLIFFE V

BLINDNESS

Oh! How I wish that I could see,
How long I've wanted to be free,
To skip and run like others do,
But I will never be like you,
For I am different.

When I sit inside and wait,
I hear the kids out by the gate.
And then I think,
I will never be like them.
For I am different.

And then, when to others midnight comes.
I sit alone and eat cream buns.
For day and night are the same with me.
And the day brings no light for me.
And I will never be like you.
For I am different.

G. McPHEE II

SPORT 1971

Sportsmaster: Mr. G. COVENTRY
Sportsmistress: Mrs. C. ANDERSON

This year our sporting performances, both "in school," and "out of school" have been extremely successful.

Special congratulations must go to Greg Evans on being selected as a representative of the Victorian and Australian "All-stars" junior baseball team; to Jenny Crookes on winning the Victorian junior girls cross country title; and to Gary Vogel and Graeme Baird on representing Latrobe Valley in the Country Cricket championships.

At the C.G.S.S. inter-school swimming championships Yallourn High competitors put in their best performance for several years. Events were won by Fiona McKean, Sue Bussell, Nigel Maitland, Chris McMicken and Colin Ure. The U15 relay (boys) was won by Colin Ure, Chris McMicken, Stephen Robertson, Russell Brown.

At the inter-school athletics we fared even better. Individual winning performances were by Garry Hill (3 events — a magnificent effort), Kerry Setches, Jan Radford, Helen Watkinson, Elaine Coad, Debi Gallagher, Linda Hedt, Glenn Cowley, Garry Vogel and Charlie Kotiw. Two girls' relays comprising Fiona McKean, Jan Radford, Carol Noble, Linda Hayes, Linda Hedt, Nola McAuliffe, Andrea Tilley and Jenny Crooke were also successful.

Special congratulations should also go to Glen Cowley and Garry Hill who both represented Yallourn High School in the ALL school athletic championships. Their performances under woefully wet conditions were extremely good, especially that of Gary, who won his 100 metres heat and thus earned a place in the final.

All in all magnificent performances by the smallest school in the area. The school is very proud of each and every person representing Yallourn High and especially those who were so victorious.

If you can't get him out, scare him out!
(But it still didn't work)



"Yes, but where are the students?"

BASKETBALL

The school has distinguished itself in one sport particularly this year — basketball. In fact, with ten school teams, and another six connected with the school in some way Y.H.S. is undoubtedly one of the leading basketball centres in the Latrobe Valley.

Some of the teams have distinguished themselves during the year: a girls' U16 team — the Hittites — won the 1970-71 Premiership, an U14 team — the Squad — also won the premiership, while an U18 girl's team won a recently conducted Lightning Premiership, a carnival in which teams from throughout Victoria competed.

The following girls deserve the school's congratulations:

Hittites — Premiership 1970-71, G.U.18—Andrea Tilley, Marg Morris, Liz Playdon, Carol Crane, Eyvonne Waring, Claire Baillie, Gayle Amos.

Squad — Premiers 1970-71, G.U.16—Nada Marinkovic, Jennie Downey, Fiona McKean, Sue Playdon, Barbara McCaffrey, Gayle Ray, Diana Thompson, Virginia Coady, Barbara Jensen, Patricia Lyons, Phyllis Muscat.

Squad — Premiers Lightning Premiership—Vera Milojevic, Sharon Sullivan, Heather Stallworthy, Jenny Watkinson, Vicki Ray.

In addition to the above, Jennie Downey and Gayle Amos won distinctions as the Association's Best and Fairest Players.

It is a tribute to the school and to its students that many of our boys and girls have represented Latrobe Valley in Regional and Country Tournaments.

The school salutes these grand efforts from one of the smallest high schools in the area.

VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball has continued to be a popular sport this year, both in and out of school and in both areas students have distinguished themselves.

In the Winter Competition the "Choco" twins in their team "Zeeoak" were premiers in "B" grade and in "C" grade the "Red Devils" (Shirley Rendell, Kerry Sullivan, Jean Taylor, Heather Ferguson, Dianne Gordon and Robyn Parry), after being undefeated throughout the competition, lost the grand final.

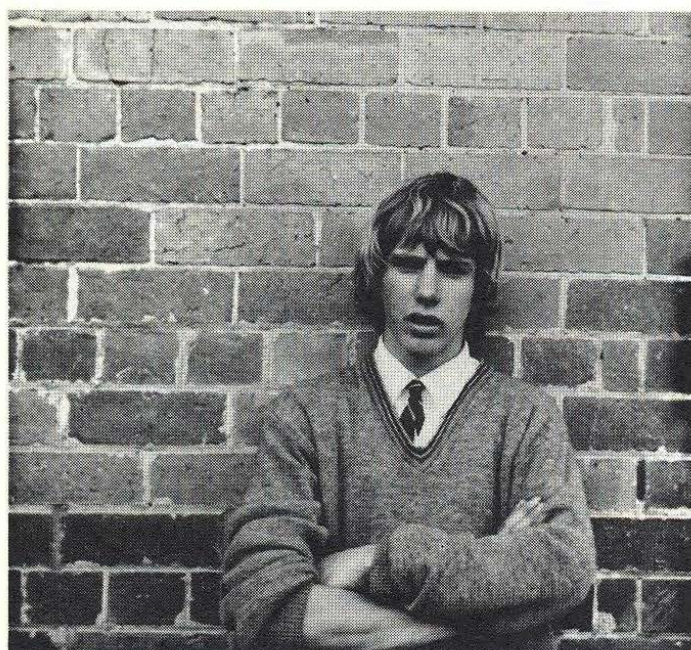
THE HOUSES

CAPTAINS

	LYNN RADFORD		SUE WAKEFIELD
BASS	NORM LYONS	MAWSON	JENNY HENSON
			CHARLIE KOTIN
FLINDERS	JOAN ASHMEAD	PHILLIP	ANN CASTELL
	ANDREW GRIMES		GREG EVANS

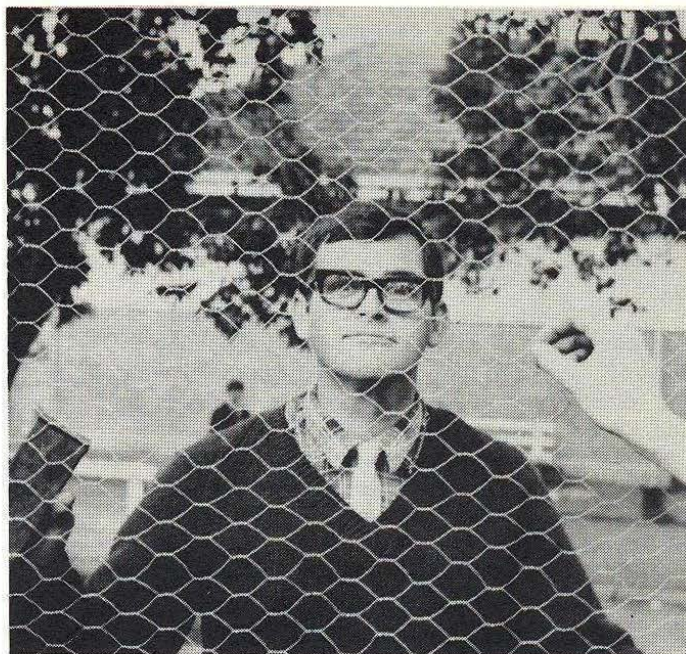
HOUSE NEWS

This year the Houses played a role only in the Aths and Swimming sports in Term 1, and for a lunchtime Basketball Competition in Term 3. Mawson won the Aths and Swimming Sports and the basketball competition was still proceeding when this magazine went to press.



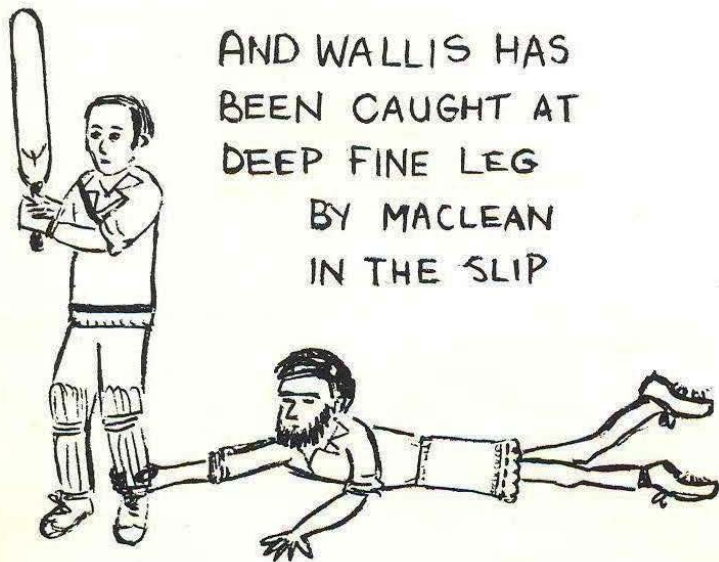
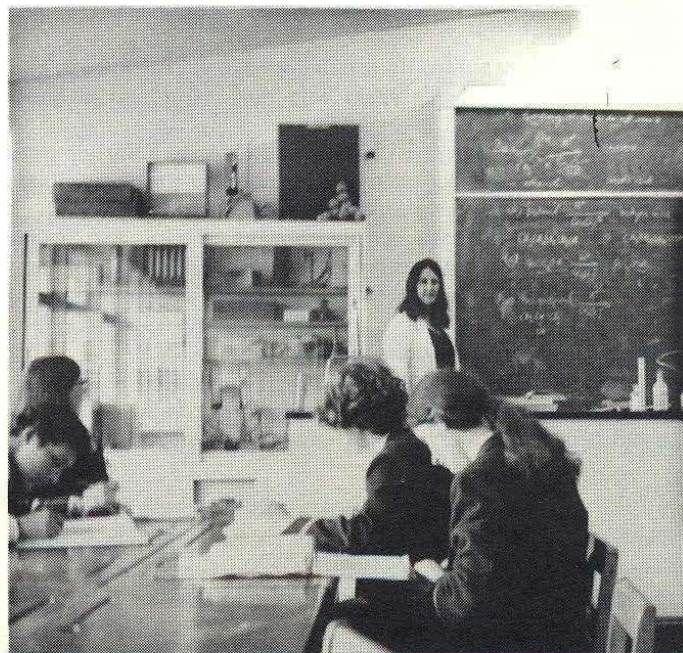
Our Ambassador 1971

A TYPICAL DAY AT Y.H.S.



One of our most enterprising experiments this year was the construction of a ZOO on fete day

Enthusiastic students devouring their chemistry



AND WALLIS HAS
BEEN CAUGHT AT
DEEP FINE LEG
BY MACLEAN
IN THE SLIP

THE FORMS

FORM 6 REPORT

"Well what a year!" To use the wise and wonderful words of Miss Joan Ashmead Esq. Work, Play, Work, Play, Play. We all did our bit, not necessarily our own thing but something. Don and John, the Terrible Twosome provided constant interruption and occasionally witty comments.

We nominate Lyn, Chief Stirrer (that is of coffee), also her followers Fay, Joan, Ann, Lidla and Alison who invented the idea. Piano lessons were held every recess time and don't the kids out in the corridor know it! Chief piano teachers included Anita, Carolyn and Alison. Most of us can now master the unforgettable tune "Sounds of Silence" (Silence???)

We have witnessed a great change in Ketty (since starting Blo'ogy). Perhaps for the better (according to the boys anyway). The girls from the Broken Hill tour were aptly named "Grannies" and have fulfilled this by taking up crocheting, Cheryl being the best of all!

Granny Goddard's chief ambition is to leave school before she is eligible for the old age pension. Judith and Janice were our flower children, as they made the majority of flowers for our Jib Jab Shop. The reason we leave Janice till last is because she is the only sane member of the girls.

Now for the rest of the boys. What can we say about them? Glozzy really made a hit at Mirboo North, Bruce is always high (in the air that is). About Warren, well ask Lorraine, she'll tell you. Greg, Danny and Johnny have disowned the rest of the form and Steven has returned to us after his smashing start to the year. Well we're glad he's back anyway.

To end on a serious note. Thank you Mr. Wallis for being so great.

5H FORM REPORT

Many kids write reports on their forms in which they set out to describe their members with song studies of past, present and future. Well we couldn't do that, it would be unfair to certain business men and half the occupations would be unheard of anyway and the song titles . . . Well!! But maybe our form song could be 'Come back again — who gave you permission to go'? But we'll just submit an ordinary report.

As usual 5H has kept its reputation. We've again been the best form as in previous years with our assortment of good sportsmen.

We also seem to have an astronomical number of kids leaving school both during and at the end of the year, which is one of the more favourable 5H points.

We've got our share of late-to-class-comers and we've also got early-to-class-comers. Not many but we've got 'em.

Our form captains, well! They've been constantly busy. Yeh! Half of us don't know who they are. Seriously though, Janet and Max you've done a good job.

Praise must go to Mo for his daily pep talk on 5H participation in pre-fair activities, which amounted to NIL. We feel we did pretty well with our 'ot dogs' and fruit salad.

5H Student.

FORM 5S REPORT

Form 5S girls thank all the staff for their help this year. We put up a good struggle against male superiority in form assembly. The girls put a lot of effort into the fair and made a good attempt to get Debi as Miss Y.H.S.

MARI-LYN (Form Captain)

FORM 4P REPORT

Undoubtedly, Form 4P was the quietest, most well behaved form in the school. That is, with the exception of some 37 anonymous students.

To those butterfingers who are sick of the sight of buns and butter, many thanks are due, even if they did have two or three on the sly.

The reason why we didn't win the form competition is clear — some nasty little people beat us to the car wash and told the council not to let us have any cake stalls — a very mean trick.

Our form teacher, Mr. Williams, managed to keep us in control, sometimes only just, at each form assembly. A few unprintable words were exchanged in the process however.

FORM 4G REPORT

As a continuation of last year, we have changed to a better form. As a whole we seem to have settled down more this year and we seem to be working a bit better. The girls seem to be a bit bigger, the boys a bit taller and the teachers, well no comment! I would like to thank our very informative S.R.C. representatives; Geoff Hayes and Vera Milojevic who told us nothing. Of course a special thanks to our form teacher Mrs. Anderson.

FORM 3S REPORT

Our form visited the A.P.M. at Maryvale to see how paper and pulp were manufactured.

On fete day we had "Toss a penny" and sweet stalls but our pre-fete effort was not considerable.

Among our not so good achievements were several lectures, which were followed by a conduct card for the whole form for a period of one week. 3S had a total of 93 detentions and more to come as the year nears the end. The most popular girl and boy in the Detention Book were Carolyn Lee and Peter Dinsdale.

Mrs. Wallis has been a very good form teacher putting up with our noise in form assembly.

FORM 3E REPORT

Overall this year 3E have been reasonably successful in every activity we have participated in, although this good record was broken by a couple of mishaps during term two when Bryan Gasper entered our little world of 3E to join forces with Russell, Gary and Michael, the terrible three. Later on in the year we had our annual fete and we were with the school all the way. Although 3S have had a bad time this year, nobody is perfect but the other forms were lucky to have us to boost their egos. And now a mention for our form teacher Miss Lockwood — she's coped with us all year despite the fact she was missing for a couple of weeks (was this our fault?).

FORM 2B REPORT

On behalf of 2B we would like to thank Mr. Coventry our form teacher. We would also like to thank the rest of the teachers even if they couldn't put up with our behaviour. We are all very proud of Fiona McKean, Pam Carpenter and Garry Hill, who all did well as far as sport is concerned. Also in our form a few students won Science Talent Search prizes. Our form managed to raise a considerable sum in pre-fete activities. Altogether we have had great fun as a form.

FORM 2H REPORT

We wanted to write something gay and original,
 In order to render the reader vertiginal,
 So we decided that to the public we owed
 The pleasure of reading our annals in ode.

At the start of the year, on the very first day
 We met the teachers whom we hoped would be away
 We met our new form teacher Mrs. Williams by name
 French and English are her game.

Thirty-one noisy kids in our class
 Each day it's some one's turn to get the brass
 We have the honour of being the worst
 Behind our backs the teachers curse.

In May our form on an excursion went
 To Mount Beauty our mob was sent,
 Through smoke bombs and mushroom clouds did we
 proceed,
 Until the manager went weak-kneed.

The pre-fete activities we won this year
 A picnic was suggested so we all gave a cheer
 The long awaited fete day came at last
 And on our stall the groceries sold fast.

Finally we want to thank the teachers we had
 To get rid of us we sure they'd be glad.
 But really we're happy with the year that has gone
 And hope that next year we'll continue right on.

FORM I REPORT

Form I have been on many excursions: The Mikado, docks, Tullamarine, Railways, Paynesville. We are quite different from the other Form I's in the past because we have a new subject General Studies. This is a mixture of Geography, History, Science, English and English Lit. Thanks to our teachers we are all marvellously trained??? . . . Assembly in the mornings takes eighteen minutes and we fit in two solid hours work a week. We have a free activities period every week and there is a band who have made up three of their own songs. Many girls bring crochet and many games. Thanks to all the teachers for trying to cope with us, especially to Mr. Gubbins and Mrs. McMicken.



"ALL I KNOW IS THAT LOUIE SAID 'BIG AL' WANTED TO SEE ME!"

SCIENCE TALENT SEARCH 1971

1971 proved to be the most successful year yet for students entering in the Science Talent Search. In the Gippsland S.T.S. \$130 in prize money was awarded to Y.H.S. students as well as six "Awards of Merit." Some of these students also entered the State wide S.T.S. and all entrants were successful in gaining a money bursary. Of special mention is the fact that the entry presented by Wendy Eades and Wendy Evans was awarded first prize in the Intermediate Division in the State S.T.S.

LIST OF AWARD WINNERS

	Gipps.	State
Intermediate Division		
"An Investigation into the development of Yallourn North children through art"		
— Wendy Eades, Wendy Evans	\$30	\$70
"Fatigue"		
— Jennifer Watkinson, Vera Milojevic	\$80	\$4
"Our Changing Coastline"		
— Janeece Phippen	\$15	\$20
"Yallourn W Power Station"		
— Geoff Hayes	\$10	\$20
"Tape Recorder Sleep Teaching"		
— Richard Clarke	\$5	\$40
"Testing For Water Pollution"		
— Susan Lane, Eyvonne Waring	\$10	
"Relationship between Skull Size and IQ"		
— Elizabeth Playden, Andrea Tilley	\$8	
"Batteries and Accumulator"		
— David Hoch	\$2	
"Tar Content in Cigarettes"		
— Glen Setches, Mark Hawken	Certificate of Merit	
"Sugar Diabetes"		
— Lorraine Ralston	Certificate of Merit	
"The Contents of Cigarettes"		
— Margaret Morris, Sue Bussell, Jenny Crookes	Certificate of Merit	

Junior Division

"Mice"		
— Vivienne Clarke	\$12	
"Vegetation of a Confined Area"		
— Robert Redston	\$8	
"Fungus"		
— Linda Hayes, Wendy Hayes	Certificate of Merit	
"Hardness of Water"		
— Diana Thomson, Gina Gruna	Certificate of Merit	
"No Sleep"		
— Virginia Coady, Chris Hamden, Fiona McKean	Certificate of Merit	

CONGRATULATIONS

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS, 1970

DIANE GORDON
ANDREW GRIMES
NEAL OBERSBY
CORAL PEARSON
KERRY SULLIVAN
HELEN THOMAS

H.S.C. TEACHING BURSARIES

LIDIA INGRAVALLE
CAROLYN MORRISSEY
ALISON WEBB.

LEAVING TEACHING BURSARIES

Sue Wakefield
Sue Humphreys,

SPORTS CHAMPIONS-ATHLETICS

U13 J. RADFORD, G. HILL
U14 J. CARPENTER, A. LUETJENS
U15 L. HEDT, G. SETCHES
U16 E. COAD, C. JACKSON
U21 K. SETCHES, C. KOTIW

SWIMMING

Junior: F. McKEAN, K. MAITLAND
Intermediate: S. BUSSELL, C. URE
Senior: J. ASHMEAD, C. KOTIW

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS, 1971

1970 SECONDARY STUDENTSHIP WINNERS

R. K. BOSKMA
V. K. BROWN
A. J. DELL
R. G. DOLPHIN
U. A. HORBACZ
I. E. HORNE
B. E. JAMES
J. L. KING
I. LERCHE
P. C. LESTER
D. W. LEWIS
A. McLENNAN

ROLL CALL 1928

THE HIGHER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

(2nd YEAR)

FORM E

Gloz, Jack
Betteson, Mona
Curry, Enid
Drummond, Catherine
Drummond, Winifred
Fewster, Harley
Hall, Mavis
Harry, Lesly
Ladd, Lily
Meens, Catherine
Smith, Marjorie
Trahair, Olive.

Webster, Ina
Chapman, Jack
English, Fredrick

Collins, Irene
Fewster, Geoffrey
Fyfe, Graham
Graham, William
Harvey, Kenneth
Hannon, Siron
James, Carl
King, Victor
Lane, Thomas
Price, Albert
Roberts, William
Smith, Harold
Salter, William
Turvey, John
Barton, Leila
Sagar, Frances
Sinclair, William
Wood, Merle.

FORM F

Chance, Jean
Clarke, Iris
Faulkner, Olive
Folwell, Ellen
Hall, Heusietta
James, Jean
Kerr, Agnes
Mathew, Irma
Price, Elsie
Roberts, Florrie
Starling, Wyda
Thorpe, Jessie
Witmore, Elvie
Dunning, Janet
Attenborough, Stan
Turvey, Allan
Celder, Roy
Campbell, George
Fogarty, James
Guymer, George
Pye, Claude
Picard, Harrison
Smith, Stanley
Stepnell, Mark
Sinclair, William
Webster, Robert
Tickle, William
Thorn, Daphine
Kain, James

ROLL CALL 1971

FORM VI

Ashmead, Shirley Joan
Brown, Vivianne K.
Courtney, Fay K.
Castell, Elizabeth A.
Godcard Rosemary H.

Holland, Cheryl D.
Ingravalle, Lidia R.
Kelava, Katarina
Metcalf, Janice
Mewett, Janice
Plavins, Anita

Morrissey, Carolyn
Smith, Janice E.
Smith, Judith H.
Webb, Alison
Burns, Daniel W.
Evans, Gregory T.
Gloz, John W.
Hoy, Stephen J.
Jones, Bruce E.
Pemberton, John W.
Plowman, Donald C.
Pye, Warren J.
Spencer, John C.
FORM VH
Barnard, Susanne C.
Bicknell, Linda L.
Boskma, Dianne M.
Casey, Janet L.
Jensen, Susan G.
Malpas, Gayle B.
Radford, Lynne K.
Sutcliffe, Karen
Richardson, Wendy
Trkulja, Lilyana
Ure, Gillian M.
Wiggins, Julie F.
Yoemans, Susan E.
Young, Lynda C.

Chisholm, Peter G.
Davies, Phillip A.
Dobson, Shane M.
Gorman, Malcolm W.
Kotiw, Charles Y.
Loftus, Peter R.
Lyons, Norman A.
Smaniotto, Max
Smith, Roger.

FORM VS

Gallagher, Deborah A.
Gordon, Diane M.
Henson, Jennifer D.
Humphreys, Susan M.
Pearson, Coral L.
Rendell, Shirley J.
Sullivan, Kerry M.
Thomas, Helen V.
Wakefield, Susan M.
Waring, Marilyn D.

Allison, John A.
Cowper, Brian J.
Gallop, Stephen J.
Gray, Jeffrey J.
Grimes, Andrew P.
Jackson, Peter W.

Lyons, Paul J.
Moston-Duggan, Michael
Noble, Peter D.
Obersby, Adrian Neal
Parr, Peter
Robertson, Phillip
Ure, Graham
Vogel, Gary
Huguenin, Phillip G.

FORM 4P

Amos, Gayle L.
 Borg, Monica
 Bussell, Suzanne
 Coad, Elaine
 Connelly, Vicki A.
 Cook, Suzanne J.
 Crookes, Jennifer
 Davis, Lisa
 Eves, Dawn
 Fowler, Rosemary
 Grant, Diane J.
 Grivins, Sandra
 Kelm, Brenda L.
 Lane, Susan
 Loftus, Gaynor
 Mangion, Lucy
 McAulliffe, Nola
 Morris, Margaret
 Morris, Sandra
 Pearson, Pamela
 Ray, Vicki L.
 Smith, Margaret
 Stallworthy, Heather
 Sullivan, Sharon Lee
 Swindon, Lorraine
 Wallman, Bronwyn
 Waring, Eyvonne
 Wright, Wendy E.
 Zehethofer, Eva
 Bicknell, Steven J.
 Boys, Adrian P.
 Clarke, Richard
 Crane, Keith R.
 Frost, Stephen
 Hoch, David L.
 Keating, Michael C.
 Sambell, Steven
 Vella, Stephen P.
 Young, Alan Dennis.

FORM 4G

Baillie, Claire
 Chisholm, Julie
 Crane, Carol
 Daddo, Jan
 Dickinson, Kathleen
 Dowers, Kerry
 Eades, Wendy
 Evans, Wendy
 Ferguson, Heather
 Fisher, Carol
 Green, Jennifer A.
 Larkins, Kerri
 Long, Annette
 Milojevic, Vera
 Phippen, Janeece
 Playden, Elizabeth A.
 Ralston, Lorraine
 Setches, Kerry D.
 Sim, Kerri L.
 Sneddon, Anne-Maree
 Taylor, Jean

Tilly, Andrea
 Watkinson, Jennifer G.
 Webb, Lynden A.
 Wilson, Gayle
 Woods, Jillian
 Cunningham, Robert
 Hawken, Mark
 Hayes, Geoffrey
 Hoy, Terry
 Jackson, Christopher
 Ployman, Ross
 Setches, Glenn
 Ure, Colln
 Watkinson, John
 Wiltshire Nicholas

FORM IIIS

Berg, Christine
 Byrne, Susan M.
 Carlton, Cheryl M.
 Cheesman, Jennifer A.
 Collins, Susan M.
 Cowley, Dianne J.
 Dudley, Faye E.
 George, Christine T.
 Gore, Julie
 Larkins, Debra L.
 Lee, Carolyn J.
 McIntosh, Susan G.
 O'Connor, Terri A.
 Parr, Maxine E.
 Patching, Lesley F.
 Rawiller, Roxanne J.
 Schessl, Helen
 Smanlotto, Rosamaree
 Warner, Judith M.
 Watkinson, Helen J.
 Whitmore, Sharon L.

Courtney, Mark C.
 Dinsdale, Peter
 Dudley, Frank W.
 Hill, Geoffrey R.
 Jackson, Michael R.
 Kotiw, Victor
 Luetjens, Andrew B.
 McKinna, Robert V.
 Morrissey, Alan G.
 Pye, Rodney M.
 Sestokas, Jon C.

FORM IIIE

Balzan, Carmen
 Cahill, Anette J.
 Dalterio, Lucia M.
 Dickinson, Joanne
 Evans, Kerri M.
 Gallop, Jill S.
 Gompelman, Jennifer A.
 Groves, Sharon
 Hedt, Linda E.
 Hibbert, Linda K.

Lawrey, Sandra Kaye
 Mangion, Mary F.
 Richardson, Judith
 Slater, Therese
 Smith, Debra A.
 Spencer, Jillian M.
 Tabart, Pamela M.
 Vella, Mary-Rose
 Wilson, Janette L.
 Wiltshire, Ruth E.
 Brown, Frank W.
 Brown, Russell
 Connelly, Gary J.
 Crozier, John A.
 Gasper, Bryan
 Horsey, Lane W.
 Hough, Peter D.
 Hutchinson, Peter John
 Maitland, Nigel A.
 McIntyre, Michael J.
 Morris, Bruce J.
 Reid, Douglas W.

FORM 2H

Allison, Annette E.
 Casey, Toni L.
 Cloak, Susan J.
 Downey, Jennifer A.
 Duxbury, Lynne
 Ferguson, Jeannie
 Gibson, Rhonda J.
 Halket, Deborah P.
 Jensen, Barbara A.
 Langford Sidebottom,
 Lyons, Patricia Mary
 Marinkovic, Nada R.
 McCaffrey, Barbara Carol
 McPhee, Gillianne D.
 Muscat, Phyllis T.
 Parr, Kathleen
 Ragowski, Bridget R.
 Ray, Gayle M.
 Strong, Patricia
 Vikis, Janina M.
 Widdows, Terri P.

Bryant, Stephen J.
 Fowler, Richard W.
 Hansen, Ian E.
 Harvey Geoffrey N.
 Horne, Geoffrey
 Hough, Phillip
 Liebig, Michael
 Puckridge, Peter J.
 Robertson, Stephen J.
 Syme, Robert
 Yeomans, Christopher T.

FORM 2B.

Abery, Lee-Anne R.
 Barter, Linda F.
 Bowman, Julie A.
 Brown, Lindie J.

Carpenter, Pamela J.
 Clarke, Vivienne J.
 Coady, Virginia A.
 D'Alterio, Maria L.
 Downey, Margaret L.
 Eves, Pamela
 Grigarius, Patricia A.
 Grima, Gina P.
 Hamden, Christine J.
 Hayes, Elizabeth J.
 Kobiela, Susie C.
 MacRae, Lesley R.
 McKean, Fiona M.
 O'Donnell, Gail N.
 Playdon, Susan L.
 Rendell, Elizabeth A.
 Rooney, Jennifer C.
 Thomson, Diana E.
 White, Wendy, B.

Baird, Graham D.
 Douglas, Dale P.
 Gordon, Graham L.
 Harrison, Frederick A.
 Hay, Ian V.
 Hill, Garry F.
 Maitland, Keith H.
 Redston, Robert S.
 Smith, Peter R.

FORM 1

Aldred Lorretta J.
 Bowman, Christine D.
 Burns, Karen S.
 Cairns, Susan D.
 Capon, Jacqueline W.
 Collins, Patricia M.
 Cook, Karen L.
 Dalglish, Susan E.
 Demetriou, Andrea
 Dickinson, Lynette
 Dobson, Erin
 Foley, Wendy
 Gasper, Julie K.
 Green, Linda
 Groves, Merrilyn
 Hall, Karen G.
 Hayes, Linda F.
 Hayes, Wendy J.
 Hedt, Valerie M.
 Holland, Christine J.
 Horsey, Suzanne M.
 Houghton, Sylvia A.
 Lacey, Julie
 Lawrey, Leeanne
 Leslie, Peta Lee
 Long, Brenda C.
 McInnes, Kaye F.
 McKenzie, Terry-Ann
 Newey, Barbara Anne
 Noble, Carol L.
 North, Joy H.
 Obersby, Wendy J.

Pace, Mary-Rose
 Parker, Lorraine
 Passey, Sue L.
 Pearson, Gail S.
 Purcell, Maree K.
 Radford, Jan M.
 Rawiller, Shayne-Maree
 Selimovic, Mary
 Shankland, Suzanne
 Simpson, Helen
 Thomas, Vivienne M.
 Watkinson, Wendy A.
 Wilson, Julie A.
 Young, Susan M.

Bicknell, Andrew T.
 Briggs, Colln J.
 Clarke, Michael T.
 Cook, Jeffrey
 Crookes, Peter R.
 Evans, David A.
 Gray, Stephen T.
 Hamden, Paul F.
 Hamilton, Graeme B.
 Harvey, Timothy G.
 Jardine, Ian C.
 Luetjens, Steven R.
 McMicken, David C.
 Magnuson, Ross P.
 Melbourne, Daryl S.
 Minster, Dennis S.
 Pemberton, Ricky J.
 Peters, Graham
 Phippen, Trevor E.
 Rooney, Graeme
 Stallon, Lee F.
 Suckling, Gary
 Wells, Colln R.
 Yeomans, Colln J.



You may think this cover-design is revolutionary, and that it is wrong for the school magazine. We agree.

But every year there is a disaster of one kind or another, and in these disasters millions of people have been left homeless, poverty-stricken and hungry. During the past five years we have had a series of disasters which have been built up into a climax that has ended this year in Calcutta.

We Australians, who enjoy a fairly high standard of living, sit back in our homes and watch these disasters happening on our T.V.

Although the 'pylon' has been paid for by the parents of this school, when we place a surcharge of ten-cents on it, we are not asking you to pay for the magazine but to buy lives.

Yallourn High School Magazine