



EDUCATION DAY

Tuesday, 16th August, was observed as Education Day at the School. Nearly three hundred parents attended and showed great interest in the work. Interesting films were shown in the theatre, while in the art room, together with an art display, a debate was held between teams selected from Forms V and VI. A popular event was the mannequin parade in the quadrangle, where girls showed the aprons, dresses, pyjamas and night-gowns they had made. In other rooms music, singing, commercial work and plays were in progress. In the craft room leather work and weaving were on display. The science room stole the show however. Parents and children could only with difficulty be urged to move on from the many interesting exhibits, such as discharge tubes, Kiff's apparatus, voltameter, copper plating, electro magnets, spectroscope, tadpole pond, Cartesian divers, distillation processes, and an organ pipe.

The afternoon finished with a display of team games and physical training — altogether a most successful day.

—1949

VISIT OF MISS AUSTRALIA

Excitement at the High School runs high! You ask me why? Let the boys answer! Miss Australia is coming today. The girls wait with avid interest to see her clothes and also that indefinable something which helped her win her title, but the boys wait only to see her, and in honour they wear their best suits and even meticulously brush their hair. Even the men teachers (who should know better) wear their best suits and generally act like adolescent boys.

However, after much feverish waiting on the part of all, Miss Australia (Miss Hughes) arrives. There is an expectant breathless hush as she leads the official party along the verandah. Behind her comes Miss Victoria (Miss Joan Easey).

Eagerly, boys and girls (and the Staff) gaze at the celebrity and change their positions to get a better view. Some of the staff, I daren't say whom, even adopted a favourable position in order to ensure an unobstructed scene. Perhaps, they wanted to count the windows in room five? We don't rightly know. The Head Prefect presented our visitor with a bouquet of flowers and welcomed her. Miss Hughes thanked her, and in spite of rain and coal dust told us she was thrilled to be here.

—1950

YALLOURN HIGH SCHOOL — 2053 A.D.

Just 90 miles from Melbourne, the centre of a thriving State, stands the township of Yallourn. Modern in the extreme, its great pride lies in the ultra modern building surrounded by luscious green pines, which children of a hundred years ago would not recognise as their High School.

Seven stories high with walls composed almost entirely of glass, the great building stands as a monument to modern architecture. For a quarter of an hour before the commencement of the school day the air hums to the noise of the helicopter bus services as they arrive from outlying districts and land at the helicopter park, situated on the roof. Descending from the roof in a swift, silent lift, it is observed that the whole of the top floor is occupied by the school library, one of the finest in the State. The next floor contains the art rooms, the exterior walls of which are entirely composed of glass. The four floors immediately below, house the ordinary class rooms and with the specially sprung desks, automatic inkwell fillers and electric blackboard dusters are the delight of those on duty. The ground floor, with its massive entrance, contains all the offices, while in the basement is a car park where the members of staff and the students can park their cars. Set slightly apart from the main building is the science section where all experiments are carried out.

Across the carpet of green lawn, dotted with shady trees, can be seen the playing fields. A heated swimming pool which can be used both summer and winter, is set slightly to the left of the oval, tennis courts, and hockey field.

Beyond this in the distance, can be seen the open cut, with the trains speeding silently on their way.

Truly, children of a bygone age would not recognise the building as their High School.

—1953



MISS VICTORIA AND MISS AUSTRALIA, 1950
VISIT THE SCHOOL

THE QUEEN'S VISIT

In March of this year Yallourn was greatly honoured by a visit from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, and her husband Prince Phillip. We publish below extracts from two articles written by pupils of this School which, we believe, tell the story of that wonderful day, as well as it can be told.

"Ever since it had been announced that Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were to visit Yallourn, the whole town had been preparing for the great day and every effort had been made to ensure that the visit was a success. Gay bunting had been hung on decorated poles encircling the town square, in the centre of which were fountains and, at the entrance, a magnificent arch of gum leaves and effigies of Australian birds and animals.

By two o'clock everyone was assembled at their appointed positions along the proposed route and excitement reached fever pitch when, a few minutes before schedule, the whistle of the Royal train was heard. Necks were craned to catch the first glimpse as the Queen, closely followed by the Duke and other members of the Royal party, mounted the specially constructed dais in front of the station.

Down at the Open Cut, the Queen and the Duke showed great interest as each stage in production was explained to them. Meanwhile, in the town, the people waited patiently for a last look at the Queen.

As she entered the observation car on the train, excited people broke through the barriers onto the station. They climbed over coal trucks, fences and walls, and some resourceful guides had even acquired a ladder from a nearby house and were frantically cheering and waving from it, regardless of the danger of it collapsing. From the train the Queen and Prince Phillip waved goodbye until they were out of sight and speeding over the rails to Warragul. Quickly the crowd dispersed, thus bringing to an end a historic occasion, the memory of which will be cherished by everyone who witnessed the event."

—JUDITH RUST, V.

"On the morning of March 3rd, I awoke to a brilliant day, and a feeling that this was to be one of the most memorable days of my life. Today, for a few minutes, I was to see our beautiful and gracious Queen and her handsome Consort.

On arriving at school I noticed that this feeling seemed to be widespread throughout the pupils; and later as we marched through the beautifully decorated and crowded Town Square, you could almost see the excitement in the air.

After the train was out of sight we turned away; our feelings a mixture of happiness and sorrow; happy because we had seen the Head of our Commonwealth, but sad that this would most probably be the only time in our lives that we would have such an opportunity." JUNE COOPER, IV.A. —1954

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

In the complete d'Oyley Carte manner, with swashbuckling pirates, beautiful maidens and well-paunched policemen, the "Pirates", produced

by Mrs. McCasker with Mr. Bartle as musical director, was vociferously received by packed houses at Morwell Town Hall at the end of the second term; the music being supplied by the Yallourn Orchestral Society with Mrs. Wynd as pianiste.

All who participated in this most enjoyable presentation will recall the thrill of rehearsal; the great expectations and the great disappointments; and above all the calm confidence of Mr. Bartle, whose virtuosity even led him to illustrate certain dancing steps for the young maidens. His delicate footwork contrasted strongly with the first rehearsal of the pirates' dance for joy which ended Act I.

Only those who participated can really appreciate the enormous amount of work by Mr. Bartle. The walls of Room 6 were covered with music and words, written on white paper. He wrote a complete musical score for the orchestra, ran at least five practices every week, and travelled widely to the homes of the principals to assist them in their parts. Equally enthusiastic was Mrs. McCasker in whose capable hands the production was a great success. But this is only part of the story as all members of the staff did their parts nobly to make our first opera not only a success but a very pleasant memory.

LIBRARY NOTES — 1940's

—1955

Lack of space prevents us at present from having in our school a real library — a room where students, during their leisure periods, could browse among the books and magazines, and where, during lessons, they could be trained to seek information for themselves, and know the triumph the explorer knows when he discovers a new land.

But, in the meantime, students find pleasure in borrowing and reading the books contained in the Junior and Senior libraries. A small committee renders assistance in checking and repairing books in the junior library. They appeal to every boy and girl to treasure the books as they would jewels of rare value.

Since the beginning of 1946 books to the value of approximately £170 have been added to the libraries. All tastes have been catered for.

Budding artists can learn from the "How to Draw" series; lovers of animals delight in "Black Beauty"; those interested in the romance of famous lives can read about Madame Curie in "The Radium Woman," or Louis Pasteur in "The Microbe Man"; music-lovers revel in the lives of Mozart and Handel; the young lad yearning for adventure thrills to Richard Halliburton's books of travel; the practical girl consults the book "101 Things for a Girl to Make". The attractiveness of these and many other volumes will be more apparent now that a new set of shelves, with sliding glass doors, has been provided for the Senior Library. Books should not be locked up in dark cupboards; they should be allowed to reveal their beauty to the eager young readers anxious to feast their eyes and minds upon them.

OUR BOY CHAMPIONS

At last! Years of patient effort paid off, when on Friday, 3rd May, a Yallourn High School choir of thirty boys and the most successful this school has ever sent to Dandenong Festival.

The choir came first in its section, and, not content with this, was the champion choir of the twenty-six choirs which competed this year. This was the first time since the Festival began in 1948, that the cup had gone to a senior boys' choir.

The adjudicator, Mr. Logie-Smith, who is music master at Scotch College, was surprised when he knew the boys were going to sing "Carnival" by Kodaly. He was even more surprised when he heard how well they sang it, for Kodaly is notoriously difficult. The other song which the boys sang was "Shortnin' Bread".

The Boys' Choir made the trip with the Mixed Ensemble, a smaller group of mixed voices, which did well to come second in their section, adding yet another success to our list.

On Friday, 26th April, the Girls' Choir went to Dandenong. Unfortunately this year they did not gain a place, but they did well, nevertheless (nineteen of the girls who had sung in 1962, had left school). Mr. Logie-Smith said of them that their work was expressive, well-balanced and exceedingly well disciplined.

The choirs were accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Wadelton and were trained and conducted by Mr. Pyers.

Congratulations to all concerned. "This was their finest hour!"

—1963

BOYS' DANDENONG CHOIR

Neils Hutchison
Paul Taylor
Richard Snape
Alan Linabury
Rodney Grant
Peter Huntley
Chris Myers
Brendan Schmidt
Malcolm Foy
Michael Kotiw
Robin Bavington
Barry Goode
David Stones
Joe Vanyai

Ken Scott
Bill Udowenko
Robert Lowe
Ian Charlesworth
Ken Hutchison
David Scott
Geoff Hannon
Janis Gulbis
Peter Ganz
Svetislav Petrovic
John Humphreys
Michael Hamilton

—1963

"VOICE OF THE STUDENT"

This year the local Television Station, Channel GLV10, has organised a students' forum which is telecast under the title "Voice of the Student".

About sixteen Gippsland schools are at present competing for the honour of winning the series of half hour debates.

On Sunday, 27th October, a team of three from Yallourn High School debated against three girls from St. Anne's, Sale. The proposition for debate was, "Are towns of over one million population in the best interests of the Community?" We had the affirmative side, and our team — Peter Skelton, Margaret Cain and David Scott — spoke very well.

—1963

A NEW ASSOCIATION

This year saw the beginning of a new association in the life of the School. The Parents', Teachers' and Citizens' Association was formed in May of this year.

Its aim as laid down in its constitution is to serve the pupils of the School. It has set about doing this by attempting to form a liaison between teachers, parents and citizens and by working for the overall development of the School.

Since May the Association has held monthly meetings at which a variety of syllabus items have been presented. For example, talks and discussion on such topics as Educational Psychology, Vocational Guidance and The Improvement of Reading Techniques have been given.

The Committee of the Association has tried hard to interest parents and teachers in this new organisation but the financial membership which at present stands at eighty would seem to indicate a certain apathy on the part of many of those people whose vital concern it should be — namely the parents.

—1963

INAUGURAL YEAR

In March of this year, the majority of Yallourn High School pupils affirmed their support for a Students' Representative Council, whose function was to be to air grievances and request improvements.

The S.R.C. is a representative body with advisory powers. It functions like a miniature House of Commons, complete with speaker, Hansard, and even a fluctuating government and opposition, two small cliques. But here any resemblance ends, for the S.R.C. cannot impose its judgement on others.

For this reason, the Council has incurred the displeasure of those who caused its creation. Formed to serve the entire school, it does. The representatives do not execute the will of individuals.

Its first year, from birth to today, has been the growth of the Council into an effective institution which materially benefits the school it serves.

—1963



Rat says so!



Mole says so!



Toad says so!



Badger says so!

"We say so, Rat says so, Mole says so, Toad says so, and Badger says so."

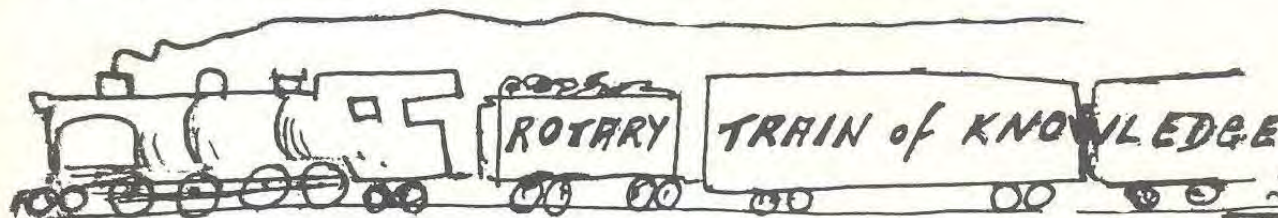
Not even Alfred could complain that there was 'no esprit de corps' in this year's production of "Toad of Toad Hall," by A. A. Milne, for both walloppers and walloped alike, worked hard to meet the demands of the chief walloper, Mr. Pyers and his assistant Mr. Dooley. Apart from the memorable experience afforded the cast in taking part in a genuinely polished theatrical production, it is the one occasion during the year when the value of team work is patently obvious to even the most rascally ferret, weasel and stoat.

The production equalled in excellence the standard of the traditional Gilbert and Sullivan

productions, and mutterings from the conservatives were stilled entirely, when on Saturday evening the Edwardian beauties of the girls' chorus walked gracefully on to the stage, and Marigold rang Mr. Rat's house on her telephone—a daffodil. Our thanks are due to friends of the school: Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. Pyers, Mr. McLaren and to all the staff, students and friends who helped.

In conclusion — "Oh bliss! Oh poop, poop! Chirrup, Chirrup, Chirrup!! "Oh Sir! Please Sir! Thank you Sir! Do another play sir, just as good Sir, next year Sir!"

—1961



"Yes Sir, I enjoyed the trip and the lunch, but I've decided to become an engine driver!"

The Train of Knowledge. I wonder who first called it that? This fanciful name suggests to me a train of magic which, when boarded, sweeps us effortlessly away into a far-off land of Know-it-all or one hundred per cent. passes in examinations. Or it might be a merry, red-faced puffing billy, its trucks filled with multi-coloured alphabet blocks, chugging its way across the pages of my young sister's picture book. But it is neither of these. It is a Victorian Railways type train which carried us to Melbourne to investigate many industries or professions in which we hope to make our careers. Perhaps we have a hankering to be an accountant or an air-hostess, a builder, chemist or doctor, an engineer or fitter, the train would take us where we could see all these people at work. Its resemblance to my picture-book train becomes more real when we consider the list. Could we but add an usherette ushering or a visit to a College for Zanies it would be complete.

The Latrobe Valley Rotarians organised this excursion by which some 225 of us were able to see at work people who were doing the jobs we hope to do when we leave school.



DEBATING CLUB REPORT

Yallourn High School Debating Club was formed early in Term 2, following the House Debating Competition, and has flourished ever since, under the guiding hand of Mr. Marshall, an executive council consisting of Margaret Canovan (president), John Jakobson (vice-president) and Jenni Langdon (secretary), and various teachers who wander in and out of the meetings at will.

Two excursions have been held. One to the Deep Set Discotheque in Morwell, and one to the snow. This is the first year Yallourn High has had a Debating Club, and I'm sure it won't be the last. I only hope it is as successful in following years as it has been this year.

—1961

ORIGINAL WORK

FANTASY —1949

Slowly, as the majestic sun sank into a bed of rosy cloud, the last notes of a magpie rang clear and still. The leaves of the trees shivered in the slight breeze, their colour changing with the movement, now gold, now emerald green. Afar in the east the first purple shadows of night came creeping over the countryside from the tip of the rugged ranges.

Down in the bay could be heard the lapping of the wavelets as they splashed gently at the cliff. A path of golden light was stretched from horizon to shore of the great plain of heaving water. The foam, faintly tinged with pink, splashed lightly on the firm golden curve of the sand. A gentle flower-scented breeze danced over the sand dunes from the woods.

The western horizon, still coloured softly, stretched around till it met the shadows in the east and, in a cloud of golden light, the rim of a large moon peeped over the edge of the earth and slowly climbed higher and higher, followed by band after band of stars, moon elves and fairies with gaudy glittering wings. These elves and fairies slid down the long probing fingers of moonlight. They skipped and played on the sand. They danced and rode the sleepy phosphorescent waves to the shore. The waves awoke and seemed to leap to the moon in silver splendour as they joined in the game.

As I slowly wended my way home through the woods, through the velvet black shadows and dazzling pools of moonlight, I imagined I was surrounded by moon wraiths, and I looked behind the swaying white trunks of the trees, and in the leafy foliage, and caught a glimmer of a sparkling wing. When I reached home the fantasy remained with me, and I still dream of a golden beach and silver moonlight, and hear the rhythm of the restless sea.

BARBARA BURMEISTER,
Form IVb.

LUNCH TIME —1949

Don't know what I ought to buy;
But where the queue stands so do I
Watching everyone passing by;
But where the queue stands so do I
One by one the people file past,
Hurrah! my turn has come at last!
Fish and chips, and apple tart
Hunggrily, I cut it apart.
Not many minutes left to eat
For the yard's to be cleared and made
all neat.

Then goes the bell and down I rush
To get to the lockers before the crush!
DENISE FARNES, Form Ia.

ONE OF YALLOURN'S MARVELS

Have you ever been on a coal dredge? My visit to one of Yallourn's dredges was during the last May holidays, when my father took my sister and I on one as my sister was learning about the open cut at school.

We went by car most of the way, but the last three hundred yards we had to walk on the railway track near the edge of the face. Looking down we could see a ninety foot drop to the next face. As we neared the dredge we found it was moving towards us, so we had to be pretty smart jumping on to the high step.

Once inside the dredge the noise became deafening and it was difficult to hear another speak. Looking to the left just inside the door, we could see the driver in his compartment. On crossing to the other side there was a similar compartment for use when the dredger was moving the opposite way. Then my father lifted off a disc and we could see the big chain of buckets moving up inside the dredger. Each bucket holds two cubic yards of coal and there are thirty-one buckets on the machine.

We mounted some steps to another floor where we could see a man watching through a window directing the coal, by means of a flap in a chute into the train trucks beneath the machine. Climbing more steps to other levels we saw different pieces of machinery which go to make up the whole. One point of interest was the big wheel on the top outside, which is wound up or let down according to the required level of the bucket ladder as the long arm is called.

Having then been all over the dredger and seen coal dug at the rate of 500 tons an hour we agreed that it was certainly one of the marvels of engineering.

ANN RUSDEN, 11a.

FOURTH FORM FOLLIES —1949

Oh, listen, listen school kids gay,
About Form Four my tale I tell,
Loud are the notes and sad the lay
When sounds are lovely 'lectric bell.
Good boys there are, but very few,
And gentle maidens I dare say
Do all the things they may not do,
And tempt the teachers' wrath each day.

Our Captain gay is Pauline White,
Who rules us wrong as days go by.
Our French class is the best in sight
With Graham as its gleaming eye.
As usual in the morn we see
Young Aldred coming late but gay.
While Margaret, Mary, and Shirley
Discuss who drove them here today.
Babs and Marj. at hockey flair,
While daily hitting at the ball,
With many others also there,
With lives that aren't their own at all.
Audrey and Judy we all know
Play basket ball most awfully fine;
While Bridle, Marr, and Wallace show
How French is done for Mrs. Wynd.
Betty's giggle is well known,
While Marjory's never heard to
mutter,
And of our messers it is shown,
The best one's Shirley Cutter.
As usual Avril combs her hair,
And Heather's voice is heard by all.
And brains are very, very rare,
According to the home-work haul.
Because of lack of pen and ink,
And brains and time and space,
The others' habits I can't think
To put them in their place.
As a class were always good
And listen to what teachers say,
And do our lessons as we should
In a Form Four High School day.

HEATHER ROBINSON, Form IVb.

A WARNING —1950

When he and I go walking
There's teachers everywhere
One walking here, one walking there,
And oh! they're everywhere.

They ride past on their bikes or cars,
They walk out with their wives,
I'm sure there's one at our back door,
The trials of our lives.

When walking past the Guest House,
You're sure that they all stare
And walking down along West Cross
You'll soon collect a glare.

We go down to the library
A peaceful time we crave,
When in blows one of them and says
"That's not how one behaves."

You go up on the hill one day
A lovely view to see,
But oh! a blot upon the map,
A teacher do I see.

Now don't you dally after school
Or have a daily spree,
There's sure to be a teacher lurking
Just behind that tree.

So if you for a boy should fall
Be sure to pick the place,
For heavens' sake don't pick Yallourn.
But go some other place.

—"BETTY." IVa.

**LINES FROM MODERN SONGS—
OUR VERSION —1951**

1. "Stars are the windows of heaven,
where angels peep through" — Windows
in the Staff Room.

2. "We saw the apple blossom wed-
ding from the balcony above" — Mr.
and Mrs. Mitchell.

3. "Every day on top of a load of
hay (clay)" — found outside the Staff
Room.

4. "We'll build a bungalow, big
enough for two" — Extension to Room
12.

5. "Zing zing, zoom zoom, my little
heart goes boom" — Every Tech sports
day.

6. "I don't care how late it gets. I'm
not going home" — School Social.

7. "There's a little white duck sitting
on the water" — Outside Prefabs.

8. "'Cause I won't have to slip
around to have your company"—Sports
oval after rain.

9. "My defences are down, they've
got me where they want me." — 3B's
Arithmetic period.

10. "Run rabbit, Run rabbit, Run,
Run, Run" — Caught talking to boys
over the fence.

11. "I'm so tired of waiting for you"—
The Trafalgar bus after school.

12. "She isn't crazy for diamond
rings, silken and satins and fancy
things" — Miss Callinan.

13. "Mammy, how I love you, how I
love you, my dear old Mammy"—Giving
report book to Mum.

—D.O., 3b.

**OUADRANGLE ASSEMBLY
(With Variations) —1951**

Brrrrrrr!! (A Flat).—General Panic.

No, it's not the fire siren, it's the
school hooter.

Here is a general conception of what
follows this signal:

Approximately two hundred girls
storm into the wash-room, presumably
to wash their hands.

"Chuck up some soap, will yer" —
muffled tones of a near suffocated junior.

"Gee! These towels are like wet bags".

Whilst out in the verandah: "Hey!
What have we got next?"

"Double drag — pipe and tobacco
pouch model today."

"Who did their French homework?"
(Comparative silence.)

"Quick! Here he comes!"

Brrrrrrrrr!! Brrrrrrr!! (Second warning).
A few classes attempt to form straight
lines.

"Shove up!"

"Ouch! Who clipped my ear then?
Oh!"

Brr-cough-splutter!! (The microphone
being connected.)

Master of Ceremonies intervenes.

"Aat-ten-shun! Aat eaze! Mr. Stewart
has a message for the boys: Will the boy
who mixed C1 with H, and blew a
window out of the science room, please
see me after this assembly."

A Sixth Former gives a nervous
cough, and reddens to the tips of his
ears.

"Mr. Hopkins would like to see the
owner of this book, 'Maths. for Mil-
lions.'"

Titter from a bespectacled junior, and
a horrified "Oh! Its mine!"

A sandy-haired regular begins to
howl, and all his canine friends investi-
gate among the ranks of variegated legs
for the culprit.

General disturbance throughout the
pupils.

Master of Ceremonies once again:
"Atten-shun! Right and left! As you
were! You in the front line, step out for
talking!"

Half a dozen young boys begin to
argue among themselves as to who was
meant.

"Right and left turn!" General move-
ment.

Three Third-Formers are given lines
for throwing pebbles in the trench as
they pass. Then silence reigns.

BRENJAN, V.

"OUR FORM" —1951

There was silence in the classroom, for
the word had passed around
That the teacher was a-heading for the
door;
So away went paper pellets, and those
awful rubber bands,
And they scrambled for the papers on
the floor.

There were angels in the classroom, for
the teacher had arrived;
All their books were open, and all their
heads were bent.
Not a single word was spoken, not a
pellet to be seen,
As they studied history books with looks
that were intent.

There was chaos in the classroom, for
the teacher had just left;
All the boys they started fighting with
the chalk,
And as well they aimed their pellets at
the poor, defenceless girls.
Whose shrill squealing really drowned
the others' talk.

—LESLEY HAWKINS, 4A

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO
YALLOURN —1954

Yallourn was full of excitement when the news came that the Queen and her Consort were coming to visit the town on the third of March. In the town square were erected two fountains. There were streamers and archways, and one archway of special interest was a huge one, decorated with gum leaves, a kangaroo and an emu on the top of the arch. A dais was erected for the use of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, near the Yallourn Railway Station. Along the streets, coloured lights were hung, and, at night, Yallourn looked like a fairyland instead of a town. As the day proceeded, many people came to see their Sovereign and her Consort. At ten to three, a train whistle was heard, and the crowds cheered, waved flags and jumped in excitement because the Royal couple had arrived. The Queen spoke to her people, who were listening attentively to all she said, and were even more thrilled when she told them how happy she was to be with her subjects in Yallourn.

Children were given special strong-posts from which to see their Queen and her husband. Even the sick folk turned out for the special occasion. The long drive followed, with the Queen wearing a green frock, a tiny fitted green hat, and high-heeled shoes, and a Duke wearing a day suit. The Royal couple went to see the Yallourn coal mine, where she met the men, and saw machinery operating. The moment for departure came too soon, and before long the Royal couple boarded the Royal train, waved good-bye to the loud applause of the crowds.

The cherished memories of the Queen and the Duke will always be with those who saw them. May we always be loyal, and faithful to our Sovereign.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

—JESSIE GRIMA, 1c.

MIDNIGHT TERROR —1955

Smith awoke with a convulsive start from an uneasy doze. He clutched the bedclothes which enfolded him, in a hot constrictive grasp, and lay there with his ears and eyes striving to penetrate the blanket of darkness which oppressed him. He was afraid! Something was amiss in that quiet house. There was no sound apart from his own laboured breathing. Slowly he released his hold, reached cautiously for the light switch, and then remembered the broken fuse he had forgotten to replace.

His heart pounding like a steam engine, he swung his legs from their safe resting place and groped his way across the cold floor to the door. All was silent on the landing. The sickly light of the waning moon shone faintly through the leaded windows, endowing the once-familiar objects that surrounded him, with an aspect that was menacing and breathtaking. He turned sharply, and a bolt of fear shot through him as the bedroom door swung to, with a long drawn-out creaking sound. He was alone, shut off from the comforting refuge of his bed.

Through the gaps between the banisters he could see the front door, which was illuminated by a stray moonbeam. That was his goal; if he could gain that door he would assuredly be safe. Slowly, with hesitant step, he descended the first few stairs. A cloud obscured the moon and the clinging darkness closed around him as he cringed against the unfriendly wall. Blessed light came once more, and he recommenced his journey.

At the foot of the stairs, his right foot froze in mid-air. What was that? Someone was stirring above. If he were discovered now, all his care and intrepidity would be in vain. Peace descended, and he gulped in great breaths of sweet air, which he had denied himself during the moments of suspense. At last his outstretched hand touched the door knob. He turned it gently, and finally opened the door wide with a courageous gesture. If only he . . . Yes, he was safe. There they were, glinting in the moonlight; he had not forgotten to put the milk-bottles out!

—“UNENSIS” (Form 6), Flinders.

TEACHER'S RECIPE FOR
EXCELLENT WORK —1952

Ingredient: 1 lb. of text books, 3 lb. of exercise books, 1 good ruler, 2 hard pencils, 1 soft pencil, set square, 1 indian rubber, 1 good pen.

Method: Hard work for eight periods a day; best of manners; No laughing or talking for best results.

—HELEN CATCHPOLE, 2B

SUGGESTED SCHOOL SONG —1955
(Words adapted to “Men of Harlech”)
Our school is, like our country, young
yet

Greatest deeds are still undone yet,
Greatest songs are still unsung yet—
Sing, Yallourn High!

In Fame's great Halls our crest be hung
yet,
To all comers challenge flung yet,
Glory's walls our bells hear rung yet—
Ring, Yallourn High!

Daily knowledge gaining
Hearts and minds we're training
To make Australia great and free, with
efforts never waning,
Evil, want, disease, we'll fight yet,
Truth and Learning are our might yet,
See, our School the beacon light yet,
Shine, Yallourn High!

—JOHN McCULLOCH, VI.

HOW TO CAUSE MASS HYSTERIA OR

HOW FORM VI REDECORATED ROOM 12 —1956

(You may take this article with a grain of salt or an iodine tablet at form assembly.)

"I know it comes as a blow," he continued, "but the fact remains — Form VI are working!" Actually we are only removing desks, scrubbing walls, painting walls, scrubbing floors, returning new desks (cheers) and, in general, giving Room 12 a much-needed face-lift.

It all began a long time ago, to cut a long story (something like the Vladivostok Pork and Bean Company) short, when John Foote said, "Chaps, all marble-playing and no work (Cheers) make us dull lads, so we will away to Mr. Ellis and inquire about the lease of Room 12 for the winter, when we can't play marbles!"

One the 1st of May, at 1.45 p.m. "Operation Scrub Ink and Footprints off the Walls" began. Armed with scrubbing brushes and buckets of hot water, a dozen A.B. VI's proceeded to scrub the walls. After these were dry the initial painting proceeded. The colour scheme—Daffodil top, and Aqua below — was chosen by Mr. Ellis, who we have reason to believe was "in the same painter" (Ed's note. — Cut out those ghastly puns!)

As there were only two brushes, Scotty was elected to go home and beg/borrow/steal a paint brush (which he did). With three brushes the now six-man team took to painting in shifts. These six men: John F., Bruce T., Ken S., Phil H., Col. R., and Ross W., remained until six o'clock on Wednesday, giving the walls their second coat.

On Thursday, the same group plus Wayne A. and Robin H., continued to paint the doors, etc. In the evening about fiveish, members of the staff, who had by now overcome the initial shock, congratulated us on our work, and vaguely hinted that the staff-rooms were drab! (Ed. — Comment here was censored!) i.e. they wanted us to paint their rooms, which we will do for a considerable . . . ere . . . considerate fee. (Hem hem?)

On Friday, with some luck, we managed to occupy Room 12 in first period, where we proceeded with speed to work out a few problems which were troubling Mr. Homann. I noticed, as many of the staff tried to, that the inside of the desk lids were being used by

chaps for pin-ups of GIRLS! (Hem, hem) (I'm shocked!)

By now you will have all seen these pin-ups . . . er I mean Room 12, so before you use this page for lighting your fire under the school, read my warning . . .

"Anyone who marks the walls, (or ceiling, Phil.) will find him/herself paying the Supreme Sacrifice, viz. Getting the marks off!"

A TRADITION IN OUR SCHOOL

—1960

The tradition of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas in our school should, I think, be maintained as long as possible.

The operas, which have been presented since 1955, have been successful ambassadors for the school. From them we have seen that teachers and students can unite their efforts to produce the spirit of conscientiousness, courage and perseverance which exists here. Conscientiousness is shown in the fact that they are willing to be unselfish, to give their own time for their school, courage in the fact that they attempt to do their utmost in the parts they are allotted and perseverance in their tireless attitude towards making the opera a success.

School operas are by no means uncommon as many schools, especially in the city, have this tradition. We have adopted it and it is our responsibility to keep it at a high standard.

— PETER ROBERTS, VI

"SHOW DAY" —1959

Over the paddocks comes a sound very much like an approaching jetplane as we walked towards the Melbourne Show Grounds on the third day of the Royal Melbourne Show. As we walk excitedly through the gate of the Show Ground the slight breeze changes direction and blows into our faces, causing the noise of people shouting their wares, children screaming and yelling and the raucous music from the merry-go-round and ferris wheel, to rise to a crescendo. Walking towards the stables I am amazed at the variety of colours and shapes formed in the ever-changing kaleidoscope of moving people around us. Filling the air with most alluring scents are the most beautiful flowers in Australia, while the most farm-like odour imaginable floats towards us on the gentle breeze from the cattle pavilion. But, dusk is falling, and we must return home so, reluctantly we turn about and walk again through the Show Ground gate, leaving the rich medley of sounds behind us.

—MARIE GORMAN, IIIa.

A WINTRY WEEKDAY MORNING —1961

On a cold, foggy, wet winter morning I plod along Fairfield Avenue feeling extremely tired and disheartened at the thought of school.

When I reach the corner of Fairfield and Latrobe Avenue I am usually passed by a green streak, which is driven by the school's Jack Brabham. The car somehow stops at the corner, screams around it on two wheels and hurtles up Latrobe Avenue towards the school, disappearing into the dense fog in a flash.

As I slowly trudge up Latrobe Avenue I see the lifeless trees silhouetted against the thick, dense fog, the houses with smoke billowing from their chimneys, the lawns covered with frost, the fences with their white coats, water swirling in the gutters, and the rainbows on the road where petrol has spilt.

When I see two girls ahead of me putting on their berets, I know that I am nearing the school. Upon feeling in my back pocket for my cap, I realise that it's still at home, with my locker key beside it. With a shrug, I unhappily turn the corner and continue.

When I eventually reach school, I can see the white fence and prefabs staring at me. I feel even more depressed, I am late, shoes uncleaned, capless, hair uncombed and none of my homework done. No wonder I detest going to school in winter!

—E. BLYTHE, IVb.

MODERN SOCIETY —1961

Everyone complains about the government from one election to another.

Everyone looks askance at someone with unusual ideas.

Who secretly agrees with him and wishes he had the courage to admit it?

Everyone says "What hard workers policemen are."

Who jay-walks at the next intersection?

Everyone deplores speedsters.

Who drives at 65 m.p.h. next time he is in a hurry?

Everyone deplores the length of teachers' holidays.

Who is glad to send their two children to join the other 721 at the end of each holiday?

Everyone criticizes the Church and its activities — or lack of them.

Whole refuses at the next appeal to give the Church a hand to do more.

—M. GORMAN, V.

BUS TRAVELLING —1962

How nice to travel to school in the comfort of a bus!

To anyone who might think along these lines I offer but one suggestion — try it and see. First you must arrive at the bus stop at the same time as everybody else, two seconds before the bus is due to leave, then you must kick, fight and bump your way on to the bus and into a seat, for at least one third of the passengers must stand. You then must deposit your bag, the usual place to put it is on someone else's toe, and then you can talk to the person next to you, or, if you wish to become a typical bus traveller, to somebody at the other end of the bus.

If you were to make a recording of the conversation around you, it would most likely sound like this —

"... and so, after a whole afternoon spent fishing we only caught . . ."

"Move down to the back of the bus please."

"Ooh, he's nice. He's got blue eyes and brown . . ."

"Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Jane, Mary I, Elizabeth I . . ." (Guess who has a history test).

"But I had my beret on when I got on!"

"... and when Ben Casey said to the patient . . ."

"Mum said I couldn't go there so instead I went to . . ."

"Excuse me please, excuse me PLEASE" (By this time the bus has arrived at the Technical School.)

"... and then the old so-and-so actually told me to . . ."

—in fact it sounds at least thirty times worse than this.

Finally when the bus arrives at the school you may just as well stand still—the others will carry you out as they go. If, after you get off the bus, you still feel as well and as clear headed as when you got on, all that I can say is, you're a better man than most.

—FRANCIS COVE, VI.

SHOULD SCHOOL UNIFORMS

BE WORN —1965

This subject has been debated by teachers, pupils and parents, but frankly I think that a school should have a uniform and that the pupils should make every effort possible to wear one. It is not a law of the country and parents need not put their children in a uni-

form, but it is a school rule and so should be followed.

Not every family has the same financial income, but if each child has a uniform there is no class distinction and everyone is equal in dress. A uniform is not expensive because it was designed not to be. If the uniform is well looked after it will last for a long time, saving a considerable expense to the owner. Part of the uniform can be worn at weekends if you do not own a lot of clothes.

A uniform is more comfortable to work in all day rather than tight-fitting jeans or leather jackets because they would make you hot and sweaty sitting in a school desk. A uniform is usually chosen and designed to be the best and most suitable for school wear as we are always on the move. They are easily cleaned as they are made out of drip-dry materials and of a suitable colour which does not show the dirt.

Just recently the daily paper printed a story of a High School where each student paid 1/- for the privilege of coming to school out of uniform. This was just a novelty and some admitted being uncomfortable. It is fun sometimes to break a rule, but I am glad this school has a uniform. Perhaps it would be good if teachers wore a school uniform too! Don't you agree?

—P. SPENCER, IIa.

CUP DAY — ROOM 10 —1963

Private study,
Pretending to work up the back,
Twenty to three
Transistors tuned to Flemington track.

Radios on,
Earplugs hidden inside hands,
Beginning soon,
The horses take their starting stands.

They're off,
They start with a mighty leap,
Not a sound,
The winning horse decides the sweep.

Racing now,
Tension is high and the desk runs sweat,
Pen hold poised
After taking a bet.

Finishing line,
Horses hooves are pounding the turf,
Across they speed
Like sun-tanned stompers shootin' the surf.

Furtive glances
See that teacher isn't around
Steady hand
Quickly jots the places down.

Teacher sees,
The game is up,
So what's it matter?
I've won the cup!

—KEN HUTCHISON

INTERVIEW WITH THE HEAD—1964

Slowly, the hands of the clock indicated that the INTERVIEW was about to begin, as I turned my socks down, attempted to remove my make-up with a grubby handkerchief, and made an unsuccessful effort to make my uniform reach my quaking knees.

Nervously, I stepped up to the door and knocked.

"Come in," boomed a voice, and, turning the handle of the door, I entered.

The thick carpet deadened the sound of my footsteps as I moved hesitantly to the centre of the room. The door swung closed behind me. I was trapped!

"Umm-m-m," I murmured, wondering desperately if he had heard about the broken windows, or the incident which resulted in the English teacher getting drowned in ink, or the history teacher having been locked in the cupboard, or — suddenly HE moved. Closing his book, he glared down on me from his huge desk.

"Who are you?" he rumbled, staring at my right knee.

"Oh," I gulped, leaning forward in a useless attempt to conceal the word written there — "Ringo" in red, blue and green ink.

"I'm Mary Ceannibal, Mr. Hatson," I stuttered. Slowly he rose to his feet. He must have been ten feet tall, and I shrunk a foot or three as he opened his mouth to speak again.

"I believe you dropped this!" he said ponderously, holding out my fountain pen. "It was found yesterday by the gate."

Slowly the room began to move around, as I sank to the floor in a dead faint.

—MARGARET CANOVAN, 4e

HERNE'S OAK —1968

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

U.H. V.

"YALLOURN IS DEAD, LONG LIVE DEAD YALLOURN" —1971

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-styled 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

WOMAN'S ROLE IN SOCIETY — HAVE THINGS REALLY CHANGED? —1966

Asks SOPHIE LERECKI

Throughout Australia the status of woman has risen considerably since the Nineteenth Century. Has this been due to education? Back in the Nineteenth Century and early part of the Twentieth Century women were regarded as inferior to men. The purpose of the education which they received was to prepare them for married life only. They were taught how to cook and sew, learn graceful manners and generally know how to entertain their menfolk. After a long fight women had finally secured for themselves the right to vote in 1902, which was the first step in improving their position.

Due to the rapid social and economic progress of Australia, women began to enter professions such as medicine, science, commerce etc., contradicting the generally accepted idea that "a woman's place is in the home." Nowadays, education is important for women, as their natural talents are needed in all fields of work due to the shortage of qualified workers.

But, DO we educate women in the same way as men? One only has to look around the high schools in Australia to notice that the majority of girls leave school after completing Form Four or Form Five. For instance, the attendance of girls in Form 4, 5 and 6 at Yallourn High School for 1964/65 was:

	Boys			Girls		
	IV	V	VI	IV	V	VI
1964	77	47	15	73	31	15
1965	41	33	22	56	25	9
1966	19	25	19	47	27	8

How much is this the fault of parents, who still think that the main goal of a girl's life is getting married and raising a family, for which she does not need a higher education?

Another reason given for the lack of a higher education is that women are not as intelligent as men. Girls generally, get enough education so that they can get a nice, little office job somewhere, usually working for three or four years. They are now put on the marriage market, going out with all the eligible bachelors, one of whom usually gets hooked.



1977

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Several times in the past two years I have indicated our desire to provide as good an education as possible for Yallourn High School students. In this we have, of course, been following a pattern established by previous staffs and Principals. From next year other schools will have this task.

I would however like to make comments about what I believe students or parents should look for in terms of a good education.

One requirement is an adequate level of staffing so that classes may be small enough to permit personal contact between student and teacher. Curriculum should be sufficiently varied to develop the students' intellectual, practical and cultural interests. Staff appointments in all curriculum areas are therefore vital to the school. Equally important, it seems to me, are staff attitudes. A staff needs to be committed to what it is doing, needs to work as a team, and to have an open outlook to new educational ideas, use opportunities for further professional development and a willingness to solve the problems which arise.

A school requires, also, adequate physical facilities and resources so that students may work in pleasant functional surroundings and use up-to-date equipment, particularly audio-visual equipment. Central among the facilities must be a first class Library Resource centre, well integrated into the total school program.

A school should seek to develop its students' intellectual and personal abilities. It should seek to enrich the student's experience by providing a wide range of cultural and other extra-curricular activities. A school should also seek to develop in pupils a keen sense of social awareness, so they can eventually move into society as active concerned citizens. A school needs an interested and involved group of parents ready to support the school and demand that the appropriate authorities meet all the essential needs of the school.

*The beautiful town is dying,
Its residents are few.
Yallourn is certainly not the town,
That the older people knew.*

*Vacant blocks are plenty,
They leave memories behind,
Of a bustling town, busy streets,
A lovely sight to find.*

*The High School, once a stately place,
Student numbers are so low,
It's nothing, compared to the crowded
classes,
Our parents used to know.*

*In a very short time,
It will be all but gone,
There will be nothing left at all,
It really is a nice sort of place,
Probably 'cos it's small.*

VALE

*The students, and the teachers,
Know each other well,
More like friends, than a boss and his
charge,
As any onlooker could tell.*

*Even when we grow old,
Our memories will take us
Back to our younger days,
When we learnt at Yallourn,
Walked its streets,
And, loved it in many ways.*

*The High School bell no longer rings,
There's not a soul to be seen,
No trace of the years before
Or the things that we know have been.*

*The students have long gone
To other schools
With different teachers, different rules.*

*They will hold memories
Of their days at Yallourn
They'll tell their children
When they're born
Of the days spent among friends,
Learning valuable things.*

*They know different sorrows
That progress brings
If it wasn't for progress
Yallourn wouldn't have died.
We all regret it deep down inside.*

—SHARON ROONEY, Form 4

"GOING OUT IN STYLE"

"Going Out In Style" is the theme chosen for the final year of Yallourn High School. Mr. Evans printed posters and silk-screened T-shirts and wind-cheaters for both students and staff as part of this campaign. Even though 1977 is the last year, the student body supported the idea that this is an interesting and vital time filled with new ideas and projects.

The final Presentation Night has been planned with this theme in mind. Invitations are being sent to all past principals of Yallourn High School as well as to the people who have played an important part in the life of the school. All former students, staff, parents and friends of the school are invited to attend on the night of December 7th, 1977.

An open house will be held before the proceedings at Kernot Hall. Mr. Huffer will preside over the formal part of the program and Mr. Batey will direct the students' contribution to the evening's entertainment. After the program, everyone is invited back to the school for supper and a final tour of the school grounds.

Yallourn High School is really "Going Out In Style".

Form 4 students, Falye Mackie and Andrew Sestokas present a cheque of \$300.00 to S.E.C. Area Administrator, Mr. G. Bates, as part of their Social Service program this year.



FESTIVAL 1977

The seventh—and final—Yallourn High School Festival, was conducted at Kernot and Centre Halls, Yallourn on Wednesday, August 17th, and proved to be an outstanding success.

The Festival — conceived and first conducted in 1971 — has aimed to provide an opportunity for students to publicly display their creative talents in fields as diverse as creative dance, drama, puppetry, prose, poetry, painting, woodcraft, metalcraft, screenprinting, needlecraft, film and vibes, and still photography.

In this sense, it has been able to carry out the great tradition of artistic endeavour developed in the school's early years, and maintained throughout the 50's and 60's.

The standards of performance by various students has at times reached a very high peak. Generally speaking, however, the Festival has been characterised by (i) the very large proportion of students involved in some capacity, and (ii) by the fact that much of the material used has been conceived, written and or adapted by students themselves.

This year's festival was no exception: over 100 of our 120 students participated in some capacity. whilst acts such as "Comedy Nostalgia" (excerpts in dance form from famous comedy routines such as the Marx Brothers, Charlie Chaplin, Oliver & Hardy and the Three Stooges), "Why Groolies Wear Ear-Muffs" (a very skilfully performed adaptation of a well-known children's tale), "Space Oddity" a moving and sensitively performed space dance), and Andrew Redston's uproarious send-up of Norman Gunston sings Abba, gave rise to an often expressed opinion that this year's Festival was the 'best yet'.

This latter opinion may be disputable; what is certain is that it was a fitting finale, and special thanks must go to Gary Batey, who was the inspiration behind all of the work.

SOCIAL SERVICES 1977

One of the decisions made at the Staff Orientation Seminar in February of this year was that students would be encouraged to support Community Projects and Social Services. Each form elected two representatives to the Social Services Committee which made decisions on fund raising activities as well as choosing the appeals we would support. Students initiated and organized several activities for fund raising ranging from various food stalls, record requests, car washes, raffles, out-of-uniform days and a bouncathon. They also conducted collections of aluminium cans, old newspapers and clothing in support of charities.

As well as fund raising activities, visiting speakers came to the school to show students films and

speak on behalf of their organizations. These were also very worthwhile occasions which generated a lot of interest among students.

As part of the plan to increase community awareness among students, Fourth Formers were the guests of the Yallourn Elderly Citizens and spent two very enjoyable afternoons joining in the activities at the Orana Club. These students made a donation of \$300.00, proceeds raised through the Bouncathon, to the Latrobe Valley Hospital's Care for the Aged Program. The money was used to provide furniture for one of the rooms at this centre.

First form adopted the State School's Relief Committee's appeal as the goal for their fund raising and donated the sum of \$93.41 to this appeal. Students from all forms have expressed an interest in supporting Foster Parent's Plan with other funds which have been raised.

SPORTS 1977

- CONTENTS:**
1. School Swimming Sports.
 2. Inter-school Swimming Sports.
 3. Inter-school Athletics.
 4. Winter Games.
 5. Summer Games.

1. Yallourn High School Annual Swimming Sports — 50 students competed in individual events and 12 participated in diving competition. In spite of the cold water, even more students, and also some teachers, participated in 'Fun Events' after a barbeque lunch.

2. The West Gippsland Secondary School Annual Swimming Carnival was conducted on Friday, 18th March, at Yallourn Olympic Pool:

We praise 15 girls and 10 boys for being good sports and having enough courage to join in.

Surprisingly our girls came second in the Intermediate category.

3. The Combined School's Athletics at Geoff Watt Athletic Track in Warragul on Wednesday, 27th April, was a happy, sunny and well organised event this year. Two bus loads of 26 girls and 17 boys were heading for Warragul to compete in Division B.

We could not possibly find enough students to fill all 119 events, and we did not expect any success in the Aggregate results but what we lacked in numbers we made up for in enthusiasm! Many individuals won prizes. Most successful were our runners, with two first places.

4. It was decided at the West Gippsland Secondary School's Sports Association meeting to abandon the traditional Round Robin competition this year, and summer and winter games were left to individual arrangements between schools.

We were challenged by Marist-Sion College of Warragul to put up a form 2-4 combined Australian Rules Boys team, and later we accepted the invitation from Maryvale High School to play four netball matches.

COMMEMORATING THE CLOSURE OF Y.H.S.

A tree grew. It stood proud, high.
It bore the very fruits of prosperity and
wisdom, and served many purposes. By
spreading its leafy branches, it provided
shelter, shade and nutrition to many,
when needed.

But a ruthless, harsh man called Pro-
gress, armed with a cruel, sharp axe,
reaped and raped the tree of its luscious
fruits. Blinded by greed, he plunged the
axe deep into the flesh of the tree, as
well as the forest of Yallourn. Sap drip-
ped, the trees fell like the walls of
Jericho. Progress suddenly realised the
awful truth, and washed his blood and
guilt-covered hands in the River of
Australia.

WAYNE FOLEY, F3.

When dooms day comes,
We shall all be sad,
To leave this school
Which isn't so bad,
To leave our friends,
And teachers too,
To another school,
To start anew.
We shall miss this school,
With its atmosphere,
Of Friendly people,
Everywhere.

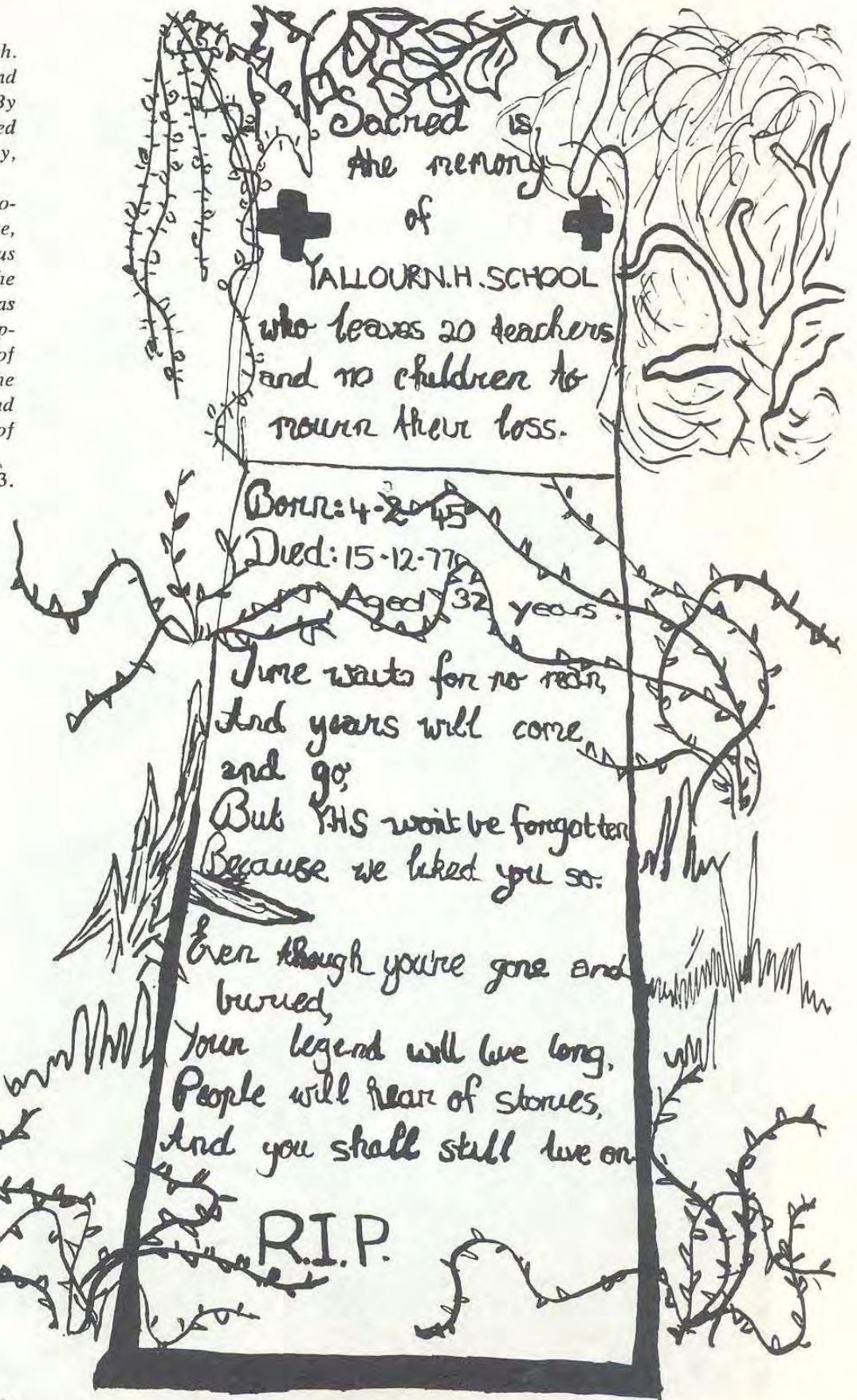
We shall miss this school,
With its old brick walls,
Of broken windows
From flying balls.

We shall miss this school,
Crabby teachers, all mad,
Although we hate them,
They are not that bad.

We shall miss this school,
Of friend and foe,
Of quadrangle fights,
Between Fred and Joe.

We shall miss this school,
All noisy and loud,
But this is one school,
Of which we can be proud —
Yes . . . we shall miss this school.

—TRACEY MINSTER, F2.



THE SCHOOL COMMUNITY



ENROLMENT — YALLOURN H.E.S. & H.S.

Year	F	E	D	C	B		Total	Head Teacher
1928	29	18	11	—	—		58	Mr. H. J. Bull (H.E.S.)
1929	33	27	19	10	1		90	" " "
1930	16	32	24	12	3		97	" " "
1931	30	20	30	12	3		95	Mr. J. Poletti
1932	43	31	15	19	—		108	Mr. W. M. Abrahams
1933	41	38	19	5	—		103	" " "
1934	36	46	19	9	—		110	" " "
1935	33	41	14	11	—		99	" " "
1936	43	33	28	9	—		113	Mr. A. D. Hewitt
1937	45	40	34	18	—		137	" " "
1938	47	38	37	26	10		158	" " "
1939	61	45	46	33	8		193	Mr. D. Lindsay
1940	71	55	41	30	12		209	" " "
1941	Forms numbered							" " "
	1	11	111	1V	V	V1		
1941	102	68	50	31	6	—	218	" " "
1942	87	80	40	26	9	—	204	" " "
1943	134	79	71	30	9	—	242	" " "
1944	131	82	64	30	14	—	259	" " "
HIGH SCHOOL								
1945	106	99	52	37	11	—	306	Mr. J. E. Menadue (High)
1946	114	89	72	43	13	8	368	" " "
1947	137	94	65	50	19	7	394	" " "
1948	134	112	66	44	18	9	402	Mr. H. H. Champion
1949	144	108	79	37	22	7	422	" " "
1950	161	136	78	66	25	9	475	" " "
1951	170	188	106	61	30	8	612	" " "
1952	210	214	153	68	22	14	681	" " "
1953	126	111	146	99	26	17	625	Mr. G. S. Ellis
1954	175	113	90	114	42	15	549	" " "
1955	178	150	95	67	45	17	552	" " "
1956	129	170	138	85	38	17	577	" " "
1957	156	118	155	116	34	25	604	" " "
1958	175	152	99	130	50	18	624	" " "
1959	201	160	129	88	74	23	675	" " "
1960	205	175	154	108	42	30	704	" " "
1961	181	193	163	131	58	15	741	Mr. A. Coulson
1962	105	156	174	156	71	31	693	" " "
1963	95	103	164	169	90	38	659	" " "
1964	77	76	94	159	87	31	524	" " "
1965	105	71	66	104	59	32	437	" " "
1966	88	96	65	66	52	27	396	Mr. J. McAdam
1967	86	113	94	64	44	31	432	" " "
1968	87	73	81	38	40	22	432	" " "
1969	75	92	66	79	47	27	386	" " "
1970	62	67	77	64	38	23	330	Mr. A. Balfour
1971	69	64	64	75	48	24	344	" " "
1972	61	71	58	60	67	39	356	" " "
1973	56	54	36	57	60	28	291	" " "
1974	56	54	39	45	48	22	264	" " "
1975	50	51	64	37	33	26	261	" " "
1976	42	39	40	39			160	Mr. H. L. Huffer
1977	21	36	37	36			130	" " "