

1972

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## PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

*"Our youth loves luxury. They have bad manners, contempt for authority, disrespect for older people: children now-a-days are tyrants. They no longer rise when their parents enter the room, they contradict their parents, chatter before company and tyrannise their teachers."*

Sounds rather familiar doesn't it? It is interesting to realise that this statement was made by Socrates, the famous Greek philosopher, some two and a half thousand years ago. Young people it seems have changed very little. Or perhaps young people might argue adults' views of the young have always been the same.

The generation gap is not peculiar to our times. It has existed and I daresay will continue to do so. It is almost inevitable that young and old will see each other as holding differing values. It is the expectation of the older generation that the young

will conform to traditional values. For the young life is much more than measuring success in terms of a good job, a brick veneer home and concepts such as status, prestige and responsibility. Nor are they motivated by any deep reverence for the past and the values it represents.

And young people are confused by the double standards of our society. As Lawrence Stenhouse, an English Educationist puts it, "Any society which says to it's growing young children on the one hand 'You will be secure if you are successful. . . dominate before you are dominated . . . use people before you are used' and on the other hand, 'Be pleasant and polite . . . learn to get along with people . . . love your neighbour . . .' produces confused individuals", who find tremendous difficulty in resolving the conflict they see in the values of their elders.

Amidst their confusion and conflict young people are also learning to come to terms with authority. For the young I realise authority represents an attempt to mould, to constrain, to restrict. Yet I do not believe young people want complete freedom. In general I believe they respect the security and orderliness of an organised society. At the same time young people resent intolerance, injustice and unnecessary restraint. And they jealously guard their rights to be unique individuals.

How then may the generation gap be narrowed — for I dare not propose that it can be closed altogether. I believe that adults need to recognise the great pressures contemporary society places on young people. By understanding the conflicting value patterns that confront the young. By tolerance of the outward display of the superficial rejection of adult values and authoritarianism (the long hair, the jeans and what have you). By avoiding generalizations about the younger generation based on the behavior of the minority. By recognizing that the younger generation is better informed and more idealistic than any other generation before it.

And from the young people I would plead for understanding, patience and tolerance. Surely reject adult values that on close and intelligent examination prove to be false. Remember that parents in particular, and most adults in general, act in what they believe to be the best interests of the young. Make a genuine attempt to understand and tolerate the other point of view even if you can't agree with it.

And remember one day you will be on the other side of the generation gap.



## THE STAFF

Principal  
Senior Master  
Senior Mistress

Mr. A. C. Balfour, B. A., Dip. Ed.  
Mr. J. T. Synan, B. Comm., B. Ed.  
Mrs. M. J. Evans, T.S.T.C., (Dom. Arts.)

Mr. I.K. Wallis  
Mr. D.F. Dimsey  
Mr. R.S. Gubbins  
Mr. T.J. Sault  
Mr. G.I. Coventry  
Mr. J.W. Benson  
Mr. R.W. Harding  
Mr. C.D. Phillips  
Mr. W.V. Kirstine  
Mr. R.C. Anderson  
Mrs. C.A. Anderson  
Mrs. D.M. Williams

B.A. Dip. Ed.  
T.W.C. Trades Cert.  
B.A., T.S.T.C.  
Dip. Sec. Tchg. (A. & C.)  
B.Ec., Dip. Ed.  
B.Ec., T.S.T.C.  
T.S.T.C.  
H.D.T.S.  
B.Sc.  
B.Sc., M.Sc., B.Ed.  
B.Comm., Dip.Ed.  
B.A., Dip. Ed.

Miss J.R. Atkinson  
Miss L.M. Lockwood  
Mrs. J.S. McMicken  
Mrs. G.J. Phillips  
Miss S.E. Brown  
Miss S. K. Fairbrother  
Miss J.S. Polack  
Mrs. Groves, L.A.  
Mrs. J.J. Hair  
Mrs. M. Scott  
Mr. M.M. McEwin  
Mrs. S.F. Crookes

B.Sc., T.S.T.C.  
B.A., Dip. Ed.  
B.Com., Dip. Ed.  
H.D.T.S.  
B.Sc., Dip. Ed.  
T.S.T.C. (Dom. Science)  
B.A., Dip.Ed.  
B.A., Ed.  
Librarian (retired October)  
B.A. Dip.Ed.  
T.P.T.C. Dip. Phys. Ed. (Scope Executive Officer).  
Typist Clerk.

# Y.H.S. COUNCILS AND AUXILIARIES

## SRC REPORT

1972 was the third, and by far the most successful year that the SRC has had to date.

Our major fund raising activity for the year was a "Bounceathon" which raised approximately \$200. The other source of funds was from holding "out-of-uniform" days. Besides raising money for SRC funds, the SRC was very active in outside charities, with donations sent to the following:

<b>Sporting Globe 3DB/HSV7 Good Friday Appeal</b>	<b>\$50.06</b>
<b>Yooralla School for Crippled Children</b>	<b>\$30.00</b>
<b>"Raphael" Rhyder Cheshire Foundation</b>	<b>\$50.00</b>
<b>Parents Association for the Mildly Retarded</b>	<b>\$30.00</b>
<b>Anzac Badges</b>	<b>\$ 5.00</b>
<b>Austcare</b>	<b>\$30.00</b>

A total of \$195.06 sent to charities. It is certain that more donations will be made even after this report is published. The SRC did not only function as a charitable organization, but also as a means for students to express their opinion. This was clearly shown when several meetings often continued well beyond the time limit.

In conclusion, we extend to the members of the SRC our sincere thanks for their help and support during the year. We must also thank Mr. Balfour for the time he has given up to listen to our views.

**P. DAVIES** President  
**M. SMANIOTTO** Vice President

*"FOR THE SRC TO BE A SUCCESSFUL FORCE IN THE FUTURE THERE MUST BE TOTAL STUDENT INVOLVEMENT AND CO-OPERATION."*

## LADIES AUXILIARY

The Ladies Auxiliary looks back upon a very successful year. Thanks to the help and co-operation of the members it was possible to complete a large programme consisting of catering for the Athletics and Swimming-sports in March and April followed by our first street stall in many years which proved to be very successful. A coffee-morning with S.E.C. cookery expert Trina Williams was also very enjoyable. The annual Jumble Sale and Birthday cake competition showed a good profit. This over and done with, we went right into the preparations for the 18th. Debutante Ball. With 25 Debutantes it was the largest Ball ever organized by the Auxiliary but with all members rallying around the huge task was made easy work. It would be appropriate here to thank everybody involved whether they helped personally or with donations towards the catering, or both. The Ball proved to be a success both socially and financially. The last fund-raising effort will be another street stall, which will be held in November.

Whilst the main objective of the Auxiliary is fund-raising in order to help with the purchase of much needed equipment which is so vital for the efficient education of our children, it should be noted that the Auxiliary also provides the link between the school and the home. This helps parents to keep up to date with the happenings and the programme of the school, for example matters regarding school uniforms or ideas for new teaching methods, etc.

In closing I would appeal to all mothers of children in our school, do join our ranks, so that 1973 may be an even more successful year. The school needs your support.

**H. BERG**  
(Honour. Secretary.)



## THE WOOZABLE

A willy wooley woozable wizzled down the way.  
He wobbled and he wheedled all his way on to a train.  
He met a bandy boozerator, purple, green and pink.  
Who gave him a small drink, filled right up to the brink.  
He got so drunk,  
So drunk got he,  
That he waddled out the window,  
(Or did the window waddle out of he?)

Susan Walker

Form 1

## COLOURS

I like colours dulls and brights,  
Ones that stand out in the night,  
Purples, oranges, red and blue,  
These are colours just a few,  
White is a wedding, black is a night,  
Green is a ghost that's had a fright.

Wendy Cook

Form 1

## FORM 1 REPORT

Form 1 students have been on a number of local excursions. There was a visit to the Morwell Art Gallery, to the *Paddle* Shoe Factory, to the Saw Mills and to the *Sportscraft* Factory. We also saw a film about the Australian Outback, which was screened in Moe, and attended a play, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, a production by the Traralgon High School. The Paynesville Camp was also very successful.

Every Friday morning we have a period which is known as a Free Activities period. In this period we are free to do any useful thing we choose. Among the activities done there is knitting, crocheting, sewing, and games. During this period a typing class is also held. The bulk of the General Studies course is assignment work, although a fair amount of English is done as well. The assignment topics we have covered are The Family, Housing, Mapping, Liesure, and Communications. These assignments involve some group work, but mainly individual work is required.

L. McCasker.

Form 1

## HUSH HUSH

My sister said,  
I'm trying to watch Mr. ED.

## QUIET QUIET

My brother sighed  
There's another murder on Homicide.

Oh that stupid square box,  
That idiot box,  
Why can't we sit without that box?  
Every night at 4 o'clock,  
On goes the T.V. with a flick of the wrist  
Then at 11 o'clock,  
Off it goes without a word ever been said.

Donald Magnuson

Form 1

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## FORM 1

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
Form one are angels  
I'll believe that's true.

The tables are scratched  
And coated with goo,  
The longer we stay here  
The more damage we do.

Josel Sestokas

Form 1

## AUSTRALIA

It's an old Australian custom, to call everybody mate  
But sometimes the New Australians, are unaware of their fate.  
To the many and varied problems, we look for a solution  
Of overcoming housing problems, and answers for pollution.  
How can we stop the road toll growing?  
How can we keep production flowing?  
These are some of the many questions, that our country's leaders face.  
But whoever is in power, it's not a bad sort of place.

**Leanne Amos**  
**Form 1**

### FORM 1 CAMP. RAYMOND ISLAND

It was a fine Wednesday morning on the 28th of February around nine when we left for our destination, Paynesville.

The first day we had a large lunch followed by an exploration of the camp and the island. We then had to find a list of things from times of ferries etc.

Day two started early before breakfast, with our morning jog and exercises around the camp grounds. After lunch was our first swim in the gentle waters of the beach. Dinner came after showers and was followed by games, with teams and teachers.

The next morning again with our jog around the island, and a hot, panting one it was. After breakfast we had time to write letters, make up plays, do assignments or do anything else which was desired.

After lunch we went to the town by ferry. That night was great, we had a concert of plays and items, room eleven won with "Hanzel and Gretel". The night was rough and we had hardly any sleep at all, as every one seemed to be up in a happy mood.

The next day again started with our early jog with Mr. Harding. We walked up to the dock yards and had a good look around. Later we passed by the shops on the way back; the rest of the afternoon was spent free but most people did their assignments. After dinner came the social with boys and girls dancing nearly all night.

The next day was Friday, (worse luck) time to depart and go back to school for a week's hard work. But over all it proved to be a great time and well planned.

What is Summer?  
Summer's a lovely day by the seaside  
Or a day picnicking in the shade.

What is Autumn?  
Autumn is the leaves falling from the trees  
And the wind blowing gustily through the night.

What is Winter?  
Winter is the rain pelting down  
And me secure by the fire.

What is Spring?  
Spring is the little lambs running freely through the fields  
And all the little children picking little flowers.

**D. Wilson**  
**Form 1**



## FORM 2 CAMP REPORT

We left the school bus stop all excited and looking forward to the long journey. As soon as we got out of Yallourn everybody on the back seat started singing. Mr. Gubbins had a headache by the time we arrived at Clevedon in the Dandenong Ranges.

We were allotted our huts but when all the girl's huts were filled, there were still seven girls left over. They were put into the boys' huts about 20 yards away from the other girls. There were great big holes in the walls and the girls blocked them with paper but the boys kept pushing them out. Mr. Gubbins went straight for a shower and came back with only a towel around him. Mr. Gubbins was in the first hut of the boys' row.

In the last two there were boys and girls. Leigh Stallion and David McMicken were changing when their wall fell down and they found themselves in the girls' room. One night we kept Mr. Gubbins awake by throwing stones on his roof.

The next day we went for a hike in the ranges and Mr. Gubbins got us lost. We all came home with blackberry scratches over our legs.

The prowler came on the night Mrs. Anderson was showing some films. When we went up to our rooms we were terrified. A lot of the girls saw the prowler and Ross Magnuson and Gary Suckling went after him. We found out later that it was the gas man. Julie Glasper was the sickest on the camp. She came home with a sprained ankle.

On our last night we had a barbeque and Mr. Morrissey came down to see us. After the barbeque we had a social and Ross Magnuson was all dressed up in a robe, a sun hat and sunglasses with toothpaste all over him and his face.

Nobody wanted to get up the next morning but we cleaned out our huts and packed our bags. We all piled into the bus and the people on the back seat were all asleep. The rest were playing truth and dare.

When we arrived back in Yallourn most parents were waiting for their children.

## STARS

The star was shining overhead,  
As I laid in my bed.  
It shone through the window  
In the middle of the night,  
Big and yellow and shone so bright.  
Orbiting as fast as can be,  
There were some stars I could not see,  
The southern cross travelled high  
When I saw it passing by.  
The seven sisters all in a row,  
Acting as if they were on show.  
The moon was full for the first time,  
And now I can't find anything to rhyme.

Karen Burns

Sylvia Houghton

Shayne Rawiller

Form 2

## FORM REPORT

We've had a good year,  
us kids in form two.  
All of us have become noisier,  
but that isn't new.  
The teachers have put up with us,  
which is a good thing.  
But some days it's too much for them,  
then we're kept in.

Near the end of term one,  
we went down to Clevedon.  
The things that went on down there,  
you wouldn't believe them.  
But fun is what we had,  
and that is most important.  
Then we came back to school,  
to do more assignments.

We lost Mr. Gubbins,  
at the start of term three.  
We didn't want him to go,  
but we let him leave.  
We have other teachers too,  
who we thank very much.  
For teaching us through the year,  
and trying to control our bunch.

On excursions we've been,  
The pre-fete we won,  
And all through the year,  
We've had lots of fun.

## THE GLENROWAN SHOOTOUT

### CONVICT LIFE

(Ballad Tune "Botany Bay")

My feet trod the old Thames embankment,  
My eyes saw the church of St. Paul's,  
To steal was my yield to temptation,  
Now the grim Bay of Botany calls.

Ahead are the dreaded cat lashes,  
And the back breaking old tread mill,  
Or the road gang, great rocks moving,  
As we carve steep tracks through the hills.

The corps soldiers they are most brutal,  
They treat us like dogs night and day,  
Our food is so scarce and so mouldy,  
That some welcome "Good Judgement Day".

Our chains are so heavy and bulky,  
Leg irons bite right to our bones,  
We all fear the dreaded old solitary,  
Where the cold winds of winter do moan.

In dreams the time we look forward to,  
Is escape from this bleak convict hell,  
To greet all my memories of London,  
And to start a new life as well.

David Evans  
Form 2



At Glenrowan Hotel they made their last desperate stand,  
The Kellys shot at the troopers with pistols in their hands,

Bullets were exchanged, Joe Byrne was shot,  
But the outlaws kept fighting, surrender they would not.

Ned Kelly escaped, but the rest of his gang lay dead  
on the old wooden floor,

After a long gruelling battle at Glenrowan Hotel  
the Kelly's were defeated by the law,

Steve Hart and Dan Kelly died fighting side by side,  
But their bold leader Ned, he still remained alive.

In his protecting steel armour Ned Kelly returned, to  
continue the fight with his foes,

And when the police saw the outlaw they opened fire,  
from their guns came red and yellow glows,

They shot at him in the legs 'til crippled he fell,  
how bravely Ned Kelly had fought;

With 28 bullet wounds in his arms and legs, the notorious  
bushranger had been caught.

G. Rooney

## ROMAN

Marching across Europe, Roman Legions  
Go to fight in foreign regions.

In countries like Spain, England and Gaul,  
The Romans take over them all.

The fighting machine of the Roman

Charioteers, Swordsmen, Lancers and Bowman.

Julius Ceasar was Emperor then,

Valiantly leading all his men.

But finally the Empire fell,

In foreign countries they no longer did dwell.

Many landmarks are left today

After the Romans have gone.

Jeff Cook  
Form 2



## THE GHOST

The clocks struck twelve at a haunted house,  
Across the floor runs a timid mouse,  
Out of nowhere a ghost appears,  
Full of sorrows and full of fears.

The wind was howling around the shack,  
Lightning hit the trees with a smack,  
Around the room cobwebs flew,  
Until at last the storm was through.

Wendy Foley  
Form 2

I found him  
We walked hand in hand  
He ran  
I chased  
He hid  
There was no sign of him  
I cried.

Sue Playdon  
Form 3

## PEACE!

Peace is here Peace is there, in Australia it's everywhere,

Peace is happy, Peace is sad, Peace is good, but war is bad,

That's what Peace is all about, That is Peace so love and shout.

Philip O'Donnell  
Form 1

From street to street  
he roamed, without  
feelings, a clown —  
and they laughed at him.

From town to town  
he walked, like an  
outcast, no role  
in society?

From state to state  
he hitched no rides  
A life with no fun  
just to wander on and on.

Gayle Wilson  
Form 5H

What is different?  
The hair?  
The colour?  
Why don't people like us?  
Are we that different?  
We come here for jobs,  
Not to be destroyed.  
We get called all names,  
It's not easy to make friends  
In a land where  
You don't want to be known.  
Our children feel out,  
Not allowed to go in here,  
Not allowed to go in there.  
Why not?  
We all live in the same country.  
We all bleed red blood.

Carolyn Lee  
Form 4

## ALONE

Black rain clouds cover the sky,  
I'd better hurry home,  
To the trees for shelter the Starlings fly.  
And I'm by myself all alone.

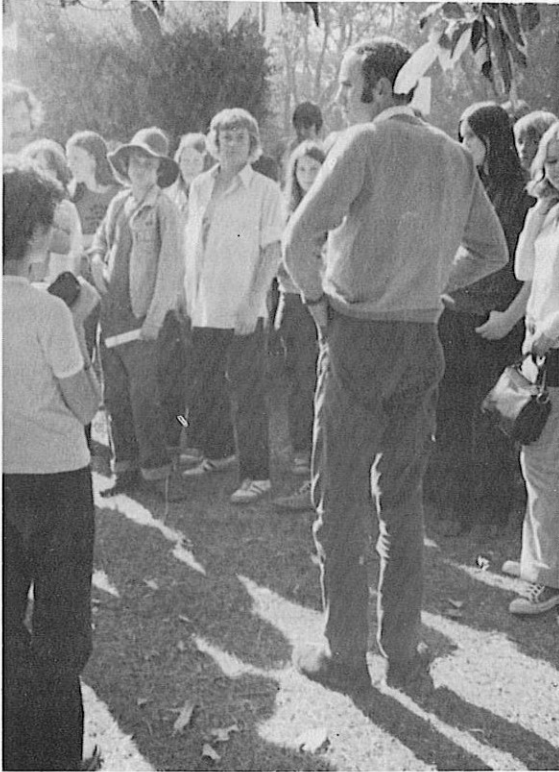
The trees they toss, it starts to rain,  
I panic and begin to run,  
I'm wet and frightened as I enter the lane,  
I fall over and my knee is skun.

Danger looms behind every tree,  
I'm drenched from head to toe,  
Dark shadows are darting after me,  
Everything moving is my foe.

I round the corner and see my home,  
Shining inside is a light,  
I hope that I'm never again alone,  
Especially on a dark and stormy night.

G. Rooney  
Form 2

## THE SCHOOL CAMP



We left the school about 8.35 loaded into two buses, of which the Form Fours had, by some unknown reason, got the better one. We were under the supervision, or should we say companionship, of Mr. Wallis, Mr. Phillips, Miss Atkinson, and Miss Lockwood. We arrived at the camp just before lunch.

Much of the first day was spent exploring the surroundings. The days that followed were full of minor happenings with major ones stuck in between, eg. Michael's appearance as a new girl, at which no one had any doubt that he should be named "Miss Mt. Eliza".

A favourite with students was the drink machine which received quite a lot of money, plus a few swift kicks from a number of students who spent half their time trying to get two drinks out for the price of one. An other major camp event was Michael Jackson's birthday. On the following morning he looked as though he had become very friendly with the mosquitoes.

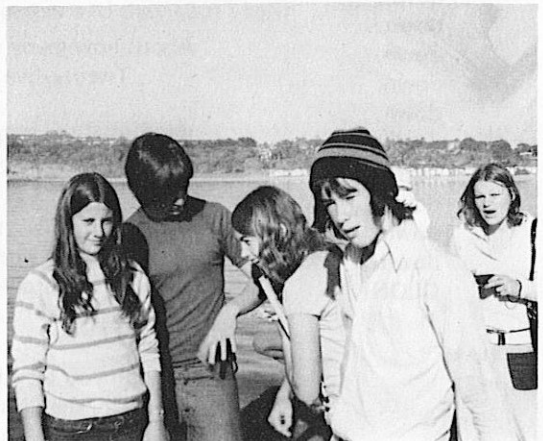
The nights were very quiet, except for Hut 5 which was occupied, of course, by the famous seven; Nada, Gayle, Fiona, Lindie, Toni, Sue and Gilianne. This Hut's occupants also became very friendly with some of the boys from the home up the road and I believe that some are still writing to each other.

The Form Four boys spent a lot of time building a very creative peace sign out of lemonade tins, which at the end of camp, reached right to the top of the roof. The destruction of this monstrosity was a much awaited event, and could be heard from the beach about a half mile away.

Wednesday night's entertainment was a lantern snatch. The next day during the week we walked to Mornington along the beach (Miss Lockwood drove down) and we were supposed to walk back along the highway. Most did, but some, namely Debi, Dianne, Bryan, Toni and Gilianne took the easy way out and hired a taxi. They got their thrills by waving to the teachers as they passed. (Was it worth 20 cents each??)

The last night's activities were a camp fire at which the students sang, which was beaut! (Miss Atkinson has the best voice). Ricky obtained a good collection of wild life specimens, namely glow worms. Mr. Phillips ended the night with a laugh when he grabbed who he thought was Peter Dinsdale and started to yell at him for being out of his hut . . . It turned out to be Miss Atkinson. "Oops! Sorry!" (Feel good!) We were also given the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Mclean. Well enough is enough thanks to Mr. Wallis, Mr. Phillips, Miss Atkinson and Miss Lockwood.

By 3E.





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CLONK!!!

Page 10

How old are you Steven?  
Fourteen last week.

Do you like the home?  
In some ways.

How do you mean in some ways?  
Well I suppose it's ok when we do woodwork and all that, but I reckon cleaners should have to clean the toilets and that.

Do you have to clean them?  
Yes.

What happens if you don't?  
Oh, the staff reckon it is up to us if we want clean lats, and if we don't, they won't get cleaned and we will catch diseases and all that rubbish.

Who cooks your meals?  
We have special women to do that.

Do you get along with the staff?  
Some of them.

What about the rest?  
Oh, we just ignore the rest of the pigs.

Why are they pigs?  
They treat us as if we are animals or something, while the good staff treat us like their sons.

How many youths are there at the school?  
About eighty-five.

About how many staff?  
Twenty-five counting the cooks I think.

Where would you prefer to be, at the school or at home?  
At the school.

Why?  
Because when I am at the school I get cared for and the staff listen to our problems and that, but when I'm at home I feel like I'm not wanted.

Why do you feel that way?  
Oh, they just ignore me and don't welcome me home or nothing.

How come you got sent to the school?  
Belting me mum and sister.

Did you get charged too?  
Yes.

Do you think it is fair you are at the school?  
No. But I prefer the school to home.

Have you got many friends at the school?  
All the kids are my friends.

Have you any special ones?  
I've got a couple of best mates.

Have you ever been close to any of your family?  
I was close to me Pa, but he died last year: I couldn't get over it.

Haven't you ever been close to your mum, dad or sister?  
I wouldn't have belted them if I was.

What did your Dad do?  
When it happened, he was drunk. He's an alcoholic.

How did you belt them?  
I whipped me sister with me bike tube and broke the wheel over me  
ol' duck's head.

Was that all?  
No. I punched them a couple of times.

And then what happened?  
I got dobbed into the cops and they took me away. The hag next door  
dobbbed me in.

Why did you do this?  
'Cause I couldn't put me bike together and they kept naggin' until  
this happened.

Are you sorry you did this?  
No, I hated them when I did it, and I still do.

What about your Dad?  
Him too. All he thinks of is grog.

Do they ever visit you?  
If they came to see me I'd hide until they went''.

Sue Playdon  
Form 3S



In the cell they silently sit  
Each one of them,  
Lonely and homeless, rejected from society.  
In this huge concrete place,  
All the men are degraded,  
Each one without a face.  
They hear a choking gasp  
And there is the warden, dead  
And the keys within their grasp.  
In a moment they are off  
Down the stairs, along the corridors to the  
Life of freedom.  
The prison siren screams,  
They have been caught but  
On they run.  
The guards open fire,  
First they miss,  
But in a moment they are all dead,  
Their dull and lonely lives at rest.

**S. Bryant**  
**Form 3**

If I didn't have a Mother  
What would I do?  
Everything I wanted to?  
If I didn't have a Father  
What would I do?  
Anything I felt like?

OR

Would it be different  
Than I would expect?  
Would I be lonely  
With none to respect?  
They couldn't advise me  
On what's right or wrong  
But I feel without them  
I could sing my own song.  
Could we have a trial run?

**Fiona McKean**  
**Form 3S**

## LOOK AT YOURSELF

Look at yourself  
All Alone.  
Look at yourself.  
Rotting away from the world  
Listen to yourself crying  
Afraid of being alone  
Look at yourself sitting and thinking  
Of something you could have been  
But just look at yourself  
Pitied and shamed.

You look in the mirror  
What you see is not what  
You would like to see.  
You want yourself to stand out  
In a crowd and be some thing  
But just look at yourself  
Pitied and shamed.

**Peter Puckridge**  
**Form 3E**

## THE MATHS EXAM

The room is full.  
The lights are dim.  
The figures and numbers  
Bounce around,  
Inside my head,  
Little numbers  
That refuse to add, multiply or subtract,  
They won't divide or be to the 4th. power.  
While outside I hear noises,  
Whistles, Ball bouncing,  
Boys yelling  
Piano playing in the next room  
Other people  
Heads buried in books  
Looking for answers  
But I cannot work,  
The silence is too much.  
I shut my book,  
Pick up my paper  
Hand it in  
Leave the room  
And so ends the Maths exam.

**G. Baird**  
**Form 3**