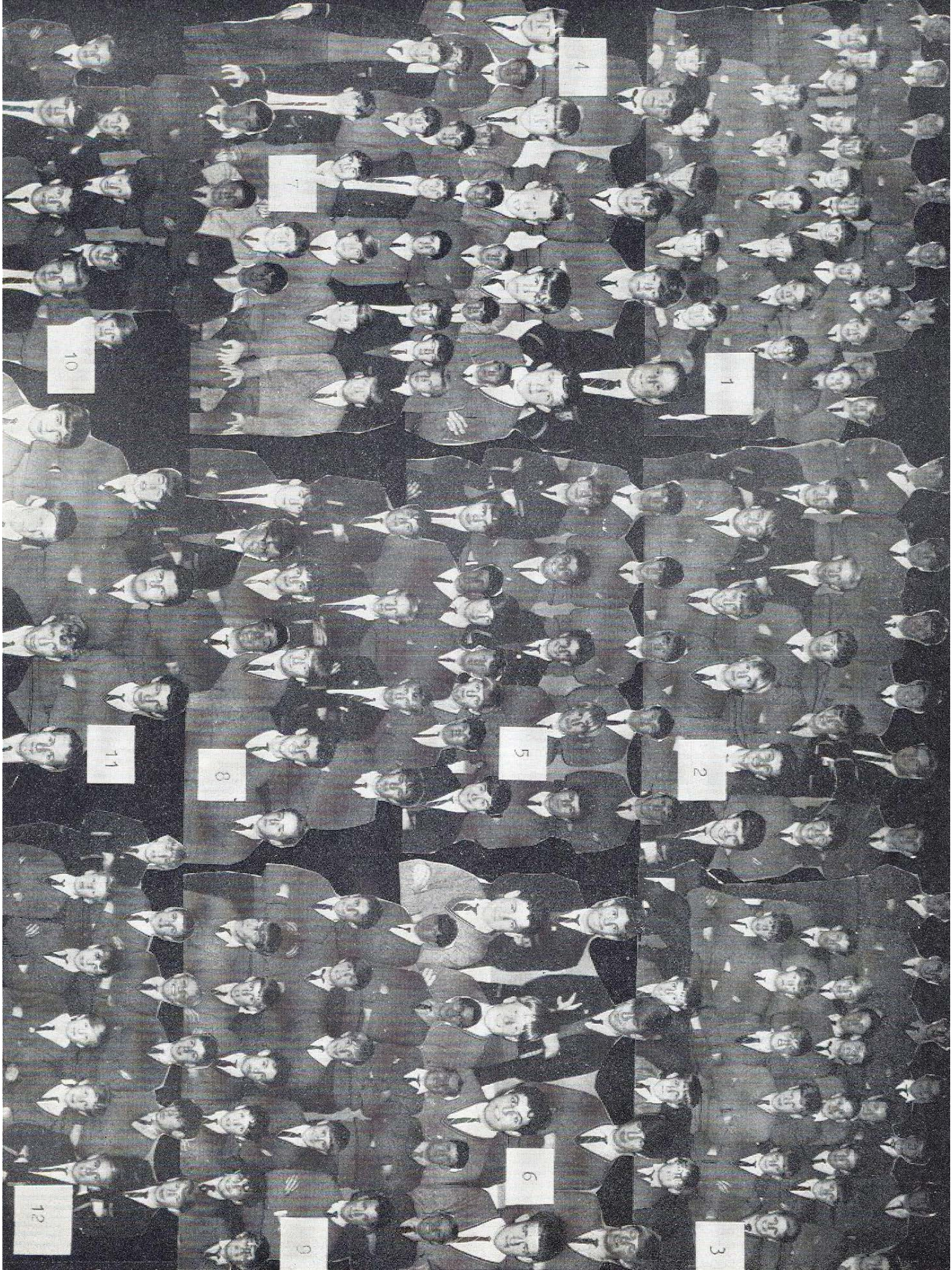


PROGRESS OF THE NEW BUILDING



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Prefects, 1965

BACK ROW (left to right): Coral Valli, Geoff Morgan, Neils Hutchison, John Jacobson, Robin Morgan, Gary Middlemiss, Marie Larkin.

FRONT ROW: Margaret Mitchell, Margaret Boskma, Tony Ireland (Head Boy), Helen Davis (Head Girl), Aileen Meikle, Pauline Douglas.

House Captains, 1965

BACK ROW: Trevor Ellis (Phillip), Frank Rushton (Bass), Peter Jackson (Flinders), John Scott (Mawson).

FRONT ROW: Penny Stitson (Bass), Winifred Lacey (Phillip), Kay Mewett (Mawson), Mary Waterston (Flinders) absent.



The Flood

Down came the swirling brown waters towards the village, covering everything and everyone in its path.

Everyone was panicking, running around trying to save what they could before the fatal flood descended upon them. Mothers snatched up their children, children snatched up their pets and fathers made a last desperate check to make sure that all that could not be taken with them was as safe as it could possibly be. All was in a state of chaos.

Shopkeepers tried to save all the merchandise that they could. People were running and others were driving away in their cars.

And then it came. In an eddy of froth the water descended on the village—seeping through every crack and corner, through every loose fitting door or window—spoiling carpets and furniture, and those who looked on from a safe distance shed tears for what they had struggled for years to get was destroyed in a matter of minutes.

Dogs, cats and birds tried to escape the swirling mass, but their attempts were fruitless, for many were drowned. Human beings were also swept away.

Amazing as it may seem, this turbulent river was once a peaceful stream that meandered through the hills and valleys. Then, after a rainy period of four weeks, this little stream swelled and burst its banks, flowing out all over the countryside destroying everything in its path.

Watching the flood now as it began to subside some people began to thank God, for many houses were not touched. Then as quickly as it had come the flood subsided leaving behind it a trail of destruction. The weary people returned home to their water-soaked homes and their struggle to build up their homes was to begin again.

—KERRY FRENCH, IVA

SHOULD SCHOOL UNIFORMS BE WORN

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 uniform, 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.

I feel that a uniform develops pride in your own particular school because you can say to someone, "This is our school uniform". When there are school assemblies everyone looks so much better if they are all in uniform.

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, 2A

Some Close-ups of the Action

KEY TO SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

- 1.—Junior Boys' Athletics.
- 2.—Senior Boys' Athletics.
- 3.—Junior Football.
- 4.—Junior Boys' Swimming.
- 5.—Senior Boys' Swimming.
- 6.—Boys' Volley Ball.
- 7.—Senior Football.
- 8.—Senior Cricket.
- 9.—Junior Cricket.
- 10.—Senior and Junior Basketball.
- 11.—Senior Basketball.
- 12.—Junior Basketball.
- 13.—Senior Girls' Athletics.
- 14.—Junior Vigaró.
- 15.—Individual Champions, Athletics.
- 16.—Senior Hockey.
- 17.—Girls' Volley Ball.
- 18.—Form I Basketball.
- 19.—Junior Girls' Athletics.
- 20.—Senior and Junior Tennis.
- 21.—Girls' Swimming.
- 22.—Senior Softball.
- 23.—Junior "A" Basketball.
- 24.—Junior "B" Basketball.
- 25.—Junior Softball.
- 26.—Junior Hockey.
- 27.—Senior Basketball.

SO PERMANENT IS DEATH

He struggled. The suction of the thick, treacle-like substance pulled stronger as it found a firmer, more deadly grip on its victim's legs. Slowly, treacherously, it rose up to his knees. He realised he was sinking down to his death, and fear began to creep into his mind. Though petrified with fright, he pulled himself together and made a determined effort to put up a good fight for life. Again he struggled to free himself, but the oozing murkiness imprisoning him was determined also. Determined to kill; kill its prey with a slow and horrible death: suffocation.

Even as he watched, his numb body was sinking deeper and deeper. Horrified, he gazed around him. He knew death was hovering around him, even ready to encircle him in her wings of silence. He knew death would wait until the last spark of life was squeezed out of his paralysed body before she claimed him as her own. Slowly, as if trying to tantalise death, his unmerciful captor rose higher and higher till it reached his neck. He knew it was useless to struggle now. The closing chapter of his life was open before him.

Death was near. His breath came out in laboured spasms. Bravely he gave himself up to his triumphant captor and disappeared into the inky blackness as it swallowed him.

Alas! Another fly had met his death in the treacle tin.

—ROBYN KENNY, 4A

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TREE

"Go away, you uncouth children." Trees these days just aren't like they used to be in my youth; come to think of that, I am getting rather old. Let's see now, how did I start out in this world?

My grandpappy used to tell me, in my younger days, before he died, that I was the thirtieth successful child of his son, my dad that is. He used to tell me how I started out in life as a tiny yellow speck, and how I collided into a stigma, and eventually fell to the ground as a nut. How I used to wonder what a stigma was. Come to think of it, I never forgave him for calling me a nut. I am definitely of finer stock, and of higher mentality than the rabble at my feet though. So brave and magnificent compared to the pathetic, cowardly even, quaking aspen around me. Me, the king of all Australian gums, surrounded by those pommies. What a tragedy!

My growth was tremendous. What a healthy specimen of boyhood. Isolated on my small hill, surrounded by miles of stretching gums, in a virgin forest. I grew up tall and strong, quite free of borers and able to stand up to the strongest winds. Oh, I wish those juveniles would stop trying to lean on me, no respect, not an ounce of it. I was the most respectful, obedient child in the neighbourhood, and how I was scorned by the other kids, but I showed them, and now I dominate the area.

I did have my problems though. Being such a brilliant nut, no—acorn, I climbed to the highest area to germinate, but as a result suffered terribly under birds. Those creatures built nests in my forks and nearly killed me with laughter. Oh, how I was ticklish. I used to laugh for hours and hours, especially at feeding time, and I remember how I used to wish so much for arms to scratch that itchy spot on my back, but I got over it.

But my loneliness. I felt like crying ever so much and all I could manage was to transpire. I had no friends, especially when these foreigners came, and those strong white rodents who drove out those little black things and changed the whole area, especially that silly man who thought that I would be a good place for a city. Whatever that is. He was taught a lesson when the human creatures (white ones) made a mistake and moved it along.

I suppose being intelligent does have its drawbacks, but then I am the most sophisticated, handsome, strong and beautiful creature in the locale. I do need a bit of slimming though. Those disgusting Poms introduced by those stupid whites have ruined my existence. I no longer have any sex life. What a waste it is. I could have charmed all the local lasses.

Look at me now starting to droop. Come on, straighten up, mustn't ruin the image now. Come on, chap, keep a stiff upper lip. Oh heavens, what am I saying? It's no use, I guess I will have to face the facts and realize that I am getting old. Even my beautiful mane isn't the same. Oh! hum, I suppose I will have a dim future—Unless—why of course—I can shrink back to a sapling.

Oh! it's no use, it's no good—What are you doing, Olympus? Talking to yourself? Disgusting! Pull yourself together. What will the others think? That's better. Oh, how I wish I could leave this park and sell my story.

The little boy standing at the base of the tree looked up with understanding at the magnificent gum, and winced slightly, when he realized the horror of horrors had just been bestowed upon it, as it was dedicated to Sir Robert Gordon Menzies.

—S. REED, Form VB

The Parlour, the Stairway and the Bedroom Door

(As seen by a man about to murder his rich uncle)

When it's done, it's done, and there will be no more said if I can help it. We will soon see who the rich person in this family is. Uncle Fules always did have too much money, and he never thought twice about keeping every bit of it either. I'll take advantage of the moonless night tonight, just to make sure everything is completely dark.

Let me see now, through this "museum" he calls a parlour, up the stairs and first door on the left, that will take me to his bedroom; no, it certainly will not be long now . . . Never did like parlours—stuffy mausoleums of gossip, that is all. Places for women to sit and gossip. Uncle Fules is a typical parlour "woman". This place would suit him just fine. Looks funny at night, dark shapes is about all I can make out, just dark, unknown shapes. He has got this place so cluttered it would not matter whether it was day or night, you still could not make things out. Round the sofa, over the stool, to the right of the chair and then the statue, stupid, useless thing. One of his favourite pieces. Huh! Never did think much of it. "S'cuse me, old girl!" Now, the door. Wall, hinges, panels, ah, knob. Well, so far, so good.

The stairs! Now, what was it? Fifth and seventh ones from the bottom creak . . . or was it fifth and seventh from the top. Oh no! What was it? I'll go for fifth and seventh one from the top and just pray that it's right. Pray! Huh! Pray to help kill a man! Funny how you can get accustomed to saying things. This is the fifth one up. I'll try it lightly, just in case. Well, that one creaks so the seventh one will too. Lucky I tried it carefully. I doubt whether that small creak would have awakened him. Miss this one too, and then the next are right.

At last! Behind the first door on the left lies my fortune. Easy does it, take your time and turn the handle easy. This is just going to be too easy for words. Things could not have gone better. Maybe I was just meant to have the money. I always said I could do better things with it than he.

No! Oh no! No! It's locked! I can't get it open! What will I do? What will I do?

—B. McKELLAR, Form VB

"SNAKE IN THE GRASS"

The sun, a fiery red ball high in the brilliant blue sky, hung motionless above the endless desolate plain. Nothing moved. The long dry grass faded to a pale grey, stood erect, and the occasional tree, stunted and knotted by the hot dry winds and merciless sun, threw pale shadows in the parched soil around them.

Suddenly, with a sharp angry cry, two crows soared in the air and flapped noisily away from the thing which stirred beneath their tree. The thing groaned, tried to rise, and fell forward, but a few seconds later succeeded in standing up. It was a man. His hair was streaked with grey and his face, distorted by the pain his movements cost him, looked old and haggard, but his young muscular body and shining even teeth showed that he was young—aged only by hardship and experience.

Slowly he staggered forward to a tree, but the effort was too great and, with a cry of agony, he fell to the ground.

Hours passed before he regained consciousness and his left leg, swollen and ripped, was covered with ants which crawled hungrily into the gashes. With

a smothered curse he tried to brush them off, but his movements were clumsy, and with his lips and tongue swollen, even his curse was soundless.

Suddenly he sat erect. "The river," he thought. "... must reach the river ..." With a superhuman effort he crawled forward, leaving the shadow of the tree behind. His eyes, puffed and red, gazed steadily ahead of him at a point hidden in the distance, and he moved continuously toward it. The sun became lower in the sky and almost touched the horizon as he crawled, resolute, but slower with each yard. Stars began to appear, but the man moved on undaunted and unswerving from his goal. On and on through the faded grass he struggled.

"Nearly there ..." said his mind. "I'm coming, Betty ..." A rattle, vicious and close, cut into his thoughts, and a sudden swift movement, followed by a sharp, clear pain told him that he had been bitten.

The stars were bright in the dark velvety sky as he died. Behind him lay the barren plain and just ahead of him hidden by the darkness was the river, and the small shack where his wife and baby daughter waited ...

—MARGARET CANAVAN, Form VB



SPORTING CALENDAR

Our first year, and our last year of competition against the bigger schools saw once again mixed success. We won the swimming for the sixth successive year, but only won one other event in the summer and winter competitions—Junior B basketball (Girls).

Following is the position in which we were placed in each individual sport:—

BOYS

Senior Cricket 2, Junior Cricket 6, Senior Basketball 3, Junior Basketball 6, Senior Tennis 5, Junior Tennis 6, Senior Football 3, Junior Football 1, Senior Baseball 5, Junior Baseball 3.

GIRLS

Senior Vigaro 6, Junior Vigaro 6, Senior Tennis 6, Junior Tennis 6, Senior Softball 4, Junior Softball 6, Basketball Senior A 5, Basketball Senior B 3, Basketball Junior A 2 (lost championship by 3 per cent.), Basketball Junior B 1, Senior Hockey 3, Junior Hockey 6.

Combined Events: Swimming 1, Athletics 6.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONS

Swimming

Boys: Under 13, A. Grimmond (B); Under 14, J. Gray (B); Under 15, T. Dolphin (P); Under 16, D. Ferguson (P); Under 21, N. Hutchison (B).

Girls: Under 13, M. McDonald (F); Under 14, J. McDonald (F); Under 15, E. Kimberley (F); Under 16, P. Stitson (B), D. Charleston (P); Under 21, S. Hilditch (B).

Athletics

Boys: Under 13, G. Dinsdale (F); Under 14, C. Dell (M); Under 15, J. Crane (B); Under 16, S. Morgan (F); Under 21, R. Morgan (F).

Girls: Under 13, M. McDonald (F); Under 14, J. Pittaway (F); Under 15, S. Lowe (B); Under 16, S. McKean (B), M. Gned (M); Under 21, P. Stitson (B).

MY IMPRESSION OF THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

I am a little brown worm and I live in the rich soil on Oval Two, and I am here to tell you what happened to me when "Yallourn High School" had their athletic sports.

About 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning I heard what I thought was a stampede, so I put my head out a little way, but quickly put it back again because of the big boots nearly standing on me. Then I remembered that it was the Yallourn High School Athletic Sports.

After a short while I slowly moved out of my hole to get a good view of things. I heard the blast of a nuclear bomb, and I thought I was getting invaded, and then the next thing I knew was that a pointed steel-spiked thing was running over me. It was a wonder I was not cut in two.

After about three hours of getting nearly killed by being stamped on there was a bit of peace and quiet while there was a lunch break.

But that only lasted for one hour and then the stampede began again. After about another two hours I decided to go back into my hole for a little rest.

I then heard music which woke me up. When I looked out the sports were over and the presentations were being given, so I thought I would go up and see who had won all these strenuous races. Mr. Coulson then announced that "Flinders" had won the aggregate. Then I quickly wriggled back into my hole so that the happy people would not stand on me.

These humans that dress in yellow and white sure make worms live in terror and fright.

—DIANNE DOWNEY, Form 1C

Dogs

Dogs are creatures
With funny features,
Which bark in the night
To give you a fright.

—ANNETTE GODDARD, IVB

I Have Just Recently Lost My Sense of Hearing . . .

I can clearly remember waking up on Tuesday morning to a bright sunny day. I walked over to the window and peered out, and as bewildered not to hear any birds singing, for I could see a flock of them perched on the fence. Mum then came into the room and started what seemed like she was talking, but no noise was coming out. I frantically ran up to her and put my arms around her waist. I told her to stop playing jokes on me and to speak properly, but somehow she told me she was talking. Then Dad came in to see what the matter was and spoke to me, but only his lips moved. It was then I realised that I must be deaf, and so I flung my body on to the bed and started to weep . . .

—WENDY SHANKLAND, 2A

ROLL CALL

FORM 6

BOTTLE, Robert Henry
CARTER, Gregory
CIUNELIS, Edward
ELLIS, Trevor Richard
FORBES, Bryan Logan
HOLLANDS, Kenneth Michael
HUTCHISON, Alan Niels
IRELAND, Anthony Charles
JAKOBSON, John Bruno
KENNY, Albert William
LOFT, Raymond John
LOWE, Robert Ian
McARTHUR, Dean Richard
McPHERSON, Ewan Ronald
MATWIEJEW, Peter
MIDDLEMISS, Gary James
MORGAN, Geoffrey Frederick
MORGAN, Robin John
RUSHTON, Frank
SULLIVAN, Terrence Patrick
TEASDALE, Robert Dixon
VELLA, Alfred Anthony
DAVIS, Helen Kelson
DOUGLAS, Pauline
JOHNSTON, Karen Elizabeth
LARKIN, Marie Theresa
MEIKLE, Aileen Jean
MITCHELL, Margaret Mary
RUSHTON, Edna
SKINNER, Kristine Alma
VALLI, Coral Jennifer
VAN STAVEREN, Maria Janny

FORM 5A

ANDERSON, Daryl
APPS, Graeme
BARNES, Geoffrey
DELL, Brian
EVANS, Christopher
FERGUSON, David
GRAHAM, Mervyn
HALL, Ronald
JACKSON, Peter
KENNY, Brian
KIVLINS, George
KROMOLOFF, Peter
LOWE, David
MANNER, Robert
MILNE, Philip
MISIURKA, Ramon
SAMBELL, Arnold
THOMSON, Ian
TRKULJA, Peter
WALKER, Kenneth
DIMSEY, Thora
HUNT, Barbara
LOFTS, Jillian
MacRAE, Pieta
NUTT, Linda
ROBERTSON, Beverley
STITSON, Penelope
VITOLINS, Liene
WATERSTON, Mary
WRIGHT, Sheryl

FORM 5B

CLARK, John
COULSON, Edward Alan
DOBROGOSZ, Joseph
GALLAGHER, Graham
HANNON, Ronald Phillip
KEMPSTER, Frank John
McMASTER, Ian
PORTER, Gregory Jamieson
PUCKERIDGE, Geoffrey Russell
REED, Stephen Douglas
SCOTT, John William
STALLWORTHY, Leonard
Albert
TAYLOR, Paul John
WADDINGTON, Donald
WALL, John Reginald
BOSKMA, Margaret Petronella
CANOVAN, Margaret Mary
COOPER, Lee-Anne
GOUGH, Elizabeth Faye
KRAJEWSKI, Helyu Mary
LACEY, Winifred Louise
LANE, Annette
LARECKI, Sophie Anne
McKELLAR, Barbara
McNAIR, Barbara Helen
MEWETT, Kay Louise
O'BRIEN, Maureen
ORME, Carole Anne
PONTIN, Karen

FORM 4A

BERQUEZ, Victor Alistair
BRISCO, John Graham
BROWITT, Jeffrey
DIMSEY, David John
GORMAN, Jeffrey John
GRAY, Jeffrey Neil
HAEBICH, Kerry Dean
McPHERSON, Lachlan William
MITCHELL, Stephen
MORGAN, Stephen Paul
PRINGLE, Ian McKenzie
SNEDDON, Graeme Eric
BOWLER, Penny
CLARKE, Pamela June
FRANCIS, Christine Joan
FRENCH, Kerry Joy
GLOZ, Marilyn Pearl
KENNY, Robyn Josephine
KIMBERLEY, Erna Mary
KOTIW, Helena
MALPASS, Beverley Dawn
MITCHELL, Anne Elizabeth
PEARLESS, Yvonne Lillian
PRUST, Sandra Gai
STEARMAN, Judith Lynette

FORM 4B

BAIRD, Robert James
BILSTON, John
CLAXTON, Raymond John
DOLPHIN, Trevor Llewellyn
ESSE, Patrick Charles
FOX, Gregord Lance

GIBSON, Malcolm Ian
GLOVER, David
HEDDLES, Stephen Leslie
HOUSE, Christopher Wallace
HYDE, Graham John
McCLARE, John
MITCHELL, Kim Neil
NIELSON, Peter John
NYEBOER, Henry Alexander
TATLOW, Douglas John
UDOWENKO, John
VINCENT, Paul Lester
VOGEL, John Richard
WHITE, Anthony Charles
BAILEY, Joan Alice
GODDARD, Annette Maree
GORBAL, Teresa Katherine
LOWE, Sylvia
McKINNA, Janet Aldyth
PITTAWAY, Susan Joy
ROBERTSON, Margaret Dianne
SAGAR, Carole Joy
TILLEY, Jeanette Ann

FORM 4C

BAILLIE, Laurence
BETTS, Bruce
CHURCH, Gregory
HAM, Harold
JOHNSTON, Russell
McDONALD, Daniel
MILOJEVIC, Edward
POOLE, Phillip
SANDMAN, Gary
SHEPHERD, Darrell
SMITH, Gary
VAJLER, Alexander
WRIGHT, Neville
ATKINSON, Christine
CHARLESTON, Dianne
FOGGO, Jeanette
LERCHE, Tove
McCOY, Ann
MORRISON, Ruth
STEWART, Shona
WILLIAMS, Judith

FORM 4D

ASCOLESE, Annie
ASHMORE, Helen
ATKINSON, Dianne
CLAYSON, Pamela
COOK, Janice
DEARMAN, Pat
FANKHAUSER, Val
FRENCH, Irene
GRANT, Sandra
HAMILTON, Merle
HILDITCH, Suzanne
JOHNSTONE, Leanne
KERR, Lorraine
LOCK, Pauline
McINNES, Ann
McKEAN, Sherri
McNAUGHTON, Lorna

MILANOVIC, Anna
PINAL, Deanna
RAY, Karen
SCOTT, Susan
SMITH, Carol
STEVENS, Judith
VELLA, Josie
WALL, Helen
WALLIS, Karen
WALTON, Beverley
WASUIKIEWICZ, Helena
ZARB, Delores

FORM 3A

BRADBURY, M.
CRANE, J.
DAVIS, A.
GRIVINS, V.
HALL, J.
HARRISON, R.
HARVEY, S
HAWKEN, R.
KARLEUSA, M.
KERR, B.
LESTER, P.
LEWIS, D.
MacRAE, A.
MUSSARED, D.
ROSS, W.
SAALFIELD, D.
SMITH, W.
SOUTER, M.
STEPHENS, R.
WATTENBURG, W.
HUGHES, G.
ABBOTT, J.
ASHTON, G.
BUSSELL, K.
FERGUSON, P.
FISHER, R.
GLOSS, P.
HALL, D.
HAWKEN, D.
KOBOLD, F.
LENNON, M.
McALISTER, A.
McKEAN, C.
NYEBOER, M.
PARRY, M.
RICKMAN, I.
RODGERS, R.
WILSON, M.
WOLFF, D.
GREER, E.

FORM 3B

ALLEN, Jeanette
AMOS, Carol Joy
ASHTON, Bettye Lorraine
BECKMAN, Diane Christine
BONNER, Margaret Mary
COOK, Jillian Margaret
CULLEN, Vicky Denise
DADDO, Pamela Joy
DIMSEY, Faye Lorraine
GLASPER, Cynthia Maureen
Anne
GNED, Maria Louise
GRANDO, Yvonne

JASINSKI, Nellie Tricia
KARADZIC, Nada
KELLY, Barbara
LYONS, Lynette
MARSHALL, Linda
MILANOVIC, Mila
MUSCAT, Carmen
RALSTON, Patricia
TABACZYNSKA, Antonia
TABONE, Mary
TANGEY, Dawn
TANGEY, Pauline
TAYLOR, Hilary
VANYAI, Elizabeth

FORM 2A

BRASS, Alfred Charles
DEARMAN, Kenneth
DELL, Colin
DOWERS, Graham
HALL, Michael
HESKEY, John
JANIAK, Ludwig
KELAVA, Bozo
KENNY, Robert
LAMBERT, Stephen
PARK, Stuart
PEARLESS, Brian
SAMSON, Richard
SMITH, Leigh
SPENCER, Paul
SZABO, George
TODD, Kim
WILLIAMS, Barry
ATTARD, Angela
BERG, Susanne
CANOVAN, Francis
DUDLEY, Helen
DUDLEY, Patricia
EARLE, Elizabeth
GIBSON, Barbara
GRIMES, H.
HORBACZ, Ursula
HUTCHISON, Jennifer
IRVINE, Sheila
JASINSKI, Danita
KROMOLOFF, Christine
McDONALD, Marcia
McEWAN, Anne
MARINKOVIC, Helena
MITCHELL, Lynsie
PITTAWAY, Jan
POTTER, Merrill
POWER, Cheryle
SHANKLAND, Wendy
TAYLOR, Anne
TRIPLETT, Jennifer
WEBB, Bronwyn
WIGGINS, Robyn
WILKINSON, Merlene
ZEHETHOFER, Christine

FORM 2B

ALEXANDER, Gayle
ASPINALL, Elizabeth
BARTER, Jennifer
CORRY, Carolyn
DJORDJEVIC, Olga
FIELDER, Diane

FISHER, Janice
GRAY, Anne
GREGORY, Sue-Marie
GURNEY, Dianne
IVANIC, Jennifer
LOCK, Rhonda
LOFTS, Meryn
MacKEOWN, Heather
MAGNUSON, Robyn
MITCHELL, Ann
ROGOWSKI, Elizabeth
SADDINGTON, Mary
SAGAR, Dianne
SAGAR, Janet
SKINNER, Denise
SMITH, Colleen
TABACZYNSKA, Mary
VELLA, Joan
ELLIOTT, Christine
THOMPSON, Kaylene

FORM 1A

BOSKMA, Ronald
BUTT, Peter
DELL, Alan
DIMSEY, Talbot
GLOZ, John
GRANT, Phillip
HARRISON, Neil
IRVINE, Alan
KENNY, Peter
LANGDON, Kenneth
McCLARE, Andrew
McCRAE, Kenneth
PEMBERTON, John
WATTS, Daryl
ACIMOVIC, Marya
ALLAN, Caroline
ASHMEAD, Shirley Joan
BAILEY, Ruth
BROWN, Vivianne
COOK, Vicki
DAVIS, Sheryl
DOUGLAS, Lesley
DUDLEY, Julie
ELKNER, Maureen
HALL, Linda
JAMES, Brenda
LERCHE, Inge
McALISTER, Linda
McLENNAN, Anne
MELBOURNE, Lynette
MOFFAT, Kay
MUSSARED, Lynette
PEACOCK, Anne
ROBERTSON, Gael
SMITH, Judith
SMITH, Shirley
RADFORD, Colleen

FORM 1B

BOYS, Eric
BROWITT, Colin
CARLTON, Terrence
DINSDALE, Graeme
DOLPHIN, Roger
DUFF, Peter
FOX, Terry
GEORGE, Stephen

GOOLD, Kevin
GRIMMOND, Anthony
GRINTON, Gary
LENNON, Gregory
LEY, Phillip
MALLEE, Edward
SETCHES, Leigh
YOUNG, Colin
ALDRED, Janine
BAIRD, Jennifer
COURTNEY, Faye
DE AGNOI, Dianna
FRENCH, Anne
GNED, Josephine
GODDARD, Rosemary
HALL, Judith Heather
HARKINS, Shirley
INGRAVALLE, Catherina
KEMPSTER, Margaret
KING, Janice
KITNEY, June

LYNCH, Judith
MEWETT, Lynette
NASH, Faye
REDSTON, Carol
RICHARDSON, Margaret
SAGAR, Julie
SESTOKAS, Wendy
SMITH, Janice
WILDEN, Lynette
VAN STREEPAN, Maria

FORM 1C

BURROWS, Jeanette
DOWNEY, Dianne
EVES, Jacqueline
FLEMING, Rhonda
GARDNER, Jennifer
HARVEY, Dianne
HYDE, Elaine
HYDE, Wendy

KELLY, Margaret
KRYGSMAN, Elizabeth Leonnie
LYONS, Judith
McDONALD, Beverley
MALLIA, Veronica
MARSHALL, Kaye
MUSCAT, Grace
OLIVER, Sheryl
PASSMORE, Jennifer
PATCHING, Rhonda
PEACOCK, Jillian
ROBINSON, Paula
ROGOWSKI, Helen
STEVENS, Cheryl
STRONG, Carla
TABONE, Victoria
VANYAI, Maria
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