

runs, and we were able to provide Volley Ball, Basketball, Bat Tennis and Archery at times throughout the year.

My sincere appreciation to all the staff and House Masters for their assistance and co-operation in all sporting activities this year, especially to Mr. Anderson and his help with the tennis, Mr. Harrison and the Senior Baseball, and Mr. Waters for his advice in training for the athletics.

However all this work would have been in vain had it not been for the cheerful co-operation and the large amount of time given by the House Captains.

Grateful thanks.

E.L. Woodard

P. Cashin







1. Julie Francis - H; 2. Bronwyn Peters - A; 3. Josie Gloss - H, SB; 4. Christine Canovan A; 5. Christine Widdows - A; 6. Janet Casey - SB; 7. Anne Grinton - SB, S; 8. Rosalind Miller - A; 9. Dianne Wall - H; 10. Anita Plavins - OB; 11. Janet Williams - HS; 12. Susan Jenson - SB, S; 13. Anne Castell - A; 14. Susan McMicken - A; 15. Maria Vanyai - H, V; 16. Jennifer Cook - H; 17. Vivian Hyde - YB; 18. Carol Moffat - A, SB; 19. Jean Taylor - SB; 20. Pat Vosper - V; 21. Christina Wells - A, VS; 22. Pam Robinson - H; 23. Jenny Davis - A, BKB, S, V; 24. Jillian Brimacombe - A, BKB, S; 25. June Kitney - H, S, T; 26. Irene Horne - BKB; 27. Anne Peacock - BKB; 28. Lyn Mussared - BKB, V; 29. Alison Webb - H; 30. Jillian Peacock A, H; 31. Susan Harwood BKB, VB; 32. Lyn Wetzel - A, BKB; 33. Judy Lyons - A, BKB; 34. Janice Smith - BKB, SB, S; 35. Rosemary Goddard - A; 36. Joan Ashmead - BKB, S, T; 37. Kitty Ingravelle - H, V; 38. Dianne Gordon - BKB, SB; 39. Anne French - BKB, S, V; 40. Caroline ALLAN - A, BKB, SB; 41. Sheryl Oliver - BKB, S; 42. Diana DeAgnol - BKB, V; 43. Judith Smith - A, BKB, S; 44. Colette Swindon - A, BKB, SB, S; 45. Gael Robertson - A, S, T; 46. Lidia Ingravelle - H, V; 47. Diane Watkinson - A, BKB, S, V; 48. Louisa De Agnoi - BKS; 49. Shirley Harkins - A, SB; 50. Ruth Bailey - H, V; 51. Margaret Kelly - A, BKB, V; 52. Mary Pace - VB; 53. Lexine Baillie - A, H, SB; 54. Carol Dinsdale - SB; 55. Rosemary Earle - BKB, V; 56. Julie Wiggins - A, BKB, T; 57. Gail Pittaway - A, SB; 58. Linda Hall - BKB, SB; 59. Jennifer Lye - A, BKB; 60. Susan Humphries - A, BKB, V; 61. Karen Sutcliffe - A, BKB; 62. Helen Rogowski - H, SB; 63. Janice King - A; 64. Janice Fisher - SB; 65. Noreen Grando - V; 66. Gail Harrison - H, SB; 67. Sue Barnard - H; 68. Florella Dorey - BKB, SB; 69. Where's Robyn Parry (V, B) ?





1. Phillip Davies A,C,F,S; 2. Andrew Grimes BB; 3. John Allison A,BB; 4. Michael Leutjens A, BB  
 5. Danny Burns A,C,F, 6. Nick Wiltshire A,C,F, 7. Phillip Ley A,BB, BKB; 8. Greg Evans BB,  
 C,F, 10. Talbot Dimsey A,BKB, F,S 11. Andrew McClare BKB,F,S; 12. Graeme Dinsdale A,T,F  
 13. Shane Dobson A,F,S,T; 14. Peter Duff A,BKB,F,S; 15. Ron Boskma A,BKB,F; 16. Eric Smalley  
 A, BKB, F; 17. Max Sman iotto F, 18. Colin Browitt BB; 19. Charlie Kotiw A, C,F,S, 20. John Gloz  
 BB; 23. Matt Cullen A,BB,T, 24. Eric Boys C,F; 25. Daryl Beard F; 26. Terry Carlton F, A.C.  
 27. Ken MacRae BB, 28. Peter Noble F,T; 29. Roger Dolphin C,F,S, 30. Gary Vogel A,C,F, 31. John  
 Heskey T,





1. Margaret Horne BKB; 2. Jean Abbott V,B; 3. Chris Francis A,H,S,V; 4. Kay Bussell BKB, SB,S; 5. Jeanette Tilley A,H,V; 6. Carol-Anne McKean A,H,S,V; 7. Robin Kenny BKB, SB, S; 8. Teresa Corbals BKB; 9. Margaret Parry; 10. Helena Kotiw SB; 11. Penny Gloss H,S,V; 12. Millie Milanovic BKB; 13. Ann Mitchell BKB, T; 14. Sylvia Lowe A,H,S,V; 15. Dianne Hall S,H,SB,S; 16. P. Tangey BKB; 17. Jeanette Foggo A,H,V; 18. Gayle Alexander V,B; 19. Ann McAlister A; 20. Colleen Smith BKB, V; 21. Francis Canovan V,B; 22. Tova Lerche A,H,S,SB; 23. Linda Nutt S,SB; 24. Elizabeth Earle A,S,V; 25. Irene Rickman A, SB, V; 26. Kay Lennon A,H; 27. Sandra Prust H; 28. Robyn Wiggins A, BKB,S,T; 29. Dianne Robertson BKB, S,T; 30. Merlene Wilkinson A,V; 31. Janet McKinna A,H,S,V; 32. Robyn Holden VB; 33. John Pittaway SB; 34. Ursula Horbacz YB. 35. Annette Goddard SB, VB;





1. Robert Tabart - BB, CKT, ATHS; 2. Gary Smith - BB, CKT; 3. Ian Thompson - F, T, SWG, BKB; 4. David Lowe - S, BB, BKB; 5. Graeme Apps - BB, ATHS, 6. Jeff Gorman - F, BKB, ATHS; 7. Jeff Browitt - F, BKB, ATHS; 8. Russell Johnstone - F, CKT; 9. Malcolm Gibson - F, S; 10. Arnold Sambell - F, CKT; 11. Graeme Sneddon - S; 12. Milos Karleusa - F, CKT; 13. Jeff Gray - F, B, S; 14. Ian McMaster - TNS; 15. Trevor Dolphin - S, F; 16. Alan Davis - BSB, SWG, ATHS; 17. Ian Pringle - F, SWG; 18. Greg Marrs - F, TNS; 19. Ron Hannon - F, CKT; 20. Bruce Kerr - BKB, BSB, ATHS, SWG; 21. John Crane - BKB, F, BSB, ATHS; 22. Danny McDonald - F, CKT, SWG; 23. Murray Champion - TNS; 24. Don Mussared - BSB; 25. Wally Grivins - F, BKB, ATHS, SWG; 26. Lachlan McPherson - F, CKT, ATHS, SWG; 27. Alan Stephens - F, ATHS; 28. Stuart Park - F, 29. Russell Hawken - F, ATHS, CKT; 30. Craig Sutcliffe - SWG; 31. John Woolles - F, ATHS, CKT;







# The Bayswater Trip

The Bayswater 'trip to Yallourn this year was a tremendous success. Not only did we win most of the events but we had mighty fun in doing so. The Bayswater crowd were a terrific lot, and the good time had by all seemed to be more important than the sporting results. Much of the success of the visit must be attributed to the hard work and perseverance of our sportsmaster Mr. Woodard and the sportsmistress Miss Cashin; Without their help and encouragement our teams certainly would not have fared so well. We must also thank them for the good organisation and resultant smooth running of the programme in general.

It would take up too much space to list every event that we won, but the few that we lost were the senior football and the Senior and Junior girls tennis. The Baseball was drawn, 7 all. Thanks must also go to Mr. Marshall for the work and sweat that he put into producing a quite lively and very successful debating team.

The trip to Walhalla on Thursday was enjoyed by all and it gave students the chance to really get to know one another before the social on Thursday night. Both of these social events were very successful and were perhaps the most memorable parts of the visit.

After the sporting events finished on Friday and our Bayswater friends had been farewelled at assembly, they started on their journey home. We hope that they enjoyed the trip as much as we did and are, like us looking forward to a similarly enjoyable visit to Bayswater next year.





# Every Tuesday

The Debating Club began the year with seven, student members and membership has fluctuated slightly throughout the year so that the present student membership is twelve. To begin with the club included two staff members - Mr. Marshall and Mr. Phillips. However, we only saw Mr. Phillips a couple of times after he had to give an impromptu speech beginning with the word "philately" so now Mr. Marshall has to attempt to keep law and order alone. Fortunately he is usually successful, for if he wasn't it would be chaos. The executive council consists of - Diane Robertson, (President), Dianne was elected after Jenni Langdon left us in the middle of the year; Sandra Prust, Vice President; Marilyn Gloz, Secretary, and of course Mr. Marshall is the staff representative.

We had a busy programme in mind for the year, but unfortunately we have been unable to carry out all our plans. However we were able to have two interschool debates during second term. The first, against Moe High School on the topic that "The Creation of New States would benefit Australia." We lost!

The second was against Bayswater High School during their visit at the end of Term 2. We got rather a fright when we saw the size of the audience, which must have been over a hundred, but we were fortunate enough to win the debate. The subject was "Life in the Country is more Wholesome than Life in the City". We had to take the negative case!

In addition to our interschool debates, we did have a couple of debates within the club and numerous speeches ranging from the "Religions of South East Asia" to "Flying Saucers". Needless to say, we have also had many disputes on various topics, and these arguments have had to be dropped before the contestants got too hostile.

On the whole we have had a very enjoyable year. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Marshall for his invaluable guidance, without which the club would disintegrate and without which we would have lost the debate against Bayswater. I hope the Debating Club will be as successful in the future years as it has been in 1967 as it provides a splendid opportunity for any student to learn to speak before an audience and also gives one the chance to think clearly and put forward ideas logically.

M.G. 6



For activities there is a small group of people who bring along their guitars with the exception of a mouth organ. The people who come along are David Cunningham, Helen Miltiadous Alison Webb and Bruce Jones who plays the mouth organ are very thankful for Ian McMaster who comes along and helps us along.

A.W.2S

This has been the first year of the Junior Red Cross, and has been a fairly successful year. To raise money the Red Cross members have sold soup each week, as well as ice-cream, lemonade and sweets. We have even had a "Casual Dress Day" when we raised \$15.

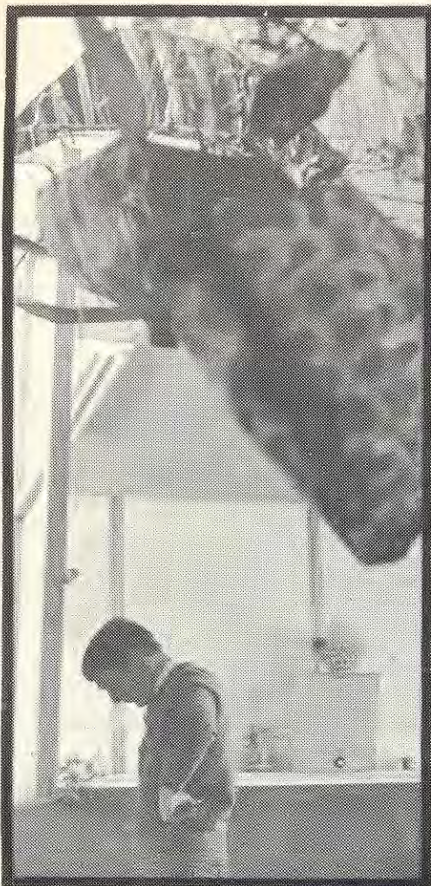
Altogether, we have raised \$35 and from this we have donated money to the Royal Children's Hospital and to the Freedom From Hunger Campaign. We have also given papers to the Elderly Citizens Club to raise money. In school we have done research on diseases and some First Aid (bandaging, pulse-rating) and we have also listened to Andrew McClare's heart beat with a stethoscope (what a racket).

The Red Cross members would like to thank Miss Marsh for her help during this year.

A.A. 4C







## Soft Toy Making

This year as you all know there has been a number of activities being done throughout the school on a Tuesday afternoon.

The Soft Toy Making Group was one and has been successful with workers in it.

With 20-25 other girls we started off making a knitted rug, while Wendy Hyde and myself knitted babies "bootees" and "mittens" as we both are hopeless at knitting squares. All articles are going to be put on a stall to be sold. After Mr. Still left a few girls from his group came into the S.T.M.G. but soon settled down to work quietly!!! We are hoping by the end of the year that a considerable amount of work may be handed in.

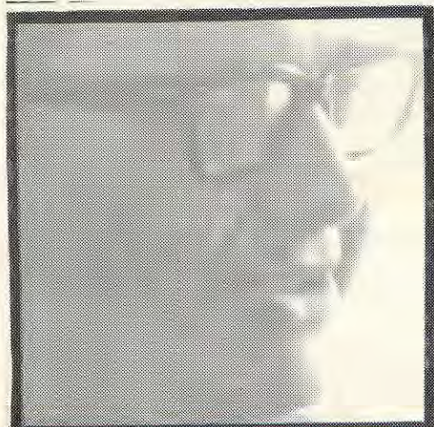
Our teacher, Mrs. Tregaskis, we feel has done a wonderful job, and on behalf of all the girls our sincere thanks and gratitude go to her.

J.B. 3P

## Modern Music Appreciation

Well we didn't have this group for very long....only for second term. We formed this ourselves and with the help of Mr. Still, it was quite a good group. We played modern records and then we wrote what we thought of them on a piece of paper. We were not a very large group at first (only about ten people) but then more people began to join until Mr. Still left at the end of second term and we had to end the group. We would like to thank Mr. Still although he is not here and also all the people who brought records every Tuesday.

L.I. 2S



## Ballroom Dancing

It is with mixed feelings I look back on our activities period on Tuesday afternoon during this school year which is nearing its close.

Through the grace of the "powers that be; in our school life, it was decided it would be a good idea for the present day teenager to acquire a little more social veneer. And learn the art of ballroom dancing as an antidote to the modern styles in vogue at present.

Mr. Harrison, a man of versatile dancing talent, and obviously immune to physical suffering, bravely volunteered to be our dancing teacher. Volunteers were called for and the dancing class was formed. This was made up of about 99% girls....poor Mr. Harrison. How he must have suffered. Or did he?

During the lessons we struggled through the intricacies of the following dances: The Evening Three Step, Foxtrot, Palma Waltz, Barn Dance, Modern Waltz to name just a few.

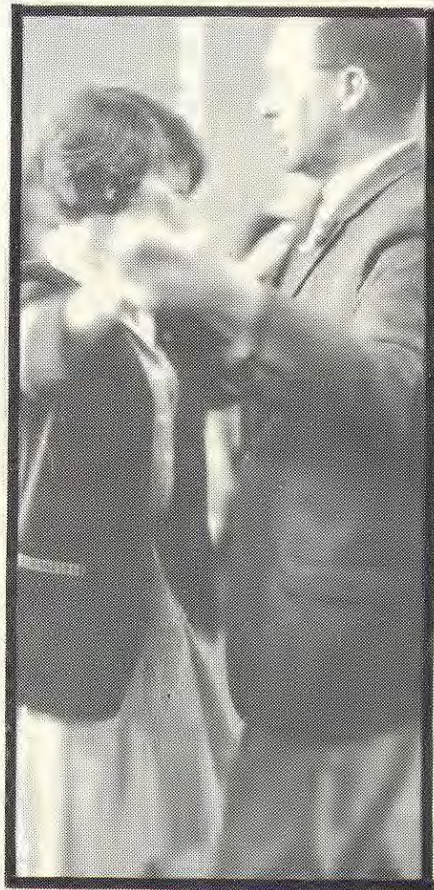
I personally, derived a great deal of pleasure from our dance sessions and feel that I have learned a great deal. I am sure that my fellow dancing students have done likewise. On their behalf I would like to thank Mr. Harrison very much for a most enjoyable 8th period each Tuesday.

F.M.K.5

## Film & Magazine

At the beginning of 3rd Term a few girls didn't have an activity to go to so Mr. Phillips decided to make an activity out of us. At first we helped to make the films which we held at this year's fete which raised \$40 which isn't a bad amount. After the fete was over we decided to be the Magazine committee. It was very interesting as we were able to read through everything before anyone else. We would like to thank Mr. Phillips for organising the activity or otherwise we would not have had anything else to do.

U.H. L.B. L.I. 2S







Our Motto: "Tis an ill-cook that cannot lick his own fingers"  
 "ROMEO AND JULIET" by William Shakespeare Act IV, Scene 11, Line 6.



The youths this year in Forms 4, 5 and 6 have taken to the Culinary Arts, formerly a bastion of females. The year has revealed varying (widely varying) degrees of success. As in all complex specialists have developed - Claude and Tommo stir well, Gerry le Mat has developed the fine art of flogging (excuse me "whipping") eggs, and last but not least Robert Texcels at micksing souffles. We boys would like to thank Mrs. Wright throughout the year for her mammoth endurance and tolerance.

Mrs. Wright answered: "I have never seen so many different ways of getting the same result."

In library we are a very hard working group of approximately 17 girls. We do a lot of work in the library to make it what it is, so you can find books easily and to obtain information from them for your projects

Our activities include:  
 CATALOGUING; where you can go and look up books or the authors of the books.

REPAIRING; so the books will be in good condition for you to read.

ARRANGING; the books so you can find them easily and in their proper sections.

The critics said "Congratulations! 'Fools' Errand' was a very worthwhile attempt - what a pity it was not competitive."

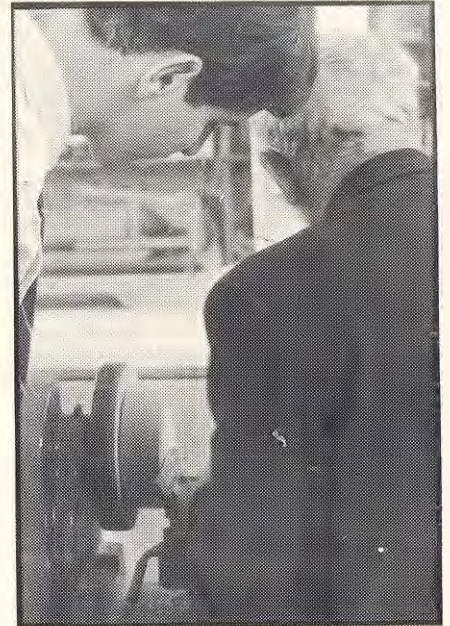
"Fools' Errand" was produced by the Drama Club for Education Week and the Drama Festival at Traralgon. Being adapted from Chaucer's Tales it had plenty of women, drinking and song and gave Don Mussared as Hodge, Colin Dell as Diccon and Alan Dell as Cuddy, great scope to display their ability.

Janet McKinna (Marjorie), Annette Goddard (Alison) and Kathy Cooper (Bet) enjoyed their carousing part. However they quickly changed to convey

LISTING; these books are put in to lists so you know what books are in the library and their contents. Also magazines are listed so you just look at the card for the magazine and see if it contains the information you need.

CLASSIFYING; so the books will be in the sections to which they belong.

A great many thanks to Mrs. Hair as there wouldn't be a good library without her and thank you very much for taking us in library.



their alarm when the boys set out on their "Fools' Errand" to seek and kill Death.

The Old Man and Death, the one role was played by Chris Francis in what was perhaps her most difficult role yet.

Perhaps the highlight of the production was the death of Cuddy. Stabbed by Diccon and Hodge, he fell to his knees, cursing them with his dying breath; and brought a spontaneous applause from the audience at the School assembly performance.





MARIA VANYAI 3P.  
MEMBERS OF IH.



KAY BUSSELL 5.  
NICK WILTSHIRE 1P.



**Some of our best work ...**





DANDELION

Immersed in the pulsating life throb of a city  
That beats the rhythm of hastening feet.  
Traffic and crowds encumber each street,  
As the scorching sun glares down without pity,  
Filling the buildings with intolerable heat.

Exalting in the sun's warmth in a forgotten place,  
Between two grey buildings constructed of stone,  
A dandelion thrust her fragile head, alone,  
To espy a hectic world without purity or grace,  
Where abounding violence and terror had grown.

She swayed dreamily and shifted her gaze,  
While her innocent heart absorbed every sound.  
Typical of the world she had found.  
As evening neared she was flooded in a golden haze,  
That slowly faded as dim shadows darkened the ground.

Her full-brown feathery tresses suspended in a perfect sphere,  
Shone silver in the soft glow of moonlight,  
While she watched the above stars sparkling at an unfathomable height.  
As the whispering wind rose she felt a twinge of fears,  
Then her soul was tossed through the corridors of the night.

URSZULA HORBACZ. 4P.

PAINTING. STUART PARK 4P.



## Captain Blood

This young Captain Blood,  
He is the king pirate of the sea,  
His crew always on the look out,  
For ships afloat on the sea.

If a ship would come in sight,  
Old Tommy upon the lookout so high,  
Would say ship ahoy, ship ahoy,  
Small pirates ships seven cannons in all.

This ship would come so close,  
Out with the cannons blew down the ship,  
Fire one, Fire two,  
Sunken ship; in no time it's done.

Off we go again.  
Ship duties first, sleep later,  
Scrub the deck and, steer the wheel,  
Usually chores around the ship day and night.

At night the ship is silent,  
Except for men on night watch,  
They walk around the deck,  
On the look out for ships.

That's all about Captain Blood,  
His crew and ship,  
Who float upon the sea day and night,  
Until the ship sinks and fades away.



## Oak's last stand

Their branches, like arms, they wave,  
Their leaves like accusing fingers  
Imploring me to save....  
And still the memory lingers,  
....And a groaning rent the air,  
A whispered sigh,  
A last groan of despair  
And the last leafy citizen fell.  
Broken.

G.S. 6

JEANETTE FOGGO 6.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY MR. PHILLIPS



## Florence Nightingale

Small in stature, yet she had  
Courage that dimmed the glory of  
A thousand women, a thousand men  
And an age of noble deeds.

She faced the world alone, defiant  
Without hate, yet not with love.  
She scorned them all with scathing  
words,  
And pittied their greedy minds.

She condemned a nation of sinful creeds  
She told them their wrongs and their  
misdeeds.  
She strove, she fought to show the light,  
But their hearts were closed, their  
eyes were blind.

She had lived, she had died, she has  
passed  
To a glory greater than theirs,  
She looked down at the world and  
laughed  
Triumphant, through her death,

C.B 2S



# INCIDENT ON A Railway Journey

I am a great reader of Detective Fiction. That is I have been up to now, but I see I shall have to give it up. It begins to affect one's daily life too much. I am always expecting something sudden, something sensational to happen.

For instance, the other day I boarded the train to visit my Grandmother in Adelaide. Noticing a half full compartment, I quickly sped to it. Opening the door I found a young lady, doing a crossword puzzle with obvious concentration, a shifty-eyed man who looked furtively around the compartment and a plump woman who looked like a cottage-loaf.

The young lady was making waving signs in the air which looked like a code. I called her Miss X. That is what detectives in detective stories do.

Slowly the train moved out of the station. Suddenly the compartment door flew open with a bang to admit a stout bustling woman who would look at home on top of Mount Everest. On seeing me she plopped herself down and gave grueseome and enthusiastic account of her gall bladder operation. Her name I learnt later was Mrs. Blossom.

While Mrs. Blossom rumbled on, I was trying to decide who Miss X's code was for. Then I struck on the process of elimination to work out who it was for. The furtive man looked too "criminal" to be a spy. Mrs. Blossom talked too much that she would probably let the cat out of the bag after a few seconds.

The women who looked like a cottage-loaf, I thought, is probably Miss X's accomplice. The women noticing my intent looks as she ate a piece of pie inquired. "Ullo ducks, Do ye wanna piece of tart?"

Knowing that there was probably arsenic in it, I refused, but still continued to watch her for give away signs.

In all this time, I hadn't noticed the shifty-eyed man's gaze at Mrs Blossom. Maybe, I thought, Mrs Blossom is the spy and he is her accomplice. Maybe all her talk is a key sentence intended for the man only. So I began to listen to her.

"And the doctor said my gall bladder was full of stones," she continued cheerily.

As I jotted her conversation down in my notebook. Miss X noticed me. "Are you a detective?" she asked.

"Only an amateur I'm afraid, but I've got my eye on a spy in this compartment," I said with a knowing wink.

Everyone immediately looked interested! I had expected someone to pretend to do up their shoe laces in the course of this conversation like in the detective stores.

This will never do I thought, "I must have your addresses," I said aloud, "You first Mrs. Blossom."

Slowly one by one they gave me their addresses. I was pretty sure that at least two of them would be fake like in the detective stores.

There's been no news in the papers about any spies but when there is, I will have all my information ready, right up to date and time.

R.G. 3P.

## The Enigma

Never before had she experienced such ecstasy. She did not regret entering the door in the wall now. Why, this was Paradise itself! Words could not Scribe the scene before her. The grass was greener and the flowers had more vivid colours than she had ever seen. Animals walked past her, lions and tigers, soft-eyed antelopes, fluffy cats, colourful birds - all were there and apparently obvious of her presence. The warm sun with its rays over all and the white puffs of clouds floated gently in a blue sky.

How had she come to this Garden of Eden? She tried to remember. How? It was no use, she couldn't think back. All she saw was a door in the wall, her only link with the past. But what was she worrying about? Here there was no place for such harrassing though. She had better enjoy herself while she was able.

She crossed the lush green grass to the rippling brook which, oddly enough, was bordered by gum trees. Why was this odd? She didn't know, except that somehow they looked out of place. She bent down and drank from the brook. How sweet the water was! Suddenly she felt hungry. Looking about her she saw a bush on which some inviting looking berries grew. She reached out and picked a few and ate. Strange, that one handful of berries had satisfied her stomach more than a heavy dinner had ever done.

She wandered through the garden conscious of a deep feeling of satisfaction inside her. She resolved to stay in this place. Already all thoughts of the door in the wall had vanished. She wandered further through the seemingly never-ending garden. Suddenly there in front of her was another wall

with a door exactly the same as the other one. Her curiosity had to be satisfied. She opened the door. She didn't bother wondering why the door had yielded so easily, all such thoughts had long left her.

She went through the door. She was surprised to find the sudden change of scenery. Instead of lushness and peace, she was staring with unbelieving eyes at a harsh, formidable, barren land. Silence enveloped her. The harshness of the land threw fear around her. She was too frightened to cry out lest the evil spirits that must have taken over this world should come and put her under the same spell.

Somehow she knew she had written her fate when she had stepped through that cursed door in the wall - she would never leave this place simply because - because why? Had the spirits already taken her in their grasp? Surely not. Then why this sense of foreboding?

All of a sudden it was all too much. She began to tremble and tried to force the lump in her throat down. But it was to no avail. Realizing how exhausted she was, she sank down upon a rock and wept. Her tears fell on the dusty ground. Then a strange thing happened. Out of the ground where her tears had fallen, shoots began to grow. They shot up at an amazing rate. Soon they had grown into trees with long straggling branches. She stared at them with frightened eyes. They looked like an army with their branches waving in the air. But there was no wind.

Then through the stillness, came a shrill, piercing sound. She was reminded of her alarm clock when she heard this sound - an alarm clock she would never see again. At last she became aware of a sound like tramping feet. The spirits were on their way. The trees looked down at her menacingly. She looked for a way of escape. There was none! The trees' branches shook her by the shoulders. She screamed, but still they shook her. Again and again they shook her, more vigorously now, and yet again she screamed.

One last shake woke her to life again. What was this strange bright light penetrating through this thicket of trees? Sunlight! Surely she was not in the garden again! The shaking continued and this time there was a gentle voice too. "Wake up child. Wake up. There's nothing to fear. It's morning. Oh, do wake up!" "Morning? She looked up. A face looked down at her. "Mother?" This was said in disbelief. Then after a quick look around she realized she was in her bed. "Oh, mother. It is you. Then, I'm not about to be attacked by evil spirits?" she asked.

"What on earth are you talking about? Your alarm clock rang long ago. It's late and about time you got up."

C.B. 4P.