

PYLON



EDITORIAL

In this last year, the school has seen many changes. The Sixth Formers have been given a Common Room; the old Prefect system has been replaced by a system whereby all Sixth Formers are now regarded as Prefects; uniforms have been modified; the S.R.C. has become an active and responsible body; the school's camps and tours programme has been extended; new equipment has been purchased and placed in the General Studies, Library and English rooms; the Basketball Court has been resurfaced; and three new Volleyball Courts have been developed.

But perhaps the most important changes have come about in the way students now work and in the programmes which they undertake. Most of the courses from Form I through to Form VI work on the basis that the Library is the most important part of the school, and this is why there now exists both a Senior and Junior Section, the former of which is carpeted to cut down on noise; further-more a good selection of new books has been added.

Students throughout the school are encouraged to be responsible for organising their work programmes and applying self-discipline to their efforts. The consequent development of self-confidence and initiative, we hope, is already becoming apparent.

These changes have brought Yallourn High School into the forefront of educational thinking in this State, and for this, and for its other achievements as listed in this magazine, Yallourn High School can feel justly proud.

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Cover Design by Peter Loftus,
Form V.



PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

I wonder how many students of Yallourn High School have paused and really reflected on why they come to school. Many will say the purpose behind it all is to learn. To learn what? Enough to obtain a good position in life, to be successful, to get to the top.

When one really thinks about it this is a narrow, a confined and restricted view of what we are about. For education is not solely concerned with preparing students for their vocations if indeed it is about this at all. Education is for life — life with all its promise, its joys, its satisfactions and with all its complexities, problems and frustrations.

It is a much broader canvas on which we work than cramming heads full of facts soon to be forgotten or out-of-fashion or obsolescent. It is a much larger task than equipping the individual so well for a career that he will force his way to the top like Apollo 12 streaking for the moon.

Who then is the successful student ?

Who is the person who leaves us best fitted for the future?

It is that student who leaves us with an open, enquiring mind, who has a passionate desire to find out, a thirst for knowledge. It is that person who has the skill to gather information, to analyse, to assess its worth and use it for himself and the commongood. It is that person who knows himself — his capabilities — his limitations — who is able to laugh at himself a little when the time is right. It is that person who has a real and earnest concern for others, who will not use others for his own desires, who recognises the dignity of man and the worth of all individuals. It is that person who can respond to beauty wherever it may be found, who finds a sense of wonder in all around him.

It is that person who can reach for the stars.

THE STAFF 1971



Mr. Synan, B.Com. B.Ed.
Snr. Master
 (Colonel Bogey)



Mr. Wallis, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 (Hair)



Mr. Gubbins, T.S.T.C.
 (Walk don't run)



Mrs. Evans, T.S.T.C.
(Dom. Arts)
 (Silver Threads and Golden Needles)



Mrs. McMicken, B.Com. Dip.Ed.
 (Silver Threads Among the Gold)



Mr. Morrissey, B.A. (Hon.)
Dip.Ed.
 (The Orange and the Green)



Mr. McLean, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 (Just a Spoon Full of Sugar)



Mr. Benson, B.E., T.S.T.C.
 (Baby Face)



Mrs. Wallis, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 (I don't know how to love him)



Miss Tait, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)
 (Hot Pie and Tomato Sauce)



Mr. Coventry, B.Ec., Dip.Ed.
 (Roll out the barrel)



Mr. Balfour, B.A. Dip. Ed.
 (My Sweet Lord)



Miss Lockwood, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 (Lovin' Spoonful)



Mr. Dimsey, Teach. Cert.
Trade Cert.
 (Daddy Cool)



Mr. Sault, Dip. Sec. Tchg.
(Arts and Crafts)
 (How much is that doggy
 in the window)



Mrs. Williams, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Snr. Mistress
 (The Old Grey Mare)



Mr. Williams, T.S.T.C.
 (Come on down to my house,
 baby)

Mrs. Morello, Office Staff
 (I'm going to sit right down
 and write myself a letter.)

Absent: **Mrs. J. Hair**
 (Librarian)

Mrs. C. Anderson
 (B.Com., Dip.Ed.)

Y.H.S. COUNCILS AND AUXILIARIES

LIBRARY REPORT

This year our library has been expanded by the addition of another room. This has been carpeted and has new chairs, tables and a charge desk. There is plenty of space for the students, the library is available for use throughout the day.

With the addition of 753 books during the year, the library now has a very comprehensive range totalling 10,139. A good many of these are new publications, especially in the developing Australian section.

It is very interesting to note that the money collected from overdue books is becoming less, indicating that books are being used more efficiently.

We are very fortunate in having Mrs. Sambell, who, for one day a week comes to our school to type catalogue cards. This is very much appreciated and we wish to thank her very much.

Thanks are due to the Ladies' Auxiliary and the S.E.C. for their generous contributions to the purchase of new books to our growing collection.

Mr. Gubbins has a Careers section in the library for which he collects information and which is freely available to all students.

The Library monitors this year have been: Form V — Janet Casey; Form IV—Julie Chisholm, Annette Long, Lorraine Ralston, Eva Zehothofer; Form 3—Kerri Evans; Form 2—Lynda Barter, Susie Kobiela, Gayle O'Donnell, Anne Rendell, Jennifer Rooney.

The library has now become the most important part of the school; it is used by all students, and it is a basic resource centre for nearly all our subjects. Yallourn High can be proud of one of the best libraries in the valley.

The library monitors would like to thank Mrs. Hair for her help throughout the year and for making the library the success it is.

KERRI EVANS

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

Chairman, Cr. N. B. Thomson; Secretary, Mr. A. C. Balfour. Members: Mrs. J. E. Clarke, Mrs. W. Ashmead, Mrs. P. Courtney, Mrs. Hedt, Mr. J. Davies (Treasurer), Mr. D. Chisholm, Mr. W. White, Cr. L. D'Alterio, Cr. J. Pettigrew, Mr. C. Spencer, Mr. G. Sim, Mr. J. Gallop, Mr. C. Gray, Mr. T. Carse.

As the triennial elections were held this year the Advisory Council saw a number of changes of membership for the next three years as many of the councillors did not seek re-election. I wish to thank the retiring members, Mrs. Berg, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Malpass and Rev. Mathewson for their contribution to the Advisory Council.

During the year we saw the completion of the basketball and tennis court area, and the completion of the library extension and alterations to various rooms. The Public Works Department has just announced that another \$2000 will be spent in the near future.

The working bees held during the year were well attended by councillors, parents and teachers who erected a fence around the basketball and tennis court areas and repaired seats.

Scope, sponsored by the Advisory Council, conducted many courses in various subjects and these were well attended. Plans are well advanced for further courses during 1972 and as interest is already being shown in these classes they should be well patronised. I would like to thank Messrs.

Davies, Spencer and Balfour for the effort they have contributed to Scope, and to the teachers and lecturers who made Scope the success it has been this year.

The annual fete was a great effort and the Advisory Council extends its gratitude to the students, teachers, parents and anyone whose support helped to make this such a financial success. The money raised will be spent at an early date on improvements which will benefit the present students.

In conclusion might I express my personal appreciation to Advisory Council members for their helpfulness and co-operation at all times.

BEV. THOMSON

S.R.C. REPORT

This has been the first full year of the S.R.C. Last year when it was first established it only saw half the year.

The S.R.C. has tried to better the conditions of our school in respect to facilities and entertainment. We held a dance which was a great success both financially and socially, as those who attended will know. We've held four Out-of-Uniform days — two for charity, and two to raise money for our dance.

Charity is another field in which the S.R.C. has worked. We set our goal to raise \$100 for a bed for the new Latrobe Valley Community Hospital. The money-raising ventures we've had, have been the out-of-uniform days, and the big battle between the "Treacherous Teachers" and the "Sensational Students" on the basketball court.

Other Social Services activities included selling for-get-me-nots (\$12.00) for Spastic Children, and Anzac badges (\$13.70) and we held a Freedom From Hunger Day where we sold rice. This venture raised more than \$34.00. So Yallourn High did their bit in helping those who suffer.

Next year we hope the S.R.C. will play a more important part in the running of the school, and that more students will be enthusiastic in making the S.R.C. a success.

JOAN ASHMEAD,
PRESIDENT S.R.C.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

Another year of activity and fellowship has come to its end. Mrs. Clarke continued as President, Mrs. Berg as Secretary, whilst Mrs. Sneddon faithfully carried on the office as Treasurer.

Because of declining enrolment figures at the school it was decided to make the Debutante Ball a bi-annual affair and as a result it was held this year.

The main fund-raising activity was the Jumble Sale and this was reasonably successful. The birthday cake competition too, was worth while. Other activities were catering at the House sports and our coffee morning.

Whilst on the one hand it is good to have the few faithful members carrying on with the work of the Auxiliary, it is, on the other hand, regrettable that new faces are sadly missed. Our aim is to raise funds for better and more modern equipment from which all children will benefit.

Should not all mothers, especially those who are not working make the once-a-month effort and attend the meetings? We need new ideas and we are eager to make friends with all of you.

H. BERG,
HON. SECRETARY

SCHOOL TRIPS, EXCURSIONS, CAMPS

BROKEN HILL

On the 2nd May, 58 students and four teachers were waiting at school for the start to a different type of educational outing. Having boarded the bus at 6.00 p.m. after farewells and "see you next week" to the parents, we were off to Broken Hill.

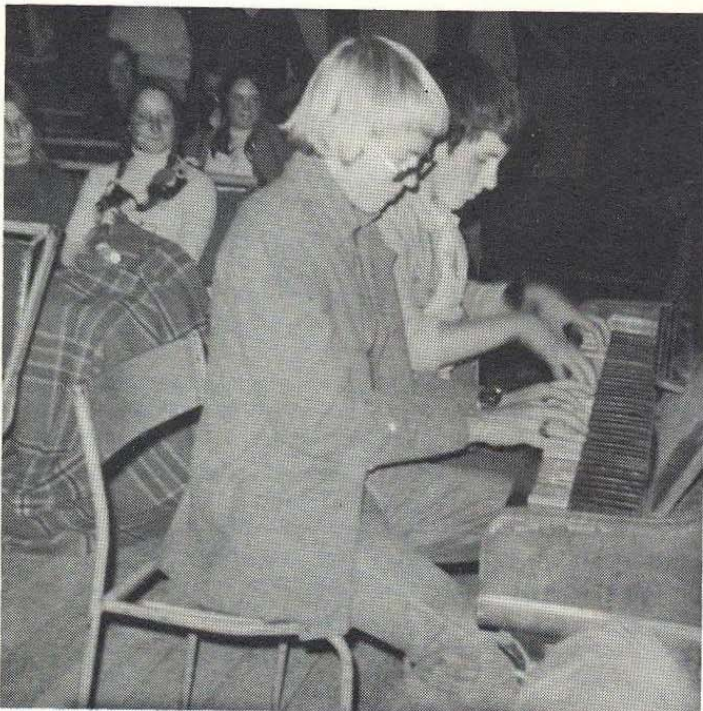
Making good time, after a noisy bus trip, we arrived at Spencer Street Station by 9.00 p.m. After various visits over the station we raced along in time to settle in to our reserved carriage, the form 6 girls being banished to a different carriage as there wasn't enough room. Many things took place before we eventually settled down to sleep, cards being the most popular for filling in time. With our stop at Ballarat everyone was excited to note we had a handcuffed prisoner on board.

Arriving with the morning dew was Mildura. Cramped, hungry and tired we huddled on the station, where we were pleasantly told that instead of staying the day in Mildura we were travelling on to Broken Hill. Although the thought of the long journey ahead upset us, another thought of breakfast was greatly welcome. Having had our hunger satisfied we wandered the streets of Mildura, gathering souvenirs.

At 5.00 p.m., having turned our watches back half an hour, we arrived at Broken Hill. That day had been very interesting with a visit over Redgrove, a citrus farm, and visits around the weir and Wentworth jail (which unfortunately was closed).

Having filled the buses with petrol, we moved on to the caravan park which was to put up with us. Tea came first, then settling in. This done, we went for a walk to observe our surroundings. Later that evening it was necessary for the Local Constabulary to be called in because of annoyance from some of the local lads. Then came an early night to bed.

"Liberace and friend"



"Anyone seen Broken Hill?"

Tuesday the 4th we all awoke refreshed and eager for a day of travelling, which was lucky as that is what we did for most of the day. Setting off early, we traversed the 90 or so miles to Mootwingee, stopping once to have a look at a collection of beer labels and the "Black Stump." At Mootwingee we saw many aboriginal carvings that had been preserved in rock. A group of 10 losing their way on a long walk caused a delay unaccounted for.

A day on a school trip is not the time to have a birthday, which is what Warren did. Justifiably so, he received the full treatment. A birthday party was arranged in the form 6 girls' tent to which the form 6 students and the teachers were invited. The festivities were high, with presents such as comics and double meaning cards. The terrible jokes really came out that night!

Next morning, after a permitted sleep in, we were off again. This time it was to stir up the City of Broken Hill with our left-over gaiety of the night before. Hooters, balloons, mother's days presents, an unforgettable harmonica by John Spencer (from which we heard The Carlton theme song for the next 24 hours), and last but not least our momento of the visit to the teachers were obtained. Then a serious note came into our trip as we proceeded to the 'School of the Air' to listen in on the lessons to the outback. This visit was very interesting and in itself an unforgettable experience.

That afternoon we saw the latest fashions in 'hard hats' as we were transported over the Broken Hill Zinc Works. We saw the main portion of the general works and each pocketed some pieces of metal and plenty of pamphlets as souvenirs, after which we had a quick tour of their beautiful Civic Centre.

With the last day at Broken Hill coming to a close we decided it could not be ended sensibly, so students, teachers and busdrivers (who by now had become part of the clan) all settled down to play games and sing songs in the opening of our area.

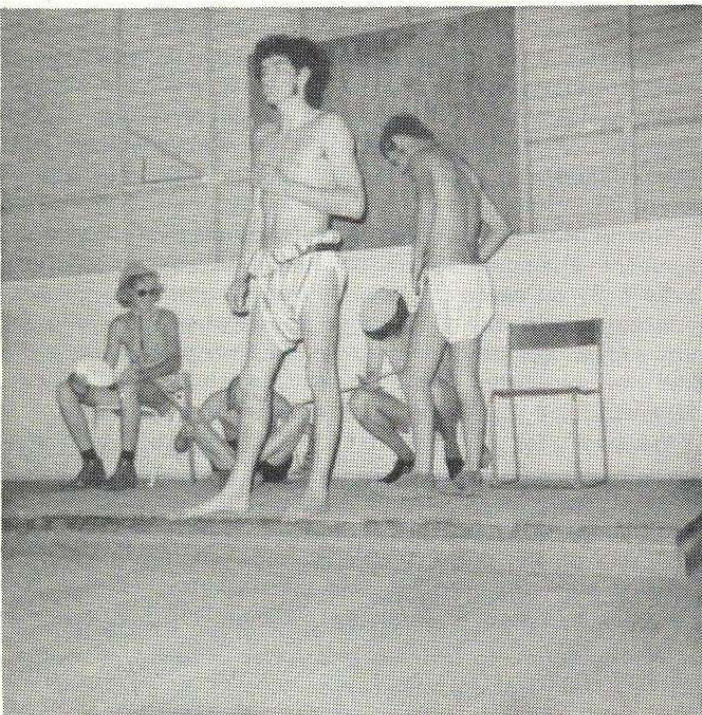


A Dinkum "Coalie"

Romances had blossomed during the trip and we were pleased that evening to celebrate the wedding of Miss Lockwood to Mr. Warren Pye (photographs were taken as evidence). After this came another ceremony, that of a presentation of a home made 'card' and po' to the teachers. The ceremonies over, we had piggy-back races up and down our area.

We woke early next morning for the return trip to Mildura. We started off after a burial, by Carlton fans, of John's harmonica which had a violent end (Warren's foot). The trip

Mildura Corroborree — with a difference



back was a raucous affair (ask Joan, who lost her voice for many days). Arriving at Mildura we were supposed to see over the winery but only the teachers were permitted, as we were under age. After leisurely luncheon beside the Murray, we boarded the paddle steamer for our trip up the Murray. The highlight of this trip for many was that they were permitted to 'drive' it for a while. The Captain played along when we asked him to announce, as he did, that "A Mr. and Mrs. Pye who had been married the day before, were on their honeymoon and travelling with us on the boat." This brought smiles from many fellow passengers.

That evening, after more souvenir hunting in Mildura, at the hostel, the evening was spent enjoying the acts of others in the show. One and all took part, and I think everyone agrees that the best act was that of the form 5 boys corroboree.

Next morning we were awakened at 6.00 a.m., when we were told we had to be at the airport to leave at 7.30. The time came and after a sad farewell to the busdrivers we set off in two plane loads. Landing at Essendon Airport we were placed into two buses to be transported to Tullamarine. After looking over the airport and the Astrojet Centre, which also was very interesting, we went off for a few hours of culture at the art centre.



"Broken Hill — here we come!"

The bus trip back was quiet and a few slept. We arrived back at 4.30 p.m., some with eager thoughts of bed, others with thoughts of going out. But I'm sure no matter what we did that night or for many weeks after we didn't and won't forget the fun we had that week at Broken Hill. So may thanks go — with every one else's—especially to those teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, Miss Lockwood and Mr. McLean, for being with us and making the trip such a memorable event and I hope there are many such trips in the future.

ANN CASTELL

MIRBOO NORTH H.S.C. CAMP

On Tuesday afternoon, the 20th of July, the sixth formers from Yallourn, Moe, Trafalgar and Newborough High Schools got together at Mirboo North Youth Hostel for the annual English Expression Camp, the theme of which this year was "Identity — What I am, and what Society Makes Me." This year the camp also included career counselling in its programme of visiting speakers and discussion groups.

The camp, which lasted until Friday afternoon, also encouraged social activities, the highlight of which was the social on the Thursday night, at which the 'Stoned' played. "Age of Consent" was shown on the Wednesday night, as light entertainment.

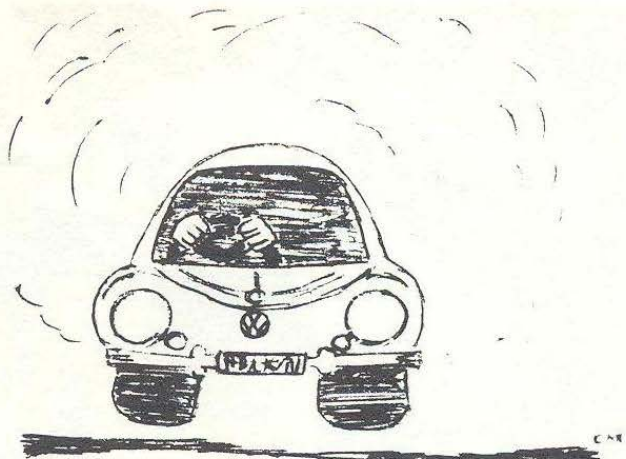
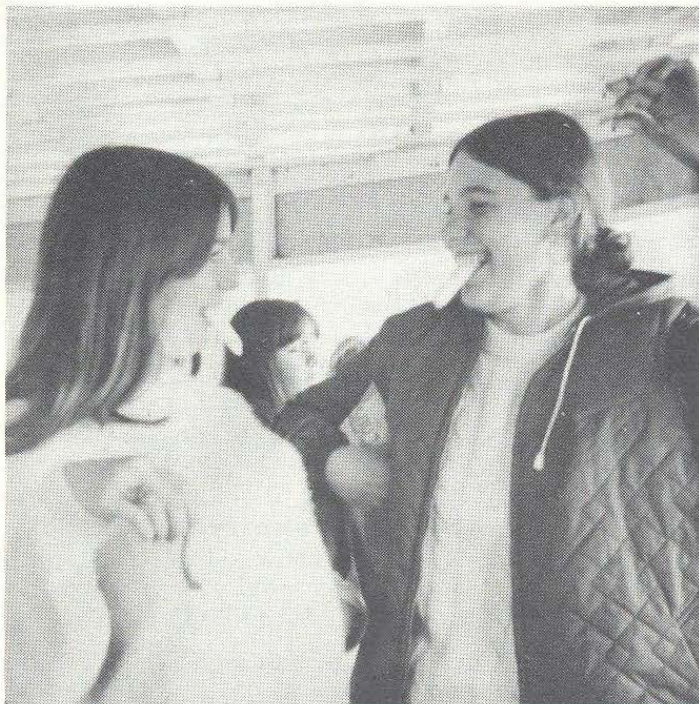
Recreation facilities were provided at the hostel and the three mile walk into Mirboo North was attempted by many students as a form of mild exercise.

One hundred and twenty people including staff attended the camp and the whole camp was governed by an organizing committee consisting of both students and staff.

Overall, everybody enjoyed themselves immensely and voted the camp a success, both academically and socially. We wish to thank Mr. Wallis for the time and effort he put into the camp to make it so successful.

ROSEMARY GODDARD.

Two of our students found their true identities anyway



OUT OF THE BLUE COMES... CAN IT BE
TRUE? IS IT REALLY THAT GOOD-GUY
OF ALL GOOD-GUYS — BATFINK?
OR IS IT MRS. WALLIS?

MOUNT BEAUTY TOUR

This tour was held in the last week of Term 1. It took place from Monday, May 3rd to Friday, May 7th. Miss Tait, Mrs. Evans and Mr. Synan accompanied us on the tour. It was a very successful tour of North-Eastern Victoria. It enabled us to get along with each other and accept responsibility for ourselves. It also expanded our knowledge and awareness of our natural environment. We had a crammed schedule for the week and we were lucky to fit in free time for ourselves.

We visited Snob's Creek Fish Hatchery, Kiewa Hydro-Electric Scheme, Bogong High Plains, Rocky Valley, Falls Creek Snowfields, Mt. Buffalo National Park, and Beechworth.

One of the highlights of the tour was the first night when someone attempted to smoke us out in the dance room, but Mr. Synan saved the day. Other highlights were the second and fourth day trips to the snow, where everyone got wet except our bus driver Kevin, who was "chicken." The fifth day we visited the Museum, Coach Inn, Powder Magazine and the Cemetery at old, historical Beechworth.

We had good support from the Mt. Beauty Chalet who provided us with lunches while on day trips and on the way home. I heard no complaints about the cooking. We had no bad injuries, but there was that old favourite travel sickness. Also one of our students was over-powered by our leaking exhaust pipe which had broken that day. But we soon got her back to herself. Overall we all found the tour very enjoyable.

PETER HOUGH,
VIVIANNE CLARKE

BIOLOGY EXCURSIONS 1971

FORM V BIOLOGY

"An Excursion to Study Freshwater Life" or "Up the Pond."

We set off from school at about 8.45 and had walked about one hundred paces when the Infallible Mr. Williams realized that he had forgotten the nets. Back we went.

We started again, up around the reservoir, up Coach Road Hill and down the other side. After trudging for one hour we finally reached the pond.

Then to work — survey the area in the proximity of the pond, note vegetation, size and depth of pond. Steve's reply when Debi asked "How wide is it?" was "About fifty yards Deb." (N.B. Steve thinks a foot ruler has thirty-six inches in it).

Our first task completed, off wandered the mighty Williams followed by some of his flock. The rest stayed to undertake a closer survey of pond life under the vocal leadership of Marilyn.

At about this time complaints of the type: "Sir my feet are wet," "Sir my gymba's leak" were being made. Mr. Williams was rather exasperated as most of us intelligent kids had worn our gymboots when he had said gumboots. "Oh stop complaining," he replied. "Can't you kids tell the difference between gym and gum yet?" We were all silent as we detected no trace of gumboots on the Infallible One's feet.

We then undertook a closer survey of the pond water using dip nets, old stockings and a plankton net. Debi, suitably attired in gumboots and standing in eighteen inches of water yelled: "Di, give me a jar quick!" Dianne dashed across the bank — splash — wet gumboots, wet jeans, wet . . . squelch! Mr. Williams' comment . . . "You great goose. Get Out! It's no time to take a bath."

The field work part of our survey completed, we collected our gear and decided to take the short cut back across the paddocks, where we were quickly pursued by cows. First obstacle—a fence; over we went. But Steven got halfway across when we heard a splitting sound — one large rip in the rear of his daks "Oh moan."

We pushed on near to school but ran into the dense undergrowth, known as Hernes Oak. Paul native of the area, our one true born jungle guide led the way for those game to follow. The more cowardly of us followed Mr. Williams. Triumphantly down the road marched the mighty Williams and his followers to rustlings from the Bush.

And so we trugged back to school for lunch after an enjoyable morning off from lessons.

Then came work. For the next week we studied the water we had brought back. We found many very interesting microscopic organisms e.g. amoeba, rotifers, hydra, planaria and ostracods as well as a great variety of algae.

LIL and DI

FOSSIL HUNTING

The infallibility of Williams was put to a very severe test but finally on the third attempt the weather was fine enough to have our excursion.

Capably chauffeured by Mrs. Malpass, Mr. R. and Mrs. D. Williams (except for a short session where her car kept stalling) we set out looking for fossils.

Through Yallourn North and up through torturous rough, pot holed, dusty, corrugated, twisting, vertical (well almost), dangerous, back tracks, we drove until we came to our first



"Alas! He wasn't infallible at all!"

destination — the only exposed face of basol conglomerate in Victoria! This was most interesting, but an unfortunate delay occurred — Mrs. Williams' tyre suffered a flat, which the boys, under Gillian's capable supervision, slowly and with doubtful efficiency fixed.

At the next stop the cars were left at our proposed luncheon site and the gang trailed up a rough bush track to indulge in an exercise that may well be the future occupation of many — furiously hammering rocks — some of which contained interesting specimens and some of which ended up splattered with blood from mashed, crushed, hammered, squashed, bleeding thumbs — mainly Mrs. Williams?

Most of us enjoyed barbeque chops and sausages for lunch but others who will remain unknown (clue — Debi's buddy) didn't seem to enjoy their charcoal quite so much. We all agreed however on the excellence of Mrs. Malpass' Ginger Fluff which lasted only thirty seconds once it was opened — and now we know why Julie W. is so big — Marilyn informs us that there are other reasons for this.

Entertainment was provided over lunch by Steven (Darwin's missing link), who climbed agilely up the almost vertical cliff, beside which we were parked, until he was discovered and "roared" at by . . . guess who? During the luncheon break a small group decided, in the interests of Biology, to inspect the river which flowed through the gully four hundred feet below the parking area. Marilyn who was feeling ill and suffering from her usual back aches, managed to fall in — didn't she Julie? At the inquest Julie claimed that she never touched her. Suitably damp they returned to the car, where the remainder of us waited patiently (?). We then proceeded to the next fossil bed. Although everybody found a large number of specimens with comparative ease, Julie steadfastly refused to move until she found one. Eventually she virtually had to be dragged away to the third fossil site which proved to be very rich and in which a large number of excellent specimens were procured—Bracipods and single corals—three hundred and twenty million years old.

We returned to the car and then made a rapid trip back out through Tyers and towards Moondarra, during which a group of people were entertained by a duet from Debi and her buddy. Along this road very good specimens of fossil ferns were found. Of great interest to the rest of the group were the actions of Marilyn and Paul and Debi and her buddy when both females were forced to give their respective "friends" a piggy back ride, This improved Marilyn's back ache no end.

As a result of the injuries incurred on this excursion a number of people were absent during the remainder of the week — for various reasons.

PAYNESVILLE

WHAT THE CAMP WAS ALL ABOUT FORM I CAMP 1971

The Form I Raymond Island camp is an important educational experience as well as (we hope) an enjoyable break from normal class routine.

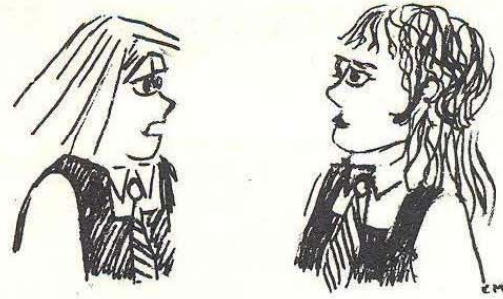
One of the most important things students learn is to live with other people and to co-operate in communal activities such as helping to prepare meals and washing up.

By sleeping in groups of four the students came to understand the need for tolerance in putting up with one another's idiosyncrasies. Apart from learning the art of social living, students also had an opportunity to come into contact with the plant and animal life, the geography and history of the Paynesville area. Probably the highlight of this aspect of the camp was the visit to the Paynesville Shipyards, where students could see the remains of some of the shipping which played such an important part of early Gippsland history.

WEATHER

The rain it poured,
The wind it howled,
Lightning scurled the sky,
The thunder it was deafening,
As I stood and watched,
I could see it all like a picture,
As grey clouds took over the dark blue sky.

J. RADFORD I



"YOU WERE RIGHT! MATHEMATICS IS STUDYING FIGURES. DID YOU SEE WHICH WAY MR. BENSON WAS LOOKING!?"

BIRDS

Decked in colours vivid and bright,
A robin swiftly flew in flight,
Oh what a treasure of song I can hear,
There must be birds very near,
Out of the bush came a swallow in flight,
It sings by day and sleeps by night.

WENDY FOLEY I

A STUDENT'S VIEW OF FORM I CAMP

A few months ago Form I went on a camp to Raymond Island. After the long and boring trip up there we got settled in. We found where everything was and got to know the place. The first night we didn't get to sleep till two o'clock, well most of us didn't. The next day we went for a walk around the island. Nothing much happened that day. The day after we did an assignment. That night we had some fun, some of us took Mr. Williams' mattress and hid it. A few days passed and we did work, work and some more work. On the second last night we thought there was a kid prowling around the camp, the girls were worried. The night after that we had a social.

That night we got to bed later than usual, then rose again at 7 a.m. and off we went for a run with Mr. Gubbins. It was murder! After that we packed up and went home.

P. CROOKES

THE FAIR AND \$1,700

FAIR REPORT

The Fair was a great success this year and there was a great number of stalls of many varied types.

Form 6 ran the Jib Jab Shop and the Pancake Parlour which were quite popular, especially the former which was noted for its expert crochet work in hats and so on, and also the fantastic art work in hats and so on, and also the fantastic work done in the posters. Furthermore the cooks must be congratulated for their expert preparation of the pancakes.

Form 5 had the Sleepy Lagoon Lounge where such things as Hawaiian Fruit Salad and Cocktails were on sale. They also screened a film on the Battle of the Sounds which was a great success for them. At night they conducted a Disco with such groups as Purple Haze, and the Id which were very popular, thereby making it a great success.

Form 4 conducted a drink stall and a cake stall which were both popular, as has been the case in previous years.

A novelty this year was the Mannequin Parade of old and new fashions. This was well done and the clothes modelled by the girls were of interest to young and old with a giggle here and there at the older fashions.

Form 3 conducted the Sweet Stall which, as usual, gained a lot of patrons among the younger generation as well as a few from some of us oldies. In addition, the Form 3 boys had much success with their Roll-a-penny Stall.

Form 1 and 2 ran the usual games and competitions which made a lot of money as they always do and although we tried and tried we never seemed to win anything, but then, that's how they make the money.

Of course there were the spinning wheels which were as popular as ever as well as afternoon tea places and the Ladies' Auxilliary Stall.

All in all, the Fete was better than ever and we must thank Mr. Morrissey for his help and advice, in setting up and running it, as well as keeping track of Pre-fair Activities. Thank you, you did a fantastic job as always!

LIDIA INGRAVELLE

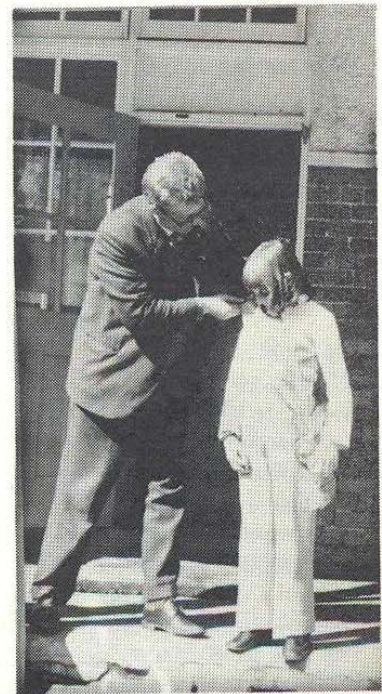


Totals raised: Pre Fair Activites—

| | |
|---------|--------|
| Form 1 | 118.49 |
| Form 2B | 49.34 |
| Form 2H | 152.57 |
| Form 3S | 3.01 |
| Form 3E | 30.89 |
| Form 4P | 75.27 |
| Form 4G | 22.52 |
| Form 5S | 25.55 |
| Form 5H | 6.97 |
| Form 6 | 5.83 |

The Fete Total: \$1700

MISS YALLOURN HIGH:
SUE PASSEY.



YALLOURN HIGH ORIGINAL WORK 1971

AND FOR WHAT?

By Will, he dropped bombs up on the land
On which life in many forms abound.

By Will, he put pollution in the seas
And on the land and in the air.

By Will, he put tar and concrete constructions
On the once green and beautiful pastures.

By Will, he built high rising buildings
To blot out the warmth of the sun and blue of the skies.

By Will he murdered the creatures of the earth.
And of the skies and the seas as well.

By Will, he chose the people he employed
The coloured people he just ignored.

By Will, he closed the door on his fellow-man
And showed the bars of prejudice.

By Will, man murdered the only earth God gave us
And for what?

K. DICKINSON

"LOST PEACE"

The old man
Sits on the bench
In the park
Thinking
Pain and suffering held within
Written on every line and etched
On the old weatherbeaten face.

After so many years
Of living in a world,
Where there is no room
For the old
The world today is
Only for the young and
The strong.
He asks why and then prays
"Dear God, where do I
Belong?"

SUE HUMPHREYS V

THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY

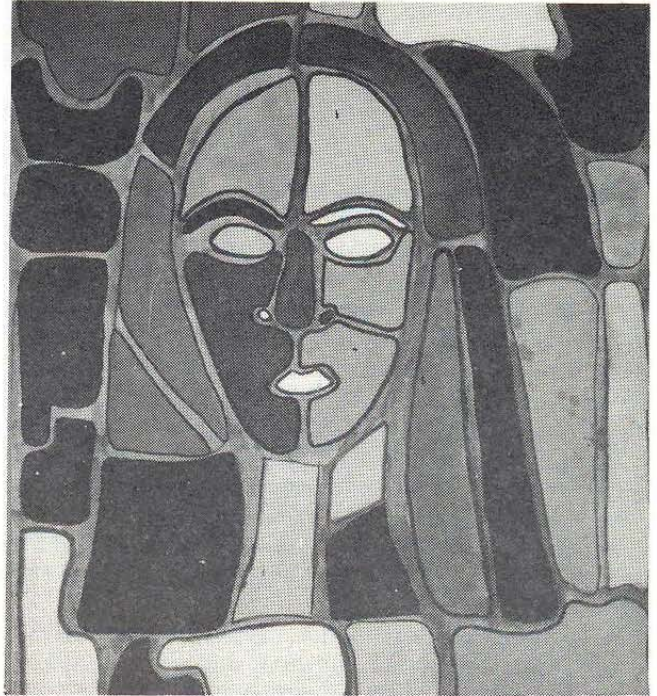
The sounds of the city
Bring some pain,
The noise and the clatter
Never seem to refrain.
The trams and the buses,
The trains and cars
Make noises so varied
They're hard to surpass.
Without these sounds
What would distinguish
The city from Suburbia
In so vast a metropolis?

ROSS PLOWMAN IV

POET'S REFRAIN

These first few lines are just preambles,
There follows a poem which will be a shambles.
I am the world's least gifted poet,
And these few lines will no doubt show it.
My rhythm is rotten, and so is my rhyme,
In reading this poem, you've wasted your time.
When you've finished these lines, you'll probably say:
"I wish he'd give up and just go away."
So I'll comply with your wish, but I've one thing to say:
"One day I'll return!" (and you'll rue the day).

NEAL OBERSBY V



THEY MAY KISS AGAIN

J. PHIPPEN, IV

Assorted sun-shines
fall upon me
through the clouds
when I met you,

and the sun
wearing a bikini-cloud,
undressed
in front of our polaroids
lying naked and translucent upon our noses.

As our lips met
so did our sunglasses,
and the clouds left us
to frame other suns;
so did the people,

and when the sun dressed again
we woke up and put our polaroids to bed.
The sand had warned us that the moon
wasn't kind to sunglasses,
so we hid and protected them

and they may kiss again.

PETER LOFTUS V

TOMORROW I'LL TRY POISON

The hair of the sea
 silken and wavy
 dismissed me as dandruff when I tried
 to drown.

And scratched me onto a rock.

Waiting for the sea
 To brush its tidal comb
 upon my rock.
 I lay and watched the changing of the
 guards.

Up There, in the sky.

And as the moon relieved the sun
 I considered why the sky
 didn't wear clouds in bed
 and realised the clouds were dirty.

They'd give the night a bad appear-
 ance if he wore them.

On my second attempt to drown
 the waves were tangled and knotted,
 they kept falling out all over the beach.

I hung on as long as I could
 but it must have been washnight
 because I ended up on shore with the
 seaweed.

Shampoo for dry scalps.

PETER LOFTUS V

A SOLDIER SLEEPS

Good night young man
 'Tis time to rest
 'Tis time to sleep again.
 When the morn' sun
 Stretches its sleepy arms
 I'll wake you,
 And we may say good-bye.
 I'll watch you go your way young man
 Towards that fairer land,
 And as you turn to wave to me
 And I do raise my hand,
 I'll hope my morn' of sun
 Is not far from,
 And we may meet again.

SUE YEOMANS V

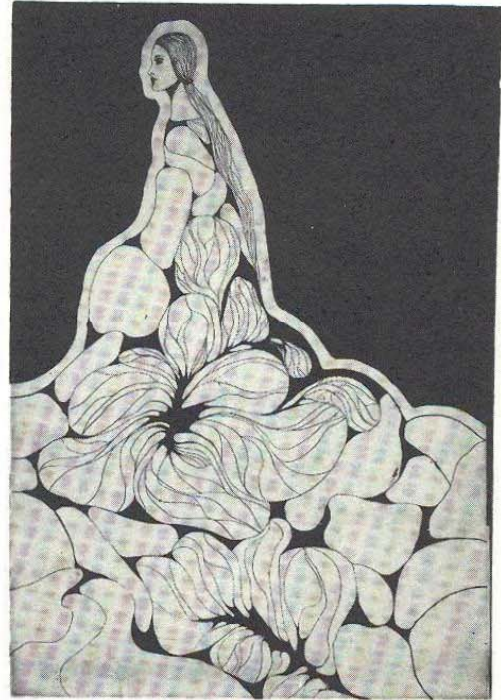
No body wants me, nobody cares,
 When I go down the street, everyone
 stares
 They think that I'm different because
 I can't speak
 They look at me as if I'm a freak.
 Other boys walk in the street with their
 mum
 But my mum won't because I'm her
 son.
 My mother and father wish I weren't
 here
 I've never heard them call me "dear"
 Whenever we have guests for tea
 Up to the bedroom they always send
 me.
 I sometimes sit and cry alot,
 My mother says I belong in a cot.
 They don't understand the life I lead
 A good mother and father is what I
 need.

JENNY DOWNEY II

MOOR WORLD

Tar,
 Sticky and Gooley!
 Gravel,
 Uneven and Sharp!
 Roads,
 Straight and Winding!
 Leading to my World.
 Heather,
 Whispy and Whitel!
 Grass,
 Sparse and dry!
 The Moor,
 Wild and Wonderful!
 My World.
 Sounds, loneliness,
 Animals, Birds, and Seasons,
 freedom, open space,
 laughter and happiness,
 A timeless place,
 To sculpt into a home!
 The Moor,
 Wild and Wonderful!
 My World!!

GAYNOR LOFTUS IV



Have you ever given advice?

And
 Have
 You
 Been
 a
 Leaning
 Post
 ?

Just when you needed help

When
 You
 Could
 Barely
 Stand
 Straight

Have you ever laughed with someone?

Although you're crying inside.

DO YOU EVER LISTEN?

WHEN YOU DESPERATELY WANT TO SPEAK.

Do you give as well as take?

Or Isn't It worth the effort?

JANIE PHIPPEN IV

IN THE SUN

In the the park of lunchtime suntan lotions,
Business men and clerks rollup their sleeves and trouserslegs and associate with this
Strange new sun.
Bikinied secretaries and shop assistants
Read love stores with their backs to the new sun,
Giving welcomed shade to the grass they lie upon.
Pensioners and pregnant mothers
Remain private in the shade to this immigrant sun,
Finding themselves new reasons to talk about the weather.

PETER LOFTUS V

UNDERSTANDING

I need help!
I'm white and a Catholic too,
But my brother hates my brother
What can I do?
The Aussies, and the Greeks,
The Poms and the Jews —
They all hate people of their own race,
As well as me and you.
Blacks aren't allowed in the country,
Yet it belongs to the blacks,
Where do we get the logic?
I mean white men aren't God!
God's all colours.
So why do we take preference?
I need help!
I'm white and a Catholic too,
Yet my brother hates his brother,
What can I do?

GAYNOR LOFTUS IV

POEM

Pity the man,
See how he runs,
The world is chasing him,
And he has no guns.

Pity the dog,
That has no fleas,
For when it scratches,
It must have a disease.

Pity the child,
The one with no legs,
And kill the bastard,
That wants it to beg.

Pity the god,
That created this earth,
Because man and power,
Have diminished its worth.

C. KOTIW V

COOL IT

Cool it,
Don't get so het up,
Love fellow man.
Stall them,
Don't let them hit out,
Don't let them hate.
Love him,
He who'd put a knife in your back,
And pity him for the hate in his heart.
Laugh, be joyful,
Don't moan and look dole-full,
Happiness not vindiction,
Must be our code.
Spread Joy not Sadness
Wipe away tears
Don't be uptight
Cool it.

GAYNOR LOFTUS IV

PEOPLE

Why do people hate, but expect love in return?
Desire power, but expect others to be subservient?
Want everything, but give nothing in return?
Get sick of living, but hate the thought of dying?
Idolize wealth, but do nothing to earn it?
Fear strangers, but refuse to learn?
Promise, but don't fulfil?
Keep their pride above all, but complain about their poor position?
Pretend, but never practice?
Seek individuality, but refuse to see it in others?
Rebuke people in high places, but idolize their position?
Hide jealously under "rightful" indignation?
Expect everything for nothing?
Why are people so jealous, apathetic, prejudiced, proud, hypocritical, blind, fed-up,
ambitious, selfish and hateful but go through life expecting love, sympathy, windfalls,
luck, dreams, happiness and a peaceful existence?

KERRY SULLIVAN V