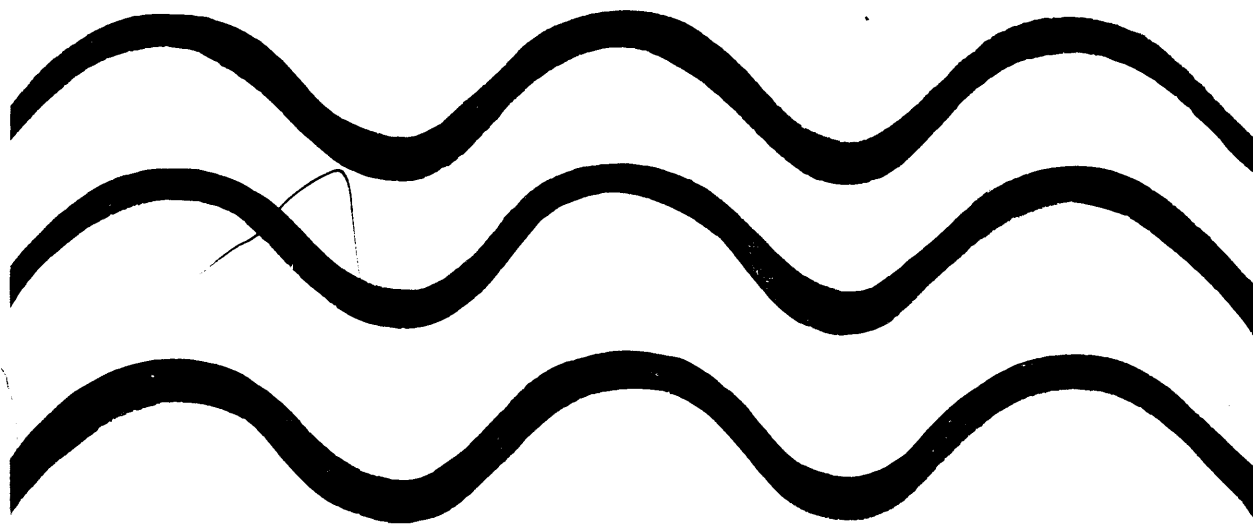
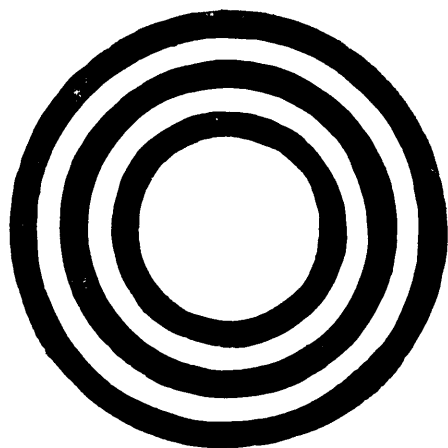


HIGH TIDE 1966

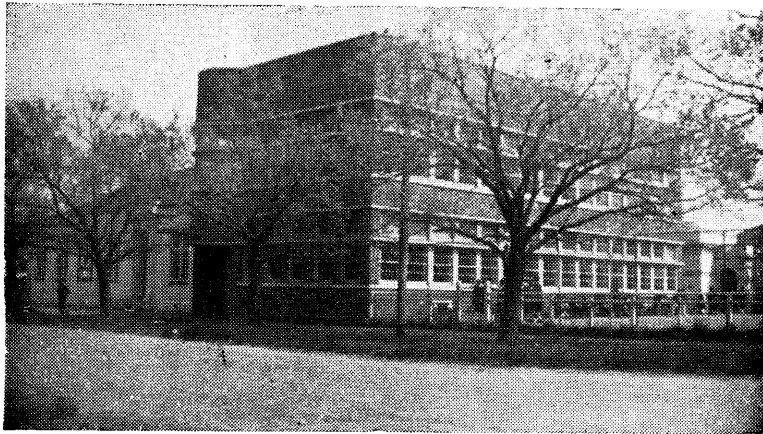


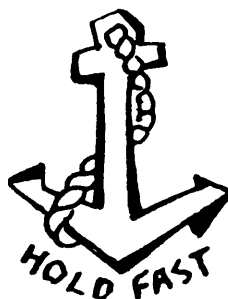
R. TITTER VC

HIGHTIDE

MAGAZINE OF THE
WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

1966





EDITORIAL

Time and tide, according to the sage, waits for no man. "High Tide," however, seems to wait much longer than desirable for contributors. Despite fervent appeals quite early in the year, so little material is received before Term III that a magazineless year seems a good odds-on bet. Then, to the somewhat joy of editors and assistants, zero hour brings a spate of contributions.

The joy is only somewhat because the magazine committee members, staff and students alike, are burdened with other responsibilities at that sternly testing time of the year.

Unfortunately, too, many of the contributions are not in a fit state for publication, much revising and polishing being necessary before they can be accorded that exalted honour. Some, of course, either because of unsuitable subject matter or inept presentation, cannot be published at all. We regret this, but would like to assure all contributors, whether published or not, that we appreciate their efforts to help our magazine. If you are still with us next year, please try again!

As well as being a record of a year's activities in our school, we would like "High Tide" to be also, as far as possible, a reflection of the thinking and creative capacity of our students. In next year's edition, we hope to publish a greater proportion of original writing and art work. Now is the time to begin planning your contribution to next year's "High Tide."

If your work is submitted early, it will please the editorial committee and will leave you greater freedom to concentrate on your studies in the all-important final term.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE:

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Sub-Editors: RIA SCHEPPERS, IAN McLAREN.

Typiste: BEV FOOTE.

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Advertising: GREG. LADNER.

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Our Leaders 1966

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Senior Mistress: Mrs. R. L. ROSS, T.S.T.C. (Arts/Crafts)

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Mr. K. Trsek, 7 Univ. Subjects
Mr. B. Chivers, T.T.C. (Wales)
Mr. C. Bianchi, Dip.Ed. (Italy)

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Girl House Captain: Jill Tobin; Vice: Susan Troon.
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Girl House Captain: Raelee Hewet; Vice: Barbara Muster.



The Headmaster's Page

Successful completion of secondary education calls for more than mental ability in the student. Qualities of character and personality as well as factors of social adjustment exercise a vital influence in the formative years devoted to secondary education.

Application, determination, willingness to work conscientiously and consistently, both in the classroom and at home, are essential if students are to make academic progress.

It would be most imprudent to make predictions about a pupil's future success merely on the knowledge of his intelligence rating. Stability of character, initiative, co-operation, a capacity to get along well with other people, tolerance, and a receptive mind must be considered in assessing the calibre and potential of the student.

The most disappointing students are those who squander their time and talents. The desire to excel should be far more general than it appears to be. Too often students are satisfied with mediocre passes and cease to make effort in subjects in which they fail. Hence, it is always a particular pleasure to learn of the dogged determination of some pupils to master weaknesses and overcome difficulties.

In recent years, perhaps the emphasis upon defects and deficiencies in our educational system has made it very tempting for students to find facile excuses for poor examination performance. It is easier to shift responsibility than to engage in self-analysis and searching of conscience.

If students genuinely wish to get the best from their high school years they must be prepared to restrict outside activities and pleasures to reasonable proportions.

For a variety of causes, the lot of students has become more difficult in recent years, consequently we have great admiration for those students who have proved that they possess balance, industry, and the capacity to pursue their studies with real purpose despite the problems and disadvantages which confront them.

F. Howe

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

The School Council extends to the Head Master and members of his staff sincere thanks for their loyalty to the School through the year.

It is conceded that school administration has been difficult. Shortage of staff and the problems arising therefrom have been carefully handled with ability and good discretion.

We extend to Mr. Howe our warm appreciation and friendship as Head Master, and express the hope that the coming year will float on a more even keel.

If the patience shown by the Council in waiting for promised improvements is a virtue, we have something coming to us at least. Twice or thrice has the question of additions of buildings been asked of the Department and always with an assurance of good progress being made towards a commencement.

It also comes to us from the Board of Inspectors that the new building is to have a very modern science block, up-to-date and adequate.

These assurances come from the right sources and so we still hope to have them soon realised. The Assembly Hall, too, is coming to the fore, with some prospects of early achievement.

A Committee has been formed from the School Council, as advice is to hand from the Department setting out directions they wish us to observe. Also comes from the Department their promise of a subsidy on

a three for one basis in money for this purpose. The Council has on hand £5,000, and with a Government subsidy as stated, we should have £20,000 to spend towards modernising and adapting the Drill Hall to serve the purpose of an Assembly Hall and its use as a Social Centre for school activities. Whilst the work is to a degree that of the School Council, it must all be done to the satisfaction or requirements of the Public Works Department, under a qualified architect approved by them.

This venture ought, within a year or two, give to the school a very acceptable unit of usefulness.

I would like to tell you too, how a property adjoining the school grounds recently went on the market, and we were successful in persuading the Department to purchase this property for demolition. This will enlarge playing space in the grounds to an acceptable degree.

The next year or so should place the Williamstown High School on a much better and brighter footing and, with the additions of comfortable and well-fitted classrooms, make it a centre for the pleasurable pursuit of education.

—JAMES C. COE,

President of School Council



Top row (left to right): Mr. H. Williams, Mr. H. Maiakunas, Mr. H. Forecast, Mr. G. Kerr, Mr. L. Hughes, Mr. D. Collett, Mr. B. Chivers, Mr. B. Halloran. 2nd Row: Mr. D. Henstridge, Mr. R. Cordell, Mr. K. Mackenzie, Mr. A. Forsyth, Mr. C. Bianchi, Mr. C. Trsek, Mr. C. Silver, Mr. A. Best. 3rd Row: Mrs. J. Bennett, Mr. J. Beecroft, Mr. J. O'Connor, Mr. D. Nilson, Mr. A. Blyth, Mr. R. Price, Mr. G. Eulen, Mrs. H. Lazlo. 4th Row: Mrs. S. Foster, Miss J. Entwisle, Miss C. Evans, Mrs. B. Phipps, Miss J. Fox, Mrs. B. Gilbert, Mrs. M. Bosnic, Mrs. F. Jeffkins, Mrs. J. Church, Mrs. G. Martin, Miss R. Malakunas. Front row (seated): Mrs. M. Nichols (secretary), Mrs. C. Gorman, Mr. F. Howe (Headmaster), Mr. J. Lannen. Absent: Mr. M. Badcock (Senior Master), Mrs. R. Ross (Senior Mistress), Mr. C. Nicholls.



THEN:

This early photograph should be of particular interest to any readers who were associated with the early days of Williamstown High School. The photograph was made available to us, through Cr. L. Parker, by Mrs. R. F. Taylor, of Bendigo. It is noteworthy that Mr. Gerity was the founder and principal of Williamstown Grammar School and that he continued as a teacher for many years after its conversion to Williamstown High School. Mr. F. Johnson, who was an honoured guest at last year's Jubilee celebrations, was the first Head Master of Williamstown High School.

STAFF OF WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL 1918



Back row (left to right): Mr. L. Millar, Miss H. West, Mr. D. Gerity, Mr. F. Johnson, Mr. Jack (Sloyd Teacher), Miss C. Hunter (Mrs. R. F. Taylor), Mr. R. Colman.
Front row:: Miss F. Swan, Miss M. Deehan, Miss Carson, Miss Doris McCrae, Miss H. McGarvin.

Mr. Clive A. Hughes

The death of Mr. Clive Hughes on 15th August, 1966, brought sorrow to the hearts of many hundreds who, as past or present pupils of Williamstown High School, had known and loved him during his thirteen years there as a teacher.

A gentle, kindly and scholarly man, Mr. Hughes earned the respect and affection of all who came under his influence. Among such must be numbered not only those who sat at his feet in English and History classes, but many more who were guided and encouraged by him in various fields of sport, including swimming, lacrosse and baseball. Above all, perhaps, his guiding hand will be remembered gratefully by those who were associated with him in the preparation of several editions of "High Tide," including last year's Jubilee issue. For many years Mr. Hughes nursed our school magazine into print, and former members of its editorial committees will often recall with gratitude his sound advice and encouragement.

Clive A. Hughes was born in Williamstown on 18th October, 1900. His family was associated with Williamstown from the earliest days of its settlement. Indeed, his Welsh grandfather was a close friend of John Pascoe Fawkner and had received one of the first land grants in Melbourne, occupying a frontage to Bourke Street.

He was educated at Williamstown State School and Essendon High School. He attended Melbourne University during the 1920's, graduating as Bachelor of Arts. Post-graduate studies later earned him Master of Arts and Bachelor of Education degrees. Melbourne University, during his period of study there, was a particularly exciting place, intellectually. This was the time of such academic notables as Louis Lavater, Hal Gye and Sir Archibald Strong. Professor Tom Cherry, who occupied the chair of Agricultural Science for some years at Melbourne, was a relative of Mr. Hughes.

With this scholarly background, and a constant desire to help and encourage the

young, Mr. Hughes devoted his whole working life to the teaching profession. He taught in both High and Technical schools, including Moreland High and South Melbourne Technical. He was also, for a time, principal of Ararat Grammar School. It was at South Melbourne Technical School that he became keenly interested in the production of school magazines—an interest which was later to prove of great value to Williamstown High.

One of his many private enthusiasms was for the writing of poetry, and some fine examples of his work were published in various issues of the South Melbourne Technical School's magazine.

Mr. Hughes was, apart from his academic and professional activities, a man of varied culture and interests.

These ranged from surf life-saving through electrical and radio engineering to an active interest in the Children's Court and work as a Probationary Officer. He had a finely-cultivated taste in music and took a great pride in maintaining the best of record-playing equipment.

From 1954 until his retirement at the end of last year, Mr. Hughes gave splendid service to Williamstown High School. His depth and breadth of scholarship and his friendly encouragement to individual pupils made him a teacher to be remembered with gratitude. He was held in great esteem by his colleagues in the staff-room, where his prowess in controversy might have made him a man to be feared, had his nature been less kindly.

It can be said in all sincerity that Mr. Clive Hughes was a scholar and a gentleman. With his widow, his daughter (Mrs. I. Porter), his other relatives and his many close friends, we at Williamstown High School mourn the passing of such a man.

Postscript.—The school has learned with gratitude that a number of books from the late Mr. Clive Hughes' fine library has been bequeathed to the library at Williamstown High.



Girl Prefects (left to right): Ishmenie Kazara, Beverley Foote, Sandra Whear, Jennifer Gilbertson, Ria Scheppers, Marion Lees, Helen Sturroch, Lois Wilhelms, Lndall Bellette. Front (seated): Gail Ashford (Head). Absent: Anne Bromage (Deputy Head), Judy Steele.
 Boy Prefects (rear) (from left): John Charlesworth, David Lyons, Donald Newgreen, Colin Anderson, David Hutchinson, Jim Swalwell, Ken Coates. Front: Paul Granger (Deputy Head), Wayne Bridle, Luciano Lucina, Ron Sorraghan. Front (seated): Robert Butterfield (Head).

SHE AND I

She reaches down
 With long, slender hands,
 Reading my innermost thoughts and feelings
 Which are her own.
 In her room,
 Seated on the floor,
 Her head bowed,
 Musina over that day's writing,
 Memories flooding back
 Every moment of the day
 Every feeling, every passionate desire crowds
 up
 Clear as a dewdrop;
 And she is lost among them.
 My feelings aroused,

My mind rushes wildly back
 To our first confessions to each other,
 Finding out how alike we were in our views
 Of many things.
 At first the shock of knowing
 We were sharing another's mind,
 Later being reassured
 Of each other's individuality,
 But knowing
 Through that discussion
 The winning of a steadfast friend
 Who
 Likes the things I like
 And
 Understands the things I do.

—MARIAN LEES, VS.

IS IT LUCK THAT PLAYS THE BIGGEST PART IN OUR LIVES?

"Luck" is a nebulous term. After investigation, I find it has a negligible influence, and that "luck" is really an invalid explanation of one event in the succession of events a person experiences during his life. To say that luck dominates our lives is to assert that man has little control over his fate, hence absolving ourselves and all others from the guilt of misusing our own lives, and perverting other lives. Still further, acceptance of luck denies the existence of achieving a goal, this is, systematically achieving improvement. It is not luck, but men imposing their will on their environment, which determines the pattern of our lives.

Powerful rulers throughout world history—Catherine the Great, Napoleon, Hitler and Truman—by imposing their will on their environment, have caused increasingly catastrophic results. The soldiers and civilians who have died as a result of their decisions may be considered, superficially, the victims of bad luck, or fate. Ultimately, their tragedy is neither pre-determined nor an element is brought about by the effect of man's will of chance. Is Hitler innocent? No—tragedy is brought about by the effect of man's will on his surroundings.

A story such as Burke and Wills' expedition to the Gulf of Carpentaria is similarly tragic. Their death seems the result of endless misfortune. In fact, we see in the sad tale of their expedition the clear relation and interaction of human decision upon environment, which prompts my rejection of luck as the fundamental influence on our lives.

Gamblers continue to croon "Luck, Be a Lady Tonight!" whereas I have decided there are two factors determining the pattern of our lives.

The first factor is the composition, and obvious order of, the universe. Some people regard the universe as a creation of God; others regard it as the evolution of a natural law. We are irrevocably bound to the laws of the universe. Whatever our occupation, environment, or ideals, whether we believe in luck or not, we are born and live according to laws which preordain the nature of our anatomy, and our intellect.

A person may suffer, and possibly die, from cancer. This is the result of a biological malfunction—perhaps caused by excessive smoking. This person's body is no longer in harmony with the laws which allow life; he is not just another victim of "bad luck." This example clarifies the conception that the whole pattern of our life, not merely the biggest part, is caused by man's decisions and the nature of our universe. It is not decided by luck. These factors are decisive, whether existing individually or interacting.

Was it "luck" that primitive man discovered fire? Can we accept "Lady Luck" any longer? Man's accumulated knowledge of science shows an ordered universe, from infinite distance to infinitesimal particles. Whether we combine our scientific knowledge with belief in a creator, or contend that reason is all-sufficient, one fact is obvious: There is no room in our universe for "luck."

—G. A., Form VI.

A Letter from our Exchange Student in the U.S.A.

Staff and Students, Williamstown High School,

I am very privileged to be given the opportunity of writing to you and I hope I will be able to give you some idea of the life of an exchange student in the United States of America.

I was told about six months before I left for the U.S.A. that I had been chosen as an exchange student to Waterbury, Connecticut, and although it seemed quite a while for preparations, packing, inoculations, etc., the time passed all too quickly and before I knew it, I was standing at the rail of the S.S. Oronsay at Circular Quay in Sydney on January 8th, waving farewell to my parents and relations. At first I was very excited about the whole trip, but after a few days at sea I began wondering what lay ahead of me in the United States.

My first port of call was Auckland, New Zealand, where we remained for two days. I took advantage of the break and travelled over much of the North Island, comparing the countryside of New Zealand and Australia. I was very surprised to find Auckland very much like an Australian city, but I was a little disappointed with their beaches as I was always under the impression all islands in the Pacific had magnificent surfing beaches. While in Auckland I visited the Zoo and was shown the Kiwi bird, the New Zealand emblem, and how different it is from any Australian animal!

Fiji was the next island stop and we anchored for a day at Lautoka, a small town on the opposite side of the island to the capital, Suva. Here we were taken on a tour of the typical rural Fiji and we were shown the squalid and primitive conditions the natives live in. It was amazing to know that these people were living in the same era as we. Then the ship anchored at Suva for a day and a trip around this showed no signs of the former conditions seen in the country.

After five days at sea, we were really overjoyed to arrive in Honolulu, although rain greeted us, but the friendliness of the Hawaiians (they followed the usual custom of placing a lei around everyone's neck and supplied a hearty kiss on the cheek) made

up for the wet, rainy welcome. Then followed two hectic days of trying to see as much of Hawaii as possible—the famous Waikiki Beach, Diamond Head, or a luau (Hawaiian feast). Hawaii was a very pretty but luxurious and expensive vacation land, but I thought Honolulu was not as peaceful as expected, as it had become very commercialized in the last few years.

As the "Oronsay" sailed further and further north, the weather became colder and colder and I found myself making frequent trips to the baggage room to replace summer cottons with winter woollens. Between Honolulu and Vancouver a hurricane hit us, which resulted in many broken items and a very rough journey. We arrived in Vancouver 17 days after leaving Sydney. The temperature in Sydney was around 90 degrees when I left, and the Vancouver temperature was 19 degrees! But the cold weather did not stop me from touring Vancouver and I am certainly glad it didn't, as Vancouver certainly was a very attractive city, nestled between a river and a range of mountains which presented an unforgettable view when I looked down upon the city from one of the high towers.

The ship followed the coast to San Francisco and 21 days after leaving Sydney I disembarked at San Francisco. After sightseeing for one day, I boarded a jet and flew 3,000 miles across the States to New York. Here I was met by three of my host families and driven to Waterbury, Connecticut, where I have been spending my year abroad.

The Connecticut countryside is very different from Victoria. Connecticut is a New England state and has the characteristic of gently rolling hills. Waterbury has a population of around 110,000 (about the same size as Geelong) and it is an industrial city, known as the "Brass City." Her main manufactures are clocks, watches, copper, brass,

buttons, plastics and machinery. Waterbury is quite close to Long Island Sound for swimming and only 100 miles from New York. Many workers commute daily to New York.

I am attending Kennedy High, a school which is only one year old and I am doing my Senior (Sixth Form) year and studying English, American History, Economics, Office Machines and Cookery. I began school halfway through the American school year in February and I continued through until early June, when the school year finished. I then had 13 weeks of summer vacation and I returned to school in September.

The education system over here is quite different from that in Australia. In Connecticut every city or town is in charge of its own education system and therefore towns five miles away can have a completely different system.

In Waterbury there are three high schools, all of which commence at 8 a.m. and finish at 1.30! Every eight weeks we have one week of vacation, instead of having term holidays. There are no recesses after every two periods, and the lunch break is only twenty minutes long. I found it quite difficult getting out of bed earlier to begin school at 8 o'clock and many times during the first period I had to stop myself from falling asleep. We ran four periods, each threequarters of an hour long and then at 11 o'clock the Seniors went to the cafeteria and ate lunch. There were four separate cafeteria periods as Kennedy has 1,700 students and it would be impossible to fit everyone in the cafeteria at the same time. The cafeteria was extremely large and resembled one in a large department store. You picked up your tray and cutlery and continued along the line and picked up whatever food you wished.

All the students were compelled to eat in the cafeteria and were not permitted to walk outside the building but there were ample tables and chairs in the cafeteria (better known to the students as "the caf."). However, we had no need to walk outside the building as there were no recesses for recreation. But from December through until April usually there was snow falling so no one felt like leaving the warm building.

After the first four periods and lunch there was a study period for three-quarters of an hour. Then we worked periods five and six and had an afternoon roll-call and then we were finished for the day. When I was walking home I always felt as though I was going home for lunch in Williamstown as 1.30 seemed an incredible hour to be finishing school.

Seniors were not required to do sport or gym. There were very harsh rules being absent for a period if you were at school, staying away from school without a good reason, or being late in class. Students were not allowed to walk around the building during classes unless they had a permission slip. Also it was impossible to leave the school without being noticed, so discipline was carried out very well.

During summer vacation I travelled quite a bit around the country. I visited another Australian exchange student in Oxford, New York State, and we toured Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Also I visited Alana Sterner, the exchange student we had for a year at Williamstown. I visited Boston, New York, Philadelphia and I have seen the States of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York State, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and I have seen all of Connecticut. Before I leave I hope to visit Vermont. I will be taking a bus down through the southern States to Miami in Florida and then I will travel west across the country to San Francisco and Los Angeles, stopping to visit my penpal in Arkansas and seeing many sights, including the Grand Canyon and Disneyland.

But wherever you travel, there is no place like home and I shall never forget my school days at Williamstown High. When you are 12,000 miles from your homeland you appreciate your home and your school and what it has done for you. So, may I close with our school motto, "Hold Fast to all your school has given you," and I'm sure if you can remember this and live up to it, you will have an extremely happy and profitable life.

Best wishes to all,

SHARON HAYES,

Form 5c, 1965

Poets' Corner



WIND

I am restless tonight;
My soul is the wind.
I toss and turn, I breathe and sigh,
I pull at leaves, rock branches, sway trees,
and make them creak.
I am moving, moving, never still; I rush in
little eddies, swirling dead leaves and
lolly papers in the gutter.
I move over and under trees, along sagging
entwined chimneys.
I move in and out, over snow, past windows,
fences, through long grass, round ivy-
patterned with delicate icicles, past
doors with brass knockers, past gates
with one hinge;
By lonely people, by sad people, by un-
known, or hapoy, or vegetable people,
Then away over vast paddocks, deserts,
mountains, rivers and seas I go.
I am wild,
I am free.

—MARIAN LEES, VH.

WIND

All day he blew, that tyrant in the sky,
Howling and growling at all things;
The tree bows, when he approaches them,
The fallen leaves scatter when he passes by,
Everything yields to this great unseen
power.
When night came he grew wilder still;
Roofs he tore, trees he snapped.
All his unmerciful actions he now bestows
upon the land,
But at the break of dawn not a sound
could be heard—
That tyrant disappeared,
Leaving only a gentle breeze.

—Frank Loriente, 3B.

SUSPICION

I looked out of the window on this stormy evening
And saw the trees bent nearly to the ground,
There was no-one in sight,
Except a small, stray dog
Which was trying to shelter
By the door of the garage.

I watched for a while—he was shivering;
It hurt me to see him looking so sad,
So I went out to help him,
But he ran away—
Probably thinking
I was one of the cruel people that he had met.

—IVAN JACKSON, 3B.

MY DOG

That little rascal, he's got my shoe,
With him I don't know what to do;
One minute he's there, and next he's not
And then he appears with someone's sock.

Under, over and in the beds,
And around the corner and through my legs,
Down the passage and in the door,
He slides across the kitchen floor.

Band! the door is closed, his game has stopped,
So on the floor he decides to flop,
But in his bed he still has my shoe
And maybe he has the other, too.

In a little while when he wakes up,
Once again he's a naughty pup,
But all the same I love him a lot,
When under the bed or with my shoe,
Or even with the meat for the stew.

—TONI JORGENSEN, 3A.

IN STRONG OPINION

In strong opinion my sea beats its way
against the wall to fall,
Roll back to come again.
The spray plumes high my soul stripped
bare bends knee to that which it
created.

SUMMER

I feel the sun
Burning into my body;
Burning,
Burning,
Burning into my pores,
Into my brain,
Ridding me of all my black thoughts.

I see the fields
Ablaze with colour,
Reds,
Oranges and yellows—
Summer colours,
Colours exploding forth,
The promise of a new world—
A world of intelligence,
Not a world of wars
And hate,
But a world of peace,
A world of love.

—S. YATES, 3D.

THE SEA

The sea has many faces;
To the fish it is a home,
To sailors it is a life,
But to me the sea is like a person.

A temper is displayed by storm;
The waves become tremendous,
Ships are tossed and finally wrecked,
And sailors carried to the sea's dark
depth.

I love to watch the sea
When it lies calm and tranquil,
Watching swans swimming across its
breadth,
Or yachts racing along their courses.

—W. L. G.

DILEMMA

Is it worth living?
Or better to die
When man can't make peace
With himself his worst enemy?
Should he stop caring
And jump to his death,
Or should he make peace with his
worst enemy—
Himself?

—MARGARET DOUGAN, 3B.

A STORM

The rain came down in buckets,
Keeping people inside,
But I was out soaking wet in this heavy rain.

It sounded like clods of earth falling on the
the roof-tops—
Plop! Plop! Plop! like hard peas being drop-
ped from great heights,
Bouncing up as they hit the ground;
At any moment it seemed that the houses
would be flooded.

My hands were blue with cold,
My clothes were dripping wet,
The rain sprayed up and splashed me,
The wind blew me along.

The wind whistled madly through the trees,
Whirring and whirling around the houses,
Shaking the window panes and doors.

The wind howled around me and blew
through me,
Bending the trees in two,
Raising the tiles on the houses
And bringing down electric wires.

I could hear the sea nearby,
The waves pounding on the shore;
Small boats would be washed out with the
tide.

The sea was wild and angry,
The wind was fierce and cold,
People sat in front of cosy fires
As I hurried home in this terrible storm.

—B. WYATT, 3B.

THE DIFFERENT COLOURED WORLDS

They flash and shoot
And like a glimpse are told.
Three score years are yet to come
Till I be born,
And then shall I know of a life
Lived Green and cold,
Lived Red and bold.
And then shall I know of a life
Lived red and bold.

—P. ECHARD, IX B.

THE TREE

The tree which bore love's fruit
Now bears the hangman's rope;
The greenery that was once above
Does nothing now but grope.

In the darkness it must search
For whatever it may find;
A body on the hangman's rope
Or the ghost it left behind.

When shadows darken the misty air,
Its corpse you hear now crying;
There on the hangman's tree
The body of the man is dying.

And yet there is a sudden gloom
When clouds darken o'er the sky;
And in the darkness left behind
Lies the victim of the hangman's twine.

—TINA SAATHOFF, 4C.

WHAT LIES BEYOND THE SKIES?

What lies beyond the skies?
One eyes, but cannot devise
Or realize what may rise
That mystifies and never dies,
Of infinite size with no guise,
Except that flies imaginative wise,
Which does prize the many lies
That centralize the skies.
And as I look into the sky
My mind begins to climb on high
And picture several flying saucers,
As well as several one-horned horses.
And as I now fill up with dreams,
I see a lot of things, it seems—
Of things that rush and gush and crush,
Of things that glide and stride and
chide,
Of things that swirl and twirl and curl,
Of things that tumble and rumble and
stumble.
But now I see them falling down
And suddenly I start to frown,
And as they slip without their mirth
I now am brought right down to earth.

—JIM HANDLEY, IVB.

THE CAROL SINGERS

Last night the Carol Singers came
When I had gone to bed;
Upon the crisp, white snow outside
I heard them softly tread.

I sat upright to listen for I knew they came
to tell

Of all the things that happened on the very
first Noel.

Upon the ceiling flickering I saw their lan-
tern glow,

And they sang their carols sweet of Christ-
mas long ago.

And when at last they went away, their carol
singing done,
There was a little girl who wished they'd
only just begun.

—CAROLE HEATON, 1c.

BALDNESS—1

I woke up one morning to find I was bald,
Not a trace of hair could be seen.

I looked under my bed
And on top of my head,
But my noggin still carried that sheen.

I went to work with the look of a Turk
And everyone teased my head;
I came home still hairless
To a room that was chairless
And all of my family dead.

BALDNESS—2

I got such a shock
When I found that my locks
Were hidden inside my ear.
I wondered the reason
For all of this treason
And why they didn't appear.

When I finally saw
A wig on my door
I guessed that my hair was shy.
After this introduction
I felt an eruption—
My hair was starting to cry.

—LYN HASKELL
JANET MOORHOUSE Form IC
HELBE SAARELAHT

FOUR HAIKUS

A Haiku is a Japanese verse form, using
lines of five, seven and five syllables.

The butterfly is
Perfuming its wings in the
Scent of the orchid.

—DAVID HEWELLYN ROGERS, 3B

* *

I was terrified
When my very best friend died,
So I cried and sighed.

—Wayne Gerring, 3B.

* *

The horses galloped
Over the big, black, wide lake
And slowly came home.

—KERRY SPENCER,, 3B.

* *

Automobiles are fun,
I think most boys agree:
But only when they run.

—Robert Jones, 3B.

THE BOARD RALLY

Come young surfers, fearless and bold,
The rally's on, and the water's cold.
Brown bodies prepare to paddle right out,
From the beach is heard an enormous
shout,
As the riders catch waves—stand—and
wipe out.

One blond head above the foam is seen,
Looking most grim and rather green.

Salty, slimy, poor old Sally
Lost her boyfriend at the last board rally.

—FEMLIN V.C.

DUSK

A shadow walks down the street—
No definite outline or tread of feet,
Slightly limping, but gliding along,
Someone else passes, humming a song.

Swords of light from a car's headlamp,
A man shuffles by with the gait of a tramp,
The shadow glides back, and enters her gate,
She hurries inside because she is late.

—MARIAN LEES, V.S.

LOVE

Beautiful flowers,
The wonders of Spring.
And moon-shaped golden leaves fall
Yet pure love prevails in Winter
On Autumn's stark and restless earth.
That summer will scorch and sting.

I don't care for Spring;
It mocks all beauty;
Nor can I trust the Autumn,
Romanticizing ev'ning WHAT.
My heart's in Winter, the purest Winter,
And Summer drowns purity!

DAWN

Everything was peaceful—
The sky blue, like a calm sea,
The sun rising,
Giving a glow across the face of the earth,
The dewdrops still clinging to the grass,
The frost still on the window panes—
Everything waking to start the day of work.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL (Take it or leave it; it's up to you)

Williamstown High
Is full of sly,
Deceiving little crooks;
They'll take anything
From needles and pins
To stale old geography books.
Tennis balls go
Like Niagara Falls flow,
Which is pretty fast, so they tell.
And basketball gear
So fast disappears
You'd think it were under a spell.

It may sound odd,
But an axe from the quad.
Was stolen a few weeks back.
And baskets and lights
And even some bikes
Were stolen from so-called safe-racks.
A light-switch or two,
Mmmm, yes, they'll do!
There's nothing else worth it today.
It all adds up
That Willy's amuck,
And who said crime doesn't pay?

—SUSAN PAGE, IB.

SNOW

Picking it up and throwing it—
That's fun!
Feeling it thrown upon you—
That's even more fun!
But just seeing it for the first time
Is one of the greatest thrills I've ever
known;
It's cold, yet if you hold it in your hand
long enough
It becomes warm and watery,
Like fresh rain-water from the sky.
Yet you must travel to really high places
to see it,
Throw it and, best of all, feel it.
It's hard to explain,
But it's more than making snowmen,
Having snowfights and getting revenge
On your old friends—
It's being there that really counts.

—OLGA IVANEEV, 3.B.

HAIKU

The snow-covered peak
Stood quiet, still, dark and eerie
After the rainfall.

—BARBARA SALLOWS, 3.B.

(AFTER THE CHORAL CONTEST)

To be an ad-jud-icator (c)
Must really be an awful bore;
For when it's time to choose a winner
They call you just the greatest sinner.

To be a judge is just the same,
You're always called an awful name.
If you send a bandit off to jail
You're tramped upon just like a snail.

I'd rather be a footy umpire,
For then you're only called a liar,
And when you try to be quite fair
The fans just shout and hoot and sneer.

In any contest, sport or game,
At the final bell it's just the same --
Some are happy, some are sad,
Some are woeful, others glad.

—PHILLIP RICHARDS, IE

"TIME" — Part 1

"Time" is a device that stops me in any situation of passionate desire, lingers me through hateful thoughts, directs me to unnecessary places and passes me off as a poor misguided person. I curse "time." Perhaps if I did not long to be driven away from reality, "time" would be a normal accepted thing, but "time" is real.

During the lighted half of day, I am tossed about because "time" sneers at me and makes me move from one hour to another, from one hour to another. It begins pestering me at the rising hour of the sun. It stretches its grotesque, long arms through my bedroom door and with supple, slender fingers poking from a bulky hand, opens the lids of my eyes. I belong to "time" and I hate to belong to anything. I am reluctantly dragged out of bed by this monster and so my day begins. Being pushed from a minute to a year, I slowly grow weary and old.

You can see, can't you, that I dislike "time." "Time," I say, "let me be, leave me alone." But I know that I am its prisoner held in the barred cage of hours, minutes, days and years. Will I ever escape?

—RIA SCHEPPERS, 5H.



OUR MAN IN ROOM 16

TIME — PART 2

I wilted time into wondered fields of wildflowers; where life is spaceless, pausing in ease over the bridge of vanity; and gliding down in the foliage of rain-washed forest; into eternal serenity; opening to music-filled air.

Time, a word, a voice lost in mind-made fantasy, dwelling forever, for the sake of dwelling!

Time, that once-tortured my unbelieving faith, tearing the dreams from my eyes, waking the day in my soul, shouting the word of darkness, thrusting me against the rigid, cold wall of routine, near killing the redness in my blood.

But now time; now you are lost!

—RIA SCHEPPERS, VH.

HALLOWEEN

No sound broke the night;
In the town, shutters were closed
Doors were bolted.

A hush came over the town,
All was deathly still.

A clock struck twelve,
The graveyard became alive,
Evil spirits were out,
Chains rattled, screams sounded,
The dull thump of an executioner's axe
was heard.

Only the brave and the foolish ventured
forth.

—PETER TRIST. Form 3B.

A STORM

To some, a storm is terrifying
Whenever they hear the noisy thunder
That makes a noise like dynamite,
Or the flashing of lightning
That can be so dangerous.
To me a storm is fascinating,
Not to be out in one,
But to watch it from the front window
Where the brightness of the lightning
Lights up the room, and where it will
bring no harm.

The clatter of the rain, the roar of the
wind,
The noisy thunder and the flashing of the
lightning;
These are the things that go to make a
storm;
In a way frightening, but in another quite
fascinating.

—WAYNE GERRING, 3B.

KING ARTHUR

King Arthur and his knights of old
Battled with the Saxons bold;
To some, a legend this may be,
To me, a mighty man was he.

King Arthur fought the Saxon horde,
As well as he was able,
Stories quickly spread abroad
Of his Knights of the Round Table.

Once when Arthur lost his sword
He met the Lady of the Lake,
He rowed out in a barge for her
To retrieve the Sword Excalibur.

—J. HAYDEN, Form 2a.

SURFING

When I pick my wave, I lie flat on the
board, glance over my shoulder and, as the
wave rears up, I begin to paddle. If I have
correctly timed speed and the hump of the
wave, I suddenly "take off." I stand up.
Before me is the long rushing slope of the
wave and behind the pursuing water. I hear
two sounds—the hiss of the board through
the water, the thunder of collapsing water
behind. The essence of surfing is the deli-
cate balance between control and chaos.

However, there is many a "wipe-out."
—"SURFIE."

THE LORD'S DOMAIN

High up in the mountains, the mighty Lord
nests;
Resting his feathered wings as the day passes
by,
Watching for unsuspecting prey, as they hop,
run, or crawl
Beneath the Mighty Lord's nest.

And when he sweeps down upon them they
hear not his wings,
And in the last split second they are swoop-
ed off their feet;
With strong claws around them they do not
struggle long,
And when they reach the Lord's nest they
do not see a light.

WONDER!

If we look at the sky you see no angels;
If you bury your eyes deep in the dust,
you see no devils.

Only in between we find man and wo-
man, girl and boy, and child.

But the wonder is that all we are and
all we see is existing in us. We are children
we see a child. We are a youth, we see
youth, and we are adult, we see an adult.
We have everything inside us. We have a
mind to think unbelievable, fantastic won-
ders like a rose, fragranced among the pure
cold snow; we have a nose to smell this.
We have ears to listen to great music, eyes
to read great poetry. We have a mouth to
speak our thoughts to communicate. We
are a body of existence.

Have you ever wandered into the realm
of Nature? You are allowed to do that
you know. You are right to wonder fan-
tastically about the force of natural things:
like the eyes of a flower, the smile of a dog,
the heart of an old ageing tree.

Live violently, passionately, tenderly.
That is marvellous. Let the world be living.

—ANONYMOUS.

THE LAST OF THE SECRET AGENTS

This was the last of the home-and-abroad spying series and secret agent 000 James Wims had the most dangerous assignment of all: to unmask the dreaded society known as S.E.X. This society was so secret that no-one even knew what the letters of its name stood for.

James Wims dressed with his customary care, equipping himself with many of the famous devices. Under his right arm he taped seven (7) dehydrated hand-grenades (Wims also had an efficient under-arm deodorant, for more than one arm had been lost through sweating); in a holster under his left arm he carried a miniature 4.5 inch Howtzer (with silencer); concealed in the shoulder padding of his coat was a cardboard collapsible mask (with detachable beard), whilst around his slim, masculine waist he wore a weapons belt borrowed from Batman for the occasion.

Wims surveyed himself in the mirror, noting that his coat gave no signs of the weapons concealed under it. He smiled grimly at his reflection, and adjusted his special secret-agent shoes. In his left heel was hidden a four-foot, folding, Shintaro-autographed Samurai sword, while, by inserting a skeleton saxophone under the welt of his right shoe, a secret compartment could be revealed. Into this cavity Wims gently placed his Cornflakes super 70 m.m. panavision movie camera. As a disguise, Wims donned his string-and-leather wig and left his luxury flat.

As he mounted his brass bicycle (with cement parachute ejector seat), Wims thought of the danger-fraught task ahead of him. Riding expertly, Wims sped through the sinister streets. With S.E.X. lurking in every corner, Wims darkly virile eyes took in every detail; then he saw his quarry . . . the bulky figure of ODDJOB, like a malevolent humpty-dumpty, silhouetted against the light from a nearby silver-plated castanet.

Wims cautiously dismounted and approached the looming figure. Feeling the sweat beading on his forehead, Wims whipped out his straw and plasticine handkerchief and wiped it away. Oddjob's heavy, mock-

ing laugh stopped Wims in his cat-like steps. He glanced down, and shamefacedly realised he had made his one big mistake.

It was true, James Wims, secret agent 000, had forgotten to put on his pants that fateful morning.

—D. NEWGREEN, 6B.

WHERE TO BURY A DOG

There are various places in which a dog may be buried. I am thinking of a Corgi who, as far as I am aware, never entertained a mean or unworthy thought. This particular Corgi is buried beneath an oak tree, under four feet of loam, and the tree offers shade and protection to his lonely, small grave.

Beneath an oak tree, or any tree or shrub, is an excellent place to bury a dog. Beneath such trees or shrubs he slept in drowsy summer, gnawed a flavoursome bone or lifted his head to challenge an intruder. These are good places, whether in life or in death. Yet it is a small matter. For, if a dog be well remembered, if sometimes he leaps through your dreams, actually as in life, eyes laughing, begging, it matters not where that dog sleeps. Near the lonely back-beach, behind one's summer holiday place where he chased the seagulls and romped through the shallows, or at home, in the backyard or in the house being always on guard, protecting those he loved so well—it is all one to the dog, and all one to you and nothing is gained, and nothing lost; if memory lives.

This is the one place to bury a dog. If you bury him in this spot, he will come to you when you call; come to you over the grim, dim frontiers of death, and down the well-remembered path, and to your side again. People may scoff at you, those who see no lightest blade of grass bent by his foot-fall, who hear no whimper, people who never really had a dog. Smile at them, and that is well worth knowing.

The one good place to bury a dog is in the heart of its master.

—JENNY GILBERTSON, 5H.

W.H.S.
Cadet Unit
1966
★



HEADQUARTERS

Back row (left to right): Cpl. Miller, L/Cpl. Cambieras, S/Sgt. Pearce, L/Cpl. Savvides,
Front row: C.S.M. W.O.2 Cambieras, Lt. Henstridge, Mr. Howe, Lt. O'Connor, Sgt. Jordan (School Instructor).



1 PLATOON

Back row (left to right): L/Cpl. Hughes, Cdt. Wawrzycki, L/Cpl. McIntosh,, Cdt. Dewar, Cdt. Gillies, L/Cpl. Wallan, Cdt. Gregory. Third row: Cdt. Dale, Cdt. Shearer, Cdt. Pickersgill, L/Cpl. Woods, Cdt. Lee, Cdt. Nicholas. Second row: L/Cpl. White, Cdt. Tyrell, Cdt. Smith, L/Cpl. Clarke, Cdt. Schloetzer. In front: W.O.2 Brown, Sgt. Bliss. Absent: Cpl. Wilkinson, Cyl. Lounds, Cdt. Roberts.



2 PLATOON

Back row (left to right): L/Cpl. Evans, Cdt. Fox, Cdt. Chapple, Cdt. Aston, Cdt. Rogers, Cdt. Jones, Cdt. Briggs. Third row: Cdt. Roberts, Cdt. Sanna, Cpl. Pearce, Cdt. Bradby, Cdt. Blackstock, Cdt. Burke, L/Cpl. Green. Second row: Cdt. Strang, Cdt. Pyne, Cdt. Blythe, Cdt. Thompson, Cdt. Coffey, Cdt. Oleszko, Cdt. Branson, Cdt. Beard. In front: Cuo. McLaren, Sgt. Simpson. Absent: Cdt. Rod Lawerson.

CADETS: "WHAT THEY MEAN"

The first thrill in a cadet's life is in the pride of wearing his uniform. Recruits spend hours cleaning their boots, gaiters and belt, till they are practically able to use them as mirrors.

Not only does the pride extend to the cadets, but to the parents, mainly fathers who have perhaps served in one of the services sometime or other. These parents enjoy showing their sons how to clean their uniforms and conduct themselves in the proper military fashion. Most cadets enjoy trying to keep themselves, as far as possible, smarter than their fellow cadets.

Then comes the thrill of learning the Army ways, when they learn to execute drill movements reasonably well, also being taught the correct ways of handling weapons such as the rifle, LMG, OMC and the SLR.

After the first six months, the recruit feels as though he is carrying the whole cadet unit on his back and begins to think that the year has been hard. As he progresses and has to work even harder than he expected, he tends to think of his first years as "the good old days" when he didn't have any responsibility of leadership or the worry of making preparations for supposedly simple 40-minute lectures. Apart from the strain placed upon the Officers, WO2 and the rest of the NCO's, it gives the cadet distinction and pride in his ability to strive and to hold fast to his rank.

Furthermore, the cadet movement gives the individual a good background to any problems which might be forced upon him in his life ahead.

Footnote.—I would like to say "Well done" to the recruits this year who have proved themselves capable of handling bigger and better assignments in the Williams-town High School Cadet Corps.

—HOMER, VH.

CADET'S "A LA CARTE"

Firstly to quench the thirst of a Cadet Unit "A La Carte" are the Officers and W.O.2.

We start the menu with the OC and 2 I.C., or the Two Riverina Cocktails, consisting of 25% Leadership, 25% Discipline, 20% Personality, 20% Stamina, and 10% Approach to Subordinates. I am led to believe that next year will yield an increase of Two-fold (enough for a cocktail party!).

Next, we order Two Vodka Fizz (C.U.O's.). This order consists mainly of the same ingredients as the above, but with a few changes—30% of Courtesy to Higher Ranks and 30% of Rules and Regulations. Now we select Vodka Sour (W.O.2) and a Sparkler (W.O.2 or C.S.M.). This could be a bad mixture; if not careful the rest of the menu might desert before the entrees.

For a few appetizers which are sometimes used as bait, none other than our gourmet's delight—the N.C.O's., poor breathless little Oysters (regarded as the delicacies of the Unit's menu).

While the Bill is still fairly reasonable, we had better order our ENTREES. The chef's suggestions today are the grills. Ingredients needed to make up the grills are initiative, willingness to pull their weight, agility. If you haven't got these I suggest you try another dish a little easier to the digestion.

Sorry I can't go on to sweets, but as you're well aware by now only the male gender are permitted in this menu.

My compliments to the Chef and Barman for the "Spot on job" this year, and remember too many cooks spoil the broth. But how many people take broth?

—HOMER, V.H.



3 PLATOON — WINNERS OF INTER-PLATOON SHIELD

Back row (left to right): L/Cpl. Yates, Cdt. Gray, Cdt. Lawerson, Cdt. Williamson, Cdt. Jones, Cpl. Bradby. Third row: Cdt. Davis, Cdt. Blain, Cdt. Johnson, Cdt. Hartley, Cdt. Dixon, Cdt. Meacham. Second row: Cdt. Kariazakis, Cdt. Pattison, Cdt. Blunt, Cdt. Learmonth, Cdt. Cavanagh, Cdt. Connell, Cdt. Foreman. In front: Cno. Jobson, Sgt. Ward. Absent: Cpl. Murnane, Cdt. Makarewitsch, Cdt. Pickersgill.

THE SCHOOL CADET CORPS

To most of the school, "cadets" mean the funny noise of "squeaky boots" or the tromp, tromp, tromp of the platoons "square-bashing" each Thursday, but cadets really mean far more than that.

Cadets during training learn self-discipline, respect and a sense of responsibility, all very important for the forming of a sound character. The Cadet Corps develops a person's qualities of leadership and through this improves or creates self-confidence.

Most of these things are taught while the cadet is not conscious of it. Nobody can successfully give a forty-minute lecture on 'how to be confident' and achieve results, but if in training a cadet receives first-hand, practical experience in leadership, confidence follows.

To you it may seem that yelling orders at cadets parade is a waste of time (most recruits share this belief) but this instils a sense of discipline and respect in cadets.

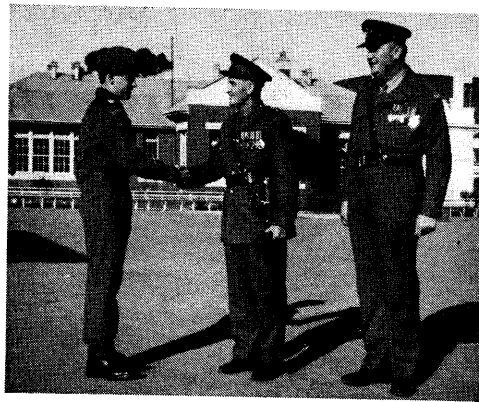
You can make up your minds about the time spent on cadets, whether worthy or wasted.

I know on which side of the fence I sit.

—I. McLAREN, VI.



Winners of Adventure Training Award Badges (from left): W.O.2 Cambieras, C.U.O. McLaren, W.O.2 Brown



C.U.O. Jobson, winner of Most Efficient C.U.O. Award, is congratulated by Colonel S. Plummer, E.D. On right: W.O. I. E. Atkins.



Colonel S. Plummer, E.D., reviews Passing Out Parade, 227th Aug., 1966, at Williamstown High School. At left: C.U.O. I. McLaren (Parade Commander); at right: Mr. Howe.



Range Day at Merritt Range — LMG Firing



Moving out for Exercise "Rat-catcher," —Camp, Aug., 1966



Bivouac, Gembrook, March 1966. Platoon Commanders



Major K. Munro, Comdr. 22 Cadet Bn., briefs on of the "enemy" during a week-end bivouac.



After Passing Out Parade (from left): Sgt. Simpson,, Cpl. Miller, W.O. 2 Brown, Sgt. Ward, Cpl. Murnane.



Church Parade, Annual Camp, Scrub Hill



Camp — 1966



Sgt. Ward "fixes" the wires.

"Saturday Afternoon, of course! It's an ideal time to write an essay entitled "Saturday Afternoon." My mind will be clear and lucid, the weather will be perfect. Every inconsequential impediment to serious work will be cleared away in the morning. By the afternoon I will have developed such a thirst for essay-writing—my brain will be sparkling with many literary gems; so many masterpieces of exoression—why, the very foolscap will swell with pride when it recognises that it has become the bearer of genius!" That's how I reasoned on Friday night.

Saturday streamed through my window, bright and smiling as promised. I felt dull and stupid. Unlike other days, this one seemed to have begun in the afternoon! The "inconsequential impediments to serious work" seemed to my half-closed eyes to have gained in consequence. Besides, from my prone position the scattered books, papers, and crumpled clothes didn't even look like inconsequential impediments. That was the language of Friday night. Junk! A room full of junk; that was how Saturday afternoon described it. Gradually a thought filtered through the fog.

Saturday afternoon! Yes, of course! Time for literary magnificence! As always when I find life's challenges too great, I searched for a book. "Selected essays by D. H. Lawrence." That looks interesting. What a clever title, "Cocksure Women and Hensure Men!" Time no longer held meaning; my mind was absorbed in the task of extracting wit and wisdom from the horizontal stacks of little black symbols. Saturday afternoon was rapidly flowing under the bridge!

"I know that voice. Oh yes, it's Bill—and driving lessons! There goes the rest of the afternoon, and I was so keen to get pen to paper, too. I must say these lessons are really very inconvenient, breaking up my Saturday afternoon like this. I had it so well-planned, too! Oh, well, the best laid plans of mice and men are apt to go astray and so on and so forth."

Snapping the little volume shut, I sallied forth to do battle with pedestrians, road rules, dogs, traffic lights and the hosts of other petty things that involve themselves in twentieth century transport. "I'm sorry, Bill, I thought it was second year!" Bill

brought it nopping to a stop like a cat hunting crickets. "You'll have to master that, you know. They'll fail you straight away if you do that during a test." I could see in my mind's eye the failure slip that would become the fourth in my collection—reason for failure 'imperfect knowledge of gears.' "Yes," I said, with a sudden burst of oratory.

That was Saturday afternoon. "There's always Monday morning before school," I thought. Somehow, Monday morning escaped in the gaps between yawns, breakfast and shaving.

"You've got a free period after modern history." The Biro raced raggedly over the foolscap. A surprising result, an introduction and a fact paragraph, but not quite enough!

A quick consultation with the timetable—English Expression, Room 21, Mr. Halloran. "I have one of the clear-thinking passages done, and I'm halfway through the essay." Ah, me! I shall just have to finish it tonight.

—TERRY WHITE, 6A.

PARENTS

Parents! Whenever this subject arises in teenage conversation there is a general consent to the classification of all parents as "hopeless cases." This is not always the case, but it is usually the case. When this agreement is made it is usually due to the lack of mutual understanding between parents and their children, and it mainly occurs during that stage of life known as adolescence. Before and after the period, there is generally not much disturbance of this relationship.

For the young person this period of adolescence is one of fear and constant distress. No one understands him, no one cares, everyone is determined to make his (or her) life a complete misery, especially parents. Teenagers are at the important step between being a child who does what he's told and an adult with privileges, responsibilities, but, above all, independence. Oh, that word! What it means to every teenager in the world! To be free from restrictions, punishments and, worst of all, the parental eye.

If only these "mixed-up" teenagers realized how fortunate they are! To have someone who cares so much for them that they continually try to do things which will make them so much happier! It may seem to these poor, down-trodden, complicated humans that whatever they do is wrong, or even if not wrong they will still suffer for it.

Every teenager should be allowed to look into the future and see that they are being moulded, at the moment, into better human beings and that everything parents do for them is a step towards making them better adults who will be ready to accept the responsibilities of independence.

What a dreadful shock for these teenagers to discover themselves suddenly, wonderfully and completely independent! What a wonderful shock! It is as if they have been living in a dream world and are hit on the head with a rock, to find themselves in the cold, hard world, full of independent people—all trying to be something better—pushing, shoving, trampling anyone in their path.

How these "underprivileged" teenagers would gladly run back to the shelter of their dependence on those stable old rocks—Parents!

—B. FOOTE, 5H.

"THE WORLD WOULD BE A DULL PLACE WITHOUT ECCENTRIC PEOPLE"

When the artist just arrived from Paris sets up his easel in Collins Street a crowd gathers, wanting to know not so much the value of his work, but why he chose such a prominent place, instead of the usual secluded nooks artists work in. He is ordered to shift, and many regard him as eccentric.

Folk singers visit Melbourne, and we are "lulled to action" by the words of their song. But they dress shabbily, and have long hair. We can't really be their friends—because 'they are a little eccentric.' They don't have routine jobs like us; they are just drifters, drifting about the world.

Even the man next door is slightly eccentric; or didn't you hear him singing at three the other morning?

What qualifications does a person need to be called eccentric? I think that people who are securely strangled in their 9 to 5 routine, with every security they need—namely, money and food—are the only real eccentrics. Folk singers and artists create and share, construct their own world and destroy boredom. No one in the world is like another person, not even identical twins, doing the same thing day in day out. We all react differently to music, and to art; we all laugh a different laughter. We are all cast in the same mould in one way—we are all people, and people laugh, sing and love one another; but the way in which we laugh, sing and love one another makes a dull, conditioned set call some of us eccentric.

An artists laughs with colour, sings with the form he creates, loves his fellows in his chosen subject. A musician laughs with trills, sings with legato passages and loves his fellows in composing his best works. But the conditioned ones, how do they laugh, and sing and love? They don't seem to, really. They just exist—eat breakfast, dinner and tea, and, in the interim, follow their routine occupation. Holidays are spent gloomily because, after holidays they must go back to their work. So the only real pleasure in life becomes buying the weekly "ticket in Tatts," and planning what to do with the glorious money.

The "eccentrics" one hears about aren't like this. There are too many "far lands" to be explored. Life seems too short to enjoy one's "eccentricity" to the full; yet this is no real worry. How dull the world would be if . . . But the world is never dull. It may break your heart, buoy your hopes and crash them again, but it is never dull—unless you are conditioned to regard anything but monotony as eccentricity.

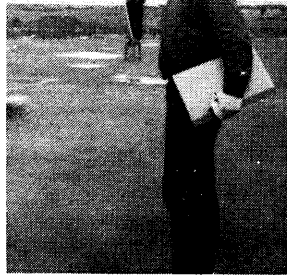
—G. A., 6A.



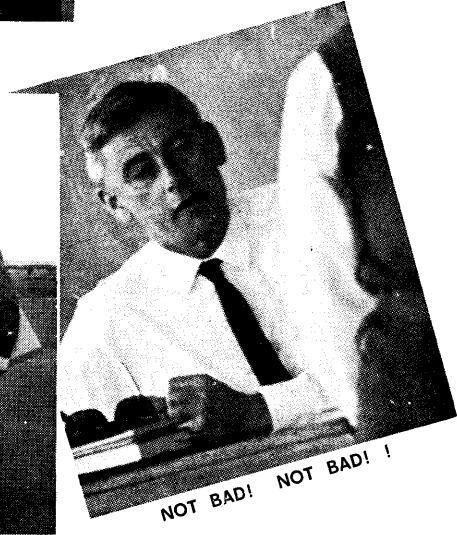
IT'S OUR CONSIDERED OPINION . . .



HM, I'VE SEEN BETTER ON WILLY BEACH!



THIS IS THE VILLAGE
FOR A SPOT !!



NOT BAD! NOT BAD! !



THEY'LL NEVER LEARN !



HAS ANYONE SEEN MY LEMONADE?



SCHOOL !!



ROMEO! ROMEO!! WHEREFORE ART THOU,
ALFA-ROMEO?



NEW TEETH? NO, NEW RINSO!

INVASION

The meteor shot across the heavens as if guided by some unseen force towards Earth. Suddenly it started to glow, brighter and brighter as it entered our atmosphere. It seemed to circle around as if to find a suitable landing spot. Then, it plummeted straight towards the ground to what seemed to be a deserted farm. The force of the impact set up a cloud of dust around it.

Gradually the dust cleared to uncover a spherical object, about the size of a Soccer ball. It appeared to be made of a metal and it glowed. There was on its surface a hairline crack in the form of a rectangle.

As time passed, this rectangle seemed to be moving out as if pushed from the inside. Suddenly there was a sound of rushing air and the rectangle fell out of the ball. A line of ant-sized creatures filed out. These creatures were very similar in build to humans and seemed to be very intelligent. When they had all filed out there were several hundred. Three of them set forth to explore the surroundings. They seemed to be in a gully with steep sides which towered upwards and a stream of water ran down the centre. As they rounded the corner it suddenly became dark and as they looked up they saw a set of pearly teeth set in a black mould, along with two glassy eyes. It was completely black and seemed to stand on thick and long legs. The first of the invading creatures held up a cylindrical rod; there was a whining sound and the Black Monster dropped dead.

It was late in the afternoon and Mrs. Smith went to look for her dog. She found him lying dead near the gully dug out to let the rain water run off. As she did so there was a whining sound and her hands went numb. As she looked around she noticed several hundred ant-sized creatures.

Mrs. Smith went inside and groped around the house for several minutes and then returned with a long cylindrical rod with a tin attached underneath. She pointed this at the creatures and pushed the plunger. The insecticide hissed out in a thin, golden cloud. One by one the creatures fell and died.

—A. KUNIGISKIS, Form 5H.

PANIC

When I panic I first notice my heart-beats quicken. Then I begin sweating and I

feel my eyes darting as if searching desperately, confusedly for a way out, an escape! I panic in the sea. Often I am lazily floating in the cool, green water, gazing at the sky when my casual thoughts drift towards the inhabitants of the sea. Sharks! My peace is shattered and I am gasping and flinging, uselessly, my once calm limbs in an effort to escape! "Escape from what? Sharks? But sharks are rare here. Still, there might be one stray shark, wandering without thought until it reaches this quiet cove and its only swimmer, me!" In what must be my fastest time, I strike out for the shore and thankfully clench the warm sand in my toes, vowing never to enter that treacherous unknown again. But I do.

I panic at other times, too. Happily, though often wearily, I return home from school, sometimes whistling, sometimes singing, when I turn a corner and find myself facing a monster! It is a monster to me! As tall as myself, paralysed as I (though not through fear as I), my neighbours' mastiff stares with glassy eyes. I stand there holding my breath, madly panicking inside, but outwardly frozen. I can feel my blood rushing furiously anywhere. My heart is like an engine gaining speed, gaining speed! But I just stand there while all this activity continues until I'm waiting, expecting myself to explode! Finally the mastiff sniffs once more, seems to shrug his enormous shoulders and strolls away disappointedly. Every day we have this stare-match. Every day I win, but only through fear. One day I'll come home with an iron bar, and that mastiff will win for once. He'll be staring forever!

Sometimes I panic in bed. The lights are out, the house is peaceful. Not peaceful; ghostly! The shadows are forming and I can't sleep. The book I want to read is on the kitchen table. But to get the book I must face those shadows! No! The covers are over my head. Now I can hear creaking. "It's only the door," I tell myself. But is it? I can see a shadow moving, creeping. The doors are locked, every one. But what about the window?" The covers are over my head again. "I'm safe! Safe!" Something's pressing the covers! Closer, closer! "Don't panic, don't panic; it's only me, Bevy," whispers Lindy, "I'm scared!"

—BEV FOOTE, 5H.

DESOLATION

The sagging buildings are blurred from her vision because of the heat waves rising from the footpath. The scorching sun beat down on her face, her arms, burning the soles of her feet. Her whole body seemed on fire. The streets, usually crowded with noisy children, dirty, ragged, were now desolate in the heat of the July sun.

She walked past a group of women, untidy and dirty, their faces showing exhaustion from the heat. Mimmi saw the look of disgust that was smeared on their faces—a look of hatred. Mimmi walked on, avoiding their stares and whispers. She held her head high. "My dress is clean, my hair is brushed," she thought proudly. She felt a desire to walk away from this gossip which desolated her world. Mimmi heard the irritating wails of the babies from the open windows. They were not used to this torment and agony of heat.

The lonely little boy on the corner spat at her as she went past. "Git out!" he said. "Ya isn't s'posed to be here."

Mimmi felt a pang of loneliness, shrivelled up. Was she, like dead flowers, bringing no gaiety into this desolate world? She walked on. The stench of the garbage in the alleyways came drifting unpleasantly on the heavy, desolate air. She walked quickly as if to outrun the sticky fingers of desolation which kept pulling her back in her world of fear and pain. Hot tears fell rolling down her cheeks. How could anything survive in this desolate atmosphere? How? she thought. The stench, the filth, the slums!

The smell of steak and hamburgers from the small restaurant came to Mimmi's nostril, sickening, unpleasant in the stifling conditions of the hot day. What urged her? What part of her body escaped from her desolation? She did not know. She pushed open the door. Several customers, already annoyed by the heat, looked at her with irritation, as if she were the cause of the heat and agony they were suffering.

The proprietor—fat, pale, was wiping beads of sweat from his forehead, his bald head wet with perspiration. When Mimmi had entered he had slowly come from behind the counter.

"Ah, you!" he said, addressing Mimmi. "Can't you read?" he said, pointing a fat, pulpy finger at the window. In capital letters were the words: "No Negroes Allowed."

She stood there silently.

Suddenly she stormed out; hot tears, once again blinded her vision. Was it her fault she was a negress? Could she have decided what colour she was to be? She was desolated in this miserable world, through no fault of her own.

No longer could she hear the cheap gossip, the nasty remarks of the slum children, she was unable to smell the garbage, the filth, or hear the cats which roamed the narrow alleys and haunted them with their wails of agony. She walked on, hatred filling her heart. She hated them! Hated them as she had never hated them before!

Her thoughts suddenly began to clear. She realized that just as the heat of the sun shrivelled up many things smaller than itself, so did hatred shrivel up things. The whitemen? Pity filled her heart; she could not hate them. She was not desolate. They lived in a world of desolation; they who did not know how to be friendly amongst themselves.

She walked on, but now she was in a dream of happiness, of joy, of love. Who knows how it happened, where or how? She had arrived at the corner. She walked on.

Before anyone knew what had happened, the little black body was lying in the centre of the traffic. On her face was a sweet smile.

Mimmi no longer feared desolation.

—M. R., 5H.

SCHOOL HIT PARADE

English—It Ain't Necessarily So.

History—Henry VIII.

Needlework—Needles and Pins.

Maths.—Multiplication.

Geography—Around the World in 80 Days.

Exams.—Shakin' All Over.

Music—Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man.

C.P.P.—Money.

Shorthand—I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter.

P.T.—Let's Twist Again.

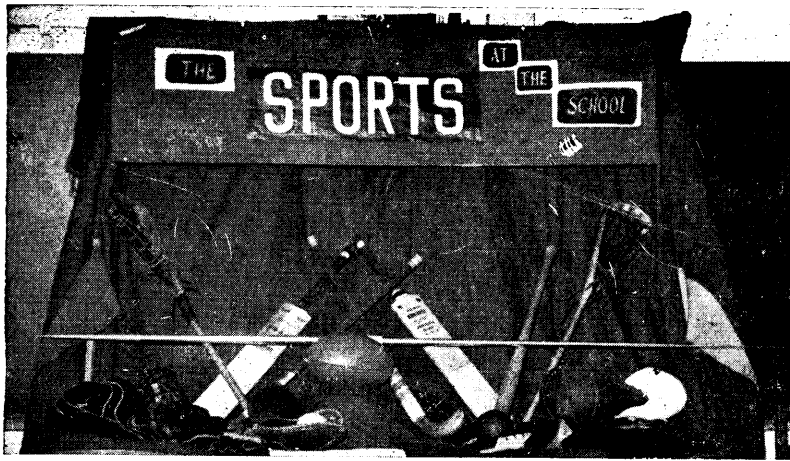
French—Sing C'est La Vie.

Sport—Hitch Hiker.

Cookery—Bits and Pieces.

Teachers—Help!

—J. T. and R. J., Form 4.



SPORTS AWARDS 1966

VOLLEYBALL:

BRUCE CARTLEDGE
GAVIN CRIDDLE

BASKETBALL:

COLIN PAINE
GEOFF. LOVEGROVE

LACROSSE:

GREG. GARNSWORTHY
RICHARD TREGEAR
PHILLIP PARKER

ATHLETICS:

JOHN HANDLEY
JIM HANDLEY
COLIN RAVENSCROFT
BILL RHODES
RON PAGE
EDWARD HORTON

TENNIS:

ROBERT BUTTERFIELD
DAVID HUTCHINSON

SQUASH:

ROBERT BUTTERFIELD

FOOTBALL:

DAL CROCKER
PAUL GRANGER
DAVID LYONS
KEN COATES
BARNEL LUCINA
BRUCE DAVIS

SWIMMING:

RICK PYNE
ROD LAWERSON

ALL-ROUND:

JOHN DALTON
PAUL GRANGER
PHILLIP PARKER
DAL CROCKER
KEN COATES
PAUL TYRRELL

ANNUAL SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

This year for the first time for many years a cross-country run was held and contested eagerly by a great number of the school. The course was approximately three gruelling miles which, after starting at the Swimming Club, ran along the Esplanade, behind the Cricket Ground, and returned the same way, ending in the area behind the Swimming Club.

The race was started by Mr. Mackenzie and he was supported enthusiastically by other members of staff. The main placings for seniors were as follow:—John Handley (D.), 1st; Jim Handley (D.), 2nd; Wayne Bridle (W.), 3rd; Warren Burke (W.), 4th; Dalwyn Crocker (W.), 5th; Robert Butterfield (K.), 6th; Ray Starr (D.), 7th.

The junior section was won after an exceptionally promising run by Colin Ravenscroft (W.), with Bill Rhodes (W.) 2nd and Ian Howard (D.) 3rd. In overall points Dingo House headed Wombat, Koala and Possum Houses.

—P. PARKER.

W.H.S. 1ST EIGHTEEN FOOTBALL TEAM



Back row: B. Hewett, W. Dunn, A. Hurst, R. Titter, A. Brown, R. Page, K. Hamilton.
Middle row: D. Crocker, M. Buckley, G. Collins, D. Lyons (vice-capt.), P. Granger (Capt.), K. Coates.
F. Arduca, R. Sorraghan, E. Horton.
Front row: W. B. Bridle, O. Tolliday, Mr. D. J. Nilson, L. Lucina, B. Presti.

W.H.S. 1ST XVIII FOOTBALL TEAM

The 1st XVIII this year, though exhibiting great talent, had only moderate success throughout the football season. Injuries to key position players and, at times, lack of concentration, proved a fatal factor for Williamstown in the more important matches.

The team was very capably led by Paul Granger, a "veteran" of four years in the Senior team. Paul's outstanding football ability is illustrated by the fact that he was a regular member of South Melbourne 2nd XVIII.

Vice-Captain David "Roy" Lyons proved himself the outstanding rover in the competition and he was ably backed up by talented Brian Dalton.

Possibly the most significant performance of the season was by Dal Crocker. After a bad early season start, the slightly-built, but nevertheless aggressive half-back

ran into top form and was never beaten. Big ruckman Ray Titter controlled the hit-outs in most matches and with increased weight Ray will undoubtedly have a big football future.

Great team spirit was generated by reliable performers in wingman "Barney" Lucina and "Chocca" Presti, and big man Ken Coates.

Great team spirit was typefied in the awe-inspiring play of these three players in the season's "big match" against Werribee, where Williamstown went down fighting, to lose by two behinds.

With young players such as Page, Arduca, Hewet, Collins and Hamilton, all returning, the 1stXVIII will no doubt enjoy greater success next season. Congratulations must be extended to Edward Horton, a prominent 1st XVIII member who made the Victorian Schoolboys' Football Team.



Back row: S. Kelly, J. Hurt, A. Morrison, R. Giles, S. Williamson.
 Middle row: T. Nascarella, N. Davis, D. Healey, P. McGregor, J. Slykhuis, B. Fitzpatrick, G. Hynes.
 Front row: K. Gerring, R. Starr (Captain), Mr. D. J. Nilson, K. Jobson (Vice-Captain), E. Horton.

SPORTS DAY

From a distance I could hear a group of boys discussing the next school cross-country run. Apparently each boy was to have a separate course between the school and his home. For my part, I was making my way to the football ground.

It did not take me long to reach my destination and it took me even less time to get changed and run on to the field.

After I had waited at least half an hour, the umpire finally turned up, amid the hoots and roars of the few boys at the ground. Another half an hour later he decided to change and serve his sentence out on the field amid a chorus of barking dogs.

These dogs outnumbered the players when the umpire bounced the ball to begin play. As the rucks leapt for the ball, agonising shrieks came from all over the field, deriving, it seems, from the applications of innocent fists to unsuspecting heads. The umpire, spinning full circle to find the boy

responsible, quickly met the turf himself when one of the biggest and roughest players on the field gave him an accidental forearm jolt. This boy then lifted him with great dignity to his feet while apologising in aggressive tones for his unfortunate clash.

The umpire, rapidly turning blue, had just started to run for dear life when a mean mongrel of a dog bit him on his retreating surface. Then a mysterious object dropped down the umpire's shirt, knocking him insensible for the moment. The object was soon claimed, however, when a procession of girls from the softball area came tearing up the field, led by a particularly ferocious female. The Light Brigade was in full pursuit when the mathematics teaching umpire realized his predicament.

The dogs now decided to stop terrorizing the male pupils and see what advantage could be taken of this terrific onslaught of vicious female characters. For several minutes, there was a terrible confusion of yap-

ping dogs and snrieking Amazons. Through the din could be heard the plaintive tones of a well-known classroom voice: "You'll regret this! Just wait until the examinations!"

Meanwhile play went on, with fifteen boys on either side being umpire and player at the same time (there were not enough players to make up two full teams). The amount of punching, elbowing and eloquent abuse would have suspended all the players for life had the umpire been even remotely observant.

One very courageous boy ventured so far as to pick the ball up. This would have spelled a quick death for him had not a passing dog very smartly grabbed the lace and taken the ball into custody. Instantly, the pup noticed his mongrel girl-friend over-

at the brawl and enthusiastically decided to join in, still holding the football in his mouth. The extra thirty-one bodies which sped after the ball immediately served their nation by taking up battle right on top of the dogs.

Then, with a tremendous solo effort, the teacher, ignoring the pandemonium, dashed towards the dressing-rooms and safety. Just as he made the doorway, a policeman accosted him and charged him with having molested innocent bystanders (not to mention dogs). The representative of the law was followed by a Rugby talent scout who had been enthralled by our teacher-umpire's final victory dash.

—JOHN HANDLEY, Form 4B.

W.H.S. SOCCER TEAM



Back row: (L. to R.) S. Kiasakasis, G. Boburka, W. Rosenio, A. Issach, J. Shearer, F. Lorient, L. Zammit, K. George, D. T. Zambasis, C. Tribonias, M. Higgins. Front Row: B. Strang, Mr. A. Forsyth, Mr. C. Bianchi, H. Hopkins (Captain).

W.H.S. JUNIOR FIRST XVIII FOOTBALL TEAM



Back row: P. McTaggart, I. Meecham, R. Lawerson, J. Bloom, W. Rhodes.
Middle row: B. Hill, G. Tzambasis, G. Beasley, Mr. D. J. Nilson, I. Grenfell, G. Watson, D. Wallace.
Front row: C. Krakos, T. Welch, B. Davis (Captain), — Meecham, P. Tyrrell.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

The School Junior Football Team followed a pattern of varied success similar to that of the 1st XVIII. Though not successful in all matches, the talent present in the team augurs well for future years.

Captain Bruce Davis played brilliantly in the centre, whilst big men in Rhodes, Lawerson, Ian Meecham and Bloom gave rovers Paul Tyrell and Geoff Watson an arm-chair ride. Both Tyrell and Watson are particularly talented footballers and with increased strength and maturity both could become prominent figures in senior football.

Other talented players were Krekos, Tzambasis, Scott and Hill. The team would like to thank Mr. Kerr and Mr. Nilson for the valuable advice given throughout the season.

House Notes

WOMBAT BOYS

Under the leadership of Dal Crocker and John Dalton, the boys in Wombat House have proved their superiority in most respects during the year.

The Choral Contest was won by one point by Wombat House, and with the Debates and Athletics to come we look to be a very strong contender for the Parker Cup. The boys' athletic team is the strongest of any house and if the girls show half our strength we will win the Athletic Sports.

From the position at time of writing, even if we are not successful in the forthcoming events, we will still have had a very profitable year.

Stop Press: Wombats filled second place behind Dingoes at the Athletic Sports.

POSSUM BOYS

Possum Boys started the year in great form, winning cricket and basketball in House matches.

The boys played an important role in winning the Inter-House swimming sports for Possums at the Beaurepaire Pool. Next on the list of successes was a promising fourth in the Choral Contest. The boys showed great determination by attending every practice? Possum House should do much better next year, with an unbiased adjudicator. Possum boys showed great promise on the athletic field, promising to improve on this year's efforts.

Possum Boys are looking forward to a year of all-round successes next year.

KOALA BOYS

After a disappointing year in 1965, the newly-elected leaders for 1966 (Barry Hewet, captain; Geoff Legg, vice-captain, and Alan Hurst, secretary) set out, with the aid of the Housemaster, Mr. O'Connor, to revive the House spirit.

Things got off to a bad start, however, with a disappointing, yet not humiliating, fourth in the inter-House swimming sports.

The overall summer sport did not produce a pleasing effort by the senior boys, but the juniors kept our hopes alive.

During the second term the situation picked up slightly, with our teams performing better than in term I. Our football team, equipped with school players like Barry Hewet, Alan Hurst, Ron Sorraghan, Frank Arduca and Owen Tolliday, handled itself admirably and filled equal second place in the competition.

The main contest in Term II is the Choral Contest, which entails a great deal of work by all associated with it. Cathy Copland bravely accepted the role of conductor and did a great job. Although we were disappointed with the result, we gained third place, close behind the winners.

A new event in the sports curriculum of this term was the cross-country run of 2½ miles(?) Those who finished the course gained a point for their House and although we had only one place-getter, in "Boots" Butterfield, we finished second overall, which showed the fighting spirit of the Koala boys.

The Third Term possibly presents the biggest inter-house contest of the year—the Athletic Sports. After Koalas performed well in the field events, there just wasn't enough talent in the track team to carry the sports off, and we finished fourth.

The boys have given everything for their House throughout the year and I would like to thank them for their co-operation. We are all waiting with keen interest the results at the end of the year.

—BARRY HEWET

DINGO BOYS

1966—the year of the Dingo! We certainly hope so. This year the House was behind Phil Parker and John Handley in our elections. We started the year well by losing last year's captain to University High School three weeks into term. But this failed to daunt the never-say-die spirit of Dingoes.

Summer—this means swimming to all spirited Dingoes. Anyway we attacked the swimming sports with great enthusiasm. After long training sessions in the usual Dingo spirit, all relay teams except only two came home winners. But this tremendous team effort could not overhaul the Possum stars and we ran a close second by 13 points.

Our cricket team, although losing two matches, came out strongly to score the highest score by any team this season in defeating Koalas. Tregear's entertaining 32 was full of surprises, especially for him. Volleyball and tennis were our two completely successful sports and other teams enjoyed their successes, too

Although Dingoes made a superb effort in the Choral Contest, Miss Tierney (the adjudicator) placed us behind Wombats by only one point. Phil Parker, the conductor, and Glenn Campbell, the pianist, turned the usual Dingo rabble into a fine singing body that was unlucky not to make it six years in a row. But we'll be back next year.

Ron Doherty was sure he could beat Ken Coates in the 440 yards and he made a fine job of it. This set the pattern by which we won the Athletic Sports by 60 points. Great efforts by Ray Starr, the Handley Twins, Paul Tyrell, Jim Shearer and many others gained many valuable points. Pre-sports training by Dingoes paid off as they won all but two events after lunch to streak ahead. Five winning relay teams out of six shows the enthusiasm of Dingoes to place red ribbons on that final Cup.

Football has not been our House's strongest point for many a day, but the match after the pleasant result of the Choral Contest—ah, that was a match to be seen! The Dingo team completely swamped Possoms with teamwork, determination and strong House spirit.

Another effort in which Dingoes did well was the Cross-Country Run. The Handley twins—John and Jim—filled top places and our great number finishing won this for us.

Well, now all the major events are over and we are getting closer to . . . well, everything. A word of thanks must go to Mr. Williams and Mr. Malakunas for their assistance; to all the other teachers connected with this mighty House, to fellow Dingoes like "Trig" for their work around Sports time, House-Assembly time, Choral Contest time, and just any time.

Furthermore, a word to misguided other Houses! When you start finding enthusiasm and House spirit, especially in both jun-

ior and senior pupils, you will be getting close to what Dingoes were many years ago. Maybe after that time you may find the Parker Cup adorned in something other than inspiring Red ribbon.

"Fight on Dingoes for ever."

—A DINGO TO THE END.

WOMBAT GIRLS NOTES

This year, rather surprisingly, Wombats are really going places; for although only coming third in the swimming sports, greatly improved house spirit within brought us home the Choral Contest.

Unfortunately, after leading all day, we finished second to Dingoes in the Athletic Sports, because of their superior strength in the relay events. But they can't keep us down for long! We beat them by no less than 205 points in the Egg Appeal.

Thanks go to house mistresses, Miss Fox, Mrs. Bennet, and Miss Dennehy, for their help and guidance during critical moments (house assemblies). Thanks also go to Bev Foote, our present and permanent (I to Gudrun Steiner, our first vice-captain, and hope!) Captain.

—"BATY" HUXTABLE

POSSUM GIRLS 1966

Our Gold Banner stands proudly, tall and strong in this year 1966, as it has in the past and as it will in the future.

What a wonderful way to start the year with the knowledge of last year's Parker Cup success. Millions of congratulations must be extended. Continue your good work, Possoms!

Our success and good luck is with us again so far this year.

Congratulations to the swimmers who participated in the Swimming Carnival. Special congratulations to Irene Vick, who continued to raise the reputation of our wonderful house. We achieved first place. Congratulations and many thanks must be extended to Lex Williams, former captain, and Mary Scordidis, former vice-captain. Unfortunately, Possoms lost both these enthusiastic supporters when they left during the year.

Not all is lost, because their fine work is being continued by Jackie Allsop, captain, and Bev. Robson, vice-captain. The former is truly a supporter, being a petite blonde—a good mascot, no doubt.

Jackie and Gail Ashford should be thanked and congratulated for the enthusiastic hard work and time they spent in conducting and accompanying Possums for the Choral Contest. Although we did not achieve the first place, we are very proud, and our spirits are still high.

Our luck we hope shall be continued in our Athletic Carnival later in the year.

Hold the banner up with your pride and support, girls! Good luck, and remember our aim is that "Large Silver Cup."

For we're the Possums,
The Possums,
We're out to get the "rep,"
Just because we've got the pep,
For we're the Possums,
The Possums,
That is the house for me!

—PROUD POSSUM

KOALA GIRLS

Once again Koala House was led by Raylee Hewet, who was ably assisted by Barbara Muster.

Our competitive year started off rather badly, but we still managed to supply the school with a Senior Girl Champion. I think we may be excused for our placing, as Koalas are not exactly in their natural environment in the water.

The Choral Contest was quite successful, apart from the fact that several of our boys were very fidgety up on the stands, thereby causing us to gain only third placing, despite our tremendous singing. Thanks must go to Cathy Copland, our conductress, who did a marvellous job, and special thanks to Lois Wilhelms, our pianist, who showed great school spirit playing for a house other than her own, namely Possums. Thanks to Cassa Oleszko for turning the pages for Lois.

Koalas, not being a particularly athletic breed, came last in the Athletic Sports, but

gained a close third in the Marching, being half a point behind the joint leaders. Congratulations to Rae McTaggart for gaining the Junior Girls' Championship.

During the summer sport period, the girls played all their sports well to win against the other houses. Not a bad sort of an effort! Thanks to Miss Foster and Mrs. Church for putting up with the noise in our Senior and Junior House Assemblies, respectively. I'm sure all Koala girls will be sorry to see Miss Foster off to Kyabram next year.

Thanks to all K O A L A S !

DINGO GIRLS

Thanks to the help of Susan Troon (vice-captain), I have managed to keep the Dingo girls in order.

We had a successful day at the Olympic Pool by topping all the girls and coming second to Possums in the final score. Credit is given not just to the winners of both girls and boys, but to all the enthusiastic competitors with real house spirit behind them. We also had representatives in the inter-school competition who did well.

In our successful house-assembly, all the girls have proved to be great talkers—this should give them an advantage when the debates come on. Best of luck!

We have just made a great start in preparing for the Choral Contest, being led by Phillip, who is doing a marvellous job. Let us hope we are able to achieve the standard of the last five years in making this the sixth consecutive win. Also keep up the high winning scores obtained in teams from weekly matches.

The main asset of all Dingoes is the determination and co-operation by each person. Keep this up and we will have the Parker Cup, which we hope to hold at the end of '66.

Keep it up, Dingoes!

W.H.S. BASKETBALL TEAM

Back (left to right): J. Legg, R. Jones, W. Rosenzweig,
T. Lloyd. Front: Mr. H. Malakunas, C. Paine, A. Kerr.
Absent: J. Lovegrove, R. James, R. Page, T. Brown.



MEN'S BASKETBALL

For the first time, Williamstown High this year fielded a basketball team in the Under 18 "B" Grade, Summer Competition, played at Albert Park Basketball Stadium on Friday nights.

This team has brought credit to the school; it has maintained its name as a school of good sportsmen and of good sportsmanship, under the leadership of Mr. Malukunas, and the precedent set by the boys who play in this competition, we hope that there has been and will be an upsurge of interest in this exciting game among the students of our school. If the facilities for this sport in the school can be improved, and the enthusiasm of staff and students lifted higher, it could easily become one of our major sports, and also a name-builder for the school. Mr. Malukunas and the boys who participate in this fast, exciting sport are looking forward to a brighter future for it at Williamstown High.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM (Boys)

- 1—Thou shalt not pull thy master's beard
- 2—Thou must attend thy training when thy master calls it.
- 3—Thou shalt not be a "Fancy Dan."
- 4—Ye shall bow three times to thy master before ye play.
- 5—Honour thy umpire and honourable opposition.
- 6—Thou must own up to having hit thy opponent, when fouled.
- 7—Thou shall deny thyself ye old pep pill before thy game.
- 8—When shooting, thou must not place thy knees in the back of thy opponent.
- 9—Thou shalt deny thyself thy cigarette before thy game.
- 10—Thou must keep the court holy by not swearing at the umpire.

—A KERR, 5C.

MEN'S BASKETBALL
THE BOYS WHO PLAY AT ALBERT PARK:

Jeff Legg: Claims he **doesn't** use hair-spray. Ambition: To be a six-foot-six pivot for Australia.

Tony ("Knobby") Brown: Wish he would stop lying on the court. Ambition: For someone other than himself to say that he was a dominating force in a game.

Ron James: "The Blond Bombshell." Ambition: To sink at least 12 baskets out of 30 shots.

Colin Paine: When did you say you turned 18? Ambition: To have basketball included as a Matriculation subject.

Trevor Lloyd: Why did you pass the ball to the opposing player? Ambition: To pass the ball to a team-mate.

Colin Matthews: Heard he broke his arm at training once. Ambition: To be more careful.

Werner Rosensweig: He wears his soccer track suit to training. Ambition: To play basketball with a Soccer ball.

Robert ("Big Owie") O'Keefe: Gives everybody an inferiority complex when they have to look up to him. Ambition: To stop hitting his head on the roof every time he jumps.

Jeff Lovegrove: Dominates the fast break. Ambition: To stop moaning and be the greatest "Fancy Dan" of all time.

Ron Page: It's OK! Ron knows the umpire. Ambition: To stay on for a whole game without any fouls.

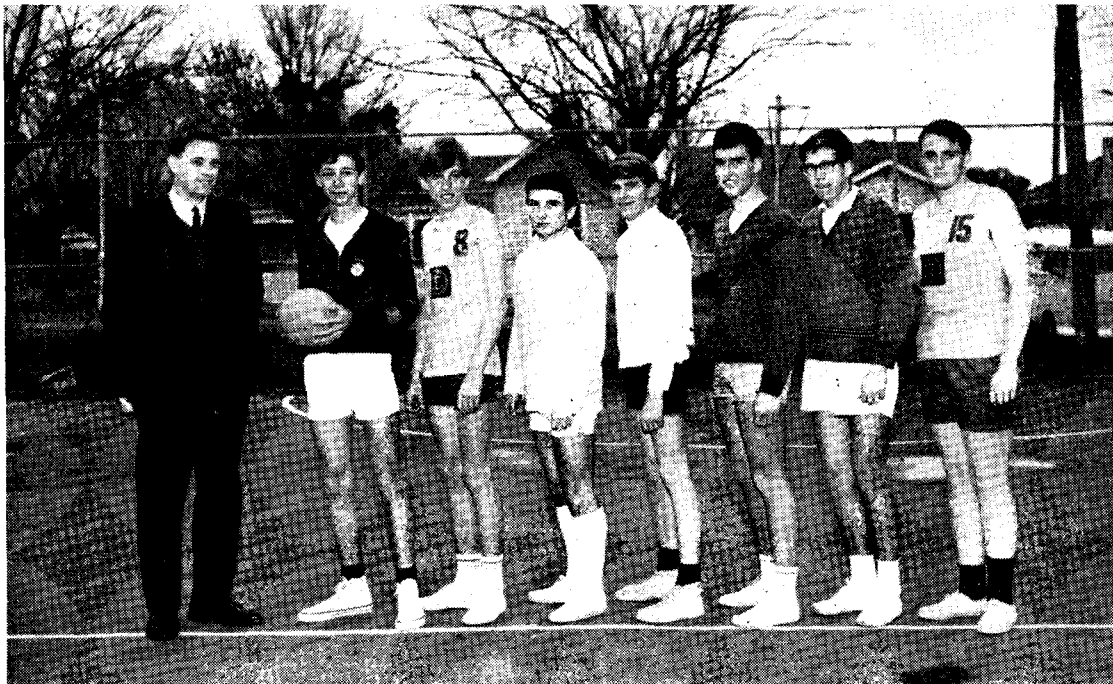
Doug. Roulston: Dominates every game? Ambition: To have a run longer than five minutes.

A. ("Fuzz") Kerr: He's the bloodthirsty one. Ambition: To know the rules.

"Mr. Mala" (Coach): Starts to pull his hair out if it's a close game and goes into a sweat. Ambition: To earn more money so he can afford to buy a razor blade in order to shave his beard off.

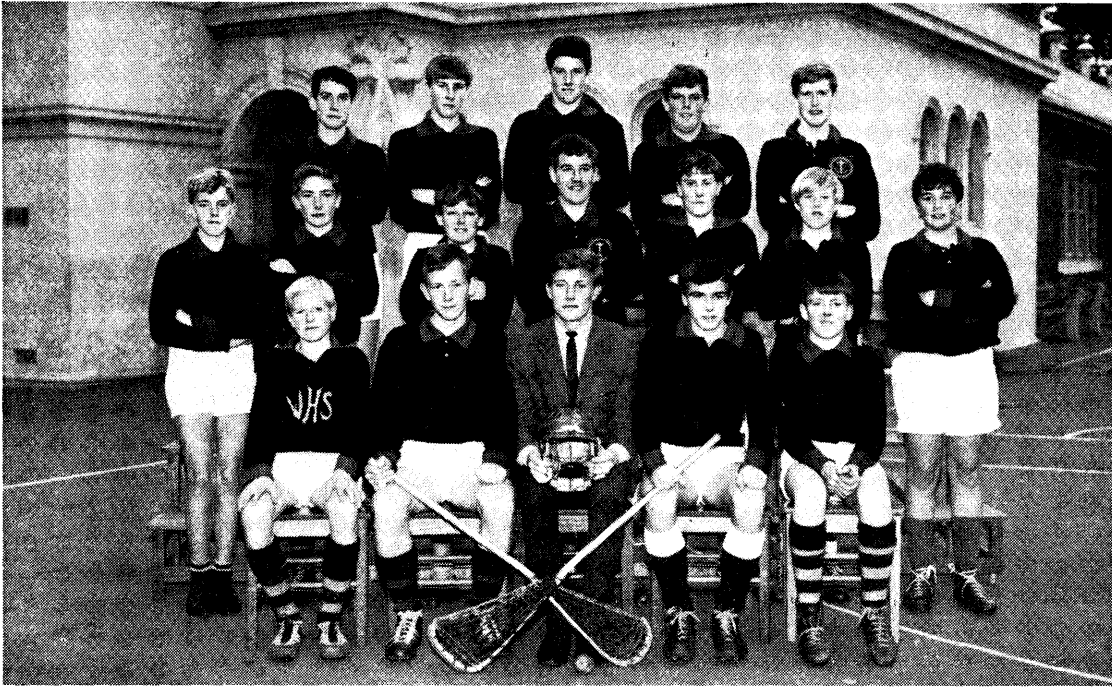
—ONE OF THEM.

W.H.S. VOLLEYBALL 1ST TEAM



Left to right: Mr. Hughes, Gavin Criddle (Capt.), Don Newgreen, Kon Crokus, Daryl Bradby, Bruce Cartledge, Ken Wilhelms, Jim Swalwell.

W.H.S. LACROSSE TEAM



Top row (left to right): D. Hewitt, W. Burke, R. O'Keefe, P. Coffey, A. Wilson.
Middle row: J. Brydon, B. Kubeic, G. Coffey, R. Lawerson, D. Gregory, I. Blythe, D. Hartley.
Front row: R. Tregear, G. Garnsworthy (Captain), Mr. Cordell, P. Parker, N. Smith.

LACROSSE 1st XIII

"Premiers 1966." This is a situation not too many school teams find themselves in. The Lacrosse team has lost but one game in ten seasons. What has happened to our illustrious Football team? I hear rumours that all our footballers are going to change to Lacrosse to try to get a taste of success!

But to get back to our "Premier" team; it consisted of thirteen players (of whom three have represented their State in the sport). There is Gus Garnsworthy, our worthy captain and Victorian representative 1964-66. It seems even when he's injured he scores goals. Then there is Phil Parker, vice-captain and Victorian representative, 1965. If it were not for his inaccuracy, opposing goalies would never keep fit. Next: "Moose" Tregear, the anchor man of the team, and our newest and most surprising forward, "Trig" Tregear, Victorian representative, 1966. He is top goal-thrower, has the biggest tally of goals in Victoria and a mouth

to go with it. That's not bad for a guy who's "been cut off at the knees."

Robert O'Keefe is the "tiny" little fellow who often plays in the centre. He will be just great when he grows. "Wocka" Burke is our star goalie, when he's not getting goals for the opposing team. Number 13 will be unlucky for him next year. Peter ("Whale") Coffey the opposing forwards find like a brick wall—hard to shift. Rod ("Muscles") Lawerson is a big boy and our opposition seemed to find it out the hard way. Bruno (let me try centre) Kubeic got some nice goals when he wasn't playing "Santa" to the goalies. Allan ("Stirrer") Roberts says things to the big fellows that even "Trig" wouldn't think of. Denis ("Junior") Burke played in goals until he left school to work. He kept "Wocka" out of a job. Denis ("Flash") Hewitt starred in the first match, scoring 3 goals, and settled down for the rest of the season.

Well, that team was undefeated, having its closest match against Melbourne High School. 14-8 was the score. Goal-scorers

for the season were: Tregear 46, Parker 39, Garnsworthy 22, Kubiec 16, and Traeger 10. This team also defeated Williamstown Technical School 16-6, resulting in W.H.S. being the top Lacrosse team in all Victorian schools.

P.S.—A certain soccer goalkeeper was seen wearing a Victorian Lacrosse guernsey on the day of the photos being taken. Well, footballers, when you decide you've had enough of aerial ping-pong, you can always turn to a decent sport.

—PIP PARKER

WILLY HIGH'S PROMISING CRICKETERS

During the late days of January a cricket competition known as the Schoolboys' Cricket Competition takes place. The teams are made up of the best junior players within the boundaries of each District cricket club. This year six boys from Williamstown High School were selected. John Dalton, in his third year with the Carlton Cricket Club team, was named captain. Phillip Parker (in his second year), Gregor (Gus) Garnsworthy, Barry Hewet, Geoff Collins and Alan Hurst were selected in the Footscray Cricket Club team. Footscray succeeded in reaching the grand-final. John Dalton also had the honour of being chosen to train for the Combined High Schools' cricket team, which plays the Combined Public Schools' cricket team in December.

W.H.S. BASEBALL TEAM



Back row: R. Weedon, R. Doherty, L. Kennedy, E. Kybartus, R. Green, H. Buchmasser.
Front: G. Thompson, J. Dalton (Captain), R. White (Vice-Captain).

W.H.S. SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



Left to right: Miss J. Entwistle, Jill Tobin, Bev. Foote, Lyn Thompson, Anne Scordidis, Judy King, Barbara Muster, Gudrun Steiner, Sandra Dorrington.

SHOULD SPORT BE COMPULSORY AT W.H.S.?

Should sport be compulsory? This is a very debatable question, which I am not going to discuss to the ends of the earth. But that isn't to say that I will write so little that you will need a magnifying glass to see it. In this I shall discuss mainly my own views and reasons for holding them.

My own view is that sport should not be compulsory, because I know that I hate anything to do with physical exercise. I am not taking myself as the average High School student—far from it. I am considered unique (or is the word "a freak?").

School is a place for learning to become citizens who will be credits to our community. It should provide basic knowledge that we need, to earn a living for ourselves and others. Now, I can't possibly imagine how hitting a ball with a stick and dashing around madly in a square can benefit us. The same applies to men kicking an overgrown egg at a group

of white poles (I think they call it football). How can this help us in later life; except perhaps to stand at a football match and throw broken bottles at the unfortunate person they call an umpire (or referee at some games). For my part, I would prefer to sit and contemplate a Maths. problem than dash around like a lunatic.

As for Health Benefits, that's a lot of hogwash. I mean, you might be a star athlete at school, but when you leave, what are you going to do? Sit in some office and grow old, fat and bald. If you're a physical wreck, you're a physical wreck. What does it matter if it's sooner or later? I'm a physical wreck now and I'm proud of it. It took me a long time to work up to a condition like this and I don't intend to chuck it away now.

So, all in all, I am against making Sport compulsory. It is a practice that I do not approve of and shall wholeheartedly launch myself into the fight against it.

—"OVERWEIGHT" (Kathleen Bicknell), 3C.

W.H.S. SENIOR SOFTBALL TEAM



Front (sitting (left to right): Ilonka Murko, B. Sallows.
Back row: Gail Craddock, Julie Steward, Sandra Whear, Linda Rees, Miss Fox, Toni Jorgenson,
Jenny Moran, Janita Hyde, D. Price, L. Powell

SPORTS DAY

Wednesday afternoon is with us again and with Wednesday afternoon comes sports day at Williamstown High. Before any sports can take place the students crowd into their House rooms for what is commonly known as House Assemblies, although I could think of other names to describe them. These assemblies are always very noisy and it takes about two hours to mark the various rolls, with the House captain shouting and everyone else shouting even louder.

The House captain generally leaves the room in a frustrated state. After this lofty official has made her graceful exit, all the female students trudge into Room 10 in order to change into sports uniform. They are packed so tightly, it is a miracle that any changing is done at all.

Leaving Room 10, badly bruised and suffering from slight concussion after the struggle to get changed, the students depart to attend the various sports grounds. The majority of students amble slowly down to Fearon Reserve to take part in active sport. When the potential Olympians finally reach the reserve, they usually find, to their delight, that someone has forgotten to bring the equipment, so while waiting for this tiresome essential, all the girls form into small groups and discuss the week-end's social whirl. By the time the equipment finally arrives, it's time to go home, so the equipment is quickly packed up and everyone rushes home—after a typical, exhausting sports day at Williamstown High.

—G. JENSEN, 4B.

W.H.S. SENIOR TENNIS TEAM



Back row (left to right): A. Brown, L. Jekabson, J. Bates, J. Skates, L. Douglas, S. Lord.
Seated: L. Butterfield, Mrs. Phipps, J. Gilbertson.

W.H.S. GIRLS' SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM



Front row (seated) (left to right): Lyndall Bellette, Lois Wilhelms, Bev. Hodge.
Back: Julie Godding, Ann Tregear, Pam Coulston, Miss Foster, Jenny Doull, Jill Anderson, Diana Thom.

SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM



Back row: M. Downie, C. Davis, C. Miller, C. Peters, L. Rhodes, J. Lawerson, J. Jorgensen.
Front row: Pat. Berry (Captain), Bev. Polson.

MATCHED AND HATCHED

Throughout the course of this year four members of the staff have announced their engagement:—

Mr. Blyth
Mr. Cordell
Mr. Trsek - Miss Evans.

Also during this year two former members of staff have a new addition to their family:—

Mrs. Crunden - a daughter.
Mr. Auckett - a son.

Congratulations all round!

HATS OFF : ~



HATS OFF TO:

JOHN HANDLEY: For taking 26 secs. off the un. 16 mile record, for winning the 880 yds. and the mile un. 16, and for gaining a place in the all-schools athletic sports.

TED HORTON: For gaining selection in the Victorian schoolboys' football team.

DALWYN CROCKER: For winning the John Howard 1st XVIII football trophy.

KEITH JOBSON: For being the most efficient cadet under-officer and for having the most efficient platoon.

BILL RHODES: For winning 6 events at the school athletic sports.

PAUL TYRELL: For winning the Victorian schoolboys' badminton singles.

PETER THATCHER-PAUL TYRELL: For winning the Victorian schoolboys badminton doubles.

COLIN RAVENSCROFT: For winning the school's cross-country run.

PAUL GRANGER: For having a successful season with the South Melbourne Reserves XVIII.

DAVID (ROY) LIONS: For being a prominent Association football player (Werribee).

GREG. GARNSWORTHY-RICHARD TREGEAR: For gaining selection in Victorian Junior Lacrosse team.

IAN McLAREN, JIM BROWN, HOMER CAMBIERAS: For gaining cadet adventure training awards.

JILL TOBIN: For winning the A. Reserve, W.D.P.S.B.A. best and fairest.

AGNES VELTEMEYER: For winning 6 events at the school athletic sports.



DON'T SAY THEY'VE
MESSED IT UP AGAIN!



CROSS-COUNTRY RUN-
NERS RUN OUT



A TURN-UP FOR THE BOOKS!



OUR TRACK-BURNING TWINS



C. RAVENSCROFT, WINNER OF CROSS-
COUNTRY RUN, JUNIOR SECTION

THE WATERFRONT AT WILLIAMSTOWN

The screeching, the grating and the everlasting rumble of the ancient dredge as it grinds its way through the thickened mud at the mouth of the Yarra announces one of several ancient vessels that have been berthed at the Williamstown docks for years. On a misty morning, with the sky half-blotted out, and the shimmering water pulsating from a small bobbing craft, the dredge has a likeness to the so-called Loch Ness Monster. With its cradles perching on top of a metal structure, it certainly looks like the serpent's scaly neck and head.

Now and then a ship's bow would break the engulfing mist, its foghorn blaring danger signals, to break the gentle, mirror-like water and send small waves breaking against the old, wooden docks. The thick, black smoke, pouring from its funnel would hang overhead, forming a second ceiling in the misty sky. On its way out of the Yarra, it passes many scallop-boats, recent additions to the sulky waterfront, and seagulls swooping down on scraps strewn over the slimey deck, with its seaweed-coated net attached to the framework at the stern.

Now and then the golden, egg-yolk sun would streak through and silhouette the idle dredges of the fleet. Shadows would stretch between docks, putting a dark mysterious cloud over the muddy water. Early fishermen can be heard cursing their outboard motors that refuse to start under the cold, miserable, salty conditions laid down by nature on a Williamstown waterfront morning. When at last the stubborn motor would give in and start, its throbbing could be heard for miles around, breaking the serene silence, normally only broken by the squawking seagulls and the screeching dredge

—N. BLACKER, 4E.

THE STRANGEST CHARACTER I HAVE

EVER MET

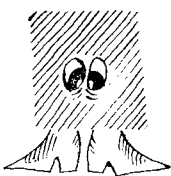
Mr. MacFee had once been a sailor on one of the last of the big sailing ships and when it was put off the run in favour of some "smoke-belching sea monster," as he put it, he retired, determined to spend the rest of his life in the service of sail.

His house inside was decorated to look like his ship; oddments and relics of the old days hung everywhere, just as a reminder that, for him at least, the sailing era was not over. When he stayed in his "ship," building models, reading of past days and reminiscing, he was content, but on days when, grudgingly he went "on shore," his personality collapsed like his dreams. As he passed the docks, failing to see the tangle of masts, spars and rigging his mind was familiar with, his eyes became dull and he looked like just another tired old man.

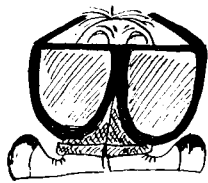
His face, although ageing, seemed like mind, to be frozen in the days of sail and the beatings from rounding the Cape were still embedded in his cheeks, and one could almost see the reflection of full-rigged ships in the dark pools of his eyes, and smell the tang of salt air his nose seemed to pick up and hear the creaks and groans of a wooden ship his ear always seemed to hear. His hands didn't feel the plaster walls of his home, only the hewn wood of his ship, and his feet only the caulked planks of decking. He almost seemed to sway to the buck and pitch of his vessel in rough sea, and when he died many thought the days of sail died with him.

—M. EVANS, IVE.

GLIMPSES OF THE STAFF



Mr. Mulakunas



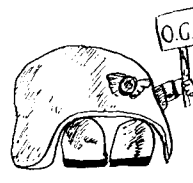
Mr. Williams



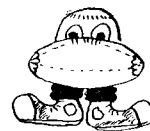
Mr. Forecast



Mr. Cordell



Mr. O'Connor



Mr. Nilson

THE MODERN TYRANNY — THE TREND-SETTERS

Tyranny, the suppression of people and ideas by arbitrary authority, has always existed. In the past, the majority of people lived under the tyranny of a king or lord, having no say in the organisation of their country or area. This tyranny was of the obvious type; the modern tyranny is more subtle, more oblique, but no less powerful. It does not force people to act against their will; it changes their will to match the tyranny.

This modern tyranny does not primarily concern government; in a democracy such as ours, the people have the right to vote (though this power may be more apparent than real), but concerns the tyranny enforced on the individual by that shadowy, almost mythical group, the fashion-makers, the trend-setters. Whether they be scientists or designers, they all have their devoted but mindless disciples.

The tyranny, camouflaged by the name of "fashion" or the "current trend" for "go-ahead people," starts in a small way among these renowned and envied trend-setters. Outsiders soon see the "trend" and copy it in a parrot-like manner, not for any intrinsic value, it may or may not possess, but because the aura of "glamour" that surrounds the trend-setters has dazzled them. Their brains are conditioned to associate "new" with "good."

Soon all manner of people have adopted the fashion in a superficial way. Their feelings of insecurity and fear of social ostracism soon forces the hesitant to weakly accept the new fashion dictum, never imagining that each decision they allow to be made for them saps some of their ability to determine their own course of action.

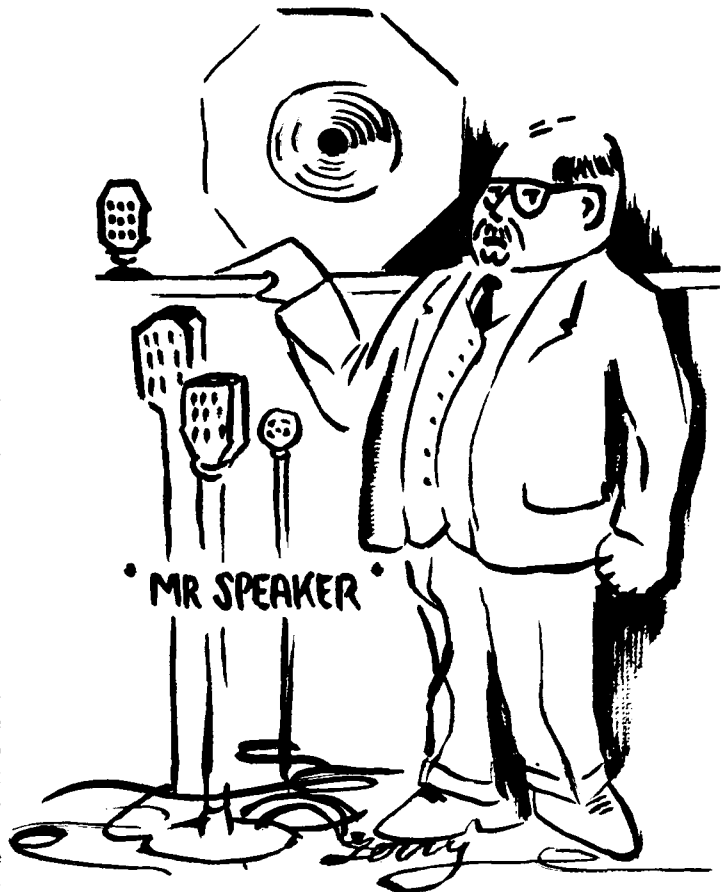
There are many who use the people's inability to resist the tyranny of fashion to further their own selfish aims. Producers of luxury goods style their products to connect with the current fashions. Witness the rash of James Bond coats, shirts, hats and accessories that are tapped up by the culpable would-be "James Bond." These people do not appeal to human strengths, but thrust vulture-like, at his weaknesses and insecurities.

It seems that fewer and fewer people are succeeding in breaking away from this mod-

ern tyranny, and those who do are soon labelled lunatics by those of the "switched-on set." These few people, because of their scarcity, obtain great fame and notoriety (depending on whether you are a "lunatic" or tyranny's slave).

This tyranny, in any of its many and at first sight unrelated forms, is, by paring away our ability and inclination to use our native intelligence on small problems, slowly crushing our ability to solve larger problems for which we cannot brainlessly follow the leader. This modern tyranny has reached an unprecedented level, more dangerous because it enslaves and cripples the mind and not the body, making the mind flabby with disuse, until the mind totally degenerates into a passive instead of a creative machine.

Footnote.—Is not attacking the trend-setting verbally but toeing their line in other respects in itself a current and real-thought destroying trend?—DONALD NEWGREEN, VI.



THE WATERFRONT AT WILLIAMSTOWN

If a Victorian person brings up the subject of Williamstown, he usually thinks of the wharves, probably the best known aspect of the city. By no means are the wharves the world's most modern; on the contrary, they are old and decayed. There can be seen only old hulks of ships, the tugs that guide all ocean-liners to Port Melbourne, fishing vessels, many cabin-cruisers and smaller vessels, and the ugliest sight of all: huge oil-tankers and the large storage facilities to accommodate the oil. Yacht clubs are brightening up the waterfront, but they cannot hope to succeed in this until all oil storages and old, derelict hulks are removed.

Since the early days of Victorian history, the Williamstown waterfront has had a grim outlook. When the convict establishments in Sydney became full, the prisoners were sent to Melbourne and they were left in the terrible conditions of rotting hulks at Williamstown. There are still relics of the convict years to be found in various buildings along the foreshore. There were, at one time, plans to make Williamstown one of the world's greatest ports, but these were abandoned when it was discovered that the water was too shallow to accommodate larger ships than the old hulks. And to make it worse, no freshwater was available nearer than ten miles away, where Melbourne now stands.

But today the dockyards at Williamstown offer employment for thousands of Victorians. Whether they work in the security of the naval dockyard, the factories of the Harbour Trust, on ships in port or in various other departments such as on the tugs or pilot boats, many men and women work various shifts here. The R.A.A.F. base at Point Cook has crash-boats stationed at Williamstown in case of any air emergency. The Williamstown Pilot Service sends many men out to the ocean in small ships to guide large liners through the treacherous Rip.

Along Williamstown's foreshore there are places for seamen to stay, such as the Mission to Seamen and many hotels.

On week-ends, fishermen come from all over Melbourne to try their luck on Nelson, Gem, Gellibrand and Ferguson Street piers.

But there are not many fish to be caught. Flathead, bream and barracouta are the most prominent.

The Williamstown waterfront is something of an eyesore, but it is also an historical relic which should be preserved at all costs.

—Graham Twist, 4B.

"NATIVE WOODNOTES WILD"

Once a year Williamstown High School is caught up in the flurry and anxiety of the famed Choral Contest.

Lunch-hour, already too short, is cut in half so that practices could be squeezed in. The faithful old Drill Hall, up to its usual standard, strained our precious voices so much that shouting produced no more than a whisper, whilst in rooms nineteen and twenty, even the slightest whisper nearly brought on deafness.

Oh! I nearly forgot! Spies! They make the atmosphere complete. Upon being told to get out, they chirp back: "Oh so and so was in our practice, so we're staying."

Finally "J" Day (Judgement Day) arrives—"I don't know my words," and "Oh-h-h, my stomach feels as if a herd of wild elephants are stamping over it!" are the general outcries.

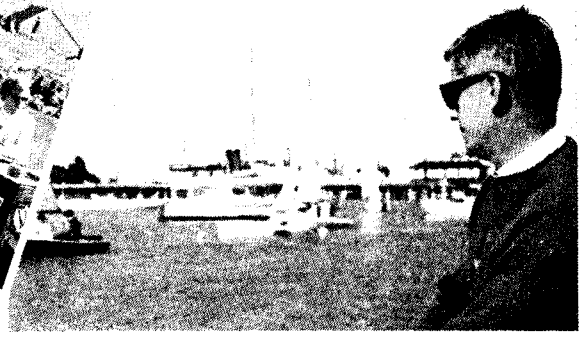
But all goes well. With words on a minute scrap of paper, knees feeling like marshmallow, the set song is sung, then the one chosen by the House. Comes the time for the beloved adjudicator (if she has chosen your particular House) to announce the results. But does she come straight out with it? Of course not! She begins by saying how well we have sung; how bad our deportment was, etc., not forgetting the whole history of how the Choral Contest came to be. Finally, fourth and third are announced. Second is made known, and the winning House (Wombats) lets out one delirious s-c-r-e-a-m, and more screams!

Poor Dingoes, they really tried, but ah, well, we were just too good for them.

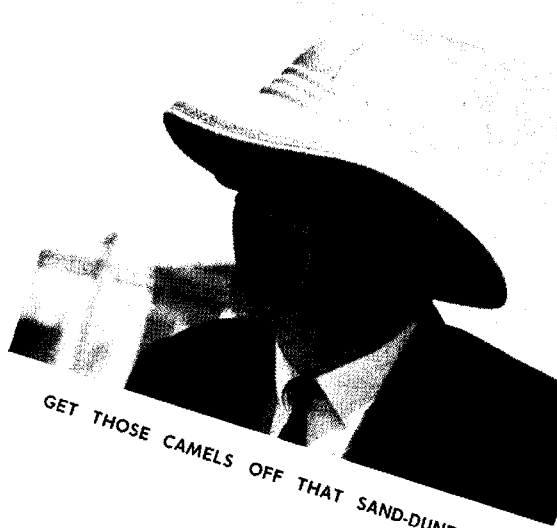
—SUE KELLY, IVB, a Jubilant Wombat



NO COMMENT!



THE COMMODORE REVIEWS THE FLEET



GET THOSE CAMELS OFF THAT SAND-DUNE



BOY, WHAT A SUCKER!

SYDNEY'S OPERA HOUSE

Sydney's Opera House is (apart from Melbourne's King Street Bridge) one of the most remarkable engineering feats in Australia.

Consider how many men would be without employment but for this wonderfully striking "blot" on Sydney's landscape.

Imagine how downcast would be the Melbournites without the Opera House to throw back in the faces of visiting Sydneysiders who make cutting statements about the picturesque, upside-down Yarra, and the wonderful workmanship of the crack in the King Street Bridge.

The Opera House has also done a great deal to keep N.S.W.'s money in the State and to draw capital from other States. Imagine how many people would throw their money away on Melbourne's "Tatts." tickets if there were no lottery for the dear old Opera House!

The Opera House also draws many tourists to Sydney. Of course there are not many world-class opera stars among the workmen, but the tourists always get a passable performance from what Italian tenors there are present.

The Opera House always provides a story for some desperate newspaper reporter who, having failed to obtain a sensational story about "the space race," rushes to the opera house to see how much the cost of building it has risen, if the architect has resigned, or how many more years it will take to be completed. He can always fill up his required columns with this interesting, although rather depressing, information.

Although it will be many years before the completion of the Opera House, I am sure that we are all looking forward to the Great Day, when the first opera, starring world-famous singers, will be held in this magnificent "monstrosity," but I am also sure that there will be tears shed by newspaper reporters, who will no longer be able to fill up their columns with reports on the Opera House; by the State Government, because it will put an end to the lotteries; by the Melbournites, who will have nothing to hold up to the Sydney people as a retort to sneers at our main tourist attractions and by the labourers working on the building who have always wanted to be opera singers, and who gave lunchtime concerts, on the stage, to all their mates.

—S. JORGENSEN, V.H.

SECONDHAND SHOP

Along the narrow street of memories,, amid the dirty passages of time, nestles a pokey secondhand shop. Back from a cobblestoned footpath, it settles itself comfortably between two cold stone walls, and shyly waits for attention. The long, dusty fingers of sunlight penetrate through its dim windows and stretch further into the dark corners, lighting the mahogany chest with a rich glow. Captured within its walls lies all the quiet glory of bygone years, and its rafters echo strangely with the forgotten clip-clop of gleaming horses passing by in the morning sun, or the pealing of Sunday bells from a distant hill.

Appearing suddenly from behind the shop comes a tiny wizened man. His skin is as tired and faded as sun-bleached parchment, but his eyes gleam brightly in the dim light, as a smile plays around the corners of his mouth and deepens the crevices of his face.

The carved monstrosities from the 18th Century leer at him discreetly from where they slump on their rickety shelves, and the old grandfather clock smiles at him in a benign sort of way as it ponderously ticks the seconds to itself. From somewhere within his shiny, black waistcoat the old man pulls out a small corn-cob pipe, and proceeds to puff contentedly, sending small rings of white smoke into the still air.

The crowded memories fall back into place like a jig-saw puzzle, and the old man's eyes begin to dim. He thinks of summer, many years ago, when the grass was green and straight and the earth rich and warm beneath his feet; when his heart and mind were young and strong, full of promise for the future.

But life is full of faded dreams, and broken promises, and, one by one, his dreams have faded and vanished as the years marched on. All that his life now has to show is a quaint, old-fashioned shop, filled with the grotesque and the beautiful, around which his memories often circulate lovingly.

—JULIE PLANT, 4B.

OVER recent years many people have agitated for a closer look at our schools and a probe into the causes of their many defaults. So a team of expert Pest Detectors was sent to a typical Australian school to discover the truth. And here is their report.

Dossier on

WILLYUMSDOOM HI SKOOL

- ★ Number of pupils enrolled: 850.
- ★ Daily Average Attendance: 125.
- ★ Number of Teachers: 4 (plus one dozen caretakers).
- ★ School Song: "They're Coming to Take Us Away."
- ★ School Motto: "Why Study When You Can Buy Brains at the Butchers?"

Upon being interviewed, Head Prefect, Rubby Butterfly commented on how smoothly the school was now being run under the influence of the Willyadoomi Police Force; and was also quoted as saying: "They have been so helpful. Why, they were even eager to start up a girls' Prefect Law Court to raise revenue for the Socials. The whole idea was a smash hit!" he said. "I have already earned twenty quid for defending the pretty senior girls (on charges they **couldn't** have been guilty of). I haven't won a case yet, but the whole procedure is so exciting, I'm sure I'll win one eventually."

The Headmaster, who was unavailable, left instructions for us to interview the senior master, who also happened to be the sergeant in the local force. He explained to us that although there is a serious teacher shortage elsewhere, Willyumsdoom was fortunate enough to have acquired the services of correspondence teachers, operating from New Guinea by pedal wireless. He remarked also that it kept the children wonderfully occupied—despite all messages being relayed in the Native Tongue.

Great emphasis has been placed on sport at Willyumsdoom. And so the original classrooms, after being stripped of desks, lights, windows doors, and other fittings, are used solely for recreational purposes.

Asked if they produced a school magazine, the students replied that they had once tried, but the attempt had to be forgotten,

after the printers had censored and refused to print it.

Unfortunately, after returning from Willyumsdoom Hi Skool, our team was sent to Royal Park by ambulance, for a six year term of convalescence.

So who said teachers don't deserve their holidays?

—JULIE HUXTABLE, V.C.

NON-CONFORMITY

Danny, the dog who tried not to be, was just a mongrel who followed my sister home. He sniffed around the yard, much as a prospective house-buyer inspects a house for sale, then decided that we were good enough for him and took over our household. He immediately became our watchdog; he barked at everyone who came to our house, especially us.

His strange hatred of anything canine first became apparent in his eating habits. His favourite food, we found, was curry. He also dug up a garden just for the onions it contained and ate all the potatoes he could beg from the table. Danny was particular about his potato; he would lick it first and, if there was not enough salt, he would look at us disapprovingly and saunter off to chase a few sparrows.

Danny was an expert at sparrow catching and his methods were cunning and tactically perfect. Sometimes he would lie, seemingly asleep, in the yard. The sparrows, seeing this, would become cheeky, flying low over his head and chirping loudly. Then, in a blurr of movement, Danny would jump, his paws slashing the air, and a sparrow, its stomach gouged by his paw, would fall, dead.

Sparrows also were the cause of Danny's other great display of anti-caninism. Some sparrows built a nest in the peach tree in the yard; Danny, driven to despair, tried to climb the tree. He didn't succeed in climbing very far, but far enough to dislodge the nest and he became a victim of a climbing mania. Anything over two feet high was worth climbing, but unfortunately Danny was not designed to climb and many efforts ended in a short fall, a winded and limping dog, who would then turn to some other un-canine activity.

—M. Evans, IVE.

UNIFORM, " A BIT OF A DRAG"

I think our school uniform at the moment is a bit of a drag; it's too dull. I think students should **want** to wear a uniform.

I also think this helps to build up an atmosphere of wanting to go to school, liking it, and actually staying on longer instead of longing for the day when you reach the school leaving age, so that you can leave the old school and the heavy, hot uniforms you had to wear.

For a summer uniform, I think girls should be able to wear a navy blue culotte skirt with a pleat in it, so that it looks like an ordinary skirt, plus a no-sleeve, wide neck, white blouse, and a maroon V neck cardigan, and navy blue slingback sandals.

For a winter uniform, I think girls should wear a navy blue double-breasted jacket and a matching navy blue cone skirt, also a white shirt and black tie, ordinary nylon stockings and black $\frac{3}{4}$ -length suede boots.

I think both uniforms would be really lovely, but would probably cost too much, even though they wouldn't cost very much more than our uniforms do now. But because our books are so expensive, I think our uniforms should be of clothes that we already have, like skirts and blouses and cardigans, but all within their limits.

Because I'm not a boy, I don't think I should comment on boys' uniforms, but I really feel they should have a different summer uniform from their winter uniform, instead of wearing the same thing all the year round.

—NON-CONFORMIST, Form III.

RETROSPECT

The mood has changed in this room, but at the moment it is stationary, rutted in a state of deep melancholy memories—this room which once changed its mood with every change of occupants.

Its capacity to change its mood has become dormant. To me this room is one of memories of my babyhood, childhood and, to a much lesser degree, my early youth. When I was very young I would sit at my mother's feet and stare into the leaping cheer of the bright orange flames reflecting from the polished black of the old open fireplace, and during my childhood would sit and talk and play with toy soldiers with my friends from across the road.

Sitting alone here now memories flow in swift succession, conjuring up pictures of people—aunts, uncles, great-aunts, grandparents and parents sitting in the fire's cosy light, laughing and talking, my father smoking, my grandfather banging the ash from his pipe into the fireplace, my grandmother crocheting, and my mother knitting while I played with a ball of wool at her feet, while chatter passed to and fro between us.

I would gaze around the room at my grandmother's many treasured things—the shining silver and the carefully dusted china displayed upon the fierce polish of the sideboards and tables, the snowy-white lace curtains and the vast number of photographs and shadows dancing upon the wall, caused by the reflecting of the fire's light from these many polished things.

The photographs were of weddings, brothers, sisters, children and their children. The loss of these people has taken from the room, first, its vitality and now almost, its life.

The shining silverware is tarnished, the china dusted and chipped, the cheer of the bright orange flame and the grate is dull and chipped, and the reflecting flames no longer make the shadows dance upon the walls; the fierce polish is long off the scratched sideboards and tables, the gay wallpaper is water-stained and dark, and the snowy whiteness of the lace curtains are now dry-brown in colour. Life has almost passed out of this room, as it has almost passed out of its aged occupant.

The room of my childhood has ceased to exist; in its place is a hollow, empty shell full of memories of times passed, never to be relived.

—ANDREW LAWRENCE, Form 4B

EXHILARATION

The sails flapped like banners in the smooth breeze, and the sun beat down on the calm, brightly-coloured decks. The salt-caked ropes dangled from the masthead and anxious crews scrambled hurriedly over their boats, making late adjustments.

This is how my Saturday afternoons came alive, for sailing is what I enjoy, find interest and excitement in most. The lifting, bitter spray of the sea and the ever-changing salt-laden winds seem together to bring exhilarating freshness into the air.

Increasing speed by more sail as you climb a wave to its peak, you suddenly drop through what seems a wide space of time, as the mountain beneath you slithers away and comes down with a splash, making you uncomfortably wet.

The heeling effect of the boat as the wind increases, the water streaming along the leeward deck and the painstaking efforts of throwing ones weight over the side are but a few of the pleasurable experiences of sailing.

This is true fun, even the burning of one's hands on the tight jib sheets, a sunburnt neck and the chilly, sometimes unwanted, but delightful feeling of swimming in deep water, after capsizing; this is a great life for the adventurous kind of person.

—TREVOR LLOYD, 4B.

SECURE AUSTRALIAN LIFE

Oh! What a happy, secure feeling it is to come home after a hard day's work at school—one can't help but work hard at school. There is such a warm, working atmosphere, especially with all the qualified staff!

I was relieved to turn into my street and find my brother welcoming me with some fine news. What news it was this day! It happened that our house had been broken into. Yes! We had had an unwelcome visitor during the day. Our lounge window had been forced open. This burglar certainly knew his job; he didn't even knock the television set over as he weaved his way through the venetian blinds.

Immediately my brother rang for the police, who, to our surprise, actually arrived at the scene of the crime. The burly fellows were certainly "hot on the trail."

Presently, after the detectives had finished their cigars and straightened their hats. they stepped out of their sleek, shining car. The solemn-looking creatures entered and surveyed the window with care. They poked all sorts of unnecessary questions at me. Then they put all the vital clues and intricate details together. Their grand solution told me nothing more than I already knew. As we waved good-bye to our friendly helpers they assured us they would do everything possible.

Later, I told my parents the exciting story, knowing quite well we'd never see our valuables again. I then realized how hard my parents had worked every day for security, only to come home and find their possessions stolen.

—CHRISTINE ALLEN, 5S

THE ADVANTAGES OF CORRECT SCHOOL UNIFORM

With correct school uniform all students are on the same level and there can't be much class distinction, as there would be if some students had badges on their hats and others didn't.

Quoting Mr. Powell, headmaster for the previous year: "Collingwood footballers would not come running onto the field in Carlton guernseys." This is an accepted thing. It is the same for schools. Part of a school uniform which looks neat and tidy is spoiled by just one thing out of place.

Also, correct school uniform gives the appearance of a neat and united school. And, a neat and united school is on the first step to becoming a well-disciplined school.

Correct school uniform also helps the individual personally, to look neat and tidy.

From the parents' point of view, all parts of the school uniform are tax deductible so it is worthwhile for their child to have correct uniform. Also, it means that their child can look the same as everybody else's without them spending extra money. That is—it avoids class distinction.

On school outings and excursions, correct school uniform would give the impression of a well-disciplined, neat and unified school, whereas incorrect uniform would give exactly the opposite effect and this is hardly going to help earn the school and its pupils a good reputation.

Lastly, correct school uniform does give the students a sense of equality, which is very important to the individual.

On the whole, I think there are many more advantages to correct uniform than disadvantages.

—A DOCILE FOURTH-FORMER

A GIRL GOES SAILING

One day last year my father decided to build a boat.

The poor car was put out in all the weather so the boat could be built in the garage.

All the family were called out to help in the cold, and there were a few moans from the younger party in the family. Everyone had a job to do. And there used to be quite a commotion, which I think would have woken up the whole neighbourhood, when the boys did not wipe the glue properly from the sides of the boat, which made dad furious.

Eventually, one by one, dad's helpers became fewer and fewer, till there was only my father and myself left.

When I brought my friends round dad would ask them if they would like to help with the boat for a while, so then I had nothing left to do but help too.

During the time the boat was being built, mum complained that no jobs were being done; that all dad's time was devoted to the boat. Even now, mum still says this.

It took about four months to build the boat. After it had been built, dad enrolled us down at The Altona Yacht Club.

The first time we went out it was quite an experience for me, as I'd never been sailing before.

I thought I must have looked quite important sailing out there in our nice shiny boat. We were sailing along in a nice calm breeze, when suddenly a strong wind blew up and caught us unexpectedly as we were going about.

The boat keeled right over and as it did so I jumped out. Thinking the water was over my head, I started to swim back to the boat. Then I realized I could stand up.

Dad had not got out of the boat in time, and his foot had become caught in the ropes and rigging. When we eventually made the shore there was a nice hot cup of coffee waiting for us.

—ANONYMOUS, Form III.

THE PLEASURES OF RISING EARLY

One of the most enjoyable experiences I ever had was when I witnessed the coming of dawn on a farm.

I woke very early and as I lay in bed listening to the occasional mooing of a cow down by the river, I decided to get up and go into the bush before breakfast. It was still very dark as I quickly dressed and slipped out of the house, unseen by all except the cat and her kittens, who were curled up in a large box by the back door. They looked at me as I passed, blinked, and then went back to sleep.

I whistled softly for my dog and together we made our way up the track towards the bush. It was getting lighter now, and the first grey streaks heralding the approach of dawn appeared on the distant horizon, over the tops of the tall gum-trees.

The grass was still wet with dew as we walked along, picking our way between the taller tussocks of razor grass. A few birds were beginning to stir and suddenly from overhead came the joyous laughter of a kookaburra. A wallaby further down the track raised his head and looked suspiciously around, then when he was satisfied nothing was amiss, went back to his early breakfast amongst the wet grass and plants.

As we ventured further into the bush, the sky became a lighter grey in colour and the dew began to fall from the leaves on the trees, making a curious sound as though it were raining very lightly over the whole of the bush. Gradually it became lighter and a yellow ball appeared on the horizon. Steadily it climbed into the sky and then, as if by magic, the darkness was gone and the sun shone through the shrouds of mist hanging over the paddocks and enveloping the whole of the bush in glorious sunlight. I had just witnessed one of Nature's miracles and felt very glad to be alive.

—RICKY SIDGWICK, IVE.

The French Revolution

THE CAST

Duke D'Orleans:
Mr. FORECAST

Paris Mobsters:
JANNE HUTCHISON (C.)
LYNETTE LISTER
LORRAINE TURNER
SANDRA BARNABY
FAY POTTER

Political Movements:

The Jacobins
GAIL ASHFORD
HELEN STURROCK
ANN BROMAGE
JUDITH STEELE

The Girondins
ROBERT BUTTERFIELD
RAYMOND MIOLA
VICTOR PISANI
CHRIS. PAPADOPOULOS

Typical of the Aristocracy:
BILL FRANCOME

Typical of the Bourgeoisie:
JOE HENDERSON

Typical of the Peasantry:
KEN McLEOD

Finance Minister:
LYNDALL BELLETTE

Marie Antoinette:
Mrs. GORMAN

Paris Mobsters:
BRUCE CARTLEDGE (C.)
JAMES BROWN
MARK LITTLER
TERRY WHITE
IAN McLAREN

Riot Movements:

The October Days
BARBARA HAAL
ANN TREGEAR
MARY JOBSON
JANIS DAWES

Storming of the Bastille
ROBERT PENTER
NEIL TRAEGER

The Salons:
CATHERINE COPLAND
TAMARA BERNOBICH
BRIGITTE BALODIS
GLENYS WEBB
GERDA LAVERN

Robespierre:
JIM SMALWELL

(October 1789—February 1799)

The continued discrepancies between the classes in the French society grew greatly and caused uprisings of discontent. Following the guidance given to them through the "Enlightened" thought of that time, the people revolted against the old feudal system of the past. The two main persons to be met were Marie Antoinette and the Duke D'Orleans.

The Revolting Matrics.—6A (February 1966—December 1966)

After six years of school, the pupils of 6A, supported by 6B, were fed-up with school. This year the form was based on the subject Modern History, thus giving us the guidance in movements against the ruthless and unscrupulous times ahead in 1966. The two main persons to be met were Mrs. Gorman and Mr. Forecast.

Marie Antoinette, at the age of 15 years, married the Dauphin—she was to become the queen of France. Her tactless interference in affairs of the state made her very unpopular. By the beginning of the Revolution her persistence in this policy had earned her the hatred of the people. Her attempts to get help from abroad failed and she was ultimately guillotined on 16th October, 1793.

Mrs. Gorman, at the age of 51 years, decided on a career—she was to become a teacher. Her insistence on homework and attendance at classes made her very unpopular. By the beginning of 1966 her persistence in this policy gained her the savage hatred of her pupils. Her attempts to get help from the Education Department failed and she was ultimately "sentenced" on 2nd February to teach 6A Modern History.

The Duke D'Orleans, as traditional pretender to the throne, set out to assume himself with the Revolution. He opened his grounds to the people and changed his name to Egalite. The Revolutionaries listened to harangues, used his gardens, and went on without him.

Mr. Forecast, Form master, opened up Room 16 to matriculation-hungry revolutionaries. He warned us of the tough competition. The revolutionaries listened to him, stormed the mid-year exams, and hope to sweep aside the last vestiges of the Ancient Regime—including him?

The majority of France's population at this time consisted of peasants. In French society during the 18th century the beasts of burden were the peasants. As a whole they were in a wretched state. While most peasants' lives depended upon the success of their crop, land rent and tax payments did not help them. They had to pay direct taxes such as the Taille, together with indirect taxes such as the Gabelle. With all these drains on the peasants' meagre earnings, they could not buy new machinery to improve their conditions. Most lived in hovels, eating a diet of little variation; the peasants were hungry for food and political recognition. If no one would liberate them,, then by sheer reason they would liberate themselves.

In 6A's society during the period of 1966, the beasts of burden were the pupils. As a whole they were in a ghastly mess. While most pupils' lives depended upon the roll of the dice, flip of a coin, and cut of the cards, limitations on these activities did not help them. The pupils had to pay unwarranted fees such as History fees, and indirect taxation such as Exam. fees. With all these drains on the pupils' honest(?) earnings they could not buy new dice or introduce new card games. Most lived in H? classrooms, consuming a diet of liquids; they were hungry for food and Sixth Form liberty. If no one would give these pupils their lunch passes, then by sheer reason they would forge them. This was often the case and led to many punishments.

The French bourgeoisie consisted of the upper and lower sections. Their role in the French Revolution was the eradication of grievances suffered under the Old Regime. Although better off than the similar classes of any other European state of the time, they were deprived of the enjoyment of the pros-

perity which they had created. The teachings of the "Enlightenment" served as a justification of the demands for action and provided a plan whereby the bourgeoisie were enabled to gain control.

The 6A bourgeoisie consisted of schemers and rogues. Their role in the Revolution was the eradication of grievances suffered under the previous years. Although better off than any other school form, they were deprived of enjoying the prosperity of their planned recreation and enjoyment (cards, dice, etc.). The teaching of the school year provided a justification of the demands for action and offered a plan whereby the bourgeoisie were enabled to seize control from the teachers.

The Aristocracy denoted heredity or recent acquisition of status, the latter regarded as inferior. City aristocrats lived a parasitic life. Gamblers and frivolous to the end and adhering to their romantic ideologies and fantasies, they drifted amidst financial political and social decay. The lower classes, downtrodden, abused and impoverished, eventually succeeded in delivering the death blow to the aristocracy through the devices of the Revolution.

The aristocracy, an incongruous minority of the student body constituting only a few of 6A grappled their way to the top, oblivious of the struggling lower stratum, many contributing to the economic crisis on the way. They finally received the death blow administered by annoyed authorities who joyously enlisted them for twelve months hard labour in the Modern History course. Many of these were to meet their doom by the guillotine later in the Revolution.

On July 14th, 1789, the Bastille was assaulted and demolished by the Paris mobs, led by the National Guards and armed artisans of St. Antoine. In panic the Garrison Guards opened fire, causing the enraged mobs to attack. Thus a slaughter followed. The aims behind these attacks were to gain possession of the many arms stored there and to rescue the many prisoners believed also to be imprisoned there. However, they only found a few prisoners.

In July, 1966, the teachers' staff room was assaulted and demolished by the pupils, led by Robert Penter and Neil Traeger. In the panic the teachers made a stupid blunder and caused the enraged mobs to attack. Then a slaughter followed. The aim behind

the attack was to rescue some pupils from the teachers' clutches. They found only a few, as many of them were now beginning to become independent of the guidance of the former despotic powers.

France's cultural life remained supreme throughout Europe, and the social and intellectual life was concentrated in Paris and Versailles. Current ideas were discussed freely in the salons; wealthy intellectuals were enabled by their incomes to open house for enlightened philosophers and to provide them with expensive wines and excellent cuisine.

School's cultural life remained inferior with the main intellectual life concentrated in Rooms 16 and 15. Current scandal was discussed freely in the salons; stealthy pseudo-intellectuals were enabled by their poverty and amiability to keep open house for enlightened pupils and to provide them with good dice (loaded) and excellent card game (marked).

Continued uprising saw the beginning of conflict in the political field.

Continued uprisings caused an eventual split and conflict between the sexes.

The Girondians were artists who had lost their way into politics, lovers of fine words and noble gestures, seekers after glory rather than truth; half play-actors and half heroes; their membership was professional and intellectual.

The males were megalomaniacs who had lost their way into school, lovers of coarse words and underhanded gestures, seekers of glory, rather than knowledge; half play-actors and half heroes; their membership was a mistake and unfortunate.

The Jacobins, drawn from the lower bourgeoisie and upper people, leagued under the banner of the Social Contract to institute the Terror, confiscate property and destroy religion. The differences which divided the Jacobins and the Girondins—who fought for control of the National Convention were mainly the result of the personal rivalries of their respective leaders. The Girondins were connected with financiers and speculators and were overthrown by the Jacobins, who were identified with the demands of the sans-culottes.

The females, mainly prefects, collaborated under the Prefect's Promise to institute, the Prefect's Court, to confiscate jewellery and destroy canteen romances. The difference

which divided the males and the females—who fought for control of the Sixth Form economics class—were mainly the result of the personal rivalries of their respective leaders. The males were connected with gamblers and cardsharps, while the females were identified with the interests of the working class. Female victory meant disgrace and death to the former superior sex.

Robespierre, a lawyer, enjoyed the reputation of being the poor man's advocate when he was elected to the Estates-General of 1789, where he sided with the Radicals. He later became the prominent Jacobin spokesman opposing the Girondins at every turn, especially on their war policy, and he was a major instrument in the Jacobin overthrow of the Girondins. He is the best known member of the Committee of Public Authority which saved the Republic of France from invasion and internal uprising. His associates lacked sympathy with his ideas. This led to his arrest and execution in July 1794. Historians have described him as incorruptible, sincere and dedicated; the Revolution's most fanatic liberal, democrat and champion of the Rights of Man.

James Swallow, a defect, had the reputation of being the poor man's parasite when he was elected to the vice-captaincy in 1766, where he sided with a bunch of stirrers. He later became the most prominent of the females' spokesmen, opposing the males at every turn, especially on their revolting principles, and he was a major instrument in the females' overthrow of the males. He is the best-known member of the yard duty squad which saved the school's dignity from filth and grubbiness. His associates(?) failed to support his unorthodox ideas and methods. This led to his conviction and expulsion at the year's end. We described him as corrupt, insincere and undedicated; a power-drunk, petty advocate of the Freedom of the Pupils.

By October 1789, an economic disaster was occurring—bread prices had risen to exceptional heights. The October days saw the gathering of women outside the Hotel de Ville, chanting for more bread. They decided to make demands direct to the King. Hearing of these actions, la Fayette, leading the National Guard, joined them to force the King to come back to Paris with them. The women were given their bread and the Guard succeeded in bringing the King back to Paris

to face the people. This was regarded as a victory to the third estate.

Gradually becoming depressed after the long hours of work and hardships in the understanding of the trends in Modern History, the females revolted. Barbara Hall and followers gathered outside Room 16 chanting for freedom. They decided to march to the Board and make their demands direct to the Department. Hearing this, the mobs joined them to bring laxer rules to the unfortunates of Room 16. The females were given their freedom and the mobs succeeded in bringing back new rules. This was regarded as a victory over the teachers. However, this was to be changed with the passing of a new bill (October Tests). Thus revolts were resumed.

The guillotine, an instrument for the purpose of decapitation, was introduced into France in April 1792. Assembled in the Palace de la Revolution, it was encircled by hags whose knitting needles clicked frantically to the roll of the drums. During the period known as the Terror, the guillotine was busiest. Louis XVI met his end under its hungry knife on January 21st, 1793, and many of the aristocracy followed him. The Girondins too, overthrown by the Jacobins, were substantially guillotined. The half-Austrian, Marie Antoinette, mounted the same scaffold. When the Terror ceased, Robespierre, once leader of the Revolution, became its ultimate victim.

The "drop-blade," an instrument for the purpose of decapitation, was introduced into 6A in April, 1966. Assembled in the ruins of Room 16, it was encircled by certain females whose caustic pens wrote libel frantically as the bell rang. During the period known as the "Economics" the drop-blade was busiest. School discipline met its end under its hungry knife in May, 1966, and many of the aristocracy (led by Bill Francome) followed them. The males, too, overthrown by the ("conchy") females were subsequently done away with. The (non-favourable) Czechoslovakian, Mrs. Gorman, mounted that same scaffold. When the Economics was finished, James Swalwell, once leader of the Revolution, became its ultimate victim.

Finance throughout France was in a pitiful state and many attempts to correct this were made by many different finance ministers, such as Necker. Swiss-born, he became

statesman of France. He wrote several works on finance matters and became the director of the Treasury. He endeavoured to make up the National Debt by economics and loans. He also wrote the *Compte desente de rai*, a fallacious account of the financial state of France. His many attempts and policies led to an even greater national deficit,, undoing all the positive works of his predecessors.

Finance of 6A, following its traditional trend, was still scarce. This year it was hoped by a new finance minister, namely, Lyndall Bellette, that this trend may be broken in 1966. However, her methods of trickery and misrepresentation led to mistrust in her and finally a stoppage in funds from the student body of 6A. Again, trying to improve the position, she collected only once a week. At first this misled the pupils, who thought that less would have to be paid. However, each day of collection an even greater sum than previously was demanded from each person. Thus funds ceased once more. Up to this time the finance ministers of 6A had little success in changing the former trends and will soon be a victim of the drop-blade.

We (the body of 6A) hope you have enjoyed reading these notes, which were belted from the form members to be so carefully planned and prepared for your amusement and enlightenment. We hope, also, that after reading these notes you will agree with us when we say:

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."

—Form 6A.

FORM 5C NOTES

Let's have a candid look at the STUDENTS of Form Vc; firstly one at their personal characteristics, and then a preview peek at their ambitions.

JOYCE BALFOUR: Accident prone—watch out for the butcher.

JENNY CARR: What a swinger!—hopes to own her own playground, some day.

PAT CROWDER: Heartbreaker—ambition, to go out.

LYN McDONALD: A W.A.A.C.(a)? —sure takes a lively interest in the C.M.F.!

ANN HAMILL: "Enamel"—wishes all painters would use it!

RAYLEE HEWET: Has herself a "Pop"—wants a lot more "Pops."

DOROTHY HUNT: A problem—no tiger in her tank!

ISMINIE KAZARA: "Frustrated frog"—own her own pond.

JULIE HUXTABLE: "They're Coming to Take Me Away,—Ambition: to wave good-bye to a conscript off to Vietman.

PAM JONES: Form Captain—Ambition: NOT to be Form Captain.

JUNE MOODY: Loves nature—still trying to pick (up) lavender.

MARGARET MORAN: Quiet but deadly—Ambition: To own a liquor licence for the canteen.

CHERYL SCOTT: "Mother's Little Helper"—ambition: to pass Asian.

SUSAN TROON: "Spoon"—ambition: to learn to use a knife and fork.

ROBYN VANDERWALKER: "Big Carl"—wants to ban runs in ladders.

CHERYL WOODSTOCK: A girl of worries—ambition: To run a personal column in the school mag.

And Memories go to popular ex-students—

HELEN WILTON: loves fruit—especially Narnas.

CHERYL CLELAND: the athletic type—loves being chased.

J. ("Alchy") LOVEGROVE: Keeps the canteen in business—Ambition: To have counter-lunch at canteen.

A. ("Knobby") BROWN: "Who wants to go to one of those silly socials?" Ambition: To be called by at least one person, "Mr. Football."

G. LADNER: Claims he painted the "Mona Lisa." Ambition: To destroy it.

J. COLLINS: Claims to know more than Mr. Nilson. Ambition: To comb his hair over his ears.

R. GILES: The devoted House Captain? Ambition: To resign.

R. JAMES: What was it. Twelve baskets out of sixty shots? Ambition: To keep his hair blond, naturally.

P. COFFEY: Where's Pete? Oh, he's home, studying. Ambition: To drain the alcohol from his face.

D. DALTON: What's in the fountain pen, Brian? Ambition: To have "two-up" introduced as an inter-house sport.

D. HEALY: He's got an apprentice working for him now. Ambition: To own a stronger pair of tin-snips.

K. HAMILTON: Seems very interested in the Fourth Form. Ambition: To play Romeo in "Romeo and Jilliet!"

P. MCGREGOR: He's very shy. But I have my doubts. Ambition: To get off that greasy kid's stuff.

R. TITTER: An appropriate name. Ambition: To stop tittering.

A. KERR: So that's your uncle on the telly. Ambition: To have a woffling competition with "Jock."

Not forgetting Mr. HENSTRIDDE, Form Teacher. Ambition: To make a unique appearance at form assembly.

Well, that's us!

—J. HUXTABLE (Girls)

T. KERR (Boys)

A LITTLE FIFTH FORM—CHEMISTRY CLASS (A FAIRY TALE)

All names used in the following story are real, so as to punish the guilty.

Once upon a time there was a little fifth form chemistry class. It was a happy little class; everyone in it did their theory and sometimes even did their prac. But this little fifth form chemistry class was also an hungry little class. You see, they ate teacher after teacher.

First their was Mr. Lannen, but he was soon devoured, and then there was Mr. (Third Form heart-throb) Cordell, but before long he also was eaten. Then bliss, a real teacher came on the scene, none other than Mr. (any girls around?). Forsyth, but soon he was gone too. Then came a little character with glasses:

He was hard and tough and wiry—just the sort that won't say die,

There was courage in his quick, impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,

And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

Now even the little fifth form chemistry class couldn't eat a man with glasses, so they got along quite well with Mr. (hooray for OZ) Price. But everyone didn't quite live happily ever after, because now the little fifth form chemistry class didn't have any teachers to eat. So one day all the little boys in the class noticed that there were also four little girls in the class. Now one of these little girls had been trying to let all the

little boys know there was a little girl in the class all along. Well, it seems that three of the boys (namely, Ron Dogherty, Eddie Kybartus and Russell Green) noticed this little girl (didn't they, Jackie Allsop?) and took it in turns running after her. But the little girl was not easily caught, so she kept flitting and the little boys kept chasing. But this is so boring, so let's get on to a more interesting subject.

There were three other little girls in this little fifth form chemistry class. One of them was a prefect, but you'd never know it by the way she acted (would you, Marian Lees?) Often you would find her talking and, what's worse, laughing with boys who always seemed to be sitting near the front (true or false, Graeme Wallace, John Dalton and Gavin Criddle?).

Now there were two more little girls in little 5th form chemistry class, but these were sensible little girls, because they know how naughty and evil and teacher-eating the little boys were. For you see these two little girls were also in the little fifth form physics class (weren't they, Annis Brown and Velia Murphy?). However, one of these little girls (no names mentioned, but it has five letters starting ANN and ending with IS) was constantly telling everyone within earshot that she was hot, whatever that means.

Now seeing that the rest of the little boys couldn't eat the chemistry teacher and there just weren't enough little girls to go around, they had to put something else on the menu. Now they tried boiled eggs but these weren't to the little boys' liking. Then finally they struck on just the thing, known to the general populace as rotten-egg gas.

Well, all these little boys seemed to enjoy eating this, because they made it so often (didn't they, Gregor Garnsworthy, Bill Dunn, Warren Burke, Gary Kirley, John Young, John Anderson . . . must I go any further?).

Now this little fifth form chemistry class wasn't without distinction, because it also had three little boys who just loved to play soldier. One of these little boys was in the C.M.F. (for those who don't know what C.M.F. means, I shall now enlighten you. It means Citizens' Mercenary Forces). Anyway, this little boy liked to tell everyone he was a sharpie, but between you and me the

short hair was strictly because of his sergeant (prove me wrong, Bill Dunn!).

The other two little boys who liked to play soldier were in the Cadet Corps. Now their specialty was arriving late after being down at the Q-Store, "fixing things up." (I'd like to know what goes on down there, Philip Pearce and Ian Miller!).

"Now what you have written about this little fifth form chemistry class hardly constitutes a fairy tale with a happy ending," you might say. Well, in reply to this, I must agree; it doesn't have a happy ending, but there again it doesn't really have a sad ending either, except for me. However, there is one compensation; this little fairy tale does have a moral, and it is this: Never join a little fifth form chemistry class if there is someone in it who is going to write a fairy tale like this.

Now there is only one thing left to tell you, and that is my name, but if I did that I would be beaten up by a lot of angry, hostile and savage little girls and boys. So, for the sake of personal safety, I must drearily sign this masterpiece of English literature:—ANONYMOUS.

FORM 5S NOTES

Our form is under the brilliant leadership of Gus Garnsworthy (Dad) and Bev. Robson (Mum). The position of form teacher was authoritively held by Mr. Lannen but, due to ill-health, he was succeeded by Mr. Collette who still holds that honourable position in Room 3.

Perhaps the best way to express 5S is through individual citations. We will venture to do this in the usual manner befitting 5S . . . gentlemen(?) before ladies(!!!).

Greg. Garnsworthy: Is lacrosse his main pastime?

George Boburka (Vice): Our great Russian(?) physicist.

Con Nicola—Tom Thumb II.

John Anderson: He doesn't appear to like Europeans, or is that the topic of conversation all the time?

Gary Kirley: The most brilliant mathematician yet produced by 5S.

John Lambriano: Where did the blackboard go?

John Young: From beatnik to (extreme) sharpie in one easy lesson . . . via the razor.
Ian Miller: We think he's in the danger orbit.

John Tennant: Long, lean "bones."

Russell Hampson: Not enough time for homework anymore. Wonder why?

Ken Wilhelms: One of the many, or maybe the first of a few.

Glen Campbell: Maestro of the piano with the Australian Boys' Choir . . . and the Dingoes (any comparison?).

Warren Burke: Wocker's best friend is his text book.

John Dalton: Jack's chief chemistry stirrer.

Chris. Agourias: His three weeks' absence **could** be explained by an unroadworthy car.

Robert Hughes: Bob is a part of the sharpies' quartet.

Ulrick Jurgens: A second part of the above quartet.

Savo Dragola: A third part of the above quartet.

Jeff. Jarrod: The final part of the above quartet.

Philip Pearce: There seem to be two or three around the school.

Gavin Criddle: Einstein's got nothing on him!

Graeme Wallace: Wally gator, the silent type.

Bill Dunn: C.M.F. type sharpie, the force being used as a holiday from school.

Russell Green, Ron Doherty, Eddie Kybartis: Triple alliance, fighting for the same cause.

Velia Murphy (Vice-Captain): The only girl shorter than Mr. Price.

Barbara Muster: Two of the trio tried.

Linda Ridell: The biggest puzzle known.

Norelle Glover: The sharpie mob demonstrator.

Annis Brown: She's hot-stuff in physics.

Marian Lees: 5S's perfect prefect . . . the only one.

Jackie Allsopp: The cause of the fighting between the triple alliance.

Janne Stephens: What attraction does the 4th form have that the 5th hasn't.

Dale Hyde: Is she hyde-ing someone behind Janne?

Gillian Lewis: Oh! for a millionaire . . . multi preferred.

Christine Allen: Annabelle's frequently late, but she is so perfect otherwise.

Bev. Robson: The . . . authoress; no other comment required.

There will be no responsibility taken for the above comments by the authors.

Here we must leave the little group, still unaware that it is the best form 5S in the 51 years of Willy High's existence (it looks more like 200 years existence).

"Now is the hour that we must say good-bye;

Next year we will be back here in Form Five."

—By THE INFORMERS.



MAD 5Hatter DISCOTHEQUE

Our Go-Go compere comes frugging in to our discotheque early in the morning, to be greeted by extreme kommotion. He sits on the Bandstand and loudly announces the coming attractions as our champion Go-Go girl Monkeys into the spotlight.

The pace begins to mount as Twinkletoes, Dame Margot Fonteyn's understudy Grand Jetes from the Shadows. Our Groop which is The Biggest and the Best in Africa, follows the Pied Piper and Wild Thing into the Teen Scene.

Sweet Pea collects admission every day with a Bang Bang on his tin. Suddenly, our compere gives his Mod Nod and everybody Go-Go's out the door.

Then our GIGGLE-EYED, GOGGLE-EYED GOO
 Greets us with a "parlez-vous . . . ?
 And our HOUND DOG sways to and fro,
 Saying, IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO
 In geography lessons you know!
 But at LONG TALL SALLY the boys make passes
 When we attend our British classes.
 Many classes have been omitted
 As WATUSI and FRUGGING are not permitted.
 And now to sport and what an act,
 We're SHAKIN' ALL OVER and that's a fact.
 So at this MIDNIGHT HOUR our dancing stops
 And we admit we're TOPS OF THE POPS.

IV/A FORM

Has 4A kept up to or bettered the standards of its predecessors? This nerve-wracking form has the following teachers under its control:—

ART: Captain Blyth. This fellow is wrapped up in the works of some long-dead ancient prehistoric animal. He delights in torturing his crew with inhuman projects. (He made us build Rome in a day!).

Mrs. Bennett: A most practical English teacher who tries to teach us about poetry or some dense play written by a pommie a few hundred years ago.

Mr. Best: A first-class geography teacher in any student's eyes.

Mr. Lannen: Come down to earth and teach maths. in maths. We'll all pass science. No worries!

Mr. Forecast: I believe he has the greatest collection of detective stories in the world. (That's how he keeps his desk clean). He cracks jokes all the students like.

Mrs. Gorman: The model female teacher for the first half year (no notes or homework, but now—homework, homework, homework, and notes, notes, notes . . .

Mr. Collett: I for one can't follow his explanations as to why something happens—why do scientific people have to speak so scientifically in science?

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN 4A's HISTORY

1. Our collection of geography teachers has widened with the coming of Mr. Best after Miss McErvale, Mrs. Wright, Mr. Wilcock. (We all prefer Mr. Best).

2. Our beloved science teacher, Mr. Jones, has gone from our midst and departed to Sunshine, we are told, and his place was aptly taken by Mr. Collett.

3. Who is our maths. teacher—Mr. Forsyth, Mr. Campbell-Burns or Mr. Lannen?

4. Mr. Badcock has removed himself from our presence and had his place taken by one Mrs. Bennett. Her task is pretty formidable.

5. Mr. Forsyth left (for good, we hope)—with our best wishes.

The names contained within have not been changed to protect any poor sucker who may have been rightfully mentioned.

Now your beloved form writer (either Boy Form Captain or Girl Form Captain—Jill Swann or John Brydon respectively) may go back into hibernation.

—Signed Form Note Writer.

4B FORM

With the accent today on Go-Go and Discotheques, we in 4B decided to turn Room 4 into HALLORAN'S Harlem.

The management of the discotheque, ANGUS MORRISON Promotions, have hired Williamstown's most appealing Go-Go dancers—MARGARET (DENISE DRYSDALE(?)) HALL, SUZY JANSEN and JENNY TYRELL. And so, our Go-Go Guys, HEPPY HOPKINS, COLIN MATHEWS and TREVOR LLOYD, all dancing experts. Morrison Productions have also a gas group—How, Why, When and Where (you've seen their ads.) of which DAVE FELLOWS is lead guitarist; GRAHAM TWIST bass, and BARRY DALE, latest heart-throb of JULIE PLANT, plays rhythm guitar. The form's best talker, RON PAGE, was chosen for Halloran's Harlem disc jockey, his assistant being JENNY TEMBY.

In a secluded corner of our disco there are LINDY MARKS and VIV AIRS, our Jazz and Folk friends. Walking around in mini skirts are GAIL JENSEN and JOSEPHINE MORELLI, selling ciggies, etc., while SUE KELLY and MAID MARION JAMES run the coffee-bar.

But don't think of starting a fight at Halloran's Harlem! Our Bonny Bouncers are ADRIAN JOLSON, who likes to throw his weight around, ALEXIS "the Russian" MAKAROV, whom you can't help bouncing off, and GARY TOLLIDAY and "SNOOK" SLYKHUIS, who can both hold their own.

PETER SAHHAR(with his wit(?) comperes the show, while ELIAS KAMBOROPOULUS (I hope it's spelt right) is the doorman. On the advertising side of it, PHILLIP NEWMAN and DOUG "the Apple" ROULSTON

Stick posters up. ANGELO ("the Spaz") XYDIAS helps tear them down.

ANDREW LAWRENCE is the disco gossip—giving him ample chance to talk about himself, again.

"MOUSEY" GERRING handles business affairs for Morrison Promotions, and has just signed up two gas new acts. The first is ROCKEY and the HANDLEY BROS. and the other is BENNY and BRONNY.

—HOW, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

4C — AMBITIONS!

Well here we are again in another year with another report, which we call "Ambitions."

CHRISTING ALKER—To be able to ride like Annie Oakley.

ROSEMARY AMBROSE—To have Mr. Becroft call her by the right name.

JILL BATES—To win a marathon talking contest.

JOYCE BERNARD—To ban choral contest practice and sport.

CHRISTINE BISKUPEK—To get her "Bliss" whatever way she can.

SUZANNE—To be able to type as fast as Mr. Becroft can talk.

PAM COULSTON—To become the tallest woman in the world.

PAT HEANY—To find out who the lunch monitors are.

ROSEMARY JAMES—To get at least one person to write something for the magazine.

LORRAINE JOHNSON—To be able to go to typing class without having to give out the books.

INEZ MONAGHAN—To listen, to find out, to tell.

JOY MURDOCK—(Form captain) "Censored."

SONKA NEKKERS—To let her hair down.

JACKY PHILLIPS—To become the chairwomen of all debates.

IRENE RICHARDS—To enjoy Saturday afternoon's recreation.

TINA SAATOFF—To win an argument with Giovanni.

IRENE SAHHAR—To lose her halo, to keep her wit. Of being an angel she wants to quit.

MARGARET SHARP—To have the biggest feet in town.

MARILYN SHEARER—To win the argument that she doesn't talk all that much.

ESTER SPALDING—To remove the yellow substance off her fingers.

JILL TOBIN—To "Phlip" if Dingoes win the Parker Cup.

LOIS VINEY—To make it up the stairs in 2 seconds flat.

LESLEY WHITTINGTON—To become the second Florence Nightingale.

RHONDA WINDER—To catch a glimpse of her eyebrows.

CATHY ADAMOWICZ—To get some strength in her golden locks so they will curl!

KEN BLISS—To enjoy more cake and less "Biskets."

GIOVANNI FALCONE—To bend steel with his bare hands.

JOHN (Bushy) HEWITT—To be able to talk his way out of any embarrassing situation, like all other 4c boys.

RODNEY LEE—To sit as close as possible to a "Winder."

GRAEME REYNOLDS—To drive Miss Foster batty by the end of the year.

WERNER (Worms) ROSENZWEIG—To join the underground.

NEVILLE SMITH—To get someone to hold the candle.

IAN THOMAS—To learn how to get into the danger orbit.

SANTO GENOVESI—To become the pep-sodent boy.

Our form teacher really should be included in this report but I don't really know which one to tell you about as we have had three. But I'm sure that the conduct of our form has nothing to do with these arrangements, nor with the fact that we are now trying out our fifth English Teacher. But that isn't so many, is it?

—ANONYMOUS.

4D FORM

Our captains are Franchick and Ilona. Our social service monitor is Ron, who tries very hard to draw every cent from these penniless students, but somehow rarely succeeds.

Our first day of the week is Monday, which naturally begins in the morning. First we have roll-call with our usual later-comer Josetty Witters. Our first periods are double Art, followed by Geography and History, which we detest. Next, at long last, lunch arrives and we feed our tummy-tum-tums. After this enormous break comes double English with our favourite teacher (Mrs. Gorman). After a slight recess comes the time to act our part as mathematicians (e.g. $1 + 3 = 5$). See, we're never wrong as we have the brains of a ———?

Then comes the end of the day, which always results in a stampede all over Mr. Best and a final charge at our lockers. Cries ring throughout the corridor: "What's for homework?" "Nothing much to worry about." "Yeah, only Arith., English, Geog. and Art."

—JOSETTY and LYN.

4E FORM

Considering tha fakt that 90 purrcent ov hour fourm is Orstraylien it is undastandible that the mayn foun ov langwidg wee ewes is STRYNE.

Orlthow wee hav kwite a fu brite sparcs sutch as 'Ilga-ducks ov fourth fourm term won), Fred natchural brayn att Sigh-ence), Ian H. (tha won hoo gets a hundrid purrcent 4 Maths.), and Lyn, mowst ov us re just av-ridge pewpils.

I marst admitt we rn't arlways ko-operative inn clars butt wot can u x-pect jewring this tyme ov edewkshon crises and lak ov teechas which un4tuneately weev overcum now.

At sum tymes tha fu teechas that we doo hav offen seam funnie (ha-ha and kweer). An owtsida kan eesy reckanizw ow teeches az thay pozess thez karactaristik (awe pet saeings).

INGLISH (Mr. Halloran): Har-har, verrie funnie! Won dae weel all dy larfing.

GEOGRAPHY: (Mr. L. Hughes): Sum peepil just downt apreshiate good jowkes.

HISTORY (Miss Foster): 4 tha larst tyme put it awae and sitt thear an lisen!

FRENCH (Mr. Forecast): I think weel hav tha gurls on 1 syde an boyz on thee uth-er a tha room knot seets, PLEASE.

MATHS. (Mr. Forsyth): Cann yoo doo it now, lyn?

(Mr. Lannin): Shawley sum won needs sum help—yare not all purrfict.

SCIENCE (Mr. Henstridge): Cum on, shawley sum won nos; doo yoo Fred? Lyn? Ilga? Ian? Sum won!

ART (Mrs. Phipps): I howpe yoo still remeba yoo r still inn fourm 4 pewpils, not fourm won.

Onn tha hole orl ov ow teechas liv threw ow class and genrally enjoy them. Despyt ow fu folts whear just lyk the av-ridge Willyamstown Hy Skool Kids.

OUR FORM 2D

We know the way we are going to speak about our form might seem strange to you,, but the teachers who teach us and other kids too will know exactly what form we are referring to.

The way some "kids" in our form behave is . . . well, we have sympathy for them. Our form teacher is probably fed up to the teeth with us and poor Mrs. Laszlo—there she is, standing in front of the class trying her hardest to teach us just a little about music, and we pocr devils don't appreciate it. We sit there, going our own ways, some thinking of anything but music. Kids like that who couldn't be bothered listening should not be present at this worthy institution.

Then Miss Evans! She tries too, but again we stupid asses don't listen. Sometimes, after having spent up to half a period standing, the asses finally realize that silence is wanted before we can learn.

Our English teacher has given up all hopes of teaching us. Miss Entwisle is a reasonably good teacher and can not see why she is punished with a rotten form like ours. She does what Miss Evans does, making us have an enjoyable standing-up time.

Our Art teacher is fine, but half the kids of this stupid form don't care for art and perhaps that's why they object to him. We go on about just how slightly above our heads art is, but even so, it's still fun.

Every teacher we have is trying to get through to us that he or she is trying to teach us for our own good, but usually fails!

We sincerely hope that our honourable teachers have an understanding spot in their hearts for us . . . it's tough on us too, you know!

Miss Malakunas: "In the corner!"

Mr. Bianchi: "Page 110, set A.B.C."

Mr. Nilson: "Don't stand up; I'm not prince Charles!"

Mr. Blyth: "Shut up!"

Oh well, we've brainwashed ourselves enough now, so we'll have to sign off.

—S.C.H.R.A.M.

FORM IA

We have thirty-six pupils in Form IA who usually try to work hard at everything and are capable of keeping the teachers under control. Our form captains are: Leigh Dunstan (Horsy) and Lidia Ivaneev (Ivanhoe). Our vices are Michael Grimmett (Grimmy) and Wendy McDonald (Farmer).

Miss Entwisle, our form teacher, also has a nickname. It is Twisle. We have a swimming star in our form, in Stephen Ironside. Alan Shears is the brain of our form. All the teachers say we're the best form out of the five form ones.

The inter-form basketball matches will naturally be won by Form IA, especially with Miss Entwisle to coach us. The presence of English migrants is rapidly increasing in our form.

The incident of Ulrich Goetz breaking a chair after sitting on it one day was quite hilarious, as was the incident of a boy chasing a girl around the room during a Geography lesson. Our social service monitor is Ulrich, who does a very good job trying to get money out of us (without much success).

All in all, we are a happy form, with someone always cracking jokes and making fun.

—"FARMER" WENDY McDONALD

FORM IB

Our form is 1.B. Perhaps we're not the best, but we're okay. Our form teacher is Mr. Cordell, with Sula and Paul as captains. The vice-captains are Margaret and George. Our social service monitor is Wanda.

Our form room is No. 10 and is okay, except for the fact that there are no pictures, maps or flowers on the walls or shelves. Paul plays up a bit, especially during Music and French. George shows off a bit and thinks he is wonderful. He is quick to make comments about other people.

The boys play up more than the girls. Sula is a good form captain, but has little sense of humour. Margaret is quiet and enjoys a joke at times. During French Wanda can hardly control her giggling. Mrs. Jefkins gets really frustrated with her. The girls can be very good, but at times they get a fit of "playing up on the teachers." (Bad luck, teachers). The majority of the class dislike maths. more than any other subject we have.

I find that most of the form is ready to stand up for W.H.S. if anyone at school says they like another school better.

—CHERYL FLIGHT

FORM 1C

A troublesome form is 1C
The teachers will all agree;
We're never in trouble
Unless it is double,
From the following story you'll see.

1C is a talkative form. Most of the teachers have the wrong impression because our behaviour is not satisfactory. Even our form teacher, Mr. Blyth (Captain Bligh) becomes annoyed with us, but most of the time he is good fun. 1C gave Miss Evans a casserole dish for her engagement. Congrats, Mr. Trsek!

A few people in 1C did well in the swimming sports this year and Ian Owen won the Junior Girl Championship. Our Social Service is quite good (???) but could be improved.

Many thanks to all our teachers for their efforts from 1C's 19 quiet girls and 15 noisy boys.

Form Captains: Leonne and Doug.
Vice-Captains: Joan and John.

1E — LEST WE FORGET

Form Teacher: Mrs. Laszlo.

Form Captains: Rae and Paul.

Vice-Captains: Alison and Malcolm.

We are the indestructible Form 1E. You will locate us every morning spreading our angelic voices through Room 22 (our form room—Yuk!). Among the 32 in our form we have 14 clowns (boys) and 18 beauties (girls). We are very sad, as we lost one of our pals who went to England early this year (Kaye, who was vice-captain). Furthermore, Barbara, whom most of us have not seen, has not even turned up.

All of our teachers seem to have a favourite saying:—

Mrs. Laszlo: "You're the best form of all."

Mrs. Phipps: "Nobody into the store-room."

Mrs. Gilbert: "She-hhh-hh!"

Mrs. Church: "The back two machines work!"

Mrs. Jeffkins: "Copy and translate lesson II."

Miss Evans: "When I was a girl . . ."

Miss Entwistle: "Meet me on the basketball court."

ID DRESSMAKERS' REPORT

The classroom of ID is better known by all pupils and teachers as the sewing room, but don't let this mislead you. We are not all going to be dressmakers when we leave school(?).

The various envelopes and form lists are retrieved from the main office by our faithful form captains, Janette and Cleo. Our form teacher is that industrious man, Mr. Bianchi who, with his high-pitched voice and good advice, puts us on the right track.

The activities of form ID are limited to a roll-call every morning and to finishing off homework. Another activity in our form room which must not be forgotten, is the rattling of the social service tin carried out every morning by Evelyn.

Mr. Bianchi's opinion: 'I am very proud of ID and their behaviour.' We are considered brilliant—in a dressmaker's sort of way.

