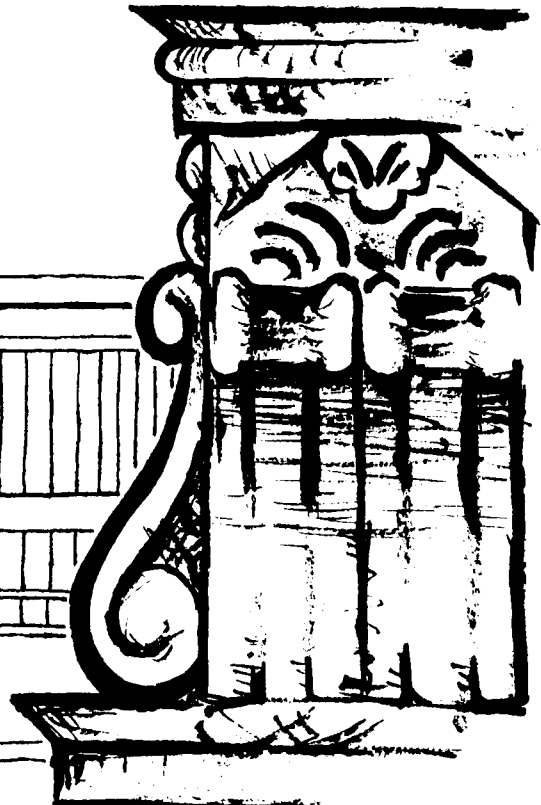
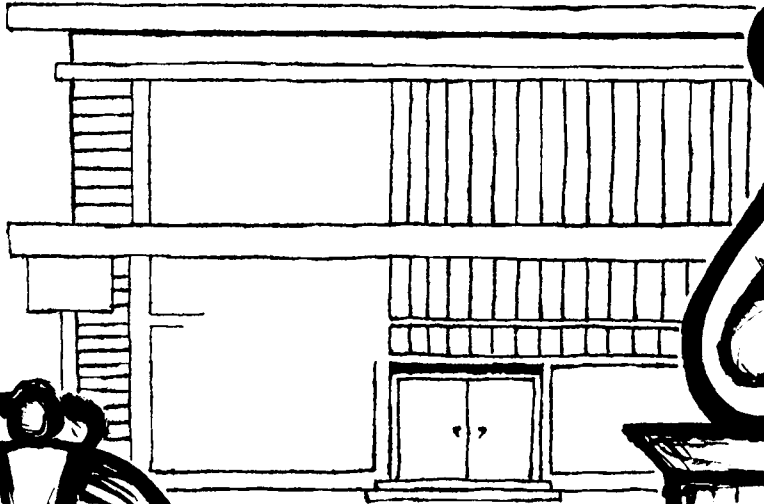
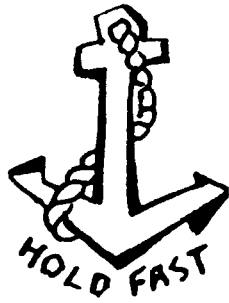




1967



HIGH TIDE



EDITORIAL

A friend told me this story: while travelling in a bus through the countryside, she was distracted from the fields and meadows by a solitary building. It was not the building itself which caught her eye, but the two stained-glass windows. The sun had accentuated the unusual mingling and design of the wine, red, and velvet-blue colours.

Although she was stunned by this sudden observation, the bus quickly passed on before she could fully absorb its meaning for her. As soon as the building had been left behind, my friend thought she would forget those windows with the rainbow of colours which the sun's rays had created. This was not to be, for the following scenery was not sufficiently awe-inspiring to remove the deeply religious feeling which the windows of the church—for it could only be a church—had aroused in her. She found her thoughts wandering back to the church and its windows. Finally, unable to suppress her feelings, she returned to the church.

Ascending the steps, and turning into the archway, she heard a voice call, "Can I help you?" As she almost staggered away from the so-thought church, all her holy thoughts were shattered, she had witnessed a motor-bicycle try-out inside. It was nothing more than a motor-bicycle factory.

Now let me tell you about this: although a lot of thought and preparation may go into building up expectations, it does not necessarily mean that we can be successful. Ian McLaren has, as you can see from the cover of our Magazine, put a lot of thought and preparation in to the making of it. The material, or rather the quality of the material inside, leaves more to be desired. It must be emphasized over and over again that, no matter how good or how bad a Magazine Committee may be, it cannot function properly without the aid and interest of the school.

However, no school magazine is bad: last-year students will retain some memories; present-day students will know how to make a more interesting and more improved magazine for the next year. Our thanks go to Mrs. Jones for the way she handled the sudden responsibilities which were placed on her. Our deep sorrow in the death of Mr. MacKenzie may have contributed to the poorer quality of this magazine—but does not excuse it. Best wishes for success in the future to those who leave Williamstown High, and to all, Hold Fast to what you believe in.

Ria Scheppers

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE:

Editor: Mrs. Jones

Sub-Editors Ria Scheppers, Ian McLaren

Senior Members: Julie Bell, Marian Lees, Ann Hamill, Jenny Gilbertson, Alex Makarov, Gavin Criddle.

Typiste: Bev. Foote

Junior Members: Julie Crocket, Adrienne McBain, Jennifer Yardley, Stuart Patterson, Peter Black.

OUR LEADERS 1967

Headmaster:	Mr. F. W. HOWE, B.A., B.Ed.																																						
Senior Master:	Mr. A. M. Badcock, B.A., M.Ed., M.A.C.E.																																						
Senior Mistress:	Miss M. M. Charnock, Com. Teachers Diploma (Scotland)																																						
Boys' Master:	Mr. A. R. Fraser, B.A., B.Ed.																																						
ADVISORY COUNCIL:	Mr. F. W. Howe (Secretary), Mr. J. C. Coe (President), Cr. L. A. Parker (Treasurer), Mrs. M. A. Colley, Mrs. G. H. Taylor, Mr. E. H. Richards, Mr. J. A. Criddle, Mr. F. G. Dearing, J.P., Cr. L. E. Burgoyne, Mr. J. T. Gray, Mr. W. L. Floyd, M.L.A. Mr. B. McAllister, Mr. T. J. Dunstone, District Inspector.																																						
STAFF:	<table> <tr> <td>Mr. R. L. Lamble, B.A., T.P.T.C.</td><td>Mr. N. A. Butterfield, 9 Uni. Subs.</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. B. A. Halloran, B.A., Dip.Ed.</td><td>Mr. A. Macys, 4th year Dip. Chem. (R.M.I.T.)</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. H. W. Forecast, B.A., B.Sc., B.Ed.</td><td>Mr. T. R. Purves, Pending one Subject A.A.S.A.</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. C. S. Bullen, Trade Certs.</td><td>Mr. P. D. McArthur, 6 B.Sc. Subs. (Pure III, Chem. I, Phys. I).</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. C. Nicholls, T.P.T.C., 11 Com. Subjects</td><td>Mr. R. P. Tandberg, 3 years Dip. Art (R.M.I.T.)</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. D. R. Henstridge, T.S.T.C., Pending 3 Uni. Subjects</td><td>Mrs. J. M. Corbett, Cert. Art (Eq.), A.C.T.T.</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. L. F. Hughes, B.A., B.Ed.</td><td>Miss M. E. Lynch, T.P.T.C., 4 Uni. Subjects</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. J. Becroft, B.Com., Dip.Ed.</td><td>Mrs. K. Jones, B.A., Dip.Ed.</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. C. R. Lewis, T.S.T.C., 6 Uni. Subjects</td><td>Miss D. Gunn, T.S.T.C., 4 University Subjects</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. J. E. O'Connor, P.T.C. (W.A.)</td><td>Miss J. A. Fox, T.S.T.C., Dom. Sci.</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. H. S. Malakunas, T.P.T.C., 2 Uni Subjects</td><td>Miss S. E. Dennehy, B.Com. Dip.Ed.</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. D. G. Collett, T.S.T.C., 7 Science Subjects</td><td>Mrs. B. H. Gilbert, Public Library Course</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. A. G. Blyth, T.S.T.C. (A.&C.)</td><td>Mr. F. M. Jeffkins, Litt. Phil. Dra. (Amsterdam)</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. D. J. Nilson, Pending Dip. Phys. Ed. & T.S.T.C.</td><td>Mrs. C. Trsek, Cert. of Ed. Uni. Tas.</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. R. F. Howe, B.Sc., T.S.T.C.</td><td>Mrs. H. T. Laszlo, Dip. of Ed. (Music) Austria.</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. K. Trsek, 7 Uni Sub. (Law)</td><td>Mrs. J. Church, Trade Certs (London)</td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. C. Bianchi, Dip. Educ. (Italy)</td><td></td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. A. N. Best, 8 years Theol. 3 years Philos. (Seminary)</td><td></td></tr> <tr> <td>Mr. R. E. Cordell, 1 Uni Subs. (Science)</td><td></td></tr> </table>	Mr. R. L. Lamble, B.A., T.P.T.C.	Mr. N. A. Butterfield, 9 Uni. Subs.	Mr. B. A. Halloran, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. A. Macys, 4th year Dip. Chem. (R.M.I.T.)	Mr. H. W. Forecast, B.A., B.Sc., B.Ed.	Mr. T. R. Purves, Pending one Subject A.A.S.A.	Mr. C. S. Bullen, Trade Certs.	Mr. P. D. McArthur, 6 B.Sc. Subs. (Pure III, Chem. I, Phys. I).	Mr. C. Nicholls, T.P.T.C., 11 Com. Subjects	Mr. R. P. Tandberg, 3 years Dip. Art (R.M.I.T.)	Mr. D. R. Henstridge, T.S.T.C., Pending 3 Uni. Subjects	Mrs. J. M. Corbett, Cert. Art (Eq.), A.C.T.T.	Mr. L. F. Hughes, B.A., B.Ed.	Miss M. E. Lynch, T.P.T.C., 4 Uni. Subjects	Mr. J. Becroft, B.Com., Dip.Ed.	Mrs. K. Jones, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. C. R. Lewis, T.S.T.C., 6 Uni. Subjects	Miss D. Gunn, T.S.T.C., 4 University Subjects	Mr. J. E. O'Connor, P.T.C. (W.A.)	Miss J. A. Fox, T.S.T.C., Dom. Sci.	Mr. H. S. Malakunas, T.P.T.C., 2 Uni Subjects	Miss S. E. Dennehy, B.Com. Dip.Ed.	Mr. D. G. Collett, T.S.T.C., 7 Science Subjects	Mrs. B. H. Gilbert, Public Library Course	Mr. A. G. Blyth, T.S.T.C. (A.&C.)	Mr. F. M. Jeffkins, Litt. Phil. Dra. (Amsterdam)	Mr. D. J. Nilson, Pending Dip. Phys. Ed. & T.S.T.C.	Mrs. C. Trsek, Cert. of Ed. Uni. Tas.	Mr. R. F. Howe, B.Sc., T.S.T.C.	Mrs. H. T. Laszlo, Dip. of Ed. (Music) Austria.	Mr. K. Trsek, 7 Uni Sub. (Law)	Mrs. J. Church, Trade Certs (London)	Mr. C. Bianchi, Dip. Educ. (Italy)		Mr. A. N. Best, 8 years Theol. 3 years Philos. (Seminary)		Mr. R. E. Cordell, 1 Uni Subs. (Science)	
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PREFECTS:	<p>BOYS: Barry Hewet (Head Prefect), Glenn Campbell (Deputy Head), Luciano Lucina, Ron Sorraghan, Jeff Collins, Noel Davis, Gavin Hynes, Ian McLaren, Phillip Parker, William Sims, Ray Titter, Geoffrey Legg.</p> <p>GIRLS: Sandra Whear (Head Prefect), Beverley Foote, (Deputy Head), Jenny Gilbertson, Marian Lees, Ria Scheppers, Christine Allen, Brigitte Balodis, Marianne Goetz, Anna Hatzimanolis, Julie Huxtable, Maria Romita, Lynette Thompson</p>																																						
HOUSE CAPTAINS:	<p>DINGO: Boy House Captain: John Handley; Vice: Ron Page; Girl House Captain: Jill Tobin; Vice: Jill Swann.</p> <p>KOALA: Boy House Captain: Angus Morrison; Vice: Rodney Lee. Girl House Captain: Barbara Muster; Vice: Jill Bates.</p> <p>POSSUM: Boy House Captain: Noel Davis; Vice: John East. Girl House Captain: Ann Hamill; Vice: Debbie Starbuck.</p> <p>WOMBAT: Boy House Captain: Keith Hamilton; Vice: Adrian Jobson. Girl House Captain: Ilga Balodis; Vice: Lyn Douglas.</p>																																						



The Headmaster's Page

As I write these few lines for "High Tide", it is most gratifying to know that the long-awaited new building is scheduled to be completed in December.

This fine new wing will end the use of the unsatisfactory halls used as classrooms at the drill hall site.

Although buildings of themselves do not make a good school, up-to-date facilities make conditions of work much more pleasant both for students and staff.

It is to be hoped that the improved physical conditions which we shall enjoy when the new wing is occupied, will engender greater pride in the school, improve morale, and deepen school spirit.

In my remarks this year, I would be most remiss indeed if I failed to pay tribute to the late Mr. K. S. MacKenzie, whose warm interest in those he taught evoked respect, admiration and affection.

The cultivation of humanitarianism, which expresses itself in compassion for the sick, the destitute, and the under-privileged, has a place in any sound educational system and is, of course, the responsibility of all who are fortunate enough to live in an affluent society.

On the debit side, however, one facet of school activity, which gives cause for concern, is the lack of enthusiasm and moral support by many students on occasions such as inter-house or inter-school athletics.

Far too many students seem to regard such functions as divorced from the normal life of the school and absent themselves from attendance.

There is more need here for parental appreciation of the place of these events in the corporate life of the school and, equally, reinforcement of the school's insistence that attendance is obligatory.

Finally, it is fitting that I should conclude by conveying my deep appreciation to the staff, student leaders, and parent bodies for their loyal support throughout the year.

To all I convey very sincere seasonal greetings and express a special wish that good fortune may attend those students who will not return to the classroom in the New Year.

F. HOWE

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

The School Council expresses their sincere appreciation to the Head Master, the Senior Master, the Senior Mistress and the members of the School Staff for their loyal and devoted service to the School during another year.

For some years we have been talking to the members of the School and to others—Officials of the Department—of the days when the new School building would become a fact. Long procrastination has become tiring!

These days are now gone and we see in the School grounds the impressive buildings, solid and concrete in appearance, giving hope of comfortable hours spent in classroom work, and without a doubt making it easier to take.

The completion of the building—now running to schedule—will be available for use at the commencement of the New Year. It is good to know that much of the dingy classroom days are past. New furnishings, air conditioning and modern appointments will be appreciated and enjoyed by students.

Some time in the New Year—that will be a great day in the school's history —the new building will be opened, when every student and every ex-student will be welcomed, and we hope to have too the parents and others interested in education.

The new buildings have taken some of the playing space of the grounds, but this will be compensated for by the gaining of a useful area made available by the purchase and removal of an adjoining residence. Then with some necessary adjustments already in hand, the playing spaces will be more adequate than formerly. Many of the existing out-of-date shanties will go.

A new toilet set-up for the boys, too, is under way in a new position, providing more yard space.

The Assembly Hall project has not been without attention, and we feel that some tangible work is being done towards an effective finish of this long delayed work. More money than we now have towards this unit is required to claim the Government subsidy. We are much indebted to the Parents' Association for their interest and help in the Assembly Hall project. We ask that an intensified interest be given by all.

The Assembly Hall is a great essential to school progress, and the present building is a valuable asset, with possibilities of becoming a handsome and useful possession.

James C. Coe, President of School Council

STAFF 1967



Back Row: Mr. Malakunas, Mr. Cordell, Mr. Butterfield, Mr. Blyth, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Hughes
Mr. Best, Mr. Collett, Mr. Nicholls, Mr. Herstridge.

Second Row: Mr. Trsek, Mr. Forecast, Mr. Bianchi, Mr. Macys, Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Bullen
Mr. Lamble, Mr. Howe, Mr. Purves, Mr. Becroft.

Third Row: Mr. McArthur, Mr. Nilsen.

Fourth Row: Mr. Gilbert, Miss Angliss, Miss Dennehy, Miss Fox, Miss Gunn, Mrs. Jones,
Mrs. Jeffkins, Mrs. Laszlo, Miss Lynch, Mr. Halloran.

Front Row: Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Trsek, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Badcock, Mr. Howe, Miss Charnock
Mrs. Church, Mrs. Corbett.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



Back Row: Stuart Patterson, Anton Kunigiskis, Ted Congdon, Gavin Criddle, Alexis Makarov, John Brydon, Chris Robinson, Peter Black. 2nd Row: Adrienne McBaine, Beverley Foote, Julie Crockett, Ann Hamill, Jenny Gilbertson, Marion Lees, Julie Bell, Jenny Yardley
Front Row: Ria Scheppers, Ian McLaren, Mrs. Jones

A TRIBUTE TO MR. K. MacKENZIE

On the 12th April, 1967, one of the best teachers I have known, collapsed and died while training at the Newport Oval. During the many years which he spent teaching at Williamstown High School, Mr. MacKenzie was always enthusiastic and energetic in everything he did. He not only taught English to senior forms, but he was a keen athlete, and his encouragement in this field to students, including myself, helped many of us to take much more interest. He participated in everything, even our House Swimming Sports when he was a member of the Staff Relay who raced and defeated the Boy's Prefects' Relay team.

Above all, I noticed, especially during many sometimes hectic periods in English, what a patient man Mr. MacKenzie was, although at times I don't know how he did manage to keep his temper.

Only a comparatively short time ago, another well-loved teacher of Williamstown High School, Mr. C. Hughes, died; Mr. MacKenzie since then took over his responsibilities and considerably time-consuming activity of the Magazine Committee and only very recently Mr. MacKenzie re-organised the Student's Representatives Committee, which had its first meeting last week. As well as these two Committees, Mr. MacKenzie had been in charge of the Boy's Athletic Club and he always joined in with the training this club did.

I wish I was able to say much more about such a fine person as Mr. MacKenzie and the many good things he did and would have continued to do if his untimely death had not prevented this. (I do not know any details about his life apart from those I have mentioned which I learnt as one of his many pupils.)

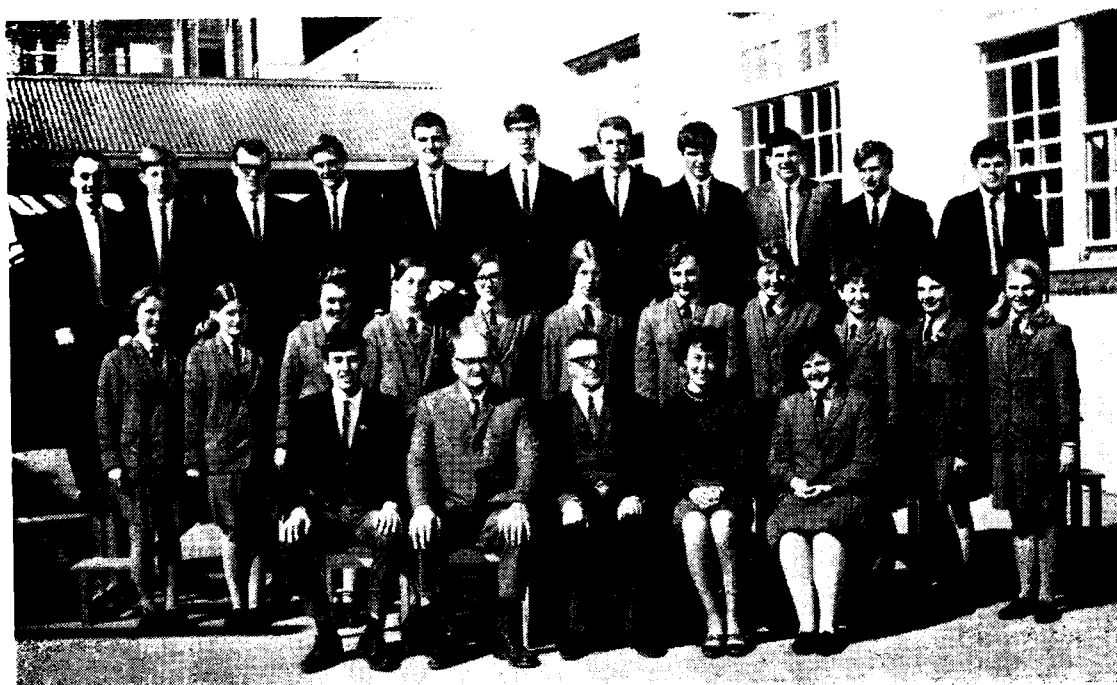
This is the first time anyone whom I have really known and liked has died and for the first time I realise how uncertain life is.

Certain incidents which have occurred during our Literature Classes (form six) now seem ironical, as I remember Mr. MacKenzie discussing with us the tragedies of great men who die when they have so much to live for and so much more to give to the world, when he himself seems to me just such a man.

Beverley Foote 6A



PREFECTS 1967



Top Row: (L. to R.) Noel Davis, Geoff Legg, Gavan Hynes, Ron Sorraghan, Ray Titter, Glen Campbell, Bill Sims, Phillip Parker, Jeff Collins, Ian McLaren, Lucina Lucina.
 Second Row: Lyn Thompson, Christine Allen, Maria Romita, Vivienne Ains, Marian Lees, Ria Scheppers, Jenny Gilbertson, Marianne Goetz, Beverley Foote, Anna Hatzimanoliti, Brigitte Balodis.
 Front Row: Barry Hewet (Head Prefect), Mr. Badcock (Senior Master), Mr. Howe (Head Master), Miss Charnock (Senior Mistress), Sandra Whear (Head Prefect).

GIRL PREFECT NOTES:

Sandra Whear—Is studying French, Geography, Australian Literature and Expression. Hopes to go to Teacher's College to become a Primary Teacher like her brother (or perhaps not), she is a second-year prefect and the Girl Head Prefect. She has done a very good job, and has taken her responsibilities very seriously but still joins in the fun. Likes French and playing Tennis and Softball, but just can't make coffee. Loves Ice Skating and was recently awarded the prize for being "Most on the Ice". She is a member of the Salad Eaters Anonymous.

Beverley Foote—Bev. is the Deputy Head Prefect and has been for two years. She is a very keen student and takes an interest in all school affairs. Is another 'friend' of Mr. Forecast in the jolly French class and also does Literature, Australian and Expression. Likes

Tennis, Basketball and is an expert Ice Skater. Bev. is our organiser and we all love her pigtails. Founded and is the leader of the S. E. A.

Christine Allen—The Busybee Prefect. She keeps the pavilion tidy—for a while anyway. Another Salad Eater and likes molasses cubes too. Chris loves Art, especially painting the sea in any form or mood. A first-year prefect, she hopes to become an Infant Teacher.

Brigitte Balodis—A first year prefect who has contributed to the bright atmosphere of the pavilion this year. Brigitte likes Art and has done some very interesting Modern or Op Art work. She hopes to go to the University and might study Engineers there. Likes skiing but turns corners too sharply. Is a very good runner and did well in the House Sports for Wombats. She even ate salad one day.

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL



Top Row: George Krokos, Alexis Makarov, Barry Hewet, John Bloom, Robert Powley, Mr. Becroft. Front Row: Irene Sahhar, Gillian Lewis, Sandra Whear, Marica Benesin, Robyn Shilton. Absent: Elizabeth Crewes.

Vivienne Airs—The girl with the English Eyes. Viv. is a first year prefect and studying the Maths. course in fifth form. She enjoys Balls, Dances, Parties and always joins in the fun behind the Pav's. closed doors (or open for that matter) Her favourite colour is "Gra"(ham). Jenny Gilbertson—Is a second-year prefect and one of the tidy ones; often has spring cleaning days. Is a tennis star and likes playing for the ashes (or is that cricket). Once upon a time she liked beards, but now . . . Brought salads for a while to join the S.E.A. with the rest of us. Also likes the surf and is a very good swimmer—she often swims for her house (Possums) and the school. Jenny hopes to go to the University and study Physiotherapy. Marianne Goetz—Is mad on Vee Wees. Her father owns a Service Station and she enjoys serving customers. Knows quite a bit about cars. Likes Ice Skating—had her photo taken at St. Moritz. Marianne studies French and Biology—she likes the gory stuff; Geography, Economics, and Expression in Sixth Form, and is a first year prefect.

Anna Hatzimanolis—The quiet one; but don't let her fool you. Anna is a first-year prefect and is studying Geography, Australian, Economics, Literature, and Expression in Sixth Form. Likes playing Softball and was Captain of the Softball First Team this year which won all games but two— one of which was a draw. Marian Lees—A second-year prefect in sixth form. Although she is not studying Art this year. Marian loves sketching and has done some clever caricatures as well as thinging up original designs for our social tickets. She is another frenchy type—one of the 7 girls. Likes salads, but don't we all (Prefects that is). Likes the Big Dipper especially.

Maria Romita—The Arty Type; Maria is studying Art and Literature in Matriculation and enjoys them both especially Art. Is a member of the Salad Eater Anonymous and likes molasses cubes too. Don't overdo it though Maria! Loves Banging Doors when she loses a point with Ria—It must be her Italian blood.

Ria Scheppers—Another Arty type—loves confusing Maria—it must be her stubborn Dutch temperament. Likes salads sometimes. A second year prefect she is studying Art, Literature, Australian Geography and Expression in 'Matric. A Co-Editor of the Magazine, so she may censor this article. Please don't Ria.

Lyn Thompson.—A first year prefect, Lyn is doing the Maths course in fifth form this year. She is a keen basketballer and represented her school in the senior girls' 1st basketball team; she was vice-captain of her team in the winter competition and is now playing in the summer, night competition. Lyn is very willing to voice her opinion. She is our match-maker and didn't do a bad job for herself either.

Beverley Foote,

Christine Allen

Having been Prefects for the past year we would like to voice our opinion on our position. We are generally regarded as ogres, but would prefer to be recognised as helpers for both staff and students. We form a clique because we need each other's companionship and during the year we become very close because of our constant contact with each other.

Although sometimes we may seem unnecessarily hard it is very difficult to know to what extent one must go in apprehending or restricting fellow students. Being a Prefect teaches us one important fact—how to accept responsibility.

We have various chores and duties to perform but they are not without their reward. The fun and companionship of a relatively large group—12 girls—who by the end of the year have become close friends. The respect one receives on becoming a prefect, although this is often mingled with resentment and jealousy of others.

The best privilege we receive is, I think, having a pavilion of our own. Once inside the door we can really relax and pour out our troubles and relate humorous incidents. There are certainly many of these during our year as prefects. The outlandish, but often ingenious excuses which are invented for our benefit. These incidents and excuses help to relieve the monotony of many of our tasks.

The younger pupils are the most entertaining and we come to know many of them and

their idiosyncrocies. We also gain the friendship and trust of many of the other students.

There is also the fun of organising various socials and functions although at times these resemble organised confusion.

Recently our privacy has been somewhat undermined with the introduction of two beds. Our Pavilion is now also a sick bay and at first it seemed utterly unbearable but by now we must be well-immuned to the various viruses, and we do have somewhere to sit and chat or discuss certain aspects of our position.

We are well prepared for responsible and loyal positions in the future and we learn much, especially about handling and understanding of others. The rewards do outweigh the drawbacks.

Bev. Foote, Chris Allen, Sandra Whear

BOY PREFECT NOTES

At the beginning of the this year, 1967, the following men were unanimously elected to the ranks of the illustrious "Black Coat brigade".

Barry Hewet—(Commonly referred to as 'MIBITS' Most Important Boy In The School).

This year Barry was chosen as head Prefect and carried out his Prefectorial duties excellently. He is a keen Sportsman, captaining the school cricket team and a member of the school football team. However, he does not seem to be able to find a quiet corner in the Library as wherever he goes conversation seems to be rife.

Glenn Campbell (or Liberace)

Glenn was chosen deputy head prefect and was conscientious in carrying out his duties. He is the accompanist for the Australian Boys' Choir and shows great promise in the field of music. He also is a keen squash player. Phillip "Pip" Parker.

As a result of a popularity poll Phillip was voted the most popular prefect. Voting for Phillip was particularly heavy amongst the 4D boys. Phillip is a keen scholar and verges on the stage of being a 'conch'. He is however, a talented Lacrosse player and captains the school Lacrosse team. He also represented the school in cricket.

Luciano Alfonso Lusina (Guess Who?)

To give you some help, he is small, sexy, attracts towards girls like a magnet and won

the MISS popularity title at the Beauty Contest. His unbounded enthusiasm and great determination earned him a place in the school football team, even though many opponents were inches taller.

Jeff Collins

This lad was captain of the school football team and vice-captain of the cricket team. He shows great promise in field and is on the verge of selection in the Footscray First XI. He may be referred to as the most attentive student in Economics and may be classed as Mr. Becroft's Pet.

Geoff Legg

Together with 'Charming' David, Geoff is Mr. Becroft's Answer Book in Economics. He holds Tutorial Classes in the Library with the phrase "Hey Geoff, how do you do this?". Commonly being heard during free periods. As you have guessed he is a second year Matric. student and is a star Tennis and Squash player

Ray Titter.

Ray was disappointed this year as he only grew 5 inches "Big Ray" as he is often referred to had an unfortunate year, with a run of serious injuries, and we all wish him a speedy recovery in his operation on his arm. These set-backs however, have not prevented him carrying out his duties capably. Ray is also a keen footballer and has represented his school for some years.

Gavan "Pop" Hynes.

It has been suggested from a reliable source that Gavan financed his Matric year with his regular payments of his old age pension. But But there has to be one in every crowd and Gavan is it, the clown of the prefects. I would advise anybody to laugh at his jokes, no matter how bad they may be.

Ron "Speedy" Sorraghan.

Another second year prefect who also has the distinction of being a Queen's Scout. Ron would drive his little Triumph between periods if he could get it into the Quadrangle. He is however, a hard working prefect who has represented his school in both the football and cricket teams.

Bill Sims.

Bill, also a second year Matriculation student is a speedy lad who has no difficulty in covering the Squash Court with great rapidity. He disappointed all with an 85 average in the October Tests. Bill showed a great burst of speed to get on the stage at the prefect's Investiture earlier in the year.

Ian McLaren.

Ian is a dedicated Cadet Under-Officer (C.U.O.) in the Cadet Corps and is possibly best known by the late-comers of a Tuesday morning. Together with Bill Sims he takes late gate and then rushes off to Religious Instruction (?)

Noel Davis.

Noel is the only fifth form member of the prefects and because of this is a popular member of the fifth form. Evidently Noel doesn't like long hair, as he demonstrated while on Cadet Camp with the school. Noel also is House captain of Possums which puts extra responsibility on his shoulders and, has represented the school in football.

During the year the boy prefects staged a number of unorthodox activities. Included in these was the highly entertaining, yet somewhat unpoliced Swimming Relay Race against the Teacher's Team at the Annual House Swimming Sports, and the Annual Boys versus Girls Basketball match, being highlighted by some rather weird outfits and unorthodox rules. Naturally we boys ran out victors again. At the School Social and Gala Night, held during the year, the boy Prefects put on some small sketches, but the less said about these the better.

I must take this opportunity to thank the boy Prefects for their help and co-operation throughout the year, and I am sure I am speaking on behalf of all prefects in saying that it has been a privilege to be a prefect at Williamstown High School.

—Barry Hewet

Notes by: Barry Hewet, Phillip Parker and Geoff Legg

FORM 6A NOTES:

Regiment 6A

Our Barracks are No. 16 and can be found after searching through the many corridors of our Headquarters; these have been planned to confuse the enemy, namely the officials and the instructors. We have a rather unusual regiment because Platoon 1 consists of 22 females and Platoon 2 consists of 14 males; these figures include the deserters.

Let me introduce you to our Major, H. Forecast. He is a conformist of precision and promptness. Major Forecast has been in charge of the recruits for "Operation Matric" for many years. Training should take one year but many of us stretch it over two. Besides Major Forecast's devotion to our training and welfare, he has several French hobbies (women, wine, Films, and jokes, which I am not permitted to disclose, because it is top secret of Military Intelligence).

Because of the constant battle between the sexes in these barracks we could not have one Captain in charge. Platoon 1 has an heroic captain, Anna Hatzimanolis, who is assisted by Lieutenant Gillian Lewis. Platoon 2 is gallantly led by Captain Geoff King. Our Corporal Brigitte Balodis, was employed to teach drill, but uses her strategic tactics to drill our pockets of money for the S.S. (Our Secret Service)

"What about Rules and Regulations

We have 12 M.P.'s (Matric Prefects) 2 males 10 females. Why so few male M.P.'s? The others are appointed to Barrack 15 next door. I am not sure if they are there because there are only three members of the female sex, or because it has the largest number of boozing scientists. Scientists? They are trying to improve the Hydrogen Sulphide Bomb to destroy the enemy.

M.P.'s are in charge of passes and tickets-of-leave, but "Operation Matric" allows its Privates to leave at 12 a.m. for an undisclosed destination (Military Secret)

Roll Call only 10 minutes, starts with members of Platoon 1:

M.P. Christine Allen—"A Whiter Shade of Pale"
Ambition: To amalgamate her freckles.

M.P. Brigitte Balodis—Our beautiful blonde.
Ambition: To marry that Engineer.

Pte. Denise Bates—Our flexible drill expert.
Ambition: To bring red hair back into fashion

Ex-Pte. Brenda Beales—Was to be a Teacher
Ambition: To get as far away from school as possible

Deputy M.P. Beverley Foote—The only foote with bandaged knees.

Ambition: To be the most efficient secretary of the year.

M.P. Marianne Goetz—Go Go Amoco.

Ambition: To Put a Tiger in her Tank.

Pte. Kathleen (Kathy) Groves—Harrywatha's Minnie-ha-ha.

Ambition: To be scalped.

Pte. Robyn Hall—"When the Red Red Robyn comes bob- bob-bobbin' along".

Ambition: To keep cool, calm and white.

M.P. Captain Anna Hatzimanolis—Sweet, neat 'n petite.

Ambition: To put on weight.

Ex-M.P. Julie Huxtable—"Silence is Golden".

Ambition: To stop war in Vietnam.

Pte. Sue Jorgensen—Is she really related to that Iceland King. ?

Ambition: To be able to draw, (especially legs).

M.P. Marian Lees—Our only Matric. intellectual
Ambition: To display (artistic) talents.

Lt. Gillian Lewis—Our future rich divorcee.

Ambition: To fight in the Riviera. Rome or any place where victory means a millionaire.

Pte. Marie Martin—Quiet 'till you get to know her . . . ask T. J.

Ambition: To speak out of line.

Pte. Robyn MacDonald—Our Marie Antoinette.

Ambition: To get her (driving) licence.

Pte. Velia Murphy—Another future teacher.

Ambition: To be taller than her pupils.

Pte. Barbara (Babs) Muster—Bar-bar-bar-bar-Barbara Anne.

Ambition: To stop for J.C. (potato chips).

Pte. Bev. Robson—"Home, Home on the Range"

Ambition: To sing in key.

M.P. Arianntje (Ria) Scheppers—Van Gogh . .

Ambition: To get to the N.T., even if she has to ride a Kangaroo.

Pte. Herta Schornikow—Jack and the Beanstalk.
Ambition to give up smoking because it stunts her growth.

Head M.P. Sandra Whear—Best Coffee-maker in Matric.

Ambition to stand up on the ice

M.P. Maria Romita—Australia's answer to Mia Farrow.

Ambition: To marry a soldier and raise her own battalion.

Platoon 1 is followed by Platoon 2:

Pte James (Jim) Brown—Our Matric. chauffeur.

Ambition: To drive his own car.

Pte. Michael Buckley—Would you believe he is naturally blonde.

Ambition: To finish those Eco. essays.

Deputy-M.P. Glenn Campbell—His hands are precious.

Ambition: To play chopsticks.

Pt. Tony Guglielmino—Exponent of round-ball rules.

Ambition: To reach the finals in Showcase

Pte. David Hedley—Our Charming Guest.

Ambition: To light up.

Pte. Alan Hurst—He caught a Robyn.

Ambition: To knock them out not get them out.

Pte. Keith Jobson—Boy what a laugh!

Ambition: To outsmart Mr. Becroft.

Pte. Geoff King—Our honours prospect.

Ambition: To handle Pte. Lewis's divorces.

Pte. Con Krokos—Up with Greece.

Ambition: To express his sincere feelings.

Pte. Anton Kunigiskis—Alan's shadow.

Ambition: To cut the driving age down to 17
M.P. Ian McLaren—Our Orator.

Ambition: Duntroon or bust.

Pte. Tom Nascarella—At least he shaves his chin.

Ambition: To be inconspicuous.

Pt. Chris Robinson—There is some attraction in the fourth form.

Ambition: To grow.

Pt. John Young—Our Information Bureau.

Ambition: To grow whiskers.

Maria Romita

Chris Allen

Bev. Foote

Barry Hewet

The Men (and girls) from Room Fifteen.

(Apologies go to Mr. A. B. Patterson for mutilating beyond recognition his poem "The Man from Snowy River")

There was movement in room fifteen, for the word had passed around

That Mister "HUGHES" was heading our way.
But the boys kept up their talking, and NORA did her round,

To get for Social Services our pay.

All the tried and noted scroungers from places far and near

Had tried to get from this mob their dough,

But NORA used some new tricks, learned in Tasmania, we hear,

Specially Port Arthur, PHILLIP knows.

There was TOMMY LAW who came back to have a crack at Matric.,

And BILLY SIMS back for a second go;

But few can beat the SPONG when his mind's made up to stick-

Last year he was down but this year who knows.

And BILL FRANCOMBE. yes, that quiet one who's learnt to stir so well,

And poor old Mister Lamble had better call this one pal-

No better stirrer History's ever seen;

Or there'll be his blood all over the scene.

And one was there called BARNEY, a small and weedy beast;

He was like a normal person undersized,

With a touch of Aussie Humour—but 3 parts Itie at least-

Such as are by Physics teachers despised.

He was a mate of that kid SPEEDY—back for a second try-

Who tried to see how fast he could burn up tread;

'Cos once at the wheel death shone in his fiery eye,

And the cobwebs moved in the cavity known as his head.-

And CON so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,

And many said, "That kid'll never do

From a school like Willi High—lad, you'd better keep away,

The kids at that place are far too rough for you"
So he waited sad and wistful—only BATMAN stood his friend-

"I think we ought to let him stay," JEFF said:

"He can always punch their kneecaps if his life he must defend,

And I can fly in to whack them on the head."

But ISAAC from Altona High, down by the seaweed's side,

Where the kids are twice as brainy and twice as rough;

Says that with his old mob we'd be lucky to keep astride,

And compared with us Mary Poppins is pretty tough.

And on the Altona kids' faces a smile is not at home,

Take a look at ROYLENE to see what I mean;

I've seen full many sweet faces since I first commenced to roam,

But nowhere yet such seriousness have I seen.

And SKULL MILLER who is affectionately known as Fat,

Causes worry lines on poor old THOMAS'S brow,

By ruining the Chemistry Prac., that he had learnt off pat,

It's luck that SKULL ain't turned up dead by now.

And RUSSELL, SKULL'S offsider, tries doing wheelies right,

Riding boldly lads, never fearing the spills,

But starting that hot Vespa he really is a sight,

By the time it's going he needs vitamin pills

And COLLINS of footy fame—always racing on the wing

Where the best and boldest players take their place

And he dodged the opposition, and he made the oval ring

With the sound of his fist connecting with a face.

And by his side was chalky TITTER who makes of kids a mash,

But they fixed RAY with a method hardly new,

'Cos every game he played in, an arm or ankle

would go crash,

And off to the doctors poor Ray flew.

Then there's SHEEPY McCUTCHEON, white wool of course not black,

Who thought, as far as stirring went, he led,

Until he met Mister Becroft, who fiercely answered back

With comments about wool on someone's head. Not forgetting JEFFREY LOVEGROVE, a drinking man they say,

That doesn't mean he's good at it, but he just that he hogs the play,

Resulting in the other team getting the ball.

And GAVAN HYNES is giving lessons in how to roll a car -

It well might make the boldest hold their breath;

"Practice makes perfect" he says "is the best motto by far

The only problem's any slip means death."

But this does not deter him and he races to the head,

He swings the wheel around and gives a cheer

And he races down the roadway like a torrent down it's bed,

While his passengers watch in very fear.

And GAVIN CRIDDLE, a volleyballer they say, Has been quiet since that Tasmanian Trip,

He was voted Hostess with the Mostest on returning day -

For serving tea and coffee on the ship.

Then there's KENNETH WILHELMS, yet another one from that clan,

He's the quiet type and you know what tha shows,

So to keep away from this one girls you'd best have a plan,

Though he says how to pass exams. is all he knows.

And of course BARRY HEWET, our great and illustrious head,

Well nothing more can really here be stated,

Except that he's a quiet one, enough about such was said,

But Girl's watch out for these when your being dated.

And GEOFF LEGG I nearly missed out on, because he is so short,

And thus no sign of his presence he reveals,

But no-one likes playing squash against him during sport,

'Cos he whacks with racquet at his opponent's heels.

And CLARE chases after teachers till their
sides are white with foam;
She follows like a bloodhound on their tracks,
All she wants is information, but most of them
had not known
That this was the reason she was on their
backs.
And last and least comes GEORGE who's had
a pretty rough trot,
At the Choral Contest he tried his House to
spur;
And his pluck was yet undaunted and his
courage fiery hot,
But coming last was really quite a stir.

And down by Willi High School, where the
old and new rooms raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and white
stars fairly blaze
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
And where around the Quadrangle the
flowers sweep and sway
To the breezes, and the playing fields are wide
The '67 form VI B is talked about today,
And kids marvel at what they did with pride.

George Boburka	John (Sheepy) McCutcheon
Jeffrey Collins	Ian (Skull) Miller
Gavin Criddle	Alan (Isaac) Mewton
Bill Francombe	Con (Nic) Nicola
Russell Green	Phillip Parker
Barry Hewet	Bill (Spong) Sims
Gavan Hynes	Ron (Speedy) Sorraghan
Jeffrey (Batman) Jarrad	Ray (Big Macker) Titter
Tom Law	Ken Wilhelms
Jeffrey Lovegrove	Roylene Findlay
Geoffrey Legg	Eleanor (Nora) Berus
Luciano (Barney) Lusina	Clare Torma

SOCIAL SERVICE:—

The response to help others has been very gratifying this year. The various lunch-time activities, bazaars, concerts, competitions, organised by our students, created a great interest. Graeme Twist's concert raised \$56, our Miss W. H. School Quest, won by Margaret Paine \$32, a hamburger stall at the football ground \$18, total amount raised to date \$300.

This money is allocated to the various charities which we support—the Blind Babies, Berry Street Foundling Home, Deaf and Dumb

Institute, Williamstown Elderly Citizens Club, Williamstown Hospital. We also adopted an Indian school in Madras for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

I would also like to congratulate Miss Fox and the Girls in the Soft Toy Club, they have made some lovely cuddly toys and are going to take them into the babies at the Berry St. Foundling Home.

Thank you all very much for your efforts—well worth-while.

B. Gilbert (Mrs. Gee)

FAVOURITE SAYINGS:—

Mr. Becroft: Here's an interesting point.

Mr. Fraser: I am not familiar with the customs of the place.

No one rule for the rich and another for the poor.

Miss Gunn: Oh! Come on 4b

Mr. Lewis: Shut Up or I'll throw you out the window.

Mrs. Corbett: S s s s s s s h h h ! !

Mr. Collett: I'm quite prepared to have this lesson after school.

Mr. McArthur: Do I have to tell you once more?
Anonymous 4b.

TRY AND HELP:—

This year I think the students have not been a great help to the Magazine, yet they have helped the Social Services, and other fund raising. Why not in the Magazine? Next year please pull up your socks and try to get a more superb magazine. Try and help! Its your magazine and for your benefit.

— ADVERTISEMENT —

::: BET YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE THIS
IN A SCHOOL MAGAZINE !

—————VAN WINKLE BAND—————

68-6467 ask for Rudy (Uncle Rude)

391-3030 ask for Graham (Twisty)

— ADVERTISEMENT —



(Block by Courtesy of the "Herald")

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OUR MISS VICTORIA —

Staff and students of the Williamstown High were delighted when popular Miss Gunn, teacher and ex-student, was crowned Miss Victoria at the Palais de Danse on October 14. Miss Gunn, sponsored by the Trotting Control Board raised over \$3,000 for the Spastic Children of Victoria.

The twenty five finalists were judged on

appearance, intelligence, personality and deportment. Miss Gunn undoubtedly scored very well in all these aspects!

Some of Miss Gunn's prizes include an overseas trip, a new car, a wardrobe of new clothes and cash prizes.

We are all very proud of Miss Gunn and wish her every success in the finals of the Miss Australia Quest on October 26th.

AN INTERVIEW WITH OUR EXCHANGE STUDENT —

by Ann Hamill

To introduce everyone (although I am sure that by now everyone has met and gotten to know Steve), to this year's Rotary Exchange Student from the United State of America. We had to dive deep into Steve's personal history to find out, his full name is Steven Emery Brown. Born in Middleburg, Connecticut, U.S.A., on 23/12/1950. He has two sisters named Nany (13) and Susan (10), and his father is a Chemist back home.

Now that we have all been formally introduced, we shall carry on with this interview:
Ann: Steve, is Melbourne what you expected it to be?

Steve: Well no, not really, I expected a modern City, but about two miles out of the City, Kangaroos and wombats and aborigines.

Ann: You've been reading too many books Steve! As a point of interest, how many Kangaroos have you actually seen since you arrived?

Steve: Three Thousand, eight hundred and forty two.

Ann: Oh, is that all.

Ann: What do you do for fun in America?

Steve: (CENSORED)

Ann: Apart from that.

Steve: I snow ski, skate and date girls. I also have my driver's licence

Ann: As far as school is concerned, are schools back home very different to those out here?

Steve: Yes, they are really. The teaching is different and the subjects differ. There are more to choose from.

Ann: How much time is devoted to sport at school in the States?

Steve: None—there is no compulsory sport at all.

Ann: What do you think of our school cadets?

Steve: I don't.

Ann: What was the name of your school?

Steve: Gunnery.?

Ann: Why Gunnery?

Steve: 'Cause the guy who founded it was called Mr. Gunn.

Ann: Well I guess that is logical then.

Ann: What do you think of Australian girls?

Steve: They are just the same as American girls.

Ann: How do the Australian girls treat Ameri-

can boys in comparison to the American girls?

Steve: So much better. Probably because they don't know me well enough yet

Notice the "yet".

No, we also found out, through this interview that Steve has a steady girl friend back home— incidentally, she has a real Aussie name— Cidne—only she spells it differently—So bad luck girls!

Ann: What groups are your favourites, Steve?

Steve: The Doors, The Stones, The Animals and the Mamas and the Papas.

Ann: What about Dean Martin and the Beach Boys.

Steve: The Beach Boys are O.K. but I don't like Dean Martin very much.

Ann: You ought to be deported for that comment.

Steve: Maybe if you work on it, it could be arranged.

International relationships were severely severed in the next part of the interview.

Ann: What are you going to be when you grow up?

Steve: A man!

Ann: You've got a long way to go—(that was the part when the interview was adjourned because Steve nearly pushed the microphone down Ann's throat—not to worry— after ten minutes we continued) . . .

Ann: We'll try again. Steve what are your ambitions after leaving school?

Steve: A higher education, then I think I'll become a Chemist.

Ann: Steve, what are things you want most to do whilst in Australia—If you are not deported first?

Steve: Well, mostly to go surfing.

Ann: You come from the States and you have not been surfing?

Steve: No, I'm on the East Coast—the surf's on the West.

Ann: On the more serious side, how would you compare the treatment of aborigines with that of the American Negro?

Steve: Well, negroes have a higher social standing than do the aborigines here.

Ann: Well, thank you very much Steve.

We all hope you enjoy your stay out here as much as we all enjoy your being here at Williamstown High.

TRIP OVER TASMANIA:—

From the general account of the Tasmanian trip, you probably thought it was great—a trip to heaven that many of us would be pleased to remember. But I am at liberty to impress those who wish to hear, with the torture and disturbance of mind, heart and soul that a trip such as this might compel. Madness, you say? Then what is madness but to imagine anything and everything—and who dare to condemn or deny me!

The many fleeting glimpses made my eyes water. It was impossible to look ahead and see more, to even attempt to understand who time passed so bluntly. There was no gazing, and trancing, tramping through long grass, or running in the sun-burnt fields or, even touching the fence of a farm. And when I did see a game of follow-the-leader in a sheep paddock, I couldn't laugh in case I would miss the lonely church partly hidden by the bush. There were no angels coming out of boxes, or guys singing "All Things Bright and Beautiful". No waiting for Christmas—the thing is nobody wanted to wait for Christmas. It was better fun singing "Who Stole the Cooky from the Cooky Jar" and yelling and shouting. Don't get me wrong—it was fun, but you could have sung that song anywhere. It seemed so stupid. I guess I wasn't in the right mood. Then after we stopped some place to eat our cut lunches, it was so shivering cold that I didn't care to get out and touch the wind. We huddled together in some detached shelter and stared into the distance, shivering like hell. Anyway we moved on. I thought I could glue my eyes to a book—it was a good book too, "Sons and Lovers" by D. H. Lawrence. I was up to the part where Paul starts arguing with his Mother (Mrs. Morel) about his father. "What do you bother yourself for?" he said "If he wants to get drunk, why don't you let him?" Mr. Morel was always a bully and his family hated him for being brutal. I felt sorry for him and hated Mrs. Morel.

After we arrived at St. Helens, some of us started walking to some place. The idea was to go to the beach, but it was dark so we didn't know which way. While we walked some of us shouted and were all kind of happy, but I started thinking about war and all, and that depressed me. Mrs. Morel made me think like

that and I hated her. She was always yelling at Morel and he was yelling back, and they started fighting sometimes, and locking doors and slamming them. It was a crazy night, but I soon forgot Morel and started smelling the air. It stank of seaweed. We arrived at some little quay and I got in one of the scallop boats and wished really hard to go off fishing. I got sore when I was told to get off the boat and then we all went back to the hotel.

I've never stayed in a hotel before, it was tremendously exciting. I don't think many of us stayed in hotels before, it was weird and loud. It was the best place we slept in during our stay in Tasmania. Everyone went wild with imagination. We thought the whole place to be full of murderers, sly dogs and crying cats. One of us was appointed watch-guard and constantly checked the rooms, while another sat out in the dark and watched and waited. It was ripping! Anyway I was kind of glad to get out of there, it was all a bit phoney.

The next place we flashed through for the night was Port Arthur. Getting there took a long time, and again we started singing "Who Stole the Cooky". It got depressingly boring and even the radio went off. The thing was, I couldn't stop thinking what Port Arthur was like. Sometimes you get that feeling about a place you've never seen but know so much about. Then I started asking myself, why my mother always kept the sticky tape in the fridge or the sugar in the shed. I kept seeing my father hobble like a toy mechanical duck. Then I got a dreadful primitive feeling when we travelled over the Hawk's Neck, the isthmus joining the peninsula. All my time mixed up. We rode over time; into the convict days. It was murder, when I think of it now. I began to distrust the world, war kept howling and here the shadows lay.

Soon the night winds whispered among the trees. The unreal air touched me closely and bade me stay outside. Hell! I was so stangely alone. I was blind folded with the darkness and led to the hill. I could smell trampled dust, hear the music in the trees, the sea in the distance and the murmur of rising moon. The moaning voices of convicts vibrated the sky. I looked up. Some power removed the bandage from my eyes. It seemed to me that I

had stepped through a window that certainly looked upon the varnished shapely things; clear-cut shapes as if they had first been conceived at my uncovering of my eyes, and ancient as if they had endured forever. I sat on the cold hearth. My heart pounded like a guilty thing. I was stupidly afraid. Never before had I been able to touch the air about me—but this wonder ceased instantly I heard laughter.

Not once that night did I close my eyes to rest. I was utterly glad we journeyed on. We went to Hobart. In case you haven't been to Hobart, Hollydene's this sort of swanky hotel where in most of the rooms are sort of cell-like compartments, occasionally interrupted by double-bed rooms. We had to fight for the double-bed rooms—no one liked the idea of a closed in cell. I remember being helped to drag in a mattress from one "cell" to the opposite "double". We thought there would be enough room for an extra bed but we admitted it was a bit squashed. Anyway one of us wouldn't sleep in the double bed so did not mind the hard mattress on the floor, but didn't count on the dripping laundry that I had fixed on the line stretched over head. I reckon it was ages before we got to sleep.

We went to the pictures that night, it was a stir. They showed some kind of newsreel about big cities—you should have heard the 'boo' when the picturesque views of Melbourne were flicked. The film we saw was so lousy, I couldn't take my eyes off it. It was about this American girl who wanted to steal this 'priceless' statue that belonged to her father anyway. The fellow who she got to help her steal it, fell in love with her in the end. Apparently her father was a 'fake' art collector who forged all his collection. The girl was afraid he would be discovered if they found out that his 'priceless' statue was a fake. She made me rather sick because she had so many fashionable clothes and was not at all funny as she should have been.

The next day we had quite a bit of time to kill, so most of us went wild in the city. The thing that got me was the way we wasted so much time in the city instead of on Mt. Wellington or some place like that. I spent most of my time in book shops, there was nothing else to do. I ended up buying about four

books, three of which were by D. H. Lawrence. I learned later that a couple of us had to go to the Hospital in Hobart because they were sick, and the possibility of us contracting chicken-pox was rather a novelty. We finally had dinner. The idea of eating fish for dinner was rather sickening. Everywhere we went we could smell fish.

The bus driver was a jointy guy, both the drivers we had were. They kept telling us the names of trees and dates of history that we were bound to forget. Anyway we stopped singing "Who stole the Cooky" for a while. We came to the Cadbury's Factory where you can imagine chocolate flowing out of the doors as soon as you opened it, but I soon found out how stingy they really are. They take you on an uniquely established guided tour, where you have no chance to take photos or chocolates. We paused now and then and were told about the little figures on the big machines that no one understood. The thing that really impressed me was the girls sitting on high stools, putting nuts on trays or chocolate bears in boxes; they ignored us completely. They were worse than the machines in operation and they nearly all had their hair set high. We got a sample box each in the end and I said thanks with a considerable amount of guilt. We soon arrived at the Great Lake.

Going down into a tunnel into the Hydro Electric Generation room, underground at Poatina, sort of made most of us dizzy. We saw big machines that I certainly had no idea about. On top again the bus driver was fixing the flat tyre. I couldn't help admiring him—he got so dirty. Everyone was taking photos—they were so absolutely wild about photos; don't see why, photos never seem real to me. I started laughing, loud to myself. We were on our way back to the airport.

Things happened too fast for me. I missed too much to be happy. When I did stop laughing, I caught a glimpse of a cow. Crazy lazy cow, free, spontaneous, animal like, never stabbed by time. If only there was more time, lots of it. Don't ever think I didn't like it, I probably loved the trip over Tasmania.

Ria Scheppers, 6.

TASMANIA :—

What you are about to read (I pity you) is true. The names have not been changed to protect the innocent because there are none.

Time: 10.15 a.m.

Day: Monday 8th June, 1967

Place: Essendon Airport.

Here we are the roughest and toughest men and women in the country; Williamstown anyway, flying for the first time. Sitting behind me were our two leaders (in theory that is). Mr. (mind you) Gilbert (alias Camera Charlie), and Miss Dennehy (also known as Madam Methol). They were chosen not for dash and daring (no reason required), but mainly for their innocence and sucker qualities, which paid dividends later on.

The real brains behind this operation was a fearless leader, a BIG man, who stands out in a crowd, yes you guessed it—L. Lusina. (alias Barney, alias Shorty). Served three years in that tough penitentiary known as Willy tech.

Big Lou was well guarded by Ray Titter (Big Mac for short). He ate with him, slept with him, in fact there was no place Big Lou could go without Big Mac being there. Big Mac was carefully assisted by Jovial Jobson, known as little Mac by his friends.

There was our under-cover agent Tom Nascarella (or inconspicuous Tom). This boy by just changing his clothes and wearing something plain, and simple, could blend in with any crowd and not be noticed (?).

Sitting next to him was Lacrosse Parker, who could swing a club better than any man I know. Across from him was Tiger Jarrad, good in gang fights, curious chap though, convinced he could fly.

I sat back and closed my eyes and thought of the hours of planning and wondered. Suddenly, I was jolted back to reality and realized we had landed. We had now reached the point of no return. The next five days would decide our future.

We met our South Side contact, who doubled as a bus driver, and he took us on a quick tour of Launceston, so as not to arouse suspicion, since we were all posing as tourists.

On the way to our first hide-out it was decided to raid the local radio station. The commentator was brainwashed and the North Side National Anthem "Hold Fast" was sung, the

result was just as we expected; people everywhere turned off their radios refusing to listen to such rubbish.

At long last we arrived at our first destination and the St. Helen's Hotel, "The Pub" for short, where we were booked. It wasn't long before we had things **Running** just the way we wanted them. (Hick?) Childish games were indulged in to keep our leaders happy and tire them out. Then the big card game swung into action. The loot changed hands freely; in fact many ran out and were forced to buy more matches. The sound of cards shuffling and the calling of "snap" continued late into the night.

9th JUNE, 1967:

Little were we to know what this day had in store for us. Feeling relaxed(?), we boarded the bus on time and headed for Port Arthur, our second stop on the way to the Big (?) City. We arrived for tea without further incident, apart from feeling a little hoarse. Word came that the Port Arthur boys wanted to shoot it out with us and we agreed to meet them at the local Church ruins. The sound of gunfire, followed by screams and curses didn't continue for long.

On returning, we all (?) agreed that we should retire early. However, not used to the early hours it was decided to have a meeting in Big Lou's room, which was attended by all male contingent except two excuses given unprintable. Connie Nicola, who incidentally was smuggled across in Tiger's suit case, was chairman and kept the meeting flowing until the wee hours of the morning, under the very nose of the Gestapo, who kept patrolling up and down and could only produce laughter rather than fear.

JUNE 10th:

In the morning we visited the lavishly furnished convict's cell and wished that if we were ever caught by the fuzz we could be sent there. With a heavy heart we left Port Arthur and the lovely cells and headed for our final destination, Hobart. We stopped for lunch in a Doo town where people doo this and do that. As a result of smooth talking by strong arm boy Buckly at the table there was a better relationship between us and the Management. We also visited places of interest such as Devil's Kitchen and the Blow Hole but to everyone's disappointment no one was push-

ed over the cliff or drowned. Humour was plentiful and ranged from the popular and much loved jokes (?) of Brigitte to the more sophisticated type of Jovial Jobson.

At last we hit Hobart, population not more than a grand final crowd at the M.C.G. and crossed that famous bridge which we had planned to blow up in revenge for what they said about our famous King Street Bridge. but we decided against it on seeing its immense size. It was that night at the dinner table that I noticed Robin and Brigitte's odd behaviour, of always changing their clothes at each stop. My conclusion was that they were hiding from someone or trying to attract someone.

JUNE 11th:

This was the day the BIG Job was planned. We were to hit Cadbury's factory and take them for everything they had. Now was the time when all our skill and daring had to come out.

We arrived on schedule, split into pre-planned groups and hit them from all sides. The male workers were kept occupied by those beautiful (censored) girls lovely Ann and Gorgeous Julie (these girls were to prove their versatility again the next night) and the female operators kept under the spell of Mr. LOVEgrove. Hands went everywhere taking this and that and no-one noticed until one of us was caught is the act.

The alarm was passed and everyone was searched but we had prepared for just such a situation. The loot (?) was well hidden (digested and the search only resulted in blank looks from our searchers.

After the search, the company apologised and offered us some of their products as compensation. We accepted their lovely (?) gifts and apology.

After lunch it was decided to inspect a small hill (Mt. Wellington or something) just outside the City.

Professor Isaac Newton was becoming a nuisance, so it was decided to slip him a micky-fin (sleeping tablet) and let him sleep through this mission. On the way we saw the drinking man's nightmare—the ruins of a beer brewery, and results of an anti-smoking campaign that failed. The trip went off without incident and it was decided against the setting of a hideout.

Word came down the grape vine that a fancy dress party was to be held that night so it was planned to gate crash this party and hold up the guests. It was decided that Big Lou, Swinger Parker, Big Mac and Girdle Grid-dle, because of the exceptional beauty, should attend as females while lovely Ann and Gorgeous Julie would attend as our escorts so as not to arouse suspicion. The guests were overwhelmed with our beauty, motorists started in disbelief at such rare beauty. People just couldn't believe what they saw. One honeymoon finished for a young couple when the bridegroom eloped with Big Mac (Ray) right under the nose of his wife. Everything else came off without a hitch or stitch.

Back at the hideout we became a bit suspicious of Lank Hewitt's honesty and it was decided to search his room. The task was carried out enthusiastically and thoroughly. Every article searched was thrown out the window so as not to waste time and search it again. Things got a bit out of hand and it wasn't long before everyone saw evil and distrust in his companion, so then everyone's room suffered the same fate. Arguments flared, but they were settled in the true code and tradition of the underworld, a fight to the death. Pillows were chosen and the lashing out began. Order was restored and by popular (?) vote by all (?), it was decided to retire early. However, not all of us felt this urge to sleep so a secret card game was planned. Only certain people gained admission to this game and that was only after they had given the secret knock and the password (Louie sent me). Again the healthy sound of "Snap" followed then by the chorus of you B - - - - Cheat and Tight something or other could be heard echoing through the quiet halls in the wee hours of the morning. In fact it could be heard in the next block.

JUNE 12th :

Rising fresh and full of vigor next morning (this statement does not apply to all, as some didn't go to bed to rise again) we packed our belongings and made ready to leave our excuse for a hotel. We boarded the bus and started the long trip back to the airport. We had another delicious (O what lies) lunch en route. We stopped at a power station, supposedly to look it over as tourists. We were all veterans now, ready to return home.

H.M.A.S. 2A VISITS M.V. MEGANTIC :—

Once we were on board this five year old cargo ship we split into two groups. One group was conducted by Mr. McEwan, a navigating officer, while the other group was shown around by another navigating officer.

To begin with I shall tell you about the ship itself:

The overall length is — 537' 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

The breadth is — 71' 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

The weight is — 12,225.6 tons

The draft is — 32' 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

The builders were — Swan Hunter and Whigham Richardson.

The ship was built at "Neptune Yard" Newcastle, in 1962. It took nearly two years to build. At the moment the ship's crew consists of approximately 65 men, who help to load the cargo on to the ship, aided by three large cranes which carry anything up to three tons. The cranes drop the cargo into the ship's hatches. After the hatches have been tilted, the cargo is then loaded on the decks. When fully loaded the "Megantic" is valued at approx. \$25,000 (about £10,000).

Now I shall tell you of our exploration:

First we were led into a chart room and shown some very interesting charts, and a speedometer, which is a special instrument which tells you how many knots an hour the ship is travelling. The Megantic does about 20 knots, and this is really a tremendous speed for a cargo ship. After leaving the Chart-room we went through into the radar-room. We looked through the radar, which was interesting, and met the Radar-Officer, who was in charge of the Radar. He refers to the radar as his "Baby". Then we went out onto the deck and were shown how the life-boats work. Continuing on, we went onto the "monkey's island" the upper part of the ship. The ship's wheel is on the monkey's island and so are all the flags, which have their own individual meanings. The "Courtesy Flag" is flown in courtesy of the dock the ship is in. The "House Flag" is the same colour as the ship's funnel. The third flag, a plain Red flag, indicates highly inflammable explosives aboard. As the Megantic carries a lot of ammunition this flag is flown nearly all the time. When



First Officer McEwan of M.V. "Megantic", Captain Linda Fergusson. Lt/Cdr. Meredith Marks:

the ship is ready to "dock-out" a blue flag called the "Peter Pan" is flown.

All flags are masted at exactly eight a.m. (a most exciting part of the day). Eight bells are rung on every ship that is docked, and all flags are masted together. At about sunset the flags come down. On our way down from the top of the ship we stopped at the engine room. This compartment goes about 60' down the ship. It would be impossible to stay in the engine room for any length of time, as it becomes very hot.

When we had toured all over the ship we all went into the Captain's dinning-room. To our delight we were all treated to some British ice-cream, which was very nice. To show our appreciation a school pennant and a school souvenir were presented to the Captain by Linda Fergusson and Leigh Dunstan. To our surprise and enchantment we were presented with a naval flag and a chart of the world.

At about 3.30 p.m. we boarded the bus ready to return to school. On behalf of H.M.A.S. 2A we would sincerely like to thank Admiral D. J. Nilson for a truly delightful experience that, I'm sure we will never forget.

Lt. Cheryle Richards.

CONFESSION BOX:—

Dear Confession Box,

My name is Keith Jobson: Do you think this will be a serious impediment when I leave school?

Keith Jobson hmmm! That's not a name,
That's a handicap.

Dear Confession Box,

Do you think I should have my eyes straight-
end? G. Cambieras.

No—Just put back between your eyes

Dear Confusious Box,

Why don't we sell Australia to China for
\$222,400,000,000,000,555,599 and split it up
amongst all Australians?

What do you mean "Why don't We?"

How do you think we are paying for the
Opera House?

Dear Confession Box,

I'm a 331/3 played at 78.

Brigitte Balodis

Nothing short of a Record.

Dear Confession Box,

I must confess I have seen two Matric Boys
come in continually late for Economics after
lunch. Also a black car has been seen parked
outside the wheat stacks on 13 different oc-
casions.

K. Jobson

Decompression Box,

I have a friend in 6B who continually makes
eyes at me. Am I to ignore her or tell my
wife?

Dear Confession Box,

My ancestors were not 7, 8 Scottish but
YIDDISH! Ian McLaren
I realize how hard it is for you.

Dear Confession Box,

I have trouble spelling "Encyclopaedia" and
"Hippopotamus" What can I do?

Anon.

I never had that problem but maybe you
should consult a dictionray.

Dear Confession Box,

I want to know if there is going to be a
"sex test" for the Inter High School Sports.

Yours Hopefully.

Yes please.

C.B.

Dear Confession Box,

My lite has lost all meaning since I was
told that Charlie Brown (and Snoopy) do not
exist. Please, is this true?

Yours Truly, Alouisious P. Kemble

Dear A. P. K.

This is certainly not true and whoever said
that nasty thing will probably find that Father
Christmas won't bring him a teddy-bear.

Dear Confession Box,

I LOVE YOU !

Dear Confession Box,

I haven't a problem. Is this normal

Extremely Upset.

By not having a problem you have thereby
created a problem, and so instead of not hav-
ing a problem you now have a problem. The
problem you have created by not having a
problem-um, ah, well,

Dear Confusion Box

Dear Confession Box,

I have Vodka on my Weeties.

B. Sims.

PUNCTUALITY:—

On Flinders St. Station there is a little man
with a long beard and a whip—if you look
hard enough you can see one near every
clock. I am convinced people see these over-
seers of old father time, as the look of horror
and distaste on people's faces could not come
from watching a piece of machinery.

Apart from all this flippancy, the question is
being asked. "Are our lives being ruled by
machines?" To my way of thinking they are,
but it is a necessary part of control in our
civilization, as the world would be chaotic
without it. Industries would go out of business,
schools—nearly every organisation in the
world—without that machine with the waving
arms and the ability to send a person into
palpitations!

The thought of a place where there is no
time or the burblings of a sadistic alarm
clock is a picture of serenity and peace. The
rumble of millions of feet, marking time to
the clock's awesome tolling of twelve o'clock
seems to shake the very pillars of sanity. When
Old Father Time lays down his cane and whip,
and the clocks of the world stop their cease-
less fidget, the world will stop also-

Adrian Jobson



W.H.S. CADET UNIT 1967

SIGNALS SECTION

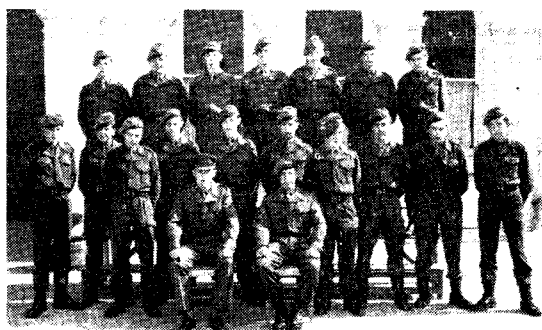


Standing (L. to R.) Cpl. Branson, L./Cpl. Makkerwitsch, Cpl. Schloetzer. Sitting Sgt. Smith, W.O.2 Bliss



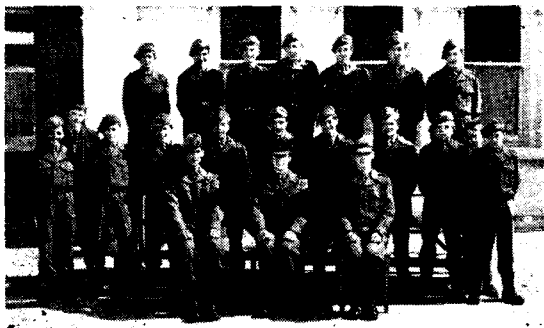
COMPANY HEADQUARTERS

Standing: S/Sgt Blackstock, Sgt Lounds, L./Cpl Nicholas. Sitting: Capt. O'Connor, W.O.2 Brown.



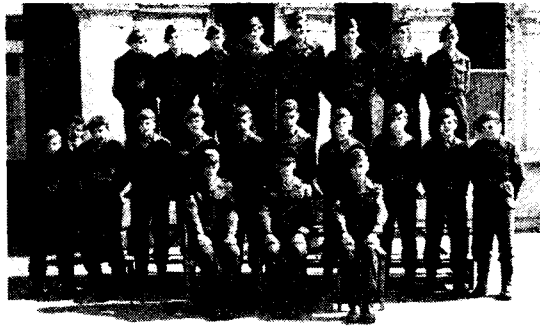
1 PLATOON

Back Row: (L. to R.) L./Cpl. Bloom, L./Cpl. Lawerson Rod, L./Cpl. Rogers, L./Cpl. Evans, L./Cpl. Chapple, Cpl. Evans, L./Cpl. Lawerson, Ray, Cdt. Johnson. Second Row: Cdt. Karakiozakis, Cdt. Foreman, Cdt. Dixon, L./Cpl. Meacham, Cdt. Thompson, Cpl. Davis, L./Cpl. Learmonth, Cdt. Oleszko. Standing: Cdt. Connell, Cdt. Pyne. Sitting: C.U.O. Jobson, Sgt. Wilkinson.



2 PLATOON

Back Row: Cdt. Davidson, Cdt. Ishac, Cdt. Tribonius, Cdt. Evans, Cdt. Davis, Cdt. Maddox, Cdt. Ironside. Middle Row: Cdt. Krekos, Cdt. Banner, Cdt. Beacroft, Cdt. Meacham Cdt. Napier, Cdt. Virgona, Cdt. Cambieras, Cdt. Gadd, Cdt. Swettenham, Cdt. Mallett Cdt. Dixon, Sitting Sgt Cambieras, C.U.O. McLaren, Sgt. Pearce.



3 PLATOON

Back Row: Cdt. Spotswood, Cdt. McLeod, Cdt. Waye, Cdt. Chapple, Cdt. Goetz, Cdt. Georgeopolous, Cdt. Ravenscroft, Cdt. Spilsbury. Middle Row: Cdt. Newgreen, Cdt. Kasek, Cdt. Brass, Cdt. Gibson, Cdt. Warner, Cdt. Richards, Cdt. Jellis, Cdt. Powiey, Cdt. Watson, Cdt. Jackson, Sitting: Sgt. Clarke, C.U.O. Green, Sgt. Dale.

OUR CADET YEAR 1967 —

This year our unit strength was raised to 103 which meant that our O.C. became a Capt. It also allowed us another officer of Cadets, and Lt. Nilsen joined the unit. He became Quartermaster. Lt. Henstridge became Adjutant while our O.C. was Capt. O'Connor.

The additional numbers allows the unit to form four platoons. One platoon, or the advanced infantry platoon, was led by C.U.O. Jobson. The two recruit platoons, 2 and 3 were led by C.U.O. McLaren and C.U.O. Green. The fourth platoon was led by W.O. 2 Bliss and Sergeant Smith. The C.Q.M.S. this year was Staff-Sergeant Slim Blackstock, and the C.S.M. was W.O. 2 Brown.

The unit as usual supplied sentries for the Anzac Service. Their drill was of a very high calibre and they were a credit to the uniform they wore. The sentries were Sergeants Clark and Dale, Corporals R. Jones and Evans and Cadets Bloom and S. Jones. The sentries were trained by C.U.O. McLaren.

Bivouac: Our bivouac was held over the last days of March, and ended on the 1st April. The first day was occupied with moving in and setting up the area.

On the second day the recruits were taught camouflage and concealment, how to move

with and without weapons, stalking and section formations. And that night held a lantern stalk. One platoon revised minor tactics and patrolling all day.

On the last day the whole unit was taken over a very tough assault course (the army prefers to call it a confidence course) One platoon also put in a platoon attack on a known enemy position. The attack was orderly, well co-ordinated and completely successful.

Annual Camp: Camp was from August 8th to 16th, 1967, and the first year that W.H.S. Cadet Unit has conducted an annual camp entirely in the bush. (Puckapunyal State Forest)

The main body of the unit left school at 09.00 on August 8th. After a bus trip lasting three hours we arrived at the site, which had been prepared by the advance party.

The site had been divided four ways, with One Platoon, Two and Three Platoons combined, specialists section and Headquarters area.

At annual camp we had Lt. O'Connor (a former member of the unit who took the place of Lt. D. J. Nilsen), Lt. O'Connor should be praised for his excellent work.

Recruit training at camp consisted mainly of an introduction to minor tactics. The recruits were eager to learn this, and the use of blank ammunition makes it very interesting. At first

they were a little ragged, but after practice their drills became quite efficient. The last two days of camp the recruits conducted an over-night exercise. They had to move to a small feature, harbour over-night and return the next morning.

The senior platoon again practised minor tactics as a lead up to a three-day exercise. This exercise involved marching by compass, to a small feature to bivouac overnight. The next day they had to march to another feature and bivouac overnight again. The following morning they had to return to the camp site.

All the movement during this exercise was done by map-reading and compass work. All movement was tactical and there was an enemy in the area. On both mornings the platoon showed great restraint in their reactions to the taunts of an inquiring enemy. Over the whole exercise One Platoon walked more than 15 miles. Also during the exercise, One Platoon "paid a visit" to Melbourne High School H.Q. area, at approximately 02.00. One further way of tightening the bonds of friendship between the two schools.

Footscray Technical College unit was "paid a visit" likewise and their pride was badly hurt when the reprisal raid was defeated by greater experience.

Camp ended on August 16th and a very tired unit returned to Williamstown. A special mention must go to the signals section for the great effort in maintaining communications.

The passing-out parade was held on October 25th. The honoured guests were the mayor of Williamstown, the President of the Advisory Council, the Headmaster and Battalion Commander. The Inter-platoon shield was won in a very close competition by 2 platoon, in the very last week.

I would like to thank all officers and regular army staff for their help and co-operation throughout the year.

C.S.M.

ABOUT CADETS:—

In 1868 George MacArthur established the first Cadet Unit at St. Mark's Collegiate College Darling Point, Sydney.

From this humble beginning the Cadet Corps has grown until at present the Cadet Corps of Australia now maintains 50,000 members. This is larger than the Regular Army, 42,000 and the C.M.F. 35,000 members.

The Cadet Corps has five aims, the first three of national interest and the latter two concerning the Army. The first is to develop knowledge and discipline, the second to develop a sense of citizenship and patriotism (so important in a democracy such as ours). The two aims concerning the Army are—to develop an interest in the role of the Army (this is important. I feel, because it makes the cadets aware of current affairs) and to encourage the continuation of service; this, though, does not take the form of "brainwashing" and it is a fact that less than 7 per cent of cadets ever continue service in either the Regular Army or the C.M.F. If this figure is compared with expenditure on cadets—approximately \$80 per year per cadet multiplied by 50,000 cadets—we find four million dollars is spent each year on cadets—and for what? Seven per cent enlistment? No, the main reason for the Corps is to develop a sound character and develop a sound character and favourable qualities in cadets. If I may quote the C.O. of 33 Cadet Battalion, the purpose of cadets is "not for producing future soldiers, but for developing latent qualities in the nations secondary school student" This I feel, is appropriate.

References: Cadet. Standing Orders.

Cadet Magazine 1966.

The Australian Encyclopaedia.

C.U.O. McLaren

ORIGINAL PROSE:-

ITALY EARNS RESPECT!

A Turning Point—the new distinctive features in Italian painting and sculpture in the 15th and early 16th centuries.

The early or proto Renaissance period was a starting point in a new type of art. It was an important turning point and has influenced all art since that time. It was the great period of innovation in all forms of art, especially paintings. It was brought about by a group of Florentine Masters who were no longer content to repeat the old formulae handed down by medieval artists. They were influenced by humanist ideals and deliberately set out to create a new art—to break with ideas of the past. These artists included Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Uccello, Piero della Francesca and Botticelli. However, the most outstanding was Giotto.

Around the middle of the Fifteenth Century there was a greater stability in Italy concerning political, religious, social and economic conditions. There was a greater freedom of thought and more humanistic outlook on life with a great interest in the individual. There was a renewal of interest in Classical Antiquity and an increase in scientific knowledge. At this time there was a desire for realism with a new scientific and analytical approach to art. Christian themes were expressed, not in abstract symbols, but through more realistic terms.

Like many artists of the Renaissance, Masaccio had a spirit for adventure and was not afraid to experiment. As the term 'renaissance' itself means 'rebirth' there was a 'rebirth' or revival of ideas from ancient Greece and Rome. Masaccio reintroduced, from Greek times, the nude human figures as a means of expressing intellectual ideas. An example is his 'Expulsion of Adam and Eve' where Masaccio expresses intellectual ideas and has painted human figures realistically. He has shown a new scientific approach, he has examined the two figures in space and has modelled them with light and shade, (chiaroscuro) also giving depth to his work.

However, Giotto, also a Florentine, was the first to have the humanistic instincts to experiment and observe. Some examples of his work are 'Faith' and 'The Mourning over the Dead Christ'. Giotto was able to show figures realistically and show human feeling in his subjects.

The new human interests in 'renaissance' art, centre around man and his world and not only with religious ideas as half a century hitherto. The religious themes of the late Gothic period gave way to worldly and everyday themes. This also applied to sculpture. Another great Florentine was Donatello, a sculptor who also broke with the ideas of the past. An example of his work is 'St. George' a young man in armour very realistically sculptured. His face is not beautiful, nor idealized, as those of medieval saints; it is flesh, vital and energetic. The whole figure seems defiant and restless yet alive, showing Donatello's mastery of carving human forms from solid rock. Like Masaccio's paintings, it shows us that Donatello wanted to replace the gentle refinement of his predecessors by a new and vigorous observation of nature. However, there was even greater innovation at the turn of the fifteenth century.

The High Renaissance painters and sculptors such as Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, and Raphael, perfected the ideals established by the earlier artists. They produced harmonious balanced and dignified paintings, in which the human figure was used to express new standards of ideal beauty and a whole range of human emotions.

The aim of these artists was to depict a perfect world and Leonardo was certainly an artist who could do this. In his 'Madonna of the Rocks' and his 'Mona Lisa', the beauty of every form in the competitions has captivated people for centuries. Leonardo's scientific knowledge of nature and his searching analysis of human character have combined in his work to create sublime and fascinating paintings in a harmonious, poetic and idealistic way. Leonardo used the pyramid composition, unlike Christian and Byzantine artists whose pic-

tures were stereotyped, lacking balance and beauty, and certainly not depicting feeling, movement or character. In all of Leonardo's and Raphael's paintings the new illusion of perspective, introduced by Giotto, increases the sense of reality.

However, Raphael carried his work to even greater perfection. His work represents a culmination of two hundred years of experiment in the problems of painting. Unlike other artists he avoided stern or distressing themes. In his work all imperfections have been banished.

The sculptors of the High Renaissance also sought idealistic beauty in their work. However, Michelangelo, the greatest sculptor yet, chose restless and energetic topics. However, he was versatile in calm topics. He also painted superbly but it was in sculpture that he truly reflected his character—or himself as an individual.

Like Leonardo and Raphael, who achieved perfection in painting, Michelangelo achieved it in sculpture. He perfected the work of Donatello, basing his ideas on those of ancient Greek statues. However, Michelangelo was the first to create realistic human figures from marble, with inner feelings and individual characters. An example is 'Moses' which shows bearded Bible character's strength and power, also his wisdom. Michelangelo is a perfect example of a 'Renaissance Humanist' for he searched and studied to aid his work. His knowledge is evident in such anatomical structures as 'The Dying Slave', which seems alive with fleshlike surface.

It was artists, sculptors and architects who from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century developed a growing interest in classical civilization, and derived methods from it, combined with their new innovations, to produce the masterpieces of their own generation. From Italy as a centre, 'Renaissance' art spread to the North and West of Europe where such as Durer, El Greco, Holbein, Rembrandt and Rubens emerged. Their work was equally as admirable as that of the Italian painters of that time.

However, Italy was the innovator and certainly deserves the credit and admiration for her achievements in art. Ever since the name Giotto the word 'Renaissance' has gained

ground in Italy. Since then, man had a new outlook on life; he considered himself equal with God and in realistic terms. The Renaissance was the time when, in art, man observed and studied nature in order to paint. Instead more relaxed and true-to-life painting. It was of the stiff Byzantine formality there came a time when the painter, sculptor, architect and scientists discovered new techniques. It is to them that we owe the credit for being able to admire the masterpieces of today, for a new longer-lasting paint or pigment was discovered. Thus, the Renaissance—the age of re-discovery, reality and innovation.

Christine Allen.

(Thanks must go to Mrs. R. Ross for three years of wonderful teaching.)

OUR DEPENDENCE ON MACHINERY:—

Ring, ring! There it goes! That sound is the first piece of mechanism we hear every day—the vicious, hated and ill-used alarm clock. Then click, click—off goes the electric blanket and on with the electric radiator. What would our great ancestors with their pioneering spirit that Mr. Jones insists is not dead yet, think of us? What? You do not think we depend on machinery? Then let me take you on a tour or inspection, by examining the family of Mr. X.

First, the bathroom. Do the members of Mr. X's family chop wood, collect buckets of water and painstakingly wait for it to heat every morning? No, they do not! And what about the soap, straight from the shop I will wager! No boiling down of fats and messy saucepans, to clean, and now, just imagine all the accidents mechanism has saved—I mean all the spilt blood from those cut throat razors. You must be convinced now that we have become dependent on machines? No! Then we will take the kitchen as an example.

The first and foremost of the machines in the kitchen are those operated by electricity. The stove, toaster, refrigerator, mixmaster, dishwasher, and even the electric can-opener have now found place in the home of nearly every family. How many times a day does Mrs. X use the machinery in her kitchen? All I can say is, "What a life for Mrs. X". Just imagine

her poor grandmother without those machines. Modern housewives are almost entirely dependent on machines and would be quite helpless without them. You mean to say you are still not convinced? Tell me, where do you get your entertainment? No doubt you are like the family of Mr. X who get their entertainment in the evening glued to the T.V. Marvellous machine is it not? Do you ride a horse? "Don't be silly", you say. Then you must use a car for saving those precious legs of yours. Wonderful machine is it not?

Now Mr. X's beautiful daughter has just had a phone call (wonderful machine) and has to go out in a hurry. Wet hair a problem? No, just use a hair drier!

Machines, machines, machines! What would we do without them? Think of your own life and its dependance on machines and you must be convinced! Are you?

Anonymous.

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST:—

He ran his long slender fingers over the keyboard of the Piano. The sound of a creative pianist (jazz) came out of the open lid of the piano. Blues, avant-garde, melodic, harmonic. Sounds of life, sickness, bloodshed, happiness, freedom.

Slowly the tune came to an end. The pianist stood up and walked over to a table. The sickening sight of people repelled him. So he sought seclusion in a far corner of the club. People had hurt him a great lot, and they expected him to be friendly. The break came to an end, and he made his way back to the stand where the piano stood, like a king.

Stephen Yates

ROYAL MELBOURNE SHOW :—

This year a record number of over twelve hundred horses, some coming from as far as Queensland, entered in the Royal Melbourne Show. I entered two horses but some exhibitors entered as many as twelve. Being an exhibitor at 'Melbourne' wasn't easy, every day of the two weeks there started at 6.30 a.m. for me. There were horses to be exercised, fed and watered, there were grand parades to go in, events to get ready for and to compete in, saddles to clean and horses to groom,

but all this was well worth it for any of the keen competitors to get a place in the Royal Melbourne Show, which is the biggest Agricultural Show, in Victoria and in my opinion the best in Australia.

Leigh Dunstan 2A

STUDENT GOES OVERSEAS: —

Roselyn Kellar who is 15 years, and is now in form 4b, left for Israel on February the 2nd 1967.

Arriving on March 15th, Roslyn and her family intended to live in Israel permanently. After the first couple of months, Roslyn and her brother Phillip, went to attend the 'Mossad'—a lonely 'Yitzack' between Haifa and Tel Aviv. This school is run on the basis of a 'kibbutz', but this is for children up to the age of nineteen, that is up to Matriculation level. This school takes in migrants from all countries as well as serving as a boarding school for the city Israelites.

Roslyn came at the end of the school year and after sitting at the back of a normal class, understanding nothing, a new 'blapan' group was formed. This group included other new students, for instance, Russian and Argentine children, and especially intended for teaching the Hebrew language quickly enough for them to be put into the normal classes the next year.

Roslyn considers, and I think we can see why, that it is very difficult to live in Israel on account of some incidents that occurred during the Six Day War in Israel, not attempting in any way to make political assessments. now. The following essay is simply Roslyn's

DURING THE "SIX DAY WAR":—

by Roslyn Kellar 4b

This "incident" took place, as you probably well know through the extensive coverage made at that time—two or three months ago. I was, at that time living in a type of school, with approximately 250 other students, up to the age of 19, and from almost 30 different countries; in a seemingly insignificant little strip of land known as Israel. It was nearly the end of the school year and consequently everything was disorganised and chaotic. I had been struggling hopelessly with the tedious and extremely discouraging task of learning the Hebrew language—having begun

less than a month before hand.

It was generally well known that the country's political situation was tense but also generally accepted as being such. It had been so for nineteen years. Still, it had accelerated somewhat recently. Everybody — but everybody listened—in fact dropped everything for the news. And some even speculated on the possibilities of another war. But although it was the main topic of conversation and argument, a 'mossad' (name given to the type of school which I was attending) is a semi-detached and completely self-sufficient, secure community so I do not think it really penetrated or was fully realised until about two weeks before hand.

Then—the Gulf of Akaba, that gulf south of Eilat, through which Israel's main oil shipments arrived, had been taken over and blocked by Egyptian war ships. War was not simply speculated on, it was expected. What would happen if a ship was to attempt forcing its way through? Bomb shelters were to be dug immediately, if not already in existence as remnants of the Sinai Campaign ten years earlier—or the frequent Syrian raids. Every male of age was to be called up, with the exception of one or two, so every teacher disappeared from the mossad, lessons became of only secondary importance, shifts were arranged and the digging of bomb shelters commenced, one for each block; under the supervision of the English master—a South African, Harvey Weyburn.

Every student helped at some time with some part of the work. It was mainly the boys who dug the shelters and bunks and cleared the land to prevent fire—while the girls filled and sewed up the gravel sacks, later packed on the shelter roofs, covered and used to insulate against shock.

But occasionally the work was swapped over and almost everybody, male or female, had some part of the digging of the bomb shelters. At the completion there were 25 in the mossad alone, and excluding those attached to teachers private houses. For each shelter an arrangement of sand buckets etc. was set up in case of fire, and huge sheets of iron painted brilliant red were hung in various places around the mossad. A boy stood at each (shifts having been organised during both day and night)

transistor in hand, awaiting the siren—at which he was to clang these sheets as loud as possible, relaying the warning for everybody to run to the nearest shelter, remaining there until an "all clear" was given.

Another boy in the course of army training, and from either the leaving or matric. classes acted as general supervisor for each of the different blocks. He took a list of all the names of students in his block, who were to use the attached shelter, made checks each night to determine where everybody was—and saw that the lights were out on time. The last of these, our supervisor, whose name was Marc, found a little difficult to maintain in our block.

Every window which could be removed then was, and every other one was taped to prevent shattering. Black curtains were hung over all the windows and openings. All beds were moved into the centre of each room, notices, warning and instructions pinned onto each door, and the electricity was eventually cut off completely. Torches and candles were used then, but in moderation by those with authority, the torches being covered with blue cellophane to diffuse the light.

Everything was carried out calmly and efficiently, and the general operation of the mossad—school activity etc., continued as usual, but with an indifference which classed them as seeming futile and quite superfluous now. There was only half the original amount of students remaining as the rest had either returned to their native countries—Dinah to Sweden, Judarto to Greece, Ruth to America, Joe to Canada, Simar to Turkey, Nora and Vard to Argentine, Sarah to Germany, Sharona to South Africa and many others.

Anticipation was now the prevalent atmosphere. And still both Egypt and Israel each steadfastly refused to be the country to first open fire.

It became impossible to sleep at night and without electricity by which to study or any other activity at all, we were restricted to wandering aimlessly around the mossad and gathering in little groups around that indispensable item—the Transistor.

Translations and excited discussions were carried out in any number of different languages. Meanwhile, the Matriculation students were

quietly having fits as their final exams were about to come up and they had no means of studying.

Finally, one morning during class, at a particularly uninteresting point—the sirens were heard. Everybody blinked; because although it was the obvious and awaited event, war had not previously been declared, everybody was clambering out of desks, clattering and chattering in their hectic, but surprisingly neither wild nor frantic rush for the bomb shelters.

We landed up in the nearest, which, as happened was a badly renovated remainder from the Sinai Campaign. The news was difficult to hear above the continuous talking and general chaos inside, which relapsed after a few minutes, enough to enable us to gain an idea of what was being said. War had broken out! It remained undecided as to who fired the first shot, each side violently denying the accusation of the other, but Jordan was thought to have done so. In any case, there was heavy fighting in the Sinai, south of Eilat and a lesser amount on the Jordan and Syrian borders.

We fell to whispering at intervals and pulling and picking at the crumbly chalk walls of the shelter. This latter became general practice during the latter periods spent in the shelters. The first stretch was comparatively brief, and the unsuccessful attempt at resuming lessons was made after the “all-clear” had been given. This was interrupted by a second siren and after another brief interval, the attempt was abandoned completely.

Throughout the first four days the bomb shelters were used frequently but only once during the last two. The whistle, scream and dull thudding explosions of the bombs were to be heard echoing continually in the not too distant distance. Kibbutzim and farms were bombed and we began speculating on the village, ten minutes walk from us—and the kibbaitz adjacent to the mossad itself. The amount of air traffic—planes and jets which had prior to the war deafened us, breaking the sound barrier each time they travelled back and forth less than one thousand (even 500) feet over our heads—increased and their radar systems caused their noises to reach such a crescendo as to almost ear-shattering. Our first reaction had been—“Is it ‘ours’, is it ‘theirs?’”

but I became quite accustomed to it after a while and they were, I think, without exception, Israeli.

Most people were, at least a little nervous but at no time did anybody panic or become hysterical and it was so completely calm that although we realized the situation, I doubt if any of us really had time to let its full proportions penetrate. Meals were rushed and cold sandwiches in the evening as there was no light by which to prepare anything else. We slept in clothes, if we slept at all; but really the earliest siren sounded was at approximately 5.30 a.m. one morning when everybody rushed down to the shelters in the wierdest assortment of clothing possible. As happens, our particular block possessed not a shelter but a trench, and as it was not deep enough to provide sufficient cover for an upright person we were forced to crouch or kneel in discomfort for a couple of hours, twisting around to change position every now and again. Some of us had the forethought to bring blankets on which to sit-easing the situation slightly but it had not occurred to me so I was one of those who on coming out into the fresh air apart from being covered in chalk had sore knees. Five minutes later we were back again—but it turned out to be a false alarm. Michael had been in the process of taking a shower when the second siren sounded.

The longest stretch ever really spent in one of those ghastly little holes was one and a half to three hours the afternoon before and right in the middle of lunch. Needless to say it was quite inedible by the time we emerged.

During the time out of the shelter the office was continually besieged by calls from anxious even by hysterical parents. News bulletins were broadcast every few minutes and listened to in an attentive silence, broken only by brief wild cheers at each new Israeli bictory. This lasted six days. On the Sunday evening there had been an attempt made to lessen the strain by holding a film as usual in the hall—but it was difficult with no light and Benny, who was supervising eventually announced that it would be too dangerous; rushing 100 or more students out of the hall if the sirens were to be sounded so the attempt was called off and we returned to our blocks.

On the sixth day it was announced that the war had ended. Israel had won, and the United Nations had called an official cease-fire. Israel

had captured land more than four-times her size. The Sinai desert, Old Jerusalem, all land one side of the Suez Canal—to add to which up to the west bank of the Jordan river and Nasser made a public announcement rather cunningly and hypocritically that he was resigning from power.

Well you can imagine our state of ecstasy. That night we were singing and dancing in the little dining room until three o'clock in the morning—and still with torches and candle, as our electricity was not restored until a week later. But not all the results were quite so cheerful. In war they never are. Both the sons of the Director and our Science Teacher were killed during those six days along with six hundred and thirty-seven others.

We raised money for a wreath and to place a notice in the newspaper.

SAFETY FIRST OR LIVE DANGEROUSLY:—

Should we take every possible precaution before attempting anything? I think to answer 'yes' to either of these questions, is an extremist view and in both cases there could be many short-comings. To take no risks, or to take any risks according to impulse, can not be answered as neither is a very good philosophy or way of life. Different cases and situations require different approaches.

Personally I think there are some things, in which everybody should take sufficient care to ensure safety. to live dangerously while driving a car, for example, is something no-one should do. It endangers not only the driver but also passengers and other people who could be killed or injured. Taking risks on the road is senseless and dangerous, and I think, that in the public, as well as the driver's interest, that such a person should be disciplined and controlled. This is one reason why our road laws are essential.

On the other hand, to take no risks, no chances but do and act only after every precaution is taken and every problem is solved is also pointless.

A person living according to such a philosophy could never get anything done and would worry about all sorts of trifles, restricting himself in many ways and building psychological barriers. It could lead to frustrations and worries. When a person is too concerned about safety and everything going smoothly and perfectly, he could miss many opportunities while making

sure they are perfectly 'safe' ! To take no risks but do only what is sure and familiar does not allow for new mistakes, adventure or novelty. Worrying about safety may lead to drudgery.

Safety is necessary and certain precautions need to be taken but it should not be worried about too much or allowed to dominate the mind for long periods of time. In day-to-day life we must live, and take chances, trials, experiments, to have a rich full life. And worry—I think few people have ever gained much by it. So while basic precautions of safety should be taken, to try something new, it is often worth while to partly overlook safety, as it can add much to life by way of fulfilments and psychologically rewarding and pleasing experiences. What if we make mistakes? We make mistakes anyway and perhaps to take no risk and not do anything new is a greater mistake than if what one tries to do does not work out.

by Alex Makarov VS

CIVIL DEFENCE COMMITTEE:—

Section 22, Area A-2
Sth. West H.Q. Melbourne, 3000

Dear Sir,

CIVIL DEFENCE PROGRAMME

Under the direction of the Civil Defence, we are entering extensive training to organise both Civilians and Industrial Companies for the purpose of Fire Fighting in the event of danger from nuclear raids.

As a citizen whose loyalty to the Government is unquestionable, we believe that many count on you as a patriot for full co-operation. We have therefore taken the liberty of appointing you Nuclear Warden for the Williamstown Training Division.

Training will be confined to one night per week for the next six months commencing 6.30 p.m.

Enclosed is a list of equipment for Nuclear Warden.

Chairman

Yours faithfully,

Civil defence Sub-Committee

Civil Defence Nuclear Warden:

List of Equipment:

1. Respirator.
2. Axe to be carried in belt.
3. Stirrup pump to be carried in belt.
4. Long household shovel to be carried under left arm.

5. Rake to be carried under right arm.
6. Scoop to be carried under right arm.
7. Whistle from lanyard to be carried from mouth.
8. Belt to be worn around waist with ten (10) hooks for carrying bags and four pails of water.
9. Two (2) wet blankets to be slung around neck.
10. Flashlight to be carried around neck.
11. Steel helmet with brim turned to carry extra water.
12. Box of matches to light Atom Bomb which failed to ignite.
13. Extra Sand to be carried in all pockets.
14. Broom, so that the Warden may sweep floors as he progresses.

S. Gair 3A

THE ACCIDENTS—

by Susan Holmes 2B

Where was I? What had happened? As I tried to move I felt a sharp stab of pain in my side. I could see below me a number of rocks jutting from the swirling water.. I was in some kind of hollow on the cliff face. I tried to scream for help, but the notes seemed lost in the noise of the raging water below. All I could do now was wait until someone happened by. My energy gone, I fainted.

I awoke, for the second time to find myself in a small white-washed cottage. A little old lady was feeding me some hot chicken broth.

A few days later, when I was able to question members of the family, I found out that their little girl had been playing nearby, heard my moans and came to investigate. She then called to the others. They managed to rig up a stretcher and haul be to safety. While this was happening on of there young boys had gone to the village to bring the local doctor, who had made his way to the cottage by donkey.

In one hand he held the reins and in the other a valise with many coloured glass bottles in it. When the doctor had finished examining me and bandaging my leg, he said that I would be well in a few days but should not be moved yet. I had many bruises and abrasions but they would heal in time.

When he was about to leave he told the little old lady that I was very lucky that this had not proved more serious.

THE WILL TO LIVE:—

Around a still white bed, three people could be seen. "Peter, Peter", the mother cried, and the tears poured unheeded down her wane cheeks.

"Oh, Peter, don't leave me now". The pleading note in her miserable voice caused the limp figure in the hospital bed to open his eyes momentarily. The harsh, white glare of the small, hospital room caused him to close his eyes quickly. Oh, how he could sink into the tenuous thread of love in his mother's voice the friendly black realms of eternal sleep, but held him. He opened his eyes once again and he saw his mother, his father and nanny. Tears glistened in their eyes and the love and utter miserableness on their faces caused him to burst into tears. His mother bent over him and ears of joy fell on his face. She kissed him and turned away to get the doctor. Mr. Smith said Proudly, with a voice slightly choked with tears, "You put up a good fight, my boy and I'm proud of you". So saying, the tears of joy overflowed.

Ruth Elmslie 1D

INDOOR CULTIVATING: —

Time 1 p.m. Monday 17th APRIL 1967

Working on information received from an anonymous informer, to the effect that, certain pupils at Williamstown High School were cultivating poppy plants in their lockers, Williamstown High's Organisation for the Prevention of Private Enterprise (affectionately known as "WHOPPER") went into operation. All suspects (about 400 boys) were herded into the quadrangle (the more appropriate word is "compound" but is forbidden) and with clock-like precision (in other words about 15 mins.) all exits were blocked. The suspects were then escorted to their lockers where, lined up against a brick wall, it was either open your lockers or All lockers were thoroughly searched, but the only sign of drugs was half a sleeping pill and a sleeping mouse. As no conclusive evidence could be found the suspects were let off with a severe reprimand. Anyway everyone knows that poppies don't grow in April.

G. Criddle VIB

THE FROG THAT COULDN'T CROAK:—

One day there was a little frog who could not croak, and so the birds and other animals made fun of him. Every day he would go down to the little creek and try to croak, but no matter how hard he tried, he could not croak. Until one morning he was sitting on a rock in the pond, and a little bird flew up to him and they began to talk. The bird tried to cheer the frog up and he couldn't. Then suddenly, a large rain cloud covered the sky and down came the rain. It was raining so heavily that the little frog made his way home as fast as he could.

When he arrived home, his mother put him to bed and off to sleep he went. When he awoke the next day the rain had stopped. He went to call out to his mother and when he cried out loud, a loud croak awoke everyone in the house. He quickly got dressed and hopped down to the creek and saw all the other frogs croaking away so to show them that he could croak now he opened his mouth wide and out came a loud croak. All the frogs looked around in astonishment and now the frog that couldn't croak before croaks beautifully and is always the first up and the last to go to bed.

Ilonka Murko 4D

ORIGINAL VERSE-

THE YACHT

Rested with its long slender hull
Mainsail flapping like white sea gull
Waiting for the incoming tide

Greg Wilkinson

THE KILLER

Drip, drip went the blood,
Dead was the body covered in mud,
His eyes were closed so very tight
His fists were clenched as if to fight.
I wonder who killed this poor young man
The killer from the scene so quickly ran
He's the only one who can tell
Soon we'll hear the toll of the bell
They'll take him away to the dusty morgue
The killers conscience will be tormented and gnawed.

Ann Fitzpatrick 3C.

HANDS

Hands!
What are these mechanisms of man's
Praying, holding, doing good,
Then doing things only mongrels should.
Always taking, hardly ever giving.
Are hands the only means of living?
Oh yes! many of us say
For hands are the things that work all day
But then at that most dreaded time
Hands lead the biggest part in crime.

3C

The droning noise came on and over,
The dreariness dragged by,
Monotony filled the room.
A waking cough, the voice once more,
My drowsy eyes refused to try,
My eyelids closed quite soon,
Greyness blanketed all.

Lesley Rhodes 4B

A SUGGESTION ?

The sea is so strong, powerful and mighty
—With the change in the tide comes a change
breakers.
It is deep and shallow, blue, green and white,
The sea-violent, turbulent,-yet calm and serene.
It represents humanity-however little I have
seen,
—With its currents, rapids, its undertows and
in the world.
And as here are menaces of the deep, they are
misfits in our society.
So

Come all you hippies-both ugly and gruesome.
I have a suggestion,
Instead of retreating from the real world
(Which is so unbearable for you!)
-into flowery parks and landscape dimensions,
Seek refuge in the sea-the perfect love nest.
Perhaps you will have eternal peace and quiet.
For you are of no possible use to the land or
the people
-Hence you have nothing to lose-

("Annabelle" 6.)

THREE BEINGS LESS IN A WILDERNESS:

The Old Man trudged the familiar road,
Cursing the sun-baked sod.
He longed for a taste of that yabbie's stew
Or that tasty river-mouth cod.

They seemed a million miles away,
Or in another world
And within his parched and burning mouth
His swollen tongue curled.

The Old Man trudged the familiar road,
And thought of times a-better,
When he'd cantered along this desolate track,
With his faithful Irish Setter.

His horse was back, along the track
He'd carried his master well,
But in this screaming, daylight hell
His life ran out, he fell.

The setter whined and begged for rest,
And heard a faint reply
"If we sit down to rest ole' mate,
We'll be sitting down to die."

The sun came on with all its fury,
She'll claim two victims yet.
The Old Man and his dog crawled on,
It was like a pitiful bet.

The next day in the Gunya Pub.
The drinks were on the house,
But what stopped the flow of beer that day
Was the funeral of old Joe Grouse.

The dogs came too, from miles around
But no-one heard one barking
They had come that day to pay respects
To old Joe's dog called Starky.

They buried Joe and his dog, and horse
Beside that barren stretch,
And on a board reaching up to the sky
Old Joe was there in sketch.

The epitaph, written with trembling hand
Read like a scrawly letter:
"God bless Joe Grouse and his bony old mare,
And his wonderful Irish Setter".

The Dreamer.

MORROW AND ME

Shadow deformed by sky
Oh I wonder why,
Feelings haunt the grey of the garden—
As under stricken, simmerings sky written
by bursts of silhouette.
My heart is torn; forlorn.

Cringing, lonely moon—
Tells, yells,
Tomorrow's love and agony.
I wanted it yet felt it,
The water cuts the clouds, Moon grabs the
hills.
I will take.

My joy soon, depth and joy flit,
The street has blackened nature, the sky
cries
Tears of smog and dust.
Telegraph poles, light is pushing throughout.
Stop the lie, we are on top
Dark cold
People, come back, grab.
Leave the black; The fight.

Outwash swamp, full of moon
Growing wild grasses.
Great green and brown hit back—
Fight the life instilled tonight,
Tether the City, squash the smog,
Bark of dog and sweep of grass
Stirs the water.
Wakes the lark and us.
Tomorrow?

William Francombe 6B

FEELINGS:

I'm all shut up; inside this cage,
I feel so mad; I'm in a rage,
I see myself,
Please let me out, so I may fly,
Just for a while before I die.

V.H. 4C.

SUNRISE:

The blue sky glowed with an orange tinge,
Like a giant fire for on the earth's fringe,
I was amazed at the sight as there I lay,
It was the start of a new day.

Stuart Pattison

THE INSECT AND THE CLAY:

The little insect is often seen and often heard
but seldom thought of,
He sits there with books before him,
With wild dreams of fame and prosperity
He works hard for years in sincerity,
And yet doesn't do an hours work in a lifetime.
He struggles against heartache and frustration,
He tries to float against the stream.
He amuses people, they laugh at his wit.

To them he is a mere intermission,
between their minutes of fruit-bearing work,
and floods of good-life and happiness.
This insect is a clown for his friends.
Friends. ha . . . people he can't tell his woes to,
People who would only laugh at his heartbreak
And say: "Chin up! There'll be more for you,
For you are an insect".

A mere break in the avalanche of luck and love
He is there to amuse them, when boredom
comes their way.
But how long before he realizes these 'people'
Are only clay . . . to each other . . .
And to themselves they are the world-

When he sees this truth he will
change his garb for clay,
a new being
And enter the world — (only a stage)
A being with promise—other clay might say,
But now he doesn't care for anyone but him-
self.

So he threw it away and lived without it,
His heart was broken, no use to him now.
Not looking back to those years,
Or loneliness and solitude where a girl
once stood "It's for your own good"
He is now . . .
What is he now?
Is he clay without a heart for anyone else
Or does he still retain that heart?
Maybe a little of it, but the speck that's left
will destroy him again and again until . . .
He is not an insect any more - he is only dirt -
to be trampled on.

THE SEASHORE:

The wave rolled in on the golden beach,
The white palms waved as the seagulls
screeched,
The beachcomber walked along by the edge
of the sea,
There was nobody there except him and me.

Stuart Pattison

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

The sun comes through the mud-flecked
window
And settles on the work
He gazes out upon the fence
And ignores his "glacial cirque . . . "

The minutes drag on-he meditates,
On the Saturday night before,
The sound of a car gliding past the house,
The scream of a frenzied cat.
A friend comes in to see how he's goin'
So they have a chat.

The minutes drag on, his friend goes,
He picks up that pen once more,
And gazes out of the window,
Just like he did before.

Another car, another cat,
Another friend arrives
They have a chat about that bat
Then he's alone once more.

A neighbour's lawnmower,
A nearby kid,
He hears them all quite plain.
He thinks for a minute and picks up that pen,
And tries again in vain

He talks to himself,
Encouraging himself along.
He knows the exams. aren't far away
He wishes they were gone.

The boy's name can be anything
from McCutcheon to Barry Hewet
But he must finish this essay today
Or else he'll never do it.

He can't even make a start today
But isn't it always the same ?
The minutes drag on, he meditates
On the exams. and the coming shame!
The Dreamer.

THE NORTH WIND:

The wind blows hard,
it stops for no-one.
It stretches trees as elastic
sending leaves fluttering over
the frost bitter grass.
Along the cold and icy streets
litter is scattered,
No hat is left unturned as the
stiff breeze blows;
And then the rain.

KOALA HOUSE BOYS

After an unsuccessful and disappointing attempt at the Swimming Sports, our hopes of keeping the fighting spirit of the house alive were revived by the junior cricketers, ably led by young Brian Hill, our senior team were not as successful, though.

After this poor opening to the year, we all looked hopefully to the inter house football competition. But alas! the senior boys were again disappointing, whereas the juniors showed great fighting spirit to take off the Premiership with players like D. Cole and B. Hill showing great football potential.

In the choral contest, the main event of Term II, under the leadership of Lyn Thompson, we surprised every one (including a well-known sportsmaster) by being placed equal second.

The second annual cross-country run was the best thing that could have happened to Koalas, as we had two very promising junior runners in Russell Yardley and David Cole filling first and second respectively. Due to these boys' efforts and the great number of Koalas who finished the course, were able to take first place.

I would like to thank Rodney Lee and Mr. Nicholls for their help during the year, but most of all I would like to thank all the boys for their co-operation.

Angus Morrison.

POSSUM HOUSE BOYS:—

At the beginning of the year, Possum boys congregated in room 7 to elect their office bearers for the year. After a popular vote Tony (Fuzz) Kerr was elected house captain and Noel (Man) Davis vice-captain. However, during the year we suffered a bad blow when Tony Kerr left the School to join the air force but things brightened up for the Possums when Noel Davis took over and acquitted himself admirably, with John East becoming vice-captain.

First term Possums started off with enthusiasm and this was capped off by a great win in the Swimming Sports (for the third year in a row) due to a great combined effort from both boys and girls. The outstanding boy performers were Grant Clifton, Warren Clifton and Rcd. Lawerson.

By the end of term one, Possums had strong grips on both the boys' Cricket cup—(we are leading 3 wins to one) and also on

W.H.S. TENNIS TEAM



Back Row: P. Eckhardt, J. Hewitt, P. Burgoyne, K. King, C. Wiseman, Ian Laird.
Front Row: L. Lusina, G. Legg.

SPORT 1967

DINGO HOUSE BOYS

Dingo boys 1967, began the year by electing John Handley and Ron Page House Captain and vice-captain respectively. We had many losses of good Dingoes from last year, but these will be made up as always. First Term Swimming Sports and as usual large numbers of enthusiastic triers turned up for trials. Although other Houses had many individual stars once more Dingoes teamed together in true spirit and won most of the relays. However, some individuals from other houses pushed the Dingo score behind Possums by only 13 points. Those to do very well were Paul Tyrell, Tom Nascarella and many others.

Cricket was the sport which suffered most from school leavers in the past year. Although we were beaten by Possums and Wombats we pulled off an upset victory against Koalas (a team with six players in the school team) the highlights being Phil Parker's two 'sixes' off Hewet and Lee and Ron Page and Phil Parker's accurate bowling.

Tennis was held together by mainstay, John Hewitt, and he led the team to many wins throughout the season. Basketball also did well

first term to win all their matches. Volleyball, once again led by Gavin Criddle proved their superiority by being undefeated. Therefore generally in summer sport Dingoes did well.

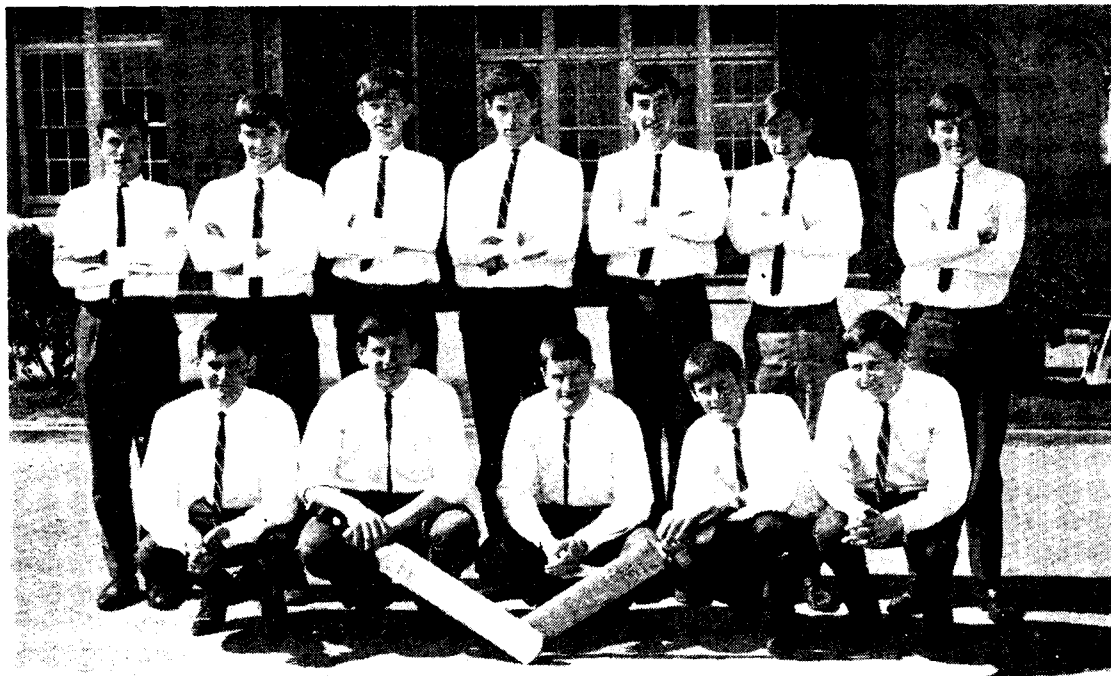
Come the Athletic Sports, Dingoes had many fine runners especially the Handley twins, Jim Shearer, Ron Page and Paul Tyrell. However, a few unexpected relay let-downs placed us 6 points below Possums. Still Dingo House spirit and keenness showed out here and we also won the marching (although disappointed at not marching under our red banner). Those who performed well for the house were Con Krekos, Les Wiseman, Phil. Parker, Chris Robinson, Gavin Criddle and Fred Rosewarne.

Finally a word of thanks to our House Masters, Messrs Hughes, Forecast, Malakunas and Gilbert for their enthusiastic and spirited support during the year. We can only hope to maintain our enthusiasm in future years and to combine as a House to win again the "Parker Cup".

Mention must be made of the enthusiastic work of the Girls Captain—Jil Tobin, a real one-House-only girl.

"Vive La Rouge."

WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH 1st XI



Back Row: K. Hamilton, P. Parker, R. Lee, A. Hurst, B. Hewet, R. Sorraghan, J. East.
Front Row: P. McGregor, G. Collins, G. Lovegrove, C. Robinson, S. Kelly.

KOALA HOUSE BOYS

After an unsuccessful and disappointing attempt at the Swimming Sports, our hopes of keeping the fighting spirit of the house alive were revived by the junior cricketers, ably led by young Brian Hill, our senior team were not as successful, though.

After this poor opening to the year, we all looked hopefully to the inter house football competition. But alas! the senior boys were again disappointing, whereas the juniors showed great fighting spirit to take off the Premiership with players like D. Cole and B. Hill showing great football potential.

In the choral contest, the main event of Term II, under the leadership of Lyn Thompson, we surprised every one (including a well-known sportsmaster) by being placed equal second.

The second annual cross-country run was the best thing that could have happened to Koalas, as we had two very promising junior runners in Russell Yardley and David Cole filling first and second respectively. Due to these boys' efforts and the great number of Koalas who finished the course, were able to take first place.

I would like to thank Rodney Lee and Mr. Nicholls for their help during the year, but most of all I would like to thank all the boys for their co-operation.

Angus Morrison.

POSSUM HOUSE BOYS:—

At the beginning of the year, Possum boys congregated in room 7 to elect their office bearers for the year. After a popular vote Tony (Fuzz) Kerr was elected house captain and Noel (Man) Davis vice-captain. However, during the year we suffered a bad blow when Tony Kerr left the School to join the air force but things brightened up for the Possums when Noel Davis took over and acquitted himself admirably, with John East becoming vice-captain.

First term Possums started off with enthusiasm and this was capped off by a great win in the Swimming Sports (for the third year in a row) due to a great combined effort from both boys and girls. The outstanding boy performers were Grant Clifton, Warren Clifton and Rcd. Lawerson.

By the end of term one, Possums had strong grips on both the boys' Cricket cup—(we are leading 3 wins to one) and also on

W.H.S. TENNIS TEAM



Back Row: P. Eckhardt, J. Hewitt, P. Burgoyne, K. King, C. Wiseman, Ian Laird.
Front Row: L. Lusina, G. Legg.

With the Swimming Sports over, summer sports commenced and we all tried our best and did quite well. The main interest was the cricket team. After narrowly losing the first two matches, we showed our true form when we soundly beat the Dingoes.

Winter sports commenced, and with all eyes on the football team we were anxious to do well. In our first match, a few of our players decided to advise the Umpire, Mr. O'Connor, and consequently, the main offenders, Keith Hamilton, Adrian Jones and Barney were quickly sent off the ground. Thus we were no match for the Possums, who kept all their players on the ground.

Our second match was against Dingoes. After an even first half, our stars, such as Hamilton, Gerring, Kelly, Barney, Lawerson and many others, improved their form, and we broke away for an easy win. The third game was against Koalas and we went mad and bombarded the goals despite strong verbal opposition from Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Nicholls.

After a great year of football our team finished second.

JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

Towards the end of the second term, Gavan Hynes moulded us into a Choir, Gavan did a fine job and we finished equal second. The Third term has started, and in the Athletic Sports we came last. Tough luck fellows!

Keith Hamilton

DINGO HOUSE GIRLS:

The enthusiastic din to be heard in Room 15 on Tuesdays and Wednesdays around 11.45 a.m. is from our houses assemblies (or more precise, a social gathering: this will account for the noise), led by Jill Tobin and Jill Swan.

Swimming Sports was attended by many (perhaps I should say "all") at the beginning of the year, but when it came to House trials, the numbers diminished. Regardless of this, there was a lot of co-operation from the house and all events were filled with the teams so willingly volunteering to train during lunch. On arrival at the Beaurepaire Pool, the sun was shining and the Dingo Team rearing to go. We were successful and once again the girls came out on top and the whole house came second to the Possums. It was a fabulous performance put on by all the house and many worthy Dingoes represented the school in the Inter-School swimming team.



L. Ivancev, W. Buerzkowski, S. Kazara, M. Higham, S. Cumming, J. Granger.

The Choral Contest was next in line. This occasion required much of our free time but because we had a worthy and admirable conductor —Phil, and the best pianist—Glenn, most of us gave our full co-operation. After much practise for the time for us to entertain came our choice was "Waiata Poi". Everything went perfect and there was no need to dispute the winning decision — "Dingoes". Congratulations.

The programme to finish the house's active year was the Athletic sports. The sun must have been a little too much for most cross-ball teams who managed to finish fourth—I suppose it was because of all the energetic practices we had? Of course the team work of our relays really boosted our ego and brought up our points. Viv. Parker was our girl of the day and must be congratulated for her outstanding performance. The wind perhaps helped us swing our arms in the marching because we were almost perfect and won with a margin of 10 points.

Thanks to all competitors whose contribution towards their house was fully appreciated.

This year's weekly house matches were only played at the end of term. Dingo girls did

quite well and won most, well, some of the games. Despite this, we had many girls represented in school teams, and therefore gained more points towards the "Parker Cup"

To finish up, I would like to thank Miss Curren for her help and organisation, vice-captain Jill for her worthy help, Lynda Ferguson for leading the Juniors, Mrs. Trsek and Mrs. Ross for their advice and leadership, and most of all to the whole house who have made my two years as captain, enjoyable and happy memories. We could finish up with a well deserved "Parker Cup", so keep your fingers crossed.

Well done and keep it up Dingoes!

—A DEVOTED DINGO (always)

"Dingoes, Dingoes

Ya! Ya! Ya!

Dingoes, Dingoes

Best by far!"

KOALA HOUSE GIRLS:

This year Koala house was led by Barbara Muster, who was assisted in her efforts by vice house captain Jill Bates. The Juniors of the house elected Rae McTaggart as Junior captain and Lydia Ivaneev as vice captain.

JUNIOR TENNIS



Miss Lynch, M. Schroeder, R. Hansen, J. Appleby, D. Couchman, L. Gilbertson, V. Lord, S. Healey, J. Sahhar.

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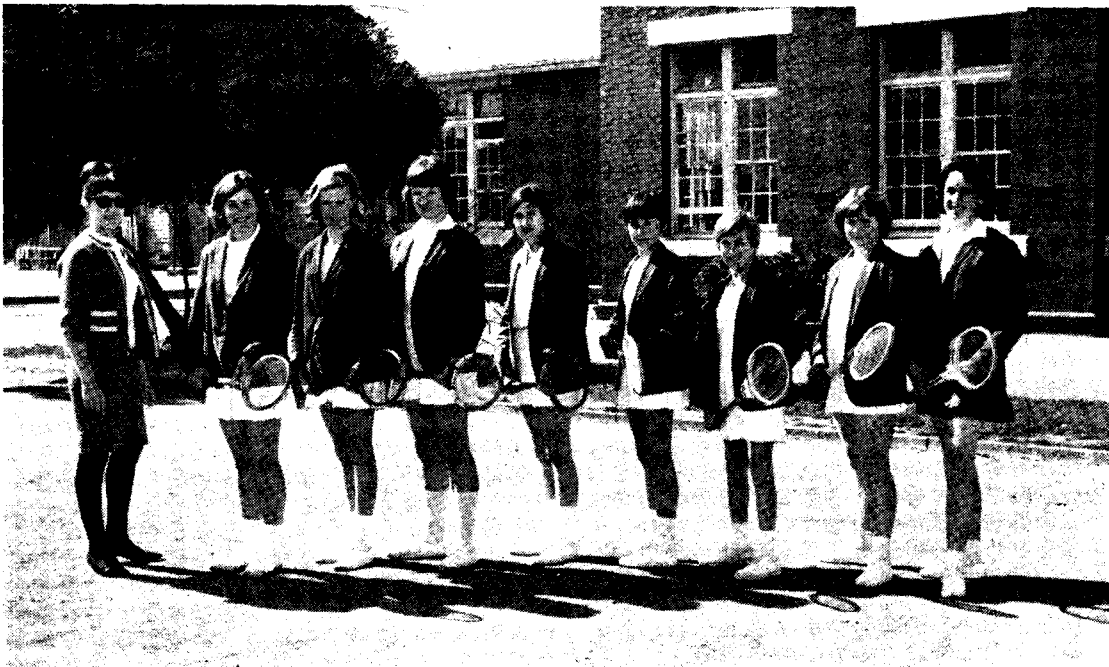
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JUNIOR TENNIS



Miss Lynch, M. Schroeder, R. Hansen, J. Appleby, D. Couchman, L. Gilbertson, V. Lord, S. Healey, J. Sahhar.

The girls began the year enthusiastically (?) for coming inter house competitions. However, the girls, after a valiant effort, only managed to finish in fourth position at the swimming sports. At the choral contest, the house made a brilliant comeback to finish in equal second position, only nine points behind the winning house.

Many thanks go to our conductress Lyn Thompson, our pianist Sue Page, and to our House Masters and Mistresses for the work they put into this contest. House spirit which has been sadly lacking in the last few years due to the absence of success in competitive events has shown a marked improvement after our wonderful effort at this contest. Congratulations to all Koala Girls who gained places in school teams during the year.

The final inter-house competition was the Athletic Sports. Koala girls responded to the challenge and did quite well to come third. Outstanding girl competitors were Valma Antworth, Rae McTaggart, Robyn Grenfell, Heather Evans, Nina Angelides and Marjoke Dogger.

Special thanks must go to Mrs. Lazlo and Miss Dennehey for helping to control junior

JUNIOR HOCKEY

and senior house assemblies. It is hoped that in the coming year Koalas will go onto bigger and better things and that blue ribbons will once again be draped around the Parker Cup.

"Koalas' prospects are great

For nineteen sixty-eight."

POSSUM HOUSE GIRLS:

Possums started this year off very well. As the saying goes "the best man won", with an outright win in the swimming sports. The next house event, the Choral Contest, was, as we all know, not quite as victorious for Possums but we thought it was time we gave the other houses a go. What was most important about the result, was that all our house showed wonderful sportsmanship, and although our singing may not have been the best, our spirit in the house cry certainly shone through.

Congratulations and thanks to each and every Possum. Especially, thanks to Debbie Starbuck our vice-captain, and to the Possums on the Staff, Miss Gunn, Mr. Lambie Mr. Becroft and Mr. Butterfield, without whose help we could not have remained "the best house of all" and certainties for this years Parker Cup.

The Athletic Sports were again a great suc-



Mrs. Trsek, G. King, D. Williams, D. Collins, G. Downes, J. Hewitt, L. Haskell, L. Gillespie, R. Hodge, D. Papadopoulos, B. Williams

cess with Possums breaking quite a number of records. Congratulations to our Senior Champion—Cheryl Medicott, whose brilliant day's effort helped Possums reach their 362 points to victory.

Ann Hamill

WOMBAT HOUSE GIRLS:

The year began with the election of Ilga Balodis as house captain and Lyn Douglas as vice captain. Jan Owen and Elizabeth Crewes were elected captains of the junior house. Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Corbett were our house mistresses, but unfortunately for us, Mrs. Bennett left for Sweden during second term. Mrs. Jones now has the questionable honour of being our house mistress. Thanks go to all these officials for doing a marvellous job.

At the Swimming Sports we didn't disgrace

ourselves with a close third. Congratulations to Wombats Jan Owen and Lorraine Dow for winning the Junior and Intermediate Swimming Championships.

Choral Contest practices were enthusiastically attended by most of us, but we weren't quite good enough to beat Dingoes. Watch out Dingoes, you can't keep us down for long. Thanks go to Gavan Hynes, the conductor, and Ann Scates, the pianist, for tackling such a difficult task and making such a good job of it.

Congratulations go to Lorraine Dow for winning the Intermediate Girls Championship, and to J. Duncan for her outstanding result in the inter-house Athletic Sports. Wombats came fourth in these sports.

We hope to win the Parker Cup. Keep pushing girls.

SENIOR TENNIS



J. Gilbertson, J. Bates, G. Jensen, L. Butterfield, L. Johnson, L. Douglas, L. Whittington
L. Jakobson.

W.H.S. LACROSSE TEAM



Back Row: D. Gregory, D. Hartley, G. Wilson, D. Hewitt, P. Norman, A. Williams, G. Green
Middle Row: W. Rhodes, N. Smith, N. Speakman, R. Lakeron, E. Toby, M. Geoghegan, B. Kubic, Mr. R. Cordell. Front Row: P. Parker (Capt.), R. O'Keefe (V. Capt)

Williamstown High was this year, very unfortunate to lose eight players from its 1966 Victorian Champion team. However, we moved swiftly into the '67 season to make do with the talent we had available here is one point however that must be made, that is if all players had played to the standards they are known for, we surely would have taken off the premiership. Many of our younger players failed to recognise the performances that they were capable of.

This year we were again coached by Mr. R. Cordell, who in 1966-67 represented Victoria against South Australia. Our captain was "Pip" Parker (had a very quiet season) and he was ably assisted by that "small" fellow Robert O'Keefe as vice-captain. Our backline held opposing forwards extremely well, which is a credit to them as they were relatively inexperienced. "Twiggy" Wilson put in a steady season and he was backed up by "Flash" Hewitt who made several clearing dashes from the defence. "Tiny" Toby was a virtual brick wall in defence and played a remarkable first season. The fourth member of our defence line was goalie Alan Williams. He was trained from scratch and showed a great deal of natural ability in preventing countless goals

in the last line of defence.

Our forward line was very young and always physically smaller than other teams. However they will be truly great players once they move into more senior forms. "Spriggy" Speakman, a lad with a lot of talent to develop and plenty of time to develop it. Don "can I borrow your helmet" Gregory will get many goals when he plays the ball harder. Bruno "let me try" Kubic scored heavily this season but could have scored many more.

Our centre line was spear-headed by William "Tell" Rhodes who dominated centre play all season but will score many more goals when he finds his second wind. Robert O'Keefe often played a throw-behind-the-play, and excelled but seemed to find pity for the goalie, when he shot for goal. Mick "give us a go" Geoghegan's left-hand play added variety to our attack. David "my brother's racquet" Hartley showed many signs of goal scoring potential but put few 'away', and Paul "I like tea-spoons" Norman also has a powerful goal shot, but could use a little more pace. Neville "Swaggy" Smith put away several fine goals at the right time Garry "Barassi" Green was almost certainly the most determined ball-getter but could improve his disposal.

HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS

The House Sports were won this year by Possum House. It was very clear all throughout the day that Possum House was superior in most events. The Champions of the day were as follows:—

Junior: Rae McTaggart (K) Paul Tyrrell (L)

Intermediate: Lorraine Dow (W) Colin Ravenscroft (W) Vivienne Parker (D)

Senior: Cheryl Medlicott (P) Steven Williamson (W)

Records Broken or equalled:

J. Duncan: Wombat Girl's Under 14—75 yds.
Time 9.9 secs. equalled her sister's, Dianne Duncan, record of 9.9 secs. in 1961.

J. Duncan: Wombat Girl's Under 14—100 yds.
Time 12.9 secs. Old record Dianne Duncan 1961. 13.0 secs.

Possums: Girls Under 16 B/ Ball Passing: Time 65 secs. Old Record 72 secs.

V. Parker: Dingo Girl's Under 15 220 yards
Time 66 secs. New event

Possum: Girl's Under 15 B/ Ball Passing Time 66 secs. New event.

A. McLay: Dingo Girl's Under 16 220 yds.
Time 31.1 secs New Event.

Dingo: Girl's Under 17 Medley Relay Time 1 min. 0.6 secs.

Totals for the day were:

Possum 362 points

Dingo 356 points

Koala 285½ points

Wombat 281½ points

BOYS' ATHLETICS:—

At the 1967 W.H.S. Annual Athletic Meeting excellent performances were recorded in both track and field games events.

The Handley brothers carried on their list of successes from previous years as John and Jim won the Under 17 mile, the Open mile and the Under 17 880 yards and the Open 880 yard races. Alan Hurst, Ron Page and Tom Nascarella were others who stood out in the Senior Events.

The outstanding Intermediate competitor was Colin Ravenscroft, an athlete with a great future. Colin's all round ability enabled him to be successful in both track and field events. The Intermediate Mile was won in fine style by Ian "Hurricane" Howard, whilst William Rhodes was again successful in the sprints. Others to produce significant performances were Steven Williamson (sprints), Jim Shearer (middle distance events) and Gregory Wilkinson (field games and jumps).

Last year's Junior sprint winner, Paul Tyrrell was defeated by a much improved Peter Jellis, but Paul made amends by recording great wins in the field games events. In addition, talented Robert Scott won the jumping events.

At the Western Division Sports' Meeting. wins were gained by John Handley (880 yd. and mile), Ron Page (discus) and Ulrich Goetz (Shot Put).

THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN:—

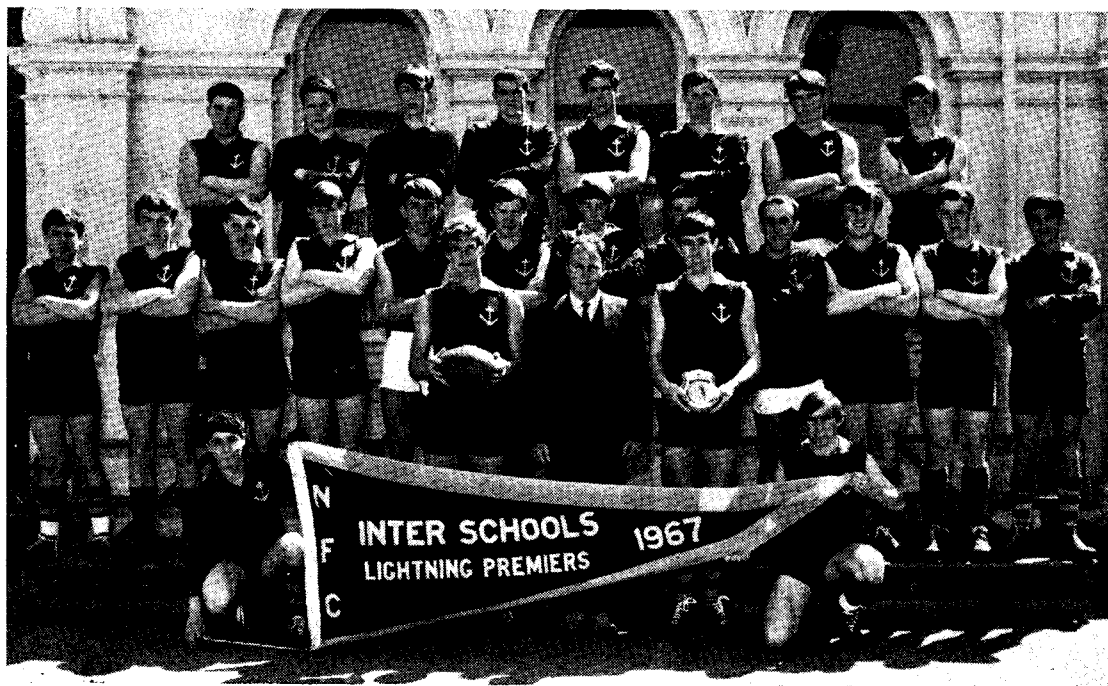
We left the W.S.L.S.C.,
And what do you think we saw ?
Of course . . . we saw the sea.

Plodding along the waterfront,
Our poor old feet,
They took the brunt.

Onward on through the heat,
Past the check post,
No chance to cheat.

"Across the country" someone said,
I really think it was . . .
From Timbuctu to Lyons Head.

Warren Thompson 3B



Back Row: Rod Lawerson, J. Handley, R. Lee, R. Titter, A. Hurst, Ray Lawerson, A. Newton, J. East. Middle Row: L. Lusina, G. Tolliday, G. Craddock, R. Sorraghan, J. Slykhuis, S. Kelly, J. Hirt, K. Hamilton, N. Davis, M. Buckley, I. Meachem, B. Presti. Bottom Row: R. Page (Capt.), Mr. D. J. Nilson (Coach), B. Hewet, (V. Capt.)
Flag Bearers: C. Nicola K. Gerring.

WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL 1st XVIII :—

"The Big Men Fly" and so they did in 1967, but not quite high enough. after eight successive victories the mighty 1st XVIII met their match against Footscray.

W.H.S. has traditionally produced powerful football teams, and the '67 1st XVIII was no exception; however, injuries to key players near the end of the season proved fatal.

The season opened in dynamic fashion as 'Town treated teams from adjacent schools to an exhibition of power football as they went on to win the Lightning Premiership, sponsored by the Newport Football Club. Another victory followed, when the "Big Guns" of the 1sts XVIII "sank" the Navy. It was a fine spirited match against the Officers and sailors of H.M.A.S. 'Parramatta' & 'Kimbla' This game was followed by an official visit to the school by Lt. R. Walker R.A.N., who presented 'Parramatta's' plaque to the school. It is hoped that matches against visiting ships will become a traditional feature of each season.

The driving force of the team was generated by captain "Pinochio" Page. His great strength and enthusiasm served as an inspiration for all. Vice-captain Barry Hewet was ever-reliable in defence, and he was ably supported by tough, rugged 'Mo' Buckley. Veterans 'Lucky' Lusina, 'Speedy' Sorraghan and 'Showers' Presti —used their experience to great advantage and were rarely beaten, whilst 'Tex' Hurst, 'Ox' Lawerson and 'Electric' East provided a springboard for attack from the back-line. On the forward line, the 'tall timber'—Angus Morrison, 'Lanky' Lee, 'Hadda' Handley and 'Isaac' Newton—pulled down the big marks and posted the majors, leaving the crumbs for Keith (The Hammer) Hamilton, and 'Merry' Meacham and 'Lofty' Lawerson. 'Willy' Williamson supported captain Page in the ruck, and together they added that touch of vigor, which distinguishes Footballers from Lacrosse players. Unluckiest player of the year was star follower 'Big Ray' Titter who missed much of the season through injury.

Good things come in small parcels—and so did the 1st XVIII Mosquito Fleet—'Goals Gering and 'Nippa Nicola—two dynamic rovers! Others to show out during the year were 'Ned' Kelly, 'Sly' Slykhuis, 'Crash' Craddock, 'Polly' Hirt, 'Tiger' Tolliday, and 'Nails' Nascarella.

Special 1st XVIII handshakes (ouch!) to:—Rod Dearing (The Dettol Kid), Hans 'Christian' Scheppers (Statistics), Peter 'Big Ben' Blank (Timekeeper), Mr. Ray Howe, who courage-

ously wore white shorts and shirt, and to our Coach Mr. "D. J." Nilson for his enthusiastic "Yarra-bank" style chats.

N.B. A special vote of thanks to the "Legal Eagles", the Hon Mr. Justice (The Beak) Becroft and the Hon. Mr. Justice (The Baron) Nicholls, who conducted the Royal Commission into W.H.S. Sport.

Their Findings? " that as the Lacrosse team has all but folded, it's up to the 1st XVIII to uphold the Sporting Prowess of W.H.S.".

W.H.S. SECOND XVIII

UNDEFEATED IN COMPETITION MATCHES



Back Row: J. Slykhuis, S. Kelly, P. McGregor, K. Hamilton, J. Brown, J. Hirt, A. Jobson, J. Salter, P. Sahaar, Second Row: G. Tolliday, N. Davis, Front Row: G. Twist (Asst. Coach) K. Jobson (Captain), G. Fenton, R. Lawerson, P. Mc Taggart, Mr. O'Connor (Coach)

IA BOYS

Alexandrakis, Tony
Ashmole, Wayne
Batzakis, Peter
Bell, Gary
Bileci, Samuel
Bold, Peter
Cagalj, Peter
Cambieras, Peter
Clifton, Warren
Constantinou, Paul
Cooper, Graham
Crocker, Ian
Ellis, Hugh
Gravett, John
Honeyman, Christopher
Sarantis, George
Tye, Patrick

IA GIRLS

Antworth, Yvonne
Aygoulis, Helene
Balfour, Vivienne
Barnaby, Ingrid
Becroft, Lurena
Bloom, Elizabeth
Blunt, Shelly
Boicos, Hellen
Bray, Rhonda
Brown, Susan
Cesar, Lindy
Christie, Janice
Clark, Robyn
Corbett, Susan
Costas, Helen
Creasy, Jenifer
Couchemann, Deborah
Currie, Alison
Curic, Jasna
Dogger, Simone
Elsaman, Maree
Monaghari, Lynne
Ramm, Gaye Anne
Scholz, Evelynne

IB BOYS

Rollins, Scot (left)
Dearing, Ian
Doull, Peter
Fellows, Mark
Foord, John
Grenfell, Colin
Guys, David
Haman, Richard
Harrison, Paul
Haynes, Brian
Haynes, Bruce
Ishac, Leo
Jansen, Matthew
Knox, Fergus
Lee, Martin
Micallef, Victor
Pearce, James
Wirth, Frank
Frazer, Peter
Plant, Donald

IB GIRLS

Chapman, Geraldine
Dale, Pamela
Davies, Rosemary
Duncan, Julie
Frawley, Jennifer
Gantidis, Sophia
Goding, Sue Ellen
Granger, Jannette
Grenfell, Robyn
Gilbertson, Lynette
Georgas, Anna
Haigh, Lorraine
Hammersley, Sharon
Higham, Marion
Hodgson, Evelyn
Hunt, Jennifer
Iley, Susan
Jackson, Jennifer
Napier, Laura

1C BOYS

Bailey, Keith
Koehler, Jocken
Davis, Robert
Korevaar, Pieter
Lafharis, Andrios
Leader, Geoffrey
Manolakakais, John
Manoleras, Tommy
Morrow, John
Mouratidis, Anasta
Murphy, Dale
Porter, Andrew
Rose, Ian
Richardson, Colin
Sherwin, Christopher
Shaw, George
Schembri, Joseph

1C GIRLS

Hanger, Noeline
Hansen, Carol
Korju, Kathrin
Kautros, Stavola
Livingstone, Heaher
Matthews, Eaine
McGrath, Anne
McInerney, Dawn
McIntyre, Jenny
McLeod, Gillian
Moses, Helen
Murphy, Leonie
Nastasi, Domenica
Murray, Catriona
Panagiotidou, Crisoula
Parker, Leonie
Parker, Suzanne
Richards, Janet
Rosenberg, Ginnette
Thompson, Jean

1D BOYS

Carrington, Ricky
Lewis, Garry
Porter, Ian
Smith, David

Smith Robert
Smith Terry
Speakman, Neville
Spencer, Barry
Starbuck, Peter
Swettenham, Barry
Swinton, Raymond
Truswell, Raymond
Tzambazis, Peter
Wilhelms, Colin
Winter, Allan
Wiseman, Leslie
Yardley, Robert

1D GIRLS

Collins, Lesley
Elmslie, Ruth
Henry, Margaret
MacDonald, Catherine
Peachey, Lorna
Sims, Diane
Smallman, Maryann
Smart, Robyn
Smith, Robyn
Smith, Rhonda
Swaby, Jillian
Szworok, Maria
Tolongou, Diamonto
Tyler, Peta
Trevorrow, Lynette
Tyler, Peta
Viney, Colleen
Waters, Jill
Wignell, Susanne
Williams, Barbara
Waye, Lynda
Worsley, Joan
Wyllie, Christina

2A BOYS

Beasley, Gregory
Cole, David
Daniel, Leslie
Dunstan, Leigh
Garlick, Leigh
Goetz, Ulrich
Grimmett, Michael
Ironsides, Stephen
Kerr, Ian
Porter, David
Lunney, Michael
Sheers, Alan
Stewart, Steven
Sutton, John
Rollins, Craig (left)

2A GIRLS

Bunnett, Jennifer
Clark, Susan
Collins, Joanne
Dann, Julie
Duffy, Roselyn
Flett, Christine
Ferguson, Lynda
Heaton, Carole
Henry, Janet

Loriente, Mary
McDonald, Wendy
Marks, Meredith
Merciea, Lena
Richards, Ssheryl
Sheridan, Elizabeth
Tzinis, Helen
Wells, Denise
Williams, Patricia
Wiseman, Marlene

2B BOYS

Blunt, Gregory
Brabham, Dale
Davidson, John
Fitzgerald, Eric
Gadd, William
Henderson, Peter
Hill, Brian
Karakiozakis, George
Krupinski, Francis
Lloyd, Christopher
Manser, Allan
Moffat, Paul
Newgreen, Rodger
Newman, Peter
Phillips, Paul
Price, John
Viney, Peter
Wojcik, Zbigniew

2B GIRLS

Bailey, Margaret
Brass, Christine
Buezkowska, Wanda
Cumming, Susan
Downes, Gail
French, Lynette
Hansen, Robyn
Hewitt, Judith
Holmes, Suzanne
Kazara, Grace
McGrath, Grace
Ivaneev, Lidia
O'Brien, Judith
Page, Susan
Schroeder, Margaret
Speechly, Gail
Staehr, Jillian
Stone, Teresa
Watt, Jennifer

2C BOYS

Anderson, Ian
Brass, Frank
Evans, Richard
Krekos, Con
Lees, Terry
Leister, Neil
Mallett, Anthony
Napier, James
Powley, Robert
Spotswood, Gary
Swettenham, Alan
Vieira da Silveira Antonio
Warner, Stephen

2C GIRLS

Bernhard, Glenda
 Crewes, Elizabeth
 Dudine, Ariella
 Elliott, Patricia
 Evans, Heatherbell
 Gibson, Rosemary
 Haining, Susan
 Haskell, Lynette
 Moody, Sue
 Moorehouse, Janet
 Owen, Jan
 Piripitsi, Mary
 Ross, Fiona
 Saarelaht, Helbe
 Taylor, Leanne
 Toskas, Joanne
 Tribonias, Tina
 Zombola, Maria
 Parkinson, Gwentyth
 Pickering, Betty

2D BOYS

Black, Alexander
 Bourne, John
 Dyson, Phillip
 Gerus, Alexander
 Hill, Kevin
 Jellis, Peter
 Lucas, Paul
 Norman, Howard
 Oleszko, Cleopas
 Scott, Robert
 Smith, Graham
 Smith, Wayne
 Swaby, Mark
 Toskas, Chris
 McLeod, Christopher

2D GIRLS

Addison, Sandra
 Buchan, Christine
 Cain, Elaine
 Codling, Sheryl Lyn
 Grant, Joy
 Holzer, Evelyn
 King, Gaile
 Mason, Suzanne
 Neill, Glenda
 Nelson, Vicki
 Papadopoulos, Constantina

Roberts, Mary
 Sahhar, Janette
 Sribnovska, Desanka
 Trist, Wendy
 Williams, Dianne

2E BOYS

Beanland, Colin
 Blackstock, Andrew
 Eichler, Geoffrey
 Ishac, John
 Kasek, Karol
 Lange, Klaus
 Meachem, Eric
 Milenkovic, Tomislav

Panagiotidis, Jordanis
 Potter, Neil
 Richards, Phillip
 Thatcher, Peter
 Tyrell, Paul
 Welsh, Walter

2E GIRLS

Appleby, Janiece
 Angelides, Nina
 Booth, Lynette
 Cassar, Dolores
 Catchpole, Diane
 Choluj, Lila
 Collins, Diane
 Congdon, Alison
 Conradi, Shona
 Gillespie, Linda
 Gillies, Jennifer
 Haigh, Christine
 Healey, Susan
 Hodge, Rhonda
 Kritopoulos, Nazlou
 Lord, Valerie
 McTaggart, Rae
 Marcina, Elda
 Twist, Anne
 Uren, Marie

3A BOYS

Chapple, Keith
 Duncan, Hugh
 Foreman, Leslie
 Frawley, William
 Gibson, Michael
 Hayes, James
 Lafcharis, Charles
 Laird, Ian
 Layden, John

Lees, Allan
 Mekisic, Nikola
 Melchiori, Ivan
 Papadopoulos, Athimos
 Papastergiou, Vasilios
 Ramsay, James
 Rapley, John
 Rhodes, William
 Speakman, Neil
 Waye, Leslie
 Williams, Phillip
 Williamson, Clive
 Keller, Phillip

3A GIRLS

Bamford, Julie
 Bartnick, Elizabeth
 Blacker, Shirley
 Gair, Susan
 Gammon, Janet
 Glover, Rosalind
 Goetz, Regina
 Haines, Lynn
 Hall, Jenny
 Manolakakis, Christine
 McKerracher, Sandra
 Meijer, Karen
 Moses, Lynette

Paine, Margaret
 Parker, Vivienne
 Penter, Karin
 Stokes, Susan
 Webb, Catherine
 Williams, Robyn
 Winder, Judith
 Yardley, Jennifer

3B BOYS

Becroft, Trevor
 Black, Peter
 Bloom, John
 Davis, Bruce
 Dearing, Rodney
 Grenfell, Ian
 Hall, David
 Halpenstein, Klaus
 Hatzis, Billy
 Hayden, John
 Higgins, Michael
 Hurst, Graham
 Lisewski, Peter
 Maddox, Phillip
 Rudd, Peter
 Richer, Peter
 Scheppers, Hans
 Thompson, Warren
 Tzambazis, Georgios
 Virgona, John
 Wilhelms, Geoffrey
 Zapparas, Pascalis
 Smith, Ray

3B GIRLS

Bernobich, Valena
 Bons, Katherine
 Coulston, Patricia
 Crockett, Julie
 Dogger, Marjoke
 Dow, Lorraine
 Granger, Pamela
 Grieve, Marlen
 Hodgson, Anne
 Livingstone, Janice
 McBaine, Adrienne
 Murrells, Jennifer
 O'Brien, Kerri
 Rolley, Pamela
 Ruherford, Anne
 Scheppers, Tylke
 Wallace, Gaye
 Wilkinson, Debra
 Williams, Theresa

3C BOYS

Banner, Douglas
 Geoghegan, Michael
 Halley, John
 Hatty, David
 Howard, Ian
 Ishac, Albert
 Jackson, Phillip
 Lawerson, Rodney
 Mullin, Wayne
 Rosenzweig, Peter
 Ravenscroft, Colin

Spilsbury, Raymond
 Thompson, Geoffrey
 Tribonias, Chris

3C GIRLS

Bowers, Gail
 Brederlow, Sigrid
 Cahill, Pamela
 Costas, Maria
 Fulton, Sandra
 Faehling, Rita
 Fitzpatrick, Dorothy
 Gantidis, Maria
 Neal, Maree
 Nemeth, Agnes
 Phillips, Iris
 Phillips, Nanette
 Potter, Eileen
 Richards, Dianne
 Sandells, Diane
 Shilton, Robyn
 Shields, Marion (left)
 Simonic, Anne
 Stephens, Lynne
 Tobin, Raylene
 Turner, Susan
 Tkocz, Gerda
 Van Kerkeren, Ingrid
 Walker, Kaye
 Ward, Carolyn

3D BOYS

Branson, Gary
 Coffey, Steven
 Davidson, Ross
 Dixon, Barry
 Diegan, Geoffrey
 Ellis, Graeme
 Geogopoulos, Kosmos
 Jones, Stephen
 Lawerson, Raymond
 McCardy, Brian
 Makarewitsch, George
 Maloney, Robert
 Mason, Geoffrey
 Meachem, Ian
 Rimanich, Henry
 Roberts, John
 Sarna, Eugene
 Schloetzer, Edward
 Smith, James
 Watson, Jeffrey

3D GIRLS

Cross, Susan
 Forty, Carolyn
 Hirt, Susanne
 Lafcharis, Elizabeth
 MacDonald, Faye
 Nind, Christine
 Peachey, Yvonne
 Welsh, Jean
 Zagami, Nancy
4A BOYS
 Blackstock, Allan
 Chapple, Bruce
 Conway, James

Dale, Graham
 Goodman, John
 Kasikakis, Apostolos
 Learmonth, Lindsay
 Marcina, Angelico
 Pattison, Stuart
 Pike, Ronald
 Pinkney, George
 Ryan, David
 Saarelait, Indo
 Tzambazis, Douglas
 Vanderwarker, Michael
 Wilkinson, Gregory
 Woods, William
 Yianguou, Nickolas

4A GIRLS

Birkett, Lynn
 Christie, Robyn
 Congdon, Anne
 Dorrington, Sandra
 Higham, Ann
 Ironside, Marian
 Johnson, Robyn
 Jorgenson, Toni
 Lawerson, Janet
 Matthews, Sue
 Pivkac, Rita
 Rotherham, Iris
 Scordidis, Anne
 Steward, Julie
 Uren, Karen
 Vick, Irene
 Williams, Janet

4B BOYS

Aston, Bryce
 Drewitt, Phillip
 Gerring, Wayne
 Healey, Kevin
 Jackson, Ivan
 Jones, Robert
 Lorient, Frank
 Pearce, Paul
 Pyne, Richard
 Rogers, David
 Trist, Peter
 Williamson, Stephen

4D GIRLS

Bencsik, Marika
 Coucheman, Dianne
 Dougan, Margaret
 Gittins, Wendy
 Haynes, Pamela
 Hodge, Beverley
 Holland, Phyllis
 Horsburgh, Lorraine
 Ivaneev, Olga
 James, Marion
 Jorgensen, Joanne
 Richer, Barbara
 Riddell, Shirley
 Sandells, Lynette
 Spencer, Kerry
 Wyatt, Barbara
 Keller, Roslyn

4C BOYS

Cassell, Peter
 Fenton, Gary
 King, Kenneth
 Lee, Rodney
 McTaggart Phillip
 Pisani, John
 Reynolds, Graeme

4C GIRLS

Anderson, Jillian
 Bicknell, Kathleen
 Bolton, Valerie
 Brown, Janet
 Burke, Lorraine
 Cornelius, Patricia
 Currie, Heather
 Dick, Rhonda
 Davis, Christine
 Goding, Julie Ann
 Green, Glenda
 Hatzimanolis, Voula
 Lord, Sylvia
 Medlicott, Cheryl
 Miller, Carol
 Moissidou, Dora
 Moran, Jennifer
 Paterson, Pamela
 Peckett, Jeannette
 Peeters, Antonia
 Powell, Lorraine
 Virgona, Christine
 Williams, Jennifer
 Wilson, Pamela

4D BOYS

Ainalis, Tom
 Cambieras, George
 Clark, Andrew
 Davies, Robert
 Dewar, John
 Evans, Peter
 Fox, Alan
 Gillies, Peter
 Gregory, Donald
 Hartley, David
 McIntosh, David
 Murphy, Vaughan
 Sammut, Lorenzo
 Savvides, Nicholas
 Shearer, James
 Tyrell, Paul
 Yates, Stephen

4D GIRLS

Butterfield, Lynette
 Craddock, Gail
 Fawcett, Beverley
 Lafcharis, Antonia
 McComish, Jeanette
 McEwan, Robyn
 Murko, Ilonka
 Petkovic, Maria
 Raymond, Wanda
 Schloetzer, Elizabeth
 Spilsbury, Carol
 Thom, Dianne
 Tribonias, Dena

4E BOYS

Angelides, Con
 Brabham, Wayne
 Brown, Peter
 Connel, Greig
 Dixon, Trevor
 Green, Gary
 Groen, Glenn
 Hutchison, Peter
 Krokos, George
 Johnston, Neil
 Kubiec, Bruno
 Mattison, Terence
 Nicholas, John
 Noran, Paul
 Onutshenko, Boris
 Pollard, Gary
 Sussich, Paul
 Williams, Alan

4E GIRLS

Addison, Susan
 Batchelor, Sue
 Bryant, Glenda
 Budgen, Carol
 Denneny, Janette
 Haygartn, Michelle
 Hyde, Janita
 Moody, Lyn
 Nedeljkovic, Sandra
 Rosenberg, Helen
 Saker, Janet
 Scates, Anne

5C BOYS

Bliss, Kenneth
 Booth, Kenneth
 Buchmasser, Harold
 Eckardt, Peter
 Falcone, Giovanni
 Genovesi, Santo
 Grimmett, Maxwell
 Hamilton, Keith
 Hewitt, Robert
 Kambouropoulos, Elias
 Kelly, Steven
 Kennedy, Lex
 Kerr, Anthony
 Lafcharis, Stephen
 McGregor, Peter
 Sahhar, Peter
 Smith, Neville
 Sullivan, Kevin
 Toby, Emile
 Tolliday, Garry
 Weedon, Raymond
 Wood, John
 Rollins, Eric

5C GIRLS

Antworth, Valma
 Bates, Jillian
 Bell, Julie
 Biskupek, Christine
 Cahill, Christine
 Coulston, Pamela
 Hamill, Ann

Johnson, Lorraine
 Jones, Pamela
 Nemeth, Ilona
 O'Sullivan, Rosemary
 Phillips, Jaclyn
 Plant, Julie Kaye
 Sahhar, Irene
 Sharp, Margaret
 Tobin, Jillian
 Tyrrell, Jennifer
 Whittington, Lesley

5H BOYS

Bailey, Clarence
 Congdon, Edward
 Craddock, Gary
 Dale, Barry
 Davis, Noel
 East, John
 Evans, Michael
 Hirt, John
 Jobson, Adrian
 Johnson, Phillip
 Krupinski, George
 Lownds, John
 Matthews, Colin
 Morrison, Angus
 Page, Ronald
 Presti, Brian
 Roulston, Douglas
 Safranek, Egon
 Twist, Graham
 Brown, Steven

5H GIRLS

Chaly, Nellie
 Dormer, Susan
 Dougall, Nina
 Friend, Marilyn
 Gilbertson, Jenny
 Hall, Margaret
 Jekabsons, Laima
 Jensen, Gail
 McLay, Alison
 Matovic, Margaret
 Papinski, Alice
 Raymond, Michelle
 Rimanich, Anna
 Ritch, Mary
 Temby, Jennifer
 Veltmeyer, Agnes
 Viney, Lois
 White, Roseanne
 Wild, Annemarie

5S BOYS

Bates, Ian
 Blacker, Neil
 Bonich, Joseph
 Brydon, John
 Burgoine, Phillip
 Butter, Ronald
 Clifton, Grant
 Dragojlo, Savo
 Fellowes, Henry
 Gerring, Kenneth
 Hampson, Ian

Handley, John
Hewitt, Denis
Jurgens, Ulrich
Leicester, Ian
Lloyd, Trevor
Makarov, Alexis
Newman, Phillip
O'Keefe, Robert
Rosewarne, Frederick
Sheers, Graeme
Salter, Jeffrey
Sidwick, Frederick
Slykhuis, John
Whelan, Geoffrey
Wilson, Garry
Wiseman, Colin
Richards, Kevin

55 GIRLS

Airs, Vivienne
Crutenden, Lois
Balodis, Ilga
Cunning, Lorraine
Douglas, Lynette
Gogolka, Ella
Heathcock, Carole
Starbuck, Deborah
Swann, Jill
Thompson, Lynette

6A BOYS

Brown, James
Buckley, Michael
Campbell, Glenn
Guglielmino, Anthony
Hedley, David
Hurst, Alan
Jobson, Keith
King, Geoffrey
Krokos, Costos
Kunigiskis, Anton
McLaren, Ian
Nascarella, Thomas
Robinson, Christopher
Young, John

6A GIRLS

Allen, Christine
Balodis, Brigitte
Bates, Denise
Foote, Beverley
Goetz, Marianne
Groves, Kathleen
Hall, Robyn
Hatzimanolis, Anna
Jorgensen, Suzanne
Lees, Marian
Lewis, Gillian
Martin, Maree
McDonald, Robyn
Murphy, Velia
Muster, Barbara
Robson, Beverley
Romita, Maria
Scheppers, Ria
Schornikow, Herta
Whear, Sandra

6B BOYS

Boburka, George
Criddle, Gavin
Collins, Jeffrey
Francome, William
Green, Russell
Hewet, Barry
Hynes, Gavan
Jarrad, Jeff
Law, Tom
Legg, Geoffrey
Lovegrove, Jeffrey
Lusina, Luciano
McCutcheon, John
Miller, Ian
Newton, Alan
Nicola, Con
Parker, Phillip
Sims, Bill
Sorraghan, Ron
Titter, Raymond
Wilhelms, Ken

6B GIRLS

Brown, Annis (left)
Berus, Eleanor
Findlay, Roylene
Torma, Clare

