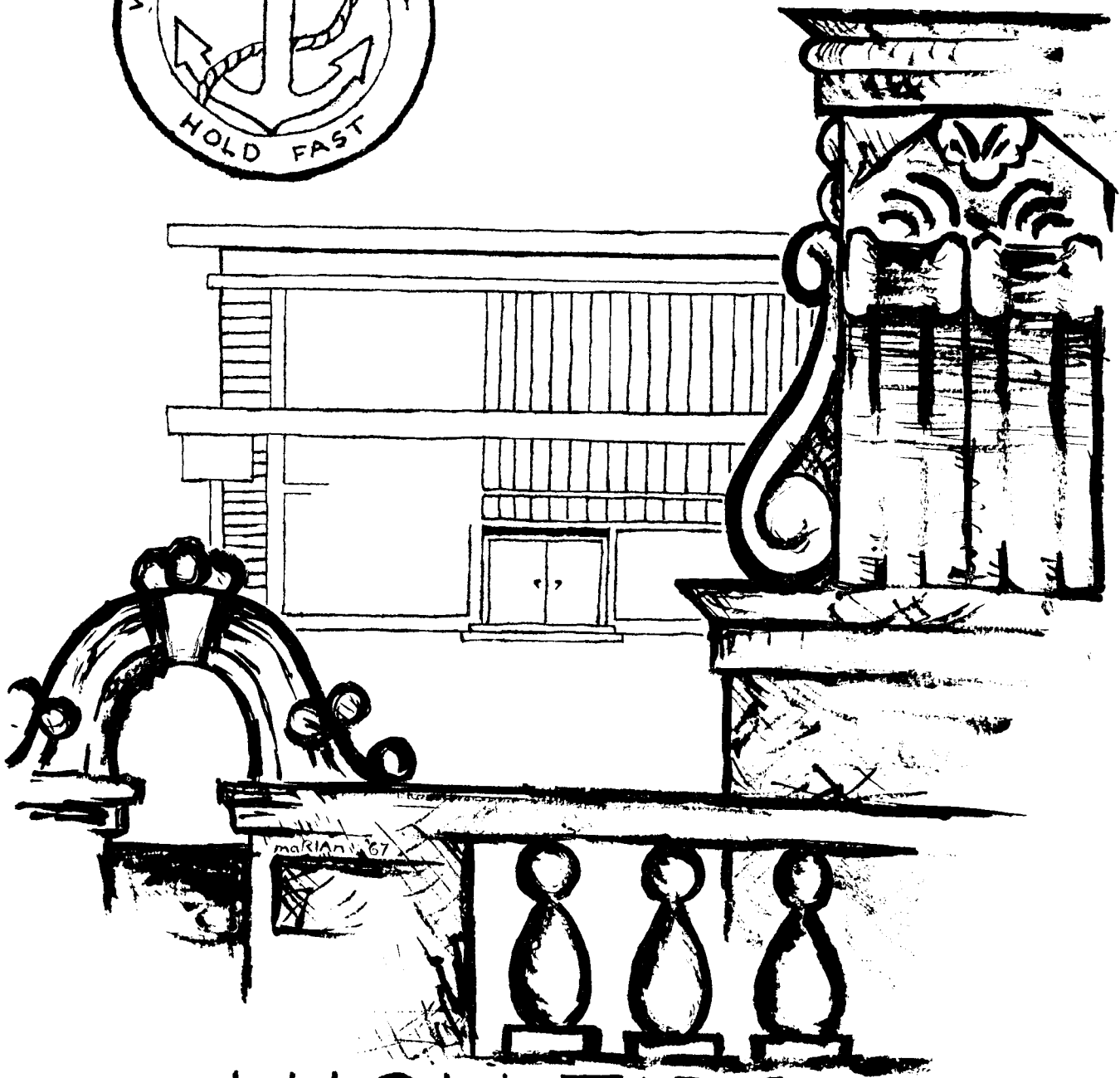




**high tide 1968**



HIGHTIDE



## PRINCIPAL'S PAGE

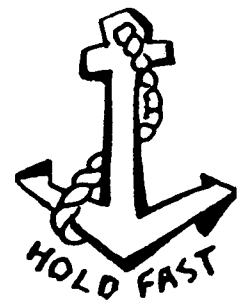
It has been said that each generation has its own style. This seems particularly relevant when one considers youth today.

Secondary students no longer regard as sacrosanct, or even as very significant or important, concepts and ideals which their parents held and cherished. Convention, traditional beliefs and codes of conduct have less influence on the thinking and behaviour of many of our young people today than they once had.

Youth is articulate, critical, and forthright and disinclined to accept the views and authority of their elders. This independence in outlook is most commendable provided that young people do not fall into the age-old error of regarding everything that is novel as necessarily good and superior. Moreover, the purpose of education is to prevent us from such rashness.

Youth in its enthusiasm can be brash and scornful of what is commonly called the voice of experience. In an attempt to be "with it", young people can cast aside the sage counsel of parents, teachers and their church leaders with most unseemly haste and scorn.

Education fails in one of its main purposes if, after five or six years in a secondary school, students are not prepared to temper enthusiasm with prudence and their minds are closed to all except that which is novel. If we are to live in a sound society we must all keep our minds open and receptive to new ideas and not be slaves of the past; but it is equally vital that we do not discard those standards and practices which have stood the test of time and which are the very basis of our heritage.





BACK ROW: Mr. Vivian, Mr. Tandberg, Mr. Macys, Mr. Henstridge, Mr. Forecast, Mr. Nicolls, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Collett, Mr. Malakunas.  
 SECOND ROW: Mr. Howe, Mr. Bullen, Mr. Becroft, Mr. Nilson, Mr. Ross, Mr. Purves, Mr. Cordell, Mr. Bianchi, Mr. Trsek, Mr. Gason, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Lazlo.  
 THIRD ROW: Miss Molesworthy, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Trsek, Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. O'Loughlin, Miss Gunn, Mrs. Fitch, Miss Jokubauskas, Miss Angliss, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Nicholls, Miss Bennett, Mrs. Church.  
 FRONT ROW: Mr. Halloran (Snr. Master), Mr. Howell (Head Master), Miss Charnock Senior Mistress)

## ADVISORY COUNCIL

### *President's Report:*

July this year marked the end of the triennial period of office for your School Councillors. This period invariably brings changes, and the most notable change this year was the retirement from the office of President of Mr. James C. Coe, who has given unselfishly so much time, energy and enthusiasm to the task of being a School Councillor for over 20 years, and as President for 18 years.

We all extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Coe for his outstanding service to our school. We are thankful that he will continue to serve on the Council and give us further advantage of his long experience.

I feel highly honoured to be unanimously elected to succeed Mr. Coe as your President, particularly to be the first ex-student of the school to become President. My sincere wish is that I may serve the school as well as my predecessor.

Other changes brought about are the retirements of a number of wonderful workers from our Council. These were Mrs. M. Colley, Mrs. G. Taylor, and Mr. H. Richards, all of whom were outstanding in their service over a long period. We shall certainly miss their excellent contributions to the welfare of the school through the Advisory Council.

Mr. J. Breadon, the District Inspector, has also left us and has been replaced by District Inspector Mr. T. Dunstone, to whom we extend a warm welcome.

We have been very fortunate in acquiring a number of new members on our Council, namely Mrs. Bold, Mr. and Mrs. Starbuck, Cr. R. Dawes and Mrs. M. Ironside. These newcomers are all very keen workers for the school and we welcome them to our midst.

It is certain that understanding and co-operation between the School Council and the Parents and Citizens Association will be of the highest order with so many serving on both bodies.

Unfortunately we are unable to make definite statements at this juncture with regard to the new Assembly Hall. Mr. Lindsay Thompson Minister for Education, visited the School recently and proposals were put to him that we should build an entirely new hall. As yet, the Department has not informed us of their official findings in the matter.

We have to hand approximately \$10,000, which should enable us to begin negotiations when we get the green light.

Development should take place shortly in the new area of school ground on Verdon Street. Tentatively this area should provide a new basketball court for girls and a pleasant garden area of trees and shrubs as a "browsing area". The basic theme of this area is to be Australian trees and shrubs, and our thanks must go to Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Colley for their research and enthusiasm in the planning of this area.

In conclusion, the Advisory Council wishes all students every success for their forthcoming examinations. To those who will be leaving our school to enter tertiary education, or to take up positions of employment, we trust that your years at Williamstown High School will serve you well in the future. Good Luck!

To those members of staff who are moving on to other schools, may you be happy, and prosper in your new appointments.

Finally, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to both students and staff.

*Laurie A. Parker, President of the School Council*

## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE: Margaret Matobic, Anne Marie Wild, Denise Minty, Mrs. O'Loughlin, Lynette Douglas, Julie Bell, George Kruipinski, Michael Evans

## STUDENTS REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Presidents: Ilga Balodis, Noel Davis.

Form I—Stephen Bigger, 1A; Margaret Butter, 1A; Laurie Hewet, 1B.

Form II—Peter Starbuck, 2C; Evelyn Hodgison 2D.

Form III—Christopher McLeod, 3A; Denise Wells, 3A;

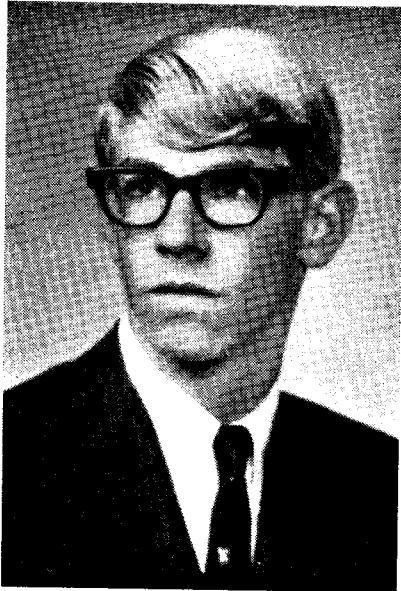
Form IV—David McIntosh, 4D; Jennifer Hall 4A.

Form V—Sue Batchelor, 5H; Marika Benesik, 5S.

Form VI—Alison McLay, 6A; Michael Evans, 6A; Graham Twist, 6B.

Secretary: Alison McLay, 6A

## REFLECTIONS OF AN EXCHANGE STUDENT



A year is a long time to spend away from home. It gives a lot of time to blend in with the new conditions. When that year starts to come to a close, a guy begins to reflect on what has happened during that year.

As an exchange student I've failed miserably. I've made one speech to the school. I've barely passed four leaving exams, led the life of a "super-tourist" and generally broken every written or understood rule of student exchange. On the other hand, I hope I've brought as good a picture as possible of what kind of life I've come from. Those that didn't get the chance to ask me the usual questions, I've tried to put all the common questions in a summary.

I come from Connecticut, a small state in New England on Long Island Sound. It has a population of two million (people). My hometown Middlebury is about 80 Miles East-North-East of New York City. We get humid summers (75-90) and cold snowy winters (-10 to 40). We can't surf because there isn't any (Surf). Baseball, soccer and basketball are the ONLY school sports. The main reason for these is the lack of equipment.

Only 180 days of school is required by the state law, considerably less than here. There are frequent tests which are a major part in the student's grades. High school is split in junior and senior, only the split is between second and third forms. And finally there are no such subjects as Geography and Economics. They are incorporated into other subjects, but here it is much more intensive. Connecticut's driving age is sixteen, but drinking is twenty-one. Voting is at twenty-one and selection, eighteen. The cars are the same price, but larger than, say, Holdens. There are no Holdens in the U.S. The "Discos" are similar, although a bit spread out (distance wise). Schools are a bit better equipped than "Willy High", but the underlying bonds that I've seen in the school aren't any different than what I've experienced at home.

My house has two storeys, with an attic. My dad is an Industrial Chemist and I have two sisters eleven and fourteen.

The Australian slang is much more expressive than American. When I go back I will start Matric again. In other words this year has been an "academic" waste.

I hate snobs and girls that think themselves higher than me (even if they are).

Actually, I've found that people, not ways of living, are the same here as at home. Situations are more or less the same. There are the same problems with boys and girls: Misunderstanding; "running around"; even in "going together".

As for myself, experiences with girls here were "beaut". I didn't go out much; probably because I was too shy in this aspect (Glad I'm not around to hear the sarcastic comments). To clarify; I found Australian girls much easier to get along with. Class distinctions are more evident at home. Some girls get big heads and big ideas. I saw some of this here, but not near the same extent as at home.

On segregation: I've been told to keep away from this, but lots of people have asked me about it. The Australians have no race problem. You even try to drag aboriginals up to your type of living. The Negroes are fighting to be equal and some will run over whites to do it. Sometimes new Australians are ridiculed, but without them Australia would have no Work Force, and most people realize this.

In America, the Negroes aren't even given a fair break by some. This is why they get so violent. Of course this doesn't excuse their actions. It's always radical people doing this type of thing. Someday compromise will be reached.

One thing that really bothers me is when someone comes up to me and says "Gee, I wish I lived in America". Australia, in my opinion, is the best country out to live in. A friend of mine suggested, a while back, to just "get lost" in the city, get a job, and live here. The only reason I'm not is my parents and close friends live in the U.S.

However, I gave it much thought. If only some of you could open your eyes and see just what you've got here. Look around. Where else is there no racial problem, so many available jobs, and new opportunities? This is the place.

As for school uniforms, I think they serve their purpose, in Australia. Conservative dress is fine for America, but the sudden changeover here would result in utter madness. The new freedom would be taken advantage of. Anyway, the uniforms bring everyone to the same level, and I can still remember the competition between girl's clothing at home.

You can't live in any situation without making ties.

When I came here, to Willy, I promised myself not to involve myself with anything, or anybody. A year is a long time and ties were made, and now? I'm afraid that ties that were made-friends-won't follow up in coming to America. It's hard, popping in one year, popping out the next, but it's been the BEST year of my life.

I'm being sincere.

Since about two-thirds of my days here in 'Kangaroo Country' were spent in the High, the success of my enjoyment lies in the people whom I associated with: the kids of Willy High. I've said it before: "You've got a Damn good Country and a B——— good lot of people, and I'm proud to have been a part of it. — Thanks Australia.

S.E.B.

'LEST WE FORGET — STEVE BROWN' — 'Mouth'

"Heh- Just another Yank" That's what we all said once. But now only those who have never spoken to him can say this (an almost negligible figure). He was not merely a friend but more of a companion to many of us. His impression is evident still.

An exchange student is, I suppose, someone special, yes, someone usually able to relate answers to continual questions of his native land. Did Steve know much about American Geography, Mr. Becroft? How about Economics? "Bit vague, his knowledge, wasn't it. Bit vague!" English, well definitely not. Fancy thinking an American, knowing English like he would ask or answer any questions, Mr. Halloran. But one subject he did excel himself, logically was French. Well, he liked the French Lessons anyway. Would we know anymore if we were in his position? I doubt it very much!

His departing speech to the school was very enlivening. It's a pity the pages were stuck together. How to be bored in 4,675 ways. In the Matriculation plays, his portrayal of the hero presented a striking resemblance, noticed by many among the audience who were aware of his amorous qualities.

A Fan Club thrived throughout the girls of the school from first form right up to sixth form. George thought they were after him, what a let down.

On September 1st, a bus was hired in order to transport a number of matric students to the airport as a farewell gesture. His intellect was displayed to the very moment of his departure, when to the least bit of surprise of his closest friends, that knew him so well, he boarded the wrong plane, and just managed to board his original flight in a rather frenzied state. Recent news has revealed that he is settling down very well back in America.

However, it is hoped that soon he will return, we will all welcome this return, I am sure.





## POETRY — NATURE

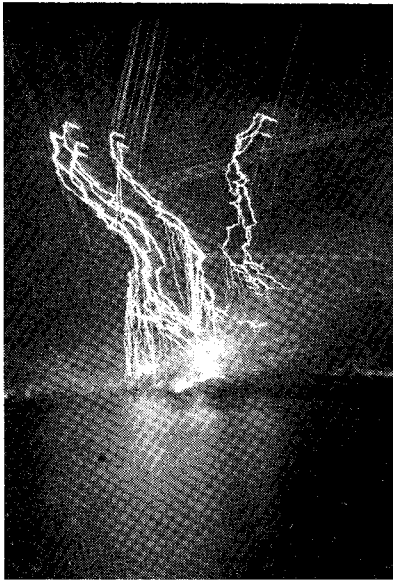
### THE FOG

The fog is like a river  
Soft and Sluggish,  
Dirty and Damp,  
I walk with fear clinging to my spine,  
A growing fear that calls me to turn,  
And look and run.

For when the fog comes seeping  
Through all the tiny cracks,  
I walk along the foot path  
Hating that creeping mass  
I turn and look again  
And run just like the rest.

Out of the fog comes leaping,  
Great shadowy forms,  
Deep down in my heart I hate the thing  
With all its sluggishness,  
The Thing that comes creeping seeping  
That awful swirling white mass.

Meredith Marks, 3A



### A HAILSTORM

Wind Blows  
Clouds gather  
Sky darkens  
Rain falls.

Wet the ground  
Dark the earth  
Green the grass  
Thick the clouds.

Wind still  
Clouds gone  
Sky blue  
Rain stopped.

L. Romita 1D.

### DEW DROPS

The dew is on the grass  
The trees are standing still  
All the dainty little ferns are  
Spread with little drops of dew.

The sun is shining brightly now  
And all the little dew drops  
Will not be shining this afternoon.

Robert Addison, 1A.

### TWILIGHT EVERY SEASON

Everything is calm and peaceful,  
Cicadas chirping all around.  
In the streets soft lamps are lit,  
The night is coming soon.

People in the streets all round,  
Hurrying to see their families.  
Transport is humming everywhere,  
The night is coming soon.

Cats are running all around,  
Trying to get inside their homes.  
Dogs are howling for their beds,  
The night is coming soon.

Wendy Dann 1A.

# WHO'S WHO !

TEACHERS:—

Mr. Becroft (Cheezy) 'Mm . . . bit vague . . . bit vague;  
When you're all quiet'

Mr. J. Halloran (Lightning)—never strikes twice in the same  
place:—"You know, this is an English class".

Mr. H. Forecaster (Hairy) "I like this, it's so delightfully  
vulgar"

Mrs. Sheffield "I may not look angry. How many have done  
this assignment? —Oh!—"

Mrs. O'Loughlin Think Lit., Eat Lit., Breathe Lit.

Mrs. Gilbert (Grandma) "Emile will you sit down?"  
"Yes Betty"

Mr. Henstridge (Boofer) "Study Guide questions 17,076 and  
4,203"

Miss SQuiggley "Excuse me, any Excuses!!"

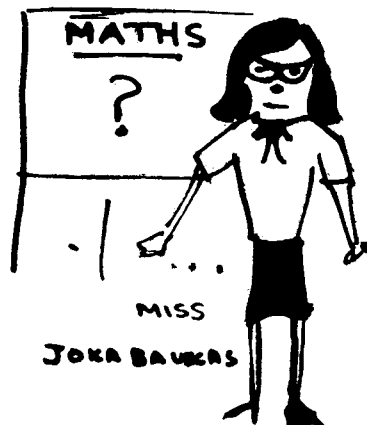
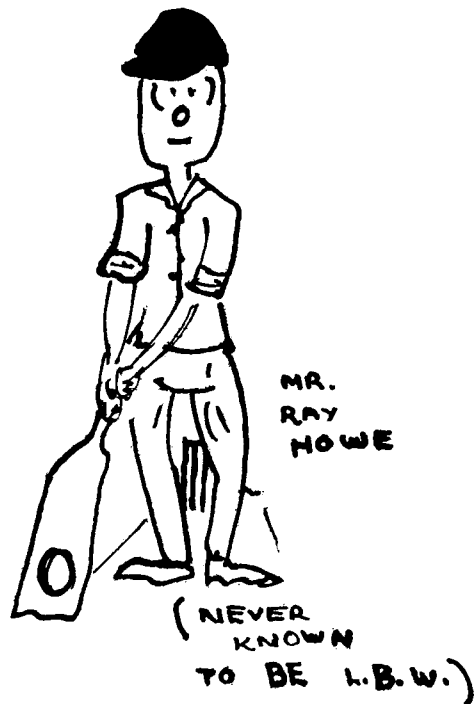
Mr. Dee Jay Nilsen "Watch it kid, I'm bigger than you"

Mr. Cordell "My ties? I get them from the Salvation Army"  
(Very Cheap)

Mr. Badcock "I must get these shoes fixed, I feel like I'm  
rocking"

Mr. (Ray) Howe "Fat horses get ya every time"

by Tes.



## Yeah! 6A.

Gals:—

Valma Antworth: One of the strange noises around the school.  
Ambition to remain a roadrunner. Whoosh!

Julie Bell: Nothing better than an economical pow wow.  
Ambition: To smoke the peace pipe with Mr. Gason.

Lesja (Nellie) Chaly: The Vee Wee Queen.  
Ambition: To choose what sort of licence to get.

Susanne (Skilton) Dormer: She's our form's rover.  
Ambition: To retire early.

Nina Dougall: Nothing could be finer than a Nina.  
Ambition: To out do Mr. Gason.

Lyn Douglas: The girl with the secret romances (even she doesn't know about them).  
Ambition: To hide in the envelope and write 'Return to Sender'.

Susan Fletcher: Toni's good for my hair.  
Ambition To out do Siggy Freud. (Psychologist)

Merilyn Friend: So short that she can walk under a lizard with her umbrella up.  
Ambition: To make it without the umbrella next year.

Jenny Gilbertson: Been watching too much Shirley Temple My Goodness!  
Ambition: A racketeer (to settle down and raise raquets).

Lainna (Bean) Jakabson: Biological Students Award winner '68.  
Ambition: To stop these blushes everytime.

Alison (Waffles) McLay: A bit touchy about that middle name aren't you "Frieda"?  
Ambition: To get to Gunnery School (USA) (and not just for the army).

Alison Littler: "Ducky"!? Ambition: To Colonialize Australia.

Denise Minty: Available loose at any Milk Bar.  
Ambition: To come in a packet of twenty.

Margaret Matovic: "Daily Blab"—Teletype goes constantly.  
Ambition: To replace A.A.P. Reuter as the World's news supply.

Linda Rimanich: Wer'e all wonderfully warm with "Linda".  
Ambition: To short circuit.

Deborah (Fang) Starbuck: Is that really a suntan?  
Ambition: To go (white and stay that way) one shade lighter.

Annmarie (Twiggy) Wild: The Wilder the Better.  
Ambition To reach at least two stone heavier (would you believe three stone.)

Beverley Robson: An Aunty of her nephews and nieces. That's a heck of a 'Family Affair'.  
Ambition: To out do the family.

Jill Swann: Jumping 'Jack' and the 'blonde' flash are always in combat!  
Ambition: To meet her 'Jack' and be the 'Fool on the Hill'.

Jenny Temby: Must have busy hair (Always tied up)

Jenny Tyrell: Mini Tennis Kid.  
Ambition: to always use Metho!

Agnes Veltmeyer: A real swinger (Discus Javelin) (Ambition ?

Margaret Jackson: Phantom of the Plays (Didn't you see her swing?)  
Ambition: To pull the right strings.

Judy Carter: Alright! Where's the rest of the pony?

Mary Ritch: Blindstein in disguise?  
Ambition: Ohhh! I - - - don't - - - know!

Guys:—

Anthony Cruglielmino: Quote Verbatim—Wish I could stop taking out girls" (?)  
Ambition: To grow so they wont notice him.

Adrian Jobson: Nick Name Adrian: Jobson, Interests: Adrian Jobson, Favourite Book: Jobson's Book of Verse.  
Ambition: To Keep his name in lights.

Phillip Johnson: Favourite Recording Star—Tiny Tim.  
Ambition: To release that hidden personality.

Anton Kunigiskis: Has been trying to break some speed laws.  
Only one thing stopping him—his car.  
Ambition: To have lunch at the table instead of the counter

John Lownds: He can be seen outside the Cultural Centre with a sign which says "Down with Da Vinci".  
Ambition: To Paint Outdoors. Birds?

Ron Page: "An intelligent, sophisticated, cultured person.  
"You wanna let go of my arm now Ron?"  
Ambition: To stop using Curley Pet — Next year!

Peter Sahhar: This one is the Black Sheep, but one of the three stooges.

Gavan Hynes: Travels on train free, half pensioner, half student (under age)  
Ambition: To call one of his teachers "Sonny".

Steve (Mouth) Brown: Leaves a trail of broken hearts— and bottles, and cans, and cigarette boxes—behind.

George Krupinski: T.V. Star without a fan club.

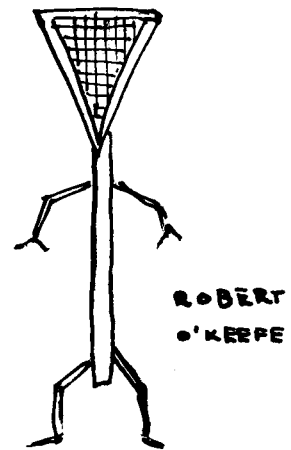
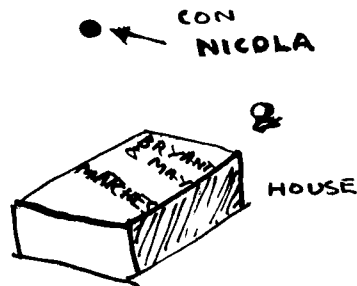
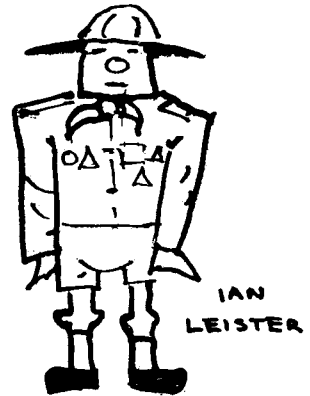
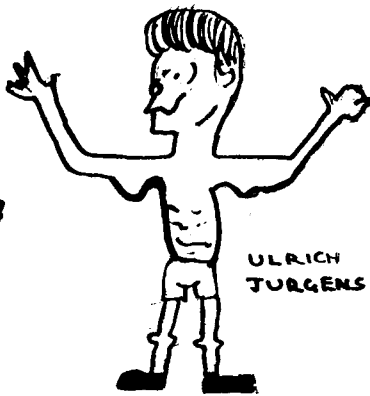
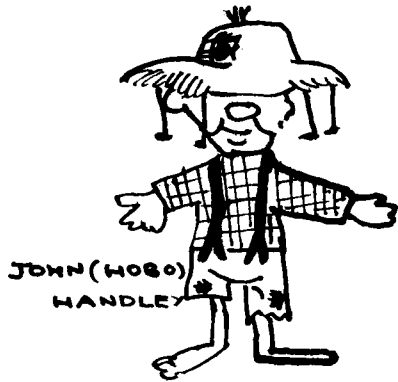
Michael (Chick) Evans: You never know what comes out of eggs these days!!  
Ambition: to keep his intelligence in looks only (?).

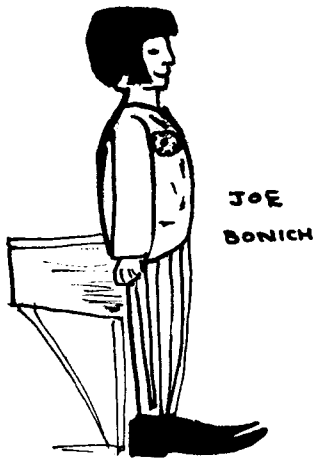
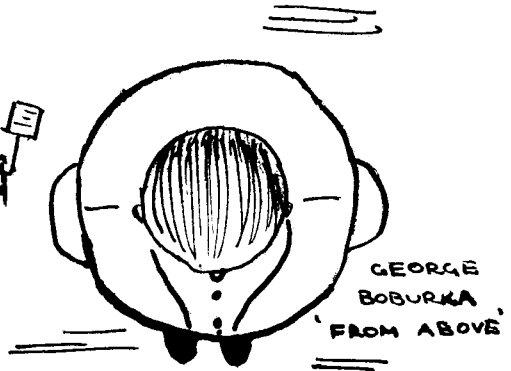
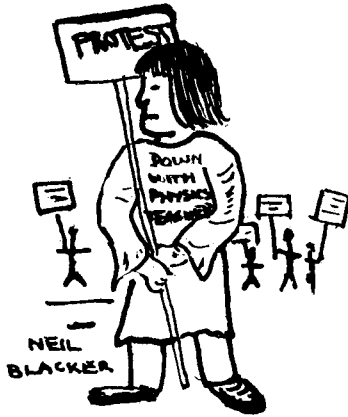
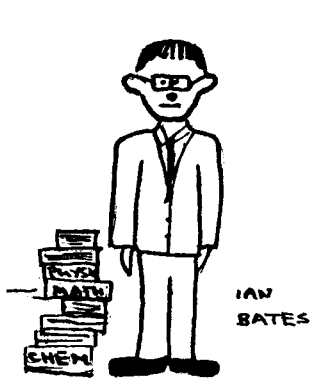
Brian (Choca) Presti: Yeh! we know! Always in the box with what's her name?"  
Ambition: To come in all colours and not melt so quickly (Smarties)

Stephen (Joe) Lafcharis: Well, Wer'e still not sure. Um! No!  
Ambition: A member of the S.T. (Silent three)

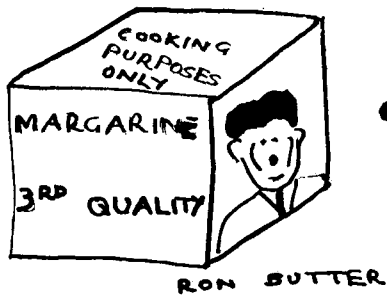
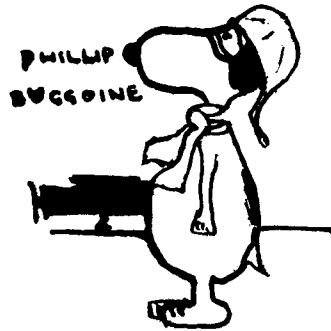
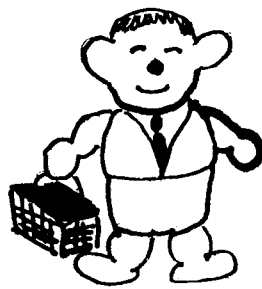
Egon Jafranox: Well, you see. Oh, you know. Well, I don't know, you see . . .  
Ambition: Plenty

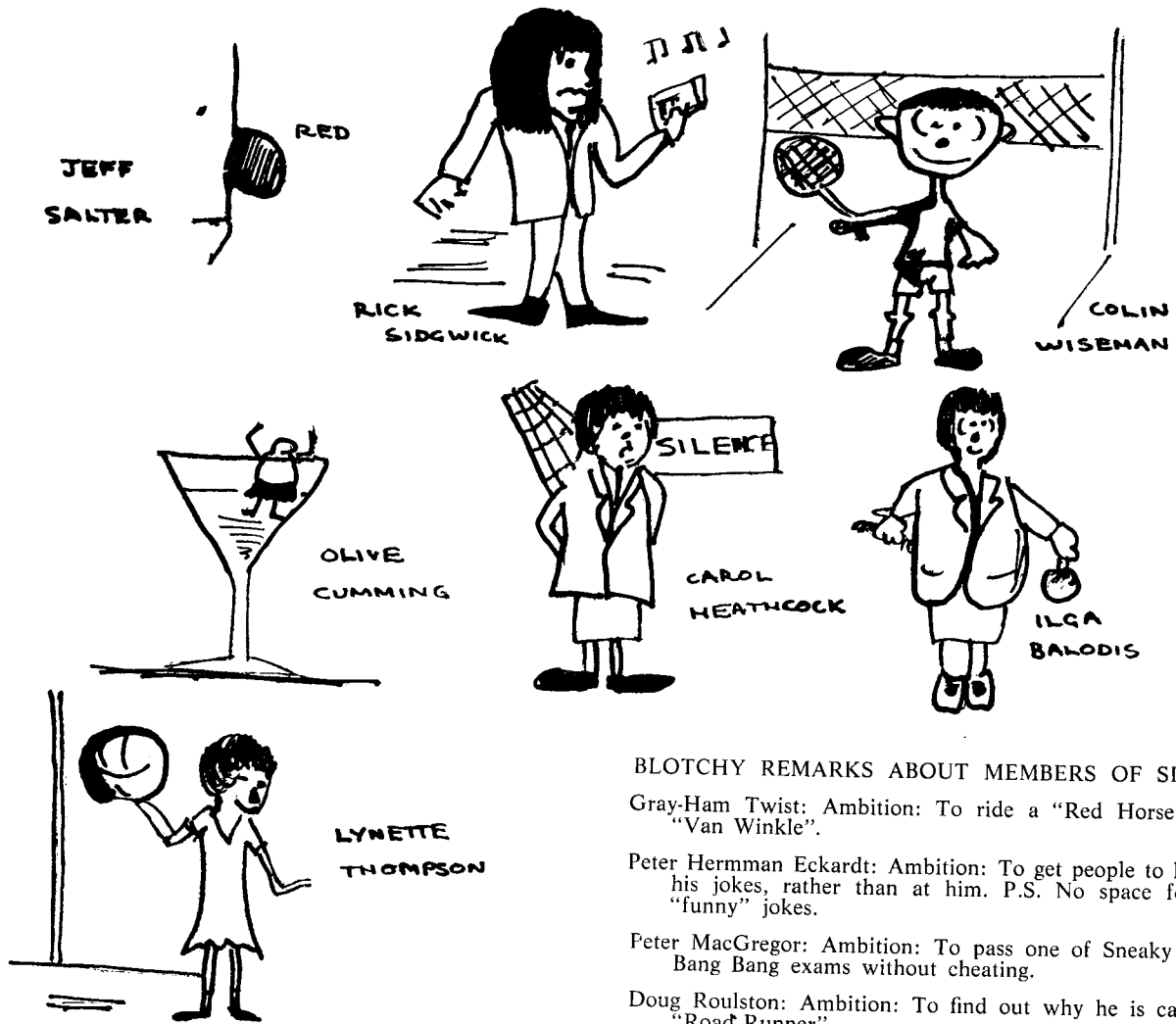






JOHN (BOOBOO) BRYDON





BLOTCHY REMARKS ABOUT MEMBERS OF SIX B

Gray-Ham Twist: Ambition: To ride a "Red Horse" called "Van Winkle".

Peter Herрман Eckardt: Ambition: To get people to laugh at his jokes, rather than at him. P.S. No space for your "funny" jokes.

Peter MacGregor: Ambition: To pass one of Sneaky Beaky's Bang Bang exams without cheating.

Doug Roulston: Ambition: To find out why he is called the "Road Runner".

John East: Ambition: To learn a new word other than Stoooge! Stoooge! and Stoooooooge!

Ray Weedon: Ambition: To see more than the floor the next time he goes to the Winston Charles.

Emile Toby: (Alias: Hi Toots.) Ambition: To come to school for one full week in full school uniform and to stop stirring teachers about religion, library books, etc.

Noel Davis: Ambition: To learn to drive in the same car. How many's that? Twenty you say.

Santo Genovesi: Ambition To outblast Nicko in Accounting.

Irene Sahhar: Ambition: To stop being asked "Is that your Brother?"

Lesley Whittington: Ambition: To be the most outspoken person in the world.

Comments by "Awefull" Deadly Ernest.

## CADET UNIT

CADETS 1968:—

1968 began badly for the Cadet Unit at W.H.S., it was decided that Cadets be limited to Forms III plus.

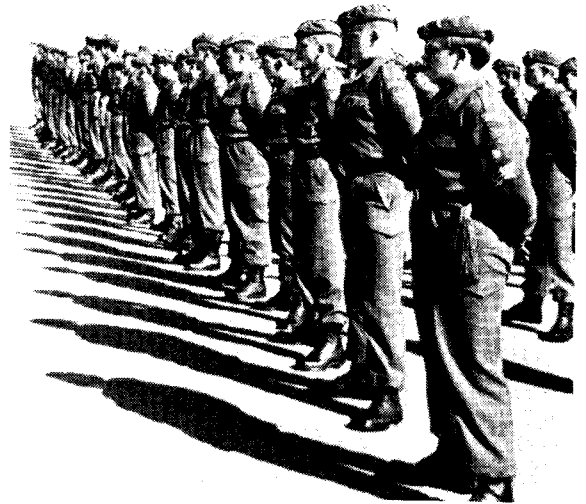
Previously boys fourteen years and over, were eligible to join, but because Junior Sport and Cadets ran concurrently less boys participated than previously (1967 attendance 102). Reducing numbers even further (1968), were the boys in Forms V and VI, who, reaching non-commissioned rank, decided not to continue, because they thought that there would not be enough interesting activities for them.

To explain this I will run through a "typical" member of the Cadet Service.

Year 1 Recruit Training.

Year 2 Recruit Training.

Year 3 At the end of Year 2, he would probably attend a Junior Leader's Course, of about ten days, run by 3 Cadet Brigade at Puckapunyal and instructed by Australian Regular Army Personnel.



"ON PARADE"



Back Row (Left to Right)

Cdt. Maddox, Cdt. Duncan, Cdt. Jellis, Cdt. Warner, Cdt. Lunney, Sgt. Bloom, Cpl. Goetz, Cdt. Evans, L/Cpl. Spotswood, L/Cpl. Ishaac, Cdt. Ravenscroft, Cpl. Waye, Cpl. McLeod, Cdt. Roulston.

Middle Row:

Sgt. Schlotzer, Sgt. Brawson, Cdt. Lange, Cdt. Thompson, Cdt. Urgona, Sgt. Nicholas, Cdt. Ironside, W/O. Clarke, Cdt. Elliott, Cdt. Stewart, Cdt. Davis, Cdt. Richards, L/Cpl. Powelly, Cpl. Cribson.

Bottom Row:

Cdt. Lucas, Cdt. Gadd, Cdt. Meacham; Cdt. Becroft, Cdt. Hal emba, Cdt. Napier, Cpl. Hayes, Cdt. Dixon, Cpl. Jackson, Cdt. Krekos, Cdt. Newgreen, Cdt. Malleti.

Seated: Sgt. Jones, C.U.O. Green, S/Sgt. Rogers.

A successful recruit would become a Corporal or Sergeant in a Special or Regimental appointment, for example as Platoon or Corporal in either Signals, Medical, Assault, or Pioneer Sections. Thus he accepts responsibility and leadership, and at the end of third year may attend a course for promotion and become, for example a Cadet Under Officer, and be ready to contribute to running the Cadet Unit.

This year, there were no vacancies for potential leaders, so boys in forms V and VI lost interest.

Activities in 1968 included:

Range Day at Williamstown Range:

Fired Rifle and Light Machine Gun. Application and Map Shooting. Best Shot: Cadet Bill Gadd.

Annual Camp at Scrub Hill from 13th—21st August, 1968

Annual Camp 1968 was a great success, mainly owing to the fine weather. August is not a good time to go to camp, because of the weather, so we were very lucky.

Many improvements have been made to Scrub Hill Camp in the last couple of years. These include concrete shower and toilet blocks, terracing of tent sites, building of huts for Q Stores and Orderley room, the provision of areas of land standing for messes and kitchens. Facilities now are good.

The food this year was of good standard and was served as attractively as possible. Good hygiene by both Cooks and boys was obviously a factor in that we had little or no "tummy troubles".

This year's exercises was planned to give realism to the training, and although hard, most lads seemed to enjoy facing the challenge of two days tactical operations. Some of the most pleasing aspects were the enthusiasms shown by the boys and the competence of Unit Signallers who are to be congratulated for a fine effort.

A selected number of senior Cadets fired the Owen Machine Combine at the 30 Metre Range.

Later in the year, the annual end of year Parade will be held. At this Parade the Cadet Unit says good-bye, to those of its members, who will be parading with it for the last time.

On behalf of those members of W.H.S. Cadet Unit who are leaving, may I say to them—"Best Wishes for the future and Good Luck".



#### PASSING OUT PARADE 1967:

The 1967 Passing Out Parade was received by Captain T. P. J. Joyce, Commander 22 Cadet Btn.

Official Guests were the Mayor of Williamstown and the Chairman of the School Advisory Council, Mr. J. C. Coe, J.P.

Prize Winners:

Most Efficient C.U.O.: C.U.O. I. McLaren.

Most Efficient N.C.O.: R. Jones.

Best First Year Cadet: Cdt. J. Hayes, Cdt. J. Napier.

Interplatoon Shield: 2 Platoon.

#### EX-CADETS:

Two of last year's Cadet Under Officers, Ian McLaren and Keith Jobson are finding practical use for their Cadet Training.

Ian is attending the Officer Cadet School, Portsea, and should graduate in 1969.

Keith is an Officers Cadet with 3 Division, Officers Cadet Training Unit (C.M.F.) Keith should complete his course in 1969.





**Q STORE STAFF**

Back Row: L/Cpl. Spotswood, L/Cpl. Powelly, L/Cpl. Ishaac  
 Seated: S/Sgt. Rogers, Cpl. Goetz.



**JUNIOR LEADERS**

Back Row: Cpl. Cubson, Cpl. Hayes Cpl. Wayne, L/Cpl. Spotswood, Cpl. Goetz, L/Cpl. Powelly, L/Cpl. Ishaac,  
 L/Cpl. McLeod, Cpl. Jackson.

Middle Row: Sgt. Nicholas, Sgt. Branson, W/O. Clarke, Sgt. Bloom, Sgt. Schloetzer.  
 Seated: Sgt. James, C.U.O. Green, S/Sgt Rogers.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### CRIT ON PLAY

On the 13th and 15th of August a group of sixth formers presented two plays in the drill hall; one a drama, "The Man Upstairs" and the other a comedy, "The Man in the Bowler Hat". They were the first plays that have been produced by students at the High School since Adam was a boy scout. In this case the plays were co-produced by Margaret Jackson and Denise Minty, who with the help of the "crew" were responsible for an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Conditions of the stage, acoustics and lighting facilities in the drill hall did not hamper the imaginative cast, especially in staging the hanging of Wayland in "The Man Upstairs", which brought a few shrieks from the audience. Costumes and Make-up helped to brighten up an otherwise dull setting, especially in "The Man in the Bowler Hat", with characters such as the Villain—George Krupinski, the Heroine—Margaret Matovic, the Bad Man—Doug. Roulston, who looked like Charlie Chaplin, and in the drama, Wayland—Noel Davis. Those who went to see the plays will remember the well-timed sound effects; they also added interest.

It can hardly be said that Noel Davis was a "natural" for the part of Wayland in "The Man Upstairs" but it was certainly an effective interpretation; especially his lifeless swing across the stage at the end of a rope, which suggests he should go a long way. Nor can it be said that anyone stood out more than the others for their performance; each person built up their part effectively. In "The Man in the Bowler Hat" Michael Evans was particularly funny as John, Steve Brown (Tes) created a "nice" hero—successfully, while George Krupinski as villain (well cast), Denise Minty as Mary, Margaret Matovic as the heroine and Doug. Roulston as the Bad-man played up to add to the ludicrous situation. Gavin Hynes as the Man, in the Bowler Hat, controlled himself and remained impassive from the time he walked on until the final line. In the drama, "The Man Upstairs" Noel Davis ably supported by Steve Brown and Doug Roulston.

Despite the few faults, those kind people who patronised the plays, I'm sure weren't disappointed, and they have the satisfaction of having contributed to a worthy cause.

Alison Littler.

### CHORAL CONTEST

Impatient conductors (all with their bright coloured ties on!) pianists, house Captains and parents anxiously awaited, the singing was over, the W.H.S. Annual Choral Contest was at an end. Slowly the adjudicator—namely Harold Blair the aboriginal singer,—stepped onto the platform.

Much to the impatience of every pupil he avoided disclosing his decision, by expressing his much appreciated!!!! views on singing. The results were announced as follows:

Possums 67, Wombats 86, Koalas 71, Dingoes 74.

*"I was the Popcorn Seller"*



*"I was the Usher"*



*"I held the torch"*

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



CONDUCTORS OF HOUSE CHOIRS: (L. to R.)  
Alison McLav, Gavan Hynes, Nellie Chaly, Lynette Thompson

### SOCIAL SERVICE:

Students have participated in the "Long Walk" from Hampton to Melbourne raising over \$200 for the Secondary Schools Aboriginal Fund. Many thanks to their Sponsors. We have another \$250 in hand at the time of going to press which will no doubt be increased by the end of the school year. We have given generously to special appeals throughout the year from money raised by lunch time activities, mostly by junior forms. Many thanks to the Social Service Monitors and a special thanks to Jenny Yardley and Rodney Deering for their valuable assistance throughout the year. Thank you students.

Mrs. Gilbert.

### WAR WITHOUT WEAPONS

It all started in friendly rivalry but today the basketball games are "War Without Weapons".

This is a statement made by the local press after the conclusion of the recent grand final won by the Williamstown High School Basketball team. The team comprises of: Mr. H. Malakunas, Mr. R. (Masher) Tanberg, Mr. A. Macys, Mr. R. Howe, Mr. N. (Pot) Butterfield, Jeff (Cassius) Lovegrove, Tony (Fuzz) Kerr

This team, largely drawn from the upper strata of their respective societies, could indeed feel that the important thing — is not taking part, but winning.

The Game was watched by a record crowd of seven people paying an estimated \$2.80 through the turnstiles.

## FUTURE ?

### WHAT ARE WE HEADING FOR:

Number two twenty-nine stood at the window watching the crowds massing around the foot of the building. He had plenty of food and he wondered how long he could survive without water, if, by some stroke of luck, he was accidentally overlooked.

It had been seven days since the water vitalising plant had ceased operations. He thought of how stupid the government had been to have tried to keep the Renegade peoples under control just by stopping the water. So stupid of them not to have made provisions for malfunctions in the plant.

Two twenty-nine was one of the elite, his parents were among the few who had gained a degree during the nineteen eighties. But the party had changed that bourgeoisie schooling bit, and until the renegades had come along everything had been going perfectly. He wondered what these renegade people looked like, he knew that, unlike him, they were mutilated through breathing the poisonous gases outside the buildings. But that's strange, he thought, he couldn't see any monsters amongst the crowds below. Of course, the distance was too great to see anything in precise detail anyway.

Two twenty-nine heard them coming, but what could he do? He wondered how he would meet his end, maybe he would feed one of their fat babies, or maybe he would be just classed suitable for pets food. He could now hear the screams of his compatriots on the lower levels, and he imagined the acts of cannibalism for which the renegades were renowned, and he felt so helpless as he knew that his turn would be next.

They were on his floor now, pushing, lunging at the door, it was easily forced and they grouped before him whilst eyeing the more succulent parts of his body.

Strange, he thought, he could still see little difference in his and their body structure. And then they started grinning and he felt his sympathies being drawn towards them.

Suddenly he realised the cunning brutes, they had placed the more handsome members of the species in front, just to entice him towards them.

And then he thought he saw the reason for their friendliness.

The window, the window, he thought, what a fool he'd been. Of course that was the answer. Rushing at the glass he pushed. At least he thought, as he glanced at the falling pane growing smaller, at least he'd take some of the bastards with him.

And at that thought, he flung himself out, away from the building, over the crowd far below. And then he noticed something . . . .

The air! the air! it was far from poisonous. And the people, whom he had supposed to be his enemies, turned away knowing that he was lost.

And as he felt the warm sun radiating heat over his falling body, and as he breathed the fresh air that was rushing past his face, he knew why the security patrols rarely returned from the outside.

Ted Congdon 5H.

### THOUGHTS BY D.H.

A solid man of character strong, with eyes deep set with uncertainty, focused on a passing thought; of life's deep meaning and its purpose.

Strange the way his hair hangs down, covering his forehead, which radiates a frown.

Of life he had but one thing said, "Why?"

This word itself seemed rather vague, what was the concept of its meaning? But afterwards I thought, this man I know, has lived his life, but counted it for nought.

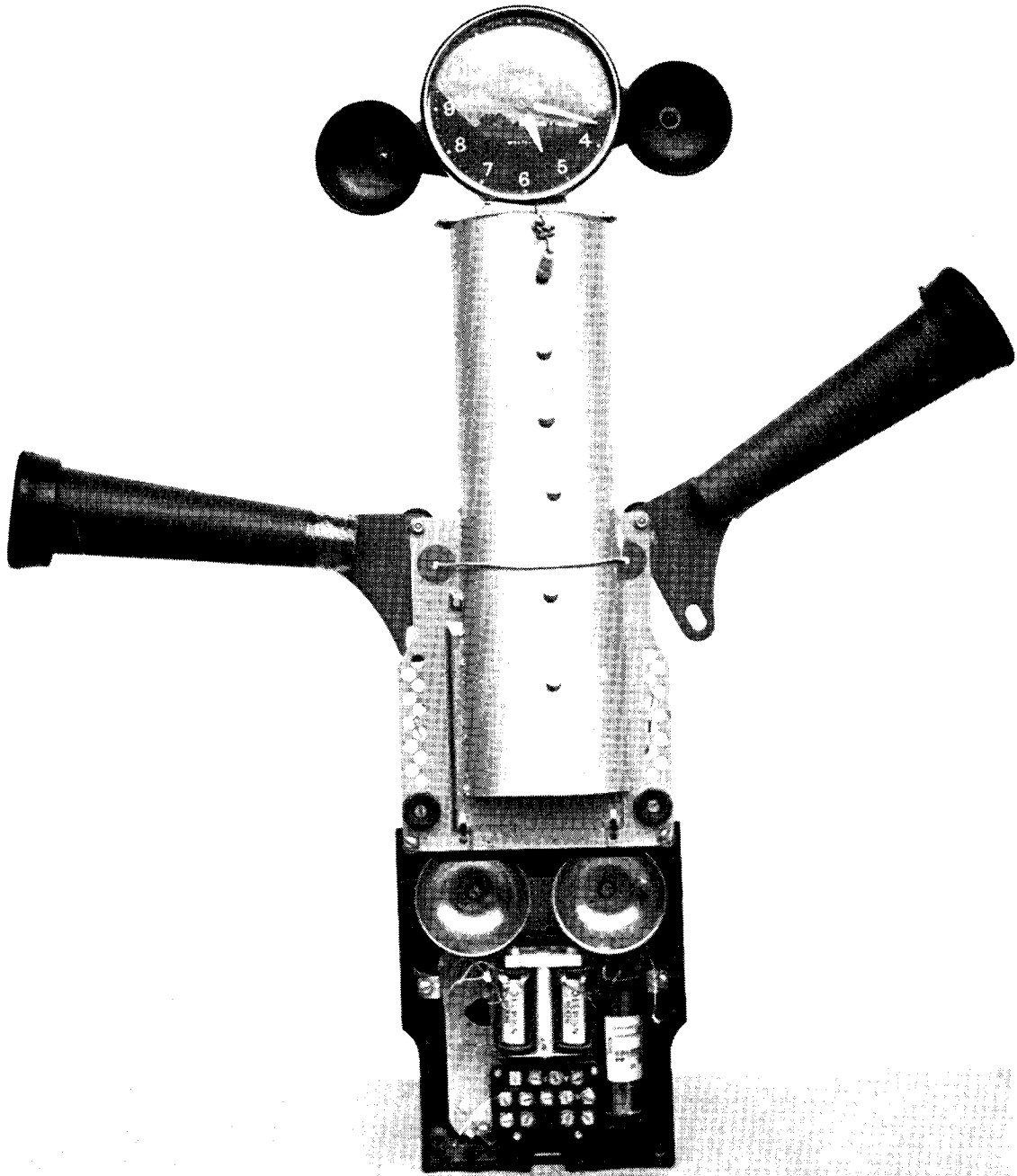
How could a man, who had lived a full life, say that it was in vain.

It was surely a realm of beauty from God above,

Created in his image, the image of love,

Would he not in all seriousness say "Why?"

Dee Aitch (4B)



HEATHER-BELL EVANS, 3B.

## ACTION AND REACTION

### THE BIG HIT:—

Down, down, down he fell, arms and legs flaying crazily beyond control. His neatly combed and greasy, pressed hair showed not a sign of disturbance. Hitting the ground with a crackily, wrenching, sploshy sound, he saw red blood splashing up onto the surrounding walls and clean windows. A thick pool of blood oozed away from the heap and slowly flowed towards the spotless gutter.

“Pull yourself together man,,, said one bystander, trying to quieten his gurgling screams. “Don’t lose your head”, grinned a little girl, holding his battered brainless skull by a sticky tuft of hair. He heard someone call to his wife to come and see who had just dropped in.

Slowly he began to gather his belongings, an eye and an eye, a tooth and a tooth. He remembered he was six feet tall, but could find only two. He asked a young man to give him a hand, was applauded and presented with one of his own, caught in a crack in the wall.

“You get all the breaks”, said his brother enviously, scraping a spleen towards him with the edge of his shoe.

“You can’t say I broke your heart now, can you?” said his girl friend warningly, “But I must say you’ve got guts”.

About three weeks later an old man with a heart condition staggered through the street. Reaching a stained wall, his eyes lolled upwards and he fell in a heap on the ground. Regaining his feet he cursed heavily, demanding the culprit’s name who had left that heap on the ground.

“That was Joe, your eldest son”.

Looking up at the Butcher, the old man shook his head reprovingly. “Always said he’d come to no good”. Then seeing an arm and a severed leg on the rack in the butcher’s shop. “The sooner he stops hanging around this neighbourhood, and tries to make something out of himself, the better it will be.

Another gusty breeze pushed another piece of hairy flesh along the footpath.

Moral: A Split personality breeds nought but rottenness.

Gavan Hynes.

### FEAR

Adrienne McBain 4B

It was there,  
ahead of us.  
It was shapeless,  
and black.

We crept forward,  
In silence  
and pondered  
our fate.

Then we saw it  
ahead of us.  
Still shapeless  
Still Black.  
We saw it  
ahead of us.  
We saw . . .  
It was dead.

# ACTION AND REACTION

## HUNT

Ivan Jackson 4B

Stalking a deer in the bush  
Must be silent, careful  
Stepping over twigs and logs  
Trying not to make a sound.  
And then a hound  
Has scented a Stag  
And sends it running down a crag.  
The sound is following close behind,  
The hunter has the stag in mind  
And then while running after pet and quarry  
He sees a red flash ahead in the bush,  
And hears the yelps that make him push  
Harder like a powerful lorry.  
Ahead in a clearing the stag has tired  
And looks around for a place to hide  
But he sees his enemy beside a tree  
And hears a shot that makes him flee.  
The hunter who has had too much  
Calls his hound and returns to lunch.  
Back in the scrub the triumphant stag  
Lowers his head into a creek.  
He has a drink that satisfies  
While remembering those terrible, shrill cries,  
Of a hound,  
That nearly brought death.

## MYSTERY AT MIDNIGHT

Heather Livingstone, 2A.

A full moon.  
Darkness all round  
Silence!  
A cold gust of air rushing past.  
A dark indefinable mist looming ahead  
Slowly forming into the shape of a human  
Or was it a beast?  
A screech!  
A scream!  
Then once again silence and darkness.

## GIRLS SPORT

### INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Senior :— Open Age Group:

Outstanding competitors: Agnes Veltmeyer, who was senior champion for the girls is entered in Open Hurdles, Shotput, Discus, Javelin, Valma Antworth 100 yards, 440 yards, Medley, Relay, Relay. Cheryl Medlicott 220 yards, Medley Relay, High Jump, Relay. Alison McLay, 100 yards 220 yards, Relay. Sylvia Lord Hurdles, Broad Jump, Relay.

In the Intermediate Section: Rae McTaggart who was champion of this section at the house sports is competing in Shot Put, Broad Jump, High Jump and Relay. Vivien Parker 100 yards, 220 yards, Hurdles, Relay. Julie Duncan Medley, Relay, 100 yards, 220 yards, Relay.

In the Junior Section: Gail Yardley, as a Junior champion is in Discus, 75 yards, Relay. Maria Gisaman 75 yards, 100 yards, Relay. Judith Cummings 100 yards, Broad Jump, Relay.

### INTER HOUSE ATHLETICS:

The House Athletic Sports saw a convincing 60 point win to Dingo House followed by Possums, Koalas, and Wombats. Great performances were shown by the following people, in winning the Individual Championships:

Junior Champions: Gayle Yardley (K), Bruce Haines (P)  
Intermediate Champions: Rae McTaggart (K), Collin Ravenscroft (W)

Senior Champions: Agnes Veltmeyer (P), John Handley (D).

Two other performances worthy of mention were Janet Gammon's (P) win in the girl's open mile and John Handley's (D) win in the boys mile. On behalf of the students I would like to thank Miss Quiggley for the time and energy she spent with the organisation of the sports.

Jan Dennehy





## GIRLS SPORT

### SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAMS — GIRLS:

Although our Senior Basketball team played only three inter-school matches against Footscray, Altona and Altona North and won these three matches, the enthusiasm and fighting spirit of the team remained undaunted.

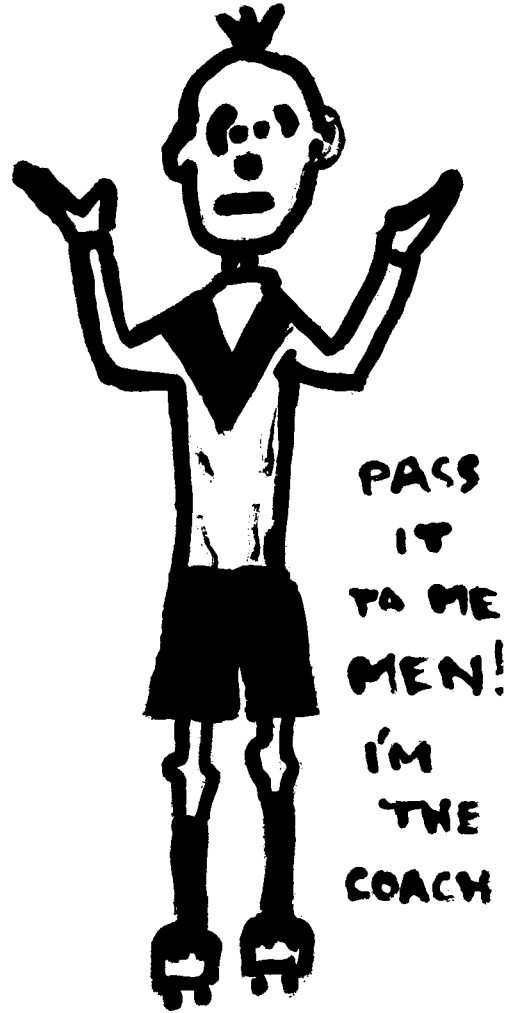
Under the able captainship of Alison McLay, and assisted by Sandra Dorrington as Vice Captain, some fine basketball work was developed. The remaining members of the team were Janet Lawerson, Ann Higham, Deborah Starbuck, Jill Swann, Irene Vick, Deborah Wilkinson, Rae McTaggart, Jan Owen, Agnes Velimeyer, Lyn Thompson, Wendy McDonald Sylvia Lord and Cheryl Medicott.

Two members of this school team, Rae McTaggart and Jan Owen gained further honours for the school by reaching final selection in the Victorian Junior State basketball team.

We were very fortunate this year to have two very enthusiastic members of the staff training us, namely Miss Routley, a prominent Victorian State basketballer and Miss Quiggley, a former member of the State Basketball team.

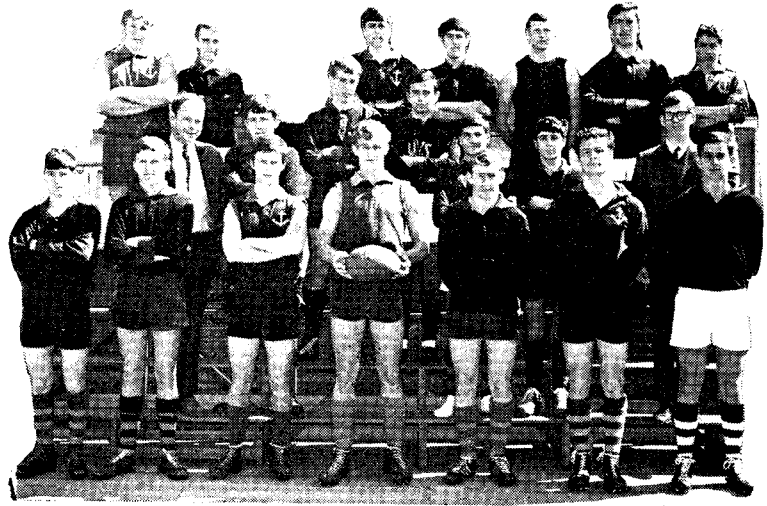
### WOMEN'S LACROSSE AT WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH

This year we played only one game which was against Glenroy High School and unfortunately we lost. This was mainly due to the fact that most of the Glenroy Girls play on Sundays and have therefore had more practice together. We had only two girls playing on the week-ends which is not enough when the team consists of twelve girls. Any way I think and hope we will do better next year. I would like to thank Mrs. Parker for putting in the time with us, teaching and training.



# BOYS' SPORTS TEAMS 1968

## 1st XVIII FOOTBALL TEAM



Back Row: (Left to Right)  
P. Norman, P. Cassell, W. Woods, P. Newman, R. Lawerson, G. Boburka, G. Richards,  
Centre Row:  
Mr. D. J. Nilson, M. Geoghan, P. McTaggart, P. Saharr, B. Presti, C. Nicola, R. Dearing (1st Aid)  
Front Row:  
R. Shulz, P. Eckhart, K. Sullivan, R. Page (C.) P. Humphreys J. Handley, A. Richards.



## SOCCER TEAM



Terry Smith, Wayne Bubb, Peter Starbuck, Warren Clifton,  
Ailan Reitman, Ray Trussell, Chris O'Brien, Peter Nash,  
Mr. Malakunas

## JUNIOR BASKETBALL



Back Row: (L. to R.)  
J. Shearer, G. Tzambazis, J. Panagiotidis, D. Tzambazis, P.  
Zapparris, W. Hatzis, C. Toscas, S. Kasikakis, F. Herman.  
Front Row:  
R. D. Romic, B. Dallagnol, A. Downes, N. Falzon, T. Ainalis,  
L. Ellis, M. Geressima, G. Sarantis, R. Fiorentiono.  
Mr. C. Bianchi

## BADMINTON CLUB



Back Row: (Left to Right)  
P. Doull, D. Norman, G. Bell, S. West, J. Farrell, P. Dunstan,  
R. Sharples, R. Shaw, G. Robinson, R. Powelly, J. Dowling,  
N. Nicholas.  
Middle Row:  
A. Richards, J. Bunnett, E. Bertnick, E. Sheridan, R. Duffy, A.  
Congdon, S. Conradi, D. Coucheman, L. Rhodes, C. Ravenscroft  
Front Row:  
Mr. D. J. Nilson, L. Dunstan, T. Lees, D. Gregory, Miss N.  
Routley, P. McTaggart, Mr. C. Nicholls, W. Rhodes, R. Lawer-  
son, M. Geog han Miss S. Quigley.

## BOYS SPORT

### INTER HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS:

Williamstown High School held their Annual Inter-House swimming at the Beaurepaire Pool, in early March. Possum House had to fight every inch of the way to keep their winning margin. Koalas, Dingoes and Wombats followed closely behind.

The Champions were:

Senior—Irene Vick (Possums)

Intermediate—Jan Owen (Wombats)

Junior—Trudy Thompson (Possums)

### SUCCESS FOR W.H.S. BADMINTON CLUB

Tony Richards

The Williamstown High School Badminton Club was formed earlier in the year with the intention of providing something interesting for the staff, ex-students, present students, and friends of anyone connected with the High School. A general meeting was held and it was agreed that Monday night should be club night. For the first few Monday nights, attendances to practices were poor, but as the beginning of the season approached there were many players vying for places in the three teams. Reds, Yellows and Blacks.

The season started and success came to all teams, except yellows in the first two rounds. Mr. D. J. Nilson, coach of the club, immediately reshuffled the players in each of the three teams and the teams settled down to victory after victory. Then, at the end of the season all teams found themselves in the four. Blacks played Reds in a semi-final, with Reds taking the honours.

Black were never disgraced mainly because of the many skills of Captain Dianne Coucheman, Leslie Rhodes, Roselyn Duffy and Diane Collins, coupled with the determination of Michael Geoghan, Ray Lawerson and Jeff "Tiger" Thompson. In the other semi-final yellows were defeated by St. Andrews, thereby leaving Reds to do battle with St. Andrews in the Grand final. The Yellow team consisting of Don Gregory, Bill Rhodes, Tony Richards, Colin Ravenscroft, Liz Bartnile and Jenny Bunnett, capably led by Mrs. Evans who, being a parent, put a lot of time and effort into the club. Reds won the Grand Final without losing a set and the members of the premiership team. Captained by Miss N. Routley, included Mr. D. J. Nilson, Phillip McTaggart, Terry Lees, Helen Norman Shana Conradi and Elizabeth Sheridan are to be congratulated. Enthusiasm in the club is at its peak and many young players are being trained by inter-club competition and already the club has entered two additional teams—Blues consisting of juniors and a fifth team "Anchors" in the 'D' Grade competition. On behalf of all the club members I would like to congratulate Mr. D. J. Nilson for an excellent job of coaching along with Mr. C. Nicholls, for a business like job of administration as President, and Miss S. Quigley for all the time she put in both playing, and performing the duty of Secretary.

### LACROSSE TEAM 1968

This year the Lacrosse Team completed yet another season undefeated. In addition to this we also defeated the Williamstown Technical School who were premiers in their competition. This made the Williamstown High School the best in Victoria for 1968.

This year the team was once more under the capable guidance of coach Mr. R. Cordell. Led by Captain R. O'Keefe and Vice Captain B. Kubiec, the team showed great improvements in all positions.

On behalf of the team and Williamstown High School, I would like to congratulate the members of the side who gained selection in the Junior Victorian team for 1968.

They were: A. Williams, B. Rhodes, R. Lawerson and N. Speakman. B. Rhodes's play in the centre also gained him the 'Best and Fairest' award for the series.

1968 saw the introduction of a match between an All High School Team and an All Technical School Team. It is hoped that in the future this will be come an annual event. Williamstown was well represented in this side and A. Williams was named Captain of the All High Schools Team. The High Schools team ran out easy winners (22-12).

With all the mention of the above players let us not forget the great work done by the remaining members of the team. They include D. Gregory, E. Toby, H. Norman, J. Smith, K. Hill, U. Goetz, R. Newgreen, W. Gadd, and G. Spotswood. For many of these players it was their first year in inter-school lacrosse competition. However, they all did a grand job and without their assistance we would not have remained undefeated for long. Their participation will be greatly welcomed again next year when it is hoped the team will proceed to even greater achievements.

Robert O'Keefe

## SWIMMING SPORTS

### INTER SCHOOL SPORTS:

This year was marked by the keen enthusiasm of many students who trained for many weeks at early hours in the morning. The Sports were held at the new Olympic Pool, which was the scene of intense excitement as we strove neck and neck with Braybrook High School.

Although our team was quite strong Williamstown High School managed to come second to Braybrook in the Aggregate, being beaten by only four points.

Many thanks to those teachers who encouraged us, in particular Miss Quiggley and Mr. Cordell.

#### Boys

Under 13 Relay—3rd  
Under 14 Relay—4th  
Under 15 Relay—1st  
Under 16 Relay—1st  
Open Relay—3rd  
Open Medley—1st

#### Girls

Under 12 Relay—1st  
Under 14 Relay—3rd  
Under 15 Relay—1st  
Under 16 Relay—1st  
Open Relay—3rd  
Open Medley—3rd

#### Individuals

##### Boys

W. Clifton—1st, 2nd 3rd  
G. Clifton—1st, 3rd  
P. Tyrell—2nd, 3rd, 4th, 4th  
B. Davis—2nd, 3rd, 4th  
B. Rhodes—2nd  
L. Davis—3rd  
N. Davis—3rd

##### Girls

C. Nind—1st, 1st, 1st, 3rd, 4th  
T. Thompson—1st, 1st, 4th  
J. Tyrell—1st  
S. Lord—2nd, 2nd  
L. Ferguson—3rd, 4th  
J. Owen—4th, 4th  
I. Vick—4th



Footscray High v Williamstown High: This was the opening match of the season. W.H.S. battled on and "Held Fast" against a much bigger and physically stronger side, but went down narrowly to this years eventual Premiers of the High Schools. W.H.S. showed much courage and were fighting until the last bell call.

North Altona High v Williamstown High: Looking for revenge after the Footscray match, and playing to the instructions of their coach—Nilson— W.H.S. convincingly beat their opposition—North Altona.

Altona High v Williamstown High: Struggling to find form, W.H.S. narrowly scraped home to beat a young determined Altona Side. This was our backlines best game of the series. Navy v Williamstown High: W.H.S. easily beat the Navy. The competition was not very strong and the organiser should be commended on making possible such a morale-boosting game.

## SPORTS PHOTOS

### GIRLS' SPORTS TEAMS 1968

#### BASKETBALL TEAM



Deborah Starbuck, Rae McTaggart, Sandra Dorrington, Irene Vick, Anne Higham, Sylvia Lord, Cheryl Medlicott, Alison McLay, Jan Owen. — Kneeling: Julie Steward, Wendy Mac Donald, Jill Swan.

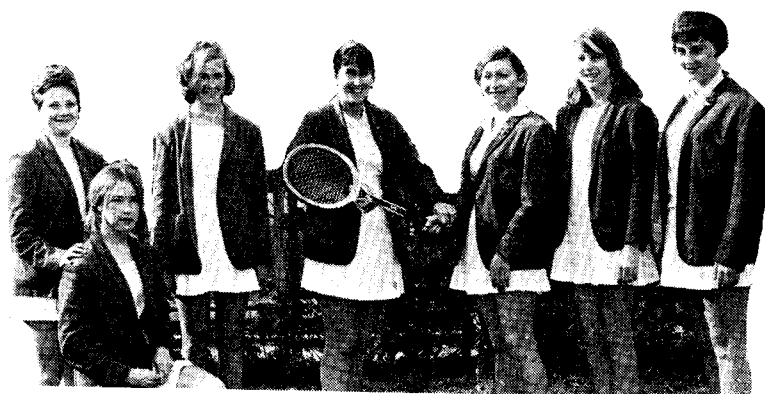


Dina Papadopolous, Margaret Paine, Maria Costas, Susan Healey, Barbara Wyatt, Ingrid Van Kekeran, Mary Loriente, Lois Cruthenden (sitting).

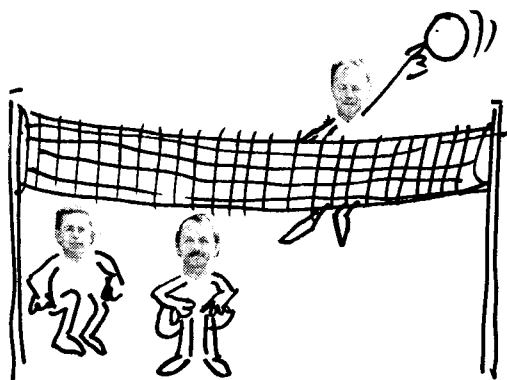
#### VOLLEYBALL TEAM

## SPORTS PHOTOS

### TENNIS TEAM



Laima Jekabson, Maria Uren, Robyn Hansen, Jill Carter, Lyn Douglas, Lynette French, Jenny Gilbertson



### HOCKEY TEAM

Thea Scheppers, Janice Livingston Janet Gammon, Raylene Tobin, Marie Neal, Dianne Thom, Jill Anderson, Judy Hewitt, Meredith Marks, Mrs. Trsek.

## COULD YOU SEE YOURSELF AS . . .

### SLAVES

We worked like dogs for a crust of bread,  
We were almost in the ground,  
We laboured and toiled till we almost dropped dead,  
Peace could never be found,  
They lashed us hard till our skin it boiled,  
We'd always try to escape,  
On the hard and filthy land we toiled,  
Every keeper we did hate.

Thrown to the lions if we got too old,  
Tortured if we were too young,  
A story like this has never been told,  
As we sweated beneath the scorching sun.  
A slave's life is never at peace,  
Until the day he dies,  
Until we no longer stand on our feet,  
At our graves No-one will cry.

J. Sahhar, 3B

### OLD MAN

Man is only a tiny soul,  
Destined to the world,  
His life is short as he grows old,  
But seems like a priceless pearl.  
And yet he offers it so boldly,  
Thrusts it into fate,  
He defies it loud and coldly,  
But then it is too late.  
If he could only realize,  
How much his life is worth,  
Just for once awaken his eyes,  
To the fortune of his birth.  
Is it not bad enough,  
That he should die himself?  
Then at the meeting of a glasses' touch,  
He drinks to his good health.  
And yet worse still,  
He kills his fellow friend,  
Was this God's will  
To how mans' life should end?

J. Sahhar, 3B



THE GIRL WITH  
THE SHORTEST  
SKIRT.

### THE BREW

Giggle, guggle, gurgle, gitch,  
I am — a witch,  
Eye of newt, leg of toad,  
Into the cauldron you will go.

Stuart Ballantyne, 1A.





## COULD YOU SEE YOURSELF AS . . .

### MY LIFE AS A FROG:

In Spring near the old mansion of Sir Herbert Longfoot lay a pond with hundreds of frogs. There were tree frogs, lake frogs, pink frogs and even blue ones with green spots, there were also brown and black frogs almost 20 different frogs lived there and I don't know how they got along together. I was still a tadpole growing up to be like my father.

The opera was to be held in the evening. Every one joins in and croaks until midnight. I am still young and won't be croaking for a few weeks. At night the frogs have the opera near the mansion and it is terribly noisy. (Nobody can sleep except Mr. Macaubi. He bought a pair of ear muffs and that seems to have solved the problem.) My father was the conductor of the "fellow frogs". Every frog was silent waiting Suddenly at my father's signal you could hear frogs croaking for a least 20 miles. I was proud to be the son of the conductor and wished that one day I would conduct as well as he.

Next morning my father said he would go out to the lake on the other side of the mansion. He was to help escort the Princess of Pink Frogs who was to be the guest at the next opera. I was a grown frog now and I was usually playing with Martin, Gerald, Henry and Grok. They were my best friends. But I spend most of my time practicing the art of conducting.

Next morning the Princess of the Pink Frogs arrived dressed in white and my father was there too. At night all the frogs assembled near the mansion waiting patiently for my father to come. Soon they came and asked me for my father. I told them I could not find him and so I had to conduct. Onto the stage came a slimy frog. Me! Soon after everyone was croaking with all their might. I was the best conductor the Princess of Pink frogs had ever seen. She signed me up for the opera at Hollywood Lake. A dream I thought would never come true. I was a conductor for the rest of my life. The sad thing was I never found out what happened to poor 'Pop'.

Nicky Nicola 1A.

### MR. PEN.

(Peter Edward Nickabocka)

Hello out there in Spy Land. How's your spying? Well, never mind. I am speaking to you in my microphonic pen. I am going to tell you a very exciting story. I started by reporting to our chief, Mr. Napoleon Duo. He is the head of 'Pelless' Agents (Pelless doesn't stand for anything). I reported in my red microphonic pen. I have a blue one which is a very powerful torch. I said to him, "Boss, is there anything I can do for you, because I'm not doing anything at the moment?" "Yes Pen" he replied very strangely, "I have a very hard task for you." "Okay, you can spill it". "Good, now I want you to go after a dangerous man. He is none other than Mr. B.I.R.O. Eisenhomm!" "What you mean "Baldy Hommney?"

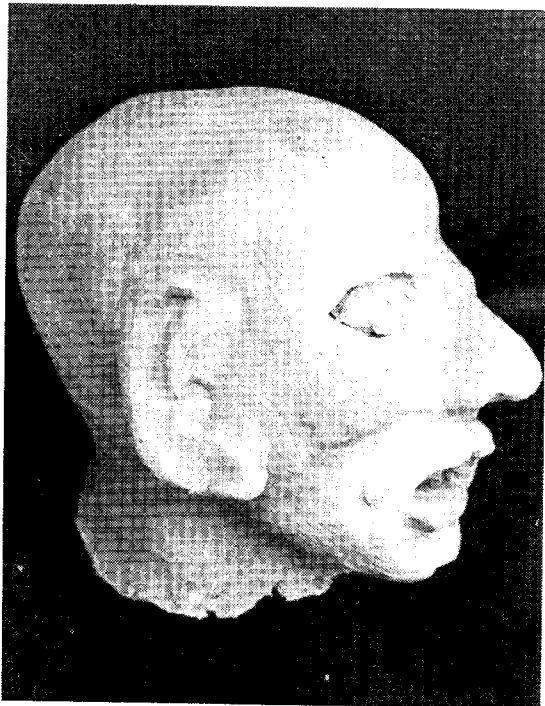
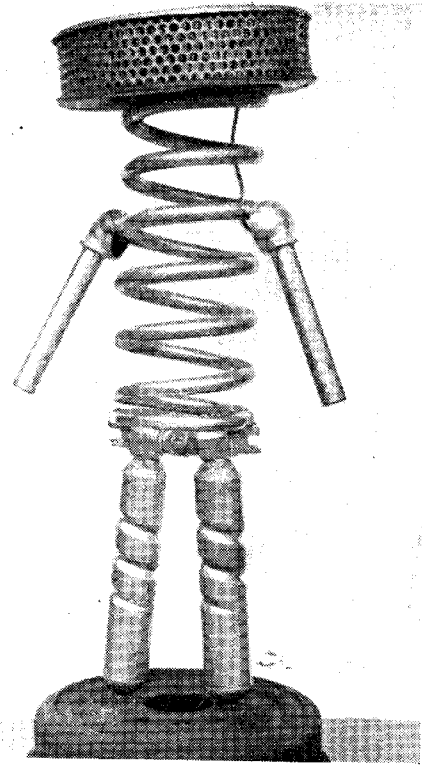
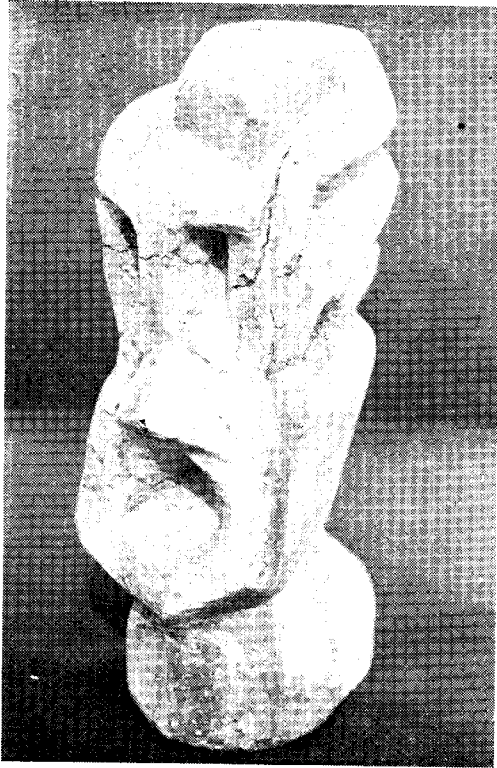
"Yes, now he's not in Australia, he's in Russia, and he took his biros too!" "And I suppose you want me to go after him?" "Yes but be careful. Pelless is depending on you!" "Okay well, I'll get going now, 'Bye Chief"

I know Eisenhomm,, that is sure. He was the leader of the Big Ball-point Biros Company. Anyway, I bought a ticket to Russia. I was going by plane. I reached Russia in a day and immediately went looking for him. I stayed at a hotel in Moscow the following night.

I didn't realize that Eisenhomm was there until the next day, when I saw him. "Hey, you're Eisenhomm, aren't you?" He immediately ran off. I followed him to another hotel where some men were waiting. Suddenly they captured me, and took me to a room. Eisenhomm questioned me. "Now what are you doing here? I suppose Duo sent you eh? Well you shall find out a thing! I will kill you at once!" I tried desperately to escape, but I couldn't. Then I said to them, "Look, a man in the doorway!" They turned and I gave them rabbit punches. They fell and I escaped.

Next day I made a plane trip back to America. When I arrived I said to the chief, "I'm very sorry I didn't get him." Surprisingly enough, he replied, "Well it's all right. It wasn't that bad."

Mario Carvignese IA



# "OUT DAMNED SPOT! OUT I SAY"

(*Macbeth Act V, Sc. I*)

## CONSCIENCE

It was a still clear day, with not even a slight breeze to stir the dew sodden leaves as they hung from their less sodden branches. Even my footsteps seemed hollow, the echo came creeping into my mind between thoughts. I was going on my way to see her, that messenger of sin, that dared to come back to the face of this earth as a woman. I was going to kill her, this I knew, it was my sole purpose for returning to her. I knew also that I would be caught and tried for her murder, perhaps even sent to the 'chair', but in my heart I was hoping that when they heard my pitiful story they would surely grant me some mercy.

I had reached her house by now, it was really a holiday cottage set in the vast and lonely scrub, her body would not be found for days, perhaps weeks, what did I care. She was singing. The bitterness was like a cold hard lump of ice in my heart, what right had she to sing, happy when I had been taken down so low by her. I crept round on my hands and knees to her bedroom window. I put my head up just enough to see into her bedroom. She was standing in front of the mirror, admiring her beautiful body, I say beautiful for indeed it was, smooth and curved, her skin was the colour of ripe apricots, her cheeks a soft glowing pink, with lips the colour of wild cherries. Her soft black hair hung loosely below her shoulders, her eyes were like black pearls. She was indeed beautiful. She was so absorbed in the reflection shown to her in the mirror, that she did neither hear nor see me entering by the window, I crept behind her, suddenly she turned round as if some inner sense had told her I was there. Before she had time to scream I stabbed the knife deep into her heart.

I stood looking down to her body, the warm blood trickled across her chest from the wound I had made. I lifted her body and layed it on the bed. I felt sickness deep down inside me, cringeing up through the rest of my body. I suddenly realised what I had done, as I had been in a trance and only come out of it: I managed to sit on the end of the bed, as my knees gave. I could feel the tears rolling down my face. I was sobbing like a woman. If any of my friends had seen me they would have scoffed.

I looked up, the tears clinging to my cheeks. I sought a plan, I put my hand in the pocket of my trousers and groped for the gun which I had there. I pulled it out and pressed it to my head, I looked up and saw a man in white, I snapped out of it then realising that I was in a psychiatric ward reliving the past as I had done many times before.

L. Burgess 3B.

# UNDER ATTACK!

## MY KIND OF MUSIC:

My kind of music is what is termed by modern colloquialism as "soul" music. This is the latest trend in music and is usually associated with groups such as Jimmie Hendric Experience and Eric Clapton and the Cream.

"Soul music is music with which is no longer merely pleasing to the ear, but music which stimulates a rapport between the mind and the heart or expressive quality of the music. That is the music is not listened to but experienced. Furthermore "soul" music is found repulsive to those accustomed to antiquated counterpoint, but is successful because of its capacity to arouse emotional response.

As well as the emotional response, usually displayed in the form of wild, erratic gyrations of the body (dancing). A large volume is usually needed to convey the musical impulses which, inevitably becomes hypnotic, and so a need for amplification arose and guitars became the most suitable instrument. This is why the robust sound of a strumming guitar became associated with this type of music.

"Soul" music is used as a cheap form of escapism and is used in connection with psychaedic lighting to stimulate the chaos of a "trip" with drugs. The surrealistic style named after Salvador Dalis' art movement is "soul" music with a dream-like quality, best illustrated by two slow sustained "leads" superimposed on each other with obviously no relation between them. A flowing erratic beat completes the description.

The rhythm of "soul" music appeals to me. It is more than a beat, but, an overpowering pulsating rhythm, which incessantly drives one into motion. I find the wild dancing an emotional outlet that gives such satisfaction that I have almost become addicted to it "Soul" music appeals to me because of its uniqueness and spontaniety. The musician is not bound by age old harmony laws and not only interprets "soul" music but "ad libs" and extemporizes.

"Soul" music could be considered as a subtle derivative of "blues" and "jazz" and although there are many similarities "soul" music extends beyond the limits of both. It extends so far that it could become a way of life, for example the "Hippies".

I can describe the aspects of "soul" music I enjoy the most and establish what it is, but as for saying why I like it I can only say I derive great pleasure from that music of mind.

P. Pearce VS

## SHOULD AMERICA WITHDRAW FROM VIETNAM—

The participation of the United States in the war in Viet Nam has brought that country much criticism. However, I believe that America, in supporting Viet Nam, is doing a vital service for all the free nations of South-East Asia.

When Viet Nam was divided into two countries, anti-government factions in the South, known as the Viet Cong, aided by troops from the North, strove to dominate the South and make it a Communist State. The South Vietnamese government, illequipped for war then called for foreign assistance. As the United States was the only major power in a favourable position at this time, she was obliged to help. Therefore, the Americans are in Viet Nam to resist the Communist invasion of the South.

If the Communists were to continue to spread in South-East Asia unchecked, this entire part of the world would soon be under their rule. I believe it is to the benefit of the free world that America is in Viet Nam resisting this threat. American intervention in Viet Nam will also show the Communists that they cannot impose their philosophies on these small under developed countries.

Many of the war's critics claim America is the Aggressor. This is not so. American troops have never fought North of the border dividing the two countries. The American planes, about which most of the controversy is centered, bomb only the ships and trucks bringing supplies South.

Other people think that America should withdraw and let South Viet Nam decide its own fate. This is impossible because they are being forced into accepting Communism, not choosing it of their own free will.

Many claim that the troops should be withdrawn to the States so as to quell the ever increasing racial problem. This is unnecessary as here are more troops in America both regular and reservists, who haven't seen action in a riot than there are in Viet Nam.

Others claim that too many lives are going to waste. To answer this we could ask a question. How many lives is freedom worth? People didn't complain when America was fighting against Japanese aggression. Today's fight for freedom is little different.

War has always been and will always be a terrible thing. Whenever a country is engaged in war there are always hardships. I say to all those against America's involvement in Viet Nam, what are the hardships of a few compared to the freedom of many—the people of South Viet Nam.

Robert O'Keefe



Design in Polystyrene

JOHN LOWNDS, 6

## AS THE TRUTH SEES "WILLY HIGH"

### TO BUDDING ART STUDENTS

This is a word of advice to future Williamstown High School students of art.

"Art is only mute for those who are not prepared to listen to the form. This is true not only of abstract art, but of all art, even the most realistic." This is an apt quote from the Russian painter, the "Father of Abstract Art", Wassily Kandinsky.

Even though certain works of art do not appeal to your tastes, you must train your mind to find the "form" the essence of every work. Analyse and appreciate as much work as possible: from David to Klee, from Phidias to Daumier. Flood your mind with their theories and the "form" comes easily.  
John Lownds 6A.

### THOSE GREAT DAYS AT WILLY HIGH !

Yes, it's a normal day at Willy. Crossing the unchartered desert from the bike racks to school, the 8.55 caravan is met. Today we saw the bloke on the Fanta Commercial. Upon entering the building, regulation helmets are donned for protection (falling bricks you know) They're the grousest helmets out! The school colours across the top with an anchor hanging from the back. But have hope! the new Science building will be finished last December.

The bell coughs and wheezes. It's form assembly! Everyone races at top speed to get to their room on time. If you're late, you'll be seriously reprimanded you know. A "damn you, I've marked you absent in ink" knocks you back against the ultra-super sliding door (all they need is mufflers) You sneak on your brand new desk and quietly wait for the countdown.

The bell goes and its echo rings throughout the corridors. Quick to room 15—Economics. Another new desk, flip-top model — the top is completely removable but it's not replaceable. Everyone focuses on the blackboard intently for 45 minutes, the teacher arrives, and the bell goes again.

The mad rush to Geog. and we've got a teacher today, so we review the material we reviewed the day before. A very inspiring class. The teacher gets angry because of the mumbling, but we can't help it if some of us talk in our sleep.

Ah! Recess. Unfortunately it has rained since form assembly, converting the desert into a tributary of the Yarra, only the mud is not only on the top, it's on the bottom, in the middle, in the school, everywhere! You pull your inflato-raft out of your locker. Pulling the CO2 cartridge the raft inflates. Rowing across the "mud flats" we pass a few trying to wallow through the sludge. Don't they know of the treacherous quick-mud patches around the area? Poor bludgers — look there's a crocodile. A quick snack and row back (stroke, stroke).

Now English, Mr. Halloran has directed us to bring "words". This means a talk on the history of races. Occasionally we get back on the track and talk a bit about English, but that's too much trouble—back to the Anglo-Saxons. A boy is knocked unconscious when a piece of ceiling hits him (no one looks it's nothing unusual) It isn't even safe to scratch your head around here.

The next period, is Geog. again. We intently review the material we reviewed second period (that we reviewed the day before) Each of us try our luck at a new game called "destructo". In one class we see how many maps, books, and desks we can either cripple, pinch or destroy. Points are given accordingly, but you're docked if you're caught. The winner gets to skip school for one day without anyone's permission (Great Game).

Beaut! Lunch, we now find the mud hole a desert again, but there is still that treacherous trench to cross. It was made by a confused Viet Cong, and left for the Council to fill in. We've lost three boys in the past week down that bottomless pit, more are sure to follow.

The canteen, an oasis, is popular for good sportsmanship and kind words. Many of the better aspects of football are exercised here: biting, kicking, punching, elbowing and of course cheating. The ever alert prefects prevent rule breaking and students "nicking off" past the machine gun nests and barbed wire. By the way, the only non-combative members in the canteen are behind the counter, anyone in front of it is considered fair game.

Having bought a nourishing meal for \$7.50 (your shout) we all play marbles on a flat sand dune during the remainder of our 54<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> minutes. Another half day of pure ecstasy to go! How Fun! I won't tell you of it. But I'm sure you will realise that Willy High is the best museum. I mean school out! We know, we do all we can to keep it that way. We're proud of the school that we, the students, have created. I hope we can continue to do our best to pass on the tradition, teaching others the ever expanding arts of "destructo". And when we're older and see "W.H.S." an abandoned waste with no feasible use, I and my mates will hold our head high and say . . .

"Did a pretty good job eh? Killed 'em —  
Great fun, eh? Stirred them up good! Sure looks a wreck.  
Great to think we succeeded!"

*Or did we—did we ever have the power to save a dying school?.*

TES

# AS THE TRUTH SEES "WILLY HIGH"

THE STUDENTS OF WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH.

R. O'Keefe,

Its been said that Willy High contains but ruffians clots and dolts,

Who travel in from far and near to concentrate their faults.

On this small area of 'town where Pascoe and Verdon meet,

They will not rest until they feel their sedition is complete.

I now presume to defy, this great and learned view:

We may be rough but please be fair and give us all our due.

As youngsters they come, as veterans they leave, of brawls both big and small,

For though not an official sport, the teachers, can't stop them all.

We are a school that thrives on football, swimming and on cricket,

And if by chance there is a fight, 'tis always we who pick it.

The players rush on to the field, all eager for the game,

But we play fair and clean, and these enhance our name.

"Go out there and enjoy yourselves" the coach incites to all,

But one finds it hard to enjoy oneself when one can't touch the ball.

And at the sports 'tis obvious which school contains the best,

Although we strive to win events, the points go to the rest.

The athletes leap up from their blocks.

"Car'n Town" the cry goes on,

And, though our runner falls behind, the cheer squad's going strong.

We've been portrayed before the world as demons, cruel and wild,

But deep inside each of us is a scholar meek and mild.

For, in the house of silence, the library by name,

A person dares to whisper, his face he hides in shame.

Whilst in the lab, Room 3 it's called, the prac. work quite unique,

With constant cries of "shut the window" the odour lasts but one short week.

Each year comes forth the choral contest, where all must know their lines,

Though singing loud with tarnished voice, it all comes out as Strine.

Upon completion, so we're told, the house cries are the best,

Though one cry is the maximum, we manage ten no less.

Ten years behind, what have we here?—bright rooms both large and new,

And even though the worker's words are sometimes rather blue,

We'll set a sail upon the roof—the opera house review.

The time must come for each to pass the fast-approaching bend,

And even now the boys of 'town are considered to be men.

I hope in this none have I hurt; if I have, had no ken,

So having finished this masterpiece, I now lay down my pen.

R. O'Keefe 6B

*This is a true story, the Characters are real only the facts have been changed.*

STUDENT RIOT AT WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH—

Protest Groups Gather Outside Workers "Little House"

Williamstown A.A.P. June 19th—Considerable friction developed today, between the workers working on the new wing and the students. The conflict seemed to be inevitable and it finally came to a head when a worker confiscated the footballs from the yard and refused to surrender them. The students questioned the authority of the workers, but the workers were unrelenting in their attitude towards the students.

Finally the tempers strained to the utmost and violence flared. However, the peace-keeping force arrived and with great effort quelled the riotous students.

Although tempers have cooled, the situation is still desperate. An uneasy peace settled over the battle ground with darkness, but although some students have dispersed many small bands can be seen restlessly prowling the neighbouring streets.

The main hope for peace seems to be in the "peace-talks" which, although no decision on location was reached for some time, are at this very moment being held in Paris. Australians right throughout the country are praying for these talks to be fruitful but all indications are that this is not to be. In case violence flares again all police, Commonwealth and State, throughout Australia are on standby. Also a battalion of veterans is on instant alert in Vietnam ready to be withdrawn should any unfortunate turn develop. I repeat again, the situation is still desperate.

World reaction to the riot was mixed, Correspondents from various world centres have cabled these reports:

Moscow: A Spokesman for the Kremlin said today that the students' action was typical of capitalists. He said that it was another attempt to suppress the workers.

Peking Claimed the riot to be agitated by American Imperialists and stated that this type of open aggression by the U.S. could not be disregarded. Sao criticised the Australian Govt. for not training the Australian youth to be pacifists. He held the Red Guards up as an example.

Washington: K.B.J. was shocked of the riot. He said he could no more believe of a riot in Australia as a riot in America.

London: The Home office issued this statement:—

"England expects every student to do his duty" (The Home Office issued the statement because the Prime Minister sold the House of Commons in an attempt to revalue sterling).

Sorbonne Uni. Paris: Fanny "the Red" commended the student action and completely sympathised with the High School students "Students of the World should unite, rise up and become a World Government."

Reaction to Riot at Home: Prime Minister Horton was found in a "country pub" shouting his mates to a glass of beer. When told of the riot he said that he did not think the students were full of such youthful determination. (Ed. The students were not the only ones who were full.) However, he said that he would send in a squadron of F-111's to Williamstown from Richmond Air Base, and in case they did not make it, an old reliable Tiger Moth.

The House of Representatives was divided—half gin, half whisky. The only one near to sober was Andrew Bones who said that the riot was terrible and said that he would make up a song about it.

In Victoria, Sir Henry Quality said that the students were fed on a certain Cooking Margarine and this above all else was responsible for their idiotic actions. He said this deplorable margarine should be banned.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

H. G. Wells

Fred Rosenwarne VIB

Having read this book, one would be quite justified in imagining it to be a recent publication, but this book was written in 1897—before men had ever flown—is a great testimonial to the ability of H. G. Wells as a Science Fiction Writer.

The basic story tells of invaders from Mars arriving unexpectedly and overrunning the countryside with their hideous weapons.

Wells' transports his reader to the scene through his concise and perceptive descriptions. The deserted city of London, something that is frightening to contemplate, let alone be present in, is here before you. The description of the panic stricken crowds fleeing from London has vivid references to the many unpleasant aspects of 'civilized man's' character. This perceptive analysis of human emotions and fears is spell-binding reading.

The invaders are killed eventually—or else I may not be writing this review—not by man's great technological advances, but by the humblest of nature's creatures—bacteria.

This book is compelling reading, not because of the theme—which may not be very new or original—but rather through Wells' brilliant style of writing which allows you to be both 'in the story' and to stand off and see just how insignificant and uncivilised we human beings are.

### DADDY LONG LEGS:

The book *Daddy Long Legs* written by Jean Webster, is a tremendous book for any girl.

This book caters for all tastes.

The main characters are Jerusha Abbot, *Daddy Long Legs*, Sally and Julia, Jerusha's friends and Master Jervie.

The story begins when Jerusha, a seventeen year old orphan living and working unjustly overtime to pay for her board at an orphanage.

One day a trustee came to the orphanage, sponsoring admission to college. The lady in charge suggested Jerusha and the man agreed, although he hated girls. He refused to let Judy (as she later called herself) know his real name and asked her to call him Mr. Smith. The Trustee asked no payment for sending her to college, but requested a monthly letter to tell of her progress. Jerusha was told not to expect any reply. In these letters, she thought that the name Mr. Smith was too formal, so she decided to call him *Daddy Long Legs*, as he was more or less her only relative and he had stated that he was tall.

She met her friend Julia's uncle and decided that she liked him immensely and soon saw him often. It remained a secret till the end, when Judy was twenty one and had successfully completed college when she discovered that Master Jervie (Julie's Uncle) and *Daddy Long Legs* were the same person.

Judy and Jervie fell in love and were married.

I particularly enjoyed the suspense in this wonderful book and would recommend it to anyone.

J. Walters 2B

### MATRICULATION ENGLISH BOOKS:—

#### TITLES AND SUB TITLES

Gorky "My Childhood" or "Racy Revelations of a Russian Kindergarten."

Tolstoy "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth" or "My son married a Red Hot Russian Mama"

Judith Wright "Generations of Men" or "Handbook on Hereditary Control"

Jane Austin "Pride and Prejudice" or "How to get married in 535 boring ways"

Albert Camus "The Plague" or "Manual for Doctors on Infectious Diseases"

Henry H. Richardson "The Getting of Wisdom" or "A Censored Discussion Between Mother and Daughter"

James Baldwin "Go Tell it on the Mountain" or "Oratory for Mountaneers" or "Are all Echoes Fakes" or "What I Couldn't Tell my Mother"

D. H. Lawrence "Sons and Lovers" or "How I was given Hormone Injections by a Doctor with a Funny Sense of Humour".



