

HIGH TIDE

'74



economics biology art english french maths general physics chemistry

school (skool) *n.* institution for teaching boys or girls or both, or for giving instruction in any subject;

? ? ?
HIGH (hi), *adj.* lofty; exalted in degree or quality; chief; head; honourable; noble; intense; tempestuous; shrill.

TIDE (tid), *n.* the regular rising and falling of the sea, rivers, etc.; stream; time; season; turning point.

biology *n.* the science of life.—**biologist** *n.*—**biological** (-oj-) *a.* of biology.—**biologically** *adv.*

Welcome my friends, to **NIGHTTIDE**
for **1974**

It will not only amaze, but also
be a source of amusement,
entertainment and enlightenment
in the years to come...

principal *a.* chief in importance.
—*n.* the head of certain institutes, esp. schools, colleges, etc.; person for whom another is agent or second; a sum of money lent and yielding interest.

The cast of "Yes What?"

THE
WALS
PIKIE



APOLOGY

Welcome fellow students to the 1974 edition of "High Tide". This article was situated on the first page, so as to warn that this is one of the worst, if not THE worst magazines that has ever dared be published. It is so bad that I wouldn't be surprised if the Magazine Committee members have skipped town by now. If they haven't you'll probably see them walking down the streets of Williamstown with paper bags over their heads. So, to save yourself a bit of effort, time and boredom, I recommend that you put this edition inside your cupboard straight away with all your other editions [this does not apply to sixth formers, please bring your copies to the pavilion, we need to stock up a fuel for next Winter, as we will *all* be back next year, **DON'T KID YOURSELF SIXTH FORMERS!**]

We could've put in all those popular items, such as nude centre folds, pornography [from School camps], and true confessions of teachers. In fact, our original magazine consisted mainly of this type of garbage. BUT, we [the Magazine Committee of 1974] thought that this idea was just a bit TOO old-hat, mundane, common, trite, hackneyed, bland and boring. So we scrapped that magazine. [P.S. For those of you who are still reading this welcome page, and intend to read the rest of the magazine, please do! But this page is the climax of the magazine, and from here on it's downhill all the way.

The magazine Committee of 1974 wish to take no credit for this magazine whatsoever, remain anonymous and most importantly, wish to plead temporary insanity. **THANK YOU.**

J.R.

Principal's Report



This is the ninth and last occasion on which I shall have the privilege of writing this page for "High Tide". In this farewell message I urge you all to appreciate the fine school to which you belong. It is one of the oldest metropolitan High Schools, and has a very large number of distinguished ex-students, who have made their mark in many walks of life. Pride in, and loyalty to your school are attributes which I hope you have and will long retain. In recent years there has grown up in the Community a nasty kind of cynicism which scoffs at tradition, sneers at respect for well-tried practices, and has little or no regard for established values and modes of conduct.

If everyone is doing his "own thing", to use the current jargon, irrespective of the wishes or of the rights of others, the still small voice of conscience is soon silenced and community life is impoverished.

I should like to think that students passing through this school have high standards of conduct, concern for the unfortunate, the neglected, and for the oppressed, as well as a keen awareness that the environment in which they live is not something to be exploited for personal gain and satisfaction; but something to be preserved and beautified for generations yet to come.

In striving to achieve these ideals, wherever we are, we shall at least give ourselves some chance of growing, not merely as private individuals, but as citizens of the world. Finally, I should like to express very sincere appreciation to all who have helped to make my years at Williamstown High School pleasant by their friendship, co-operation, loyalty and support. In particular, I refer to members of the teaching, clerical and ancillary staffs, to the Parents' Association and to the dedicated Advisory Council, and to the fine body of students who have contributed so much to make my years here both gratifying and enjoyable.

With every possible good wish for Christmas, the New Year, and always.

F.W. HOWE

ADVISORY COUNCIL REPORT, 1974 MEMBERS OF THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

Dr. L. A. Parker

—President

Mr F. W. Howe

—Secretary

Cr. C. B. Bates

Mrs O. J. Currie

Mr J. T. Green

Mr F. N. Hutchinson

Mr W. J. Thomson

Mr J. H. Breadon

—District Inspector

Mr R. G. Malbon

—Treasurer

Mrs S. Bold

Mrs J. Daly until 30-6-74

Mr H. Haman

Mr D. H. Lees

Mr J. A. Criddle

Owing to my absence overseas in the U.K. and Europe for almost six months of this year, I have little firsthand knowledge of the School's activities. I wish to thank Mr N. Hutchinson for acting as Chairman of the Council during this period.

June 1974 was the end of the triennial period for the Advisory Council, and the time for elections, and re-constitution of this body. I wish to express my appreciation upon being re-elected as President during my absence. I also thank the re-elected members for their continued interest in the School.

Mr K. Tyler, and District Inspector Mr T. Dunstone, have retired from Council because of other pressures, and we sincerely thank them for their service during the past three years.

Mr J. H. Breadon has been appointed to our area as District Inspector, and we look forward to his presence once again. Mr J. Criddle, who served on our Council for many years, has returned to Council as an appointed member.

It is rather sad to see the failure of the School Canteen, mainly due to an apparent lack of patronage. Council will endeavour to re-establish this most desirable amenity for the year 1975.

It is gratifying to report that finally, after almost 10 years of fund raising and planning, the completion of the site works, playground amenities and landscaping has actually brought our School Hall project to finality.

The new Library complex which Council has worked hard to bring about has still not been given a starting date. However, we shall continue our pressures in this regard.

It is most important that all Parents should give their full support to the Advisory Council voluntary contribution fund. Remember, the amenities which we provide are for your own children.

We are very sorry to learn that, after nine years as Principal, Mr F. W. Howe is to leave us to become Principal of Mackinnon High School.

Mr E. de Motte, our Deputy Principal, will also be leaving to become Principal of Pascoe Vale Girls' High School.

Mr B. Halloran, who has served our School for 19 years, is going to Altona High School, and Mr D. Paul of the Science Department is also leaving. Mrs Church is retiring after nine years with us.

To these valued members of Staff, we tender our sincere thanks for their past services, and wish them all success in their new appointments. To Mr Howe, we especially say, good luck, and good health.

On behalf of the Advisory Council, I extend best wishes for a successful Academic Year to all Students, and a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to all Staff and Students.

L. A. Parker,
President, W.H.S. Advisory Council.



Form VI

AH YES, THE SIXTH FORMERS OF '74
WERE A HORNY OL' LOT. WE WERE IN OUR
PRIME, THEN WERE THE GOOD OL' DAYS!
REMEMBER ALL THE HOMEWORK (pec/s of
sarcastic laughter), a BIT OF THE OL'
SLAP AND TICKLE IN THE PAV. (hubba
hubba), AND ALL THOSE MANY MILLIONS
OF HOURS THAT WE SPENT DOWN AT THE:
CROWN, PIER, CUSTOMS, STEAMPAKET, RIFLE
AND OF COURSE YOUR FAVOURITE AND MINE,
THE STRAND... STUDYING, (FOR WANT
OF A BETTER WORD).

WHAT MORE CAN I SAY TO THE MOST
HARD-WORKING, CONSCIENTIOUS, FUN-LOVING
(LOVE THE NIGHTS OUT, HATE THE MORNINGS AFTER)
BUNCH OF LITTLE TROOPERS, THIS SIDE OF THE
NORTH WILLY BOOM GATES! JR.



A SPECIAL "THANKS" TO THE GARBO FROM
THE PUB, FOR MAKING THIS PICTURE POSSIBLE!

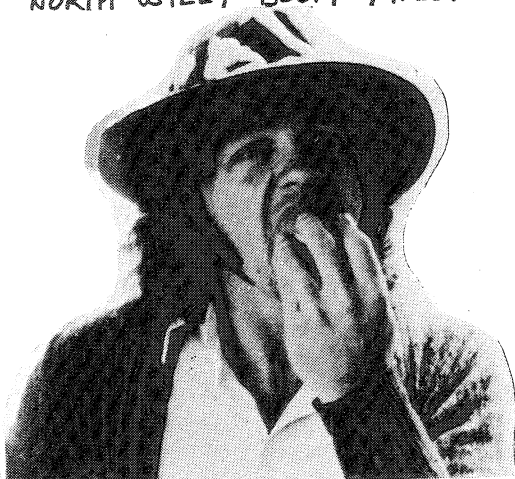


AH YES, MRS. DINGEY. WE TOO ARE PROUD OF
PETER'S ACCURATE IMPRESSION OF LIGHTING
A CIGARETTE. TALENTED BOY YOU HAVE THERE.

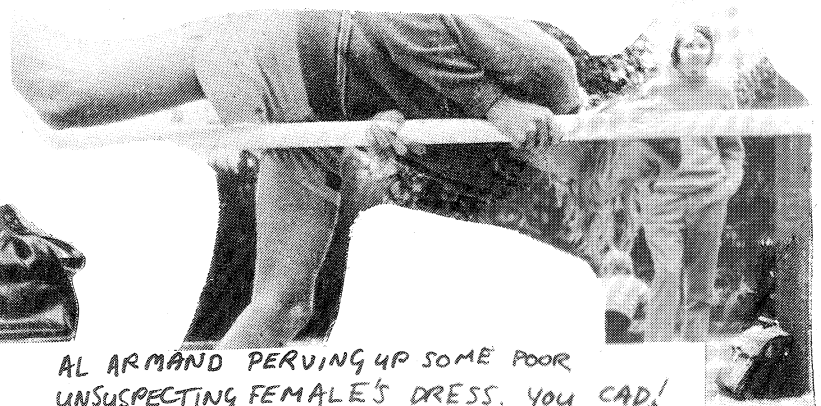
TRY THIS ONE, BRAIN-HEADS!

LIMERICK [CODED]!!!

POSLS DRC R EBWQI PSRNOSL QRUSY
BHBWIOHTQ DOB POBWIO OS DRC R ZBBPFRHH
NRJPTQ OTC PSRU DRC POS CTXPQ ZBLU
URPOC NHRCC ROY POSE RHH POBWIOPOSE
DSLS JLSPE CURLP FWP DS RHH AQBD PORP
POSE'LS IBTQI PB FS RZRTH TQ.



ARE YOU STILL FEEDING YOUR FACE, RON?



AL ARMAND PERVING UP SOME POOR
UNSUSPECTING FEMALE'S DRESS. YOU CAD!

VICTIMS OF CELEBRATION!



FORM VI TOCH CAMP *****

(follow the bouncing arrow)

BEFORE—3 No-no's

1. No grog
2. No dope
3. No pregnancies

All three for the benefit of Mr Paul's living.
Needless to say all three were strictly adhered to.

DAY 1—a.m.

- All arrive amid oceans of suitcases and sleeping-bags.
- En route, all a fever of excitement and anticipation.
- First lesson postponed only half an hour—hiss!!

p.m.

- Lunch left everyone with an enormous appetite.
- More lessons?!?!
- Tea left everyone with an even greater appetite.
- A little more exploration. Then three hours!! study after a lecture from Mr Jackson.
- Free time; torches spread from Queenscliff to Ocean Grove.
- Lights out at 11.00.
- 11.30 Eddie decides to take a shower.
- Dorms full of bodies writhing with hunger pangs.
- Torches and jokes until who knows when.
- Miss Blance somewhat more strict [hiss].

DAY 2—a.m.

- Start very early with some galah blowing an off-key, antiquated bugle at 6.30.
- Breakfast solved the appetite problem. Cold spaghetti after soggy weeties does wonders for empty stomachs!
- Faces fewer at first lesson. Fewer still at second.
- Teaser for Mr Coulson. Proprietors of local general store astounded by sudden consumer demands for superseded models of large water pistols.
- Teaser for staff in general. Staff in general astounded by sudden liberal amounts of water issuing forth from same.
- Lessons still going smoothly?
- About Mr Paul's famous magic trick—the disappearing beanie. He didn't know where it was himself.

Before tea break scene is set for running battles between battalions of anoured water trucks. Some swimmers late for another filling meal. Greater appetites again.

Charles Darwin gives a lecture on the three bears. 2 1/2 hour study period now 1 1/2 interspersed with water.

EXAM STUDY TIME-TABLE

There are 6 weeks or 1,008 hours to the EXAMS
to be allocated thus:-
430 hours - slumber
144 hours - school
150 hours - study during study vac.
212 hours - study during day
63 hours - food consumption
3 hours - carnal moments
6 hours - toilet hygiene routine.

Shoes and torches mysteriously climb a tree
Strolls along the beach. Was that someone talking to a twelve gallon drum?
Lights out still at 11.00. [strictly Eddie].
Everyone prepared for hunger: crunches, munches, slurps and burps emanating from one end to another.
Quote from girls' dorm: "Have some consideration for others."

More torches and jokes [getting lower].

DAY 3—a.m.

- Starts early with multiple galahs [female] blowing many-part harmony[?] on tiny whistles.
- Breakfast. Tinned scrambled eggs! Mr Paul naked [no beanie].
- Faces becoming extremely rare at lessons.
- Waggers playing commandoes dodging other waggars.
- Yet another appetizing lunch.
- More routine lessons all waiting night time.
- Except those low, sneaky individuals who sewed up sleeping bags. Those responsible soon thought the joke rather wet. Ho! Ho!
- Another appetising meal.
- Study period cut to one hour seemed like six.
- Miss Blance has trouble with three legged walking bed desirous of sleeping under a tree. Discover sleeping bag missing.
- Retaliates by knotting girls' towels together.
- General mucking around [who knows what really went on].
- Softball bat found lodged in ceiling.
- Lights out 11.30 Jorgo's light show soon after.
- Dorm stocked with copious quantities of food and drink.
- Intelligence men climb in through window. Smoke seeping from girls' dorm.
- Longest joke session on record recorded/longest joke session on record replayed. Asleep around 3.30 a.m.

DAY 4—a.m.

- Latest rising yet. All late for breakfast.
- Gale blowing. Many take baths in salt suds.
- Big clean out. Whose are the flour bombs?
- Best lunch yet, pies and pasties.
- Owners cop the flour bombs and water.
- Great lack of space in the bus.
- All compensated by beautiful music.

Soon after alighting Herbert turned ghostly white. Sick. Slowly depart from pavillion amid oceans of suit cases and sleeping bags.

A good nights sleep and then back to the grind.

Footnote: Many thanks to Mr Paul, Mr Jackson, Miss Blance and the visiting teachers for making this a most enjoyable and beneficial camp.

Peter Dingey

Drama Club



Cast

Simplicity Smith — Colleen Livingstone.
 Mrs Smith [Ma] — Cheryl Haw.
 Ambrose Egglebert Upright — Phillip Wadds.
 Angelina Davenport — Linda Zilveras.
 Lady Rubella Davenport — Janice Hodgson.
 Horton Throgmorton Jones — Seb Ragusa.
 Persephone Allbox — Joy Sarantis.
 Maid — Sophie Panagiotidis.
 Policeman — Mike Piritidis. [Friday] — Peter Davies. [Tuesday.]

Crew

Director — Mrs Neilson.
 Assistant Director — Jill Gravitt.
 Lighting — Chris Herbert.
 Props — Mark Bates and Penny Vlassis.
 Costumes — Sue Hall and Penny Vlassis.
 Make-up — Sophie Thomaidis and Christine Hilton.
 Also Mr Neilson who helped us in everything.

The Play—SIMPLICITY SMITH OR VIRTUE REWARDED

Aim: Simplicity Smith (a melodrama.)

Problem: Lack of Funds

Solution: Pongathon

When: May 10th Last Day of Term 1.

"The Pongathon", twelve hours of traumatic skilful, brilliant play at the table tennis table, what a game!

Oh, how we are indebted to our heroes, Janice, Kathy, Perro and Wayne.....and of course we can't forget our magnificent sponsors YOU!

The fantastic amount of over \$100 was raised through this event. What we found amazing was that we bucked up enough to enjoy the festivities afterwards at Grieves Manor (alias The School Hall). Term 2 announced try-outs and the temporary cast was selected which became permanent except for one alternation. Then followed a hectic 8 weeks of rehearsals until the deadline Friday, July 19th.

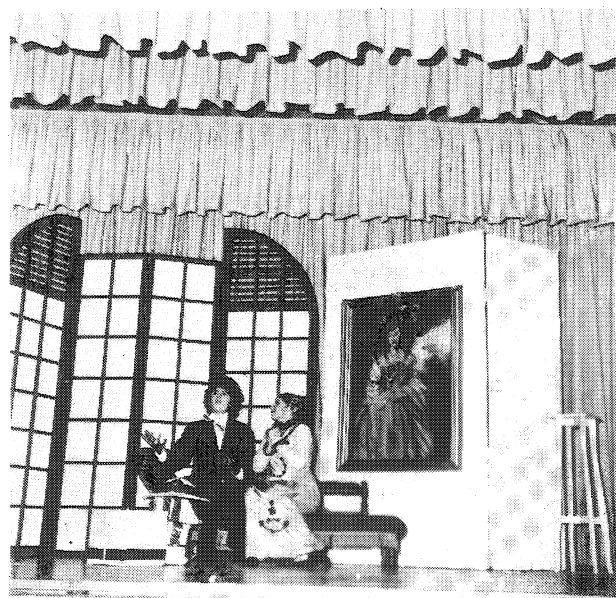
The tedious hours (8.00 am. to 9.00 am.) lunchtimes and after school (Sometimes after school until 6.00 pm.) caused a problem until everybody concerned got used to the routine. After the cast got to know what they were doing (vaguely) there came the job of costumes, sets, props and lights etc. Many thanks to the Williamstown Little Theatre for their help in these fields.

Tuesday the 16th July was our first performance when we took part in the Altona Drama competitions at the Civic Centre. Unfortunately we didn't gain a place, but it was the experience and practice to our credit before we performed the play to the school. (And there's always next year).

Naturally we were running behind time and our set wasn't started until three days prior to the first performance but the show had to go on and it did thanks to the industrious efforts of the workers who were available all day Saturday.

Of course severe cases of nervousness afflicted us all as Friday approached. Due to all the fantastic Peanut throwers Friday turned out to be quite a HIT (Ha Ha) as most of the school turned up to try their skills.

After the audience had been disposed of Boy! did we have a party. Sincere thanks to Mrs and Mr Nielson.



KaMP

The drama camp was a real success after having to put up with the winding roads leading to Wye River which led to Debbie H. being sick. After unloading the bus and fighting over who was going to have which cabin, most of us went down to the beach either for a surf or a swim, but not many managed to stay in the water in the freezing cold conditions. Once we had returned to the camp Seb decided to give Jill a shave, he only got as far as putting on the shaving foam and Jill panicked. It really did wonders for Jill's hair but it didn't do much for Anna's face since she was covered in it. Collen and Sue were busily taking photos whilst Peter was putting his hair up in a pony tail and putting on shaving cream. By this time everyone decided to join in and brought along their own ammunition.

Sly Mr Neilson was sneaking around attempting to take juicy photos for the High Tide. With five minutes to bed time we decided to go for a short walk which lasted a few hours. After returning from our short walk we celebrated Cheryl's sixteenth birthday with a lopsided cake Mrs Neilson dug up. Cheryl anxiously waited for birthday kisses and got the grand total of nil.

Once again we went for a short walk. On returning we found Anna's, Deidre's, Jill's and Linda's cabin invaded by everyone in the camp. In the cabin there were four seated people, the rest were either on the beds, on the floor or sitting on other people's knees. It was getting rather late and everyone slowly drifted off to their own cabins...we hoped.... We left the sleepy heads and went into a vacant cabin, there were seven of us awake and by this time it was four o'clock. Seb, Ross and Wayne went for an early morning streak, Ross couldn't wait to get down to the beach so he ran around the cabins blowing his horn.

After the streakers had returned we had a sleeping bag fight. Now it was 5.30 and we ran around waking up the sleepers, you could imagine how pleased they all were.

It is now Tuesday and everyone flocked to the showers to wake themselves up after cursing the people who woke them. After the showers everyone has breakfast in the well known cabin, and then decide to go and buy post cards to send to their mummies and daddies. Once again we went for a surf or a swim. The Monday night streakers and friends tried to catch up on their beauty sleep which was very hard for them for others were trying to get revenge. The rest of the afternoon was spent in the recreation hall where Peter proclaimed himself Pinball King.

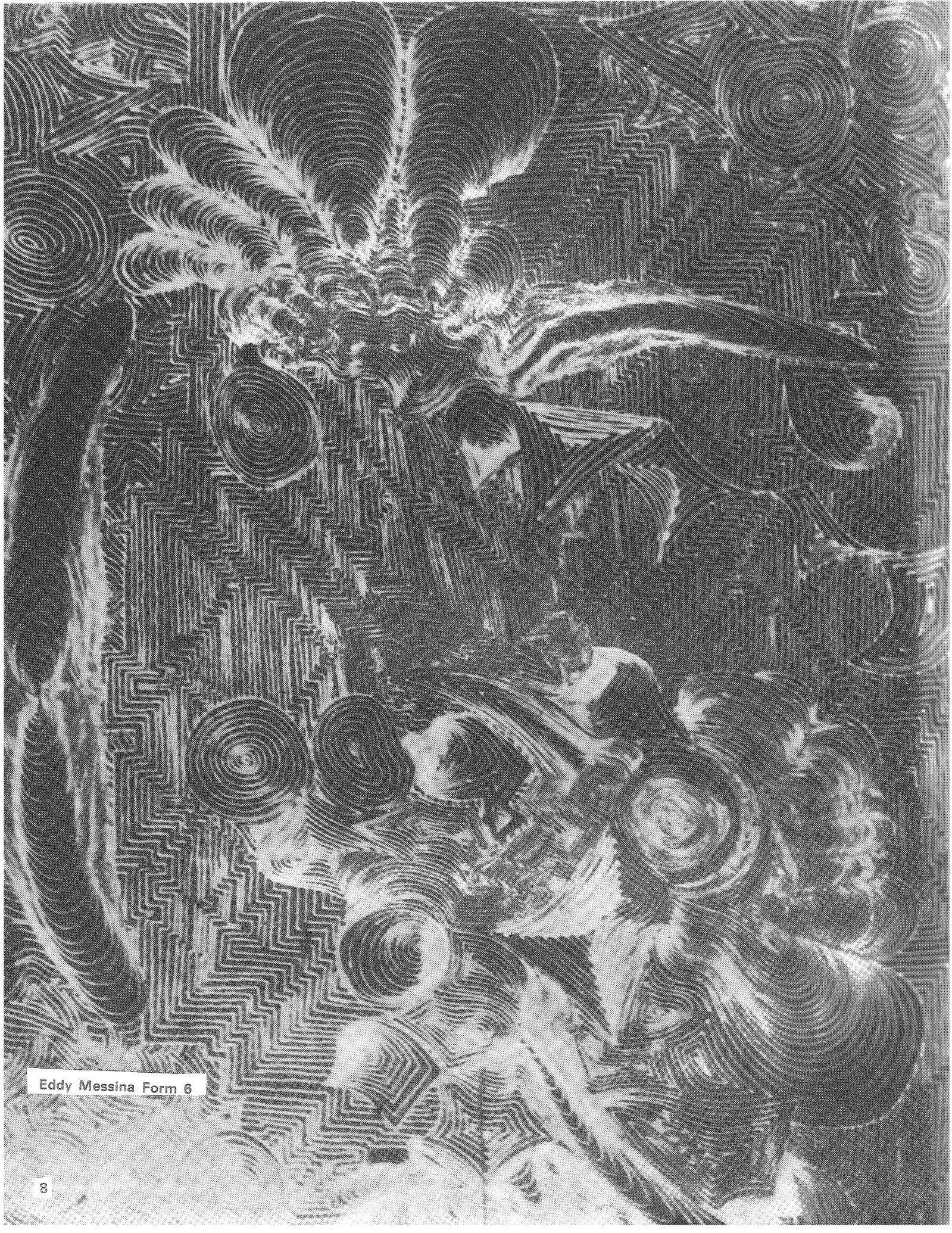
Mike, Wayne and James our health fanatics got a lift to Lorne on Wednesday morning to get some flashes, then ran back the ten miles. In the meantime everyone else went for a hike. That night whilst we were supposed to be having Drama we were either playing pinball, table tennis or having ice, flour, butter sugar or salt and pepper fights among a number of other things. The rest of the night was spent with Diedre fighting off James, and Joy doing the exact opposite, while Anna was taking photos.

The next morning everyone visited everyone else's cabins, where we got incriminating photos, (thanks to Mr Neilson.) Everyone was so sorrowfully packing and returning each others belongings. We then had an ice fight and loaded the bus and returned to good old Williamstown.

Thanks a lot Mr and Mrs Neilson.

Anna, Ross, Seb.





Eddy Messina Form 6

Art



POTTERY this year has been a great success for Form 3A. Mr Neilson has been really great. For the first few months, we suffered because there was no potter's wheel. Mr Neilson soon took care of that and soon arranged that we can have one. When the wheel arrived it was just fantastic. When the wheel was put in the right position, we were then taught how to use it. Pottery is things that are made from clay and then dried and baked hard—"fired" in a hot oven, called a kiln. These ceramic materials include bricks and tiles as well as pottery. Many pieces of pottery that we have finished are useful for every day use—plates, cups and saucers. Pottery also includes all kinds of beautiful and ornamental articles such as figures and vases. After Pottery we decided to take a break and change the activity—so we started sculpturing. Sculpturing is just carving in a piece of clay to form a figure. Sculpturing was really fun. The more involved you get in sculpturing the more work, and more fun. After all this, I would like to thank Mr Neilson very much on behalf of Form 3A for having had to put up with us, and to thank him for a great art experience.

Kelly Blandos, 3A



Form I

SPIDER

The spider dangles from his web,
His piercing eyes, gleaming at his unsuspecting prey.
Slowly he lowers himself, down, down;
Now the fly is passing by.
The spider lures him to the web.
'Gotcha!' he says to himself.
Oh, how I am glad I am not that fly.
Horrible, big, black and hairy spiders.

Roslyn Mullins
Form 1C



CARELESS

I was watching the boy throw the ball to the dog,
The dog chased it and brought it back.
This time it went on the road,
So did the dog,
What I saw made me turn and run.

THE WINO

The wino stood there all alone,
Not wanting to realize reality.
How the world had changed
Since he was young.
Total buildings and pollution everywhere,
He thought and answer was to drink.

Lisa Peterson 1D



THE CLOCK OF TIME

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop
At late or early hour.

To lose one's wealth is sad indeed.
To lose one's health is more.
To lose one's soul is such a loss
That no man can restore.

By Colin Chan. 1C



SCHOOL

It is a good school
Hard work sometimes
But people always lend a hand
I can depend on someone
To help me understand
There is so much to learn
That I will only touch the edge
of it, and simply sift the sand
If I had a good brain
I would dig really deep and
learn
But I am not shaped for that
I have as much to give as the bright ones
Even if I never reach second in
command
I have my purpose too
If we were all brilliant
Who would be the crew?

Nada 1E



SPIDERS

Spiders big, spiders small,
Some are fat, some are tall.
Creeping, scratching on the wall.
I hate the way they smartly crawl.
'Oh I don't like spiders at all.'

Maria Koutris
Form 1C

SIX YEARS LATER?

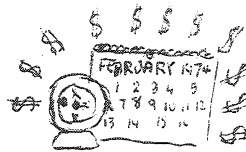
1974 - MY HSC YEAR: 'a personal diary'
(BY A FOOL WHO SHOULD BE STUDYING)

1974

So here it was, the big year had begun. IT DIDN'T SEEM THAT MUCH DIFFERENT...



THEN HARRY FORECAST GAVE US THAT PEP TALK. HE WARNED VS OF...



WASTED FEES TIME EFFORT



EVEN IF EVERYBODY WORKED THEIR CUTS OUT, SOME KIDS WOULD FAIL. IT WAS INEVITABLE. THAT'S HOW H.S.C. WORKS...

BUT THIS SECTION DUE TO MY MR. JACKSON'S WAS ADILKE OF LIBEL. HE WAS NOTHING NOT A TEACHER WAS NOT A TEACHER.



ONE DID HAVE A NICE SHACK..

COMPLETE WITH:



AND WE DID HAVE A ROULETTE WHEEL.. BUT SOMEONE FROM THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHT MELTED IT DOWN AND HUNG IT OVER THE FIREPLACE FROM A NAIL AS A SYMBOLIC GESTURE

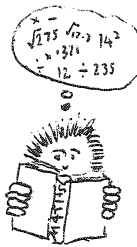
PASS!



TYPICAL HARD WORKING STUDENT DURING A FREE.



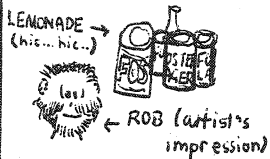
CONSCIENTIOUS STUDENTS OFTEN DISCUSSED THEIR STUDY TIME TABLE DURING RECESS



AND SHOULD ANYONE SHOW ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR..



AND AN IRATE STUDENT WHO LACKED APPRECIATION OF THE MILK CARTON



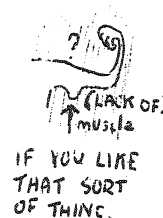
ROB MOORE'S PARTY BROKE THE ICE..



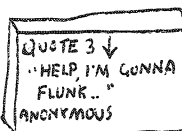
AS DID THE STAFF Y STUDENTS FOOTY MATCH..



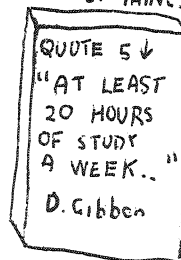
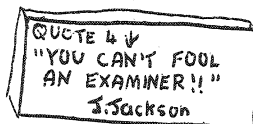
WE GOT TO SEE MR. COSIDINE IN SHORTS. WHICH IS PRETTY EXCITING IF YOU..



BUT SOME OF US STUDIED THE WRONG MATERIAL..



BUT THERE WERE PLACES WHERE THEY COULD TAKE REFUGE..



SUDDENLY IT HIT US - 3 WEEKS TILL THE EXAMS!!!!!!
QUOTE 1 (1)
"I TRUST THE OLD HSC. BUSINESS IS JUST FUN, FUN, FUN AS THE YEAR DRAWS TO ITS HILARIOUS, WACKY, EUPHONIC CLIMAX... I REFER OF COURSE TO THE EXAMS. THE THOUGHT OF ALL THOSE FRESH FACED H.S.C. CANDIDATES CHEWING VAST MOUTHFULS OF VALIUM OR OVERDOSING ON MUM'S SLEEPING TABLETS MAKES THE HEART BOUND WITH JOY."
MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN

QUOTE 1 (2)
"AM I TALKING TO A GROUP OF H.S.C. STUDENTS FOUR WEEKS BEFORE THE EXAMS, OR AM I NOT?"
J.C. Coulson



AND FAILED..



THE CITY FUNCTIONS

wednesday afternoon
her highness rises
opens a letter from a friend
reads the pleading
sneers before laughing
the letter, now a paperplane
laughingly thrown at the cat
the cat, teach the cat to
smoke hash
anything for laughs

given up, no energy
everything is mashed potatoes
nicotine and loneliness
the paper, someone died
out there
in her mind something
tries to break bonds
with reality

on the station
a man performs adequately
the allocated job
of pasteing advertisements
somewhere someone knows.
Anonymous.
in a train people sit
sit correctly
allocated the job
of sitting

at the bus terminal
friend arrives
barely acknowledges her existence
the driver, nice smile.
on the way they pass a funeral
nice flowers

the city functions
the process almost complete
behind the glass the clerk
removes her file
birth—complete
schooling—complete
marriage—complete
work—
death—

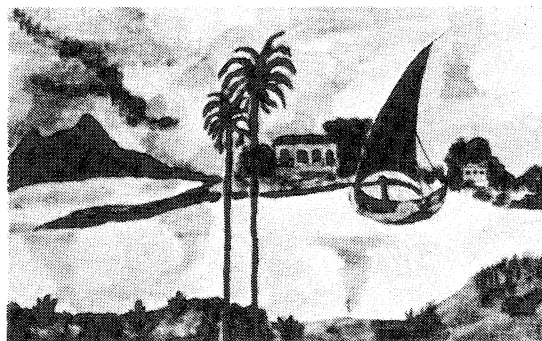
the airport at night
slow movement faces drift
fast movement masses swarm
her friend
flies away
now alone
doubt, fear of funerals
sitting in trains
advertisements on stations
turns to the wall
in a silent scream

wednesday afternoon
her highness dies of overdose
her file complete
the process complete
the city functions

THOUGHTS

Cold, grey dawn.
Sun, a white ball suspended
in a steel grey sky.
Sea, a grey turmoil,
tips of white.
Solitude.
Small timber shack,
breaking monotony
of grey white trees.
Lonely
Smoke drifting, aimlessly
Mingling,
with sullen lead grey clouds.
Alone.
Old man meanders,
silver grey beard
flowing,
to the beach.
Singularity.
Sits and watches
Single sea-gull
Lazily floating.
Drifting.
Old man
smiles,
to himself.
Freedom.

Ray Ackerly 5A



Vicky Segal Form 6

THE SOUL

The kitchen fan is on
And so is the everlasting Flame.
It burns without cause or motion.
The time limits are vast,
Like the alteration of the stars.
The immensity of being here
Only trials those who believe in
the undertaker of the virtue of
freedom.
And commit us to the pressure of
the bare essentials of life.

Frank Celeste, 4D

W.H.S. SPECIAL

During your stay at WHS you will undoubtedly have been introduced to the teacher's friend, the handout. I think students have been burdened with this torture too long, but what can we do about it?

One eager 5th form, physics student decided to investigate the possibility of constructing heavier than air flying machines (hereafter known as paper planes) from these handouts. His results follow, in what will go down in history as the F. BEAR REPORT.

Frustrated after many attempts to construct a decent paper plane from handouts I received, I decided to investigate this whole sordid business in hope of finding out the perfect solution to the great paper plane mystery. After many hours of heartbreaking labour I have come up with what I believe to be the utmost in specifications for paper plane manufacture.

The following recommendations concerning handouts will be put to the WHS staff.

(1) As speed is of great importance in the production of paper planes it is hereby requested that all future handouts be on 'glossy' paper as this affectively reduces skin friction by 70 % (give or take 60 %).

(2) It is also requested that all handouts be on standard size paper (20cm X 30cm) as this size proved to be most effective. If this size is unavailable a ratio of 2:3 is requested.

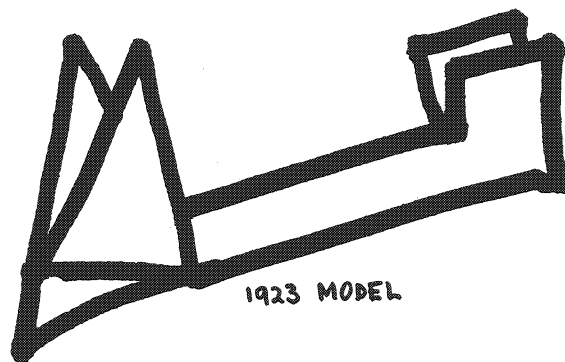
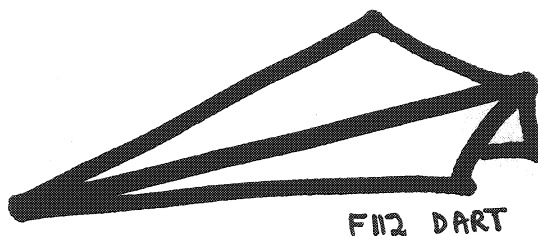
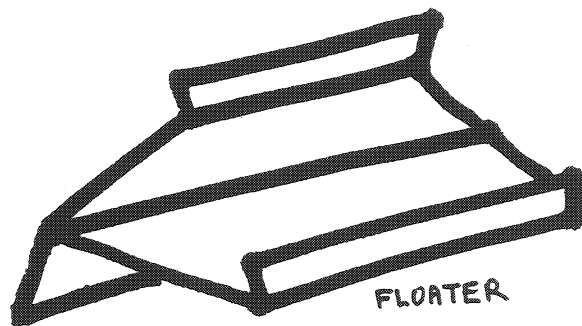
(3) As these are heavier than air vehicles the weight factor is very important. It is therefore specified that each sheet shall not have a density greater than $1.9 \times 10^{-3} \text{ gm/cm}^2$. All sheets over this limit shall be accompanied by some form of foreign propulsion, ie. an elastic band.

(4) Finally, to make construction of quality paper planes simple, all sheets will be perfectly rectangular and of uniform thickness. It is desirable, but not essential, to have the centre of gravity marked and the printing be symmetrical about this centre of gravity.

All handouts failing to make the standards set out above will be declared black and treated with the contempt they deserve.

Any teacher continually disregarding these regulations will be liable to death by drowning, in front of the WHS water bomb squad; or even worse, they may have to take EXTRAS!!!!

Here, for all you budding aircraft manufacturers, are some of the Transport Regulations Bureau regulations concerning paper planes.



+ All planes modelled after the F-111's must have swing-wings which rip off at high speeds.

+ All pointy nosed darts must carry a long-lad sign.

+ A maximum speed of 6m/sec. and a maximum ceiling of 3 metres is operable in all rooms except the mens' staffroom where anything goes.

+ Because of their tendency to become too hot, all paper planes made from pornographic material will be confiscated and taken to the mens' staffroom to be disposed of accordingly.

+ All planes flying in and around the boys' toilets must carry radar to enable them to navigate through the thick smoke clouds which tend to form there (from the incinerator????).

I hope this report has been of some help to all you students who, like me, have become snowed under by handouts.

Rise up, refuse low quality handouts and put them to the purpose they are always intended——PAPER PLANES.

F. Bear
[Physics Student]

Form II

A DAY IN 2B

Ricky's very happy.
Rosy the POM's back, unfortunately
Heather dreaming about Brett again.
(She even bought him a show-bag)

Paul's head looking like a balloon.
Wish someone would burst it.
Lynette H, still running around singing the Richmond
Club song.
Vesna's page is matching her brain as usual, Blank!
Maria and Veronica away again.
Jim still sucking his pen.
(Will he never grow up).

Shereen and friends in the toilets as usual.
Ann 100% again.
Lynette F. dreaming of being another Shane Gould.
Tony and Tim giggling in the corner.
Maruska still holding onto her kangaroo.
Michael looking like a cow as he chews some Salami.
Debbie still hasn't grown.
Terri's diet not working.
Shane's is.
Ian's mind still ticking.
(What a noise. Never stops).

Debra went Splatt.
Michelle's too big for her shoes
(And they're size 12).

John's got some power over Brett
Maria G----- still can't spell her surname
(I wonder why?).

Jennifer's head swelling. It will soon match her stomach.
And Linda's being blamed for everything.

Anne DAVIDSON & Lynette HOLDER



NURSERY RHYME

Old Doc Paul
Was merry and tall
A merry tall bloke was he
He called for his whistle
He called for his ball
And for quiet in Room 33.

**Linda Hill
Heather Wilson
Form 2C**



INTERVIEW WITH AN ACTOR

Paul Karo is the accomplished actor/producer who plays Lee Whiteman in "The Box". He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1935. He went to New Zealand in 1946. After going to school at Auckland Grammar and Auckland University, he became a cadet reporter with the New Zealand Herald for two years. He then spent two years as a student actor with the New Zealand Players Theatre Trust. Paul moved to Sydney in 1957 where he toured with Margaret Rutherford for the Elizabethan Theatre Trust. He came to Melbourne in 1958. He has guest starred in Homicide, Division 4, Matlock Police and other television series. Paul has appeared in and produced many theatre productions. He was resident producer at St. Martins for 18 months and he received an Erik award in 1967 for best actor for his performance in "Lily in Little India". Really to list all of Paul's credits would take up the rest of the page. About "The Box" Paul says, "It has set a new high standard in that type of five nights a week a program. If I wasn't in it, I would probably watch it like an addict." Of Lee Whiteman he says "I am an actor playing a part. I'm not a swinging trendy like Lee. I'm leading a type of Jekyll and Hyde existence. I've had to refuse requests for a Paul Karo fan club, mainly because I think it would be a Lee Whiteman fan club, not really for me."

"I receive fan mail from kids who really think that they are writing to Lee". Paul told me that things get pretty hectic working in "The Box" with learning lines, rehearsals and taping episodes that sometimes start at 6.30 a.m. "That's probably why most of us are nervous wrecks. I am on a very heavy schedule. My sessions in the make up department take quite a time to repair the ravages of 40 years of blameless living." He has a very subtle sense of humour. He has a sincere concern about pollution and its effects on the ecology. His hobbies include horse riding, gliding, swimming and reading. Talking to Paul, I found him to be a very nice person, very friendly, and very interested in the kids of today and their problems. He is the kind of person one would like for a "big brother". I would like to thank him for his courtesy and help he gave me on preparing this article.

Lisa Borthwick

BEFORE THE STORM BROKE

I stood on the cliff, the wind whipped my hair into my face. I watched him as he stood there on the rocks below, seemingly watching the foamy water. I glanced at the sky, dark clouds were gathering. Again I looked at the bay far below on the rocks. What was he doing? Why was he there? Didn't he know the danger? The air seemed stuffy, sweat was dripping off me. How long would it be before the storm broke? I stumbled further up the track. The wind whipped across the cliffs and went howling through the trees that were bent almost double by its force. Still I watched the boy. Why didn't he move? Didn't he realize what was happening? I tried to shout but the wind blew away my words. The sea was curling up into giant waves. The boy raised his head just as the first wave curled over his head and dragged him into the sea.

H. J. Wilson



Stephen Taylor Form 2

AT NIGHT

I like walking down the street at night when it's just been raining and all the lights glitter on the road and shines and makes reflections of cars, street lamps and shops.

It makes me think of stars that twinkle in the sky, it makes me think of ice-cream—that melts in mouth.

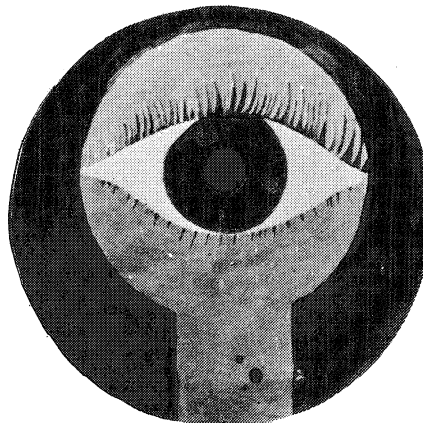
It also makes me think of the moon which sometimes gives me moonlight.



The Fog

The fog appears,
Like a ghost, all white
His arms are grabbing you,
Touching you.
You breath in
Breathing the fog into your mouth,
Blowing it out,
Again and Again,
It touches your hands,
And it makes them cold,
You shudder.
Now it moves all around
Villages, shops, harbours too
It moves in the darkness,
Silently,
It passes your house
Until it's next time round.

By H. Goedemoed 2C



Ann Davison Form 2

TREES

Trees are homes
for the little things.
For little gnomes
and birds with wings.

Trees are fresh
they smell so sweet.
Fallen leaves crackle
under childrens' feet.

In Summer some bear
tangy fruit.
In winter the leaves rustling
sound like a whistling flute.

A tree brings health
and homes and shelter.
Trees bring wealth
and warmth in the Winter.

Lynette Fitzgerald 2C

The Fog-Horn

It is nearly six o'clock in the evening. Shadows heralding nightfall begin to darken the city, hurrying the last of the shoppers and office workers home. A misty atmosphere makes everything seem sad. I pull my collar up against the cold and my hands go deeper into my pockets. I expect a fog-horn to call, it would fit perfectly into this slowing mood. But I hear no fog-horn—I hear only the city sounds, as if they're far off, the call of a late newspaper boy, and my wandering footsteps loud on the stone pavement.

It begins to rain, lightly. It tends to hurry the people further, more quickly. I wish it wouldn't, because I know what lingers ahead, perhaps no more than an hour away—the depressing feeling of being totally alone. “Don't go”, I want to shout, “Don't let me face it yet”. I am a fool. These people don't want to be involved with me, a pity-searching runaway. Yet the hunger within that wants to reach someone, stop their bustling, tell them they must listen—at least for a moment—continues. I realize that pity would warm the cold deep, gnawing that goes on in me, at me. I want to scream loud, make them take notice of me, I want to be accepted. I want, but I don't get.



Jenny Robinson Form 6

A stray cat, skinny and obviously uncared for scurries across my path to disappear under a staircase. And I feel to be the only, the lonely, breathing person on earth. Is this all too dramatic, too sentimental on my part? I sit upon a step to think, to think of sleep. A blanket of Jack Frost's breath covers me, an upheaval in the stone acts as a pillow. I am numb with cold and with want. I don't want to face the fact that I am like the other vagrants, asleep with the wind trying to stir them from the park-benches, teasing the laziness from under their newspaper-coverings.

As I sleep I am granted something. I wake with a will. A will to fight the feeling, the self-pity that I drown in. I'll get a job, make something of myself. I am happier now. It is two a.m. and I have an aim. I want the day to hurry up and come so I can jump into it.

Time flows on for me I like to think. Soon the clank of the milkman is audible, as is the sound of his friendly horse's steps. It's unimaginable to picture either of them lonely, as long as they have each other in the gloom of the early morning.

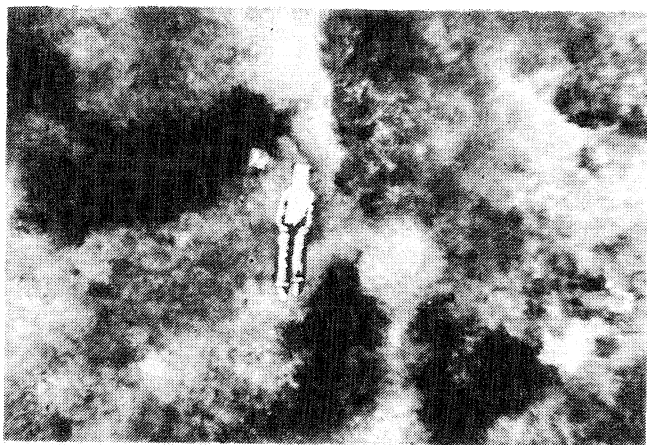
Ambition warms me, my mood and movement inside quickens. Hurry dawn.

A fog-horn calls. I wish it hadn't. But I won't let it sadden my new-found hope. No—moan all you like Mr Fog-Horn, I've built a barrier between me and your appeal for unhappiness. Dawn comes, and I'm ready.

Sindy Innerhofer, 4C



Jenny Robinson Form 6



Janie Winter Form 6

THE SPIDER

The hairs on the branch-like legs quivered;
while shadows of the movement flickered on the wall,
but only for a moment, and then it was still.
Then, like an automatic contraption,
it moved forward.
Its legs like clockwork,
slowly, but in perfect timing, lurched forward.
The bristly head with its hidden face,
it slowly and creepily crawled on:
getting closer and closer till....
Wham!!!!!!
The heavy shoe slammed down,
breaking the monotony of the silence.
The splattered body lay dead.
The legs were broken and torn,
the hairs lay spread apart,
and the body was broken in two.
The squashed corpse lay on that floor all night,
that hard, splintered, bare floor,
where rain from the cracked window splashed in;
and in the morning it had washed away.

Suzanne Jones 4C

THE FOG

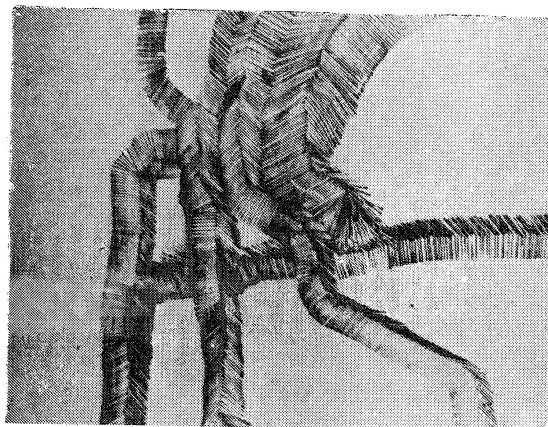
The fog is a big white sheet,
Which covers all the street.
I hear creeping footsteps,
Up the long long steps.
You can hardly see in front of you,
You can only hear the tapping of your shoe.
The slowly moving fog.

By Phillip Radliffe

"WHO AM I"

Who am I,
They say I am a boy,
A human.
But is it the truth?
Sometimes I ponder,
Whether or not it is, as it is.
Why not?
As soon as you are born,
Into this masquerade,
You don't realise who you are.
But you are taught
what to do
and say
and feel.
But could it be life is like a story,
a play?
Put on to make you think you are,
what people say you are.
Who am I?

Stephen Pike 3B



Robert Moorhouse Form 5

THE MOTH

Like drunkards
the moths flutter around lights
Flying into each other
Falling down
As though they had engine trouble
Flying up
The engines correct themselves
Flying carelessly
They swerve and curve
flying in circles
Like drunkards they stagger
Like drunkards they fall.

Carolyn Porter
4A

MEMORIES OF WILLY HIGH: THE HIGH-LIGHTS OF A CAREER

The last Social

At the end of each term, we used to have a school social, which was usually held in the present Rooms 5 and 6.

During one social, some of our brighter students left the merry-making and went into the school yard where a large grader had been parked. Half way through a roaring musical number, a grating crunch was heard, which reminded people of the night the "Titanic" hit that iceberg. Everyone went out, musicians included, and found the grader embedded in the side of the musicians' car.

We have not had a school social since.

Detention

One day some students were acting the fool badly on the steps up to Room 14. A nearby teacher arrested the lot and brought them down to Room 20 for detention. One of the boys seemed very unwilling to accept the punishment and tried to make excuses, to which the teacher would not listen.

The reason for the lad's objection to doing detention was that he was the electrician's apprentice.

Military Prison

Holdsworthy military prison in N.S.W. has inmates from all over Australia. At one stage in 1970, out of the five prisoners there, three were ex-students of Williamstown High School.

What greater glory could any school desire!

An Aviator

A very air-minded student in Form 4 had his pilot's licence, and used to hire aircraft from Moorabbin airport. On Wednesday afternoons, instead of going to the conventional sports, he would fly his Tiger Moth over the school. Later in life, he flew for the South Vietnam air force, was shot down and captured by the Viet Cong. However, after questioning him for a few minutes, they let him go! They probably reasoned that of all the people in Vietnam, he could do the most damage to the South Vietnam air force.

The Train to Williamstown

One elderly lady teacher, who had been here for 27 years used to have great difficulty in catching the right train from the city to Williamstown. She finished up in Ballarat five times, Bendigo three times, Geelong twice and the Newport Railway Workshops fifty-seven times.

Public Speaking

The president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce asked me if the school could enter some students in its public speaking contest. I told him that we would certainly enter the contest, but after asking several students I saw that it was hopeless. No-one wanted to go.

So for the next three months I carefully avoided the President. However on meeting him last week, he informed me that we had won third prize in the contest.

Our least successful Student

One youth, who spoke no English, would not come to classes at all. Instead, he used to ride his bike in the streets around the school. We called him "the phantom bike-rider".

Whenever he rode past the front entrance of the school he used to shout very loudly: "Heil Hitler!"

We did not consider him an academic success at all.



THE REPLY TO F. BEAR REPORT

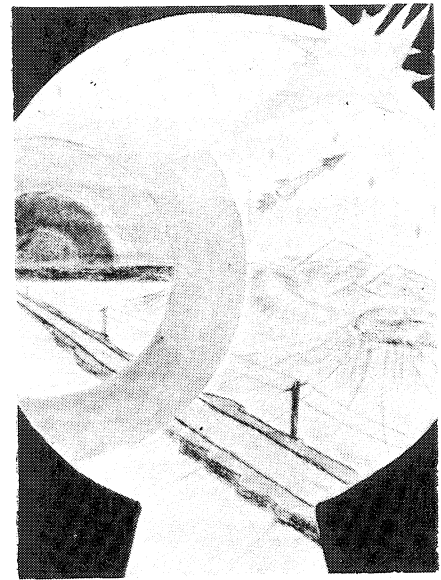
The F. Bear report represents a breakthrough in the manufacture of paper planes and a major revolution in the paper-plane-throwing activities of devotees at W.H.S. One question remains unanswered: Has F. Bear got his plane to fly?

At much expense to the taxpayer and after 4 years of research and many trial flights from the back row of University Lecture Theatres, I wish to announce my amazing conclusions. The fool-proof paper plane can be manufactured from Education Department Salary Cheques coated with Tungsten enriched aerosol plastic. The tungsten is required at speeds greater than 200 ms⁻² when F. Bears glossy paper would incinerate. The Computer slots in the cheques provide the aerodynamic stability needed when it rains. The advance of plasticised cheques over glossy paper will be evident to anyone who has tried to fly a soggy paper plane.

Lastly the use of handouts totally undermines the real purpose of handouts which is to ensure the continued sporting success of W.H.S.

Research has shown that the fitness of W.H.S. students depends on the mass of books carried home after school. The evidence showed that it was imperative that a greater mass of books be carried than the Chemistry, Physics and Biology Text books, and so the handout was invented. The results of this years' handouts are so encouraging that it is hoped to increase the mass of handouts next year and extend them throughout the school.

F. Bear's Teacher.



Neal Saker Form 6



Linda Smallman Form 6



I think that Australians should consider that this is not their country. True Australians are aborigines. True Australians were killed on their land. Europeans were the ones who discovered this land together with England. Englishmen and Europeans migrated to this country, they built this country up.

Not many Australians realize this. Migrants' life in Australia is very hard. Australia is a good country, but some of her people are really biased. They are not only biased by skin, but mostly because of nationality. They don't know the reason of many people arriving here to Australia. Not all migrants came to Australia because they wanted to. Their reason might be because of bad economy or some other problems. It wasn't that easy to leave parents, friends, relatives. Many of them came to earn money, and have left their children behind in their hometown. I can judge myself what kind of life migrants face in Australia. In foreign country life is so harsh. Australian people have relatives here, but whom do we have? I came here five years ago, and I would like anyone, not even my enemy to live the way I live. My parents give all the best things just to be happy in their new country, it's not that easy to forget home and friends and all my relatives that I left behind. School friends are still there. Most of my time my thoughts are there with them. Who ever migrates to any country, then they have to go from the beginning. My parents lived very hard at home, and they came here, but the same thing happened here. I want to go back to my country. I don't think that it will happen. My first years were hard. It's not easy now either but it goes day by day, year after year. My problems are mainly in English. Sometimes when I think of good and beautiful days left behind, I get all melancholy. I don't like to be in class or any place whatsoever when teachers or anyone discuss about the migrants. Just imagine in my country no-one didn't call anybody "wog", here this word is so popular. I don't know why Australians don't have any heart for people who came here. Australians don't have to ask why do Italians, Greeks or other nationalities group themselves together. That's the reason we are not so friendly with Australians. They don't understand us, and what is worse they don't want to understand how it hurts when you're too far from all the happy days, from your country.

I'll never change, I will always think about my hometown. My happy days have passed five years ago.

Unforgetful twelve years. My youth days I have to spend in new country. I can't imagine that I must forget everything for ever.

Home sweet homes, you're left behind, thousand of miles away.

Anna.

Migrants in Australia

LET'S BE FRIENDS

Children of the nations.
Why fight and quarrel.
You should mix and make friends.
As you are the migrants like all us.
Let's be friends.

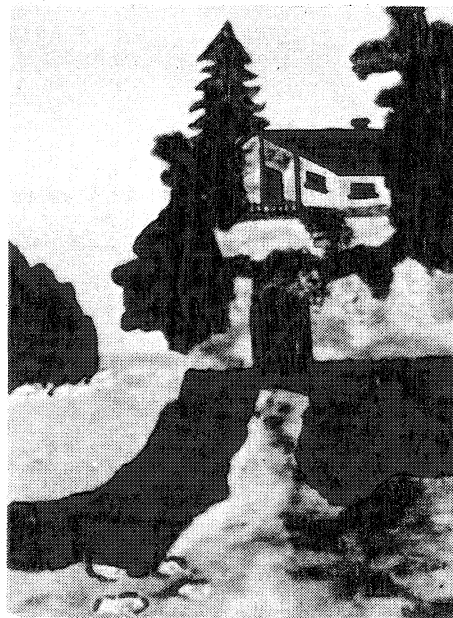
Why call each other names
such as wog and kangaroo.
Not knowing the meaning of these two.
Wog is a sickness
Kangaroo an animal
Which are you?
Let's be friends.

If someone calls out "you wog"
Why feel inferior, instead feel proud;
as you are like anyone else.
Give them a smile instead of a punch.
Don't make trouble,
Let's be friends.

Join in the fun that is around.
Make yourself known to the crowd.
Don't make Mr Gibbon chase you around.
Why not make friends with the proper crowd.
Let's be friends.

Let's be friends.
Budi mo priateljji.

LILY



Vicky Segal Form 6

ENCOUNTER

"You look like a cliché..." Five words like that could sink very deep when you were no longer a tank, but a plasticine volkswagon.

"...I don't even exist, and here you are,...asking me whether I killed ten men...or ten thousand...". His voice was like gravel being run through a mincer, stopping only to cough up some gravel which refused to be minced.

I lit a cigarette, and was about to offer this relic of the past one, when I noticed the stub of what once must have been a perfect roll-your-own, clinging to his lower lip for dear life. I doubt if even another war could have parted those two. Friends in a not so friendly world...Christ! More bloody clichés. Keep up like this and you'll be out of a job before you can say bullshit-crap-magazine-article-writer.

"You know, son..."

Son...a touch of homeliness still living in this ghost.

"Good human-interest angle", as the boss would say.

"...when I was young, many years ago...a bloke just like you came up and asked me all these questions you bin' askin' me, and I got in all the papers...I was a big man in them days". I felt like laughing, or crying, or screaming. But I didn't. I'm polite, kind and friendly and weak at heart.

"But sir, you may be gone from the papers, but you're not forgotten". That was a bad one. I felt as if I was pleading, and yet it came out like wax recordings of Marcus Welby in Concert. Why couldn't I have been doing the revue of Mama Cass's new book—"How to keep Alive While Dieting (without conspicuously losing weight), So Your Husband Will Love You, (Thinking you to be dieting so you will look lovely just for him), Without Losing a Pound of Your Beautiful Fat".

AN OLD MAN

A lonely old man
Is walking up the street
to a little lovely home
and finds a manuscript.

He goes into his house
and turns the heater on
and starts to read the letter
which wasn't good at all.

It said in the letter
you can find yourself a
new home I'm going to sell
this house to the
Trading Company Co.

A little tiny tear
went down his eye
Where is he going to live
now in the small city
called Redeye.

Early in the morning
a milk man came along
and found the old
man dead in his
little lovely home...

Radmila Susnica 2C

Anyway, I wasn't, and so I sat there, I noticed this man's features. He could have been a Movie Star or a famous astronaut, or even a taxi-driver. But he wasn't. He knew that better than I did, you could see that in his eyes.

"Sir," I decided to try again. "All we want is a few things from your life, biographical notes, that sort of thing. Anything you'd like to say. The people want to know. They haven't forgotten you..." Hell, I lie worse than I write. He knew that better than I did, that's what hurt. He took off his hat, and waved it in front of his face. He looked almost...happy! I couldn't believe it, here was this tramp, who couldn't afford the bare essentials in life, was looked upon by most as a "problem" and he was happy.

"You don't think I don't know, don't you son".

E.S.P.?" You pity me because I'm old and a tramp, and haven't got a zac to me name...Well son, I'll tell you something, I pity you more."

That one screwed me good and proper. I didn't know what to do. I'm supposed to write about a guy, once a great war hero, adored by everyone, who gets on the bad times and becomes a tramp. Come on everybody, put a penny in the hat, you'll feel the better for it. By the way, **he pities you.**

I thanked him for his time, and left him, laughing at my last words. Here was a truly happy man, (though by rights he shouldn't be. He couldn't be, could he?), not gone, but forgotten.

Mart. J. Saarelaht 5D



Form III

3a's Barramungo Camp

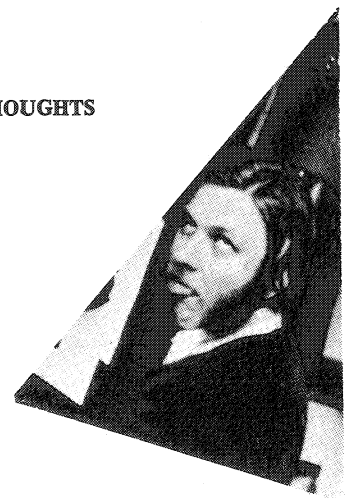
- A.M. 8.15 Attendance high only 5 more to come.
 8.35 Bus packed and decorated and raring to go.
 8.40 We are off.
 8.45 Mungo breaks out waterpistols.
 9.00 Mungo, Diggs and Currie rush to the toilets, [to refill pistols]. Shop raided.
 9.05 Who took the extra can of drink?
 9.10 Brawls break out.
 11.30 Arrive at Barrumungo. [population 15].
 11.35 Flour bombs fly. Miss G. first victim.
- P.M. 12.00 Cut lunch.
 12.10 Rain begins.
 1.00 Girl's ambush fails. Bates collects 10 bombs to the head.
 1.30 Itchy collects frogs for nighttime raid.
 1.45 Public demand [Girls] force Itchy to let them go.
 2.00 Explore campsite.
 6.00 Tea. Cold spaghetti, a-la-Gargano is served.
 6.30 Students duties begin.
 7.30 Seance begins. Spirits tip Richmond by a large margin in Grand Final.
- A.M. 12.00 Barnett suffers brain damage from flour bomb raid. Nobody sleeps.
 6.30 Everybody feels healthy.
 9.00 Breakfast. Scrambled? on toast.
 11.00 Diggs teaches Miss G. how to drive on the way to Colac. Meanwhile 5 brave explorers proceed to find the falls in threatening weather.
- P.M. 12.00 Where are the falls Mr Ford?
 12.30 Message reaches camp...Mr Ford's car breaks down, \$450 damage.
 1.00 Only three explorers still trying to find the falls
 1.15 Frame falls down cliff. Mr Ford's method of safety is to sit on him. Frame misses flooded river by 6 inches.
 1.20 One brave explorer finds the falls.
 2.30 Explorers get to camp—Mr Ford hears the news.
 4.30 Hail.
 4.35 Sleet.
 4.40 Snow.
 5.00 Miss G. and Co. get back.
 7.30 All good children in bed. Everybody on nighttime hike except Mr Ford.
 11.00 Sleep at last after dirty song time.
- A.M. 8.30 Rise and Shine.
 9.30 Found dead cow. Roast beef for lunch.
 12.00 Everybody packs ready for home.

By—Mungo McCallum, Neale Currie and David Diggs



SUMMER THOUGHTS

Hot Summer's day,
 On December 14.
 Roasting, baking,
 And I feel so clean.
 Just feel like sleeping,
 Dying or weeping.
 Flaked out on the sand,
 Packed in like sardines.
 Cold drinks and a swimming pool
 Arise in my dreams.
 The water is too dirty
 To swim in or play.
 Just feel too exhausted
 On a day like today.
 When will it end...?
 The heat wave, I mean.
 This place is too hot,
 I think I'll go back to my dream.

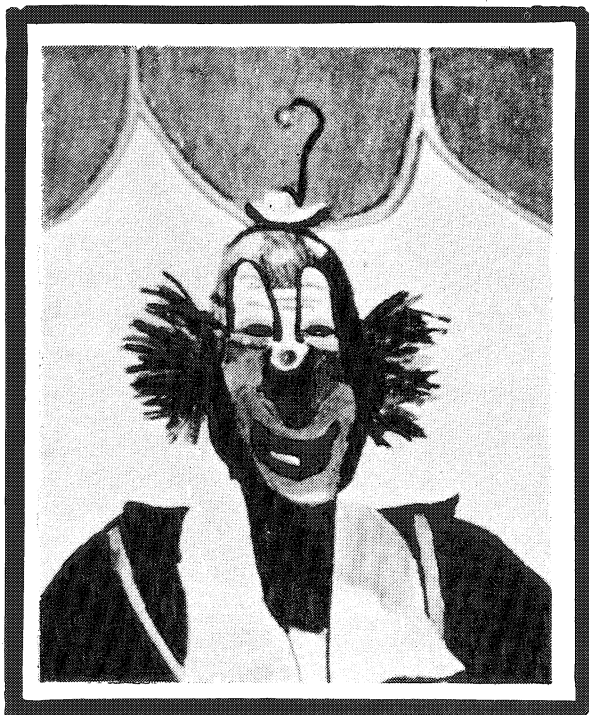


Chris McCallum 3A

A TEACHER'S HARDSHIPS

A teacher's brain is shaped like a record. In it are the seeds of knowledge and every lesson is replayed over and over again. Sometimes the record tends to wear out and even break, which has disastrous effects on the students. Some teachers tend to crack under the pressure. Let us examine what the teacher must go through before he or she cracks. Struggling to pass fifth form exams the future teacher strives with all his might to pass. Then comes the stumbling block called sixth form. After just passing, they then decide on the teaching career and are put on a studentship to be a teacher. At this stage the record forms in their minds. Studying night and day the seeds in their brains become bigger and full of a wider source of knowledge. They learn how to discipline little brats, learn how to control their tempers and what punishment to give to trouble makers. A few of the tracks already recorded they still struggle to complete their teaching career. Then comes the time of sitting at the back of the room with everybody looking at you and rumours being whispered around the classroom with this comes the release of the record and little thoughts going through their minds. "Will I be a success, will I be in the top forty, will the students like me, will I be able to reach the top of the charts?" There are three different types of records. There are the 33 rpm's which are very slow. These types break easily and tend to have ways towards insanity. They may do absolutely mad things like cupping their hands over their mouths and using them as a megaphone, when they are addressing someone only a few feet away from them. Then there are the 45 rpm records which are usually jazzy. These include long haired, bearded werewolves, freaks and the best of all Captain America's. Last of all there are the 75 rpm's which include Principals, Vice Principals and teaching staff who are worn out. Records are easily broken when they are struck. If you want to be a long haired, bearded, werewolf, conservative principal, freak or complete insane mental case, the career for you is teaching.

Judith Young 3D



CERES

Buildings reach up to the sky
Blocking out the sun.
Where can all the birds now fly;
now that we have come?
Jaws of slaughter spread.
Not our daily bread.
Another day another way.
The land is bought and sold,
confining nature to a fence
within its deadly hold.
Nature's not material
possession to be gained.
Adam bit an apple
and the garden grows no more.

Doug Deveries 3C



Zmaro Hatzimanolis Form 3

A NIGHT AT SCHOOL

Dark and Cold
Like dreary prison cells
Long echoing halls
With no ringing bells
Rows of empty desks
Ugly floorboards
and dusty air at rest
Dusty air which suffocates
Windows no-one dares to break
Lockers looming up ahead
As if they are already dead.
No voices break the stillness
for this is when the school is at
it's best.

By Linda Walker. 3A

Staff

TIMETABLE OR PERIODIC TABLE?

Have you even considered the chemistry hidden among the symbols on the school timetable?

| PERIOD | MONDAY | TUESDAY |
|--------|---|---|
| 1 | JH-Hydrogen iodide. (German version). Long bond length leads to instability at high temperature, decomposes into hydrogen and iodine (purple vapour). Shows only limited affinity for water, can be made to react with alcohol under pressure. | Ta-Tantalum. Fairly rare, and as the name suggests, difficult to isolate. Very resistant to acid attack. Main uses are in metalwork as a scavenger and a toughening agent. Named by an ancient Greek who was tormented by food always just out of reach. |
| 2 | HF-Hydrogen flouride. Colourless, rather corrosive, and strongly polarized. It will attack glass, metals, varnished wood. Best kept in plastic or plaster of Paris containers. | CO-Carbon monoxide. Colourless, odourless, so does not give any warning of its presence. It is the major product of burning in limited air. Deadly in small doses in enclosed spaces. Reacts with nickel(s) turning it bright red. |
| 3 | Pm-Promethium. A rare radioactive element. All isotopes are unstable, and change rapidly into neighbouring elements with the appropriate emissions. | H3P-Phosphine. (3 H's, 1 P). Very volatile, and is above boiling point at room temperature. Will blow smoke rings if passed through water. Ignites spontaneously, and reacts with the hydrogen halides eg HF, JH. |
| 4 | Pb-Lead. A soft low melting metal, grey in colour due to an oxide coating. Able to leave marks on paper, and in large doses or over a long period can cause illness. Legislation is in progress to ban this from motor cars. | Sn-Tin. Found in the same group as Pb. Most common ore is cassiterite, which is mined in stream beds. The metallic form is affected adversely by cold weather. |
| 5 | Fr-Francium. Radioactive with a short half life. Appearance not known as it is not stable enough to isolate a sample large enough to examine. | CN-cyanide ion. Very dangerous because of high toxicity. To be avoided if possible. |
| LUNCH | Some elements are cunningly reversed on the timetable to hide their true identity. | |
| 6 | Yb-Ytterbium Nd-Neodymium Gd-Gandolinium] Trio of rare earths. Difficult to separate, usual method is to wash through an ion exchange column which relies on different gripping ability. | Bk-Berkelium. Named after an American university at which it was first isolated from nuclear reactor fuel. Radioactive but reasonably stable. |
| 7 | Ba-Barium. Salts are often used to colour fireworks. Solution of the oxide in water is caustic. | Pd-Palladium. The only element in its group to form an insoluble compound with CN (see later). Capable of absorbing large volumes of gas when at dull red heat. —and a few compounds:— |
| 8 | Cd-Cadmium. The name is no accident. No important minerals of this element exist. It is a volatile metal which forms complexes readily. Predominant colour of salts is yellow. The behaviour of some of its salts is peculiar. | STAFF CONFERENCE |

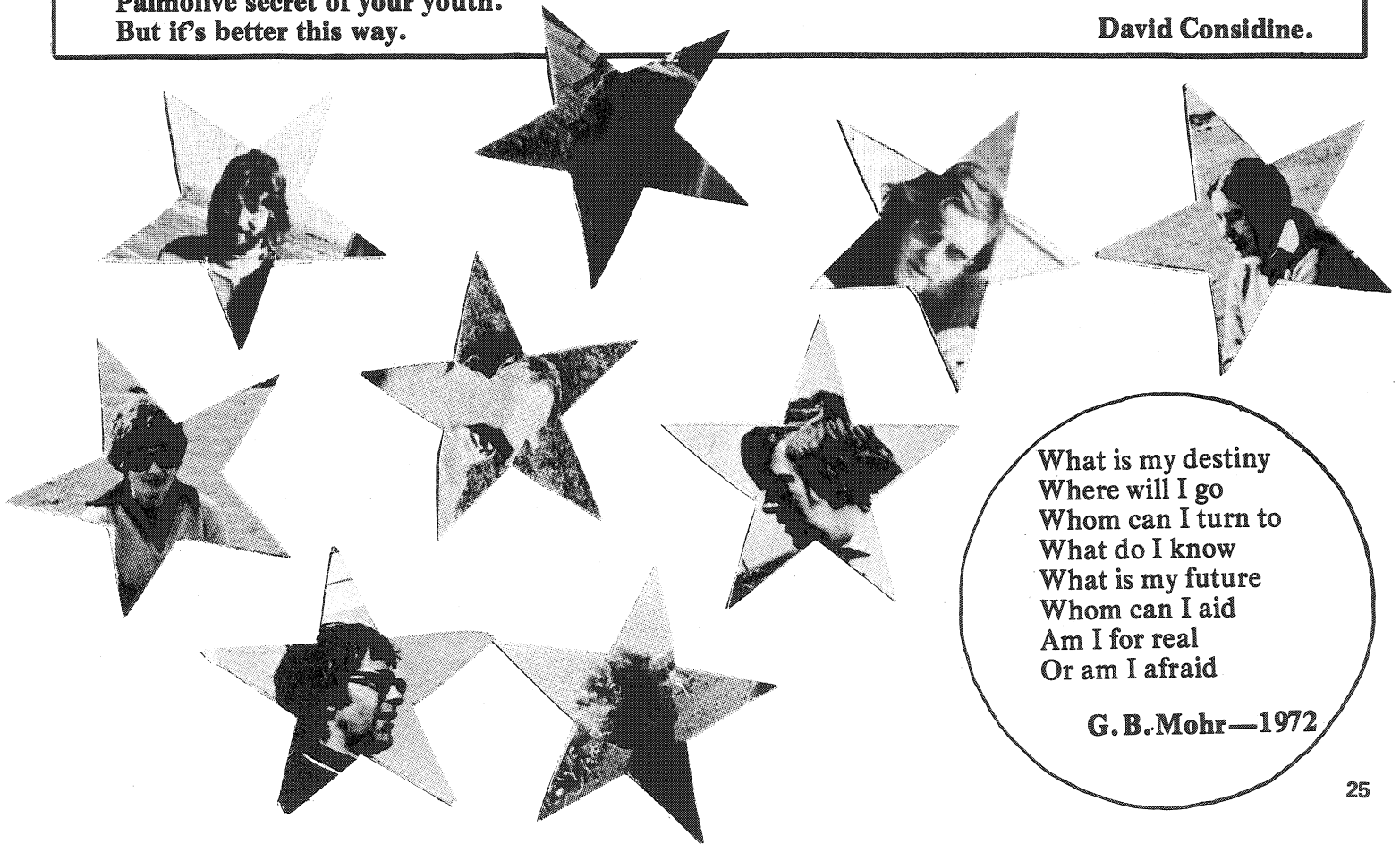
A.B.

EULOGY FOR A DYING YOUTH IN PERIOD ONE

Eyes glazed; that, I wonder what he's on
about look
sprinkled on the irises like the sugar on the
Cornflakes
she left at the bottom of the bowl an hour or so
back,
out there, in that other world you try to see her
in.
"Imagine last year's English teacher rapping
about
Frank Zappa", she says.
You smile at that.
Imagine. Strange how she thinks that Frank is
something
all her own; their own; these form four repeats
of the
Giggling Girls Society.
Jesus! If she only knew just how long ago you
learnt
"Brown Shoes Don't Make It"; how often in
your own school
days, "America Drank and Went Home".
You'd like to tell her; to rip away that
protective
proliferation of facial fungus caressing the
Colgate
Palmolive secret of your youth.
But it's better this way.

At least you like to think so.
If you could just somehow sit down in a desk,
un-noticed,
knowing what you know today; what four
years on
"The Long and Winding Road" has taught
you.
But you can't. And let's face it; you don't
really know
if you want to.
It's just that God damn awful apprehension of
growing OLD
and GREY and moving away from THEM;
one hand in a chalk-box,
the other taking pulse rates, fearing that one
day, somewhere
up ahead, you'll walk in and they won't call
you "Cool Cat".
You'll be just another cane for the whipping
boys they
send you.
Eyes fixed; that, I really didn't mean to hurt
you look
glistening on your irises. But Christ! what can
you do
when they won't listen anymore?
And you mutter a brief but memorable eulogy
for yourself
and a dying youth, in period one.

David Considine.



What is my destiny
Where will I go
Whom can I turn to
What do I know
What is my future
Whom can I aid
Am I for real
Or am I afraid

G. B. Mohr—1972

Form IV

RUMOUR CORNER WITH 4A STICKYNOSE



On the Clothesline

1. Vicious rumour going around the school Due to certain circumstances, Lesley is hacked this year.
2. Janice (Luigi) Hodgson has changed her nationality.
3. Teacher brutality in certain form 4.
4. Takeover bid by skinhead group.
5. Yellow pumas are in.
6. Where were the form 5's eyes when Mrs Evans came back?
7. The world is round!!
8. What two teachers seem to have a "thing" going on?
9. A rumour that kids are actually **working!**
10. Mart was actually **seen** combing his hair.
11. Certain teachers get fan mail through the post?
12. Where's Jack going at the end of the year?
13. What certain teacher seems to bump into basketball players a little too often?
14. Certain teachers fancy themselves?
15. Rumour that U.F.O. was seen circling the Earth. Van Dyke's table tennis ball?
16. Mr Considine knows rumours too obscene to be printed.
17. The clothesline has heard the rumour that the Tech. School is behind the bomb scares!
18. Blind Harry to rejoin and replace the school choir?

Have You Heard Any Rumours?

GEOGRAPHY TRIP

To Lakes Entrance

- 6.30 Most people arrived.
 7.00 The time we were supposed to leave. Where's Freya and Juliet?
 8.00 We left! About time!
 10.45 When you've got to go you've got to go. **SOMEONE** had to go!
 11.30 Someone's dacks split on the way to Whiskey Bay. Oops!
 11.45 We arrived at Whiskey Bay for lunch.
 12.40 We left for Sale.
 2.15 We offered to stop the bus for a certain girl, but she waited, **BOY** did she wait.
 4.30 We finally arrived at our destination Lakes Entrance!
 5.00 We were let loose till seven. What a mistake!
 7.00 We had tea.
 7.05 We finished.
 10.00 Lights out.
 12.00 Lights still on.
 12.30 Mr Mohr patrols the area.
 1.00 The Phantom Whistler strikes.
 2.30 He strikes again.
 3.00 Who crept across the roof?
 6.30 Everybody rise and shines?
 8.00 Breakfast. [Yuk].
 8.00 We left for Morewell.
 11.30 Arrived for lunch. Everyone charges to the fish shop.
 12.30 We went window shopping.
 12.45 Flew under subway, bus leaving behind six.
 1.00 Arrived at Morewell Power Station cheering Mr Coulson on.
 2.30 Leaving there lost same two again. [Guess where!]
 6.00 Arrived back at school. Two-day trip bus won the race.

Faye Murdoch, 4D
 Joanne Mills, 4D



Cathy Le Scoul Form 4

AN IMAGINATIVE LAND

A long time ago where the country was green,
There lived a princess who always would dream.
She dreamt of a land, a far away place,
Where life went by at a leisurely pace.

A land of fantasy, a land of fun;
A land that was made for everyone.
The people were fearless, the people were strong,
In this make-believe land nought could go wrong.

The trees were silver and some were gold,
And the people there never grew old.
The air was clean and pollution free
And glittering streams trickled into the sea.

The people bathed in waters crystal clear,
Of contaminated waters they held no fear.
The princess wished that she could have been,
In the fantasy land that she had dreamed.

Pam Harkin 4D



Eileen Rywatycki Form 4

POEM

The trees stood like silent centurions
watching the varying green landscape.
Birds flew calmly overhead and
animals moved the hills and valleys.
The colors mingled together
in the haze of the dying sun.
And the sun slid down
behind the lofty mountains
as a tranquil peace settled over the valley.
The clouds billowed above the scene
adding yet another dimension
to nature's perfect painting.

Clive Rosewarne. 4D

I RIDE THE WIND

I ride the wind
like a bird glides in the sky.
As the road peels away under me
black with lines in spaceless intervals.
The speedo needles soars and throbs and quivers.
The tension lifts as I pour on the gas.
The trees form a corridor lining the side of
a passage of cool corridors of excitement.
I flash to tilt the world around
a sweeping curve.
Then straight again.
The road, now lonely sweeping over the country
like an unwound ball of cotton.
Along this road, I feel in myself FREEDOM
as the sound of the motor purrs away.

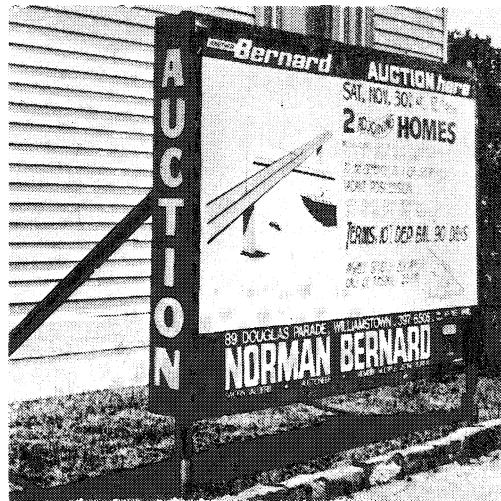
GARRY COLLINS. 4D



Sharon McAuslan Form 4

Possum

After winning the '73 Parker Cup, Possums set out to win it in '74 and make it six in a row. At the well organized???? meeting our captains, Glenn Davis and Pam Tregear were elected. With enthusiasm we looked to the swimming sports. Our eagerness was thwarted when we were defeated. Stars of the house were G. & M. Davis, D. Newman, I. Fleming, J. Hodgson and S. Daly. House Captain Glenn Davis saw things weren't going too well so he deserted. Trevor Smith took over and under his astute leadership Possums set out to show the others how in the "aths". His continual persistence and relentless training program was successful as Possums won both boys and girls cross country. G. McKay won the boys and it was the first time a senior had beaten all the juniors in for five years. In the girls' section for the fourth year in a row Jill Gittens won. We also took out the aggregate. Then at the track the yellow flashes once again came through with flying colors. The others stood back and gazed as Possums took out the championship again. Stars are too many to mention. As ever we have had a very successful year.



Wombat

Wombats house had a most successful year. Wombats met to elect their house leaders early on the year. Jeff Bell was made captain; Trevor Hall, vice captain; and the girls' leaders were Judy Loyd and Meredith Owen. Van Dyke again held the very important position of House-secretary, a duty he has performed both capably and admirably for several years!

Success came early for "the Bats" with a win in the swimming sports. Best performances came from Meredith Owen, Heidi Wiederstein, Kirsty Ross, Kerry Banks, Keith Matty, Tim Bold and Beaver Norman. Performance in football however was very disappointing.

In the Athletic sports, Wombats were an unlucky second, losing by only 5 points, after leading for all of the day. Stars abounded and were too numerous to include.

A special tribute must be paid to our house coach, Mr D. J. Nilson, whose undaunted leadership qualities were an added inspiration to all within the house.

May Wombats be just as successful in 1974.

Dingo

Dingoes once again failed to make its name a threat to the holders of the Parker Cup even though it possessed the blood-curdling cry invented by Mr Mohr. You may not have heard this call as nobody other than Mr Mohr ever managed to master it. Dingoes poor showing this year was due to four things. (1) Poor management. (2) Total apathy shown by a great percentage of boys (this 'phantom' disease plagued other houses as well). (3) Lack of seniors willing to compete and (4) Lack of talented athletes.

The most pleasing part of this year was the great house-spirit and willingness to compete shown by the junior dingoes.

I would like to thank Graeme Howard for being a great assistant, Wayne Otter for his efforts in the Aths sports, Neil Kane for the great house spirit he showed in house swimming and the Radcliffe brothers for trying so hard.

1977 BEWARE OF DINGO — SWIM AT OWN RISK!!!

Koala

Captains: Sue Granger and Peter Roberts.

Koalas had a pretty bad year, but all tried hard. The boys won the football well because they were the only ones to fill a team. I would like to thank vice captains who helped tremendously throughout the year. And mainly to the people in the house who tried their hardest.

**the day
at the
track**

Athletics

BAYSIDE INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS

W.H.S. performed very well and were unlucky to be placed second in the overall results.

We gained 42 firsts, 36 seconds, 47 thirds and 20 fourths.

Successful athletes were Kelly Blandos (4 firsts), Judy Lloyd (4 firsts), Jill Gittins (4 firsts), Gillian Chambers (2 firsts), Anna Falzon (2 firsts), Paul Curran (2 firsts), Wayne Brown (2 firsts), Grant McKay, Eddie Messina, Mick Slee, Denis Newman, Neil Philpot, Sharny Brotchie, Colleen McVeigh, Jennie Robinson, Marcia Lloyd, Lyn Blunt, Linda Alker, Debbie Richardson, Bernadette Laurent, Christine Keiper, Diana Meertens and many others performed equally as well. Congratulations!



ATHLETICS

It was a tough decision whether to go to the W.H.S. House Sports or the opening day of the show, but most people did the right thing and went to the show. Anyhow there were a few enthusiasts left to cheer the whole thirty odd competitors on. It started off as an overcast day but towards lunch time the clouds vanished and so did the students. Many people took advantage of the sun by getting their first suntan. The idea of school sports is rapidly dying and I wouldn't be surprised if that in a couple of years or even next year as a matter of fact, it will not be held at all. Enough of this nonsense, now on with the facts—The final results were:

| | |
|--------|-----|
| POSSUM | 352 |
| WOMBAT | 347 |
| KOALA | 268 |
| DINGO | 153 |

Congratulations are in order to:

Junior Champions: Christine Keiper, Shani Brochie, Denis Newman.

Intermediate Champions: Bernadette Laurent, Paul Curran.

Senior Champions: Jill Gittins, Judy Lloyd, Michael Slee.

Thanks are in order to the organizers Miss B., Mr Halloran, Mr Neilson and Mr Fogarty for the lines.

Susan Smith.

ALL HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Congratulations to Diana Meertens who won the gold medal in the Under 16 Discus, and came second in the Shot Put. Other place winners were Gill Chambers who was third in the Open Shot Put and Jill Gittins who came home third in the Under 17, 800 metres.

SCHOOL CROSS COUNTRY BOYS

The senior boys in the School Cross Country should be commended on their honesty because not one even thought of cheating in the race? G. McKay was first home followed closely by surprise star in the juniors N. Philpot. Mr Daniels was first home for the teachers, also congratulations to Mr Bambery and Mr Moore who set an example for students by taking part in the race.

Results were:

Senior—1st G. McKay (P), 2nd M. Piritidis (K), 3rd Mr Daniels, 7th Van Dyke.

Juniors—1st N. Philpot (K), 2nd R. Koumouris, 3rd D. Hill.

KAK

INTER SCHOOL CROSS COUNTRY

The Bayside Cross Country was held at Toolern Vale while the senior exams were on, hence the enthusiasm of Van Dyke to compete. Brown and Piritidis found a way to win the 5000m race and 3000m and everybody in the race followed them. The races were held in hilly area with the course made out of 6-foot pot holes, rocks and long grass. Congratulations to the Girls in the Intermediate who won the teams race.

Results:

Junior Boys—Parker 2nd. Junior Girls—S. Brotchie 2nd.

Intermediate Boys—W. Brown 1st., Mr Piritidis 2nd., D. Barnett 3rd. Intermediate Girls—J. Gittins 1st., K. Blandos 2nd., C. McVeigh 3rd., L. Blunt 4th. Senior Boys—G. McKay 3rd., G. Van Dyke 8th.

The Western Zone Cross Country was also held at Toolern Vale.

Results:

Intermediate Boys—W. Brown 8th., M. Piritidis 9th. Intermediate Girls—J. Gittins 4th.

Senior Boys—G. McKay.

The All High Cross Country was held at Wattle Park in six inches of mud. We had two competitors there. J. Gittins 10th in the Intermediate Girls and G. McKay 19th in the Senior Boys.



W.H.S. LACROSSE

The first Inter-school Lacrosse game was played by W.H.S. juniors against Altona North Tech. They were ably supported by Mr Purves' class which gave plenty of verbal encouragement. However, despite Max's valiant efforts we were narrowly defeated.

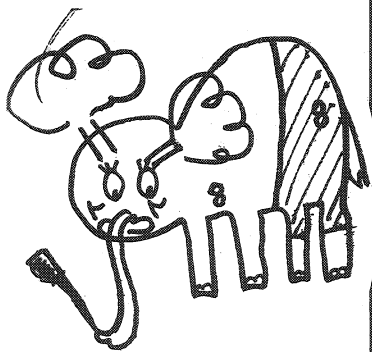
W.H.S. had two teams entered in the Inter High School round robin at Royal Park and had beaten two schools when we were beset by a deluge of rain and hail, so bad that the remaining games were cancelled, and about 300 students crowded into our bus. When the remaining games were played a few weeks later the weather was sunny and as we were undefeated we returned home very pleased with ourselves.

Last week we were soundly defeated by Chadstone High and hope to beat them in a return match.

The best players in the seniors were Truss, Chow, Dougs, Gonk and Lou. The best for the juniors were Herman, Max, Meeqs, Maca and Clarky. Max didn't argue with Ref once in the whole season (or was it twice.)

W.H.S. also had a representative, Mr Cordell in the Australian Lacrosse Team at the International Championships at Olympic Park.

N.P.



SENIOR BOYS VOLLEYBALL

The 1974 Volleyball season was one of the best ever for Williamstown High. After just managing to scrape up a team for the first match against Werribee High we had huge attendances for the rest of the season. We went undefeated all through the season, until we met Altona High in the Western zone final which was played at Essendon. In this match we showed the best form all year but our shots were not allowed by the umpire. We were outplayed by Altona North but put up a tremendous fight. Congratulations to all the boys who got us into the finals and a special thanks to Mr Coulson who supplied some harsh words when needed and also for allowing us the privilege of using his car for transport. Without the help of Mr. Ford we would not have made the finals. The navy have come to the rescue over the last couple of months in providing us with regular matches. Special thanks to these boys for playing during the year:

TABLE TENNIS

This year for the first time in the School's history the school is being represented by six teams in the Western Suburbs Table Tennis Competition. This has been due to the tireless efforts of staff member Mr T. Fogarty and Sixth Former Geoff Van Wyngarden. The six teams representing the school are named W.H.S. Seagulls, Barons, Dracs, Cuthbos, Badminton and Texans. Even staff members Fogarty, Jackson, and Ford are doing their utmost to represent the school. All teams are doing well and it looks certain that the school will have at least three Penants to hang up. Three teams are in D grade and the other three in E. Next year we hope to have a few C grade teams and possibly a B grade.

BADMINTON REPORT 1974

This year has been very successful for the W.H.S.B.C. as all of our teams made it to the finals. Flinders our C2 team made it into the semi-finals but just missed out in playing their first Grand Final by a couple of points.

The C1 team of Susan Smith, Jenny Tack, Jill Gittins and ex-students Graham Smith, Chris Honeyman and Geoff Farrugia did very well this season to become Premiers.

Our ex-student/teacher team which plays B3 (Derwents) did very well to beat some of our old rivals known as East Keilor. Congratulations to Jill Pearce (now married but hardly anyone knows her married name), Rhonda Bray, Lucy Romita, Stephen Bigger, Simon West and Colin Banks.

Arrows would like to thank Mr Fogarty and Sharon Major for coming to play in their team. The team did well to get into the semi-finals but like Flinders lost by a couple of points to East Keilor. It was their first season in B1 after coming straight up from C1.

The A Grade team, Destroyers, were the third of the five teams to win the Premiership. Congratulations to all who played in the team. Hope you do as well next season.

Sue Daly and Diana Meerens get a special mention for making it into the Victorian State Junior Team.

The Badminton Club would like to thank Mr Howe and the Advisory Council for the use of the Assembly Hall and facilities. Also a special thank you to all the people who play in our teams and to Mr Fogarty who helped keep the teams going.

Thanks everyone,
D.E.B.

BASKETBALL

1974 has been a successful year for the basketball teams especially as we comprised for most part raw recruits with just a sprinkling of last year's players. Under the expert tuition of Bruce Robinson and Ron Sharples, we pulled together teams with which to meet this year's onslaught of inter-school competition and what we lacked in experience we made up in enthusiasm. Both teams suffered a slight set back in round one when we were beaten by Werribee. In the next two rounds we were determined to get our own back again and soundly thrashed both Altona 58-11 and Laverton 84-8. The Juniors in a match against the Altona girls' basketball team showed where the girls drop off when it comes to playing the sport by beating them 24-0. Both teams recorded wins against Altona in Round 5. The senior team also won against H.M.A.S. Diamonattina in a close game beating them 34-30.

We extend thanks to Mr Lindquist for helping organize the matches.

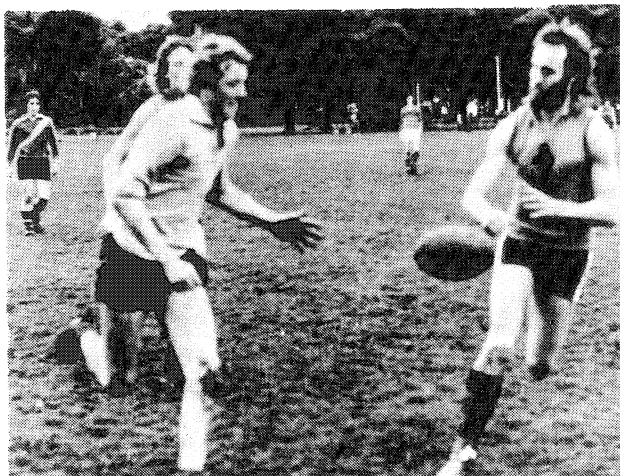


STAFF STUDENT FOOTBALL MATCH

The sporting world is still talking about the closely contested staff-student football match that was fought out before a capacity crowd at Fearon Reserve on the final day of term two.

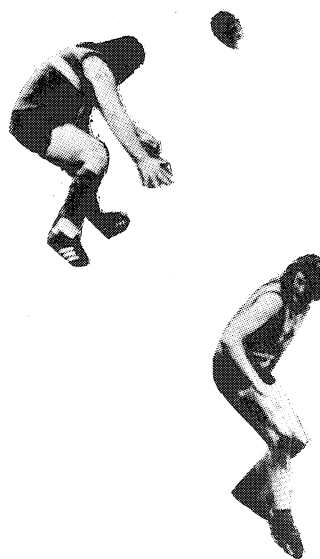
Anticipating the advent of coloured television both teams turned out in some eye-catching creations with Brydon his usual stunning self leading the trend away from shorts and into jeans. Considine, well encouraged by bemused spectators, bared his legs and took the oval in out of date Beattie boots. Coach Owen screamed encouragement to her Student team from the sidelines and in the centre of the ground self-appointed Staff coach Coulson, was stirring his lads on with incredible respect. Davies was having a picnic and seemed to be everywhere at once but lacked support early in the game, whilst for the Staff, the expensive international imports were showing the form that had made them household names as Jackson looped, turned and headed goals from impossible angles and Mohr rushed forward for touchdown after touch-down.

By half-time the Staff has established a good lead and looked set to go on with the game. Oranges and gin were served and there appeared to be some doubt as to whether or not certain players would see the whole game out. As the game progressed Hill (which way are we kicking?) supposedly on the wing ran himself into the ground. McGrath got a kick at last (from Considine) who had been warned about his elbows by the umpire. Fogarty as usual was in everything well supported by Moore, Gibbon, and Firth. Owen was soothing her mob on and the Staff appeared to be wilting under the pressure and tenacious tackling as the Students through the agency of Jorgensen, Davies, Blunt and Hall hammered the big sticks. Malakunas was injured and Moore was having difficulty with his hand as time on approached and there was only five points separating the two teams. This was going to be a re-play worth watching. The siren sounded and the Staff had held on to win narrowly as Owen stormed the field and threatened to lodge an appeal claiming nineteen players were on the Staff team. Celebrations were dampened by injuries and the painful realization that no-one is as young as they think.



SENIOR BOYS FOOTBALL

The senior boys' football team performed creditably throughout the year and succeeded in reaching the semi-final, only to go down. A lot of last year's star players were absent from this year's side, the most noticeable being senior Williamstown player, Jeff Scott. Jeff Bell was appointed Captain, and Edward Messina, Vice-captain for season 1974.



Final voting for the best and fairest, the "Steampacket medal"

M. Davis 15,
G. Howard 11,
T. Farrell 9,
T. Hall 9.

Goalkickers 1974:

M. Davis 18, T. Hall 14, A. Davies 7, J. Bell 7, W. Fowler 6, P. Roberts 6.

The players had much praise throughout the year for their evergreen coach, D. J. Nilson.

Van Dyke

SENIOR SOCCER

The senior soccer team had a great season. Our first game was against Werribee. This was the start to our success. In this game we played excellently all over the field with great play by all our team. The final score for this game is not worth mentioning, so I'll just go on to our second game. This match was against Altona. Again in this match we played consistently and ended up with another great game.

The next game scheduled was against Laverton. It is still a mystery why they did not turn up to have the game. Oh well, they must have found out that we were so experienced and would have killed them.

We met up with Werribee again and again we showed them a few more of our tactics and went on to get a draw of one all with them. They were very lucky to get that goal, but they got it because our defenders were having a coffee break at half time.

After we played Werribee, we again met up with Altona. This game was probably our best performance. We starred in the forward line, in the mid-field, and also in the back-line, in fact I think we starred in every position. Incidentally the half-time score for this game was 1-0 our favour. The game finished off in the same fashion, but the score, again is just not worth mentioning.

The Laverton team, again did not turn up so we had a rest day. Those Laverton players must have heard about us. The mystery of why they did not turn up has not been solved, but we prefer to believe that they were afraid to play against us.

The season went by so quickly, and before we knew it it was the end of the soccer season.

GREAT SEASON FELLAS!

Paul Markopoulos

HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS 1974

The House Swimming Sports were again held at the very pleasant Werribee Swimming Pool. Once again it was a battle of tactics between those two old stagers, Wombats and Possums. Wombats, due to superior leadership and a big 'recruiting drive' emerged victorious in a narrow points victory. Congratulations to all House Officials for their hard work and organization particularly the Wombats Judy Lloyd, Meridith Owen, Jeff Bell and Trevor Hall.

School Swimming Champions

Junior: Heidi Wiederstein, Dennis Newman, Lyn Fitzgerald.

Intermediate: Ann-Marie Burgoine, Keith Matty, Lyn Blunt.

Senior: Kirsty Ross, Mark Davis.

Relay team. Ian Fleming finished with two wins in the Junior Section, Shanni Brochie and Keith Matty won the Diving for the second year in a row, while Mark Davis again gained two wins and a second. Mark along with 'Brownie', 'Murph' and Whitey (who hasn't been seen since the sports) formed the winning under 17 relay teams.

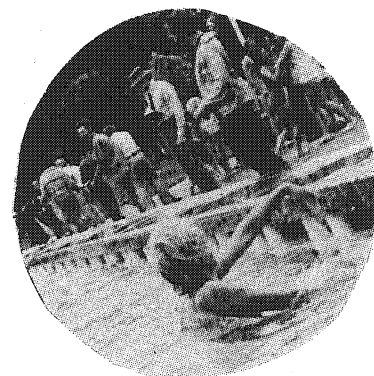
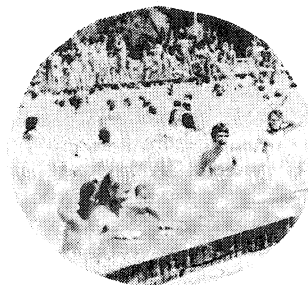
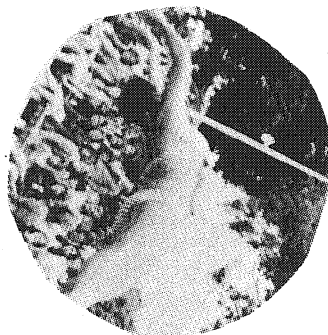
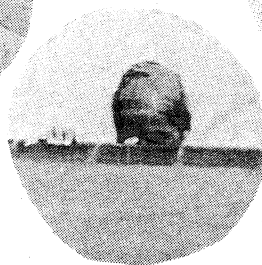
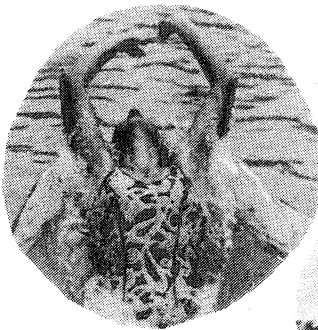
Lyn Blunt had two wins and a first in the under 16 relay along with Coleen McVeigh, Pam Rogers and Julie Dye. Susan Mellis and Neil Kare won Breaststroke events. Viv Carling came second in three events to Fiona, while Jeanette Hodgson came second in four events to Kirsty. Lyn Fitzgerald won the under 14 Breaststroke — Lyn continued on by gaining a place in the Victorian team and competing at the Australian Championships. The famous old 'Wombat' Tim Bold, after his retirement in 1955, made a comeback and gained third place in the Open Backstroke.

W.H.S. has now won the inter-school Swimming Sports seven times in the last nine years. This is indeed a great effort — heartiest congratulations to all members of the swimming team.

BAYSIDE GROUP SWIMMING CARNIVAL 1974

The success of the School Swimming team, as in the past years, continued on its merry way during 1974. Once again we won the Sports—its certainly becoming a habit and the School is most fortunate to be blessed with so many excellent swimmers.

Despite the loss of Malcom Ross this year, sister Kirsty maintained family tradition by winning four events. Perhaps the best effort came from one of the 'flying Fitzgeralds', Fiona, who produced a magnificent effort to finish with five wins. Though she was in the under 17 section, Fiona stepped up to the Open age group, 200 metres and gained a very comfortable win. Heidi Wiederstein with three wins capped off a successful day by combining with Jan Davies, Donna D'Altra and Elizabeth Brewer to bring victory to the under 13.



RESULTS OF WESTERN ZONE SWIMMING SPORTS

The Bayside Zone Section of the Western zone swimming group competed most successfully against five other groups. The Bayside section, consisting predominantly of swimmers from Williamstown and, to a lesser extent, Werribee, won the Senior aggregate and the overall points total.

MY EVENT IN THE ATHLETIC SPORTS AT OLYMPIC PARK

The message came over the speaker; "Would all competitors in events fifty to sixty report to the starting point."

My event was number sixty. They were calling up the competitors for my event.

I quickly put my spikes on and rushed over to the starting point, where I gave my name to one of the people taking down the names of all the competitors.

I leaned against the fence waiting for my event to start. I thought it would never begin, but after nine pistol-shots I found myself next to seven other runners.

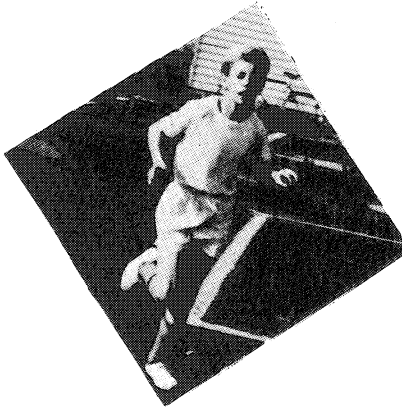
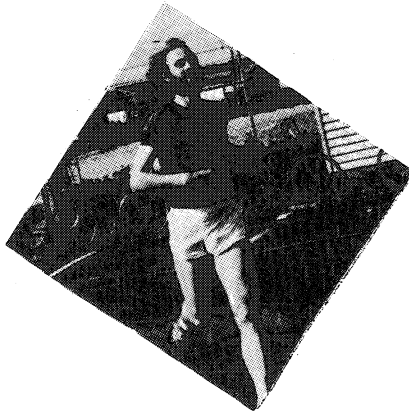
The official put me in front of all the other runners, and told me to run and keep in the same lane. The rest of the runners were put in their lanes, and then I heard a voice: "Ready", yelled a man in a red coat.

"Get Set" he yelled again. I thought I would collapse. I was shaking with nervousness. I tried to relax, but I just couldn't. My eyes were cast on the lines that were curving at every corner. I looked ahead and saw the clear white lines.

I looked to my right and saw Whelan the Wrecker destroying a building. I looked to my left and saw a person throwing a heavy iron ball. I looked behind and saw my opponents looking eagerly ahead. Wait a minute. Who is that? The person with the yellow T-Shirt. He is a member of my school. I am not alone.

"BANG"—the pistol has gone. The message to run, to run as fast as you can, to win.

My legs moving quickly kept me in the lead. My hands opening and shutting with the strain of hoping to win. The line ahead is curving, curving quickly, as I strain myself to win.



The lines are straight now, they are not curved.

Ahead of me I see a line of string. To both sides I can notice some of the familiar faces which were once behind me.

I strain myself to the limit. I push, harder, and harder, and harder still, and then I am at the finish line. My eyes closed, and my heart beating faster and faster. Then all of a sudden I feel a card being pushed into my hand.

What is it? What is it for? It had the word "THIRD" written on it.

I had come third in my race. I handed the card to the lady and told her my name and my school and she wrote it down on some paper, and told me to stand near a box which had three separate platforms on it and under each platform a number.

I stood under the number three platform and accepted a green ribbon that was given to me by the man who gave other people ribbons. I shook his hand and I managed to bring out the words: "Thank you". I stepped down and walked over to where I stood before I heard the message over the speaker.

By Paul Markopoulos. 4C

DEJECTION

The sombre clouds have ambushed the sun,
And only the forlorn cry of a wild seagull
remains.
A lonesome person slides slowly beneath the
shore-line,
So as the grey waves can lap at her body.
A shiver makes its way through her as the
suppressing
Mood becomes gloomier, and the cold wind
influences
The water. A memory of megrims writes on her
otherwise
Blank mind. Death is inevitable, immortality?
—impossible. Why couldn't he have been met
halfway?
She unravels her thoughts in whispers. The
boisterous
Sea beckons but she is too deep in
preoccupation
To notice. No one can supply her with
answers.
So what's the use of asking the questions that
taunt her?
Now the dome of depression above opens to
release rain.
And soon, she too releases her crushing
emotions.
Both she and her tears sink softly into the
ocean.
No questions asked, no answers needed.
And the melancholy sea-bird watches, waits,
Then starts off in flight towards the distant
horizon.

Sindy Innerhofer, 4C

A CHILD WITH A CHILD

A gurgle and his tiny hand stretched out,
Reaching playfully for a mother's love.
His reply was in the form of a shout,
"Shut-up kid for heavens above!"
Innocent and pure, but hungry and lean,
He cried, watched, wondered and smiled
But she was cold with regret, she was 17
She was a child with a child.

Sindy Innerhofer 4C

RIDE ON THE DOGEM CARS



at luna park
on dogem cars
lights confusion
haven't been myself
just sensations
like to
smash
go away
smash
complete
smash
lack of direction
there's something wrong
some chink in the armour
fragile shaking
nervous of people
like to
smash
go away
spend my time
living

Andrew Davies

FACING REALITY

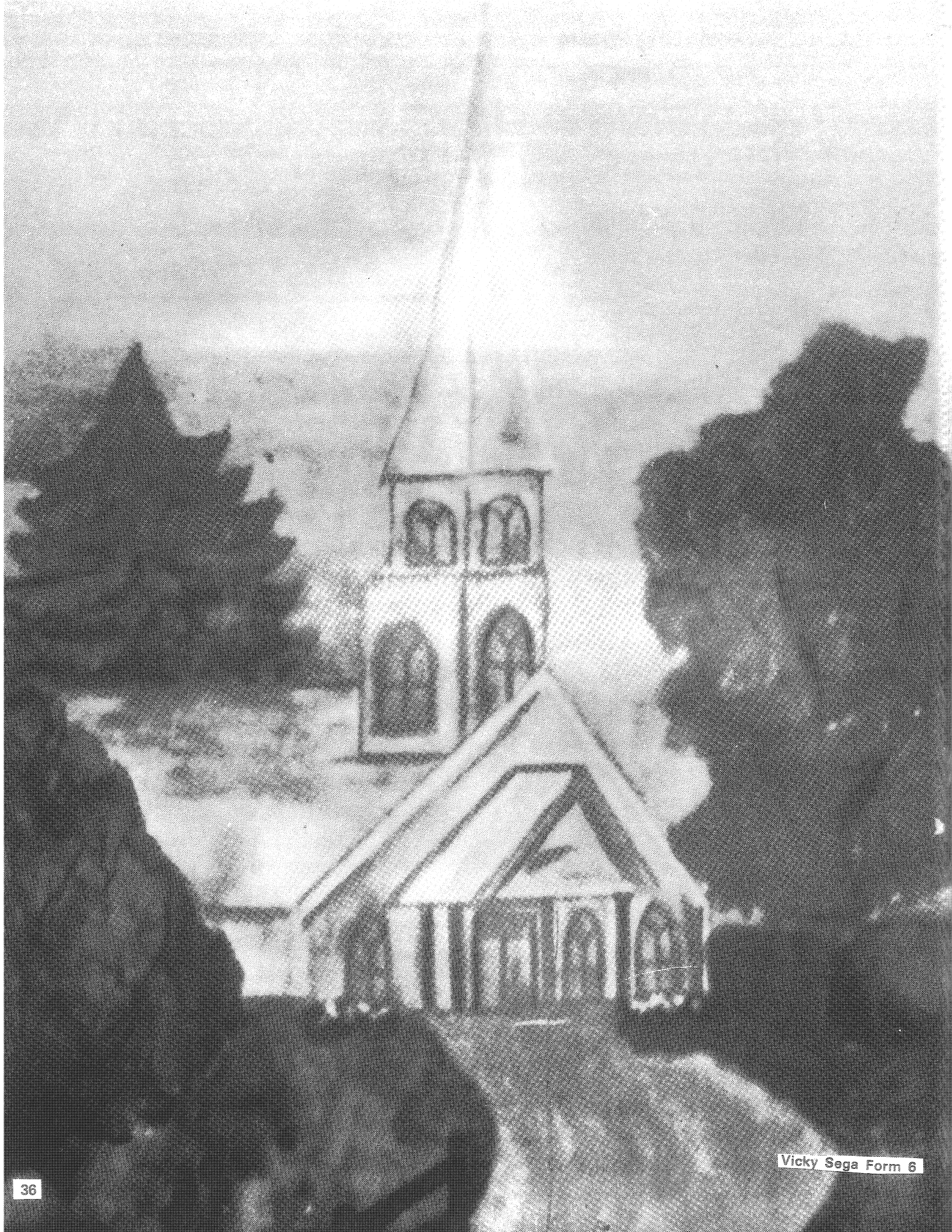
He arrived like the waves on the shore
Not knowing where to go
Just like the waves that splash and roar
He was shown around
But strange faces and voices echoed in his ears
Thinking meanwhile of his hometown
Who knows where those waves have been?
They too are alone.

Like the weather that changes
So does the mood of the beach,
And so does the color of his eyes,
How can I help you?
When you can't see through me.
Can't you see I want to help you.
But who cares, now that you have
found your way around.
You are independent like the waves.

In winter the beach is deserted,
You were like that when I first saw you,
But like the beach in summer
You are surrounded by everyone
You just don't seem to notice me.

And then comes the suffering and pain
For love is not just happiness
It's looking out for you and
Knowing that you are gone.
Will we ever meet again?

Annette XYDIAS 5D



EXAM

There's a shuffle of feet, a sneeze and a series of staccato taps as the supervisor tiptoes around to supply extra paper.

I am distracted again. I watch a fly as it meanders aimlessly around the room. I'd never noticed before but he seems always to be flying in squares,—darting a short distance and then suddenly turning an almost ninety degree angle. I wonder how and why they do it. Maybe I'll look it up one day.

I look at the sea of faces around me. The frowns of concentration, the almost silent sniggers and snorts of disgust. I look over to the door again and the supervisor reminds me of a statue—an imperfect statue as his eyes are continually darting from here to there. I'd better start writing again.

I feel as if a pair of eyes are continually looking at me. I feel guilty. I can't do anything on this silly exam and I'm wasting my time.

I read over the question. I need to read it four times before I can even grasp the elementary meaning of it. It's hopeless. I can't understand this. Thank goodness, it's only October tests and they can't put the same questions in the November exams. One more try. I ramble for about twenty lines; but as my English teacher would say it's just 'irrelevant and immaterial.' I wish he wouldn't keep looking at me! How much more time have I got? Help! Down again...Finished that one. One more to do. How am I supposed to write on this?!!

There's a rustle of paper as someone turns over their page. I can hear the mad scratch of an inspired candidate; a desk groans as someone scrubs frantically at an obstinate word.

There's five minutes left and what a mess I've made.

'Five minutes' barks the supervisor. 'No-one's allowed to leave.'

What a waste of time! It's nice and quiet anyway. The sun is making sparkling patterns with the dust particles and I'm wasting my time in here.

I feel calm now. Time is going quite slowly now. What a rotten paper! I can't do anything. I hope the end of the year is not as bad as this, but I'll have done more work in preparation.

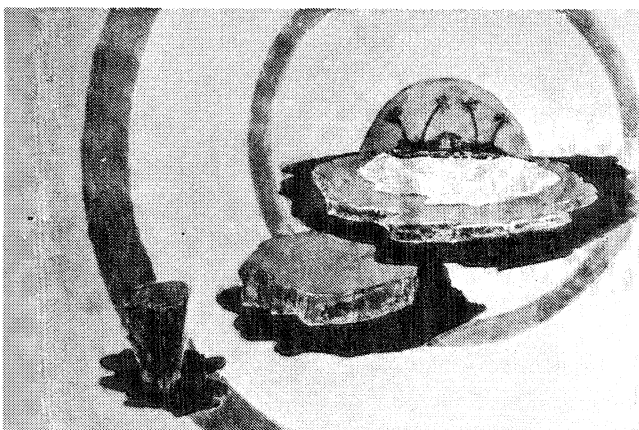
There are two supervisors now, huddled up the front whispering together. Everyone is frantically scanning their papers, and rustles sound everywhere as they fold unruly papers. Black despair descends on me as the second-hand of the clock zeroes home and the realization that I've probably failed this paper strikes me.

I can feel those small, beady, darting eyes boring through me again as the fatal words fall;

'No more writing!'

And I'm still trying to finish this sentence...

Sheryl McDowell
Form VI B



Neal Saker Form 6

"BLINDNESS"

The world treats me

As a fool!

The horizon next door

Looks the same

As Miss Universe to

me,

As they both sound with mirth.

Searching through my whole life,

Diving into the bottom of

The sorrow sea,

Touching your hearts with my

Hesitating hands:

I cannot tell where is the

Mirror which shows me my

Pale face.

Put your hands off my shoulder

In the middle of the road.

Your hands give no help;

But grief and insult

That come straight into

my inner heart

From your palms.

Perhaps, I never feel so wretched,

As I live in a world of

Vagueness.

Tom Chann, 6A

POEM

Sitting on the path

With the sun shining, making everything glow

Quite content...until I spied the daisy

Not quite close enough to reach from the path.

I struggled

I rolled

Until at last my hand enclosed the tiny flower.

Quite content...until I felt the sharp blades of grass

Everyone pricking me.

Tickling me.

I struggled,

I rolled,

But the path got further away.

Sharp little pins, sticking slowly into me.

I panicked

The minature army was attacking me.

I kicked

I screamed

Reinforcements arrived, and I would be finished

I heard the sharp bang

The clatter of heels on the path

Felt the warm arms go around me

Enclosing me

Saving me

Quite content, I snuggled against her.

By Janie Winter 6A

Anonymous

Ever veiled in permanent darkness.
of sightless sounds,
And world unknown,
Lingers blindness, like a death.

Buildings tall and mountains high,
Rivers deep and oceans wide,
Eyes unseeing,
Senses perceiving,
Visions only to imagination.

So this is blindness,
Asphyxiating shroud,
Engulf me not,
Within your cloud.

Anon.



A FLY

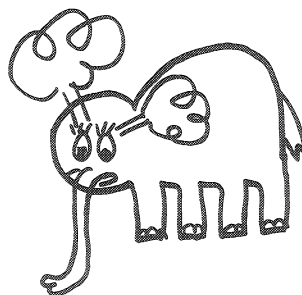
One night we had chicken for tea, and I got the wish-bone. I was so happy I jumped up and down with joy and in my excitement I promised my family that if I ever won tattslooto, I'd share up my winnings.

So as to cause no arguments between my family as to who should break the wish-bone with me, I decided to break the wish-bone myself. For one side of the wish-bone, I wished that I was a fly on the wall in Paul Newman's house, and for the other side I wished that I was a fly in Robert Redford's house.

After a lot of thought, I decided to do the breaking when everyone was asleep because then I wouldn't be missed. When everyone was asleep I performed the big break. Paul Newman won, and there I was clinging to the Newman's kitchen wall. After having a good look around, I found what I thought was Paul's room. Before entering I thought I'd better freshen myself up, so I went and had a sit in the rubbish-tin. Paul Newman's got the nicest smelling rubbish I've ever smelt.

I climbed under his door and there he was. After fainting a couple of times, I thought I might as well have a look around 'cause I might never get the wish-bone again. When I was having a walk on his face, he must have smelt my nice odour because he was trying to pat me. A few times he nearly squashed me but I didn't mind of course. He's a pretty big snorer too, everytime I went near his mouth and nose he blew me clear across the room.

Everything was going fine until I decided to sit on the chandelier. The worst possible thing happened, I came back to my old self. POWEE! Down came the chandelier on Paul, with me holding it! How embarrassing! But when I told him the whole story he fully understood the circumstances, and invited me to a midnight feast. He came back with some chicken and you guessed it, I won the wish-bone. Paul was crying 'cause he didn't get it but he was a pretty good sport, and let me keep it. Because of his kindness I let him pull the wish-bone with me. I won again and wished that I'd be back home, and bingo! I arrived back home and had a shower 'cause I didn't smell the best.



Page

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: The sanity of one disenchanted 5th Former at W.H.S. Lost somewhere between an idyllic childhood and the harsh realisation of life. He had some strange idea that life was meant to be enjoyed. Reasons for loss as given by parents—Drugs, Alcohol and Sex. Reason given by student—disenchantment with whole world, lack of afore-mentioned by materialistic society.

FOUND: By above mentioned student; a reason to live. Reason being the most beautiful, kind, understanding girl in the whole world. She knows who she is. She can claim student anytime she wants.

LOST: Between sunrise and sunset—24 hours of pure bliss. Irreplaceable; reward offered.

DEATHS: It is with great sorrow that I announce the death of all the hopes and aspirations I have ever had.

My parents nurtured them,
Society shot them down.

My friends were just a brief reprieve.

One final joy before death.

September 5th, 1974. R.I.P.

BIRTHS: We happily announce the birth of a beautiful friendship. May it last for an eternity.

We arrive on this earth
alone

We depart from this earth
alone.

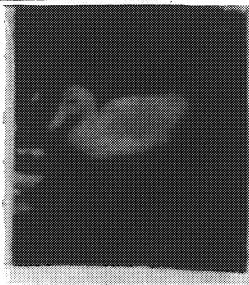
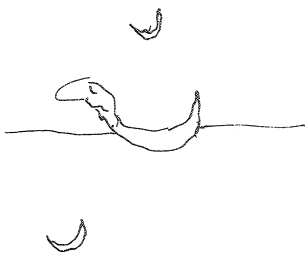
This time on earth was meant for
Sharing.

September 6th, 1974.

Anonymous

I am small
I am not tall
I see my shadow on the wall
I go many places
And see many faces.

Anonymous



Our Art Correspondent, in search of a
REAL, LIVE - ARTIST, comes face to
face with the ferret!!

Down West Melbourne way, in a small room overlooking Rosslyn St., Leunig toils amongst a sprawl of photographs, magazines, newspapers, books, pens and inks in an attempt to produce yet another drawing, painting or doodle to adorn the pages of that lean and nosy publication, "Nation Review".

Leunig is a lover of knomes, imps, nymphs, elves, fairies, goblins, gremlins, pixies and most of all (I think), direction finding ducks.

This particular day, Leunig's artistic activity was hampered by the presence of two such ducks, happily (nervously) surveying their surroundings, sitting on his lap.

A playwright with the Melbourne Theatre Co., was prowling around the building, notebook and pen in hand, in an effort to find out what a real newspaper office is like, to add realism to his play about that strange species, journalists.

The poor chap eyed Leunig nervously, he being offered no explanation for the existence of these birds in a newspaper office, and Leun merely offered a demonstration of their direction-finding ability.

No doubt, this conscientious playwright, in pursuit of truth was further confused when he entered the paste-up room and found Mick Morris (Harry Gumboot) and the rest of the staff crowded around an old television set watching the Muhammed Ali, George Foreman fight. Besides the jeers, words of wit and unqualified comment, that familiar sound of ring tops being ripped from cold cans could be heard.

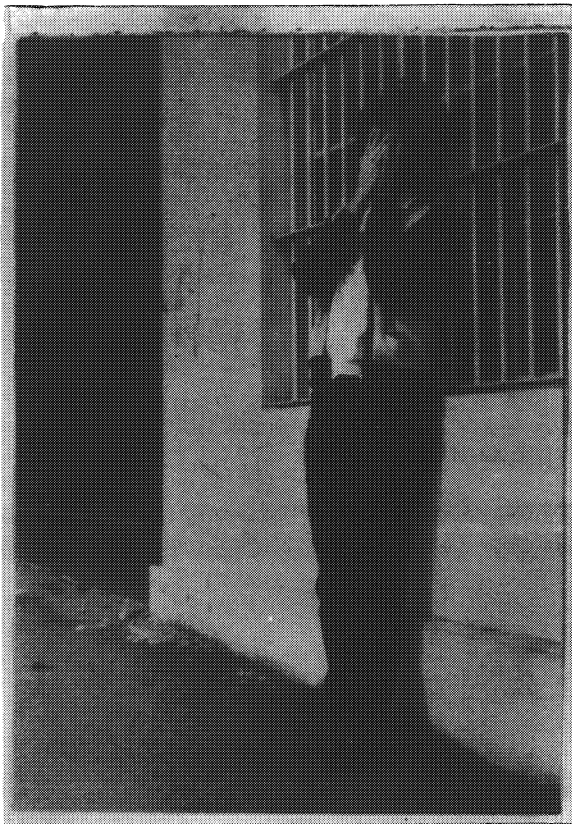
A Leunig picture can always be found on the page written by that dubious character, Hepworth, who, Leun says, has had quite an influence on him.

Hepworth refers to Leunig (the poor guy's pushing thirty) as a e/ad?

← Fearing an onslaught of mad school girls, or lonely and homeless direction-finding ducks,

Michael Leunig conceals his true identity.

"Most artists are confused," he said philosophically.



HOME AWAY FROM HOME?

The snow fell heavily on the road as Andy and Lyndal ploughed their way through it in the car. They were on their way to a holiday house in the mountains. Andy's doctor had suggested a holiday because he had been working so hard at the office, he was turning into a nervous wreck. Then, without warning, the car stopped. Andy turned the key but nothing happened. He turned it again and again, but not a sound came from the engine. Andy could find nothing wrong with the car; the battery wasn't dead, and they couldn't have run out of petrol because Lyndal had filled the tank that morning. They decided that the only thing to do was to get out and walk. After three hours of walking, through six inches of snow, they were now starting to get rather cold and hungry. They stopped walking and Andy scanned the horizon for lights. There, straight in front of them, was a light. Andy grabbed Lyndal by the hand and began to run. Lyndal was too tired to run, but with Andy dragging her behind him, there wasn't much she could do. She could feel the snow squelching under foot and breathing in all that cold air so quickly, she felt like her lungs were going to burst. At last they were at a house. Andy peered in through the window. Inside looked fantastic—a huge open fire which set the room aglow, a table which was laden with food, and four big armchairs. Lyndal tapped on the door and waited. Nobody came. Andy pushed the door and it flung open. There was no-one in sight so they sat down and helped themselves to the food. Then they sat in front of the fire.

After they had thawed out, they began to look around the house. In one room was a bed, a table and a chair. Lyndal walked over to the bed. The blankets were turned down and there was a bed warmer in it. She began to wonder what was going on. It was as if they were expected to come.

After going through three other rooms, they came to one which was locked. Andy pushed the door and the lock broke. The room was dark. Lyndal had a lighter in her pocket so she gave it to Andy. It didn't give out much light so he lit the candle which was on the other side of the room. He turned and began to walk towards the door, but tripped. Putting the candle down on the floor to see what he had tripped over, he saw Lyndal staring up at him with a knife in her throat.

Cathy Black 3A

Time

Time is

The one element that is governless

The mechanisms that keep pace with life,

The bell that signals time out,

The parking Meter that elapses after 3 hours.

Time is

The object that limits an essay of thoughts,

The creator of pressure during exams,

The element that retards at the Dentist,

The element that accelerates on Vacation.

Time is

The gravestones showing previous ages,

The clocks at Flinders Street being changed,

The rust developing on the metal surfaces,

The ageing of the world.

A Frightful Experience

There's a feeling that a lot of people who surf get and that feeling is, when you nearly drown. A wave hits you, or you fall off your board, and something seems to be holding you down. You panic and throw your arms around. But it seems to be too far to the top. You give up and all thoughts go through your mind—all the good things that have happened to you in your life flash through your mind in a couple of seconds. You give one last cry, or prayer you could call it. And all of a sudden you get one breath of air and you're up and alive and kicking, your legs and arms swimming for shore where your board's washed up. You get your board and paddle out again to go through that hell again, as if you never cared, like it wasn't going to happen to you again, you wouldn't let it. It's like the nine lives of a cat, so don't let your tenth come.

Paul

FREEDOM

Hand in hand we follow the flower emblazened trail.

I see red and yellow, bright and dark.

My eyes chase the wind as it pushes the grass,
Squeezing the other hand tightly I say what I see.

The grass looks like how velvet feels.

Flowers are like feeling soft and hard, each one differs.

The trees are such as big friends, large but beautiful.

Streams look like a bed feels, so inviting.

I look up to the face I am explaining to,
He smiles and is able to appreciate, just as I do.
The certainty of his voice as he answers proves me right.
Being blind cannot stand in the way of freedom of beauty.

Jenny

THE FORESIGHT OF HAPPINESS

David Townsend

Old Hughie is angry,

The trees are falling
like wet grass underfoot.

Century old eucalypts

are snapped like a match between his fingers.

Branches are falling like leaves in autumn;

Leaving the strong and

the young that can bend with it.

Waves on the beaches,
like hands clutching the sand
but unable to hold.

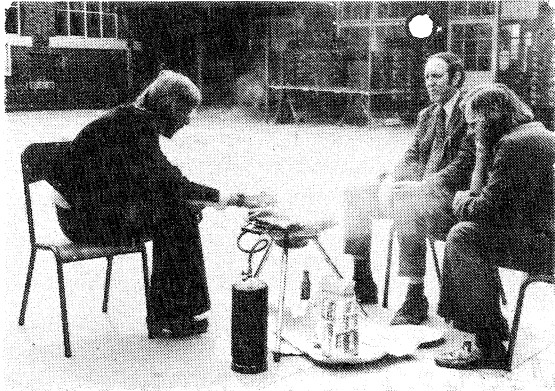
Water trying to escape from the sea,
only to be dragged
to the never ending battle.

The mind is blown;
only the strong,

and the people that will bend
are able to survive
the changes.

Those who unable,
will fight a never ending
battle trying to escape.

"WITH INCREDIBLE RESPECT,
THAT POM IS GOING TO BURN
THE B — CHOPS."



A FEW OF THE GIRLS HAVING A BREAK
DURING SMOKO AT ROD'S HOT DOG SHOP



"TOM JUST ASKED
ME FOR A DATE"



"WHAT ARE THEY
DOING?"



"WE ARE MR. GIBBON'S
LITTLE ANGELS"



THE SCHOOL WATCHING THE
HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS



Form V

Far Out Man!

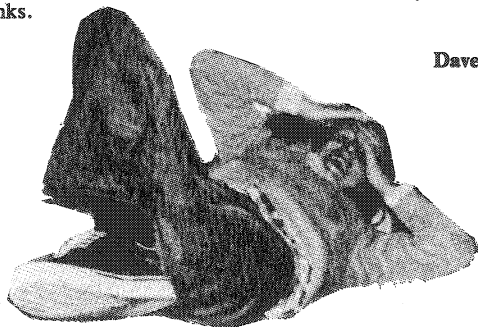
A private collection of fun-filled moments we gave each other. Pockets full of parental consent forms I give my benediction to the would-be surfers. They're not really going swimming at five in the morning? Are they? I check out good sights for a burial. FAR OUT MAN! "Dey, get off that damn megaphone". Meal one and Al's complaining already. Pity Pam and the vegetarians. No meals for them. Tubular Bells ring out across the late afternoon panorama as beds are collapsed on. D.H. feels back in the army at lights out time with a belly full of stew and the male bravado echoing around. Who did what, where, with who? Hmmm. Seems some vegetarians like meat after all. Roll call and I get my big chance as I crash the girl's dorm. Excell? Present. Ashmole? Present. Kane? "Just going to the toilet Dave" she screams hobbling by on a damaged ankle. Barnaby? Hmm. She's there alright flaked out in the corner. Must have been all that private study.

Peace at last. A quiet shower and then headphones on, I serenade the hills, my unique voice lullabying its way through "It's Too Late Baby". Firthie has collapsed on the top bunk with asthma. The clean country air really gets him. "Dey, if you touch that megaphone once more" (expletive deleted. If Richard Nixon can do, so can I).

Another day already. Pleasant afternoon stroll to grocers produces interesting results. Kerry and I win hypocrite of the year award on our wine sampling tour of the foreshore. Amazing what you find in the bushes these days. We stagger back well equipped for the night. Lovely kids; they hand it over with no hassles. The plain clothed gentleman who flashed his card in the boys' dorm was only a health inspector. Let them suffer I say, my sadistic nature emerging. Lots of girls have problems with mosquitoes which is strange because I haven't heard one. Miss Lewis who was that strangely constructed gentleman by your bed? The girls' dorm become a blaze of centrefold nude lift outs and Cameron, still intent on proving that good things come in small packages (eh Viv?) runs riot with a Texta Colour.

Lights out and the boy's dorm rocks with witty chants extolling the virtues of drinking more amber fluid (well more or less in those words; this is not the unexpurgated version). Roll call. Murray? Far out man. Mart? (Have you been...) Murphy? "Kill the right wing commies! a count of heads finds them all there, even Warwick the midnight rambler. Ah Ha. They're planning a bust out. The thick plottens and we man the barricades. Where are Tim and Mary anyway?

Next day the vegetarians train me in lacrosse. Leonie adopts a kitten. Robert is brilliant with card tricks. Meredith discovers I'm ticklish and all hell breaks loose. Flour stocks mount and looks like we're in for a white Xmas (well June, anyway) Ray seems to have a chronic stomach complaint and calls for his physics books at midnight. Warwick, Glenn, Vince and Brendan try out for trans vestite of the year award and they all look pretty spunky. At least Warwick thinks so. That night we're all turning a whiter shade of pale. Why is it always us, Firthie and I think staggering to our umpteenth shower. Final lunch (last supper) of pies and pasties well appreciated and then heading home. Where were Vince and Liz anyway? Stepping off the bus as the last flower bomb exploded I thought of Firthie still stranded beneath the lighthouse and felt all of us had left something of ourselves behind. From me to you for five fun days, thanks.



Dave

Night one produces strange looking eyes as little kids are tucked into bed and the foul jokes begin.

The gourmet's(?) breakfast brings everyone out of bed bright and early. Well not so bright. The health nuts were up and running before the sun. Classes flowed smoothly and they weren't the only things to flow as throats were quenched in the long thirst that somehow set in.

Night time brought break outs and rocks on the roof and daylight introduced new visitors like Steve from Essendon Grammar who had a thing about hundreds and thousands.

Romances were made on the camp. Some were one night stands but at the latest report some are still flourishing.

The last night was heavy and hectic with the concerted break out after lights out. Four went out and three returned. One man was lost until about 7 o'clock when he quietly returned, pleading that he'd lost his backdoor key.

ANON.



ONE DAY AT SCHOOL

Utaradit Daiunee Girls' High School, in Thailand. Although a school in Thailand is normal to the Thai people, I found it to be a most interesting and fascinating experience.

The school day started at 8.20 a.m. with a ten minute assembly to pray to Buddha and honour the Thai flag—singing the Thai National Anthem.

Shoes are removed by all students before entering the school building and placed neatly outside the classrooms.

"Nukrien-grap" ("We students thank you") is the greeting to the teachers followed by a deep bow over the desk by all students in the classroom—this being to "thank" the teacher for being so kind as to teach them. This is repeated before and after every lesson.

The three lessons that follow—before lunch—are sprinkled liberally by instances where the students show their great respect for their teachers. There are so many little things that a student can do to show this respect, for example, in Thailand, the head is considered a very holy part of every person and by lowering your head to a level below that of a teacher's head, the student is being respectful. Before and after answering a question the student must stand, answer the question, and "wai" before sitting down. To "wai" is to bow over the hands—palms together in a praying position. This is also a sign of respect.

Even lunchtime—from 11.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. is a study time for the Thai students—as is before and after school. Lunch can be rice brought from home or a bought lunch from the school "canteen", in the Thai sense of the word—which in just a large cleaned area with a tin roof and a few rough wooden benches and chairs. There is usually a choice of noodles (fried or boiled), rice, several side dishes, fresh fruits in season, for example, in summer we had mangoes and pineapple, and various types of Thai dessert and lollies. To drink there is a variety of sweet cordials. You can usually have a good and filling lunch for not more than ten Australian cents. The three lessons following lunch are similar to the three preceding lessons except the increasing heat is very noticeable—and sticky. The last period ends at 3.30 p.m., sometimes followed by about fifteen minutes of "prayers", which the students "chant", as is the custom when "praying" to Buddha.

That ends the official school day but you will find students still working until well after 5.00 p.m.

There is just so much more to a day at a Thai school. How I would love to go on and on.



Judy Faloon 5B



A QUITE TALL STORY

Pee Dum is the servant at the third home I stayed at in Utaradit, Thailand. She was a country girl, one of a large family, whose father was a rice farmer. In Thailand the eldest girls in the peasant families have to go into the towns to work as servants, and Pee Dum, being the second eldest had been working from an early age. She had had no formal education during the eighteen years of her life, so all she knew was based on her knowledge of how to cook rice, clean the house and wash clothes. She was rather a plump girl with broad features, as is characteristic of the Thai people. In fact her nose looked as if it had been squashed!

Pee Dum had been with her employer for almost a year when I arrived, and up until then had never seen a foreigner. I was quite a 'novelty' to her. After about three months I thought that 'novelty' would have worn off but I had noticed Pee Dum studying me with increasing intensity over the last week. Why? I just didn't know! Until...

One day, as I was writing letters, Pee Dum came up to me, took a quick look at my face and shot into her room. She had gone to look in the mirror. Worried that there might have been something on my face that had sent her into this frenzied inspection, I looked in the mirror. No! Nothing there! What could be the matter?

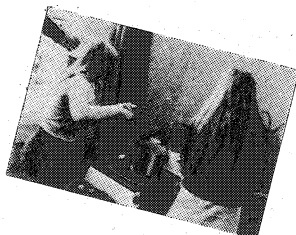
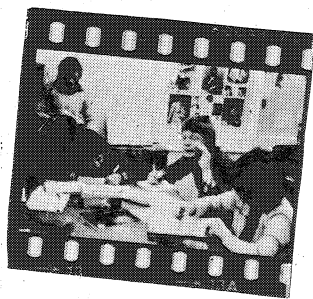
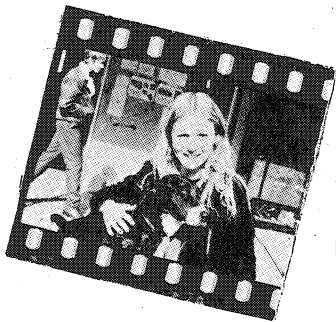
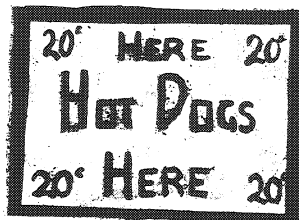
"Why is your nose so long and straight, when mine is flat and wide?", came a small voice over my shoulder. It was Pee Dum. So that was what had been worrying her! I couldn't help but collapse in giggles, she must have been puzzling over this for ages!

"Well...", I said, "it is all to do with the way you laugh!"

"Yes?" she said.

"Yes. You laugh a lot, don't you?" she couldn't very well deny that because Pee Dum was always laughing and mainly at me and the mistakes I made when speaking Thai. I went on, "You laugh in such a way that stretches the skin on your face across your face, pulling the sides of your nose with it. Because you laugh so much, and always have, your nose has stretched so much that your nose is now flat. When I laugh, I go 'hoo-hoo-hoo', with my mouth pushing out instead of stretching across, and this, in turn pushes my nose out, making it long and straight. Do you understand?"

She did. And what's more, she believed me!



Integrated Studies was set up at school this year as experimental scheme, to provide for a few pupils an 'alternative' form of education. One form of about 23, thus smaller than the usual, was taken at third and fourth form levels. Each was given a 'home' room, a room which only they would use and could decorate or demolish as they liked. Theoretically, only four teachers have taught them and thus staff student relationships have been closer. "Social" education has become as important as "academic" success, both within the class and with others. Two of the projects undertaken have been the renovation of a house for St. Paul's School for the Blind, Kew, and work with and for the people at Chislon Spastic Centre. It is very difficult to assess a scheme of this kind but in many ways we feel it has been successful and hope to continue, if not extend it, next year.

Williamstown

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Williamstown High 13.9-87

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TEACH ME TO SPEAK
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WOW!

Corinne Bonich Form

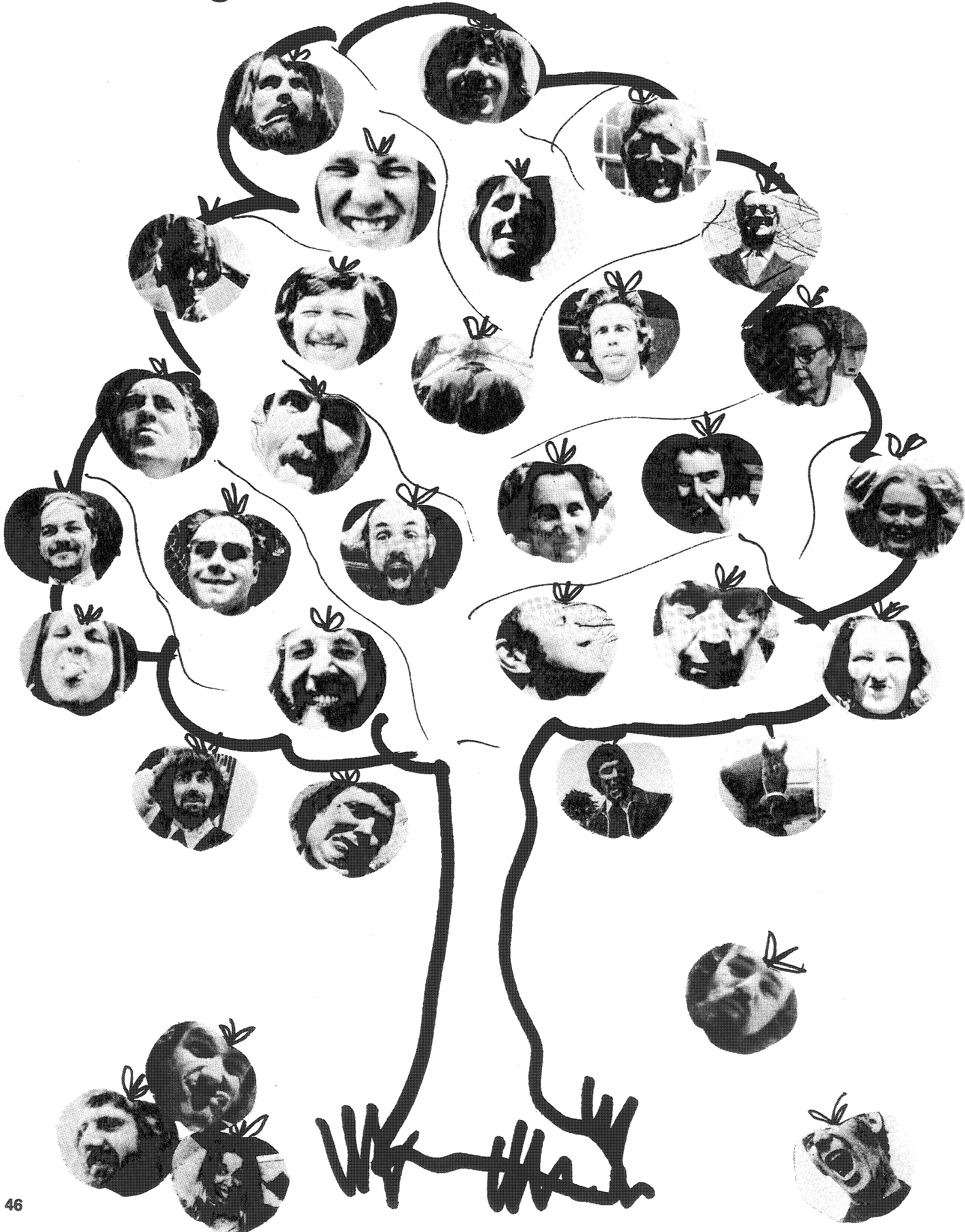
Mark White Form

Susan Waters 4C

Loneliness 4.5

Goodbye X.

Staff — again!



PONS FOREVER

David Lilla
All supp
Ray Daniels
B.O.

William Nuttall
Darius Grant
Church
Dermott
Nicholls

Judy Gofrey
John J. O'Keefe
J.W. Howe
Wendy Mitchell
Josephine Gangan

Wendy & Raymond
Sue Newbold

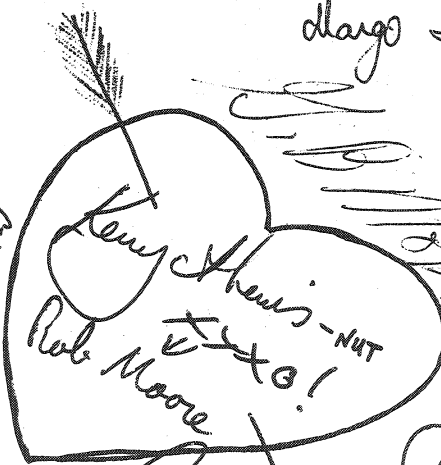
STAFF

+ 74

Philip Williams
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R.I.P.

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Terry Fogarty
Jim M'Splunge
Joanne Lee
Thea
B. Mitchell
David

Paul
Bog
Fred Newk
MSB
Camela Black
John



DR. David
Susan MC.UD. DSO
Susan
John Frith
V. Boulton
Not a rabble



EDITORIAL....

With the ever-increasing cost of production, it becomes more and more difficult to justify the existence of a school magazine. Many schools have abandoned the idea and Williamstown must think seriously whether the money could be better spent elsewhere. With these ideas in mind we were not confident when we first began to collect material, yet the enthusiasm generated by the magazine committee, namely form six and some form four, led to the greatest response we have had for some time. We tried not to be selective in presenting material hoping to give a true reflection of the school, but this was virtually impossible. We do feel, however that the magazine was open to everyone for contributions and what has been presented here is Williamstown High School 1974 as we see it, through the writing and photographs of students and staff. On a personal note, it would be impossible to thank individually all those who helped in the production of the magazine but special mention needs to be made of Vicki, Jenni, Andrew, Doryea, Margaret, Karen, Lisa, the pavilion, Leunig, the Williamstown Pixie, Harry Gumboots, the hound of the Baskervilles and the I.S. mice, all for trying so hard to stir things up, to Bruce for being trying to the I.R.A. for the bomb scares, to Richard M. Nixon for inspiration. To Sue for sportingly taking on the job.

To Janie for the weather.
To Linda for her leunacy
To 'Fog' for fotography.
To D.M.C. for being a "head"-er.
To the school for the canteen —
their greatest contribution.
To Canadian Club for Spiritual
guidance.
To all the people who got this far.

THE END

