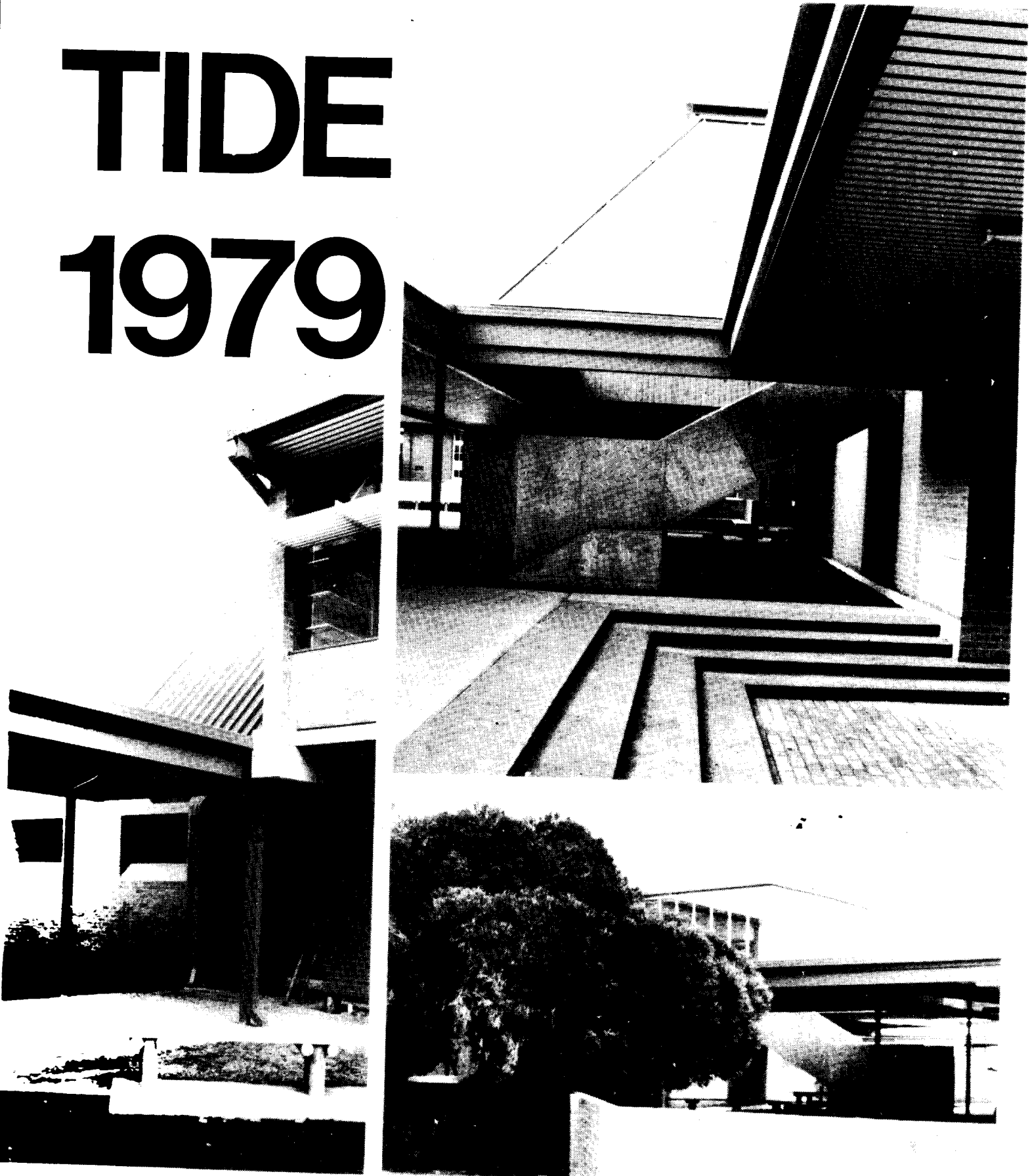




HIGH TIDE 1979



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From the Principal's Pen



It is a privilege to write this page for High Tide. It is surely a source of pride and satisfaction to all members of the school community to see the events of 1979 recorded in such an appropriate manner.

One of the most significant events of the year has been the reappearance of High Tide after some years' absence. I congratulate the dedicated editorial committee and the coordinating staff members responsible for this magazine.

1979 has been an important year in many respects. In March we moved into our new library, in May our new classrooms, and in September our new amenities block. The quality of these facilities has done much for morale in all departments of the school.

From a staffing and curriculum point of view, 1979 has been most rewarding. Staff curriculum discussions have contributed to an overall improvement in our curriculum which is a most balanced and well taught programme. Students have the benefits of a wide diversity of options by the time they reach Year 10; including technical subjects taken at Williamstown Technical School. Our television teaching studio is a prime example of staff impetus in the development of new dimensions in our curriculum. The staff is currently engaged in reviewing our total curriculum so that improvement may continue.

In 1979 the school council was reconstituted. It has met twice since and is most ably led by Mr. J. Criddle, strongly supported by committed councillors who have given freely and fully of their time. The PTCA has maintained an active role in the school under the leadership of Mr. D. Frame. Mrs. June Young and her committee are to be congratulated for the success of their efforts this year in reforming the Ladies Auxiliary.

Williamstown High School has come through the 70's with distinction. We have weathered the storms of the past decade and have avoided the pursuit of mediocrity. Our students are offered the best of environments, development of an appreciation of their humanity and moral values of our community, and success in studies. I thank all those who have made this possible - teaching staff, office staff, cleaning staff, School Council, parent groups, and last but not least the students.

To those leaving school - HOLD FAST to all that your school has given you. To those returning - I look forward to 1980 with high hopes of you and for you. To all, I extend best wishes for a joyous Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

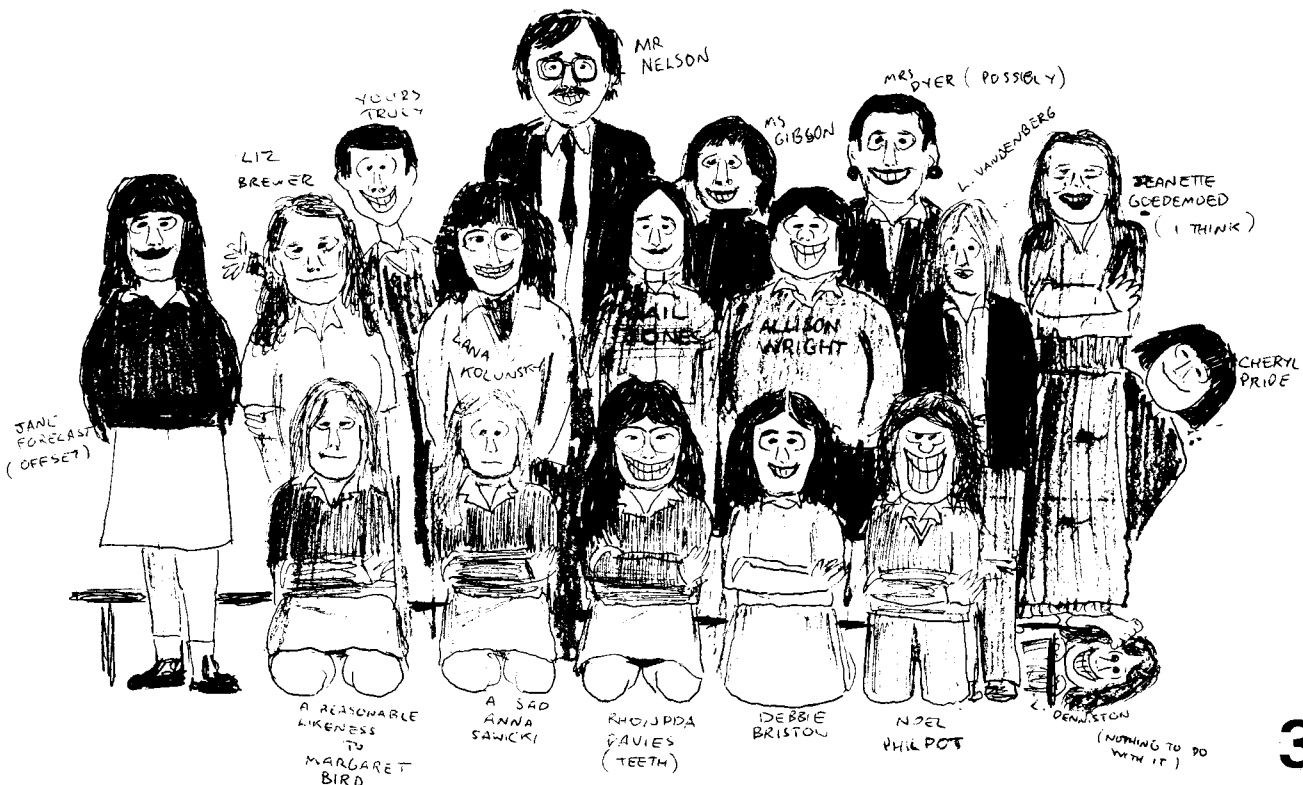
EDITORIAL

Our school magazine has seen out another year. However, this year has been a rather exceptional one. An old school tradition at Williamstown High had, in recent years, sadly died out. Now, almost ironically in the Year of the Child, "High Tide" has been reborn. In 1979, thanks to the unflagging interest of certain staff members and students, although still in embryonic stages, High Tide lives again.

This magazine was not regenerated until mid-way through the year. It is hoped by all concerned that it lives up to the standard of past magazines, while at the same time becoming a basis for future editions. For this is what we, the Committee, have attempted to do. In being responsible for the rebirth of High Tide, we also hope that we have begun the ball rolling and that in years to follow, future students and staff members will take interest and keep the tradition alive and thriving.

In putting this magazine together, we did face certain difficulties - mainly the shortage of time and overall lack of student interest. However, backed by the strong support of Mr. Nelson, Ms. Gibson and Mrs. Dyer from the staff, and a handful of students, we put together what we hope is a fair comment on this school year. Maybe next year, the task will be made a little easier in respect to the amount of time available and increased student interest.

In conclusion, as the editor, I wish personally to thank the students on the committee for the amount of time and effort which they employed in the development of this edition. I would also like to thank, on behalf of the committee and myself, Mr. Nelson, Mrs. Dyer and Ms. Gibson for the help, support and advice which they gave freely, along with their time which is much appreciated. Thus, I am extending my hope that our efforts will be gratified by the successful continuation of what is an important part of school life and tradition - the school magazine.



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YEAR 7A

Back Row: C. May, M. Sciberas, P. McQuade, R. Ward,
 L. to R. C. McMinn, J. Keevins, D. Veleski
Middle Row: C. Sophides, R. Grant, A. Tsoukas,
 L. to R. H. Marston, S. Koutsantonis, P. Pyke.
Front Row: K. Wood, B. Poulakos, D. Heaton,
 L. to R. K. Ainslie, L. Tendyke, H. Vogiatzis,
 D. Douglas.
Centre Front: A. Stradiotto D. Rae
Form Teacher: (Right) Mrs. B. McGain
Form Co-ordinator: Mr. H. Malakunas



YEAR 7B

Back Row: N. Massey, W. Henstridge, L. Hadley,
 L. to R. P. Bratby
3rd Row: Z. Vidos, S. Meddings, A. Lapan, J. Zahra,
 L. to R. L. Richter, D. Hickey, D. Ferris.
2nd Row: A. Makowski, K. Johnstone, J. A. Fellowes,
 L. to R. K. Fairley, M. West, J. D' Silva.
Front Row: I. Petzierides, D. Souris, T. Hackett,
 L. to R. D. Lewis, W. Launikonis, N. Brdar,
 V. Cvetanovski.
Form Teacher: (Absent) Ms. L. Gibson
Form Co-ordinator: Mr. H. Malakunas



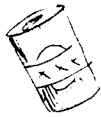
YEAR 7C

Back Row: B. Gibbens, S. Robinson, P. Ilievski,
 L. to R. D. Grumont, R. McCullagh, E. Dabbous,
 S. Devonshire.
3rd Row: H. Young, S. Tuscan, L. Hewitt,
 L. to R. J. J. Lubin, M. Holok, S. Grant.
2nd Row: S. Simnouska, S. Mastrakouli,
 L. to R. M. Katselos, T. Martin, P. Tsakalofa,
 M. Browning, C. Korozis.
Front Row: S. Antoun, D. Morrow, H. Khalil,
 L. to R. C. Janson, K. Noble.
Form Teacher: (Right) Mr. L. McGain
Form Co-ordinator: Mr. H. Malakunas
Missing: M. Liadis, M. Mula



YEAR 7D

Back Row: D. Dib, S. Brakey, T. Brunt, D. McDonald,
 L. to R. S. Nuttall, S. Meehan, T. Nedelkoska.
Middle Row: L. Najdoski, T. Trajkovski, S. Wood,
 L. to R. J. Daaboul, M. Quarrier, D. Lazaridis.
Front Row: C. Parker, V. Karabinas, M. Zervakis,
 H. Armatas, S. Jarman, M. Day, J. Hanna.
Centre Front: L. Begeski G. Bath
Form Teacher: Mr. T. Fogarty (Absent)
Form Co-ordinator: Mr. H. Malakunas (Left)
Missing: I. McLean, T. Tanis



MULTICULTURAL DAY



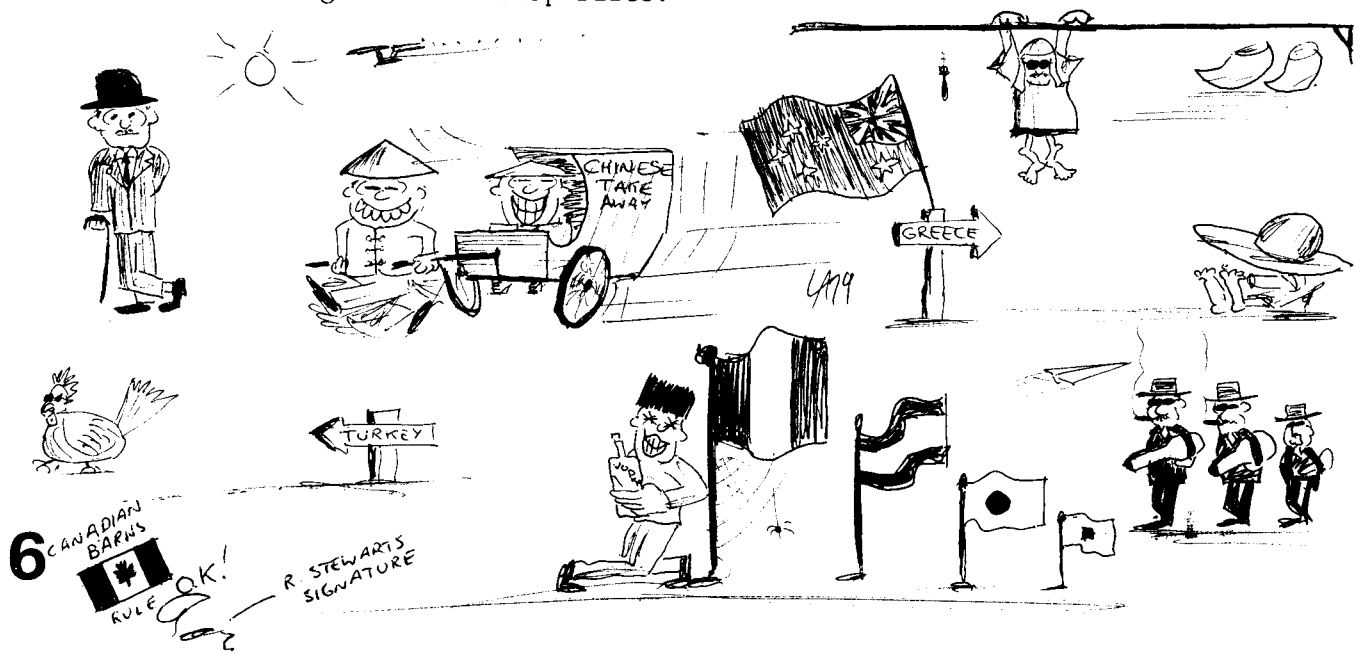
On August 3rd, all 1st formers (Year 7) took part in what was called 'Multicultural Day'. It was a day devoted to the many different groups of peoples living in our society, and our necessary acceptance and understanding of them. Preceded by intensive planning and hard work by all concerned, the end product was a delightful, educational, and very successful day.

For many weeks before August 3rd, all 1st formers worked on assignments, in all subjects, pertaining to the multicultural nature of Australia's society. Initiated by Miss Kane and the school's area of remedial teaching, the idea caught on as teachers prepared assignments for the 1st formers to carry out, relevant to this topic. Assignments such as tracing back our roots, learning about the customs of other countries in comparison to those of Australia, learning about other countries both geographically and historically and, in general, learning to understand and accept the beauty in the vast and varied differences between Australia and the countries of many of our immigrants.

The hard work and planning eventually paid off. On Thursday the third, all formal lessons for Year 7 were abandoned. All assignments were displayed in the upstairs gallery of the new building where other students and visitors were welcome to browse. Meanwhile, the students in Year 7 further enjoyed themselves by wearing national costumes, playing games from other countries and eating a symbolic lunch of food, typical of other countries, prepared by mothers. The day then concluded with a concert with a difference! Students of Year 7 were treated to ethnic music, mainly Greek, in the assembly hall, where the hard work of learning Zorba and other Greek dances was rewarded. Every Year 7 student took part in the dancing, along with teachers, while guests and visitors to the school looked in on enjoyment.



Multicultural Day was a culmination of many things. First and foremost, it was a successful event which succeeded in helping the Year 7s to understand and accept the differences between countries and the unique beauty that this imparts. Secondly, it was a creative method of learning which helped break down the barriers between migrants and Australian-born students, who all worked together for the one aim - to learn how to bring the community closer together through the very differences which do exist between different people rather than letting these develop rifts.





YEAR 8A

Back Row: M. Sharp, C. Johnson, J. MacBain,
L. to R. H. Pouliopoulos.
3rd Row: V. Maligeorgos, K. Warner, S. Medcraft,
L. to R. T. Alpos, S. Rabel, T. Peros, M. Bardsley.
4th Row: C. Nicholson, A. Ciabarra, J. Hill,
L. to R. P. Calthorpe, B. Gabriel, A. Cabansag.
Front Row: C. Bukacek, R. Kalisperis, D. Lord,
L. Asher, B. Rollason, J. Hogan,
K. Xenikaki.
Form Teacher: (Right) Mr. J. Jackson
Missing: J. Rose, Z. Sizgoric, T. Zvezdakoski.



YEAR 8B

Back Row: R. Trajcveski, R. McVeigh, L. Sattout,
L. to R. A. Konstas, R. Massa, J. Mokdsi.
3rd Row: M. Zervakis, B. Vater, A. Pettinato,
L. to R. J. Khouri, Z. Markovski
2nd Row: M. Grant, M. Karanovic, L. Pobega,
L. to R. E. Parsons, S. Kivela, H. Ikonomou.
Front Row: P. Turner, E. Gerasimou, S. Cockfield,
L. to R. D. Nelligan, S. Apostolovska, S. Malberg,
A. Frankson.
Form Teacher: Mrs. H. Blewett (Absent)
Missing: V. Nadjidai, J. Roberts



YEAR 8C

Back Row: A. Avanitidis, P. Panteli, R. Birch,
L. to R. M. Papadopoulos, G. Christou,
S. Jovanovski.
3rd Row: N. Tzikas, P. Sougleris, J. Conrad,
L. to R. C. Frame, S. Ryan, T. Daaboul, K. Roustom
2nd Row: S. Brown, J. Dawson, V. Vogiatzis,
W. Dudziak, C. Zamora, E. Cernigoi.
Front Row: T. Hrgovic, H. MacLeod, S. Hammond,
L. Munro, K. Konidaris, A. MacMillan,
K. Wood.
Form Teacher: (Right) Ms. C. Biele
Missing: S. Lubin



YEAR 8D

Back Row: B. Stajkovski, G. Bates, V. Ilievska,
L. to R. D. Yankos.
3rd Row: J. Sattout, W. Bosevski, G. Jenkins,
L. to R. N. Macardy, B. Francis, R. Hall
2nd Row: A. Lewis, A. Sougleris, D. Cassar,
L. to R. R. L. Goding, R. Souris, E. Lerias.
Front Row: M. Khouri, C. Henderson, H. Paratsoukidou
L. to R. M. Miloradovic, S. Mikhael, H. Georgeyehes
T. Goodwin
Form Teacher: (Absent) Mr. J. Firth
Missing: A. Stefos, K. Hillhouse.

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8



YEAR 9A

Back Row: M. Peckham, M. Ibrahim, C. Veiss,
L. to R. S. Kopans, B. Dupuy.
3rd Row: G. Leonidou, F. Page, J. Fellowes, H. Iley,
L. to R. B. Jemmett, G. Sperling, T. Lazaridis
2nd Row: P. Zahra, N. Anastasovski, J. MacInerney,
L. to R. S. Begg, S. Charles, R. Jonusaitis.
Front Row: J. White, S. Zannis, A. Kershaw,
 L. Ibrahim, J. Dawson, D. Mantis, H. Konstas
Form Teacher: (Absent) Ms. H. Smith
Missing: A. Dib, W. Weir, T. Colton.



YEAR 9B

Back Row: M. Sheedy, K. Blandos, R. Risteska,
L. to R. S. Henstridge.
3rd Row: V. Predjak, S. Veliya, K. Fitzgibbon,
L. to R. L. Curran, J. Meddings, E. Mafilovski,
 E. Ronacher.
2nd Row: M. Wilson, A. Pasvanis, T. Ayris,
 B. Grumont, A. Stamatelos, J. Armstrong.
Front Row: E. Cook, D. Vuksevic, A. Karevska,
 K. Horsburgh, D. Cotterill, H. Sharp,
 D. Morel.
Centre Front: A. Napoli
Form Teacher: (Absent) Mr. J. Pobjoy
Missing: S. Bennett, J. Preston, S. Stefos,
 M. Nelligan.



YEAR 9C

Back Row: I. Deeb, M. Tkocz, D. Brdar, S. Rajicic,
L. to R. L. Khouri, K. Dymalovski.
3rd Row: J. Marinis, S. Wilkinson, M. Clementson,
L. to R. D. Gruenz, S. Clerk, C. Alker, R. Button.
2nd Row: G. Khouri, P. Petrovski, D. Haygarth,
L. to R. D. Cocca, P. Shannon, J. Hanna
Front Row: W. Coulston, L. Bouchier, M. Young,
L. to R. N. West, L. McGowan, V. Denman, S. Hogan
Form Teacher: (Right) Ms. C. O'Hara
Missing: I. Fairley



YEAR 9D

Back Row: R. Oliver, P. Vlassis, K. Kelly, D. Lester
L. to R. G. Ibrahim, A. Logan.
3rd Row: I. Poutakidis, K. Evic, S. Drozdek,
L. to R. B. Graham, S. McQuade, R. Bird, D. James.
2nd Row: D. Mallett, S. Calderwood, M. Cannon,
L. to R. J. Pliatsaris, I. Bristow, D. Martin.
Front Row: M. Turner, V. Trenevaska, S. Johnson,
L. to R. V. Trajcevska, A. Karakasidis, S. Rodgers,
 V. Petrovska.
Centre Front: B. Raunik
Form Teacher: (Right) Mr. I. Smith
Missing: L. Grant

Peter's legs jogged up and down. They felt incredibly loose and slack. Peter had never felt better. He stood there jogging up and down, waving his arms around; getting the adrenalin going. He looked over at the grandstand that surrounded the field. He turned around, still jogging on the spot and waving his arms. The 'stand completely encircled the field and it was full of people. Peter wondered how many were there. He looked at the sky. It was grey and cloudy. It was very cool today. The sweat felt cold on his bare legs, and around his neck. He felt alone out there in the middle of the field. He knew right now that millions of people would be watching on TV. To them he would just be another one of the runners. They wouldn't be sharing his thoughts, his feelings. They would just be looking at him, a few bits of colour on their TV set. A few sirens went, a bell rang. One minute to starting time. Peter stopped jogging on the spot and started walking over to the line. He remembered when he was young, still in school. Sometimes he would watch long footraces on the TV. He would pick one of the runners to win. Sometimes near the end it would turn into a duel between his runner and another, and his runner would start to get tired, and slow, and the other one would pass him. Then Peter would think 'Why is he slowing down? How can he lose? There is no way you could run ten miles and lose just because you couldn't run the last few yards.' Then Peter would think about all the other thousands of people who were depending on him to win. And then he would lose. Peter never wanted to be like that.

Now he was at the line. All the other runners, managers and trainers were there, but he was alone. He never let anyone disturb his thoughts before a race. Over at the other end of a field some people were having a long jump competition. There were intermittent roars from the crowd near that end as each player made his jump. Now Peter found himself standing on the line, and all the managers had gone away. Peter was still bounding up and down a bit, but now he and the rest of the runners had all fallen still, and the crowd was very quiet. Peter was standing near the middle of the line. Around him were the runners, the crowd and the long, long track.

The track was black, with white stipes. Peter was thinking about this. Suddenly the other runners started moving. They seemed very slow. Now he realised that the starters gun had gone off. Peter tried to think, but even as he was thinking, his legs were working and he was moving. Now he thought about the fact that the others had a head start on him, so he took off, as fast as he could. He was only a few feet behind the others, and he was yards ahead when he actually realised he was leading. He heard the crowd cheering. He was still running full pelt, his legs and arms swinging in perfect unison, taking giant steps. The crowd was cheering and going wild. He wondered why they were so happy. Then he realised exactly what he was doing. Ahead of him were twenty-four miles of road, track, spectators and running. And he was sprinting. he thought, "I can't be doing this." His legs were still flying across the track. Peter slowed down, to his normal speed. He seemed like he was going very slow compared to when he was sprinting. He turned around and looked at the other runners. They were a hundred yards away, at least. Peter knew he should feel tired, but he wasn't. He knew he wouldn't feel tired, not for the rest of the race. He knew that the other runners would soon feel tired. Peter would lead from start to finish. He had to think that way, or else he would lose. Now he was coming up to the corner where the jumpers were. He looked over at one tall, thin competitor who caught his eye. They looked at each other for a second, and then Peter continued on. The tall guy saw him as a runner, panting, and busting his gut. But Peter did not feel that way inside. He felt great. He could run for miles and he did.

Now he was outside the stadium passing the three mile mark. He picked up a sponge from one of the drinks' stands, and then he threw it away, even before he used it. It reminded him of slowing down and getting hot and your throat feeling cut because it was so dry. For a moment there he slowed down, but then something clicked, and he took off again. Peter was running this race in his mind. Running - thinking - running - thinking.

Peter looked around, there was another runner, He didn't know who he was. Peter wasn't interested. It seemed like it was only Peter and that other guy in the race. The rest were gone. Peter looked around once more. He still had the long lead he gained at the start of the race, but it would last. At least till near the end.

Near the end Peter could see the stadium. It looked big when you were running towards it. He could see the entrance gate like a small speck in the middle of the side of the wall. It slowly got bigger. He looked around and found that the other runner was only a few yards away. For the first time Peter's legs felt tired. It was terrible. Now his whole body felt tired. He knew that he had been tired all the time, but he never realized it until now. This made it seem worse. Something terrible was happening to Peter. He could no longer run the race in his mind. His whole body was rebelling. He felt like he couldn't take another step. The other runner was passing him now. He was wearing yellow colours. Peter pushed his hardest. He thought he could pass him once more. He threw his legs as fast as he could, but yellow was still moving away. Spectators were lining the street now. All these people had waited here while he had run the rest of the race, just to see him for a fleeting instant. Everyone of them was wanting him to win. Everyone of them was giving their soul to him as he passed. "C'mon run," "Go - Faster - Don't stop." They had waited for hours to see him for a second, and to tell him to keep going. But Peter was slowing - slower - slower. He wanted to stop. There was no point in running any more. Now he saw the yellow runner going through the gate. This made him mad. Soon the voices of a massive amount of people were cheering him from inside the stadium. He would be finished before Peter even entered the gate.

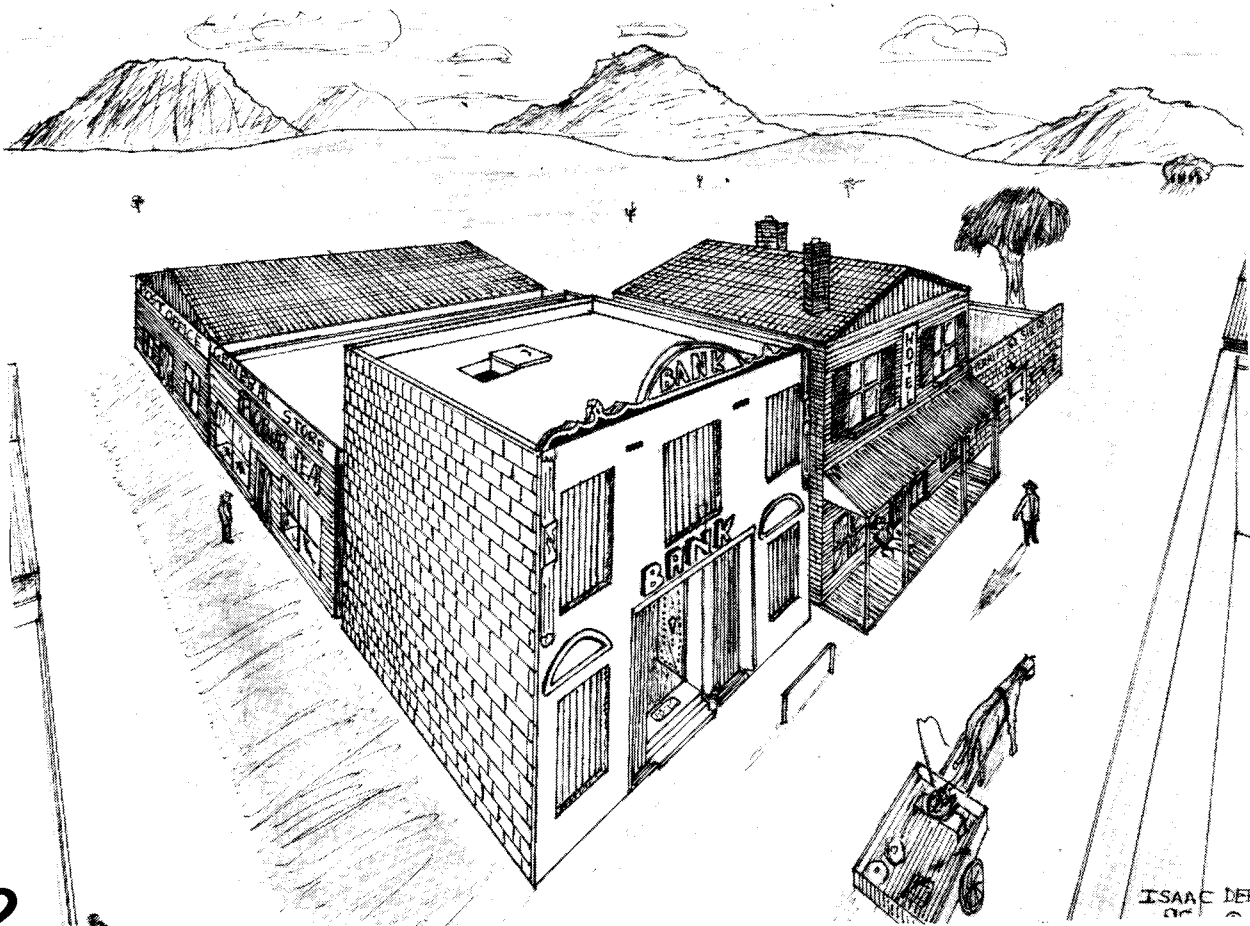
Now Peter was going in the gate, and yellow wasn't finished yet, but he may as well have been. He only had a few hundred yards to go, and Peter had a full half lap. But now the audience had seen Peter and he heard a cheer like he had never heard before. Every single person there and watching wanted him to win, everyone of them thinking go faster, go faster. But he couldn't. He was wrecked. His feet were almost falling off. His body felt like he'd been beaten up by some thugs.

Then Peter remembered something. He remembered when he was a boy. When he used to watch the TV and seen runners finishing and one runner would lose because he was too tired to make an effort and win. And then, all of a sudden, Peter wasn't there any more. He was a small boy in his living room watching a race, and one runner was losing and he could win if he wanted to, but he just couldn't, and Peter couldn't understand why, and then Peter was the runner and the small boy at the same time, then suddenly he took off and he was thinking about millions of people watching him and wanting him to win, and how everyone of them was sitting on the edge of their seats and giving him a bit of themselves. Then Peter took off even faster, now his legs were swinging as fast as he could make them and then he made them go faster. He was now flying around the wide corner taking incredibly long strides. Yellow was getting closer to the line! The crowd was screaming, going wild. Peter's feet came flying down as close as he could make them to the running strip on the inside of the track. Now he had finished the curve and came out in a wide arc so he was near the middle of the track. The crowd was mad!

Peter kept coming, all he could see was the strip of tape. The yellow runner was almost there. The people in the audience just near him were having a fit. "Go! Go!" He couldn't stop now - he just had to win. It wouldn't be fair if he didn't. Peter was only about four strides from the line. Yellow was practically there - only a few steps more. Peter landed on his left foot - crunch, swung forward and pushed with every inch of muscle in his left side and flew towards his next stride. In the split second before his right foot touched the ground he saw that yellow was almost on the line. In a superhuman effort Peter brought his left and right legs up together, hit the ground with them and jumped off the ground. Jumped!! - and used every bit of muscle he ever knew he had. Peter flew over the line at the same time as yellow. The crowd were screaming and yelling, screaming and yelling.

Peter didn't land until at least five feet past the line. He twisted in the air and came crushing down on his arm. It was broken uselessly, bits of bone sticking out through the flesh. But he didn't care, he stood up, his arm swinging stupidly. No-one knew who had won yet. The judges were standing in a small group, speaking quietly. The yellow runner stood near Peter panting, the sweat running off him. All Peter's tiredness was now gone. He stood there looking at the judges. Every eye in the audience was looking at the judges. Softly it started to rain. The drops of water bounced off the track. The rain made a soft pitter-patter on the giant roof of the stadium. Peter's arm hung there limply, the drops of rain mixing with the blood. He noticed it for the first time. Then one of the judges turned around and looked towards Peter. Everybody's thoughts in the whole audience just hung there in space, for a few seconds. Then the judge smiled.

J. MACINERNEY.





Fly Birds, Fly!

Flying the sky, above people and clouds
Quarreling out aloud,
Dive for bread and fish
Fighting for survival
Lay eggs in a nest
Bringing food to the tree
Her feet clutching onto the tree
Feathers dropping out
The wings flapping towards the sun.
Soaring over nests, eggs and trees
Cats grab the bird and kill the bird
Sitting and watching everything that goes on.
No one cares about the bird when it dies
Its beak is picking up nuts and wood
For nests or to eat
Fly birds, Fly!

poetry

A Drowning Dilemma

Darren Morrow
7C

Old man, where is your ambition?
Youth seeks to breathe from within your form,
but cobwebs cloud your mind.
Your eyes forsake a lustrous star,
and pasture has evolved a dry desert.
Your face fades
You live on illusion.
Like an eternal smog it surrounds you,
teases and torments you.
Timeless echoes of twisted turmoil
flood from your tension
You're trapped.
I want to help you,
But outside the world breathes.

Vivien Klemke,
11B

The Tree

To be free as a tree is
What I would like to be.
Blowing in the breeze with
all the other trees.
Dropping my leaves
When the seasons right
Motionless to be in the dark
of Night.

Sinking my roots deep in the
dark soil,
Growing long healthy,
Strong and loyal.
When the time comes
my leaves drop off.

Then a man comes to
finish me off.
Now I am lying in
the back of a truck.
Chopped up for firewood
Just my luck!

By Jacky, Liz, Caroline.

13

Year 11.

I saw you standing there
I saw you cry
I laughed
Then my feet flew in the air
and though they were on the ground
My ears hurt
So I stomp my feet
And I laugh

I saw you landing where?
You were so high
I laughed
So I spread my wings
And I jumped
Straight down to someone's heaven
I want little bluemen
They are here
You see - I'm blue inside
And I laugh

And I Laugh

I saw me standing here
I heard me cry.
Not laugh
And my tears turn to stones which
Break on your heart!
And the dragons appear
They are evil men you loved
I scream - I am in an orbit
I'm dying inside first
And I laugh

They persecute me
For you being in me
it's hard
Like glass we shatter

Why should
anyone
laugh
then?

Robin Ford,
11B



A Description of a Person

He

Unsurmountable courage, perseverance and generosity, impelled by the urge to excel, are only few of his most worthy possessions. A face; rugged yet gentle, deceiving yet admirable, shelters dark, deepset eyes.

An expressive mouth, the home of enchanting smiles, speaks soft rhythmical words; music to any listener's ear. Hands - broad with long slender fingers, nimble and capable of miraculous feats are an asset to his thoroughly magnetic personality, attracting the vulnerable and captivating the willing.



S. Dudas,
11B

JANE FORECAST



LIZ VANDENBERG

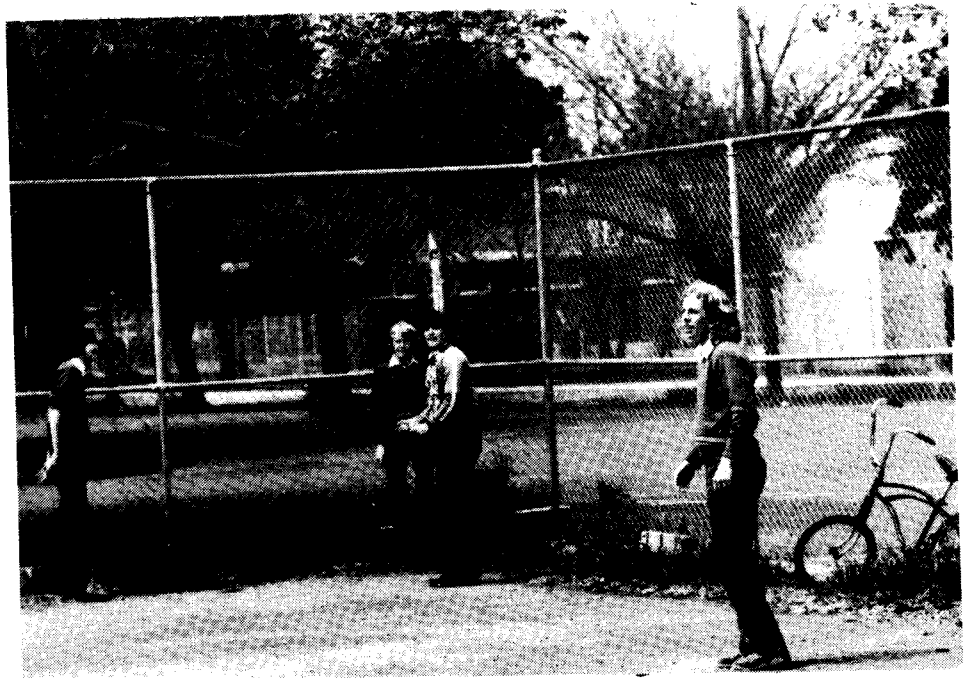
Miracles

*I glanced out my window to see
the sun bring the wonderfulness of a new day . . .
the mist had drifted in from the sea
But it seemed to disappear
As the sun diffused its golden rays over the
picturesque land.*

(Anonymous)

*Nature gave its signal for everyone to awaken . . .
Birds glided by, on their golden-like wings,
Chirping their beautiful sweet songs.
Flowers came to life,
And reached their petals for the sun.
A spider spun his silken web,
With sheer perfection.
A colourful butterfly spread its wings
And flew from its nighttime hiding place,
And settled on a new green leaf.*

*And when you could see the sun in its full
magnificance.
It was a pure delight to watch the day develop.*



Crossroads

*Crossroads intercept all during your life
Whether they be casual acquaintances,
friends, or even your pets,
Crossroads will often depart
Leaving only their morals and virtues
Things you'll want to remember always
Things you can share and pass on to other
Crossroads you meet.*

*Lisa Petersen,
12B*

*Why does the sunshine glitter
up upon the sky, so pure and so blue,
Why does the golden moonlight
reflect my love for you
Why do the birds sing so gaily, yet so distant
on a quiet afternoon,
Why do they awaken my senses,
at the break of dawn
only to sing of you.
Why do you look so youthful, making it seem
as if spring had never vanished, and
never must,
Why do you keep alive my memory
plundering in a world of dust.
Why did you leave and go,
forsaking me all alone,
Why did you,
when you took your life
take mine from me too.*

(Anonymous.)



YEAR 10A

Back Row: S.Grbic, J. Blainey.

L. to R.

4th Row: H. Pantelli, R. Davies, M. Bird, J. Stefos,

L. to R. G. Pickett, M. Clementson, A. Sawicki.

3rd Row: R. Duncan, W. Hall, W. Morley, N. Broomhall,

L. to R. C. Wood, R. Ioannidis.

2nd Row: M. Peckham, S. Ibrahim, G. Stamatelos,

L. to R. N. Kwaczel, R. Sheedy, K. Goletsos,

A. Milosaljevic.

Front Row: V. Dimovska, M. Pedevska, G. Porter,

D. McLeod, K. White, V. White, V. Petrovska

Form Teacher: (Absent) Ms. D. Jansz

Missing: J. Kapitelli



YEAR 10B

Back Row: L. Cleak, M. Derbas, C. Elia,

L. to R. Wiederstein, G. Clerk, K. Davis

R.

3rd Row: T. Davey, L. Miloradovic, L. Hell,

L. to R. J. Wilson, J. Blane.

2nd Row: P. Van Dongen, G. Tsimiklis, N. Gravora,

L. to R. N. Crinis, P. Antoun, G. Lerias.

Front Row: L. Conron, H. Gionis, M. Vlassis,

L. to R. B. Davidson, J. Hanna, J. Lalor,

D. Livingstone.

Form Teacher: (Absent) Ms. M. Gandolfo

Missing: L. Hinge, I. Vereses, A. Wilson,

J. Duggan



YEAR 10C

Back Row: G. Di Battista, P. Atallah, P. Brice,

L. to R. G. Vanderwater, T. Bessai.

3rd Row: M. Papakaladoukas, G. Kieper, J. Collins,

L. to R. A. Cassar, S. Knox, M. Briza, H. Brunt.

2nd Row: J. Kalisperis, P. Harkin, R. Celeste,

L. to R. M. Mitvalsky, M. Turnbull, C. Elia.

Front Row: V. Dean, N. Bezkorowajhij, A. Jobling,

L. to R. D. Pratt, M. Korevaar, J. Purves, D. Lewis

Form Teacher: (Absent) Mr. R. Stewart

Missing: S. Pollard, L. Khouri, C. Weir.



YEAR 10D

Back Row: D. Marzic, C. Demetriou, M. Duckworth,

L. to R. L. Patterson, Z. Dervisovski, L. Quinn.

3rd Row: L. Walker, B. Bosnic, A. Ciabarra,

L. to R. M. A. Allan, H. Augeward.

2nd Row: G. Jones, D. Cheng, S. Watts, S. Saric,

L. to R. R. Peake, S. Koehler.

Front Row: Y. Petrovska, M. Khouri, J. Bell,

L. to R. N. Cameron, H. Wood, A. Wiesniewski,

S. Najdovska

Centre Front: T. Antoun

Form Teacher: (Absent) Mr. A. Ius

Missing: G. Kallifidas

EXAMS IN PROGRESS: SHUTUP

MOTHERS CLUB



OUR RESIDENT MACHO MAN.



THEY'RE PLASTIC.

WHEN THE STIRRINGS DONE MAY LICK THE SPOON



OF COURSE AHAH OF COURSE



TONY Z AFTER HE LOST A BAT TENNIS MATCH.

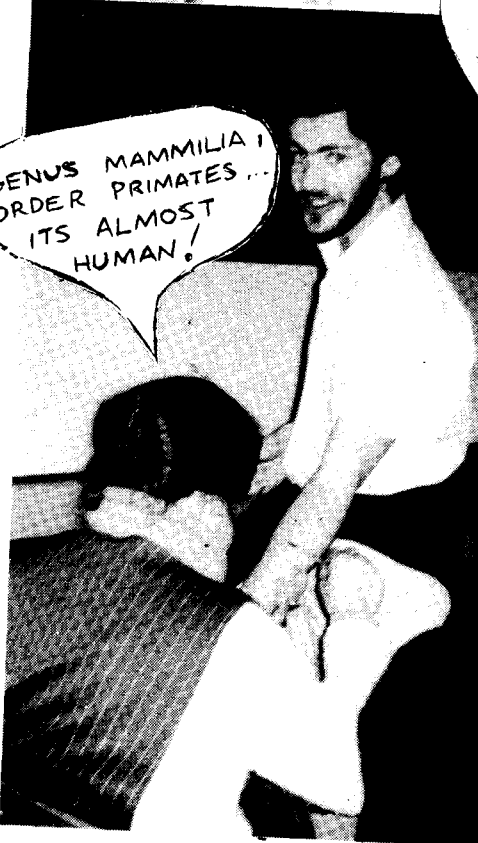


HOW EMBARRASSING!!



THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR BUYING LUNCH AT THE NEW CANTEEN.

GENUS MAMMILIA! ORDER PRIMATES... ITS ALMOST HUMAN!



WAS IT A BIRD?



WAS IT A PLANE?



NO, IT WAS A BIRD.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY GEORGE

THEY FORGOT THE PRESENTS

ALL TEACHERS ARRIVING LATE ARE TO REPORT TO A2 AT 3:20 FOR DETENTION

CLOUD 9

WHADDUYA MEAN YA FORGOT YA LUNCH MONEY!

JENNY W0Z HERE

MALAKUNA REAL ESTATE

MAKE US AN OFFER

GENUS ROBERTUS DUNCANE HAN DUS IN POKETUS

IM ALL TIED UP RIGHT NOW

Boo



SPORTS

Throughout the year of 1979, Williamstown High School has had a very high standard of competitive sporting activities. I am sure that every one enjoyed the year.

The year's sporting activities started by the choosing of House Captains for the four houses which Williamstown High School possesses. Dingo's House Captains were Andrew Clark and Cheryl Pride. These two House Captains showed leadership later on in the year by leading Dingoes into the winning of the school athletics. Koala's House Captains were Alex Hell and Ruth Rywotycki. The two of them tried so hard through the year to lead Koalas into winning, but unfortunately they didn't succeed. I thank them both for great sportsmanship. Wombat's House Captains were Peter Zammit and Terri-Anne White. Peter and Terri showed their strength of leadership by helping win the Interhouse Cross Country Sports. Last, but not least, the House Captains of Possums. Casey Dukic and I, myself, Jeanette Goedemoed. Together we produced an excellent swimming team for the school's Interhouse Swimming Sports. We coached from the side of the pool and cheered our hearts out, which produced a 102 points win from Dingoes. I thank Possums as a team and Casey and I for the excellent leadership we gave throughout the year.

The Interhouse Swimming Carnival was the first sporting activity for the year on our agenda. It was held on Thursday, 8th March at Werribee Swimming Pool. Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. The weather was fine and I'm sure some people went home with sunburn that day.

House Placings

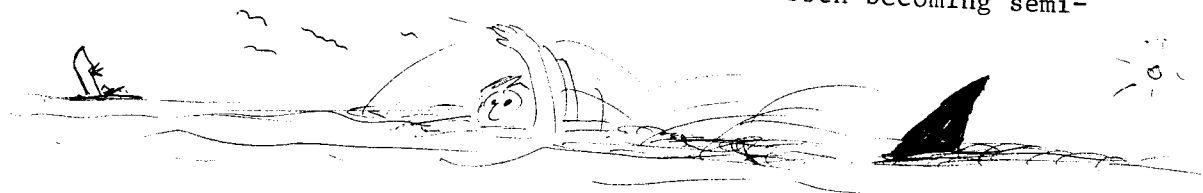
Possums	687½
Dingoes	485
Koalas	436
Wombats	400½



Age Group Champions

Boys	Under 13	Darren Hickey
"	" 14	Peter Calthorpe
"	" 15	Tash Stamatelos
"	" 16	Steven Calderwood & Darren Haygarth
"	" 17	Robert Wiederstein
"	Open	Malcolm Frame
Girls	Under 13	Heather Young
"	" 14	Debbie McDonald
"	" 15	Lisa Pobega
"	" 16	Catherine Frame
"	" 17	Yvonne Kay
"	Open	Cheryl Pride

Following the Swimming Sports were the Summer Interschool Sports which were cricket and tennis. Both teams had a successful share of winning with the Senior Boys cricket and tennis both becoming semi-



Interschool Winter Sports followed the Cross Countries festivities: Softball, Volleyball, Netball, Basketball, Soccer, Table Tennis, Hockey, Badminton and Football were the sports we played in winter. We played these sports against Paisley, Werribee, Altona, Altona North, Laverton and Point Gellibrand High Schools.

The most successful team was the Senior Girls Volleyball, who became Bayside group champions and were runners up in the Western Zone Final making them one of the top eight teams in Victoria.

The only sports reports I received were from Senior Girls Basketball and Senior Boys Soccer. I thank Belinda Ferris, Sue Gittens and Alex Hell for finding time to write these.

Senior Girls Basketball

This season was disappointing for the Senior Girls Basketball with only one win.

The team members consisted of Brilliant Belinda Ferris, Super Sue Gittens, and Breath-taking Bronwyn Graham who all put in a tremendous performance in the defence zone.

Giant Jeanette Goedemoed, our only centreman, won the tapouts all season.

The Petrovska sisters, Valuable Vaska and Useful Yovanka, were the teams handy attackers.

Without this year's excellent coach, Miss Miller, the team would not have had their outstanding win over Point Gellibrand.

The best goaler for the year was undoubtedly Jeanette with 17 goals with many of the girls close behind her.

All team members shared in the best players and we would like to thank them for playing this season.

B. Ferris and S. Gittins.

Senior Boys Soccer

Despite a dismal start to the season, the Senior Boys Soccer Team progressed slowly throughout the 7-week competition against local schools. The enthusiasm always showed when the boys walked onto the ground to start a game. During the competition our coach John Jackson put confidence into all the players. John used several tactical moves which mostly paid off during the games. I would like to thank John for his encouragement towards the players throughout the competition.

David Saxton, Dragan Nedelkoski, Jimmy Christou, George Kokorozic and Alex Hell all played inspiring games. David Saxton played brilliant football consistently each week in which he took out the best player award. Kokorozic, Nedelkoski and Hell all voted well with some brilliant soccer. Christou voted very well. Jim was the goalkeeper for us for three games and over all he made several fine saves. Other players such as Graham Hall, Adam McGoldrick, Michael Gerasimou, Chris Day, Robert Mullins, Michael Guthrie and Walter Portelli all played good football. Graham Hall, Adam McGoldrick and Michael Gerasimou sometimes played impressive football with some good foot work.

After the competition was over, we played the staff in a soccer match. All-rounders Steven Bratby and Casey Dukic played in the Senior Boys side because of lack of players. We went out and completely demoralized the staff with a well deserved 5-2 victory. We played hard and with determination all day and the staff couldn't keep up the pace of our players.

Scorers in the match were : Senior Boys

Hell, Saxton, Dukic, Bratby, Hall, Nedelkoski, Christou.

Staff

Jackson, Foster, Firth, Ius, Smith, Lythgo, Poliopoulos.

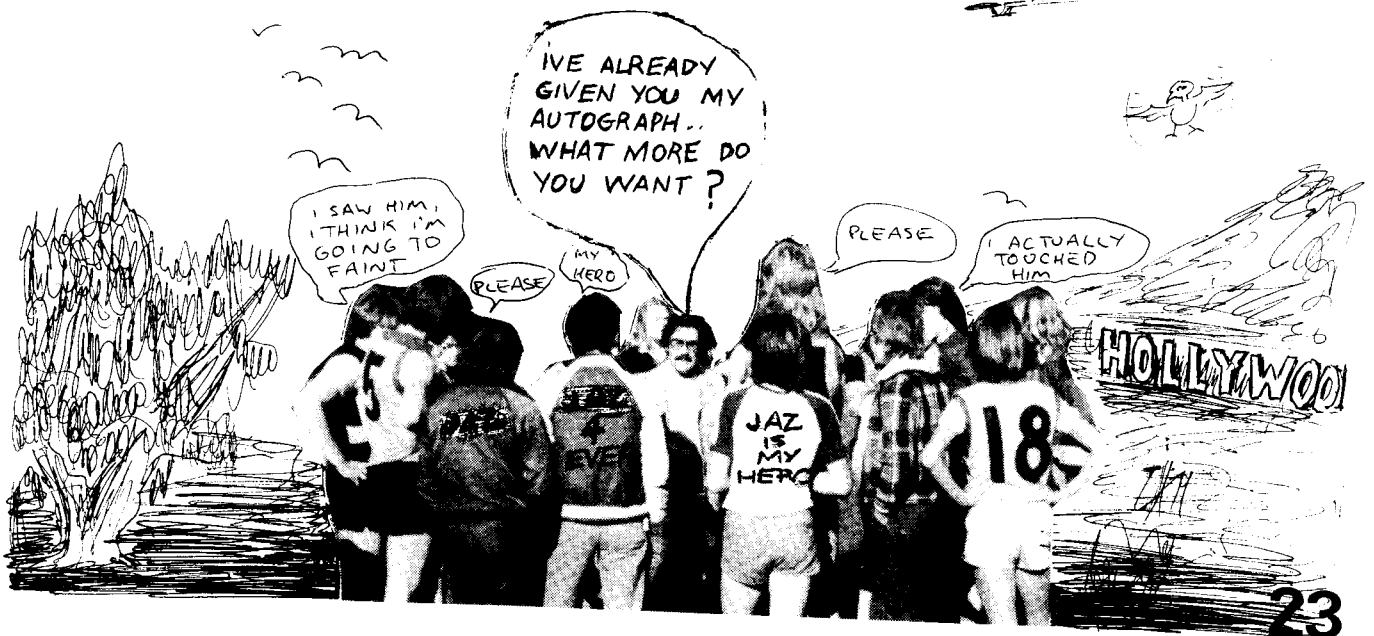
Final Voting:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Votes</u>	<u>Games Played</u>
David Saxton	77	9
Alex Hell	70	8
Jimmy Christou	43	8
George Kokorozic	32	8
Dragan Nedelkoski	28	6
Adam McGoldrick	25	5
Graham Hall	23	9
Michael Gerasimou	16	8

Final Goalscoring

Jimmy Christou	6
Alex Hell	4
David Saxton	3
Dragan Nedelkoski	3
Casey Dukic	1
Steven Bratby	1

Alex Hell.



The interhouse Cross Country Sports was next on our agenda. This took place on Friday 1st June. The starting and finishing place was beside Williamstown Lifesaving Club. Everyone put on a tremendous performance. Some runners that took part showed excellent long distance running, and I'm sure willpower had to do a lot with it.

Winners were:

<u>Juniors</u>	<u>Girls</u>	<u>Boys</u>
1.	F. Young (Koala)	J. Daaboul (Possum)
2.	L. Tendyke (Wombat)	P. McQuade (Wombat)
3.	H. Vogiatzis (Wombat)	D. Hickey (Dingo)

<u>Intermediate</u>	<u>Girls</u>	<u>Boys</u>
1.	J. Hogan (Wombat)	I. Bristow (Possum)
2.	S. Hogan (Wombat)	P. Calthorpe (Possum)
3.	S. McQuade (Wombat)	R. Birch (Possum)

<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Girls</u>	<u>Boys</u>
1.	B. Bosnic (Possum)	N. Philpot (Dingo)
2.	Z. Bosnic (Wombat)	A. Hell (Koala)
3.	T. Marsden (Koala)	J. Barnett (Possum)

Overall House points were:

Wombat	199
Possum	195
Koala	165
Dingo	156

Interschool Cross Country

Williamstown High School provided the biggest team (82 competitors) in the carnival held at Brimbank Park on Friday 22nd June. Staff and students travelled by bus to the venue.

On a cool, fine day, all competitors completed the rugged course. Girls and Junior Boys ran 3.3 km. Intermediate and Senior Boys ran 6 km.

Outstanding Performances

J. Hogan	...	1st Junior Girls Section
P. McQuade	...	3rd Junior Boys Section
B. Bosnic	...	5th Senior Girls Section
Z. Bosnic	...	6th Senior Girls Section
N. Philpot	...	2nd Senior Boys Section
A. Hell	...	6th Senior Boys Section
J. Nicola	...	7th Senior Boys Section

Best Team Effort

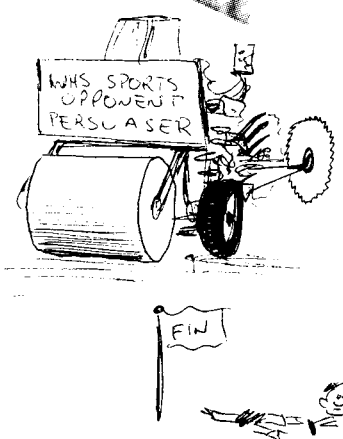
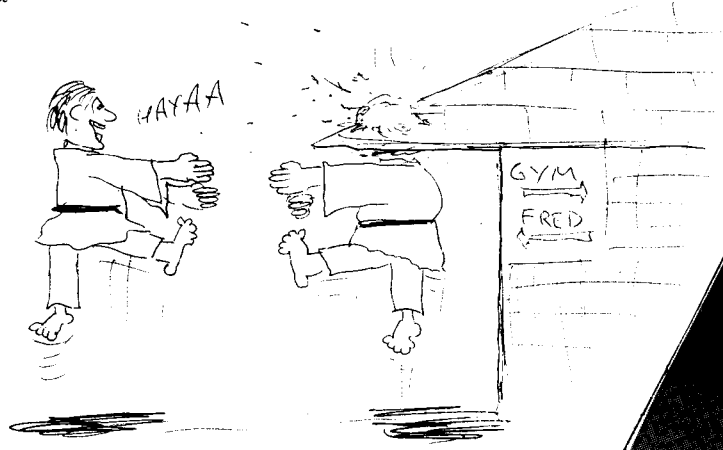
Senior Boys	...	1st
		N. Philpot, A. Hell, J. Nicola
		S. Bratby and P. Harkin
Senior Girls	...	2nd
		Z. Bosnic, B. Bosnic,
		T. Marston, S. Gittens,
		J. Goedemoed.

After the events, students enjoyed a barbecue provided by the staff members involved.

24 Congratulations to all competitors and thank you Ms. Miller, Ms. Gibson and Mr. Jackson for your help, in support of Mr. Hayes.

Out of the twelve that went on to the Western Zone only N. Philpot managed to go on to the All High Competitions, which was held at Jell's Park, Dandenong Valley. Well done, Noel.





The School Athletic Sports and Interschool Athletics were the last sporting events for the year.

The interhouse Sports were held on Wednesday, 19th September, at Williamstown Football Ground. The weather was fantastic and the programme was a success.

Final House points were:-	Dingo	1377½
	Possum	1327
	Wombat	1243½
	Koala	1008

Individual Champions of the Day:

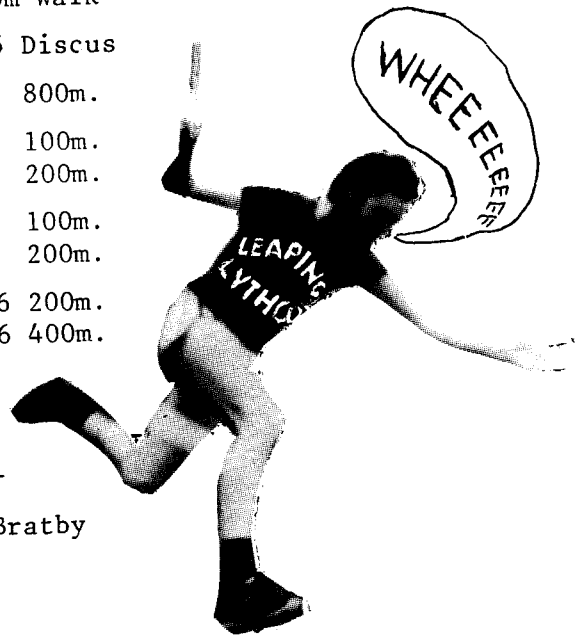
<u>Girls</u>	...	V. Hillhouse	Under 13
		H. Pouliopoulos	Under 14
		D. Yankos	Under 15
		S. McQuade and M. Bird	Under 16
		J. Goedemoed	Under 17
		G. Jones	Open
<u>Boys</u>	...	R. Ward	Under 13
		P. Calthorpe	Under 14
		N. Anastovski	Under 15
		G. Tsimklis	Under 16
		J. Barnett	Under 17
		A. Hell	Open

Williamstown High School sent a team of twenty-six representatives to the Western Zone Athletics Carnival.

This carnival took place on Tuesday, 23rd October, and despite occasional showers the programme was successfully completed.

Outstanding performances came from -

<u>J. Barnett</u>	3rd Boys Under 17 Javelin
	1st Boys Under 17 400m.
<u>N. Philpot</u>	1st Boys Open 1500m Walk
<u>R. Bird</u>	3rd Girls Under 15 Discus
<u>P. McQuade</u>	1st Boys Under 13 800m.
<u>R. Ward</u>	2nd Boys Under 13 100m.
	2nd Boys Under 13 200m.
<u>M. Mitvalsky</u>	2nd Boys Under 17 100m.
	2nd Boys Under 17 200m.
<u>M. Bird</u>	2nd Girls Under 16 200m.
	1st Girls Under 16 400m.



Boys Under 17 4 x 100m Relay - consisting of -

J. Barnett, M. Mitvalsky, G. Lerias, S. Bratby
also won their event.

Further successes have been:

All High Schools Championships Competitions:

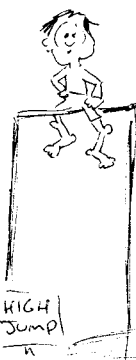
26 Medal Winners

Richard Ward - Boys Under 13 High Jump	... Gold Medal
John Barnett - Boys Under 17 200m Silver Medal
Peter McQuade - Boys Under 13 800m. Bronze Medal

64..65..66
67..68..

NOTHING CAN
PENETRATE MY
BULLET-PROOF
JEX-HEAD

BUT ITS
A DEADLY
WEAPON
AGAINST
DANDROFF



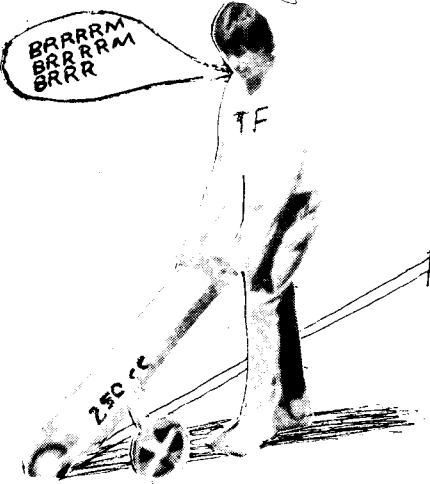
IT SHRANK
IN THE WASH.



WHERE'S
DOROTHY?

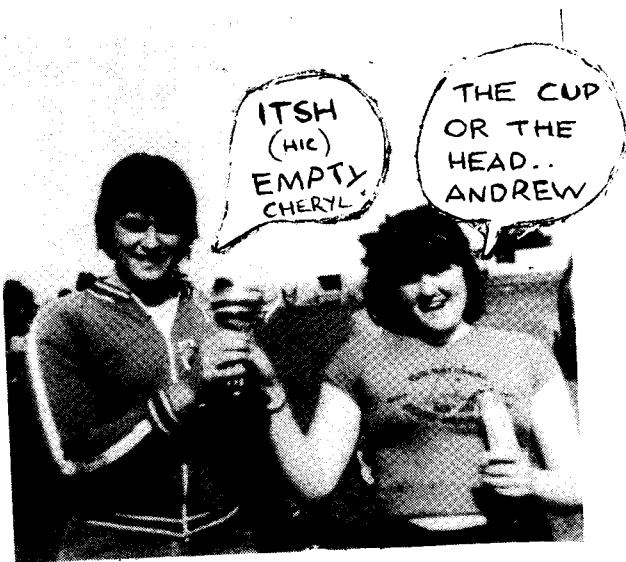
OOH LOOK
WHAT HE DID
TO OUR PICTURE
ROBBIE

NEVER MIND
RONNIE...
JUST PUT HIM
ON SOME EXTRAS



BARRM
BRRRRM
BRRR





NB: THE ORIGINAL CAPTION FOR THIS PHOTO HAS BEEN CENSORED



School sporting activites have come to an end. Along with the rest of the school, I would like to congratulate the teachers who put their effort and time into the years sports. A special thanks goes to Mr. Hayes, who has been a fantastic Sportsmaster this year, and without him I doubt that this year would have been so successful. I hope in the future years, sporting activities will be enjoyed by teachers and students. I hope that the sporting activities will go on for a long time.

28 Thanks for a fantastic year and sports for ever
 Your Sports Editor for "High Tide"
 Jeanette Goedemoed
 House Captain, Possum House.



YEAR 11A

Back Row: C.Day, C.Duncan, J.Amanatidis,
L.to R. J.Christou, S.Bratby.
Middle Row: G.Drummond, J.Bourchier, L.Applebee
L.to R. A.Barrett, K.Coad, E.Denniston.
Front Row: L.Button, C.Carroll, D.Brown,
L.to R. J.Armstrong, S.Barna, Z.Bosnic,
L.Anderson.
Form Teacher: (Absent) Mrs. W. Mitchell
Missing: D.Billman, J.Asher, C.Azzopardi,
B.Bernhardt,



YEAR 11B

Back Row: L.Gibbens, G.Iliopoulos,
L.to R. J.Goedemoed, D.Garlick, B.Ferris.
2nd Row: G.Hall, C.Dukic, M.Frame, C.Hurwood,
L.to R. A.Hell, G.Horsburgh.
Front Row: E.Hoffmann, R.Dusting, J.Forecast,
L.to R. L.Gittins, S.Dudas, L.Gibson.
Form Teacher: (Absent) Ms. J. Considine
Missing: K.Hatt, A.Ibrahim, Y.Kay, A.Ferris,
R.Ford, M.Gerasimou, M.Guthrie,
P.Hayes



YEAR 11C

Back Row: G.Konstas, R.Mullins, J.Lokmer,
L.to R. N.Philpot, D.Pobega, M.Mokdsi,
N.Nicola.
Middle Row: M.Luxford, B.Le Scoul, A.McGowan,
L.to R. Z.Pasara, T.Muldowney, A.Lilai.
Front Row: A.Magounakis, C.Massey, T.McCallum,
L.to R. V.Klemke, T.Marston, K.Pauly,
E.Papageorgiou.
Centre Front: I. Pike.
Form Teacher: (Right) Mr. I. Foster
Missing: D.Nedelkoska, G.Kokorozic.



YEAR 11D

Back Row: T.Zammit, D.Saxton, R.Watson,
L.to R. W.Portelli, I.Shillingford.
Middle Row: R.Rywotycki, L.Wisbey, B.Prentice,
L.to R. M.Sawicki, U.Swidorski, K.Vandenberg.
Front Row: S.Shahin, T.A.White, L.Wilson,
L.to R. S.Sandic, A.Wilson, J.Ramsay, S.Rabel
Centre Front: H.Wiesniewski.
Form Teacher: Ms. L. Keaughran (Left)
Missing: U.Ronacher, J.Tendyke, G.Thompson

A Short Story

Once upon a time there was a blue Mazda. He was a quiet little car with no faults. He had lots of friends such as the Datsun next door and the Toyota down the road who owned a little Japanese guy. Also there was the TR-7, a plush little vehicle but that didn't change the fact that he was a close friend of the Mazda. Though they were all small cars that didn't stop them from making luxury friends, such as the Cadillac De Ville around the corner, the Rolls Royce in the next street and the Lincoln Continental next door on the other side. Oh yes, these were indeed very posh cars but they were also few of the friendliest ones around. They were all relatively old cars ranging from the 1968 Rolls to the 1972 Datsun.

Then one day it happened. The family across the road adopted their fifth. It was really flash and it must've cost at least 120,000 dollars. It was really sporty looking and I think they called it "Lamborghini."

It was indeed a fine piece of mechanical technique but it was the worst stuck up little snob they (the other cars) had ever had the misfortune of having in their neighborhood.

"Oh yes, of course," the Mazda began. "It is indeed a beautiful car but we have to get her to be friendly with us."

"You must be the biggest birdengine I've ever met," the Toyota retorted.

"I'm a birdengine!" the Mazda replied. "Have you seen yourself lately, you great big heap of Japanese junk!"

"Not now," the Rolls interrupted, being the oldest and wisest. "I don't think insulting each other is going to solve this."

"Yeah?" the Datsun said. "And I suppose you're going to solve it yourself you great overgrown Pommy mechanical misfit."

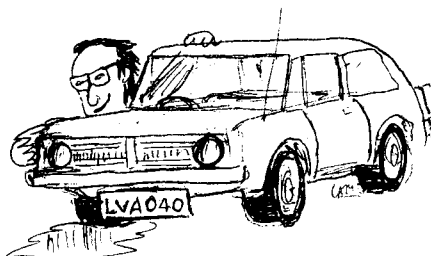
"You're calling him a mechanical misfit," the Cadillac exclaimed indignantly. "You, and you alone can only be called a mechanical mistake and a big little one too, mind you."

"Huh," the Datsun mused. "You can talk you giant overgrown fuel consuming piece of Yank-Junk."

"Yank-Junk?" the Cadillac said disgusted at the thought of the phrase. "Yank-Junk" and he threw a punch with his front right hand tyre.

The unsuspecting Jap fell to the ground and a tow truck was called to the rescue. He slowly took away the Datsun. And the Birdengine, the piece of Japanese junk, the Overgrown Pommy mechanical misfit and the Fuel consuming Yank-Junk lived happily ever after.

Except when the Porsche around the corner arrived



YEAR 12 (REVISED)



YEAR 12.

Back Row: M.Kalisperis, A.Oliver, A.Clark,
L.to R. S.Bates, S.Byrgiotis, P.Zammit,
C.Kay.

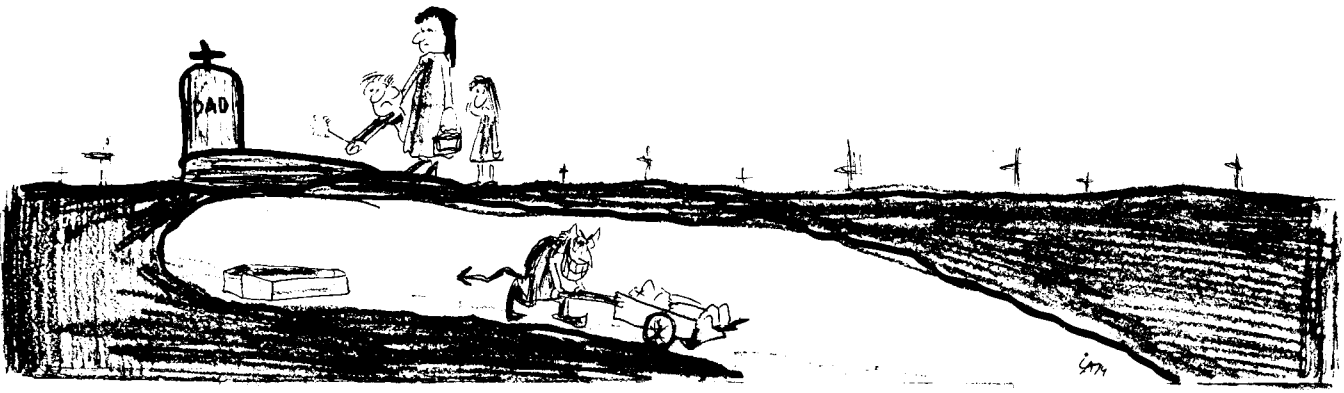
3rd Row: M.Koutris, A.Wright, L.Kolunsky,
L.to R. E.Vandenberg, G.Jones, L.Peterson.

2nd Row: J.Dawson, J.Holok, L.Jorgenson,
L.to R. L.Brewer, M.Stragan, D.Bristow,
R.Kwaczel.

Front Row: S.Pilla, V.Georgopoulos, S.Mari,
M.Koutsantonis, L.Chiriano, C.Pride.

Form Teachers: Ms. B. Brouwers (Left)
Mrs. S. Dyer (Right)

Missing: V.Zlokolica



Don't let my docile look fool you, underneath I too am a real demon . .

I just can't express how pleased I am to be away from that snivelling, mundane family. Just look at them, would you want to be married to that old hag with the sausage-nose? I'm sure you can see that the children belong to her side of the family. See, she's got her purse with her, she probably took donations at my funeral, the money-hungry old witch. Wait till she finds out that I've left no insurance. Aha I wish I was still alive to see her face. Oh, I pity the poor kids, perhaps they too would be better off dead. Oh, I don't like that word 'dead', deceased has a better ring to it, don't you think?

It all happened one cold, frosty, wintery night when I was walking 'home' through the cemetery which is next door to the factory where I'd slaved away every day, seven days a week, from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m. just to provide her with the bare necessities. Anyway, I was (typically) feeling pretty miserable and grumbling loudly about my life when I heard this deep, pleasing sound oozing from a nearby grave. I went over to investigate and found to my delight that an apparition was wandering at large. He was not alarmed to see me and said I had woken him from his sleep with my incessant grumbles. We had a cosy conversation and he invited me to meet his superiors down below.

We fitted snugly in the coffin and it was mysteriously bolted down. After what seemed an eternity we arrived at a place which was extremely dark, dank and so very, very hot. My clothes had vanished, I was not clothed in a dark, heat-resistant suit which had a long serpent's tail of desire. The first thing I noticed was that all the demons and devils had delightfully pointed noses, at least here I couldn't be reminded of my wife. I wandered freely and discovered that hell was an exceptionally exciting place. I struck up a conversation with a few demons who told me all the terribly cruel things they had done while they were alive, it made me smile with amusement.

I began to become extremely envious of the devils and demons. There is a difference you know - a devil has more evil than a demon. Anyway, they all possessed horns which set off their faces to perfection. I inquired about acquiring some for myself and was very disappointed when they told me I couldn't get them straight away and that you could only have them if you were deceased.

It was then that I decided where my true interests 'lay'. I greatly desired those horns and would do anything to possess some. Hell, it seemed, was a terrific place full of devils, demons and evil, indeed it was a place for the rare breed of men. At my request, the apparition spirited me away in the coffin, back to reality, with my promise to return soon.

The next morning I had a sunburnt face, and the wife reckoned that I had been knocking off work and going to the beach. I'm glad I'm away from her. Anyway, I went to work per usual and the day was boring as per usual. I kept having visions of the apparition, hell, the devils, the demons, the horns and the horns and the horns again. My desire was so great that I decided to 'end it all' that very day.

I planned my 'death' carefully so that it looked like I did it on purpose which meant that the wife wouldn't get any worker's compensation. What happened was I jumped in the sewer and drowned myself, that's why I have a sappy look on my face. Of course the wife put on a display of distress, but I know she was only looking for sympathy and crying because of her own loss. Now she'll have to get a job. Pity her future employer, the poor sod, she'll probably try to marry him.

The wife couldn't even arrange my funeral properly, she got her stupid brother to help carry my coffin. The silly clot was crying so much the handle got slippery and he nearly dropped the thing. Probably making sure I was really finished off.

Anyway, the journey down was quite exhilarating even though it was pretty uncomfortable in a four feet economy coffin, (cheaper, typical of the stingy woman) seeing that I'm over six feet tall. But, every groan and twitch was well worth it, I'm finally in hell and enjoying every minute of it. I'm wearing my newly acquired horns, and I am eventually away from the old woman: 'till death do us part' as they say. Oh, there's that word again 'till deceased do us part' doesn't sound right, does it?

Gail Jones, 6A



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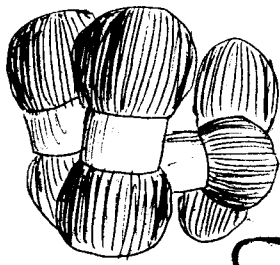
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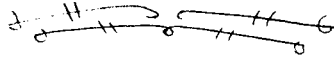


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