

High Tide
1981

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Editorial

.. Jack Hanna
.. Danny Allwood

1981 has been a busy year for Williamstown High. Renovations to the school were finally completed, and the school was in total use. Among these new rooms is a fully equipped Media Studio in which several superb productions have been made. This ranks our Media Studio as one of the best equipped and specialized studios in Victorian High Schools.

This year has seen many new additions to the teaching staff, but unfortunately our respected Principal, Mr. Fagan, and Deputy Principal, Mr. Warmington, will be leaving us to take new positions in other schools - Mr. Fagan to Springvale High School and Mr. Warmington to become Principal of Paisley High School. We will miss them both and wish them well for their new schools.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

We would like to say thank you to these people whose time and effort have gone into the making of "HIGH TIDE 1981" -

Editorial	J. Hanna, D. Allwood
Sponsorship/Finance	J.P. May
Photographs/School life	R. Oliver, T. Ayris
Literature and Art	R. Celeste, S. Charles, Lee.
Humour	S. Charles, P. Zahra, R. White .
Sport	P. Zahra, A. Pasvanis
Camps, Tours, Work Experience	B. Jemmett, J. Spong
Form Lists	D. Cocca, A. Pasvanis, M. Tkocz
Cover Design	D. Allwood, J.P. May
Staff Advisors	Mr. Stewart, Mr. Nelson.

And thanks also must go to the ladies in the office whose typing skills were invaluable.

from the

PRINCIPAL

I write this article for High Tide with mixed feelings of both sadness and gratitude. It is with much sadness that I realize that this is to be my last article for the school magazine; at the same time I feel considerable gratitude for the privilege of having been involved in seven years of exciting redevelopment of the school, and the opportunity to present these reflections.

These past seven years have seen the school undergo a transformation and growth: in facilities; in its standing in the community, and in its capacity to meet the educational expectations of both pupils and parents, at a time of rapid change in society.

The quality of our school and the students whom it trains depends upon three main ingredients: a sense of personal worth for each student; a sense of caring concern for others; and a faith in and respect for the moral, aesthetic and ethical values of our society. Success in scholarship and at sports count for little without those ingredients. I believe that the accomplishments of recent times have come about because these qualities are to be found in our school community.

Many dedicated people have given generously of their talents for the welfare of the students of the school. I refer to all those teachers, parents, school councillors and students who are ever ready to give of their time and talent for the benefit of others. Without such dedication we would not be able to field sporting teams, organize social service activities, maintain grounds developments, bring concerned parents together or to produce this magazine.

Although much has been accomplished by the efforts of many, there is still more to be done. I urge all members of the school family to work towards the completion of landscaping and garden seating; the provision of bicycle enclosures, sporting courts and nets; and the continued extension of the grounds. At the same time I am confident that the development of teaching programmes will continue. Plans are already taking shape for the introduction of computer studies and the music programme is soon to undergo expansion, with the Education Department having recognized the school's initiative in both of these areas. Substantial additional funds have been allocated to the school for them.

On behalf of staff and students I say "thank-you" to all who have worked so generously for the good of the school. The P.T.C.A., the Ladies Auxiliary, the President and Members of the School Council, to the Office Staff and Cleaning Staff, without whom the school could not operate and because of whom we manage so well. As well, I thank the teaching staff for their continuing dedication and perseverance throughout this year. Last of all, I thank the students for whom our total operation exists. There has been a marked improvement in general conduct and attitudes, over the years, and I expect that of our students, for they are the equal of students anywhere.

I am pleased to have this opportunity to congratulate and thank the editorial committee and students of Year 11 Media Studies for their efforts in producing this edition of High Tide. Well done.

I am confident that Williamstown High School with its long tradition and record of success as a centre of scholarship and sporting success in Western Metropolitan Melbourne, will maintain its position as the senior High School of the area. I urge all who are part of the school family to "Hold Fast" to the past and the present values that have brought us to our current position of advantage. The future of the school will be assured if that can be done.

In conclusion I extend to all members of the school community best wishes for a Joyous Christmas Season and for every success in the New Year.



A. J. Fagan
Principal



W.H.S. Council

This year has seen the completion of the extensive major constructional works which have been in progress over the past few years throughout our school. The varying degrees of inconvenience suffered by all members of the school community during this period have now been justified as our school is indeed a show piece, of which the Williamstown community as a whole can be justly proud. The School Council appreciates the attitude of the Principal, Teaching and Office staffs, and pupils, for maintaining their positive approach to their duties during this period, without which so many functions of the school society could have been severely affected.

Whilst preserving much of the original school appearance, as part of the programme, the overall internal layout and facilities around the quadrangle area have been subject to extensive alterations, extensions and additions - so much so that, without doubt, some former pupils would be only too glad to turn the clock back a few years and return as new pupils to the 'new' school.

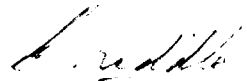
Lately our major efforts have been directed towards increasing and developing the school grounds so that students might enjoy adequate and picturesque recreational space long denied to them. Extensive, newly grassed areas are an obviously apparent result of school council contracts in this continuing programme.

Unfortunately at the end of this year the Principal, Mr. A.J. Fagan, and the Deputy Principal, Mr. A.T. Warmington, are transferring as Principals to Springvale and Paisley High Schools, respectively. It is a fitting culmination of Mr. Fagan's seven years of service that he has seen the building programme completed in this year, as without doubt the final results are largely due to his driving force and unremitting attention to detail planning. Mr. Warmington also most willingly devoted his energies to the school during his two year period here and was a very proficient Acting Principal during Mr. Fagan's absence on long service leave during the second term of 1980. Our best wishes go with them in their new appointments.

As President, I thank all members of Council for their support and contributions made on behalf of the various community and school groups they represent. My congratulations go to the school office staff on their performance of duties, invaluable in the smooth running of school and Council business, and also to the cleaning and grounds staff on their efficient operating.

The Editor, Staff and contributors of 'High Tide' are to be commended on preparing this magazine which provides a comprehensive record of school activities and views during each year, and I appreciate the opportunity to briefly cover some major school council activities in what is essentially a student publication.

On behalf of the Council, I extend best wishes for the Christmas period and success in the New Year to the school community and parents.


J.A. CRIDDLE,
President.

W.H.S. Committees

1981 was a very good year for committees.

Many cups of coffee were drunk, and hot air released, at late night meetings throughout the school.

This year saw the start of the Student Welfare Committee. It was formulated in June by the Pupil Welfare Co-ordinator, Mr. Ius.

It met on a regular basis and discussed a wide variety of issues including a free uniform day, disco, etc. At the recent interhouse athletic sports we held a drinks and chips stall and raised a few dollars. We were involved in a few fund raising appeals for charities - i.e. Give a Meal Appeal.

The Committee is structured as such :

Year 7	..	Glen Rollason	Nicole Curtis
Year 8	..	Jim Williams	Tania Orr
Year 9	..	Eddie Daabous	Veronica Hillhouse
Year 10	..	No male representative	Mira Miloradovic
Year 11A	..	Scott Begg	Raelene Bird
11B	..	John May	No female representative
11C	..	Tash Stamatelos	No female representative
Year 12	..	Nick Crinis	Rhondda Davies

As shown above it can be seen that there are two student representatives from year 7 to 10, two representative from each form in year 11 and two representatives from Year 12. From these people the main office bearers were elected :

President:	Scott Begg	Minute Secretary:	John F. May
Vice President:	Tash Stamatelos	Treasurer:	Mich Crinis
Secretary:	Raelene Bird	Staff Advisor:	Mr. A.P. Ius

Of the main office bearers, there are two representatives on the School Council, myself and Raelene Bird. We are also members of the Williamstown High School Proposal Committee which is associated with the Supplementary Grants Programme.

The Supplementary Grants Programme is seen as a great asset to the school. It will enable the students to gain things which they have lacked because of a variety of reasons. The programme is giving us things that we could not afford because of a lack of funds. Being on the Committee with Raelene Bird, I have seen all the members hard at work on various projects which will benefit us, the students. Eventually after much deliberation, the projects were put in their orders of preference:

1. Literacy
2. Camps
3. After School Activities
4. Computer Awareness
5. Community Liaison Person
6. Music Programme

I believe this programme is vital for Williamstown High School, a programme which all students may benefit from. This is the next step into making our school 'the best in the west'.

Scott Begg 11A

WORK

WORK EXPERIENCE AND CAREERING ALONG '81

It was with some anxiousness that I approached careers teaching at the start of the year and only the slightest idea of what it included.

Without doubt the most frustrating and yet most enjoyable aspect has been work experience. Frustrating, since it takes a great deal of time to tee up positions for students; many hours are spent ringing up employers who either promise to ring back and don't, or are out to lunch, or are already booked up, or know nothing of the programme. Enjoyable, because once the administrative aspects are sorted out, forms filled in, signed and sealed, then the real fun begins.

By and large I think that the students who participate in the programme do enjoy it immensely. The things they enjoy are being treated like an adult and given responsibility, being out of uniform, learning something about a possible future career, mixing with new people and learning new skills, amongst other things.

In most cases employers respond very well to the programme too, and are impressed by the students who become involved and this is reflected in the particularly glowing reports some students have received.

Students this year worked in a variety of occupations including teaching, nursing, Chemist's Assistant, fitting and turning, laboratory assistant, hairdressers, electricians, computer operations, recording studios, bakeries.

In the second last week of Term II six students went up to Cohuna to work in a range of agricultural occupations as part of this programme. They stayed with the families of their employers and by all accounts had a marvellous time. We hope to continue this as part of the work experience programme in 1982.

In addition to work experience we were funded by T.E.A.C. (Transition Education Advisory Committee) to set up students newspaper which would focus on transition issues. This project operated at Year 10 level and was incorporated into the English and History programmes of the students. We were also enormously aided by the support of Ms. Gandolfo and the Year 11 typing class without whose help we would never have got off the ground. Students formed the editorial committee, chose the topics to be canvassed, wrote the copy, typed it up, laid it out, pasted it up, assisted at the printers and with the distribution, so it was truly a student concern from beginning to end. I think that all those students involved deserve our congratulations and praise for a job well done.

I hope that both the work experience programme and the newspaper project continue to remain part of the Year 10 and 11 curriculum in 1982 and in the future.

L.C. GIBSON,
Careers teacher.

EXPERIENCE

"MY WEEK AS A FARMER"

My week was spent working on a Dairy Farm, in a small town called Leithville. I started work at 7.00am to milk the cows. I was very scared at the beginning as to how I would go about this task, but under the guidance of Farmer Cleave, I slowly learned, but I was by no means good at it.

After milking, I was appointed the not so pleasant task of cleaning out the yards which would leave the yards spotless, but me filthy and wow did I stink!

I remember when we were rounding up the cows for milking Mr. Cleave would always tell me, "never stand directly behind the cow as you're liable to get splattered!". One day however, out to impress him, I began rounding up about ten cows altogether and forgot his warning. It was then that a huge Fresian (a breed of cow) stood directly in front of me, and emptied her breakfast all over my overalls! Oh well, never mind, cow dung is supposed to make your gardens grow, so it might make me!

.. Julie G.

"MY LIFE IN A RECORDING STUDIO"

I am a Year 11 student. This year I was lucky enough to spend two weeks in "Klarion" Recording Studios due to our Work Experience Programme.

"Klarion" is where all the pre-recorded cassettes you buy in Australia are made. My job was in making the master tape for the cassettes. While I was there, the factory produced thousands of copies of many cassettes, such as Split Enz (True Colours), so if you buy a tape and it doesn't sound right, you can blame me!

.. John Mau

"COMPUTER OPERATOR"

While on Work Experience, I worked at various jobs related to the maintenance and smooth running of the computer. I worked at ADAPS in St.Kilda. This is a very impressive company which handles all the computing for companies such as Coles, and also they do numerous small jobs such as the electricity bills and overdue books for the Williamstown Council. There is also a huge library of over 10,000 data tapes which are similar to open-reel tape on many modern hi-fi's.

Besides looking after the library and making sure the tapes went back in their right place, I watched the video monitors and loaded tapes into the tape units. Overall, I enjoyed myself a lot and found that all the other people that work there were very friendly and helpful.

.. Michael Williams

"A WEEK IN THE BAKERY"

My Work Experience for a week was spent at Bates Bakery. The days work started at about 6.30am, everybody was busy doing some type of preparation. In the mornings I started work on making the meat pies, thirty dozen of them. Then I spent about two hours cleaning trays, machines and sweeping floors. Things were always on the move and there wasn't much time to rest.

After morning tea, a hot cup of tea and two lovely cakes, it was back to work; making cakes, sausage rolls and other-mouth watering delicacies.

This type of action went on for a whole week and there was no room for boredom. Oh, I forgot to mention the rats.

.. Scott Begg

CAMPS

YEARS 10 and 11 PHYSICAL EDUCATION CAMP

7.30 Monday morning and thirty-nine happy, smiling, alert Physical Education students boarded the bus for five days of easy, relaxing activity (or so they thought!). We headed off in the general direction of Peppin Point - the bus driver waiting for us to give directions, while we settle back thinking that he knew exactly where we were going. But after a few U-turns (not an easy task in a bus) and a desperate telephone call, we finally managed to find our way to Eildon to catch the boat that would eventually deposit us at Camp Peppin Point. Mr. Smith was convinced we would be setting out in a 60 foot reject fishing boat, however, to our surprise we boarded a luxury river cruiser and spent a most pleasant two hours cruising down the lake.

After arriving and settling in we got down to the work at hand - convincing thirty-nine students that all they needed was a week of running, swimming, running, canoeing, running, fishing, running, bushwalking and running, and in their free time any activity they would like to pursue, e.g. riding push-bikes, running, trampolining, running, tennis and running.

It was fascinating to see the changes as the week progressed. Tuesday morning, most people awake and chatting (quietly?) by 5.00am. Wednesday - Miss Miller doing the rounds at 7.00am trying to convince students that all they needed was an early morning run before breakfast. Thursday night - students actually asking if they could be sent to bed.

I am not sure who were the most surprised at the level of activity - students or teachers!!

A camp never seems to be complete without those never-to-be-forgotten people, places or particular incidents. Ours was no exception: who could ever forget a certain student who shall remain nameless but known (affectionately?) as Rodney White - worm trainer extraordinaire.

Those lucky enough to witness the feat of extraordinary control and patience as he was able to train dead worms to jump, sit and roll over, among their many other tricks, have gone as far as to call the demonstration nothing short of genius.

Nor can we ignore the persistence and fortitude of Debbie and Graeme who dragged themselves from bed at 4.30am every morning in search of the never to be caught elusive 'fish'. (Mind you, we are all still waiting for our fresh fish breakfast.)

Brian Francis, another unknown quantity, seems to have secret talents on the dance floor that would turn Fred Astaire's eyes green with envy.

On a more serious note, the camp was a great success, with excellent weather, lots of activities, good food, and a most co-operative group of students. All staff agreed that it was one of the most enjoyable camps we had attended. Thanks to all students who took part for making our week so enjoyable.

P. MILLER,
I. SMITH,
B. HARGREAVES,
D. LAY.

and TOURS



YEAR 7 HEPBURN SPRINGS CAMP

If camping equipment includes a folding bed with mattress, television set, film projector, electric air compressor and duplicator, then it can be said that students from Year 7 went on a camp this year: On the Monday morning of the last week of Term 2, the parents of forty-four excited, heavily laden students, saw them board the train on the first stage of their trip to Hepburn Springs.

The week-long stay at Sunwest Lodge had both an educational and social purpose. Lessons were not forgotten and on occasions 'homework' was set. Everyone did their homework if they wished to eat breakfast. Having to prepare our own meals and do our own cleaning, suddenly introduced many students to an area which they had never before experienced.

Many points of interest were visited; although the amount of interest shown usually related directly to the distance walked to see it. Outdoor activities varied from orienteering, a bushwalk of 8 kilometres to Mt. Franklin (an extinct volcano) to a guided bus tour of the Daylesford district. When genuine spa water was sampled the reaction was very mixed. A star-studded concert was the culmination of the weeks activities.

The only dampener on the programme was the inconsiderate weather. On the final day, a near disaster - the failure to provide a large enough train at Woodend - was turned into a bonus when VicRail hired a bus to continue on to Melbourne.

If the number of reservations made by students for a camp next year is to be taken as an indication, then the camp was a success.

" H.S.C. '81 !! "

What's S's and chases schoolgirls?

MEDIA BOYS MUST HAVE BEEN DESPERATE HUI
THANK'S 'STU



N.B. PETER JAW DONGEN WROTE EVERYTHING IN THE CENTER

YEAR 12

- BIRD, Margaret
- DAVEY, Toni
- DAVIES, Rhondda
- DIMOVSKA, Vesna
- GOLETSOS, Kelly
- HANNA, Jeanette
- IBRAHIM, Souad
- KAPITELLI, Jane
- KWACZEL, Nadia
- LANDY, Andrea
- MILORADOVIC, Lena
- PANTELI, Helen
- PECKHAM, Melissa
- PICKETT, Gayle
- SAWICKI, Anna
- SHEEDY, Rosann
- STAMATELOS, Georgina
- STEFOS, Jenny
- WHITE, Virginia
- WILSON, Jenny

- BROOMHALL, Nicholas
- CLERK, Gregory
- CRINIS, Nick
- DUNCAN, Robert
- HALL, Graham
- HALL, Warren
- ILIOPOULOS, George
- KENWERY, Shaun
- LATCH, Mark
- LERIAS, George
- MARR, Keith
- MORLEY, Wayne
- RICHTER, Gino
- VAN DONGEN, Peter
- WIEDERSTEIN, Robert

D.S.A. FIGHT !!

IS THIS AMERICAN GRAFFITI?!

Handwritten graffiti on a rectangular background:

- BRICK BIELE
- CHAMPION CLERK
- GRAND THEFT AUTO NICK!!!!
- Birdy was here
- Virginia Lena and Jeanette were here
- SURFBOARD
- SHAUN IS COOL!
- SPANNING STAMATELOS
- CASEY HALL ON THE TRACK
- choo-choo
- Did Jenny W do her homework?
- Did Superstein (tm) Comb his hair again?
- ROWDY GAYLE
- BATMAN AND MORLEY FORD
- ATP
- FOR LESSONS ON NEATNESS SEE KEITH MARR
- Is it party time yet?
- JUGHEAD LATCH WOZ HERE
- WHO IS IT?
- GROWTH PLUS WITH NADIA AND KELLY AND VESNA
- UNCLE HARRY
- THE GEORGE INDIANOPOLOUS 5000
- GEORGE (H)ILIERAS COUNTY HUNTER
- Robbie Duncan Chief Pol
- WAS HERE.

TO FUTURE HSC STUDENTS -

It is an experience worth the pain, crying, anxieties, fights with parents, your hour's sleep, failing of every English essay, "examinitis", driving librarians and Mrs. Black crazy in the library, loss of hair, no fingernails, bloodshot eyes, no T.V., can't afford to take one day off, headaches, reaching point of nervous breakdown/learning more about yourself, life, and the "BIG BAD world", having terrific friends, teachers treating you a bit more like adults, stirring teachers (you can get away with murder : Pick your own teacher(s)), essays improving around October, you do stop crying (when you're asleep), making up with parents (when you need money), but really your parents cope no matter what (I think), once in a blue moon you can get about 6 to 8 hours sleep, if you go bald (wigs not that expensive), wear gloves to hide lack of fingernails, dark glasses to hide eyes, watching Batman and the Goodies although not supposed to, Librarians forgive you (eventually), taking a week off instead of a day (by Doctor's orders), and just when you think you're going to have a nervous breakdown, DA-RUM - SWAT-VAC!

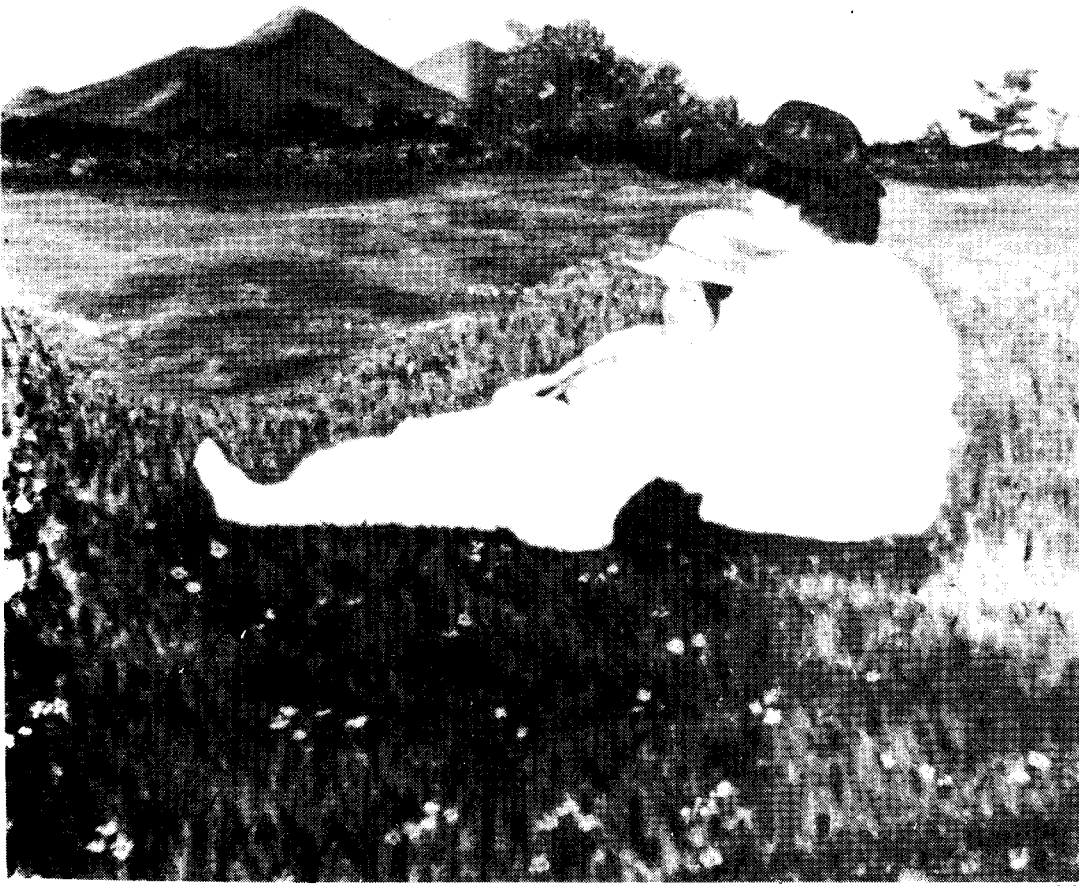
GOOD LUCK ANYWAY!!!

Kelly Goletsos.

HELP STAMP OUT GRAFFITI??

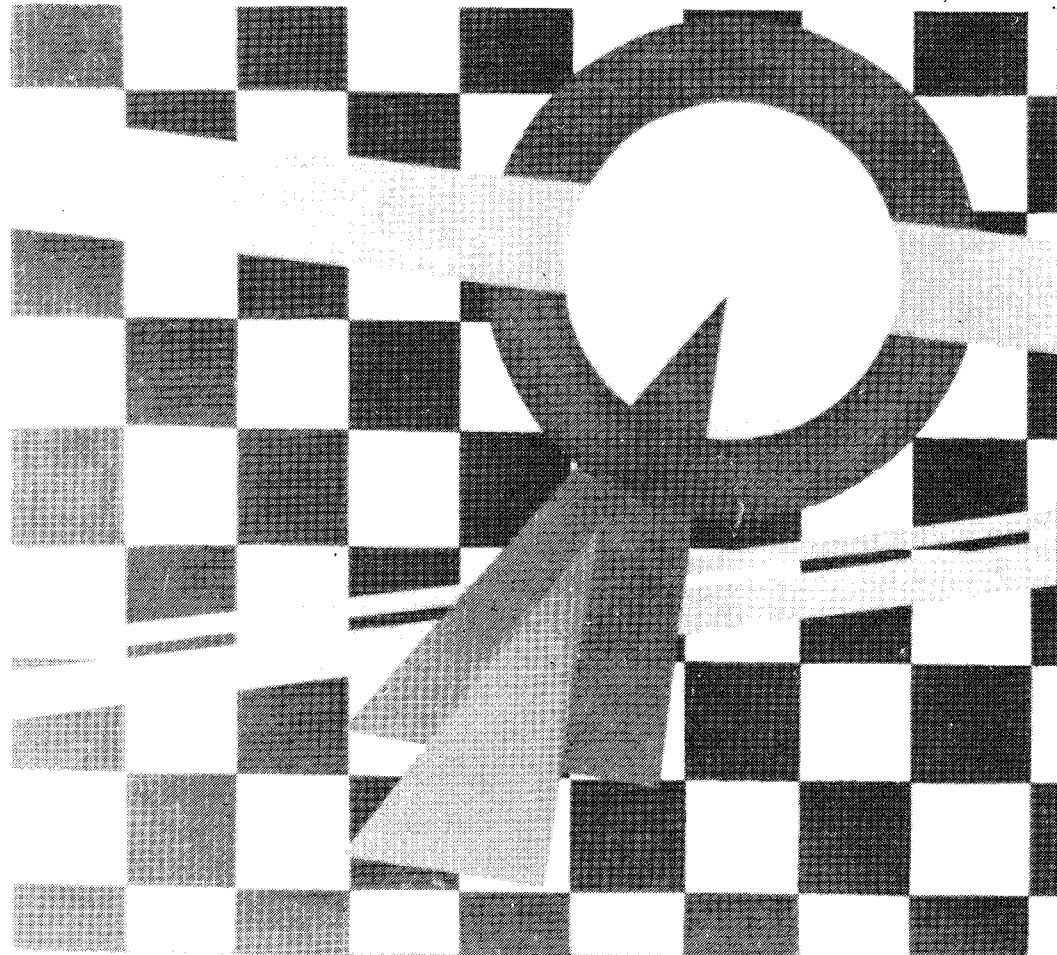
WHAT'S 'SWAT-VAC'??

BEATLES LIVE *Paul McCartney John Lennon Wayne Morley Graham Bell*



LEE KIM HUU, Year 11

Carol Henderson, Year 11



EDNA

The rain started falling as I made my way towards the McMurphy's house. It was Friday night and I was going there to babysit their little boy, Brad. My mum said I should do the McMurphy's this favour as they're new in town.

I walked onto the front porch and rang the doorbell twice. There was no answer. I rang once more, finally Mrs. McMurphy opened the door. "Hello Carrie" she said sounding excited.

"Hi, Mrs. McMurphy."

"You're right on time" Mr. McMurphy called from inside the house.

I walked inside following Mrs. McMurphy, she went through all the things that mothers usually go through before they leave their children with complete strangers. They finally left and boy was I relieved! I sat and started to study when little Brad came in and plopped himself at my feet. "Hi there," I said.

"Hi," he sighed.

"Can I have a glass of milk please?" he asked.

"Sure you can, do you want me to get it?"

"No I can get it myself," he said, walking into the kitchen.

I was puzzled when Brad came into the room holding two glasses of milk.

"Brad."

"Yes."

"Why have you got two glasses of milk?"

"Oh, one's for me and the other's for the lady sitting on my bed."

Stunned by what he said I followed him up to his room, and sure enough there she was sitting on his bed.

"Who are you?" I yelled.

She turned around and laughed in my face.

I said "Who are you" repeated myself loudly.

"My name is Edna and I'm here to play with Brad."

After that she continued to laugh. I stood in the doorway helpless, not knowing what to do. Just as I was about to walk down stairs, Edna called to me.

"Can Brad and I have a biscuit please?"

"A what?"

"A biscuit. I love biscuits especially chocolate ones."

I stood there amazed at her babyish grin. She acted so strangely. I told her to go back into the room and that I'd bring the biscuits up to her. Quickly I ran downstairs and went directly to the 'phone. I dialed the number Mrs. McMurphy gave to me and waited, finally she answered.

"Hello"

"Yes Carrie, what's wrong, is anything the matter?"

"There's a lady and she's ..." I hesitated.

"What lady Carrie?"

"Edna, she said her name was Edna."

Mrs. McMurphy stood in silence.

"Are you still there?" I said starting to cry.

"Yes I'm still here, Carrie listen to me, you and Brad must get out of there as fast as you can."

"I'm scared."

"Do it, get out of there" she screamed. She hung up sharply.

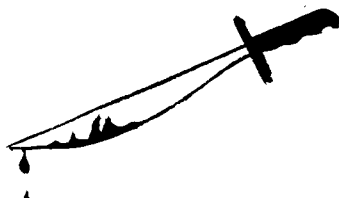
I put the receiver down and turned around to notice Edna standing in the doorway.

"Brad's had a little accident." she grinned.

I pushed her aside and ran upstairs and knocked open the bedroom door, where I found a helpless little body laying in a pool of blood on the floor. My screams faded into the night.

Little Brad died on arrival at the hospital. Mr. & Mrs. McMurphy have moved back to Arizona and Edna, well I guess she's still looking for more children to play with.

.. Sally Meehan
9A



THE OLD MAN

He stumbles through vast darkness
He is always alone
But in his mind prominent in the distance is a light
He fears it, but is somehow drawn towards it
But as he gets closer, fear grows as it
fades into a dim glow - flickers and disappears.

He was wrong
He must go back
He struggles
He has been deceived by the thought of death being a
wonderful fantasy - to be floating, eternally resting,
content.
How lovely, the serenity and the joy of tranquility.

Jim Williams
8D



He hobbles along on his crutches
The children mock him
And throw abuse at him
He sleeps on a park bench
With his wine bottle in his coat pocket
He has no friends, no home, nothing.

Murray Bates
8D

OLD AGE

the old lady and man haven't long to go
they are shrinking everyday and soon
they will feel as small as a mouse
they are scared to go to sleep
because they are afraid they might slip into darkness
but they slide out of it with flying colours
but they don't knot it!!

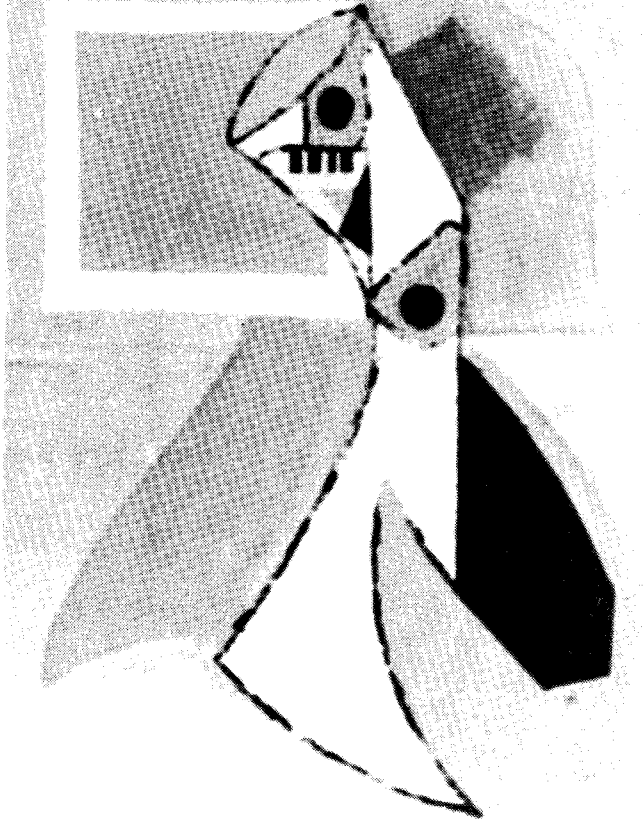
John Challendar
8D

Do you like getting old
Do you like going bald
Do you like being unknown
Do you like being alone.

Old people are lazy
Old people go crazy
Old people sit in the shade
Old people kind of fade.

Nina Antoun
8D

Poems
on
Old Age



JIM MARINIS, Year 11

*Chomp ... Chomp ... MMM!... Juicy!
But what is this ... a worm
Oh well ... added bonus*

*Glenda Smith
8D*

*Laughing and smiling
Pop goes the champagne bottle
Gee what a good shot*

*Dana Cantwell
8D*

*When you
leave.
I'll have only
one regret.
I'll miss you:
But I'd wish
we never met.*

Wanda Launikonis, Year 9

*In the bath she sits
Soothing and relaxing
She cries piranah!*

*Brett Hosie
8D*

GABRIELE LEGGIERI, Year 9



MANYA WEST, Year 9

*Still on 99
Anxiously needed one run
Went for the smash ... bowled*

*Cameron Hird
8D*

HAIKU

*He draws his sword out
Slowly he swings it backwards
Cut yells the Director*

*Murray Bates
8D*

*Laying in my bed
Thinking of my Maths exam
Decided to sleep*

*Jacque
8D*

*Sweat pours from his face
The tension is mounting fast
No more sauna now*

*Chris Hayward
8D*



ROBERT CELESTE, Year 11

Vicky Vogiatis, Year 10

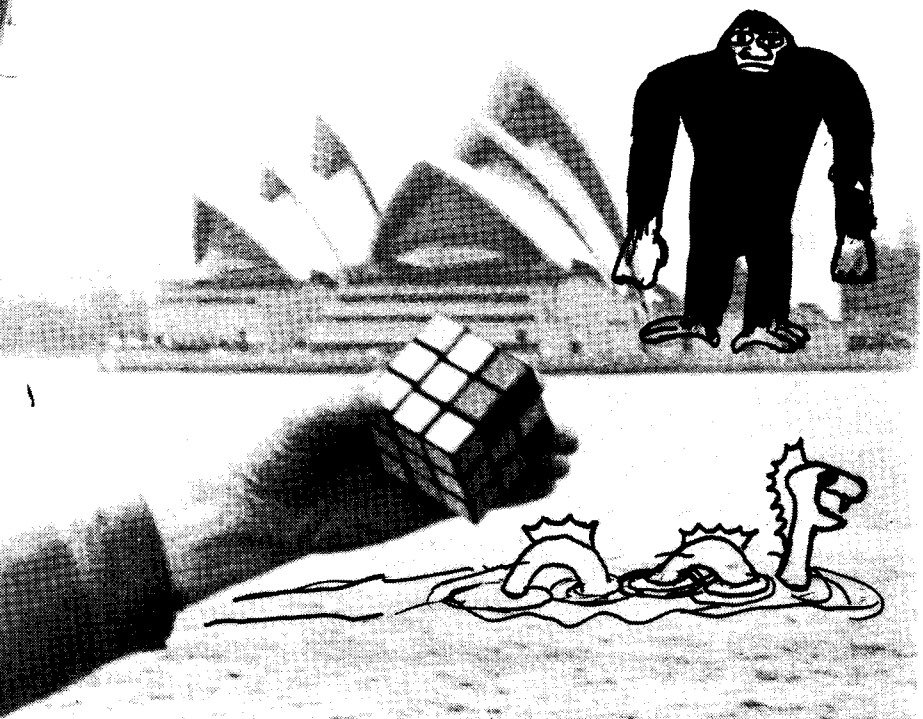


WILLIAMSTOWN
HIGH
SCHOOL

FOR WAYWARD STUDENTS

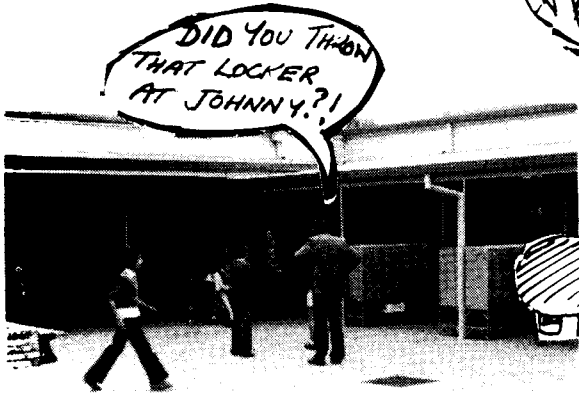


PLEASE RING POLICE IF YOU
RECOGNISE ANY OF THESE
CRIMINALS.

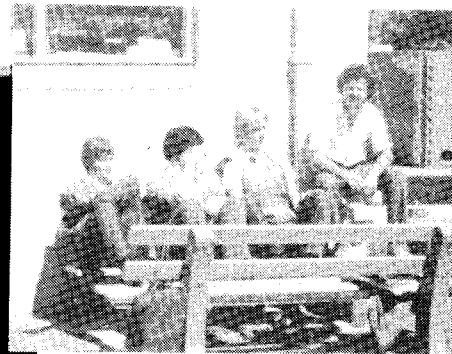
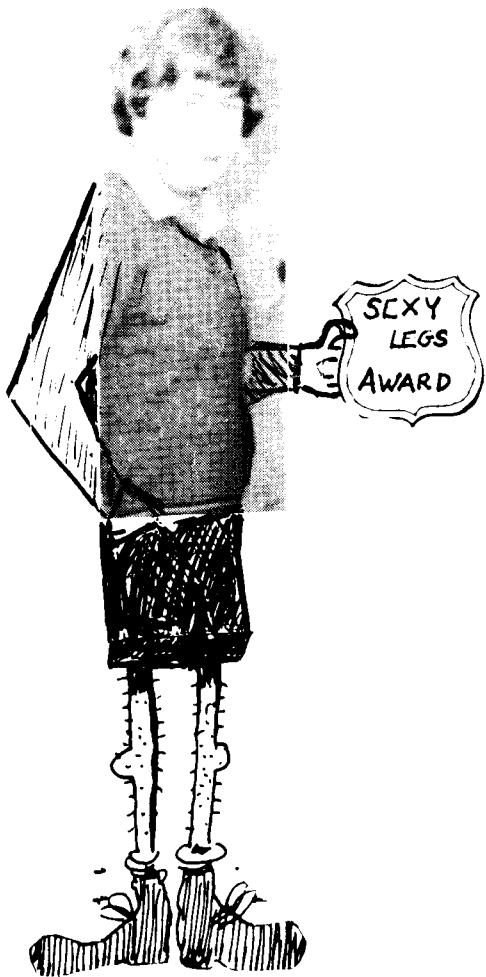




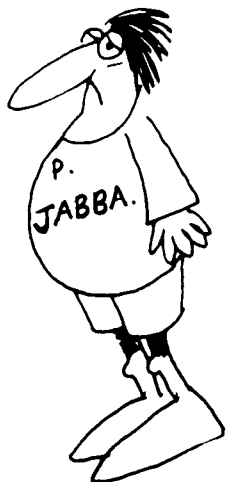
COULD YOU SPOT A MAFIA HITMAN IN A CROWD?



A V.F.A STAR IN FULL TRAINING.



UGLY AREN'T THEY!

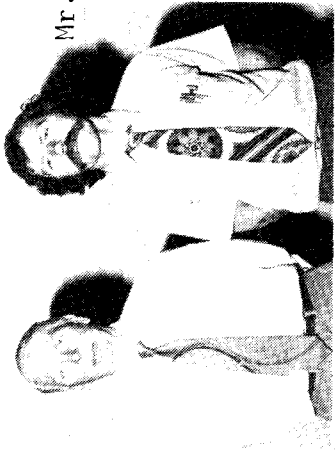


STAFF

Mr. A. C. Faqan



Mr. W. Larsen
Mr. A. Macys



DEPUTY PRINCIPAL:
Mr. A. T. Warrington



Mr. A. Ius
Mr. D. Lindgren



Miss M. Gandolfo
Mrs. R. Enright



CLEANING STAFF:

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- Mrs. M. Black
- Mrs. B. Finlayson
- Mrs. N. Grieve
- Mrs. J. Robinson
- Mrs. L. Turner
- Mr. B. Wilkinson

Mr. T. Fogarty



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Mr. S. Cook

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Mr. T. Purves
Mrs. M. Matthews
Miss P. Miller
Miss M. French
Mr. H. Forecast
Mrs. P. Black



Mr. D. Henstridge
Mr. P. Day
Mr. G. Steinfort
Mr. R. Grant

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Miss B. Lay

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Mr. R. Stewart



Mr. I. Foster



Miss G. Pulfer
Mr. B. Metherrall
Mr. T. Allsopp
Miss V. Pope



Mr. P. Love
Miss D. Jansz
Miss P. Schapper
Mr. R. Colbrook



TRAN BUU TANG, Year 11



LEE KIM HUU, Year 11

SUMMER AT THE BEACH

.. Dianne Morrow
7E

I sit under the blue sky,
 And under a umbrella too.
 Looking at the seagulls,
 Picking up scraps,
 Left by picnicens and holiday people.
 On the beach,
 There are children,
 Who are playing a cat and mouse game.
 There are soda pop bottles dug in the
 sand.
 And the water rushes up on the shore,
 Leaving the pebbles glittering in the
 sun.
 As I drink my lemonade,
 I see a sand-crab walking sideways.
 And a shiny black spider,
 Crurrying silently up my arm.
 Then I hear a distant rumbling sound.
 At first I didn't know what it was
 But then drops of rain began to fall.
 I quickly scrambled to shelter.
 The sky had clouded,
 And now everything was dull and dark,
 On the beach.

COLOURS

.. Angela Petzierides
7E

Brown, a great colour,
Means a nice summers tan.

Brown, a great colour,
Means cooked chops in the pan.

Blue, a bright colour,
Means a beautiful swimming pool.

Blue, a bright colour,
Means a fresh blue painted stool.

Red, a shining colour,
Means a big red, fresh apple.

Red, a shining colour,
Means a brand new red table.

Yellow, a brilliant colour,
Means a bright and early sun

Yellow, a brilliant colour,
Means the door in A.1.

Black, a scary colour,
Means a dark and windy night

Black, a scary colour,
Means the candles not alight.

Pink, a pretty colour,
Means a tiny baby girl

Pink, a pretty colour.
Means as pretty as a pearl.

THE THIEF IN THE BLACK OVERCOAT

.. Moussa Hanna
7E

Bob Jackson is the manager of a supermarket in Williamstown.

One night he 'phoned up the police, "Hello, hello, this is Bob Jackson, is this the police, I want to report a robbery at the supermarket in Ferguson Street, Williamstown".

In a few moments the police arrived. "Hello, are you Bob Jackson?" said the policeman.

"Well it happened about 8.30pm while I was sitting in my office counting the earnings, when suddenly I heard this voice behind me telling me to put up my hands. I turned around and saw him standing near the door with a gun in his hand. He was wearing a dark black overcoat buttoned up to his neck, covering the lower part of his chin. He told me to get up from the desk and stand against the wall. Then he scooped all the money from the desk into a black briefcase."

"What happened then?" the policeman asked.

"He pushed me back into my chair and pulled out a rope from his pocket, tied me to the chair and stuffed a handkerchief in my mouth and then ran off. It took me about ten minutes to free myself and then I called you.

He had a nice voice and he was well-dressed, in a clean white shirt and blue tie."

Mr. Jackson, the supermarket is insured isn't it?"

"Yes of course it is" said Mr. Jackson.

"Didn't you say the thief was wearing an overcoat that buttoned up to his neck covering the lower part of his chin?"

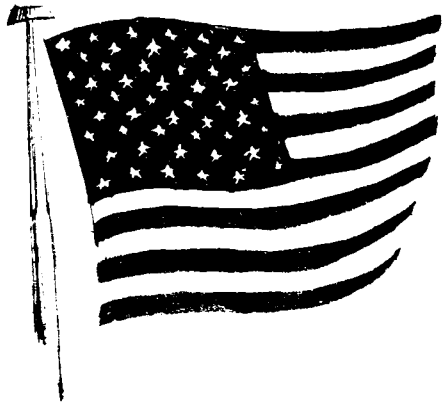
"Yes, I did." said Mr. Jackson.

"Then how could you have seen his clean white shirt and blue tie? Well, Mr. Jackson, I think you better come with us to the police station."

Mr. Jackson was later let off on \$2,000 bail money and was no longer the Manager of the supermarket.

This year's Year 11 had the benefit of one extra student - Mr. Rick Rauch, through a student exchange programme. He was a good friend to all, and a fine representative of his country.

Rick Rauch



Alright, Rick, tell us about yourself.

Oh, I live in a small town in the country. It is called Crawfordsville, in Indiana. It's real nice. It's not big - there are 14,000 people.

What about the system that enabled you to come here this year?

It's called "Youth for Understanding". You fill in a lot of forms and things and if you get picked you can go wherever you want to go. It's a non-profit organization.

When did you arrive here?

January 27th. The first thing I noticed when I got off the plane was how green it was.

How do you find Australian schools?

Hard. A lot harder than in America. I won't miss any school at home.

What about the teachers?

They're alright too! They're more casual than the ones back home - the teachers at home always have collar and tie.

What can you tell us of the cultural differences between Australia and the U.S. from your first hand experience?

Where I live everyone's your average Anglo-Saxon. We don't have any Greeks or Italians or anything - so we don't get any REAL Pizza shops or things like that.

Okay Rick, what do you think of Australians?

They're really nice people, probably more personable than Americans.

Tell us about your new Australian friends.

(laughs) .. Oh, they're alright. They accepted me in really quickly .. I was worried about that because in America it would be really hard to meet friends, say in a big city. But here everyone was really nice.

Who are you living with in Australia?

Glen and Robin Thompson. They live in Altona. They're really great people and treated me really well.

Did you get to see much of Australia?

Oh, I went to Alice Springs on a tour, and a few other places.

What do you think of our famous Australian weather?

Well, I don't know. (laughs) It's not too good, sometimes! Especially when it rains.

What other things have you been doing out here?

Oh, I played Basketball for Westbourne, cricket ...

What do you think of Australian sports, then?

Um, well I like ours better (laughs) .. but your sports systems are a lot better - because in America, once you get past the age of 18, and you are not good enough, then you can't really play anymore. But out here you can be playing away till your 100 or whatever!



-CROSSWORD-

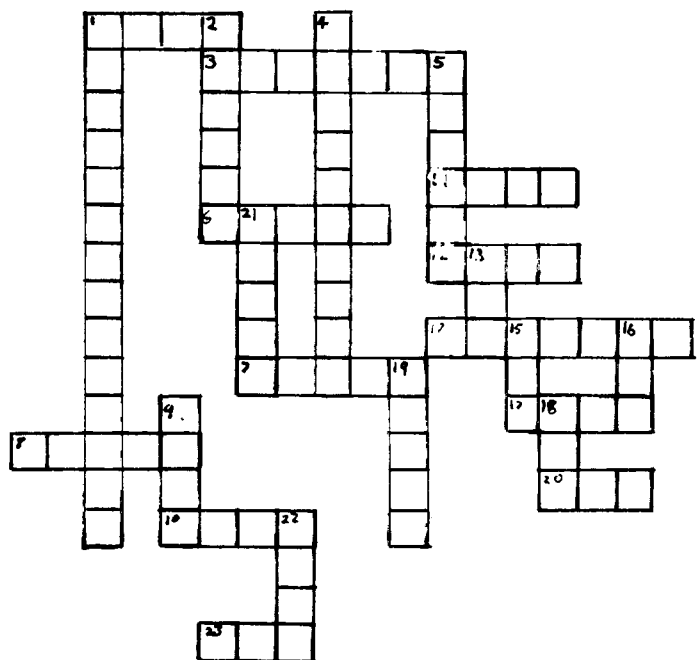
Did you ever feel homesick during this year?

No, not very often .. no. I don't worry about it. I just know I'll get home at the end of the year and I don't have to rush that time along.

Well, Rick, now that the year comes to an end, all Williamstown High School can say is Good Luck to you and goodbye! What's the last thing you would like printed in your one-and-only Australian school magazine?

Um ... Thanks for the memories!

◦ crossword ◦



17. A lead guitarist plays many of these
 20. John Paul Young, initials (3) (4)
 23. See 5 down.

DOWN

1. Sing "Stand and Deliver!" (4,3,3,4)
 2. See 21 down.
 4. Spectacled Beatle (4,6)
 5. & 23 across. They have an album "12 Gold Bars".
 13 & 14 across. They sang "Hey Jude" (3,7)
 15. Atlanta Rhythm Section, initials (3)
 16. They sing "Telephone Line" (3)
 18. She was in Grease, initials (3)
 19. They sing "Computer Games" (5)
 22. Same as 17 across (4)
1. They have an album called Back in Black (4)
 2. You know them for their teeth (7)
 3. Oh Boy! (5)
 6. 92.3 (5)
 8. & 9 down. They sing Chemistry (5,4)
 10. Known for their wild stage acts (4)
 11. Like a dinosaur (4)
 12. Lead guitarist is Tommy Shaw (4)
 14. See 13 down.

AN AVOCADO?

.. Anna Stradiotto
8C

I was lying on a mattress listening
to the silence,
knowing all around me there was so
much violence,
Suddenly without any reason or warning,
Although it was just early in the
morning,
I shouted aloud for "an avocado".

I rushed outside to the avocado tree,
But not one avocado I could see,
What could I do, I was in a fix,
I was just standing there licking my
lips.

The shops were closed, there was
nothing I could do,
My husband said that he wanted one
too.
I was so down hearted, my heart was
at my feet,
There was not one avocado to eat.

Getting more desperate as I ran down
the road,
Looking in all the places an avocado
might grow,
I looked along the ground and in the
trees in the sky,
But not one avocado caught my eye.

I ran through the jungle which was so
wild,
I searched all over that tiny isle,
When back to my husband I finally
came,
he was eating a pear, he said "It's
just the same!"

HOMEWORK!

.. Wayne Besanko
7E

"Exercise 19A, 19B, 19C, 19D for home-
work" said Mr. Purves.
"Finish up to question 20 on your
assignment" said Miss Jansz.
HOMEWORK, I HATE HOMEWORK!
I get home and sit in front of the T.V.
just until this show is over. I say
"Then I'll do my homework. Oh great!
The brady Bunch is on. I'll do my
homework after this.
Just after this, just after that."
There was nothing on at 10.30 so I
decide to do my homework. But I
can't do my homework, I can't
concentrate because I'm too tired.
I hop into my warm bed and can't get
out of it.
Just ten minutes longer.....

PEPI'S TOY

.. Val Nastoska
8C

Pepi bought a coloured toy
It's about 5cm long.
The colours of it are like rainbow
colours
Red, Blue, Yellow, White, Orange and
Green
It's good when it's in its right place,
But when it's mess up, it's hard to
play with
It's a good toy to play with,
Because it helps you use your mind.
I think it's a good toy, and it seems
Pepi does too.
It's a coloured cube.

THE HAND

We were all seated round Monsieur Bermutier, the magistrate, who was giving us his opinion on the affair at St.Cloud. The inexplicable crime had convulsed Paris for a whole month, yet no single being had solved the mystery.

Upright, with his back to the fireplace, Monsieur Bermutier held forth marshalled proofs, and discussed opinions, but he came to no conclusion. Several of the women present had risen from their seats to be nearer to him and they remained standing, their eyes were fixed on the clean-shaven lips which issued such words of importance. They thrilled and shuddered, devoured with curiosity and with that eager and greedy love of the horrible that haunts their souls and tortures them like hunger. One paler than the others broke the silence "It is terrible! It is almost supernatural! We shall never know anything about it."

The magistrate turned to her "You are right madame, it is quite probable we shall never know anything about it. However, the word 'supernatural' that you used a moment ago has no meaning in this case. We have before us a crime so wrapped in mystery that we are unable to dissociate it from the impenetrable circumstances surrounding it, but in times gone by I had to follow up a case where the fantastic element was really mixed up. We had to abandon it, however, as no one was able to throw any light on it".

Breathlessly, and as if with one voice, several of the ladies exclaimed "Oh, do tell us about it!"

Monsieur Bermutier smiled and continued.

In those days I was resident magistrate at Ajaecio, a little white town nestled on the borders of a beautiful gulf and surrounded by high mountains. What I had to deal with were cases of blood-feud. There were some that were really magnificent, others dramatic, savage and again heroic.

For two years I heard of nothing but the price of blood, of the terrible Corsican law. I had seen old men, children and cousins with their throats cut. My brain teemed with such happenings.

One day I heard that an Englishman had rented a little villa on the edge of the gulf for several years. He had brought a French manservant with him. Soon everyone was talking about this queer foreigner, who lived alone in his house, leaving it only to hunt and fish. He never spoke to anyone, never entered the town, and practised shooting every morning for two or three hours with a pistol and a rifle.

Stories were rife about him. Some made out he was a great person who had fled from his country for political reasons, others said that he was hiding for having committed a terrible crime.

In my position as magistrate I wanted to gain some information about this man, but I failed to learn anything at all. He gave his name as Sir John Dowell. I had to watch him closely, but my attention was called to nothing suspicious about him. However, as the rumours about him continued, swelled, and became common talk, I set out to see him for myself, and I set about shooting regularly in his neighbourhood.

For a long time I waited for an opportunity. At last it came, in the shape of a partridge which I shot and killed under the Englishman's nose. My dog brought it to me. Taking the bird, I went and excused myself for my want of manners, and begged Sir John Dowell to accept the dead bird.

He was a huge man, red-haired and red-bearded, very tall, very big, a placid and polite Hercules. He thanked me warmly and after a month had gone by we had spoken five or six times together.

One evening as I passed his door and I saw him sitting in his garden smoking a pipe, I bowed and he invited me to come in and drink a glass of beer. I didn't wait to be asked a second time.

He told me that he had travelled a lot in Africa, India and America, and he added laughing "Oh, I had many adventures!".

Then I started talking about sport, and he gave me some curious details about the hippopotamus, the tiger, the elephant, and even the gorilla. "Are they all formidable beasts?" I asked.

He smiled and replied "Oh no, man was the worst!" he laughed. "Man was often my game." he added.

He then invited me in to look at some rifles of different makes. His sitting room was hung with black silk curtains embroidered with gold. Large yellow flowers hung over the dark things, and shone like fire.

Something extraordinary caught my eye, I went up to it to take a better look. It was a hand - a man's hand. It was a dried-up black hand, with yellow nails, muscles and traces of dried blood - blood smeared like mud on the bones - cut off clearly. Round the wrist a heavy iron chain was riveted, welded to this hand and holding it fast to the wall with a ring strong enough to hold an elephant in leash.

"What's that?" I asked.

"He as my deadliest foe," he replied quietly. "It came from America. It was cut off with a sword, the skin torn away with a flint, and then dried in the sun for a week. A good stroke of work on my part."

The hand was horrible to look at. It made one think of some savage and ferocious form of revenge.

"He must've been a very strong man," I said.

"Yes," he answered "but I proved to be stronger. I put that chain on to hold him."

"But that chain is of no use now, the hand will not try to escape." I said. "It has always wanted to go, that chain was necessary." replied Sir John Dowell.

"I took a quick glance at him, "Did I have to deal with a madman, or did he just joke in very bad taste?" I thought to myself.

I admired his guns. I noticed, however, that three loaded revolvers lay about the room, as if this man lived in constant dread of being attacked. I went to see him several times again, then I didn't go anymore.

A whole year slipped by. Then one morning towards the end of November my servant woke me, telling me that Sir John Dowell had been murdered during the night. Half an hour later I entered the Englishman's house, accompanied by the Commissioner and the Chief Inspector of Police. The manservant stood crying in the doorway, at first I suspected the man, but he was innocent. We were never able to find the murderer.

The first thing I saw when I entered Sir John's sitting room was the body lying on its back in the middle of the room. The waistcoat was torn, one sleeve hung in ribbons, there was every sign that a terrible struggle had taken place. The Englishman had died of strangulation. His black and swollen face, terrifying, seemed to wear an expression of awful fear. He held something between his teeth, and his throat pierced with five holes that might have been made with fangs of iron, was covered with blood. A doctor had joined us. He examined the marks of fingers on the flesh, and then queerly remarked "One might think he had been strangled by a skeleton".

A shudder ran down my spine, and I looked towards the wall at the spot where I had seen the horrible skinned hand. It was no longer there. The chain hung down broken. Then I bent over the dead man and found between the tense jaws a finger from the hand that had disappeared. Inquiries were made. Nothing was discovered.

Neither door, window nor furniture had been touched.

Here briefly is the manservant's testimony. For a month his master had appeared restless. He had received many letters but he burnt them as soon as he received them. In a rage which approached madness he would often take his whip and furiously beat the shrivelled hand chained to the wall, and which had been removed, no-one knew how, at the hour of the crime.

He went to bed very late, and locked himself in. During the nights he was often heard speaking with a raised voice. That night, he had made no sound and it was only when the servant went to open the windows he had discovered Sir John lying murdered.

I told the officers of the law all I knew about the dead man but nothing was discovered.

It happened one night, three months after the crime had taken place, I had a horrible nightmare. I thought I saw the hand, run like a scorpion or a spider along my curtains and walls. Three times I awoke, three times I fell to sleep, three times I saw the hideous thing gallop round my room, moving its fingers like feet.

The following day they brought it to me, it was found in the cemetery on the grave of Sir John Dowell, who had been laid there as we failed to discover his family. The first finger was missing. That, ladies is my story. I know no more.



The women were all shuddering, terror-struck, and pale.

"But" exclaimed one, "that cannot be the end, that is no explanation! None of us shall close our eyes tonight if you do not tell us what you think occurred."

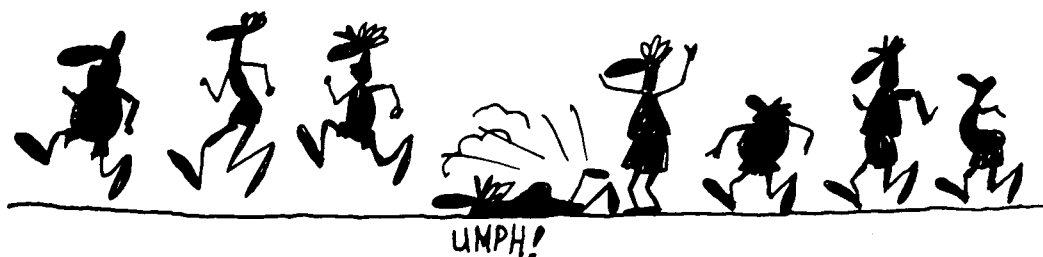
The magistrate smiled as he answered "For my part, madame, I shall certainly spoil your horror-filled dreams, but I think that the owner of the hand was not dead, and that he came to find it with the left one." One of the women murmured "No, it could not have been that!" "I told you my explanation would not satisfy you" said the magistrate still smiling.

W.H.S. SPORT

As the 1981 school year ends and we look back through the school year we see that Williamstown High School has enjoyed a reasonable success in the sporting field. The students who have competed on behalf of their school have been through some highs and some lows during the year, but they have all given their utmost so what more can we ask. Overall it was a most enjoyable year for the competitors, spectators and teachers.

The House Captains, as is the case every year, have led their teams through the year with inspiring leadership both on and off the field. Congratulations must go to the Possum House Captains - Mark Cannon and Debbie Gruenz, who led their team to two crushing triumphs in the Swimming and in the Athletic Sports Carnivals.

Other House Captains were : Dingo - Peter Van Donger and Leanne Taylor;
Wombat - Robert Wiederstein and Barbara Jemmett;
and last, but not least : Koala - Peter Petkovski and Vaska Petrovska.



swimming

SWIMMING:

The Annual Interhouse Swimming Carnival was held early in first term at the Werribee Swimming Pool. It was a perfect day for the swimming carnival with warm, sunny conditions prevailing for the day.

The spectators cheered on their fellow house members and the competitors did not let them down, putting everything into it. With all these ingredients combined together it turned out to be a most enjoyable day for every one who attend the sports.

The results were : 1st - Possum 836½ points
 2nd - Dingo 607½ points
 3rd - Wombat 583½ points
 4th - Koala 475½ points



Congratulations also to the students who made it through the school sports, into the Western Zone Finals. They were:-

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| Girls Under 14 Diving | Pepi Karabinas |
| Girls U.16 50m Freestyle | Heather Young |
| Boys U.15 50m Freestyle | Greg Calthorpe |
| Girls U.16 50m Breaststroke | Heather Young |
| Girls U.16 50m Backstroke | Heather Young |
| Boys U.15 50m Backstroke | Greg Calthorpe |
| Boys Open 4 x 50m Relay Team | |



Intermediate Boys Pennant was won by Williamstown High School.

Boys - G. Rollason

Individual Champions:

- | | | | |
|----------|--------------|------------------------|------------------|
| Under 13 | <u>Girls</u> | - B. Challender | - G. Latch |
| Under 14 | | - B. Powell & S. Klein | - G. Calthorpe |
| Under 15 | | - V. Hillhouse | - P. Calthorpe |
| Under 16 | | - H. Young | - T. Stamatelos |
| Under 17 | | - C. Frame | - R. Wiederstein |
| Open | | - D. Gruenz | |



ATHLETICS:

athletics

Midway through third term the fifty-eighth Annual Interhouse Athletic Sports were held at the Williamstown Cricket Ground.

The weather for the day of the sports was not what we exactly hoped for due to the rain and very cold wind. But overall the sports day was a success and enjoyed by those who attended and participated.

The Athletics Carnival was won quite convincingly by Possums, from Wombats second, Dingoes third and Koala's last.

Age Group Champion

- Under 13
- Under 14
- Under 15
- Under 16
- Under 17
- Open



Boys

- P. Armstrong
- C. Xynos
- Z. Vidos
- P. Calthorpe
- H. Anastovski
- G. Lerias

Girls

- E. Hughes
- J. Bird
- H. Vogiatzis
- E. Lerias & D. Cassa
- R. Bird
- S. Clerk



Students who won their events at the school sports, then went on to compete in the Western Zone Finals:

Peter McQuade	Boys U.15	800metres
Greg Jenkins	U.17	Discus
Bill Dimovski	U.13	Triple Jump
Con Xynos	U.14	Triple Jump, 100metres, 200metres and Discus.
Pepi Karabinas	Girls U.14	Javelin
Raelene Bird	U.17	Discus and Shot putt.
Julie Bird	U.14	Discus
Belinda Rollason	U.17	Long Jump



ALL HIGH FINALISTS

Raelene Bird	Girls U.17	Shot Putt
Con Xynos	Boys U.14	Triple Jump, Discus
Con Nikolovski	Boys U.13	Discus
Peter McQuade	Boys U.15	800 metres
Brett Hosie	Boys Open	1,500m walk.

the champs!



WESTERN ZONE TEAM CHAMPIONS:

Williamstown High School had two Western Zone team Champions this year. They were the Senior Girls' Badminton and the Senior Boys Table Tennis teams. Both teams are to be commended and congratulated on their fine performances during the year.



The Teams were:

Senior Girls Badminton

Debbie Gruenz
Lynne Bouchier
Wendy Coulston
Meredith Clementson

Senior Boys Table Tennis

Mac Kien Hoa
Chanh Minh
Trung Diep

Final House Placings:



1.. **possums**

2.. **wombats**

3.. **dingos**

4.. **koalas**

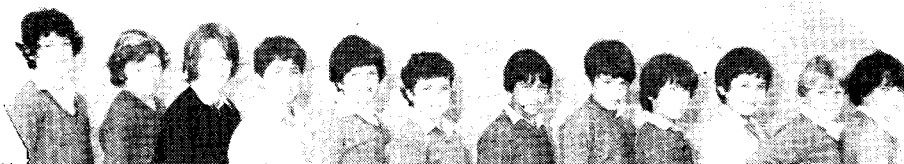
FORM PHOTOS 1981

FORM 7A

CHALLENGER, Beryl
HILLHOUSE, Kelly
McLACHLAN, Tracey
PEDEVSKA, Rozana
RABEL, Marcy
RODGERS, Marie
RYAN, Christina
SIMIN, Michelle
SPERLING, Jan
WHETSTONE, Rachael
WRIGHT, Sally



CLIFFORD, Darren
COSTA, Anthony
DABBOUS, Ousama
FRASER, David
HAYDEN, Michael
KOUSOTHIMITROPOULOS, Peter
MASTRACULLI, Tony
NICHOLSON, Scott
NIKOLOVSKI, Con
RIBBERA, Sam
STAVKAKIS, George
ZAHRA, Francis



FORM 7C

BOOKER, Sally
CURTIS, Nicole
DROZDEC, Kattly
FLORANCE, Joanne
GREGSON, Andrea
HEWITT, Robyn
KOROSKA, Valentina
MacDONALD, Debbie
PETKOVSKA, Suza
PHILLIPS, Christine
POULAKOS, Andrea
POPAZ, Janet
ROBINSON, Leah
ROSS, Catherine
TEELING, Bernadette
TRENEVSKA, Helen



FRANKSON, Nixon
HELL, Colin
HOSTIE, Darren
McTAGGART, Wayne
MITREVSKI, Lube
NEWPORT, Barrie
PARKY, Kevin
PEARCE, David
PEROKOVIC, Marco
RAVENSCHROFT, Stuart
TAYLOR, Peter
VUKSEVIC, Sammi
ZABAKLY, Simon



FORM 7E

BOATWRIGHT, Karen
CHUNG, Be Le
FALKENBERG, Suzanne
HOSKING, Dianne
KALHAR, Mara
KLEIN, Sally
LESTER, Debra
LAZARPOULOS, Anastasia
MOXON, Linda
MORROW, Dianne
MAKHOLD, Tania
MUNRO, Simone
PLTZIERIDIS, Angelique
TANASIC, Snez
TROUNG, Bach Yen



ARMSTRONG, Paul
BESANKO, Wayne
CHUNG, Tai
DIMOVSKI, Bill
DEWIT, Christopher
GARDNER, Colin
GOUNTZOS, Peter
HANNA, Moussa
KHA, Quoc Hang
LEE, Aaron
ROLLASON, Glen
RUSSELL, Murray
ZAHRA, Joseph
ZEKAKIS, John



FORM 7B

BURY, Amanda
CLARK, Natalie
COLEMAN, Kellyann
FITZGIBBON, Michelle
GEORGOPOULOS, Angela
GRUMONT, Carolyn
HEATON, Mandy
HUGHES, Elizabeth
MacFADYEN, Vicky
MORROW, Leanne
ONOFRETCHOOK, Raquel
PATERSON, Belinda
STEVENS, Pauline
TAYLOR, Pauline
THOMAS, Sharyn

ABDU, Talal
BELL, Jason
CVETANOVSKI, Sasa
DANJANOVIC, Lubisa
DROZDEC, Vinko
FALZON, Anthony
GOKESKI, Tony
HAMPSON, Gary
HRESKOWSKY, Andrew
MURRAY, Andrew
ROBBINS, Andrew
SCHLEGEL, David
SLADEN, Morgan
TALES, Ousman
WEAVER, Justin

FORM 7D

BIRD, Kristen
BRAVINGTON, Susan
FALZON, Margaret
HATT, Debra
HOSKING, Trudy
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LOWIN, Im
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PARATSOUKIDOU, Peppy
ROSE, Lisa
SOLES, Donna
WALSH, Vanessa
WILLIAMS, Allison
WILLIAMS, Karen

FERN, Andrew
GORING, Peter
JAMIESON, Stephen
JAWAD, Walid
KANTAROVSKI, Tom
KANTAROVSKI, Tony
KARABINAS, George
KENNEDY, Timothy
KOTEVSKI, Tony
KOURMOURIS, Steve
PRICE, Darren

YEAR 9B

AINSLIE, Kelly
DOUGLAS, Debra
FELLOWES, Julie
HÖLOK, Mary
INGRAM, Fiona
JOHNSTONE, Karen
KARABINAS, Vivien
KATSELOS, Maria
KONIDARIS, Koula
MASTRAKOULI, Stella
NÖBLE, Katrina
PETZIERIDIS, Irene
SIMNOUSKA, Suzie
TSAKALOFA, Phyllis
TUSKAN, Suzanne

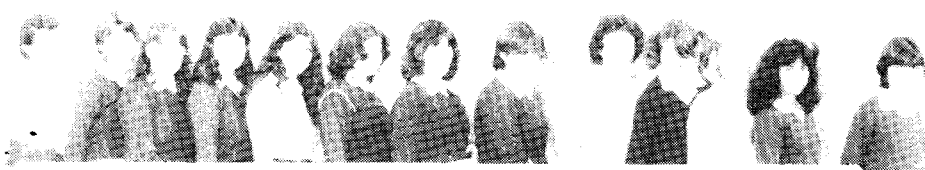
BOGESKI, Lube
BRATBY, Phillip
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HENSTRIDGE, Wesley
MANTZAVRAKOS, Con
MCHINN, Cameron
MIDDINGS, Scott
NVE, Geoffrey
RICHTER, Lars
VIDAS, Zvenke



YEAR 9D

BRDAR, Nela
D'SILVA, Judy
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KHA MY, Le
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YEAR 10B

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NGUYEN, Minh Cong
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ROUSTOM, Khaled
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TA VI, Hung
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YEAR 9C

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POULAKOS, Betty
VOGIATIS, Haroola

DAABOUL, John
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GRUMONT, Dean
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MCQUADE, Peter
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TARTICHTIO, Adrianno
TRAJOVSKI, Tome
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YEAR 10A

CANTWELL, Mary-anne
DAWSON, Jane
FRAME, Catherine
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KERSHAW, Abigail
KHOURI, Marie
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RABEL, Spencer
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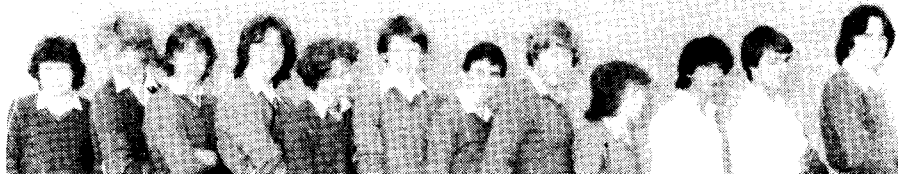
YEAR 10C

- ALISTALOVSKA, Sally
- EFASTIOU, Effie
- CHONG, Lisa
- MCLEIN, Tracey
- FRANK, Malia
- MCLEAN, Joy
- POLETSKA, Violetta
- CHALSPERIS, Rita
- MCLEA, Susan
- LEUNG, Phuong
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- MCLEOD, John
- MCLEOD, Sasho
- MCLEOD, Zoran
- MCLEOD, Craig
- MCLEOD, Michael
- MCLEOD, Sam
- MCLEOD, Van
- MCLEOD, Michael



YEAR 11A

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- MCLEOD, Tina
- MCLEOD, Lynne
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- MCLEOD, Susan
- MCLEOD, Wendy
- MCLEOD, Tuyet Han
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- MCLEOD, Julie
- MCLEOD, Julie
- MCLEOD, Debra
- MCLEOD, Daniel
- MCLEOD, Nick
- MCLEOD, Timothy
- MCLEOD, Scott
- MCLEOD, Ian
- MCLEOD, Mark
- MCLEOD, Robert
- MCLEOD, Stephen
- MCLEOD, David
- MCLEOD, Donato
- MCLEOD, Isaac
- MCLEOD, Ian
- MCLEOD, Richard
- MCLEOD, Ngoc



YEAR 11B

- MCLEOD, Lily
- MCLEOD, Mouna
- MCLEOD, Barbara
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- MCLEOD, Anica
- MCLEOD, Chann
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- MCLEOD, Susan
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- MCLEOD, Stephen
- MCLEOD, Rodney
- MCLEOD, Leo
- MCLEOD, Zelko
- MCLEOD, Theo
- MCLEOD, Kim Huu
- MCLEOD, George
- MCLEOD, John
- MCLEOD, Kien Hoa
- MCLEOD, Damien
- MCLEOD, Jim
- MCLEOD, Daniel



YEAR 10D

- BROWN, Samantha
- HENDERSON, Carol
- KIRNER, Sharon
- KIRNER, Kate
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- SATTOUT, John
- SOUGLERIS, Paul
- TU VI, Nghiep
- TZIKAS, Nick
- ZVEZDAKOSKI, Tony

YEAR 11C

- PAGE, Fiona
- PECKHAM, Melinda
- PETROVSKA, Vaska
- PREDJAK, Vicki
- SKINGSLEV, Jenny
- SPONG, Judy
- STEFOS, Sally
- TANG, Bu Tran
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- PASVANIS, Arthur
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