



HIGH TIDE 1995

HIGH TIDE 1995

HIGH TIDE 1995

HIGH TIDE 1995

in yellow
immed.
below "cap
badge"





Principal's Letter

For the first time in over a decade, we have more than 500 students enrolled in the school, with a Year 7 intake of 138, a growth at approximately 20% on 1994. Since the start of the 1992 school year the school growth has grown by over 200 students.

There is no doubt this growth is a direct result of policy changes at the school. Our challenge now is to ensure that our policies work and that they continue to ensure improved outcomes for our students.

Sport has been a major element of the program for all our students with Williamstown High School students achieving excellent results and a fantastic level of involvement.

Year 10 SOSE students have been successful in their work with the development of a heritage trail in Williamstown and their efforts have been recognised in the Historic Building Society newsletter. Displays of the students work were presented at Windows on the West and Williamstown City Library.

A photographic display to celebrate our 80th Anniversary was held at Melbourne's Living Museum of the West.

I am pleased to report that the Williamstown High School Co operative has been formed and registered so we can now raise the loan to complete payments on the construction of the new sports centre.

Our 'accelerated' Year 10 program where certain Year 10's enrol in VCE Units, is proceeding well.

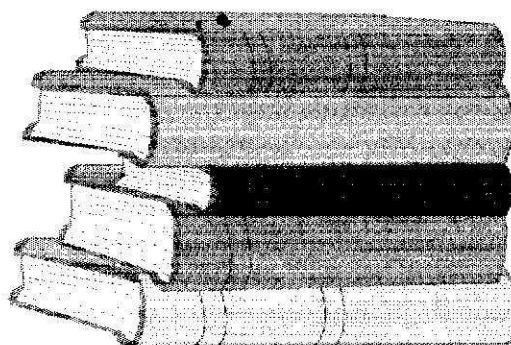
We believe that the school is capable of holding between 650 and 700 students even though it has held more in the past. I also believe that one of

the most attractive things about our school is that I can know the faces of each of our students but still big enough to ensure a full curriculum spread. The last thing I wish to see is Williamstown High School becoming a mega-school where students and teachers become anonymous.

A very positive aspect of our Information Meeting was the number of current parents enrolling brothers and sisters for next year. Many of these parents made a point of coming over and telling me just how happy their children are and just how happy they are with the quality of the education their children are getting with us. They also genuinely value the relationship their family has developed with the school.

Architects are working on our water plan and \$813, 000 has been granted for maintenance to the Administrative block.

We must farewell two longstanding members of staff at the end of this year. Gail Hutton has taken a promotion position to Cheltenham Secondary College and Tom Purves has decided to retire. Our school will miss both these very dedicated members of staff. Good luck from all of us!!!



ABECEDARIAN WRITING

**ABECEDARIAN WRITING: ARRANGED IN
ALPHABETICAL ORDER.**

The following pieces of nonsense
writing are 26 words in length.
Each word begins with the following
letter of the English alphabet.
Some do make good sense – it's not
an easy task, try it for yourself!!!!

A band conductor decided everyone's family got
harmonica's. I juggled lemons memorising
noises of poor Queen's rock'n'roll singing. To
unknown voices, weird X-men yelled "zebra's!"
MARYE FARAH 7DR

A big cat drove extremely fast going happily into
Jolly King Low's mansion. Not one person
questioned Richard's sinister threats upon very
wet x-rated, young Zac.
JACK SUPRIYONO 7DR

A ballet class dance energetically for galloping
hippos in Jamaica. Koalas like my "Nutcracker's"
only performance. Quite radical, said tapping
unicorn, very wild xylophone yelling zilch.
KATE WHEELER 7DR

All big cuddly dogs eat dog food: grinding
hashbrown, ivy jaffas. Kindly letting men
nibble on pizza quantities, rather selfish thinks
Ubdul Val who x-rays yellow zombies.
DANIEL HAITAS 7DR

A blue car drives elegant frogs gracefully home.
Inside jumping koalas lick monkeys' noses.
Other perching quails rock silently through
unusual views while Xavier yells "zero!"
LAUREN BROOKS 7DR

Angry black cats don't eat fish. Gorgeous horses
instead just kill little mice near Olympic Park.
Rich Siberian tigers unlock vampires while
X-men yell "zero!"
PATRICIA TUNSTALL 7DR

A big cucumber did exercise for growth.
Heroically, it jumped kicking little mushrooms
over potatoes, quietly ripping stringy turnips
up. Very worried xylocarps yelled "zucchini!"
ALECKA PATRALAKIS 7DR

A blue crayfish drugged everyone. Four green
haired Indonesians juggled kangaroos. Lucky
man named Oliver Porker quietly requested
sloppy toast under Vegemite with x-rayed yellow
zygotes.
KAI MAY 7DR

A bee chased gorillas extremely fast. Gorillas
hate immature jaguars. Keep life moving
normally or party quietly. Run surf
tournaments under violent winds. X-men yell
"Zombie!"
MELANIE HINSLEY 7DR

A beautiful cat drove extremely fast going
horribly insane. Jumping koalas led many
naked orangutans prancing, quickly reading
stories to uneducated violent whales x-raying
young zebras.
MATHEW WEBSTER 7DR





YEAR 7 POETRY...

HAPPINESS

Happiness is the colour of a Summers sky
It tastes like ice-cream eaten by the bay
And it looks like a rose in the middle of Spring
It sounds like laughter to a funny joke
And it feels like a person winning prizes
on a television show

Kelly Kontos 7WM

HATE

Hate is black
It tastes like lumpy porridge
It smells like dirty factories
It sounds like piercing screams
Hate brings angriness

Erin V.

THE DOG AND THE CAT

I was once a dog
but now I'm a cat

I was a super hero
but now I only day dream about it

I used to hate Aaron
but now I still do

I once ran fast
but now I'm slower than a turtle

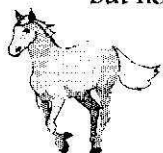
I one liked to rollerblade
but I crashed and now I wear a helmet

I used to be a tree
but now I'm 100,000,000 pieces of paper

I used to be a loaf of bread
but now I'm seven Peanut Butter
sandwiches and two Jam

I used to be a tiny plankton
but now I'm the coral reef

I used to be a pig
but now I'm being digested



Brendan Basso 7WM

1. A LIE POEM

Pigs are skinny
Snakes are fat
Elephants eat mice
Birds eat cats

2. A COLOUR POEM

Green is the colour of leaves
Green is Spring time
Green is grass
Green is slime

Thao 7JO

I REMEMBER...

I remember when I was young
We had lots of fun
When I was tired and started to cry
Mummy would sing me a lullaby

I remember when I was six
I started Primary School in a excited fix
The years after that
My good friend came a long, long way
To Australia in a big jumbo jet

Now it's 1995
I'm out the Primary School door
No more fun and games
Just really hard work almost always

Andrea Sargent 7SR

THE FLOWER

There was once a flower
A little flower
It had little leaves
That made it look like a leaf
Oh boy I wish it wasn't dead
I can see it now
Laying there all still and dead while it is
slowly rotting away
I buried it last week
It look odd
And smelled like a snob
Oh boy I wish it wasn't dead
It was my best friend
I remember when we were little we used
to play the staring game
I never won
Oh boy I wish it wasn't dead

Anonymous

YEAR 8 WRITING

Toy Soldiers

By Blake Taylor

It was a long a tortuous path. The ankle deep mud sucked and pulled at my legs. With ever step, the rain beat down endlessly. At the exact moment I felt more depressed and sorry for myself that I had ever before.

Times like that where the enemy and I had no weapons with which to fight it. The only comfort I had was that things couldn't get much worse. Looking around me I saw many other tired and sullen faces who, like me, were in two states of mind, walking automatically, stepping over the next log, pushing away the next rain soaked branch, but all of the time off in some other place wishing they were swimming, dancing, sleeping in a real bed. Any of these would be better than continuously walking on this beaten and muddy track where diseases run rampant. Finally, after six hours walking the order to break for the night was passed down the line.

Seeing where we were camping for the night was about the happiest thing which had happened to me since we left on this field patrol. It was a large cave, dry and cosy, looking easily big enough for seventy men and we only had fifty. The overhang in the rock caused a small waterfall but we were already wet through so we didn't mind walking through it. In a few minutes, everyone was inside and two large fires had been lit to warm the cave. After I'd dried off and burnt all the huge black leeches off my legs, I started to feel a lot better.

If I didn't think too much it was just like a boy scout camp. Long after everyone had fallen asleep I lay awake listening to the noises of the jungle. I awoke to find no one else awake and the steady downpour still coming off the cave mouth. I heated some of this and had a shave with cheered me up no end. It's amazing how little it takes to raise a man's spirits. Simple things such as being dry and warm, a good nights sleep or a shave can cheer you up. Still, being the only one up I sat at the mouth of the cave out of the rain and watched the sun rise. It was so beautiful and peaceful that, for a few minutes, I easily for there was a war going on.

My peacefulness was then broken by the awakening of another man, Lieutenant Robert Shaw, a decent bloke who listened to a man's problem. "Go through and wake up the rest of them and tell them that we leave camp at 700 hours."

After waking up all the men I thought how peaceful they looked, not tight-lipped, and didn't see one unhappy face, nor did anyone complain about being woken. I walked over to Lieutenant Shaw and stood next to him. "Beautiful, isn't it?" It was like he was reading my mind but he was certainly right, all the bush green jungle glistening with early morning dew as if someone had placed each drop by hand.

"Today I hope to make it over that hill by sunset," Shaw said, pointing at a hill about 20kms away. "It's a pretty thick jungle through there. Hatchet country all the way. We'll be staying off any tracks. I don't want anybody being blown up."
"Any VC?"

"Word is this valley has a village in it which has a net of VC operating from it, so watch out for any small scouting parties and keep men fifteen yards apart."

Ten minutes later we left our nice warm cage which had somehow managed to raise so many spirits. The first hundred metres was easy low to medium thick bushes downhill, but as soon as we hit the bottom of the hill the bush thickened into a dense green mass of foliage.

The first hour was extremely tough, hacking away at the bush almost the whole time until we found a small clearing with a small pond where we gratefully filled our canteens and rested. Many of the men opted to soak their hair and shirts as by now the sun was starting to beat down intensely. The order to move seemed to come all too quickly, but after bringing up the rear of our snake line I was able to rest a few more minutes and soak up the beautiful surroundings.

We had another three 15 minutes breaks before we stopped for lunch at 1200 hours, many grateful to have their 20 pound kit bag off their backs. Our food was very basic; extremely basic unlabelled ordinary tin cans which could have anything in them from meat to fruit. It had to be eaten, though; while in this climate, one had to keep up one's strength. After I had gulped down what looked like some meat mixed with mashed vegetables and gravy, I heard many moans when the order to move out was passed and at that time of the day the sun was at it's peak, which didn't make things easier.

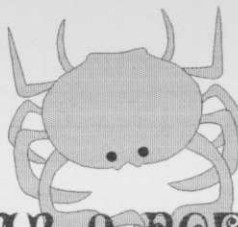
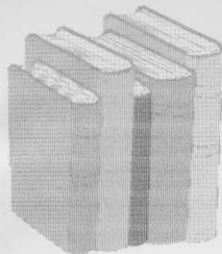
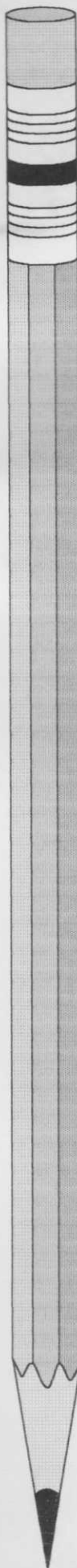
About half an hour later a hush went down the line. When I got up the front of the line I saw that it was a village which looked deserted, like everyone and thing had just packed up and left. So we left two men to stand guard and walked into the town with extreme caution, until after looking in a few houses we assumed no one was there.

An eerie silence continued for several minutes throughout the small village until from all sides the loud cracking of bullets whipped all around, sending men diving or running a few metres, then diving for cover. It was all weird to me. I mean, you spend hours, days without contact, but when it finally happens, you're not ready for it.

The whole situation was hopeless, the objective was obviously to wipe us out and they were doing just that. Dead and seriously injured soldiers piling up around me, their faces already losing colour. I couldn't help it but to think that will soon be me, dead, and only my family would cry. I was just a toy being played with by some highly decorated general sitting pretty back home.

It was too much. I threw down my weapon. They could kill me, but I wasn't taking another life.





YEAR 9 POETRY

It was cold and dark,
 He had no place to go,
 His fingers were going numb,
 His toes were starting to throb,
 The poor boy goes and knocks at a door,
 He asks for some food,
 He asks for some shelter,
 The door slams shut in his face,
 He was wishing he hadn't run away from
 that place,
 The place where he was mistreated and not
 loved,
 The place was called his Foster home,
 He tries to think what he had done wrong to
 be taken from his Aboriginal family,
 He then tries to find his way home in the
 frosty cold of night.

Anonymous 9RJ

He staggered into the room,
 A bitter aura followed him,
 It smelt stale and off,
 As if a coffin had been open,
 With a rotten corpse in it.
 It was a bad smell,
 But it didn't seem
 To bother him.
 He was drunk.
 Out of his mind,
 In his own world.
 He took a step,
 And fell on the floor.
 Like a ton of bricks,
 Falling to the ground.
 No one really noticed,
 So they didn't worry about him.
 He slept a long
 Dreamless sleep,
 Unaware of what was happening.
 The police had come,
 Had arrested people doing drugs.
 They arrested underage drinkers,
 He was underage.
 The police had put him
 Into a cell overnight,
 Yet he still slept,
 No one noticed him,
 No one woke him
 Until the next morning ...
 Now he was to face
 The consequences of
 His actions.

Chrissy Little 9RJ

Cold, wet, freezing
 Flakes falling on the ground
 Children of all ages
 Laughing and laying
 The snow covered mountain
 The coldest day of Winter.

Emily Speakman 9RJ

Hot, sticky, sweating
 Lying on the sand
 A man of thirty-two
 Sleeping and getting burnt
 On the beach, with many others,
 On the long weekend.

Zac Swarbrick 9RJ

Happy, merry, joyful,
 Filled with extreme bliss
 A boy now thirteen
 Sitting in front of the cake
 In his favourite park
 On the 11th of July.

Adam Purdey 9RJ

Sweaty, hot, tired
 With a soccer ball and a can of coke
 A player who has just been defeated
 Wiping the sweat off his face
 Standing in the change room
 On a hot Summer morning

Kimon Mantzaris 9RJ

Feverish, pale, cold
 Sick feeling inside
 Old man alone
 Lying in his bed
 In his old room
 Thinking of the cold nights to come

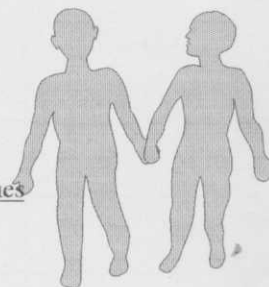
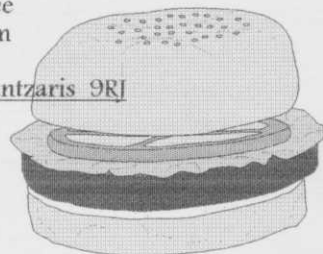
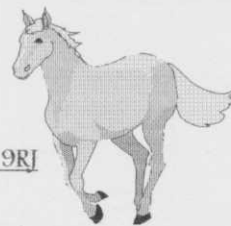
Shae Dixon 9RJ

Old, wrinkly, decrepit
 Crunching up
 A Grandpa so old
 Rocking in a chair
 In a Nursing Home
 At dawn 4th of July

Robert Sushames

Silent, sick, dying
 So innocent
 A cancer victim
 Lying still in his bed
 At a hospital
 On his birthday

Maria Psathias 9RJ



No Place Like Home



Looking back in the family albums I see the happy faces and pictures of relatives I barely remember, because of civil war that had dominated Lebanon. Although I was only an infant when my family migrated to Australia I remember my mother telling me why we had to leave the place we called home.

Long before I was born, in 1979, a civil war had started in Lebanon that caused many civilians to flee their beloved homeland. My parents unlike many people, applied to be taken as skilled migrants, teachers, in Canada, America and Australia. Soon after my birthday my family received the acceptance letters for all three countries. My parents found it very difficult to choose which country they wanted to raise their seven children in. Finally they chose Australia, because Canada was far too cold, and America had too many crimes related to drugs and gangs. My parents didn't feel that these were the environments they wanted their children in. Many people said that leaving Lebanon was a wise decision but, they never warned us about what was in store for us.

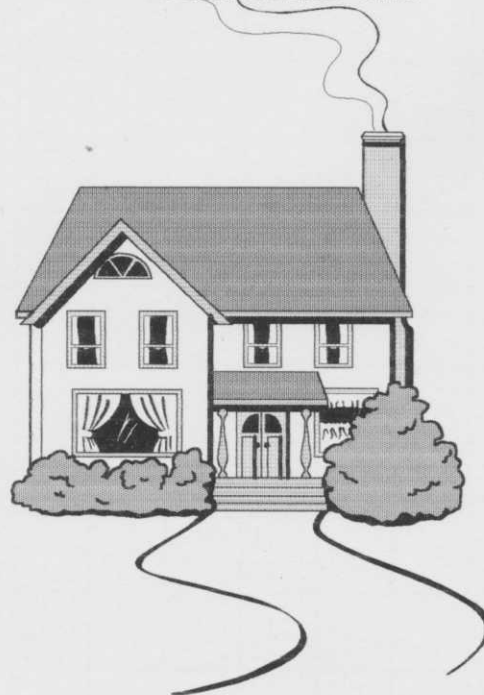
The day had come for us to leave Lebanon. My mother had packed so much that it felt like we were taking the whole country with us. Words cannot begin to describe how many tears were shed that day in Beirut International Airport. My Grandparents faces were almost white with grief and sorrow.

The first couple of years in Australia were the worst years of my whole, short life. We didn't have many Aunts or Uncles and people always looked at you like you were the lowest life-form on the face of the Earth.

Even when I started school things didn't get much better. The kids in the playground would call you names just because you were different. I've spent most of my life wondering why people are so cruel and prejudiced.

I've been to a lot of different countries and they all regard me as being Australian. Why can't I be regarded as being Australian in Australia?

Malak Hasna 9HY



YEAR 10 WRITING

Pregnancy

Anonymous 10SC

5/7/95

I spent most of the day in bed, hoping to fall asleep so I wouldn't have to think about the awful predicament I have gotten myself into. I feel so stupid and angry I just can't believe that we were that unreliable and now we have to pay the price of Anna being pregnant. My first instinct was to run away. I didn't want to handle it. I didn't want the responsibility. I am only fifteen. Who, at fifteen can honestly say they want a baby but I guess even if I do fall asleep, I still have to eventually "Wake up and face the music." I really don't know what to do. Adoption? Abortion? Go through with it?

6/7/95

I am still so confused but I am thinking a lot clearer today. Ann and I spoke for ages and although we are still undecided we are one step closer. I don't want her to have a abortion but I guess if she decides that's what she wants then I suppose I just have to go along with it. Personally, I hope she chooses adoption. At least then someone older and with more experience can take care of him, her, it?

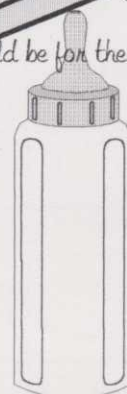
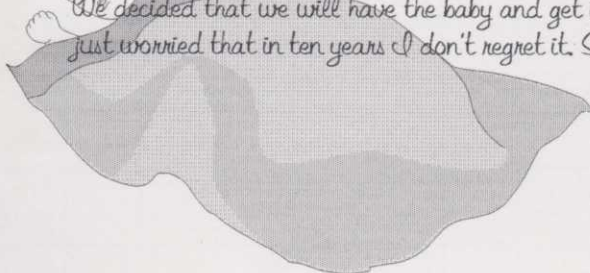
7/7/95

A week ago I would have never guessed that this week, I would be contemplating the future of my unborn baby. I can't believe how irresponsible we were. With every type of contraception available, we chose to ignore it. But neither of us planned it. We were kissing on the couch and the next thing I know we were sharing a cigarette in my parents' bed. Well, that was a slight exaggeration, but you know what I mean. We have kind of agreed on having the baby and then getting it fostered or adopted or something. Now comes the really hard part, telling our parents what happened.

8/7/95

I fear for my life. I told my parents and they actually understood. No yelling. No hitting. Nothing. I am sitting here waiting for one of them to realise that I really did get someone pregnant. I can just see my mother tearing open my bedroom door and tossing me out the window. But I find that very unlikely. My parents have been great.

We decided that we will have the baby and get it adopted. We both think it would be for the best. I'm just worried that in ten years I don't regret it. Somehow I know I will.



FAREWELL...



TOM PURVES...

Towards the end of the holidays, Tom Purves informed me that the time to retire had finally come. Tom entered the teaching service early in 1967 and taught for all of his career at Williamstown High School. Many of our present parents remember Tom from when they were his students in the 1960's and the 1970's. Tom had an uncanny ability to be complexly cranky and unreasonable and at the same time endear himself to his colleagues and his students. Tom was one of the last of the eccentrics in education and will be greatly missed.

Tom is a qualified accountant and came to teaching from RAAF. During his time at Williamstown High School he taught Maths and Accounting and took on other responsibilities of Camp's Co ordinator, first aid and co ordinator of lockers. He is a well travelled person and has gone to extraordinary places. In his retirement we presume he will continue on with his adventures.



GAIL HUTTON...

Gail Hutton, in her role of literacy co ordinator, was pivotal in establishing a Gifted Children's Network in the Western Bayside District. This is a network of schools, both Primary and Secondary, Government and Non-Government, who seeked to provide accessible extension learning programs for the gifted and talented students in the Western Bayside District. It provides professional development for teachers in identifying gifted students, teaching gifted students and in developing extension programs for gifted students. This network is self funding and is based at Williamstown High School.

Gail Hutton and Chris Duffy, our literacy aide conducted a number of "Parents as tutors" training sessions through out the year. As it is clear that there will never be enough time available to make sufficient difference to students suffering major learning difficulties, this program provides parents with the skill to help



reinforce the work of the teachers and the aide.

Gail Hutton has accepted a leading teacher 3 promotion at Cheltenham Secondary College to look after their VCE. Although this is wonderful news for Gail, it is a sad loss for the school. She will be greatly missed.

'GETTING EVEN'

It was a hot, sweaty, stinky day and everyone at school smelt like they'd been swimming in a pool of sweat. It was disgusting. I really needed to get to the beach and cool off. I was dying to show off my brand new fluorescent bikini. I had arranged to meet Felipe, my boyfriend, at 4.00 and being 3.30 I knew I'd have to be quick if I was to redo my hair and make-up in time, although I wouldn't mind being late and making a grand entrance. I was in French class listening to my boring teacher talk about boring things that didn't interest me at all, so I thought I'd make use of the time by doing my nails and dreaming about Felipe. As I was putting the finishing touches on my left hand I noticed everyone had stopped talking and were directing their attention to me. Only then did it occur to me I was being asked a question and I obviously had no idea of the answer, I didn't even hear the question. As a result M. Etienne kept me in and confiscated by new "Misty Plum" nail polish. I was not impressed.

After the French Ogre let me out I rushed down to the beach only to find Felipe and all my friends gone. I was so angry I wanted to kill my French teacher, not only had I missed out on seeing Felipe, but he'd taken my favourite nail polish. I knew I had to get him back and I had the best idea. I packed up my bags and went home.

I rushed through the front door and headed straight for the phone to call Felipe. I explained the whole miserable story to him and just as I suspected he was just as excited as I was to put the horrible French teacher in his place. I had come up with the perfect plan. Get some dirt on him and use it against him. The only problem with my plan was finding the dirt. I told Felipe I'd talk to him in the morning and went to my room to brainstorm an idea. I thought for ages but nothing came to me so I decided to wait till the next day and hassle my friends for some ideas.

I got up early still thinking about what I could do to M. Etienne and couldn't concentrate on anything else while I was getting ready for school. By the time I got to school, and saw my friends, a brainwave had stuck. I remembered about a month ago there was a rumour going around that the principal and M. Etienne were having an affair. At the time it was such deliciously juicy gossip that everyone knew about it. It normally wouldn't be so bad except the Principal was married to the school janitor. This all turned out to be a lie but it gave me an idea on my revenge plan. I could start a rumour so juicy it would just melt in your mouth. It had to be something really good. Something everyone would believe and get sucked in by.

During lunch my friend Sally-Anne came up with the perfect rumour. M. Etienne was into bondage and had been seen by someone's sister hanging out at the S&M club. It was perfect but it had to be arranged carefully and after some discussion we decided it would be best using someone else to start the rumour. After careful deliberation we chose Neville, the biggest gossip mouth, stirrer in the school. We decided it would be best for him to overhear it from one of us, so by twisting it around I got Stacy and Doreen to do it, that way none of it would be traced back to me.

Lunchtime seemed as good a time as any to carry out the plan, so Doreen and Stacy pushed in behind him in the lunch queue and began to have what appeared to be a private conversation. He fell for it hook, line and sinker and it appeared we had chosen the perfect candidate because by the end of lunchtime the whole school was buzzing with the news of M. Etienne.

I'd had the best night. I went out with Felipe and we had a romantic dinner followed by a midnight frolic in the ocean. It was marvellous. I was so happy since my plan had worked. M. Etienne was sure to have heard it by now as well as the teachers. I couldn't wait until French class tomorrow.

As I walked into the French class with a smile on my face, I caught M. Etienne's eye and he gave me the dirtiest look I'd ever seen. I was sure he knew it was me but I didn't care. I just smiled back at him knowingly. I was on a high for the next two days and it wasn't until the third day that everything went wrong.

As I walked down the hall I noticed everyone looking at me and laughing. Thinking I had something on my face I ran to the toilets to look. There was nothing there so this just brought on confusion until some girls walked in and asked how my hair was. "Fine" was all I answered and when they were walking out I heard one of them whisper, "Nice wig". I began to panic. I finally worked out what everyone was talking about. I ran to my locker to find a note inside written in nail polish, "Misty Plum" nail polish. It read "How's your wig? Hair today, gone tomorrow!" I was devastated. Everyone thought I was wearing a wig!

I walked into French class, looked straight at M. Etienne and gave him the dirtiest look I had ever given anyone. He just smiled at me knowingly and gave a little wave.

Amber Dale
Year 11

"A HOLE IN MY HEART"

The smell of bleach and washing powder combined with the essence of sick people filled the hallways and waiting room of St Vincent's Hospital. Many people were scattered about waiting for news about a loved one or just taking a break from visiting someone.

My family members and I were in the waiting room, waiting to see my grandfather.

I sat on a hard, cold, plastic chair, watching the people around me. Some were leaving the patient's ward with a look of relief and a smile on their face. It is beyond me how hospitals could put anyone in a good mood. In fact in all of my experiences, hospitals have been depressing and painful.

My mother sat beside me, but she did not say a word. My father paced up and down the waiting room floor. He moved as though he was being dragged by a piece of rope. His steps were rapid and he fidgeted constantly. His arms were crossed tightly on his chest, giving me the impression that he was trying to keep himself from falling to pieces. The vision of a strong, powerful and controlled person began to fade right before my eyes and a helpless, afraid and wounded person appeared.

I did not move, instead I continued to watch him. I could see that he was oblivious to those around him, including me. My family had been waiting for hours to hear some news about my grandfather.

It was not long before the doctor confronted us with those familiar words, "There is nothing more we can do for him .. it's in God's hands now". As we stood listening to the doctor I noticed family members reactions to the news. In situations of this kind not everyone can be strong. I expected to see my aunts and uncles crying and consoling each other, as they had done on occasions in the past. I guess I was just not prepared for the emotional outcries that were displayed.

We all took turns to say a few words to him. When my turn came, I slowly walked to his door. I could see the shadow of a bedded figure on the wall. It was the early hours of the morning and the air seemed thicker. I found it hard to breathe. I was holding back the tears.

I stood at the foot of his bed. Before me lay an old, fragile man, who did not even know who I was anymore. I picked up his hand and held it tight, trying to pass on all of my strength. He did not respond. His soft wrinkled hand lay still between mine and I knew then that I would never be able to talk, laugh, play or even see him smile again. I leaned over and cradled his face with my cold hands. He was so warm and still. I kissed his cheek and left the room

Despite feeling hurt and sorrow for the loss of my grandfather, I just couldn't cry. My face stiffened and I felt an aching lump in my throat that felt like it was going to explode. The hairs on my arms stood on end as I experienced intense shivering.

I could hear my relatives crying, some uncontrollably, but I did not go near them. My father was amongst his brother and sisters and they all felt the same pain, the death of their father. It was something that I could not really understand despite the love and closeness that I as a grandchild shared with him.

My father drove us to my grandmother's house in silence. We reached her house and all walked inside as though a great weight lifted us through the air. We all felt confused. All of my life, until this day, my grandfather's home had been a central meeting place for all our family and friends. Now to walk into the living room and find his big, leather chair empty, I felt the whole house just wasn't the same. I wondered if I would ever get used to not seeing him there.

As we all sat together in the lounge, everyone continued to cry. My father had always been so much like his father, yet I was not like dad. Watching him cry made me feel as though I did not have the right to share his pain. I wanted to show him love and warmth, but I could not move.

It was a really long night for everyone. I thought about what the next few days were going to be like. I thought about the funeral and how I needed to be strong for my father. I knew that he would try and be strong himself, but watching your father be buried would be very painful

I sat in the room with my brother and we talked about what it would be like to lose dad. I went into the kitchen and noticed the lamp on in the family room. My father was sitting alone in his chair and at that moment he reminded me of my grandfather.

I walked up to my father and knelt in front of him. He looked at me and I put my arms around him and held him tight. My father broke down in loud, thunderous sobs repeating his father's name. An ache of unexplained intensity ran through my body. I tightened my grip and felt the warmth of his tears on my shoulder. I felt the life of my father in my arms and prayed that I would be able to feel his death in the same way.

Rash Risilia.

"1995 : A BIG YEAR IN SPORT"

The Interschool Sport program in 1995 has been one of the biggest and most successful ever at Williamstown High School. As a number of observers noted, it has also been a history making year.

Without a doubt, the most pleasing aspect for all concerned has been the enthusiasm of the students which has resulted in a terrific participation rate across all year levels. Our junior students in particular have shown a tremendous spirit in their endeavours to be a member of one or more of the many school teams. At the Year 7 level more than 75% of students participated in one or more of the interschool sport teams. At Year 8, the figure was 70% and at Year 9, 78%. It is hoped that these students maintain their enthusiasm as they progress through their schooling at Williamstown High.

History was made on at least two fronts. For the first time ever, Williamstown High fielded girls' soccer teams at the Year 7 and Year 8 levels. Many of the girls were novices at the game but all enjoyed themselves immensely as they quickly improved their skills. The Year 7 team experienced success at the district level and were eventually runners up in the Western Zone Final - a terrific effort from the girls playing this sport for the first time.

The number of different teams entered in competitions was also an all time high for Williamstown High. Across the year levels, students participated in 54 different teams in 16 different sports. The school is fortunate to have staff members who have been willing to coach teams in such a range of sports. This has allowed many students the opportunity to be a part of a school team. Sports this year included : athletics, swimming, cross country, basefall, softball, volleyball, cricket, tennis, football, soccer, badminton, netball, hockey, basketball, table tennis and squash - a wide range indeed.

Our "All Age" teams - swimming, cross country and athletics - experienced amazing success at the district carnivals with many individuals and relay teams progressing to the Western Zone Finals. Our most successful individuals from these teams were Cara McDonald of Year 8 who came third in State U/14 metre freestyle final, Lana Cridland and Gemma Duhig both of Year 7 who competed in the State U/14 cross country finals. Both will still be eligible for the U/14 age group next year - and Lana Cridland and Kai May, also of Year 7, who competed in the State Athletics finals. Lana finished second in the U/13 800 metres and fourth in the 400 metres. Kai finished sixth in the U/13 400 metres and seventh in the 1500 metres. A fantastic achievement by all these young athletes at State level!

It was perhaps the junior teams who sparked off the contagious enthusiasm that prevailed throughout the year. Seven of the twelve Year 7 and Year 8 teams entered in summer sport in term one were winners at the district level. This was an amazing achievement in itself but further success was to follow. Four of these teams went on to compete in the Western Zone Finals, with three also winning at that level and advancing to State Finals. The Year 8 boys volleyball team eventually finished in the top 8 in the State, the Year 7 girls softball team finished the year with a fantastic fifth placing in the State Finals, and the Year 8 boys baseball team ended the year with a super effort - a very unlucky third placing in the State Final.

Congratulations to all the students involved in these teams. Special thanks to Jo Hewett who guided the volleyball team and Year 11 student Vanessa Wilkinson who spent many hours coaching the softball team.

Another highlight of the year was the introduction of the school sport T-shirt. Our aim at the start of the year was to encourage all Year 7 and Year 8 students to wear the T-shirt when competing for the school in Interschool Sport. It turned out to be an easy task to achieve. Students took great pride in wearing the T-shirt and certainly gained the feeling that they were part of a team. Many coaches from other schools commented on how smart our students looked.

From a staff and coaching point of view there is one important element that makes participating in sport with students a pleasure; it is the behaviour and spirit of the students involved. This year students across all year levels have displayed exemplary behaviour both on and off the sporting fields. Again, it is nice to be able to report that coaches and parents involved with other teams often comment on how well behaved the students from Williamstown High are, and how much they seem to be enjoying themselves participating as members of a team.

I congratulate all students on their participation and successes. There are many staff, students and parents who also deserve a big thank-you for putting so much work into this program and thereby allowing the students to experience this success.

Dale Ritchie
Sport Co-ordinator



Williamstown High School Wind Orchestra -Canberra- 1995



MUSICAL EVENTS AT WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL - 1995 -

<u>Event</u>	<u>Group</u>	<u>Date</u>
School Assembly #1	Wind Orchestra	Feb 25
Year 7 information night	Wind Orchestra	April 6
Grade 5/6 information night	Year 8 concert band	May 2
Williamstown Nth Primary School	Clarinet Ensemble	May 15
School Assembly #2	Saxophone Ensemble Year 10 class band VCE class band	May 25
Launch: WHS recording studio	Black Mango (ex-student band)	June 1
Open Day	Flute, Clarinet, Sax Ensembles	June 3
Debut concert for parents	Year 7 Concert Band	June 19
Song-writing Workshop	VCE and year 10 class bands	June 27
Inner West Music Festival	Wind Orchestra (finale item)	July 28
Concert: Williamstown Primary School	Year 7 Concert Band	Aug 7
Concert: Solo performances in C8	AMEB exam candidates (18)	Sept 1&8
Australian Citizenship Ceremonies	Saxophone Ensemble	Sept 4
North West Grand Concert	Involvement in 5 groups	Sept 5
Year 7 Music Camp in Rosebud (And a concert at school for parents)	All year 7 music students	Sept 17/18
Amnesty International	Ensembles	Oct 15
Windows in the West	Wind Orchestra	Oct 20
Hobsons Bay Sister City Conference	Wind Orchestra	Nov 6
80th. Anniversary performances	Wind O &/or ensembles	November
Primary School Performances	Year 7 music students	November
Canberra Music Camp & Tour	Wind Orchestra	Nov 27 - Dec 1
School assembly #3	Different solos & groups	Dec 7
Quadrangle rock band gigs	Yr. 10 & 11 grunge/metal bands	Nov/Dec
Music By The Bay	All bands and ensembles	Dec 10
Postponed: Wind Symphony	Students from 15 schools and the Victorian Police Band	

MONDAY

Today started the 1995 Music Camp, but with a 4.30a.m. start it didn't create the best atmosphere. With our eyes still half closed and most of us looking like zombies, we loaded the bus and left for Melbourne Airport to catch our plan to Canberra. The flight was pretty good except for a few seating problems. We hit turbulence for about twenty seconds and that shook some people up, especially the first-time fliers.

We arrived at Canberra Airport and then collected our luggage onto our coach and headed for Mt Ainslie, where we met up with the tutors who had been in Canberra a day before us. We had a look at the view. You could see Parliament House, Anzac Parade and the War Memorial. We then went off to the Australian Institute of Sport and had a guided tour of the many different sporting arenas. We went into the gym and saw some of the Canberra Cannons (the Canberra basketball team) training for the next season.

After a quick stop at the shop we boarded the bus and went to Parliament House. We had a tour through most of it, including the Great Hall where we would be performing in a few days. We were all now getting a bit tired from travelling around so much, so we went back to our campsite, the National Capital Village, and had lunch. We had a rest for a while and then got into the rehearsals. We were all in a very "cosy" room but it sounded okay. We practised for about one and a half hours before we were "supposed" to have tea. But the oven broke down so we had a break for twenty minutes before our tea was ready.

For team we had meat pies (cold), sausage rolls (burnt), and vegies (half decent). And we were given an orange drink. We practised for another two hours then had to go into our own cabins. Then it was lights out to be prepared for the big day ahead.

By Emily Speakman

WEDNESDAY

As dumbstruck as we were that morning (from lack of sleep), exciting feelings still flowed through our bodies. It was the first performance today. The Great Hall in Parliament House was honoured by the intriguing excellence of the WHS Concert Band. We had already seen Parliament House via a tour on Monday, but then we were sightseers. Now we were the sight to see.

Humbling ourselves in front of the great tapestry, the mellow sounds carried on for almost an hour.

After we had finished a representative for Ralph Willis apologised for his absence. He continued to praise the school, the state education system, the Parliament buildings and finally the Labour Party (he had to squeeze it in)!. We enjoyed and dry ham and cheese sandwiches on the Queens Terrace. After lunch we watched a rather quiet House of Representatives session. We headed to the Senate. It was more intense, but still quieter than what you see on television.

After the Parliament House performance, ABC studios awaited our arrival for a so called "live to air" performance. It was pro taped and announced as "live to air". Overall, performing in the professional studio environment was great experience.

We trooped back to be fed another vile serving of the chef's mistakes. Rehearsals followed dinner. Going to bed that night was easy, we were all exhausted.

By Daniel Holland

FRIDAY

After most people had a sleepless night or only a few hours, we headed down for breakfast a little before 7am. Surprise - Surprise - cereal, toast, hash browns and bacon, and of course, no meal is complete at National Capital Village without that watery OJ that we have all grown to love.

After breakfast we all frantically packed our bags and loaded them on the bus along with our instruments and equipment. We all then jumped onboard the bus, settled down and began our long journey home.

For lunch, we stopped at a park just on the NSW border. Most people avoided those really tasty sandwiches and made our way for Pizza Hut. We hit it like a tornado, draining them of pizza and ice-cream, then left them with a mess.

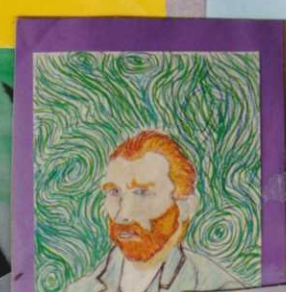
We then had our "annual end of music camp speeches". We hopped on the bus again and headed for Willy. During the bus trip we had a Walt Disney test, watching Alladin, Beauty & the Beast and The Lion King.

We arrived at school at about 6.45pm. We eagerly got off and unpacked.

Overall I thought the music camp 95 was a great experience. We all gained new knowledge and developed new techniques.

By Matthew Scoble







WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL BALL
AT THE WILLIAMSTOWN TOWN HALL - EARLY 1930'S

from left to right - Dorothy Fraser, Margaret Rodger, Joyce Le
Doris Booth



THANKS

FOR THE

MEMORIES



INTERVIEW WITH MISS JESSIE FERGUSON

Miss Jessie Ferguson attended Williamstown High school for three years, from 1922 to 1924.

Subjects she enjoyed most were Maths - Geometry and Algebra, French and Geography. She didn't like History. When Jessie attended it was a small school, with very few classes, with the boys and girls segregated in classrooms and the school ground. Boys and girls also weren't able to walk home together, or spend any time together out of school, even if they lived next door to each other.

The school uniform for girls was a navy blue tunic, with three pleats down the front, black stockings and shoes. A straw hat in summer and a hat in winter - if it wasn't worn there were detentions after school.

Jessie remembers a lot of friends from Williamstown High.

"I always loved school."

A memorable moment for Jessie was playing in the rounders team for the school. They played the five other High Schools in Melbourne, which were Essendon High, Coburg High, Geelong High, Melbourne High and University High. So altogether, there was only six high schools in all of Melbourne.

"You make the school, the school doesn't make you."

Alison Duffy

Note: Miss Ferguson died in 1996.

INTERVIEW WITH MRS IRENE WESTCOTT

As part of Williamstown High School's Eightieth Birthday, 9SA interviewed former student Irene Westcott on what the school was like during her time here : 1936-1941.

When Mrs Westcott was a student here, an average of four hundred to four hundred and fifty people attended WHS. Back then, a year level was known as a "Form". Each form from one to four (Year seven to ten nowadays) contained forty students, with at least sixty in Form five and six.

There were nine subjects in those days, all of which were decided for you when in form one to four (afterwards, you could choose for yourself). Mrs Westcott's favourites were maths and geography, although she despised sewing.

However, the subjects were a little different to those nowadays. History and geography, for example, were separate subjects back then, yet are now bound together as one (SOSE). Similarly, Latin was taught instead of Japanese (French was still there).

All work was, in Mrs Westcott's words "just right" (not too easy or difficult), and the homework load did not become too heavy until the final two forms. The teachers were either very strict or extremely kind and helpful. Mrs Westcott's favourite was her maths teacher, as he was stern yet tried to make his classes as enjoyable as possible.

Boys and girls were treated equally in those days, except for the fact that several electives were split between the genders (i.e. metalwork for boys, sewing for girls) - something that might seem a bit sexist now.

Fashions worn in those days were, predictably, far different to those around now. Mrs Westcott recalled wearing black stockings which had to be pulled up so no skin was visible. She also remembers the "terribly uncomfortable" P.E. uniform, which consisted of socks which were pulled up to the knees, a T-shirt and little bloomers.

There was no school canteen to speak of back then. Instead, students brought their own lunches and had to get drinks from Dunstan's Dairy. Grafitti, meanwhile, was not as prevalent as it is now, possibly due to the lack of proper equipment to do it with (i.e. textas). WHS had several forms of corporal punishment. These included the strap, writing out lines one hundred times, and a firm rap on the knuckles with a ruler.

Mrs Westcott's most memorable day at this school was when she promised to jump off the roof of the building which was located where the Parent's Pavilion now stands, if she got recommended in all of her subjects.

The presence of World War Two did not really affect her schooling. However, while working as a student teacher at Footscray Primary School, she used to do practise drills with the others and take all the children into a shelter.

Speaking with Mrs Westcott was fascinating, as she gave us a clear view of what WHS was like when she went here. Not surprisingly, it has changed in many ways and will keep on doing so as time goes by.

Mrs Westcott became a teacher and concluded her teaching career as Principal at Footscray Girls Secondary School.

Jay Thompson

7SR INTERVIEWS MISS BETTY YOUNG

On Monday the 16th October, 1995, 7SR interviewed Miss Betty Young when she came back to Williamstown High School. She came back to tell us what it was like when she went to school here, over sixty years ago from 1932 to 1936.

She was born in 1922 and started school at Newport Primary. When she started at Williamstown High School she was the youngest student to start in her year level. She turned 10 a month after beginning high school.

Since 1936 when Betty Young left the school it has changed in many ways. There are more rooms now even though Miss Young thinks from what she's seen, there are just as many students now as there was back then.

She remembers 12 rooms around the Quadrangle and the 4 or 5 rooms they called "Siberia" which were along the fence behind where the bike shed is now. In those days this was the boys' yard. The building where the office is now they called the "new" building and there were 5 rooms in that.

We now have a big, new library. When Miss Yongg was at school she remembers the library was just one room where she didn't go very often. Sometimes you could go there to read the books but you couldn't borrow them.

The classes were also much bigger then. When she was in Form F2, which was like Year 7, there were 38 in her class at the start of the year and 42 students by the end of 1932.

The uniform in those days was much different. The girls had to wear a navy blue tunic, white blouse with a tie, black stockings and shoes, gloves (sometimes) and a pull on hat made of felt which they called a "Molly O". The boys had to wear grey shorts or pants, a jumper with red, yellow and black bands, a shirt and tie. If the uniform wasn't worn you were spoken to severely by the Headmaster/mistress but no marks were taken off grades.

The school days were much longer than they are now. The day began at 9.00am and finished at about 3.45/4.00pm, when they all rushed to catch the train, much like many students do today, because if you missed it, you had to wait half an hour for the next train.

When Miss Young used to come to school she had many different subjects. There was Arithmetic, English, History, Geography, Algebra, Physics, Drawing and Needlework. Miss Young thought the work was interesting but it depended if you liked the teacher. "Some teachers could make anything at all interesting," she said. Her favourite subjects were English and French.

She told us about the sorts of things that they used to do in English - various readings, poetry, grammar, as well as studying Latin and Greek roots/ These helped you to work out what words meant. "I like most of the subjects we had to do," she remarked, "but some subjects like Geometry and Algebra were hard to understand."

She told us that most subjects were set and those were what you did. Girls and boys were separated for Needlework, Woodwork and Cookery. Boys didn't do needlework or cookery and girls didn't do woodwork, like we do today.

80TH ANNIVERSARY INTERVIEW WITH PHYLLIS MILLER

It is the Williamstown High School's 80th Anniversary this year and to celebrate this great event there has been a few activities going on. One of these activities was for each grade to interview a past student from Williamstown High School.

We found out how much Williamstown High School has changed over the past years.

7JO interviewed Phyllis. From this interview we found out some interesting things about the time Phyllis spent at Williamstown High School.

Phyllis was eleven years old when she first came to Williamstown High. There were approximately 200 students that attended the school. The girls' uniform was a pinafore with 3 pleats and a white long sleeved shirt. The boys wore a blazer, white shirt and tie. Phyllis was in a grade of 40 children - 20 boys and 20 girls. The girls sat on one side of the classroom and the boys on the other.

The subjects taught were History, English, Science, Typing, Singing, Maths and Geography, but boys had wood instead of typing. Phyllis's favourite classes were English, Typing and Geography. Even though there were some bullies, Phyllis loved school and her Geography teacher.

- . There were six periods in a day which were 45 minutes long.
- . There was a lot of homework and teachers were strict.
- . For misbehaviour, boys got the strap or detention, girls just got detention.
- . There was no canteen for students to buy their lunch (shock horror!).
- . The house groups were Dingoes (red), Koalas (blue), Possums (yellow) and Wombats (green).
- . They had school captains and Forms A, B, C, and D.

The interview ended with Eileen Spiteri and Angela Simons giving Phyllis a tour of Williamstown High School in the 90's.

Phyllis attended Williamstown High School during the 1920's.

Chelsea Dixon

INTERVIEWS WITH HEATHER RUSSELL¹

Sitting with my highlighted questions in front of me, listening to others asking their questions, responding to their questions, Heather quite reminded me of myself. We were/are both schoolgirls going to the same school, she in earlier years of our school's history. Although it was the same school, listening to her responses, I found it surprising. It has become more equal for the sexes and become more modern with society. Also with the rules and punishments as in her time the strap was used on the boys, and now it is in bad taste and unlawful to give the strap.

The school grounds were divided into the "boys" and the "girls" areas. She said she never went to the boys' section except to go to the canteen. She never thought of breaking the rules as "you just didn't in those days".

The class sizes were larger. It was not like now when you could have a fair bit of the teacher's attention. The teachers would dictate things or put work on the board and you would write it down; too bad if you were left behind.

It surprised me that the school grounds were separated and they never broke the rules. Doing this might give the unsure students the idea that it is wrong to see the boys and have relationships with them, and that they can't do what the boys do e.g. play football, and the girls do girls things. As Heather said there was the attitude in her time at school that there were "girls things" and "boys things".

If I was alive in those days I wouldn't like the sexist attitudes, that the girls did sewing and cooking and the boys did woodwork and metalwork, influencing the home life with the women cooking, while men go to work. I like the way things are with boys cooking if they want to and girls doing woodwork if they want. Also with uniform, girls had to wear dresses but now we have the freedom to wear long pants and shorts.

Leisa Blanche

Heather Russell was a past student of Williamstown High School and did quite a lot for the school in more recent times. Heather told us a lot about how the school was run in the past and told us the differences between then and how our school is now.

In the past the school was much more formal. Girls had to wear skirts or tunics, shirts, blazers, ties and hats. The boys wore grey pants and shirts, opposed to our uniform of black shorts or pants, any collared white shirt, and a windcheater. The school was much more segregated too, there was a yard for the girls and a separate yard for the boys, and no one crossed it - which really surprised me. I would really have hated this because I like to be able to socialise with the guys too.

The school grounds were smaller and the buildings older. The classrooms were pretty small, but the class sizes were really huge, up to about 50 students in a class, and they sat in little desks in little rows. I would have hated this because it was so squashy and claustrophobic. You also wouldn't get much attention from the teacher because there were so many kids.

One thing I would've have liked was the lunchtimes where you could go across the other side of Willy Beach station to the bakery. Everyone went across and bought buns and stuff. However, I think lunchtimes would've been dumb because the girls only played netball and did girly things like that.

Jade Smith

¹ Our School Library is named after Heather (Rae) Russell in recognition for her many years of dedicated service to the school as a parent on School Council. Her three children attended WHS!

INTERVIEW WITH JAN MCLEOD

Jan McLeod attended Williamstown High School between 1959 and 1962. She came to the school in year nine. She started her education at Hyde Street Central School. This school went from prep to year eight. After completing Year eight, students had the choice of going to Williamstown High and University High schools.

She lived in Footscray and then moved to Altona. She travelled from Altona to Williamstown High School each day on the train. In those days, the train came directly to Williamstown from Altona and since there was no high school in Altona, quite a lot of students travelled to Williamstown High from there, about 50-60 people.

In those days the uniform was very strict, it was grey and included skirts, school blazers and hats. If you were out of uniform, you were sent home to change. The girls skirts had to be a certain length and were measured.

The school was quite big at that time. There were approximately 800 to 900 students. There were four units, they were Wombats, Koalas, Dingoes and Possums.

The school day went from 9.00am to 3.30pm. The periods went for approximately 45 minutes.

There was not as much subject choice for students as there is now. Subjects were different to what they are today. They had subjects like English, History, Geography and French but subjects such as Psychology were not available. Jan McLeod's favourite class was Geography and her favourite teacher was her geography teacher, Mr Knight.

In Year 12 she took English, English Literature, Accounting, Science, Humanities and Geography. The work load was heavy, approximately three hours of homework was done each night; this was about average. Year 12 was called Matriculation.

Year twelve subjects were not as varied as they are today. The year's work was assessed with an exam. These exams were held at the Exhibition Buildings with people from all different schools.

In year twelve, Jan was a Prefect. It was her job to act as a link between teachers and students. One of her fond memories is sitting in what is now called the "Parent's Pavilion" toasting crumpets with other prefects.

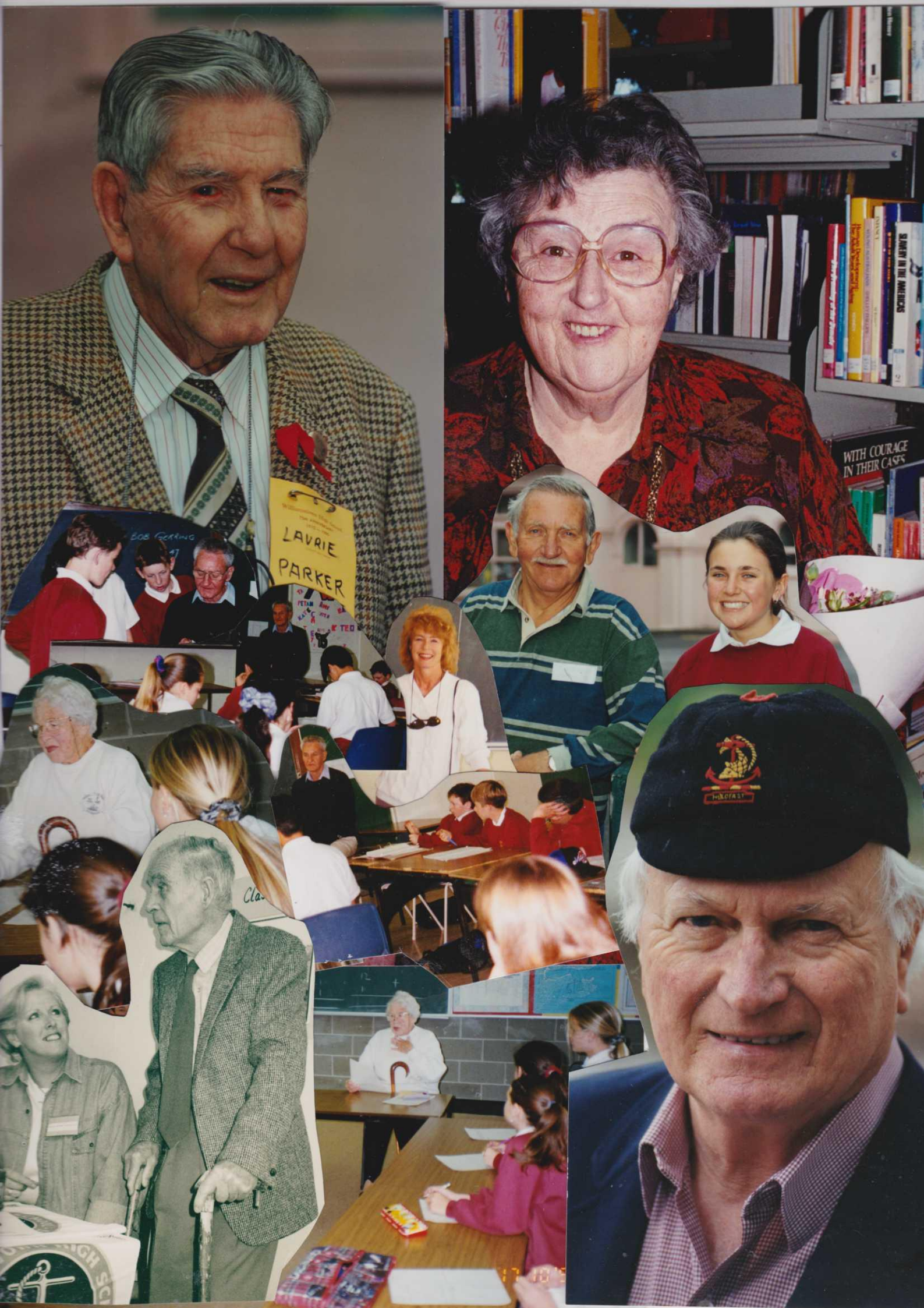
They spent their free time going to dances. At that time there was not as much of a problem with drugs and under age drinking; everyone went to the dances to have a good time. They still drank alcohol but not as much. This is the major thing Jan McLeod notices about the difference between her generation and the teenagers today.

Buildings have changed around the school. For example there used to be portable classrooms and there was a canteen run by mothers in the quadrangle. Boys and Girls had separate recreation areas for recess and lunchtime breaks.

It was interesting to hear how the school was in the 1960's.

Rachel, 10SC





7WM's INTERVIEW WITH BOB GERRING

"In the interview our class had with Bob Gerring we learnt that at Williamstown High School in 1945 there were very strict rules.

Back then the playground was split up into two areas. One for the girls and one for the boys. If a boy went to the other side or a girl went to the other side they would get a punishment. The boys would get a cane hit on the hand and the girls would either write one hundred lines on the blackboard or on paper.

When Bob Gerring came we learnt things about how the school was and what the teachers were like. It was interesting."

Q. What sort of stationery did you bring to school?

A. We had text books and ink pens with ink wells. They had to be refilled by students every day.

Q. Did you, or would you have been in trouble if you wrote with your left hand?

A. No we didn't get in trouble for writing with the left hand. They weren't that strict, but we still got the strap.

Q. What sports did you play at recess?

A. Cricket and football most of the time.

Q. How many people were in a class?

A. 30 to 35.

Q. Did you have TV's?

A. No.

Q. How many subjects did you study at school?

A. I took five subjects between 1945 and 1947 - Maths, Science, English, Latin and Geometry.

Q. Did you have a canteen at school?

A. No we didn't have a canteen. We brought our lunch in a paper bag and if we forgot, we went without.

Q. What form of transport did you take to school?

A. I took the train to school. It was called the "red rattler".

Q. Did the classes have both males and females?

A. Yes, boys and girls were together in classes but the school yard was segregated.

Q. What time did you start and finish school?

A. We started at 9.00am and finished at 3.30pm.

Q. What happened during the war?

A. All the male teachers came back and we were very happy.

"In 1945 Williamstown High School was very different to today. "

All of the boys were isolated from the girls.

The girls had different subjects from the boys.

The rules were a lot stricter.

The school was a lot smaller than it is today.

"When Bob Gerring visited our class we learnt a lot of things about Williamstown High fifty years ago.

I don't think it was fair that the girls had to wear school uniform and the boys didn't. The boys and girls were isolated from each other and they did different subjects (cookery and needlework).

INTERVIEW WITH WILMA ROBARTS

Mrs Wilma Robarts was a former student at Williamstown High School and she visited our class to give us an idea of school life during the late 1940's - early 1950's.

She talked to us about all the different restrictions they had in those days. The worst one was how boys and girls were not allowed to mix in the playground. Anyone who crossed into the wrong area would have to see the headmaster if they were caught and that was considered a serious crime.

Mrs Robarts also told us how much the place has changed since she was a student here. Down where the Home Economics centre is presently there were houses around that area. A dairy was located where the Elms Estate is currently situated.

"Was school any more different in those days than it is now" I asked her. She replied that she thought it was probably a little more difficult then, but not too much as standards had been maintained. She told us that we are extremely lucky that we are going to school now rather than when she was at school.

Nick Simonovski

During Wilma Robarts' school days, Williamstown High School had groups like we have Seagulls and Pelicans, they had Koalas, Wombats, Possums and Dingoes. They had a dairy at the back of the school and they went there and got milk. They could get flavoured straws for their milk and you could suck on them and eat them too.

The teacher/student relationships weren't as good as the teachers were very strict and they used the strap (only on the boys).

Craig Martin

Back in the past at Williamstown High School, when Wilma Robarts went to this school she had to wear a uniform consisting of a tunic, blazer, shirt, tie, hat and gloves. The girls had to hang around the A block and the boys had to hang around the other area of the school. If the boys went over into the girls area they got the strap, but the girls didn't get the strap if they went into the wrong area.

For lunch they had to go out of the school to get it or they could bring their own from home. The Government used to provide little bottles of milk for the students at recess in Primary School. The students didn't really like the milk because it was all hot if the milkman left it in the sun. The classrooms had about 40 students in them. They had fewer rooms then than we do now. The only buildings that were at Williamstown High were the A block, the C block and the cookery room. The girls had to do cookery. Wilma's class once went on a protest and refused to eat what they had cooked.

When Wilma attended Williamstown High School in 1948-1952 the only subjects they had were Maths, English, History, Geography, Science and a couple of electives.

Anna Mitchell

INTERVIEW WITH MR TED COBBIN, AGED 73

Ted Cobbin went to Williamstown High School from 1933-1936. Mr Cobbin was ten years old when he started school here, and was fourteen when he left.

There was thirty people per class and 750 students attending the school at the time. Girls and boys sat at opposite sides of the room.

There were the strap and detention as punishments.

For uniform the boys wore grey shorts and a white blazer. The girls wore navy blue tunics and white shirts. Both uniforms were worn all year round.

Mr Cobbin played football and tennis. Wednesdays was P.E. day and the whole school had P.E. There used to be tennis courts where the cricket nets are now.

There were seven classes per day and eight on Thursdays. School started at 9.00am and finished just before 4.00pm in the afternoon.

Mr Cobbin was born in Bendigo and attended Williamstown North State School in his younger years.

**THIS INTERVIEW WAS
CONDUCTED BY 7DR STUDENTS**

WHAT WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL MEANS TO ME ...

During my time as a student of Williamstown High School I had numerous, positive experiences which I now look back on with fond memories. One of the most enriching and rewarding has been my involvement with the music program.

The diversity of musical experiences and inspired teaching by the staff were strong contributing factors in my decision to pursue music/teaching at a tertiary level.

My continuing involvement in the Concert Band in such activities as the yearly music camp/tour is due to the strong bond I feel I have formed with the aspiring musicians in this group and my close friendship with the music staff.

By teaching (and hopefully inspiring) the young musicians in the Concert Band I feel that not only is it aiding my professional development as a music teacher, but that I am giving back a small part of what I have gained from the music program.

*Shaun Murray
Student at WHS 1989 to 1993*

Thank you letter to 7JO

Dear Jo

Thank you very much for your nice note and photos of the class 7JO and myself taken when I visited you on the 17th October.

Although I was a bit daunted at the thought of what I had been asked to do, I realized that with the change of life over the years of school days, unless the children were told about the earlier days, they would not realize quite what school means. I can only hope that they enjoy their school days as I did.

Angie and Eileen were very helpful in explaining the various rooms to me.

Kind regards, Phyl Miller (4/11/1995)



INTERVIEWS WITH LAURIE AND JOY PARKER

Laurie and Joy Parker both played a large part in Williamstown High School when they attended in the 1920's. They met at the school. Now, seven decades later, they are happily married and have had five children, who also went to Willy High, and have gone on to pursue their careers after High School.

Joy attended the school for four years, and did mainly business subjects such as Shorthand, Typing and Accounting. Laurie, who was there for seven years, excelled in sport, and was the captain of the Dingoes house, who won the Parker Cup, which was presented to the school by Laurie's father in 1922. Laurie was also a prefect.

In the 1920's there were approximately 650 students at Williamstown High School. Laurie showed me an amazing photo of all the students in the school, which was taken in the quadrangle, when the photographer was on the roof.

Uniforms were a lot different than they are today. The girls wore a tunic, blazer, stockings, gloves and hat. The boys - navy blue or black trousers, black shoes, jumper - school colours, cap and tie. If the uniform wasn't worn, then detentions were handed out. Another form of discipline was the strap, for things such as swearing or talking to the girls.

The school dances were the only chance for the boys and girls to mix.

A memorable moment for Joy. "Being chased by Laurie" she says with a smile.
"I thought it was the other way around" Laurie said.

The most memorable moment for the two of them would be meeting each other. They both believe school prepared them for life. For Laurie, being a prefect was one of his biggest influences on his future for "becoming a leader".

Laurie says teachers were highly respected when they were at school. "We though they were terrific, even the ones that gave us the strap."

Swimming at Williamstown Baths was a highlight. "Anything that got us away from school." Every Tuesday afternoon at 12 o'clock everybody would run like mad, down under the subway, and down Forster Street, to the baths.

MRS BETTY CUMMING (STRINGER)¹

. How long did you attend Williamstown High School for?

For four years, from 1940 to 1944.

. What levels were there?

Levels 1, 2, 3, 4.

. Who was your Principal?

Mr Townsend.

. Which subjects did you enjoy the most?

Maths.

. Approximately how many students were there at the school?

About 30 to 40 in each grade, I would say there'd be over 1,000.

. Was there a school uniform?

Yes, it was very strict.

. Could you explain it?

In summer we had a frock - checked with white background, with red, yellow and black, and white collar and cuffs. Hat, gloves, stockings and black shoes.

. What form of punishment was handed out?

Detentions after school; sent out of the room; on rare occasions we were sent to the Principal's office; and lines.

. Do you think that school prepared you for life?

It certainly did, yes.

. Do you remember any of the other subjects that you did?

I did Latin, we had a choice out of Latin and French. History, Geography, Maths, Algebra, Geometry, Art, P.E., Sewing, Cookery, Science, Singing, Music and Book keeping.

. Do you remember any of your friends?

Yes, I'm still in contact with a couple of my friends whom I was particularly friendly with, after all of these years. One lives down in Lakes Entrance and another has just moved down from Canberra to Melbourne. These were my "particular" friends, but I do know a lot who are still in Williamstown who also went to Williamstown High School.

. Is there any memorable moments from Williamstown High which you remember?

When I was at school there was a war on, so I remember air-raid drills, where the bell would go and we'd all rush out of the school and just lay in the gutter in the streets. We had to take our rubber and put it between our teeth so that we wouldn't get shell shock. In cookery we had a teacher who would throw tantrums, running around saying "You girls, you girls, you'll be the death of me!" and she'd go to her office and stay there for hours on end. I was one of seven children, six of whom attended Williamstown High. We were the only High School this side of town so students from Werribee, Bacchus Marsh and Footscray all got on this one train and the Head Mistress used to walk through the train keeping an eye on everyone. The boys had the back of the train and the girls had the front, always the segregation. Little did Miss Burns know that as she moved through the train to see that the boys weren't mixing with the girls, the boys would follow her into the girls' carriage, whether she wanted them to, or not. Also, because it was the war years, we also used to get measured, and if you were 5 foot 6, or if you could make yourself this height, you'd get extra ration coupons for clothing, because it took more material to make your dress. We had to wear Swedish bloomers during sport, and when the train came in full of American sailors, we'd all get embarrassed because of these daggy bloomers. We had prefects in those days and my sister was a senior prefect. One day I wasn't wearing my hat when I left the school and my sister saw me and gave me lines. Somebody else did them for me, I wasn't going to do them. One excursion we went on was to Healesville Sanctuary. It was a whole school excursion. We did marching because it was wartime, we were very restricted. We knitted for soldiers in the war, and I came home to my mother's horror, with a big bag of wool to knit a man's jumper. We also knitted socks and balaclavas.

. Did you enjoy school?

I loved school. I really enjoyed it, I wasn't brilliant, I was one of those "average" students, but I really enjoyed school.

¹ Betty's children also attended Willy High and now her grandchildren are attending.



FRONT ROW:

David Greenacre, Brad Thomas, Alecka Patralakas
Daniel Haitas, Samantha Price, Kane Chetcuti
Jonathon van de Brink

SECOND ROW:

Steven Hall, Jason Huynh, Linda Hatty, Jack Supriyona
Patricia Tunstall, Eli Pritchett,
Melanie Hinsley

THIRD ROW:

Matthew Webster, Rosalyne Lockwood, Lauren Brooks
Philip Pearson, Marye Farrah, Daniel Patton
YEAR 7DR Teacher: Mr Dale Ritchie

FRONT ROW: Jamie Bedford, Lana Cridland, Jessica Oxley, Jabin Roper
Spenser Dyson, Carly Payne.
SECOND ROW: Besnik Kutleshi, Jemma Doliniec, Emily Heath
Alan Horsburgh, Ainslie Bardin, Stina Ohlden, Joel Danieluk
THIRD ROW: Bianca Strachan, Tom Bliston, Julian Ughetti, Ben Wicks
ABSENTEES: Sarah Matovic, Joshua Landells, Ana-Marija Geskovka
Warren Bearman
Year 7AL Teacher: Mr. Andrew Lord



FRONT ROW:

Natasha Nolan, Gemma Duhig, Scott Roksandic
Abbey Williams, Callam Browne, Jaye Clark
Jessica Taylor, Jemma Chalmers

SECOND ROW:

Alexandra Jedlico, Jonathon Walker, Amanda McKenzie
Arthur Mantzaris, Rhianna Sumsion

THIRD ROW:

Zhi Chen, Prue Sedgeway, Jason Carter
Elissa Scott, Jarrod Feeley, Richard Evans
Alexander Downes, Talia Browne, Gareth Haggerty
Vecko Bogdanoski, Marie Krslovic
YEAR 7AR Teacher: Mr Adrian Repka



FRONT ROW:

Brendan Basso, Terry Preece, Kate Bryan, Jarrod Ross
Amy-Marie Ralston, Aaron Keegan

SECOND ROW:

Arthur Karageorgos, Nathan-Lee Dorey
Amanda Darch, Jade McFarlane, Kate Ogden
Kelly Kontos, Lance Jenkinson, David Lester

THIRD ROW:

Erin Voges, Terry Tsiaoussidis
Petah Marian, Tai Quach, Tien Nguyen, Aaron Delaney
Tin Nguyen, Casey Peterson, Kate Hollman
YEAR 7WM Teacher: Ms Win Madigan

FRONT ROW:

Jed Street, Eileen Spiteri, Rebecca Kelevitz, Thao Dang
Jessica Davey, Ryan Gamsworthy

SECOND ROW:

Kristy Alexander, Chelsea Dixon
David Barrios, Kate Wheeler, Morgan Reid, Alexis George
Angela Simons, William Thomas
Daniel Bourke, Matthew Calabro

THIRD ROW:

Nick Dervusoski, Stacey Wagland, Rod Dunn
Robert Davidson, Daniel Crozier, Marianne Sadler
Andrew Majemik, Litsa Zeppos
YEAR 7JO Teacher: Miss Joanne Phillips



FRONT ROW:

Leanne Sanderson, Louis Bell, Venessa Los
Jessica Van Dijk, Luke Warlond, Lee Jauhari
Andrea Sargent, William Taylor

SECOND ROW:

Peter Tosevski, Bobby Smith, Jefferson Hermosilla
Meredith Hill, Ryan Sorrell, Zane Mikin-Laurie
Kelly Walker

THIRD ROW:

Sasho Trajkoski, Sarah Cook, Richard Pearson
Kirstie Martin, Dianne Perri, Jessica McCarthy
Robert Gregson
YEAR 7SR Teacher: Sue Read



FRONT ROW: Michael Enrico, Shane Chamberlain, Ruth Hallett, Sarah Peterson, Nathan Roper, Yvette Wells
Shannon Beckman, Mathew Cole.
SECOND ROW: Jessica Temby, Peita Ward, Ivy Sundanum, Katie Dimond, James Gatenby, Zara Waugh
Blake Taylor, Sally Madigan
THIRD ROW: Christopher Crocker, David Leckey, Cheryl Bertram, Keiran O'Conner, Cara Jupp
Jaymin Arhtur-Pilgrim, Daniel Holland
YEAR 8AG Teacher: Miss Anita Gatti



FRONT ROW: Aaron Gixti, Michael Potter, Sharon Pitts, Ricky Parsons, Rebecca Clancy, Jason Stone
Julian Quinlan, Christie Martin, Chris Wels
SECOND ROW: Rebecca Curwood, Melissa Lockwood, Sarah Avery, David Dunstan, Jimar Coulson
Renee Roksandic, Kristy McCormack, Katie Hewat, Renee Bond
THIRD ROW: Andrea Floros, Kiet Dang, James Pyers, Jai Pritchett, Jane Buman, Daniel Gransworthy
Daniel Sosnowski, Tara Dixon
Year 8DM Teacher: Mr. Doug McDonald



FRONT ROW: Cindy Vella, Minh Trieu, Skye Mackay, Timmy Rayak, Alison Freeman, Jodie McCready
 SECOND ROW: Stefan Naumovski, Ross Speakman, Melinda Gomez, Renee Brown, May Wei, Hamid Houli
 THIRD ROW: Sarah Bix, Casey Bunting, Ivana Joksic, Jason Parker, Joshua Dunn, Bronwyn Johnson
 Danny Rayson, Michael Bell
 YEAR 8 I F Teacher: Mr Ian Foster



FRONT ROW: Ashley Wilkinson, Sarah Brown, Scott Spence, Leah Mravlek, Ben Brooker, Shannon Bryans Biljana
 Dervusoska, Matthew Wood
 SECOND ROW: Ebony Johnston, Sean Ness, David Henderson, Alex Gurmesevic, Imran Putman, Sasha Roshan Zamir,
 Karina Hutchinson, Robert Jones
 THIRD ROW: Cara McDonald, Zoe De Blank, Natalie Grahem, Kate Dickens, Vania Kulic, Alice Bird
 Sanja Kolonic, Emily Whitby
 Year 8 T P Teacher: Mr. Tom Purvis



FRONT ROW: Jasmine Cross, Ross Cassidy, Ben Dang, Jassica-Ann Broomhall
 Belinda Voges, Jai Carroll, Daya Orr, Sarah McCall
 SECOND ROW: Jay Thompson, Kris Greenacre, Nick Dimitrijeovski, Ella Jupp
 Adrian Hall, Craig Heath, Toan Phung, Joel Swinnerton
 THIRD ROW: Rebecca Lund, Gavin Stickney, Ibrahim Durur, Brent Richardson
 Jaemie Blunt, Chris Johnson, Daniel Elias
 ABSENTEES: Ben Rotin, Chris Dyer
 Year 9SA Teacher: Ms. Sonia Aldons

FRONT ROW:

Nick Simonovski, Dalibor Dobrosavljevic, Jodie Nisbet
 Louise Borello, Malak Hasna, Emma Priest
 Emma Smith, Craig Martin

SECOND ROW:

Laura Brown, Kelly Sedgeway, Susan Lovrencic
 Anna Mitchell, Mark Bezzina, Jessica Germaine
 Fiona Newbold, Tim Mullins

THIRD ROW:

Nathan Los, Ben Roschko, Rex Sutton, Simon Ogle
 Paul Knight, Stuart Landells, Ahmed Elmasry
 Sam Kortlang
 YEAR 9HY Teacher: Ms Helen Yankos



FRONT ROW:

Aaron Onofretchook, Leisa Blanche, Maria Psathias
 Con Karageorgos, Jade Smith, Adam Purdy

SECOND ROW:

Sayid Risilia, Chrissy Little, Shae Dixon
 Binh Le, Anna Madigan, Emily Speakman
 Tom Pederson, Jamie Mataafe, Luke Moore,
 Jonathon Conley, Jessie Grigg

THIRD ROW:

Mark Towson, Matthew Warren, Tim Hillier
 David Warner, Zac Swarbrick, Robert Sushames
 Kimon Mantzaris, Aynur Kilic
 YEAR 9RJ Teacher: Mr R Schmode



FRONT ROW:

Alicia Simmons, Tuan Dang, Ying Chi, Sam Sayegh
Chris Barrington-Brown, Bridget Bell

SECOND ROW:

Liam Dolphin, Melaine Martian, Olivia Paris
Mia Jup, Danny Hawksorth, Liam McGilchrist, Effie Coveos
Peta Delaney, Alan Black
Jade Hisco, Lydia Dimovski

THIRD ROW:

Mark Sushames, Simon Hylton-Smith, Kristen Phillips
Tom Gamsworthy, Billy Todd, Sam Sutton
Marcus Civelse, Jeff Moon

ABSENTEES:

Troy Farley
YEAR 10JP Teacher: Mr John Pobjoy

FRONT ROW:

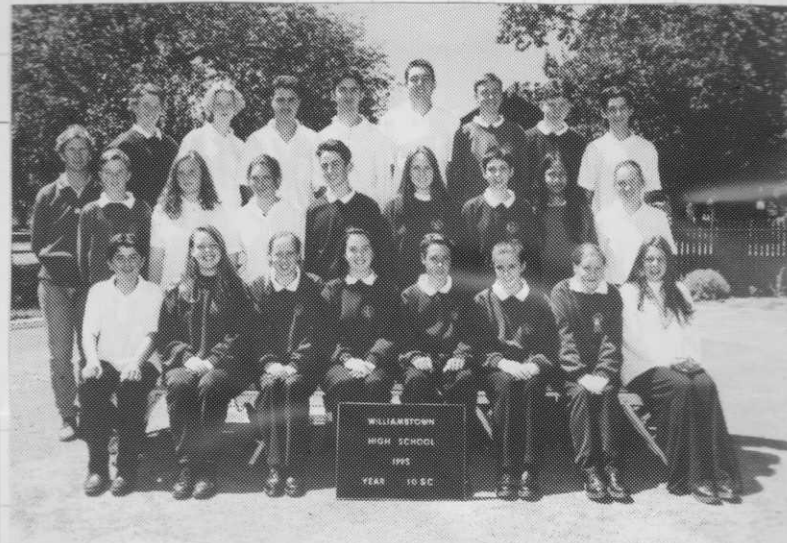
Nick Ristevski, Amanda Nicholls, Larissa Feamley
Sarah Hall, Oliver Vrklevski, Natalie Traycevska
Rachel Morrison, Eleanor Benger

SECOND ROW:

Chris Armstrong, Jade Brice, Marika Bardin
Jess Nardella, Lisa Simpson, Emina Krijestorac
Wesley Sundanum, Carly Lauder

THIRD ROW:

Rory Johnstone, Alice Williams, Housaem El Boden
Naumce Stojanoska, Orhan Pehlivan,
Mathew Scoble, Bradley Knight, Timothy Kalow
YEAR 10SC Teacher: Mr S Cook



FRONT ROW:

Kellie Bryson, Zoe Goga, Kaillee Dyke, Fiona Pendlebury
Lauren Wouda, Thu Nguyen, Sy Tran

SECOND ROW:

Jeremy Beckman, Mikayla Lewis
Joshua White, Shannon Boyce, Toshe Todorovski
Patrick Lalor, Hieu Dinh, Matthew Karakiozakis
Daniela Koleska, Ramo Risilia

THIRD ROW:

Brooke Emmett, Simon Gadd, Jacob Jauhant, Andrew Bance
Rodney Clifford, John Pritchard
Adam Lofts, Matthew Dean

ABSENTEES:

George Tsaltas
YEAR 10NA Teacher: Mr Nick Axaris



Williamstown High School



FRONT ROW:
SECOND ROW:
THIRD ROW:
FOURTH ROW:
FIFTH ROW:
V30143

Samantha Laferlita, Holly Kennedy, Finn Greenlee-Keane, Vanessa Wilkinson, Tam Nguyen, Thanh Dang, Vera Ilievski, Amber Dale, Sian Duffy, Claire McNeill, Michelle Wray, Camille F. McNeill, Rachel Phillips, Bryah Jahari, Jade Swinton, Olivia Robinson, Anyela Jones, Denise Bartram, Kathleen Michalowsky, Gavin McCall, Nathan Boyle, Kristy Briffa, Bonnie Smith, Melinda Valdemaria, Angela Mairaklis, Brett Wouda, Sally Duggan, Rebecca Nares, Daniel Walsh, Clinton Bryans, Hannah Kades, Fadi Elhoden, Zillah Goga, Ivan Naumovski, Nick Valjanoski, Robert McConnell, Hassan Hasna, Thong Dang, Daniel McDonald, Ryan Carty, Holly Woodings, Adam Ross, Kate McKeown, Peter Beckwith, Luke Grochowski, Patar Stolic, Michael Roberts Smith, Andrew Graham, Grant Singleton, Samsy Rohayem, Rebecca Joynt, Sharon Stuart, Year 11 Teacher: Mr John Pobjoy, Principal: Mr Graeme Smith



Williamstown High School



FRONT ROW:
SECOND ROW:
THIRD ROW:
FOURTH ROW:
V30143

Binh Liao, Teresa Ryan, Linh Dao, Chau Tran, Selina Robb, Nicole Barrett, Kristina Stojanovska, Jessica Smith, Mahmude Elisila, Lucette Cordell
Tian Mi, Nadir Sekir, Kylie Grixti
Skye Forrester, Karolina Grziewska, Quan Do, Viet Dao, Tina Khouri, Slavica Saveska, Brooke Forrester, Violeta Koleska, Kon Koutsoyiannopoulos
Joe Nguyen, Trung Nguyen, Kristie Dyke, Katherine La Perilla
Lizbeth Sanchez, Scott Forrester, Mahmood Mohamed, Scott Ivey, Raewyn Browne, Roger Lessard, Steven Knight, Codrin Grad, Sean Iye, Shaun Gatter
Barbara Elisila, Pady Elmasry, Paul Tolomazaki, Jend Matar, James Clark, Martin Hyton-Smith, Bada Stolic, Brad Twist, Travis Grievs
Mazen Elboudon, Mohamed Houli, Kristian Ronacher
Year 12
Principal: Mr Graeme Smith

© POTER SCHOOL PORTRAITS PTY LTD, PO BOX 124, ST ALBANS, VIC 3021. PH: (03) 384 3811



Williamstown High School



FRONT ROW: Sonia Aldous, Helen Bacon, Chris Wilson, John Pohjoly, Tony Tartaro, Graeme Smith, Annette Wregh, Ian Foster, Michelle Jepsen, Lyn Speckman
SECOND ROW: Karen Conley, Win Madigan, Rod Armstrong, Gail Hutton, Mick D'Aure, Jan Molloy, Rowena Davies, Tom Purves, Irene Korn
THIRD ROW: Susan Gattling, Brian Chapman, Brian Matharall, Peter Korn, Tony Loppriato, Peter Wright, Jo Phillips, Mick Axariz
FOURTH ROW: Carolyn Biale, Margo Inglis, Iris Whitburner, Alison Caddy, Deirdre Wright, Doug McDonald, Gavan Boyle, Aydin Abdullah, Robert Harry.
ASSISTANTS: Ian Langford
STAFF 1995 Principal: Mr Graeme Smith



'SISTER CITIES CONFERENCE'

The 1995 Australian Sister Cities Association Conference held at Hobson's Bay was a most enjoyable experience for us all. We were all first timers to an ASCA Conference, but I'm sure we'll be seen at many more.

During the week we met many new friends from South Australia, New South Wales, the Northern Territory, Western Australia, and even some from Victoria. We met two exchange students from China who had been exchanged through DYSCO, the Darwin Sister Cities Organisation. We also met a Japanese exchange student who was staying in Hobson's Bay.

The people we met were all different in many ways, but everyone had one thing in common, we were all there to learn about the Sister Cities movement. And boy did we learn more about that! We learnt about the different programs that are running throughout Australia. We found out more about the cities in Australia that have overseas sister cities. And the delegates from Hobson's Bay learnt about our Sister City in Japan.

Our workshops contained skills that will help us in everyday situations. We had workshops on Communication (especially with adults), leadership, teamwork, fundraising, and meeting procedures. We had a workshop that taught us about ourselves and who we really are. That was very interesting. We also had a workshop where we led the adults through what we had learnt in the week.

The 43 youth delegates come to the conference as separate groups of people. We had our own friends and stuck with them, but as we worked together and communicated with the other delegates it made things easier, and we all blended in with one another. We left the conference as one big family with Jennie Lee as our mother (the ASCA Youth Organiser) - and what a fantastic job she did. I remember all the Hobson's Bay people stuck together at the first workshop. By the second workshop we had so many other people that we had met that we basically had not time to hand out with those people from Hobson's Bay.

All up the conference was informative and a whole lot of laughs and fun. The friends we made will stay with us forever. And, I'm sure the experience will be remembered for a long time to come.

Emily Speakman

YEAR 7 CAMP .. KANGAROOBIE .. 13-17 FEBRUARY

At the Beach:

After lunch we had a sand sculpting competition. Our group made a pregnant sea monster. It started off as a Piranha then it changed into a shark, but it was too fat, so we made it into a pregnant sea monster. It had a leg and a foot coming out of its mouth.

Kelly Walker

The Disco:

On Thursday night we had a disco because it was our last night of camp. Some people went to bed early because the concert and all the late nights had worn them out.

William Taylor

Port Campbell:

At Port Campbell we all had a swim because it was SO-O-O HOT. Then we went back to Kangarooobie. We all had a long, hard day.

Zane Mikin-Laurie

The Maritime Museum:

During our day in Warrnambool we first went to the Maritime Museum where we learned about the ship wrecks that had happened along the Warrnambool coast. We watched about 20 minutes of video there.

Zane Mikin-Laurie

Late nights:

All the people in my cabin were talkers except Leanne, all she did was sleep. When everyone was talking Leanne said, "Could you be quiet, I'm trying to sleep". One night someone told ghost stories.

Kirstie Martin

The trailer ride:

The ride to the beach was very bumpy because we were travelling fast along a dirt road for most of the way.

It was fun going around corners because everyone swayed from side to side. When we got to the car park I thought "let me out of here". But Mr Ritchie didn't let us out until he took a photo of us.

When the cage got unlocked we all charged to the exit and squashed Mrs Read.

Louis Bell



YEAR 8 CAMP

On the 7th to the 11th August about 55 Year 8 student attended this year's camp to Arrabri Lodge, Warburton. The facilities at Arrabri Lodge were extensive, including basketball, tennis, swimming pool, trampoline, volleyball, table-tennis, soccer, archery, darts, pool and cricket provisions. Apart from the cosy rooms, Arrabri Lodge included a dining room, recreation hall and games room, as well as a ropes course, flying fox, orienteering course, night trails and many animals, including a donkey called Timothy.

On the first day we went to Healesville Sanctuary before arriving at the campsite. The rest of the day was mainly devoted to settling into our cabins. After dinner we went on a night walk.

On the second day, after breakfast, we were split into four different groups - Kangaroos, Possums, Koalas, and Platypuses. Throughout the day we rotated activities. The first one we participated in was called the "Century Trail". There was a short bush walk, over creeks and wombat holes, with a rope which you had to hold on to. Sounds easy? Not when you are blindfolded! This activity was difficult but great fun! The second activity we participated in was damper cooking. After we had made the dough, we had to put it on a stick in the fire to cook it. The results were delicious. The third activity was archery. We learnt what the different parts of the bow were called and how to use it properly to obtain the best results. I don't think anyone got a "Bulls-eye" but it was great fun anyway! The final activity was bush art. We had to make a picture using all leaves and twigs etc. and as little paint as possible. The best part was collecting all our "materials" and, although the glue didn't stick very well, it was quite enjoyable.

On the third day of camp we had initiative activities in the morning. There were four different areas each with a different activity. They included a spider's web made of rope where the aim was to get through without touching the ropes. Another one was where we had to get our team over a neck-high beam in the shortest time possible. There was one where we had to walk around a steel cable without falling off. The final one was where we had to try and get our entire team up on to a metre square platform for the longest time (there were about 15 people per team). Although fun, the morning's activities were tiring. In the afternoon, we hiked to a park for lunch, then drove by bus to Mt. Donna Buang where the snow conditions were good. We had great fun in the snow - throwing snowballs, sliding down ice slides and getting back at the teachers for all that vegie peeling.

On the fourth day we rotated from activity to activity. The three activities were : Ropes course, flying fox, and orienteering. The ropes course was best. It was low profile, which means it was relatively close to the ground. The ropes course incorporated 13 separate activities. Safety was very import in this ropes course and it was not a race - more of a challenge. The flying fox was also quite fun. It was pretty high and quite long. The orienteering activity was really boring. Using compasses, you had to follow through 15 signs and landmarks.



CHILDREN'S PARLIAMENT

On Friday, 27th October, the Williamstown High School debating team joined other schools in the Children's Parliament which took place in the House of Parliament.

Each school was given the opportunity to present a three minute speech on a set topic. At the end of each speech the "opposition" questioned the team and the issue was then debated in an open forum. The Sergeant-at-Arms explained the rules to us and the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly told us at the end of the day that we were far easier to control than the Members of Parliament!

Our topic was "There should be a quota ensuring that half of the judges in Australia are female". We had spent lunchtimes with Mrs Hutton at school thinking up possible questions the Opposition could ask us. The speech was delivered very well by Emily Speakman of Year 9. She was supported by Jay Thompson (Year 9), Tara Dixon and Daniel Holland of Year 8.

We questioned our opposing school, Geelong Grammar, on their topic "That people should be allowed to defend their property at all costs". Although we were quite nervous to begin with, we loosened up and joined in the open forum questions as well.

In the end I certainly found the Children's Parliament was a "fun" experience that allowed us to think hard while still having a good time. It was an experience that I would certainly repeat if given the chance.

Jay Thompson
Year 9

THE YEAR 9 SKI CAMP

For our Year 9 Camp this year we went to Bogong Outdoor Education Centre, Falls Creek. We travelled by coach, and stopped off for toilet stops and lunch. Overall the trip up there took about five and a half hours.

When we got there we had a meeting and were told what rooms we were in and we were given our roster duties. We were later fitted with cross country boots, skis and poles.

We were woken up by the sound of music blaring at 6.30 in the morning. We had breakfast, did our duties and we were on the bus by 8.45am. Our first day was cross country. It was really hot. That night we were fitted with Downhill boots, poles and skis.

Again we woke to the sound of music, we had breakfast, did our duties and were on the bus. Downhill day, it was beautiful weather, until you got up the top, where it was really windy. We skied for about 7 hours, but stopped for lunch. That night we had a wilderness lesson about all the creatures that were living around us at the time.

Last day at Bogong and at skiing, we chose downhill again that day, but it was pouring down with rain, at one time it was even hailing. Everyone was drenched. It wasn't a very good day. That night we had a disco it was heaps of fun, we even danced with the other school, which was Belmont High.

The last morning, they woke us up at 6.00am and we were on the bus at 8.00am for another five and a half hour trip home. I was exhausted by the time I got home. It was the best fun though .. I really enjoyed it!





TOM



WADE



CAROLYN



SCOTT



KYLIE



NICOLE

NADIA



SELINA



SEAN



VIOLETTA



RASH



JOHN



SKYE



LUCETTE

TRUNG



KRISTIAN



KYLIE



KRISTIAN



CODRIN



CHALMERS



VCE
1995





RACHELL



TESSA



PAUL



VIET



SLAVICA



JESSICA



FADY



KATHERINE



SHAUN



MAHMUDE



KON



BROOKE



RAENG



TIAN



BINH



KRISTLE



LINH



MAZEN



PETER



KAROLINA



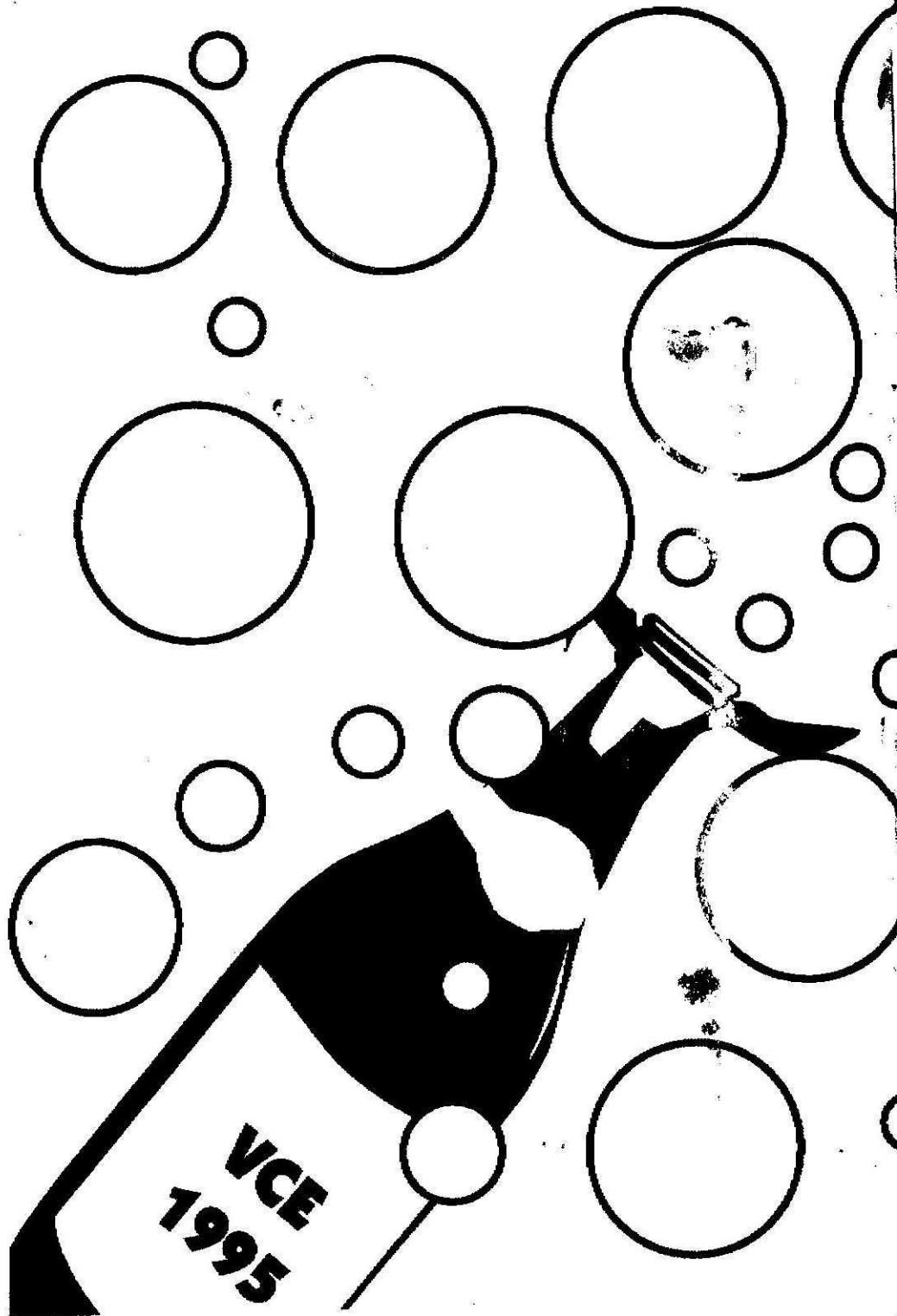
TINA

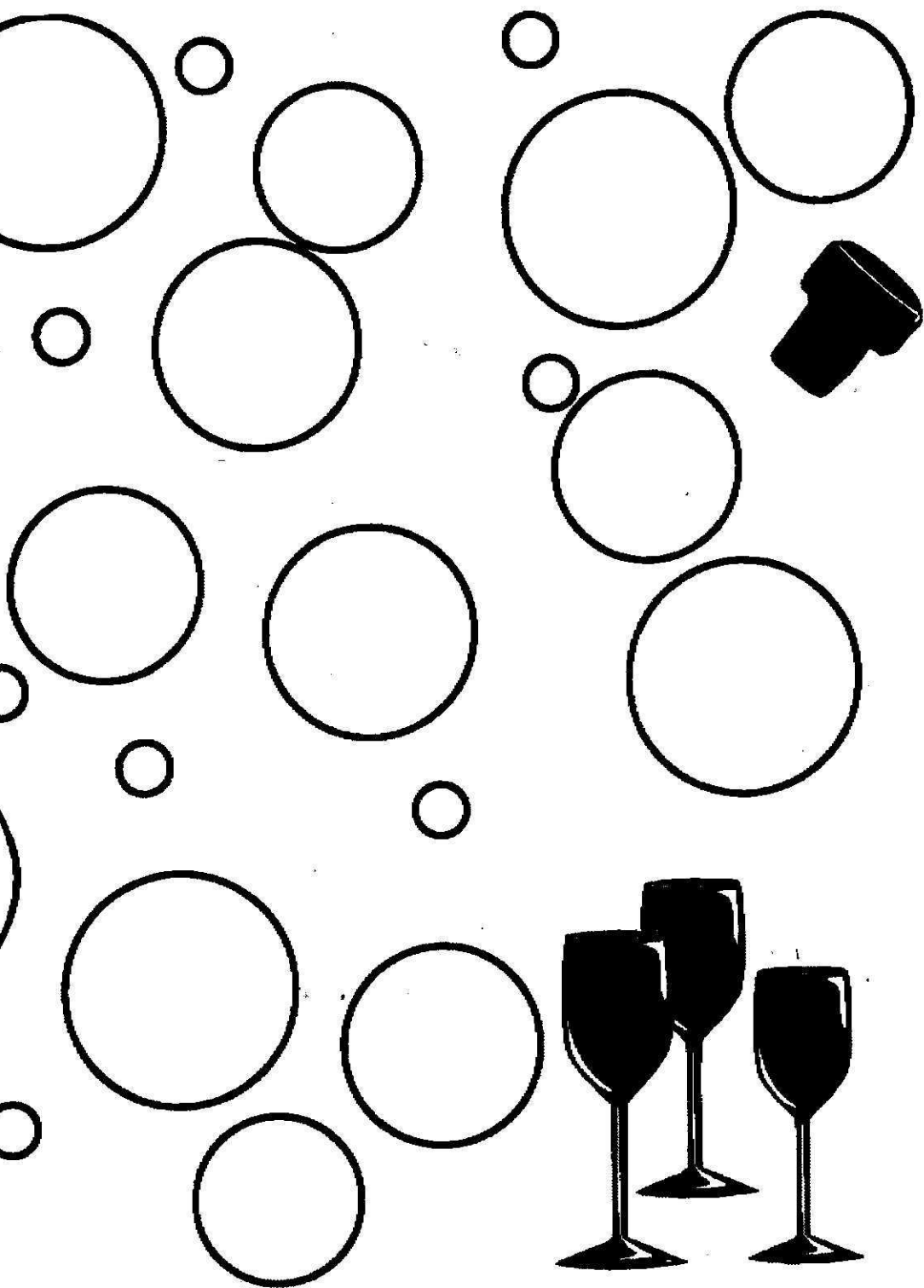


TINA



SECRETORIAL OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY





VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

I would like to welcome the President of School Council, Mrs Dolphin; the Principal, Mr Smith; honoured guests, parents, teachers and students.

It gives me great pleasure to be honoured as the 1995 valedictory student of Williamstown High School.

As you all know, this school celebrated its 80th Anniversary this year and indeed the future of Williamstown High looks very bright.

But today, I would especially like to share some of my thoughts about what the VCE has meant to me.

Year 12 is the culmination of one's secondary schooling. Most, if not all, of the graduating class are glad that 1995 is over because we are moving on to new things - hopefully - further study at a University or TAFE, employment, travel overseas, or perhaps, simply taking time out to think. Nevertheless, we all still feel a little apprehensive about having to leave the safety net of Williamstown High.

When asked to give this address I considered the things that have meant most to me.

First, I believe that the friendships I have formed with my peers to be extremely important because they have provided ongoing support, advice, and encouragement - particularly in times of crisis and need. We have all had to cope with the stresses of VCE. If you asked any Year 12 student here today about the stress, they would only have to mention the CATS and the dreaded 4.00pm deadline. Nevertheless, it taught us the importance of managing our time properly and being, above all, organised.

Secondly, just as our friendships have grown in 1995 so, too, do relations with staff change. Teachers become more than teachers. They become your mentors and friends. They make sure that they are always there for you. I never imagined that a staff member would be prepared to stay that two or three hours with me after school, or that they would give up their weekends to help out. I'm sure that all the extra effort and assistance I've been given will pay off.

Thirdly, I would just like to say something about parents and guardians. They also play a vital role in our success as students. My mother and father have understood how important this year was to me. They have given me their love, guidance, support and encouragement and have also given me the necessary space I needed. To them both I say, thank you.

However, some students in Year 12 have not been so lucky. They have had to do VCE the hard way - because family members were not there at all. Yet these students have still succeeded. So what does this all mean about their determination to overcome personal hardship. I think we should be especially proud of these students.

To the incoming VCE students in 1996, several important things should have crossed your mind already. For example, how much does VCE really mean to you. How will you achieve the results you want. Where will you be in one year, five years, ten years, twenty years time and so forth. The answer is - you must set goals, strive hard and be single minded about the successes you want for yourself. Perhaps you will experience setbacks along the way but these are challenges to be overcome.

Don't take your education for granted. Education is part of a life long process. You never stop learning - life teaches us that in more ways than one. You are going to have to meet the challenges of a rapidly changing, competitive world - just as we are.

On Monday, 18th December, the Year 12's will get their long awaited results and although we must move on to new challenges and successes, we will still be "connected" to Willy High. Our thoughts, best wishes and sincere thanks go to the school. We hope that the 1996 Year 12 intake will do credit to their school, parents, the community and themselves.

And remember that word "success". Irving Berlin, a famous pianist and songwriter once said: "The toughest thing about success is that you've got to keep on being a success".

Is it worth it? I think so ..

Mahmude Risilia

ANZOGRA 2000

✓ re-arrange to
appear at
bottom right of
inside front
cover
Cover
"legs"

HIGH TIDE 1995 HELPERS

Year 8
Alison Freeman

Year 9
Ella Jupp
Daya Orr

Year 10
Sarah Hall
Mathew Scoble
Larissa Fearnley
Ermina Krijestorac
Fiona Pendlebury
Daniela Koleska
Melanie Martin

Thank you to all contributors ... staff and students.



What's so special about Williamstown High School



Williamstown High School's 80th Anniversary Sat. 18th Nov. 10.30
Come and see the school displays, art show and musical performance
We are a year 7 to year 12 Co-educational College.
Enrolment advice will be available for all year levels.
TELEPHONE 9 397 1899

WILLIAMSTOWN
HIGH
SCHOOL

Celebrate Williamstown High School's 80th Anniversary

WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

1915-1995



LAVIE
PARKED

