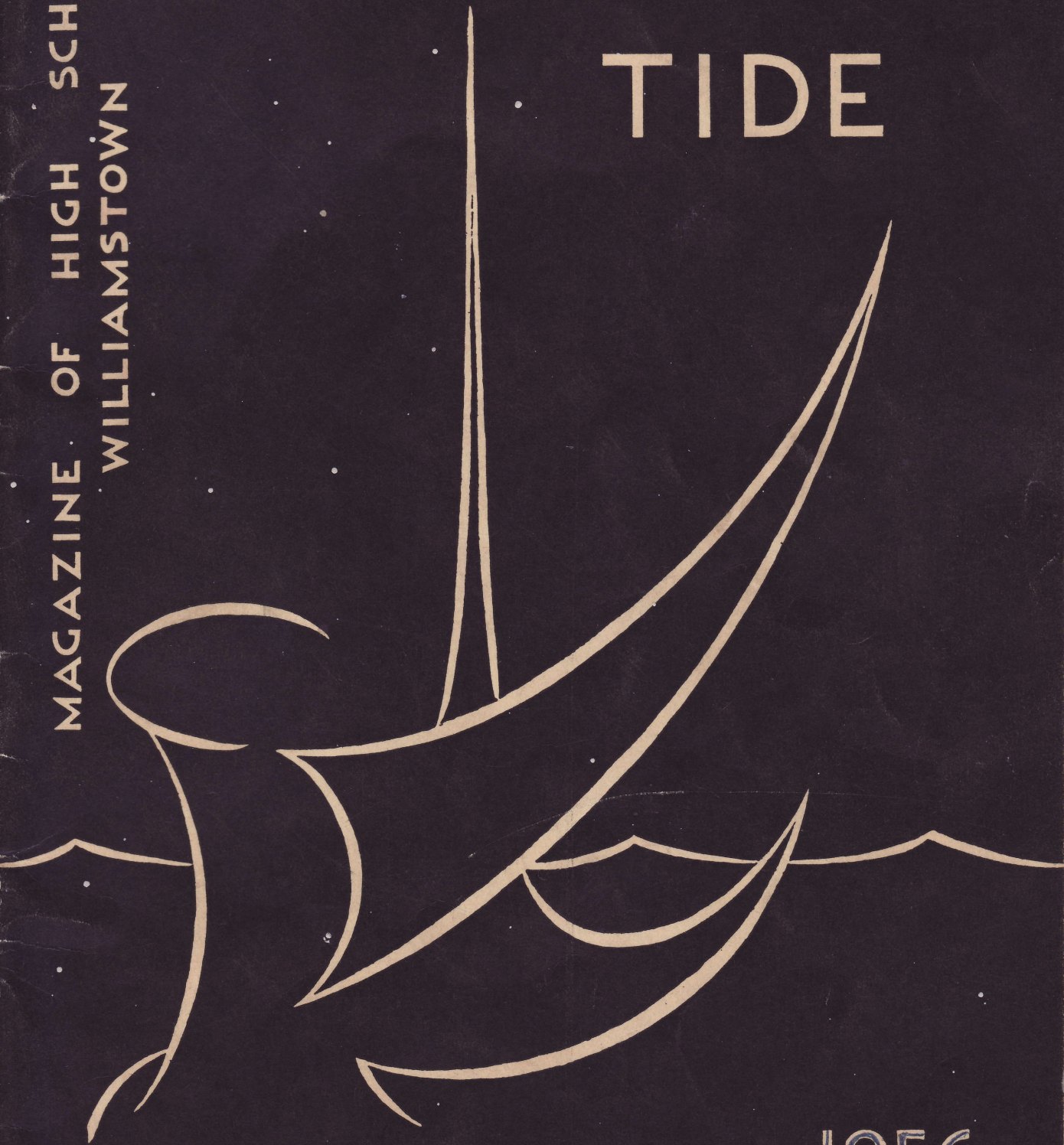


MAGAZINE OF HIGH SCHOOL
WILLIAMSTOWN

HIGH TIDE

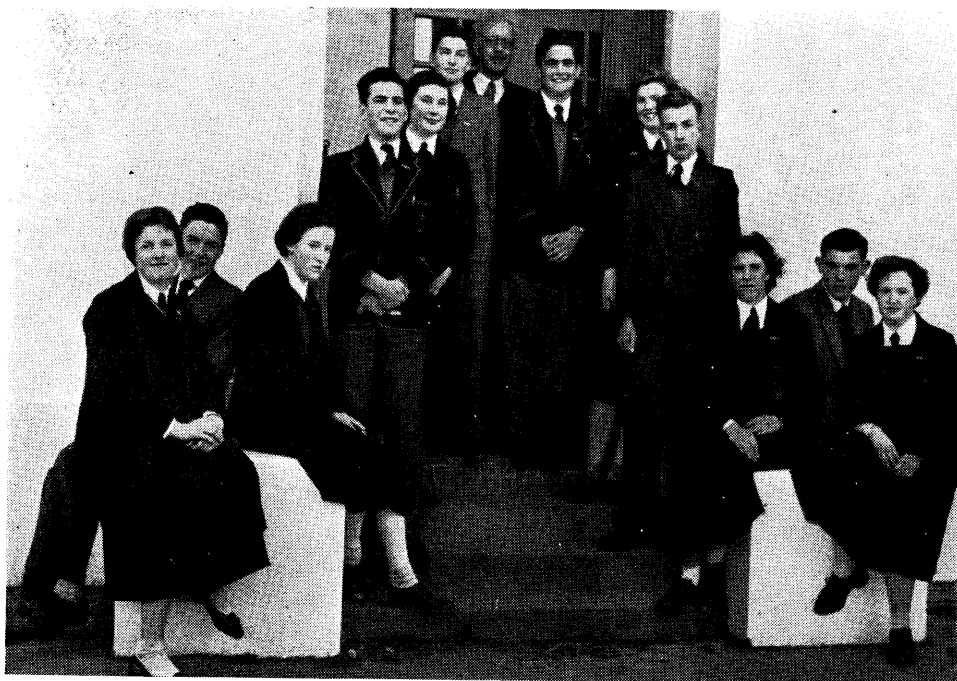


1956

HIGH TIDE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE WILLIAMSTWN HIGH SCHOOL

December, 1956



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Left to right: *D. Williams, J. McLachlan, I. Healy, B. Dodd, A. Campbell, J. Hunt (Editor),
Mr. Hughes, W. McCullagh, N. Collins, G. Miles, R. Berry, R. Forrester, J. Whitzell.*

Editorial

To have a good school magazine, one needs the full support and co-operation of every member of the school, from the lowest to the highest. The Editorial Committee of "High Tide" receives this co-operation from the Headmaster and the Staff, the School Council, the Parents' Association, and the Ex-Students, but it seems to be always lacking from the students. The representatives of Clubs, Teams and Houses do a good job for the magazine, but we feel that the amount of original articles which we received was too small for so large a school. We sincerely hope for an improvement next year. Remember, this is your magazine.

Every year we hope to publish articles from past students on the early days of our school. We have an article this year from Mr. H. F. Downs, Secretary of the University Board of Appointments and a foundation student of W.H.S. Thank you, Mr. Downs. To all those who sent articles to us, we say thank you. Please try again next year.

Our thanks go to Mr. Murray, the photographer, for his permission to let us use his photographs.

This year, as in previous years, we have tried to give you a picture of our school life at W.H.S. We want to make "High Tide" a record of pleasant memories at W.H.S. You may be looking through this magazine in the future, and may find a photograph containing many familiar faces. "That's John Smith in that picture. He's a famous surgeon now! . . . And Bill Jones . . ." And as you look further, all your memories will come flooding back to you, and you may say, "I wish I was back at school." If that should happen, then our aim has been achieved. "We have done our best."

J.H.

OUR LEADERS

1956

Head Master: L. J. BOWE, Esq., B.A., Dip.Ed.

Senior Master: Mr. F. ALEXANDER, M.A., Dip.Ed.

Senior Mistress: Miss A. B. BOARDMAN, M.A., Dip.Ed., L.Mus.

ADVISORY COUNCIL :

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Mr. R. Mullins, B.A., B.Comm.	Miss V. E. Hopton, F.P.C.V.
Mr. R. Meehan, T.P.T.C.	Miss D. Pittard
Mr. M. Simmons	Secretary: Mrs. O. I. Matthews
Mr. G. Bullen, W.T.C.	Caretaker: Mr. H. Grieve

PREFECTS :

Boys: Colin Schulz (Head), William McCullagh, Peter Bond, Owen Calvert, Gregor Taube, Garry Titter, Graeme Strang, Graeme Rogers, Geoffrey McLeod, Bruce Ewen.
Girls: Marion Clark (Head), Pamela Tolliday, Adrienne Cordell, Lynette McGregor, Nola Collins, Irene Conway, Sylvia Sahhar, Trudy Kugler, Anne Hayman, Marlene Hyde, Margaret McRae, Vivian Owens.

HOUSE CAPTAINS :

DINGOES	Maija Svarcs	John Clement
KOALAS	Kay Fisher	Keith Beamish
POSSUMS	Roslyn Pattinson	Ray Baxter
WOMBATS	Leah Holmes	Graham Hill

FORM CAPTAINS :

	Boys	Girls		Boys	Girls
IA	Andres Blums	Joy Robinson	IIIB	Robert Speechley	
IB	David Phillips	Lynette Taafe	IIIC		Agnes Kemp
IC	Ross McKeown	Irene Oaks	IIID	Thomas Russell	Coral Wesker
ID	William Ashford	Janet McAllister	IVA	Charles Paton	Lois Ward
IIA	Fried Armitage	Gail Simpson	IVB	Norman Carruthers	Barbara Whitelaw
IIIB		Ria Keers	IVC		Julie Stephenson
IIIC	Denis Merrett	Ingrid Unstad	IVD	Ashley Thomas	Noel Hewitt
IIID	Theo de Reus	Carolyn McCourbe	IVE	John Forbes	
IIIA	James Stewart	Susan Cordell	V	C. Caldwell	Nancy Kroezen

Headmaster's Message



This is the first message for your magazine that I have had the privilege of writing. I must admit that the responsibility that falls on me is keenly appreciated, and I have thought deeply on the subject matter that should be presented to a group of young Australians in an old and well tried school. The two thoughts that come uppermost in my mind are your motto "Hold Fast", and the idea of "responsibility" when taken in conjunction with freedom, one of the greatest assets man can possess.

You will soon go into a world which is torn by fear and misunderstanding, and will have to take onto your shoulders the task of bringing to mankind a greater degree of understanding and sympathy of one for the other than your fathers have been capable of doing.

You will need to hold fast to the things of life that really matter, the great values that have come down to you through the ages, the things for which your forebears

have fought and died. These are not things that you inherit as by instinct, they are not things you know as the baby possum and koala know how to climb, the wombat to burrow and the dingo to yelp. They must be learned and you must learn them in the school community. You must learn to be free yet accept the full responsibility of doing, of your own free will, what is reasonable to expect of you. It is not easy, there are no actual class lessons given on this topic, but it must be gleaned gradually as you grow through the school. It requires that you must give some serious thought to the matter at many different times, and in many different places. Does your ire rise when an injustice has been done to you? Surely it does, and you probably do all in your power to obtain your rights, but do you remember this and vow that you will not cause others the same mental anguish by doing an injustice to them? Can you obey the letter and the spirit of the law because it is the law and for that reason only? What should be done if the law by your standards is incorrect? Should it be simply disregarded and disobeyed, or should you labour to have it changed? If the majority of your fellows wish to leave it unaltered, can you accept this, or must you be a rebel? Have you learned to carry into effect the fifth law of Moses—Honour thy father and thy mother—?

You have to learn to live in a community of nations. Can we hold out any hope for your success in this venture if you cannot live in harmony with your fellow countrymen? You can start to learn at once by living in harmony with your fellows at school and at home.

In short, you have the task of learning to be a good citizen of the world—start on the job at once in your home and your school. Hold fast to the highest values of moral behaviour and accept your share of responsibility in all things.

HEADMASTER RETIRES**Farewell Assembly**

On April 13, the school attended a farewell assembly for Mr. Brook. The school stood as Mr. Brook and the prefects entered. The Form Captains and House Captains then moved into the hall, followed by representatives from the Girl Guides, the Red Cross, and the Cadet Unit.

The Choir sang two items, Green Fire and The Cuckoo Cries. The Assembly was entirely run and organised by the Prefects. W. McCullagh acted as Master of Ceremonies.

Marion Clark and Colin Schulz addressed Mr. Brook on behalf of the school, and presented him with a large sheaf of flowers for Mrs. Brook, who was unable to attend. The Prefects then presented Mr. Brook with a writing desk and chair from the students.

In his speech, Mr. Brook said that he was not saying goodbye, as he hoped to see us at various functions. He also said that he hoped we would extend to our new Headmaster, Mr. Bowe, the same loyalty we had shown to him. In concluding Mr. Brook again thanked the school for his gift.

The Orchestra then played the Mazurka from Ophelia. Finally the school stood to sing "The Best School of All."

Cadet Parade

On Thursday, April 12, a Cadet Parade was held at the school for Mr. Brook, our retiring Headmaster.

Proceedings started with the arrival of Colonel Hutchinson, who was met by the Guard of Honour, which he inspected.

Colonel Brook, with Colonel Hutchinson, Major Crowl and Mr. Bowe, our new Headmaster, then inspected the Unit.

When the inspection was over, Colonel Brook gave his farewell message. He spoke of the general high standard of the Unit, and the pride he held in it. He commented on the Unit flag being flown for the first time.

In concluding, Colonel Brook told the cadets to always "Hold Fast" to the tradition of the Unit, its flag, and the school. The ceremonial March Past then took place, and the parade ended with three rousing cheers for Colonel Brook.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The above hold their Annual Meeting on the 3rd Wednesday in November at 8 p.m. every year. At the annual meeting all office-bearers are elected for twelve months. Any parent having a child at the school, or, any person interested in the school work may be a member upon the payment of 2/- annually.

The objects of the association are:

1. To advance the interests of the scholars.
2. To confer on questions of interest to Parent Clubs.
3. To foster harmony between the parent, teacher and the child.

Not all schools have Parents' Associations as some head teachers do not approve of them, but this school is fortunate in having had head masters who have been all in favour of them.

Your parents have all obtained the voluntary giving envelopes, and with the money that is gained from this source, together with all the money from the monthly dances, that the association conducts for your benefit, we are able to give you amenities that the Education Department are not able to provide.

Over the last two years we have been able to place at your disposal the following: 2 table tennis tables, 12 footballs, 2 volley balls and nets, 18 football guernseys, mattresses, blankets, bed linen, etc., for the sick room, paper towels for the locker rooms, and a tape-recorder with tapes.

These are only a few of the amenities that our association has been able to give you. At this stage I would like to make an appeal to all boys and girls:

1. That you make sure that you take your voluntary giving envelopes home to your parents;
2. Don't be contented with taking it home. Make sure you bring it back with your parents voluntary giving enclosed.

Without the co-operation of your parents we will not be able to give you the other amenities we have in view.

A. H. Claringbould, Chairman W.H.S.P.A.

PREFECTS — GIRLS

The girls reside in a traditionally untidy, quaint little brick establishment. They are easily recognisable by the dark circles under their eyes caused by sitting up late at night thinking about our junior delinquents. The pavilion is used as a playground for prefects, hospital for the sick, studio for the artists, kennel for the dogs, and general storehouse for berets, books, bags, comics, rats and fifth formers.

Prefects are notorious for their quiet, orderly, combined Prefects' Meetings. Amid yells of "Put away that comic, Ewen," "Get your feet off the table, Titter," and "Stop singing 'It's almost tomorrow,' Rodgers," our chairman, Colin, tries to discuss such matters as school cleanliness and general laziness.

However we have had a very enjoyable year, and would like to thank Marion for doing a good job and tackling the huge task of keeping us in order.

PREFECTS' NOTES — BOYS

Is there any need to write about the boy prefects this year? If you are one of the few students who don't know just how the prefects behave, I dare you to find out; just venture around to Room 21 (more like *Stalag 21*) and knock gently upon the door.

If you are permitted to enter do so at your own risk. If you are daring and enter, you will probably be attacked by some of the prefects armed with confiscated water pistols. But don't let that worry you, it's better than being stricken down by one of Schulz's bayonets.

So far, I've written about what could happen to you, but let me tell about some of the better points. Have you ever seen the senior students flocking into 21 during recess? You would think they were getting free ice-creams, but believe me, they're enthusiastic over something better than that — yes it's a fact they are attending to hear the prefects' choir, who prefer to sing jazz tunes rather than classical music. More often than enough a jive party starts.

What a sight one sees, what a noise one hears when one is present during a jazz concert. No wonder the teachers are alarmed. This is just one example of how the prefects have been "working through the year," but, believe me, what fun we've all had.

"DOC." WALSH TRANSFERS

A popular figure at Williamstown High for over a decade, "Doc" Walsh transferred to the new St. Albans High at the beginning of this year. Mr. Walsh first taught here soon after the war. He had served with the Air Force in New Guinea. A man with a stage background, he soon cooked up "Your Favourite Pudding", a production by a Dramatic Club formed at the school. From this dramatic group grew the Electra Dramatic Group, which entering the wider public field, stages plays regularly in the Williamstown-Footscray district. It is making a contribution to the district's cultural life.

On the sporting side of life, Doc was similarly valuable at Willie High. He interested himself in one aspect of red-hot interest among the boys — the junior football and cricket teams. Under his care, Williamstown won football and cricket premierships against formidable opponents in University and Northcote High. Doc then overflowed the cup of boyhood pleasure by establishing premierships socials.

A teaching colleague of his recently recalled how, while other teachers spent a leisurely lunch-time in the staff-room, Mr. Walsh would be in the yard amongst the boys. At holiday times, the trips he organised became regular school highlights.

Himself a former public school boy, Doc Walsh was said to have introduced a touch of the public school teacher-student relationship into Williamstown High.

"There was never a teacher who had a greater understanding towards boys," recalled his fellow teacher. "He was more kindly disposed and worked harder for them than anyone I have known."

"Anchor"

FORM V BOOK LIST

1. King Dick The Tooth.
2. Stinkers At Work.
3. Physiography by Hills.
4. Tom Cobbett, Space Cadet.
5. Vim by Woodyard Sapling.
6. Hill's Physiognamy.
7. French Roses by Mrs. Murphy.
8. £2 Of Change.
9. Book Of French Curses.
10. Tart Pholyo.

The Advisory Council

Members of the High School Advisory Council esteem it a pleasure to contribute for the first time a brief note to your very creditable magazine "HIGH TIDE."

Maybe many have not heard of the Advisory Council — a body of men and women elected by the Parents or appointed by the Government as a "go between" party which meets periodically to help the Head Master in his often very difficult work of administering an important institution such as a High School surely is.

Every High School has an Advisory Council. The work of such a Council is apart from the educational aspects of a school and relates purely to maintenance of buildings and grounds and the general well-being of the school from that angle. It can be appreciated by all how much the folk who form this Council have the well-being of the students and their school at heart.

This school, which has the motto "HOLD FAST" — surely a nautical term — has a record of nearly forty years of service, which is perhaps as unique as could be wished. One can justly recall the result of those years of honest effort, of devoted staff, of students who came out of the school and have made their contribution in the "warp and weft" of community life; happy in their own calling, daily putting into practice the academics of their old school, bringing much happiness to themselves and benefit to others.

Today, students from the Williamstown High School are to be found scattered throughout the world representing with credit most of the professional faculties that can be attained by students who are triers.

Some time, perhaps, the ex-students will begin the task of making a book of records of all the girls and boys who have passed through the school and pursued their studies to professional rank.

Every High School student is a potential University student.

It is recalled that for many years a Grammar School stood on the school site enclosed with a forbidding fence, high and

unpainted. This uninviting building was not open to too many, but today it forms part of the Williamstown High School. Up to that time that high fence seemed to form a bar to local youth between primary and secondary education.

Good planning prevailed, and now we have an institution to be proud of. It is yours to use. You have no doubt heard of Emerson the Essayist's advice: "Hitch your wagon to a star."

THE DROUGHT

It was early in the morning
The sun was shining bright,
The dew was on the hilltops
Left over from the night.
Young Ellen went awalking
To go and milk the cow.
The cat he went a-stalking
And caught the farmyard fowl.

Now Ellen was a young lass,
Whose hair was raven black
With a great lot like a mass
And fell in tresses down her back.
Her eyes were bright and shiny
Her lips were of blood red
Her voice it was not whiny
And she had a young wise head.

Her mother came to call her,
But when no response she heard,
Only the cat's loud purr-purr.
Or the song of a swift-flying bird,
Then from afar she heard a cry;
She ran and ran until she found
(The explanations told not why!)
Her daughter Ellen on the ground.

They buried her under the mulberry-tree
Her favourite spot in the yard,
Her mother knelt upon her knee
And over her wrote this card,
"Here lies our daughter Ellen
Who died on March the first,
There was no reason tellin'
Except she died of thirst.

Jane Treanor, Form 3A

EXAMINATION RESULTS**Leaving Certificate, 1955**

SIX SUBJECTS:
 Judith Bennetts
 Marlene Bladon
 Veronica Dickson
 Rae Dundon
 Kay Fitzgerald
 Marion Holmes
 Mary Hoskin
 Marilyn Johnson
 Sandra Shaw
 Michael Barraclough
 Robert Hewitt
 Robert Hood
 Rudolph Kaminski
 David Munro
 Brian Smith
 Keith Smith
 James Stronell
 Lindsay Swalwell
 Nikolai Tarlow
 Neville Wallace

John McLachlan
 FIVE SUBJECTS:
 Janet Caldwell
 Marion Clark
 Gloria Davies
 Elizabeth Beth
 Beverley Pearse
 Dorothy Phillips
 Noreen Rowe
 Kathleen White
 Douglas Anderson
 Yanis Marsaus
 Noel Michael
 Graeme Pearson
 Alan Stevenson
 FOUR SUBJECTS:
 Janet Colley
 Fiona Smith
 June Martin
 Ross Harvey

Intermediate Certificate, 1955

NINE SUBJECTS:
 Thelma Aitken
 Rae Berry
 Arijia Birjenicks
 Marion Brown
 Nola Collins
 Irene Conway
 Adrienne Cordell
 Sandra Currie
 Pat Davies
 Judith Emmett
 Valerie Fathers
 Isobel Healey
 Yvonne Helms
 Margaret Hughes
 Marlene Hyde
 Judith Johnson
 Jan Klemm
 Nancy Kroezen
 Nola Leapold
 Valerie Loft
 Renata Majerovskis
 Eunice McCoubrie
 Lynette Middleton
 Nola Musicka
 Susan Page
 Kaye Petherick
 Faye Rowley
 Valerie Stephens
 Alison Thompson
 Margaret Watt
 John Aaron
 John Andress
 Peter Bond
 Michael Caldwell
 Brian Dodd
 Robin Garnsworthy
 Robert Hisshion
 John Hunt
 Peter Knell
 John Lane
 Ian McDonald
 William Pheffley
 Gregor Taube

EIGHT SUBJECTS:
 Ronda Burke
 Judith Dean
 Kay Fisher
 Margaret Hilton
 Marion Latham
 Margaret Miller
 Claire Mooney
 Lynette Richards
 Irene Saporoshenko
 Patricia Taggart
 Pamela Tolliday
 Pamela Trottmann
 Joan Watson
 David Berry
 Daryl Briggs
 Peter Campbell
 John Condon
 Ian Eddleston
 Bruce Ewen
 John Fisher
 David Forbes
 Frank Gray
 John Heywood
 Diethard Kottek
 Peter Lalor
 Alistair Lamb
 Ian Menzies
 Peter Menzies
 William McCullagh
 John McCully
 Graham Miles
 Constandy Sahhar
 Colin Schulz
 Robert Sippo
 John Stevenson
 Brian White
 SEVEN SUBJECTS:
 Glenice Aaron
 Heather Bradshaw
 Yvonne Edwards
 Noel Glover
 Vivienne Hughes
 Lynette McGregor

SCHOLARSHIP HOLDERS, 1956

Junior Scholarships. David Berry, Adrienne Cordell, Ralph Forrester, Russell Garnsworthy, Delwynn Graham, Diethard Kottek, Nancy Kroezen, Jeffrey MacLeod, William McCullagh, Beverley Marks, Charles Paton, William Pheffley, Sandra Phillips, Graeme Rogers, Janice Self, Penelope Tilbrook, Lesley McComish, Dianne Williams.

Free Places. Lesley Brooks, Owen Calvert, Nola Collins, Andrew Cikalov, Patricia Dumbrell, Robin Garnsworthy, Isobel Healey, Sonia Renry, John Hunt, Marlene Hyde, Ronald Mayer, John McConville, Graham Miles, Graeme Morrish, David Newgreen, Geoffrey Nicholls, Susan Page, Peter Phillips, Helen Rolley, Robert Stewart, Lorraine Smith, Thomas Webb, Colin Schulz.

Associated Industries. George Caldwell, Peter Campbell.

City of Footscray. David Townshend, Irene Saporashinko, John Aaron, John McCully, Ronda Burke.

City of Williamstown. Kay Fisher, Ray Berry, Alison Thompson, Pam Tolliday, Darly Briggs, Ian Eddleston, Bruce Ewen, Peter Menzies, Irene Conway, John Fisher, Constandy Sahhar, Brigita Majerovskis.

Ex-Students. Marion Brown, Kay Petherick, Gregor Taube.

**NURSING BURSARY HOLDERS
1956**

Nursing Bursaries were won during the year by the following students:

Alison Cousins, IVc; Bernice Burnell, IVb; Yvonne Cochaud, IVb; Pam Edwards, IVb; Nancy Kroezen, V; Helen Corby, IVa.

Margaret Meek
 Marjorie Montgomery
 Dawn Murray
 June Wickback
 Graham Barclay
 Wilson Blakeborough
 Alex Boicos
 Owen Calvert
 John Clements
 Harold Curwood
 Anthony Docker
 Robin Dyson
 Alan Falcolner
 Geoffrey Harry
 Andrew Lang
 Stephen Lutz
 Brian Pattinson
 Gilvray Smith

John Stewart
 Peter White
 SIX SUBJECTS:
 Judith Campbell
 Florence Old
 Roslyn Pattinson
 Margaret McCrae
 Beverley Meatchem
 Maurice Adam
 Ronald Arthur
 Graeme Blackburn
 James Hudson
 Donald Jamieson
 Robert Johnston
 Morris Knight
 Barry Locke
 Phillip Newdick
 Vernon Terrill

TEACHING BURSARY HOLDERS 1956

The following, all from Form V gained Teaching Bursaries:

Pat Taggart, Nola Collins, Viv Hughes, Fay Rowley, Susan Page, M. Hilton, John Stevenson, Peter Bond, John Lane, Ian Menzies, Brian Dood, John Hunt, John Clements, Anthony Docker, David Forbes.

MY FINAL DAY

Hold Fast rings true her motto bold
Her colours too red, black and gold
In sport and work and pleasure we'll try our
best you see.

For every one who shares her meaning you,
your friend and me.

For 'tis Willy High I cherish 'tis Willy High
I love

My heart is hers forever and she'll always
have my love.

For she's a jolly good fellow is all I have
to say

And now these words will speak for me on
this may final day.

Four years I've known her glory; four years
I've felt her spell.

And now to work I go for I have heard the
final bell.

For 'tis Willy High I cherish 'tis Willy High
I love

My heart is hers forever and she'll never
lose my love.

Whenever I am worried, whenever I am blue,
My thoughts always fly back to her for she
is always true.

No one will ever change her to me she'll be
the same

And with envy I will watch those who
share her glorious name.

For 'tis Willy High I cherish 'tis Willy High
I love

My heart is hers forever and she'll always
have my love.

TRAIN WRECK

Around the dark tree-lined bend flashed the Newton express, a bright red reptile hissing onwards. Down the steep hills squealed the man-made monster, its bright yellow eyes gleaming, its mirror eyes shining, as it flashed into the twilight of the open green plains and the setting sun.

Miles ahead on the high mountain peaks ever towering the sweeping plains, a

catastrophe was occurring. The tall, strong iron bridge be-straddling the raging river, that pounded lumps of ice from higher up against its iron framework, began to creak, then, like a bridge of matchwood, collapsed, and the railway bridge was demolished. All that now remained of civilisation in this desolate area was a wreckage, forming a breakwater and a few disfigured bits of iron pointing out from the snow white cliffs. Slowly the callous torrent absorbed the tell-tale remains and held its secret a little longer.

Time passed slowly before the bush birds regained their confidence. The blue black jays sang their boisterous songs, the screeching cockatoos screamed to each other from the tops of the tall trees. Nature was content again. Her destruction was half-completed.

The sun had set, its orange red wheel marks still streaked across the sky, although not so brilliantly as it had earlier. The deep blue velvet with diamonds studded about it, was creeping across the sky. The soft chilling breeze fanned the grey plains, bringing with it the usual freshness that came with every night wind, cleansing the filthy railway yards from which the crowded Newton express had now departed.

The train could be heard rushing up the steep mountain-sides, eluding low hanging arms of tall trees that stretched unmercifully outwards, whistling shrilly as it passed through tranquil gorges of sweet - smelling spring flowers. Then the last climb.

The train accelerated as it turned the last bend. The tragic gap was camouflaged completely by an accumulation of wild ferns and tree branches that swayed softly in the breeze. One last whistle and the train tore around the bend and forced its way through the ferny arms to destruction. Huge sprays of water leapt high, screams came from within the doomed compartments as the monster crashed into the stream, while nature quietly watched and smiled.

Nature had been victorious again. The human-like bridge had taken all it could endure. Men lay dead with their cruel mechanism, paying the price for the folly of combating nature. Once again Nature smiled as she alighted from her throne to her river bed, which for a few hours would return to her care. She and her accomplices smiled and settled down to wait.

Ronda Burke, V

House Notes

DINGO HOUSE NOTES — GIRLS

This year Maija Svarcs was our House Captain and Brigita Majeroskis, her vice-captain. Miss Thomas was our popular House Mistress. At the House Swimming Sports everyone swam well, and in the aggregate we were first. Unfortunately we did not do so well in the Choral Contest, coming third. To John Heywood Dingoos express their sincere thanks and gratitude for the fine job he did. We came third in the House Athletic Sports.

To Maija Svarcs, Dingoos extend their thanks for all the work she put in during the year and wish her the best of luck for the future. We also thank Bridgita for the help she gave Maija and Miss Thomas for her enthusiasm and support throughout the year. To Dingoos we say: Keep up the good work and try even harder.

V.H., V

DINGO HOUSE NOTES — BOYS

This year the Dingo house-captain was John Clements, vice-captain Ken Parker and House Masters Mr. Forecast and Mr. Simmons.

The year started off well with a win at the Swimming Sports. During last term the tennis team was undefeated, although they only came second in the second term. We were also second in the football.

In the Inter-House Choral Contest we came equal third with Wombats, and also came third at the Athletic Sports.

Although this year was not as successful as last, we all enjoyed 1956 under the able leadership of John Clements; and we would like to thank him, his vice-captain and the housemasters for the hard work they did for us.

KOALA HOUSE NOTES

This year Koala girls have had very capable leaders in Kaye Fisher and Margot Crellin.

Our girls trained hard and swam well to gain first place in the Girls' Aggregate of the Swimming Sports. We are training

hard again but this time with our eyes on the Athletic Sports.

Many Koala girls represented the School in the School Teams which played Essendon High School. There were five Koala girls in the Hockey Team, three in the Softball Team, four in the Basketball Team and two in the Tennis Team.

This year a House Choral Competition was held and we were very excited to find that Koalas had won. We would like to thank our conductor and Pianist for their hard work, and also all others who helped in the organisation of the competition.

In conclusion we would like to thank our House Captain, House Master and all others who have helped to make this year such a happy and successful one.

L. McGregor, V

KOALA HOUSE NOTES — BOYS

Koala Boys under the captaincy of Keith Beamish completed a reasonably good year. During the first term we came fourth in the Swimming Sports. Under the leadership of Bruce Ewen and accompanied by Pat Ferne, Koalas combined well and won the House Choral Competition. This was the first of its kind in the school and was enjoyed by all.

At the Athletic Sports we won the marching, but despite this advantage we only managed fourth place. Best were Ewen, Beamish and Woodgate.

These boys from Koalas represented the school in teams:

Football:- Beamish, Ewen, Docker, Hobbs, Windsor.

Tennis:- Pacers.

Baseball:- Pattinson, Fisher, Potter, Smith, Lutz.

Lacrosse:- Shaw, Hemon, Speechly, Marr.

We completed the year not altogether victorious but satisfied with our performance proving to ourselves that although we did not have brilliant individuals for the Athletic and Swimming Sports, as a House we could combine well, winning and losing in a sporting way.

R.D., B.E., V



BRIAN DODD

"Vision"



MARION CLARK

"The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of"



ADRIENNE CORDELL

"Mammy Polishes"



ISABEL HEALEY

"Fantasy"

POSSUM HOUSE NOTES — GIRLS

After many enthusiastic attempts to gain all the cups this year, we, the Mighty Possums, have done very well and at the moment are ahead on points for the coveted Parker Cup. We couldn't have done this without capable leadership so many thanks go to our House Captain, Roslyn Pattinson, for her untiring efforts throughout the year, also to our vice-captain, Leslie Martin, for her equally good efforts.

In the Swimming Sports, the girls could be said to have failed because they tried too hard, but with the masculine strength Possums gained second place. We were proud to have the Junior girl champion from our House. Congratulations Beverly Danger!

Second position was again obtained by Possums in the Athletic Sports and we were again proud to have the Open girl champion (Marion Clark) from Possums.

The girls have been, and are, "fighting hard" in the weekly Inter-House matches, and the results are pleasing. Possum girls were well represented in the combined athletic and swimming sports and in the school teams.

Apart from the sporting events Possums showed that they could unite in singing and here gained second place in the House Choral Competition. Many thanks to pianist Dorothy Bell and conductor John Lane.

We would like to thank Roslyn and Lesley, Miss Orr, our House Mistress, and all other helpers for the steady work and encouragement they gave to us, to make this year a happy and successful one.

POSSUM HOUSE NOTES — BOYS

"Okay youse guys, ya gotta get on da ball," these are the opening words of the Possum Boys' House Assembly, spoken by Mr. Bradshaw, our House Master.

But seriously, this year, under the guidance of Ray Baxter, our House Captain, Possums have had a most enjoyable and successful year.

We came second in the House Swimming Sports and second in the House Athletics. We won the football competition and so far we are winning the cricket.

In football, R. Baxter, A. Boicos and J.

Stevenson represented the school in every game.

We also came second in the House Choral Contest, being beaten for first place by only one point. Many thanks must go to John Lane, our conductor and Dorothy Bell, our pianist.

Outstanding performers for the year were
Football - R. Baxter, A. Boicos, J. Stevenson
Athletics - A. Boicos, B. Alcock;
Swimming - D. Briggs;
Cricket - R. Ferris, R. Baxter, R. Bult;
Tennis - J. Lane, J. Hunt, R. Anderson.

And last but not least, Mr. Mullins, who kept the boys quiet (?) during assemblies.

A.B., V

WOMBAT HOUSE NOTES — GIRLS

This year Wombats were led by Leah Holmes with Noel Hewitt as vice-captain. Miss Tierney once again joined us as our House Mistress.

For Wombats this has been a year of mixed success. We started the year by coming third in the House Swimming Sports. Then we came equal third in the House Choral Contest. However to our own and probably everyone else's surprise Wombats completely reversed their earlier form and won the House Athletic Sports.. Jennifer Hutchinson was equal Under 14 champion and J. Pearce was the Under 13 champion. No doubt we shall be well represented at the Combined Athletic Sports as well.

Wombats have also had several representatives in other school teams. Leah Holmes and Francis Stark in the Softball Team; Lexia Bryant and Mamie Simpson in the Tennis Team; Helen Corby and Judith Addison in the Basketball Team and Irene Conway in the Hockey Team.

We would like to congratulate all girls who have brought credit to Wombats and we would like to thank our leaders for their enthusiasm, hard work and encouragement during the year.

WOMBAT HOUSE NOTES — BOYS

This year the Wombat boys were led by captain Graham Hill, vice-captain Robin Dyson and Housemaster, Mr. Halloran.

Our hopes for the Parker Cup were dimmed after the Swimming Sports, when we only managed to fill fourth place. At the first House Choral Contest we were placed

equal third with Dingoes. We were not any more successful with the tennis and football, but at present we are coming equal first in the cricket.

The outstanding event of the year was our victory at the Athletic Sports where we ended winners by 25 points.

Boys to show talent this year were Graham Hill (athletics), Graeme Rogers (cricket), Tom Russell (football) and Barry Keane (tennis). Thanks go to our leaders for the good work they have put in for the House, and to the House members for their co-operation and support.

SPORTS

SWIMMING SPORTS

On March 7, the day of the swimming sports, we had the usual variable weather — bright sunshine one minute, drizzly rain the next.

The sports were held once again at the Footscray Baths. All houses put up good competition, but Dingoes took an early, though small lead and gradually drew away to beat their nearest opponents, Possums, by a wide margin.

In spite of the weather, everyone had a good time, as was evident when some competitors had to be ordered out of the pool.

Congratulations and thanks to Miss Woollard, Mr. Senior, all competitors, to Dingoes for their victory and last but not least to the house captains, who had the unenviable task of choosing competitors.

Final results were: Dingoes 189½, Possums 139, Wombats 127, Koalas 112½.

COMBINED SWIMMING SPORTS

On March 19, Williamstown competed against Geelong, Essendon, Glenroy, Sunshine, Ballarat and Footscray in the Western Section of the High Schools' Combined Swimming Sports. The day was sunny and the sky blue. The blue water and the girls' bright summer uniforms looked very attractive.

Our sports seemed to be a source of interest to the workers in the adjoining Jolimont Railway Yards. Frequently during the day several of them were seen clinging to the wall of the baths in order to get a better view.

Although Williamstown only came third, we had several good swimmers. Vivienne Hughes came second in the thrilling Under 16 girls' freestyle event. The girls' Under 16 relay team won their event. Other individual winners were Irene Conway in the Under 16

breaststroke, and Joy Ralph in her diving event.

For the boys, the Under 16 relay team won and Gropel won the Under 14 breaststroke. To these, to all other competitors and to the Sportsmaster and Sportsmistress we owe our congratulations.

Our results were: Open boys, 2; girls, 2; placing, 2. Intermediate boys, 3; girls, 3; placing, 3. Junior boys, 5; girls, 6; placing 6. Final placing, 3.

BASKETBALL NOTES

During the year the 1st Basketball Team played two very even and exciting games. Both of the opposing teams played very well and were very good sports, but unfortunately for them W.H.S. were the victors on both occasions.

The scores being:—

July 4th, Williamstown High 25 d. Essendon 20.

July 11th, Williamstown High 22 d. Footscray Girls School 20.

Mrs. Hort who helped train and choose the team, and also Mrs. Williams who was very helpful in umpiring our matches.

2nd BASKETBALL TEAM

We played our first game on June 27 at Williamstown against the Footscray Girls' School, and defeated them. Scores being 42 goals to 8. Our second game was played at Williamstown against Essendon on July 4. Essendon was more successful and defeated us. The scores were Essendon 18 goals and Williamstown 16.

Our thanks go to our captain, Mina Napier. We hope that we will be more successful next season. Best players were Lynette Couch and Mina Napier.

S. Sahha, IVc

INTER - HOUSE ATHLETICS

The Inter - House Athletic Sports were held on October 3, at the Williamstown cricket ground. For a change the weather was kind. Wonder of wonders, it didn't rain.

Competition was keen in all events and there were many breath-taking finishes.

Results of the marching competition were, Koalas, 1; Possums, 2; Wombats and Dingoes, equal 3.

Individual championships were:

Boys — Open, G. Taube (D); under 16, J. McConville (W); under 15, J. Hill (W); under 14, B. Alcock (D); under 13, J. Fenton (D).

Girls — Open, M. Clark (P); under 16, G. Chalmers (K); under 15, M. Crellin (K) under 14, J. Hutchinson (W), A. Patterson (K); under 13, J. Pearce (W).

The final totals were:

DINGOES—			
<i>Boys</i>	106	<i>Girls</i>	84
		Total	190
POSSUMS—			
<i>Boys</i>	109½	<i>Girls</i>	96
		Total	205½
KOALAS—			
<i>Boys</i>	68½	<i>Girls</i>	93½
		Total	162
WOMBATS—			
<i>Boys</i>	143	<i>Girls</i>	100½
		Total	243½

Final Placings: Wombats, 1; Possums, 2; Dingoes, 3; Koalas, 4.

Thanks to the ground staff and to Mr. Senior and Miss Woollard and the staff for making the day possible.

LACROSSE NOTES

This year John Morrish led his team to a great victory by defeating University High by two goals in the grand final. During the season our team suffered one defeat by University, 14-2. Other matches were not so hard for our team. In the final one can

truly say that all of our team played magnificently throughout the game. Leading the forward line in attack Peter Hernan obtained 5 goals during the match. The back line was kept together by the marvelous play of Gary Titter, Graeme Hill and Kevin Hope. In goals David Alcock played one of his best games.

We would like to thank Mr. Mullins for his support and time he gave to the team.

Outstanding Players:—
Hernan, Hill, Morrish and Titter.

CRICKET

Although we only played one match in the first term, the Juniors and Seniors showed themselves to be strong teams. Both teams won convincingly in their only match.

SENIORS: W.H.S. versus E.H.S.

Williamstown won the toss and batted first on a wicket which proved to help the bowlers, but we managed to score 90 runs for the loss of eight wickets. The top-scorers were Baxter 22, Ferris 35 n.o. and Russell 16 n.o.

Our bowlers annihilated the Essendon batsmen, dismissing them for 24. "Extras" being their top-scorer. Our best bowlers were Forbes 4 for 8, off five overs, Rogers 2 for 5, off 3 overs and Stevenson, 2 for 8, off 4 overs.

JUNIORS: W.H.S. versus ST. ALBANS

Batting first, St. Albans were all out for 47. Guy taking 8 wickets and Sparks 1.

Williamstown hit up 72 for the loss of two wickets, Guy making 49 and McKeown, 18.

Grame Rogers, IVb (Graeme has forgotten to mention that he has gained a place in the Victorian High Schools' Cricket Team which is to play the Victorian Public Schools in December. —Editor.)

WHO WILL WIN THE PARKER CUP ?

The progress count to the end of the second term showed that Possums were in the front. They were followed by Koalas and Dingoes, 11.7/8ths behind them, and in fourth place were Wombats.

Possums look to have the Parker Cup in the bag, but second place is still in doubt as only one point separates Koalas and Dingoes.

The allotment of points for the Cup are as follows:

	<i>Dingoes</i>	<i>Koalas</i>	<i>Possums</i>	<i>Wombats</i>
Term I	45¾	37¼	46¾	39
Term II	32¼	28¾	36¼	19¼
Choral contest	8½	21	16	8½
TOTAL	86½	87	98½	66¾

INTER - SCHOOL SPORT

This year a new system of grouping schools for sport was introduced. The four largest schools in the Western Division (Ballarat, Essendon, Geelong and Williamstown) competed against one another, Ballarat playing Geelong and Essendon playing Williamstown.

The winners of the two groups played off for the premiership. Essendon and Williamstown competed in nine different sports. Essendon winning five and drawing one. Williamstown winning three and drawing one.

Ballarat also competed in nine sports, beating Geelong. Ballarat then went on to play Essendon, beating them six wins to three.

A.C.

FOOTBALL — FIRST XVIII

This year the Football Team played three matches. We played two friendly games against Brighton Grammar and University High, before we met Essendon for the right to play off in the district premiership. Unfortunately, we won the two social matches and lost the main match against Essendon.

W.H.S. versus Brighton Grammar

Until $\frac{3}{4}$ -time both teams were evenly matched but during the last quarter Brighton started to tire, allowing Williamstown to come up and win by a goal.

Scores: W.H.S. 8.6 defeated Brighton 7.6.

Goals: Parker, Beamish, Rogers.

Best Players: Taube Boicos.

W.H.S. versus University High

Playing in muddy conditions, the standard of football was not very good and the resulting scores were low. Williamstown, settling down to the windy conditions, proved too strong for their opponents.

Scores: W.H.S. 4.5 defeated U.H.S. 2.3.

Goals: Hobbs, Taube.

Best: Taube, Rogers.

W.H.S. versus E.H.S.

Playing in bad conditions, Essendon showed themselves to be the better side. I would like to congratulate the boys on the way they took the umpire's decisions.

Goals: Beamish, Stevenson, Baxter and Strong.

Scores: W.H.S. 8.5 lost to E.H.S. 12.8.

Best: Rogers, McConville.

Two of our boys played for the High Schools' Junior Football Team which defeated Public Schools' Team. The boys are R. Parker, and G. Rogers.

2nd FOOTBALL TEAM

During the second term our School 2nd Football Team played two inter - school matches at Spotswood. They were played against Brighton and Essendon.

The first match was against Brighton. After a one-sided game Brighton ran out easy winners. Scores were Brighton 12.13 to Williamstown 4.15. Goals: McPhee 2, McConnell 1, and Phillips 1. Best: Windsor, McPhee, Phillips.

The second match we played Essendon. After a very even battle Essendon won by 5 points (9.12 to 9.7). Goals: McConnell 2, Windsor 2, Hutchinson 2, Phillips 2, Reichardt 1. Best: McConnell, Windsor, Reichardt.

All players enjoyed these two matches and entered and left the field in good spirits.

"Dude"

RESCUE

The lifeguard gazed keenly out at the surfers, whose lives it was his duty to guard. He saw the surf-skiers coast in on their water skis. He watched them paddle out again to the line where the breakers came in. He saw the bronzed lifesavers baking in the sun, waiting for something to happen. They were always there, on the alert. He saw the reel standing ready and waiting.

Suddenly something did happen. He saw the big breaker roll in, and the foam spread over the surface of the water about four hundreds yards out. He saw the water ski floating there, and the upraised arm sticking out of the water. A dark head bobbed up and then went under again.

He sounded the alarm. He saw the tall, bronzed lifesavers leap from the sand and spring into action. He watched the brown hands fasten the harness and saw the belt-man run down and through the shallows.

He saw the plunge and then the long, powerful strokes of the strong arms through the water. He watched the rope unwind and saw the swimmer draw closer and closer.

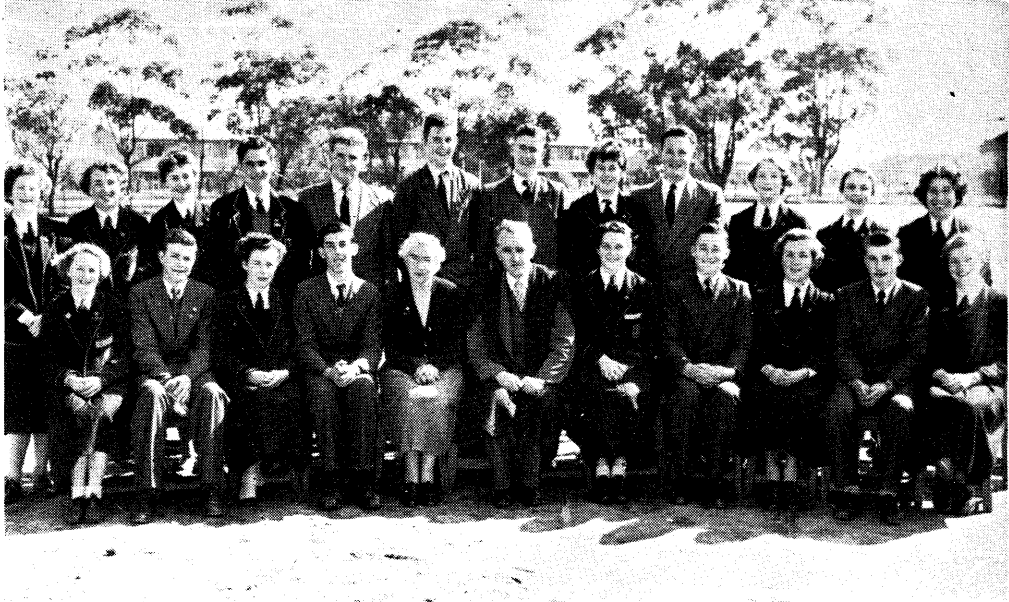
When at last the swimmer reached the struggling skier, the lifeguard felt his whole body thrill with excitement. He watched the rescuer and the rescued come closer and closer. The rescuer's feet touched bottom, and the rest moved in to help. They dragged the skier up on to the sand and after several minutes had him sitting up, not much the worse. *M. Crellin, 4A*

PREFECTS

Left to right, Back: M. Hyde, V. Owens, M. McCrae, W. McCullagh, G. Titter, G. Taube, G. Strang, A. Hayman, B. Ewen, I. Conway, T. Kugler, S. Sahhar.

Front: L. McGregor, G. Rogers, P. Tolliday, C. Schultz (Head Prefect), Miss Boardman, Mr. Bowe, M. Clark (Head Prefect), O. Calvert, A. Cordell, P. Bond, N. Collins.

Absent: J. McLeod.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Left to right, Back Row: J. Clements (D), R. Baxter (P), G. Hill (W).

Front Row: K. Fisher (K), K. Beamish (K), M. Svares (D), R. Pattinson (P), L. Holmes (W).

STAFF

Left to right, Back Row: A. Bastiaanson, E. Evans, J. Blaszyk, R. Everett, R. Mullins, B. Halloran, H. Forecast, A. Ronay, E. Kassimates, R. Senior, A. Sidaway, L. Archer.

Centre Row: W. Mepham, L. Anderson, J. O'Keefe, G. Bullen, D. Simmons, R. Mechan, C. Hughes, G. Crowl, A. Bradshaw, E. Johnson, T. Kent, E. Grieve.

Front Row: S. Tierney, P. Thomas, H. Orr, A. Boardman, L. Bowe, F. Alexander, I. Woilard, O. Matthews, C. Turner, V. Hopton.





SOFTBALL

Left to Right: J. Self. F. Munro. B. Ryan. W. Smith. K. Fisher. R. Pattinson. A. Chaplin. F. Stark. L. Holmes (Captain).

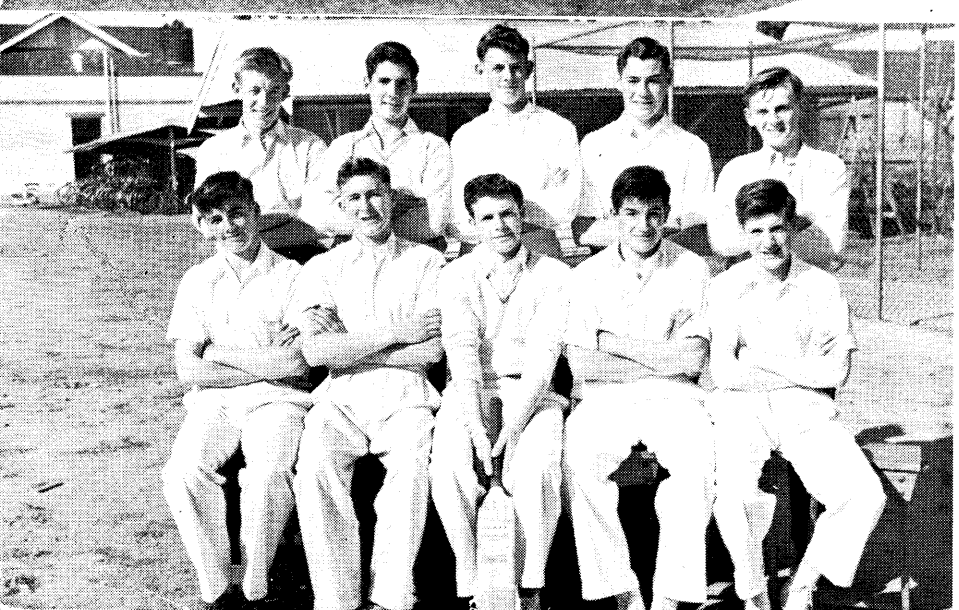


BASEBALL

Left to right. Back: N. Grant. P. Murdoch. J. Fisher. G. Smith. B. Pattison. S. Lutz. L. Smith. E. Didenkowski. N. Skinner.

Front Row: K. Barnes. K. Parker (Vice-Captain). R. Ferris (Captain). S. Sahhar. R. Mayes.

Asbent: J. McLeod.



CRICKET

Left to right. Back Row: J. Forbes. G. Hill. R. Baxter. T. Russell. J. Stevenson.

Front Row: P. Hernan. G. Strang. G. Rogers (Captain). K. Parker. R. Ferris.

Absent: J. McLeod (Vice-Captain). R. Dyson.

SECOND BASKETBALL

Left to right: B. Cairns, S. Sahhar, N. Young, A. Buzzini, S. Cordell, A. Cordell, M. Napier (Captain).



BASKETBALL

Left to right: J. Addison, B. Majerovskis, I. Saporochenko, J. Pell, P. Trotman, H. Corby, T. Kugler (Captain).



HOCKEY

Left to right, Back: M. Hyde, A. Patterson, M. Barlow, H. Johnson, M. Meek, L. McGregor.
Front: B. Burnell, N. Kroezen, M. Clark (Capt.), S. Croft, I. Conway.



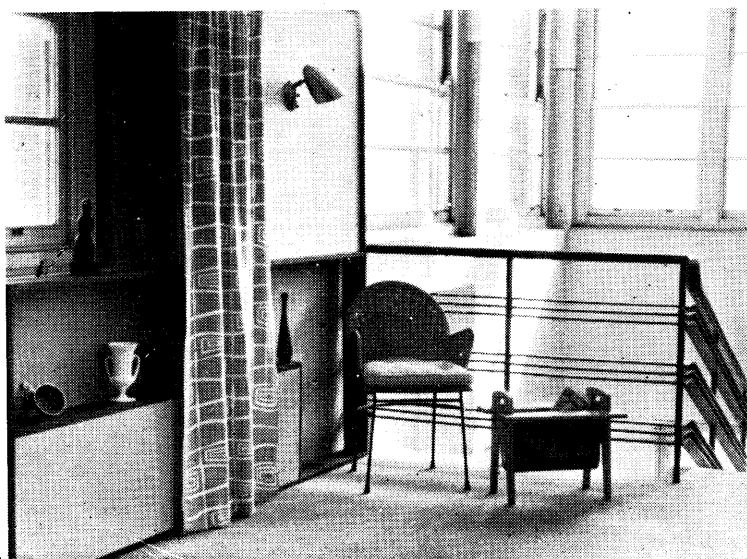


TENNIS

Left to right: V. Owens, L. Bryant, M. Simpson, M. Whitaker, M. Wicks, K. Vines, P. Taggart, H. Shaw, S. Phillips (captain).



School Snapshots



Activities and Clubs

THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION

In May a French Art Exhibition was arranged by Mr. Anderson and his assistants, in Room 11. The Exhibition was a delight to all students, showing the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the famous church La Madeleine and the Great Arch, on painted back-drops each 16 ft. high.

The large map with the arranged display of exclusive imports below it gave an appreciation of French imports, a thing the French were keen to impress on Australians. This was so well done that some felt that we Australians could do likewise and advertise Australia.

The Paris, of world fame, showed its rich cultural life from the large mural, 7 ft. x 18 ft. There was the clever display of such well known places as the Eiffel Tower, the base of which was modelled in cane and neatly alongside was "Fifi" the poodle; and the models of one of the open air book stores, a glittering opera house, the Cafe de la Paix, a merry-go-round, a patterned flower garden.

The dolls standing approximately ten inches were dressed in traditional French costume and were priced from £6 to £8 each.

With the French prints and stamps before them, many people enjoyed comparing them with our Australian ones.

The Exhibition was an artistic success heightening our appreciation and quickening our interest in the famous cultural city of Paris.

The proceeds went towards the equipping of the Senior Art Room.

IVb and IVd's MELBOURNE EXCURSION

Sponsored by the Combined Insurance Companies, an excursion to Melbourne was made by IVb and IVd. Leaving St. Kilda Road at 10 a.m., we made our first stop at Eastern Hill fire station. Taken into a quadrangle, we were given exhibitions in the uses of foam extinguishers, high exten-

sion ladders, gas masks, safety nets and canvases, etc.

From there, we were taken to Wormald Bros., manufacturers of the "Simplex" Fire Extinguishers. We were given a very interesting demonstration in the use of extinguishers to combat different types of fires. In one of the demonstrations a huge bath of oil was set alight and put out in a couple of minutes with a foam extinguisher. We also saw the use of automatic sprinkler systems in combating large fires.

Next we visited a South Melbourne dry dock which was in the process of being filled. Fishermen's Bend was our next stop. There we boarded a ferry and were given a good lunch. We were then taken on a tour of the dock yards, along the Yarra, then to Spencer Street bridge. All boys present were given forms showing the position of every ship on the Yarra at Victoria Dock, their tonnage, and nationality.

Our next stop was at the Vacuum Oil Company's theatrette where we were shown a film on the possibilities of a career with Combined Insurance companies. Our party was then split up into groups of ten, and each group was taken to a different insurance building. There we were shown all over the respective buildings and then had afternoon tea. Thus ended a most interesting, enjoyable, and instructive excursion.

IVb Boys

SECOND TERM SENIOR SOCIAL

Alas, woe is us, who would be a Prefect? Here it is Senior Social and hard work time again. But our sadness will soon vanish when we see the adoring (?) glances of our little petals when we enter with the scrumptious supper for which we are famous. As always, the band put on a tip-top show and even the JUNIOR Seniors showed how much they appreciated this and the supper. Stealing some of the glamour, and the supper as usual, were our old favourites, the Staff.

But alas and alack, a happy night is soon over and there is nothing left to look forward to, but a huge stack of empty plates and glasses to be washed and the usual room decor (desks) to be replaced next morning.

THE BALL

Once again Williamstown Town Hall was the happy hunting ground for the local head-hunters and their trainees, these being in the persons of various staff members and prefects, who had had their monocles polished especially for this occasion.

As the official time of starting was at 8 o'clock, it was only to be expected that the young maidens of the tribe would not have their war-paint on till 8.30, but soon all were joining in a "Ritual Fire Dance" to the rhythm of an excellent band.

At first, some of the braves were not so brave, but soon overcame their stage-fright (?). Some of these braves appeared a little dazed, but it is not known whether this was caused by the photographer's flashlight or the size of his fee.

But despite all this, everyone agreed that it was a real scalp-raiser and eventually they all returned happily to their respective wigwams.

Chief Sumitup

INTER-HOUSE CHORAL CONTEST

On Tuesday, July 24th, the school went to the Town Hall for its first Inter-House Choral Competition. There were many parents present when the school arrived, and all were looking forward to a pleasant afternoon of singing.

The Senior Prefect, Colin Schulz, conducted the school in the opening song, "The British Grenadiers". Colin then explained the purpose of the Contest and asked the first house, Wombats to take their place on the stage. Each house sang two songs, the set one "Youth", and one of their own choice. Wombats own choice was "There'll Always be an England". Their conductor was Graham Miles and their pianist, Lexia Bryant. Possum house, with conductor John Lane and pianist Dorothy Bell, sang "Jerusalem". They were followed by Dingoes who sang "Greensleeves". The Dingo maestro was John Heywood and pianist, Lynette Evans. Led by Bruce Ewen, with Patricia Ferne accompanying them, Koalas sang "Heart of Oak".

While the Adjudicator — Mr. Peter Larsen, Music Master at Melbourne High School — was adding up the marks, the newly formed group of Madrigal singers sang "April is in my Mistress' Face".

Now was the exciting time, as Mr. Bowe and Mr. Larsen came down from the bal-

cony to announce the result. Mr. Bowe welcomed the parents present, and congratulated the school on its first effort. He then introduced Mr. Larsen who also congratulated the school on the high standard it had attained. He then explained how he had awarded the marks, giving 50 for each song and 10 for appearance. The 50 was made up with 10 marks being the possible for Tone and Diction, Entries and Cut-offs, Phrasing, Intonation, and Expression.

When Mr. Larsen at last gave the eagerly awaited marks it was found that Koalas had won by 1 point.

Bruce conducted the school in the singing of "Youth" and Colin, in concluding, thanked Mr. Larsen for the time and trouble he had put into adjudicating the contest.

TWELFTH NIGHT

During June a party of Form IV students attended Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" at the Comedy Theatre, staged by the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust.

This brilliant comedy was presented in London in the 17th century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. It is a romantic story, which tells of the Duke of Illyria and his love for the beautiful Olivia, who in turn is hopelessly infatuated with Viola, a young girl disguised as a page boy at the Duke's court.

Although the plot is set around their loves, the comic interest of the play is centred on the embarrassment of Olivia's steward, Malvolio, by Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and a clown, Feste, as well as a few other roisterers.

This play, with the wit of Sir Toby Belch, the sharpness of Olivia's gentlewoman Maria, the simplicity of Sir Andrew, the sprightliness of Feste, make up comedy in the best traditions of the theatre.

J. McLachlan, IVa

THE MADRIGAL GROUP

This year Miss Tierney has introduced for the first time in the history of Williamstown High School, a Madrigal Group. (*A Madrigal Group is different to a choir in that it is entirely uncondacted and unaccompanied and the singers are all soloists.*)

Our group consists of fifteen students who meet once a week in Room 6. Our first

appearance before the school was at the House Choral Contest in the middle of the year. We are now busily preparing for the next appearance, which is Speech Night.

The Madrigal Group wishes to thank Miss Tierney for her untiring work during the year.

ORCHESTRA NOTES

Pizzicato cello! . . . use a long bow 2nd violin! . . . a little softer cornet! . . . wrong note piano!

. . . O, WHAT A BEDLAM!!!! Although this may be the strain of our practices in Room 6 on a Tuesday, we are sure that our finished work, which we produce at school assemblies, Speech night, Orchestral concerts and other functions is much more creditable.

While our capable and energetic leader, Miss Boardman was away during Terms II we were left in the charge of John Heywood who did a grand job in keeping the music flowing.

It is pleasing to see other students joining our orchestra, but it is obvious that such a worthy part of the school life should offer interest to more scholars than it is at present.

John Lane, V

THE JUNIOR DRAMATIC GROUP

We have about 40 members in our club. We are divided into 4 groups, each group producing a play in turn.

After the performance of each play the members of the other groups constructively criticise the acting. One of our latest plays was "Tokatiro's Wager." Before that we performed "The Three Sisters," which Miss Orr said was the best play so far. She also said that we could act this play for the Junior Red Cross.

Jane Zouliou

DRAUGHTS CLUB NOTES

The Draughts Club has spent a very interesting and enjoyable year. Thanks go to Mr. Forecast for his help and guidance in organising term tournaments.

Keen competition was shown in these tournaments and prizes were supplied by Mr. Forecast. Among the successful players were Harvey Gill and Geoff Underwood.

David Townshend, V

BOYS' INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Under the leadership and guidance of Mrs. Magrath, the boys' I.S.C.F. group resumed its lunchtime meetings this year.

Many people have kindly given up their lunch hours to come and speak to us—Rev. McCraw of the Aviation Missionary Fellowship, Mr. R. Spear a former W.H.S. student, Mr. R. Lane, Rev. Packett and Pastor Bannan.

In June, the projection room was packed with boys to see the film, "God of Creation" and all were impressed with its message. The boys' and girls' groups joined together for a combined meeting in July and this was lead by some of the boys.

The aims of the Crusader I.S.C.F. Movement are to provide fellowship for Christian lads in the schools and to present the claims of Christ to the youth of today.

John Lane, V

GIRLS' I.S.C.F.

The girls' of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship meet in room 18 at lunchtime every Tuesday. Our leader is Mrs. Angus and our junior leader is Sylvia Sahhar.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Angus for all the time she has taken preparing our talks, and also to our many guest speakers during the year.

During the first term we saw a Fact and Faith film, "The Mystery of the Three Clocks," and during the second term we had a combined meeting with the boys, led by John Lane. The last meeting of the second term was taken by the four senior girls of the group.

During the third term a "Facing the Facts" week is proposed. Well-know speakers will talk every lunch hour on topics of general interest to a Christian Community.

Once a month, Drawing Room Meetings have been held and the girls present have enjoyed talks, games and supper.

The aim of our group is to provide Christian Fellowship within the school, and to follow in His footsteps. We will be glad to welcome any girl who wishes to join our group next year.

S. Sahhar, IVc

THE SENIOR DRAMATIC GROUP

Once again all budding actresses gathered in room 16 under the guardianship of Mrs. Cordell. If you happened to pass by you would have seen faces which you will be seeing in future films and Broadway shows.

A few of the plays we did were "The Daughters of Invention," "Odyssey of Runyon Jones" and "The Stoker."

During the year, we read the well-known book, "The Snow Goose," for speech training. Thank you to Mrs. Cordell and all the visitors we had who helped us in our work.

Jan Self, IVc

CHESS CLUB

Under Mr. Ronay's excellent supervision and the aid rendered by Bill Coleman, our secretary, the club began the year most successfully with 26 members.

At the start of the year, only friendly games were played, but during second term Mr. Ronay introduced a competitive tournament, for which the winner was to be decided by a method of elimination. A trophy was to be presented to the successful champion.

Unfortunately, the winner was not known at the time of printing.

We would like to give thanks to the Parents' Committee for making this tournament possible by supplying half the money needed for the prize. The rest of the money was raised by the students themselves.

D. Stankovitch and R. Deery, IV

JUNIOR HOSPITAL HELPERS' CLUB

Every Thursday in room 17 a group of about 45 girls work busily, making odds and ends, in order to help the hospital. Under the leadership of Mrs. Caithness and Mrs. Lachman we have worked hard. We made teapot and hot-water-jug holders for the hospital. We made enough of these for every patient in the hospital.

On April 19 we visited the hospital, and we were shown round the new nurses' quarters and over the hospital. At present we are making pin cushions to be sold at a bazaar to be held on October 30.

On behalf of all the girls I would like to thank Mrs. Caithness and Mrs. Lachman for their wonderful leadership throughout the year.

JUNIOR SCIENCE CLUB REPORT

The year started well with an address on "Possibilities of Space Travel," by Ian Tuck, and "The Solar System," by John Marks. Each member is expected to qualify by giving a paper and then take a turn as Secretary and Chairman.

The aim of the Club is to apply scientific methods of observation, comparison and discussion to everyday problems.

Other interesting papers were by Peter Harrison on "Salt Deposits in the Dead Sea," "Science Illustration," by John Davis, "Pre-historic Animals," by Bert Guy, "Power for Nothing," by David Spottiswood, "The Moon," by Len Handley and "A Great Canal Project," by Daryl Vallence.

J.M., Ib

STAMP CLUB

The stamp club was formed again this year, after a lapse of a few years, with Mr. Simmons in charge. The members have been having many enjoyable and educational periods together.

We have been able to hold two stamp auctions, and a couple of "swap days." We were privileged to have Mr. J. Findling of the Williamstown Philatic Society and he amazed us with very comprehensive displays of U.S.A., Hungarian and Russian stamps.

A competitive display between the members showed great quality in the collections of these philatelists-in-the-making.

Altogether it has been a very successful year and we believe that our aims, to widen our knowledge of stamps and to increase our collections, have been achieved.

John Lane, V

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross, Williamstown High School Branch, meets weekly at club time in the cooking centre. It is a very small club but during the year contributions of magazines, journals, and flowers have taken to the local hospital.

Two mannequin parades were held and they were a great success. As a result of this a donation of £1/12/11 was made to headquarters. We also sent a parcel of clothing and two large cardboard boxes of milk bottle tops.

Felt toys and rag mats are at present being made by members for further contribution.

M. Framstad

ACTIVITIES

SOFTBALL CLUB

Every Thursday afternoon the boys of the Softball Club have excelled themselves in the fine art of hitting softballs into the majestic lines of the Cadet Corps. Many a time hath the multitude gazed in speculation as the mighty hits of "Banjo," "Lutzie" and "Smithy" soared through the clear blue sky, and many a time has the still afternoon peace been shattered by the mighty arguments of the "umpires," Aaron, Beamish and Baxter. In all, the boys have spent an enjoyable year under the guidance of Mr. Bradshaw.

J.A., V

THE W.H.S. GUIDES

This year the 1st W.H.S. Guides, under the leadership of Captain Trist and Kay Petherick, have done very well.

There are four second-class Guides, two of whom received their badges this year. They are Beverley Marks and Diane Daws. Another twelve Guides are working towards their second-class, and four are keen recruits.

The number of proficiency badges have been won. The winners were: Pam. Joyce (First Aid and Laundry), Susan Page (Cook, Hostess), Bev. Marks (Cook, Needlewoman, Hostess), Diane Daws (Cook, Needlewoman).

Some first-class tests were passed (including Thrift, Swimming and Nursing) by Pam. Joyce, Diane Daws, Susan Page and Bev. Marks.

We have been on bikes to Darebin, Ferntree Gully and Mt. Waverley, and in February, along with other neighbouring companies, we went to Werribee to take part in the Western Division field day.

Early in the year Frances Spottiswood was selected from our Company to attend a garden party at Government House.

We formed a guard of honour to farewell Mr. Brook, and also carried the colours at the Anzac Day ceremony. Besides our ordinary activities, we are busily preparing for the Company Camp, which will be held in December.

We would like, on behalf of the Company, to thank Mesdames Trist and Kay,

who have given up so much of their time to help us.

B. M. and S. Page

CHOIR CLUB

This year the choir returned to Room 6 for their practices. Although slightly smaller in number, we had a very enjoyable year under Miss Tierney's guidance.

The first few months were spent practising our first part songs, "Green Fire", and "The Cuckoo", both of which were presented at Mr. Brook's farewell assembly. After these we studied "Youth", which was the compulsory song for the Inter-House Choral Contest.

During our months of practice we had two afternoons to ourselves, one when our voices were recorded, and played to us. From these recordings we learnt that tape recorders do *not* tell the truth. The second afternoon was spent listening to recordings of Victoria de Los Angeles singing songs of Spain. We would like to thank Miss Tierney, and the Parents' Association for supplying the recordings.

At present we are practising two songs which will be sung at Speech Night, "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land", and "I have a Bonnet Trimmed with Blue". It's all very well to say that the choir is equal to its task, but we would not be complete without our pianist Pat Ferne to whom we extend our thanks, and also to Miss Tierney without whom we could not continue.

Ronda Burke, V

CADET NOTES

This has been a very busy year for the Cadets under the leadership of Major Crowl and 2IC Lieutenant Meehan. Fifty-five new cadets joined the unit, fifty-four returned from last year.

Two new sections were started to add interest to the unit. These were the Intelligence (?) section (three members of which topped the course at camp) and the Guard Training which immediately began in preparation for the farewell ceremony in honour of Mr. Brook. On that occasion we were visited by the commander of the 3rd Cadet Brigade Lieut. Colonel Hutchinson. The parade was a grand success.

At 8.30 p.m. on May 15 another cattle train pulled out of Melbourne. It was the train taking the cadets to the annual camp at Mildura.

The cadets arrived at camp at about 7.30 a.m. and were immediately sent off to enjoy a tasty (?) breakfast.

Our Intelligence Section went off to a special school, and we proudly say that Cadet Ferris topped the final exam with Cadet Mayer a good second.

Everyone was disappointed to learn that all the manouvres had been cancelled owing to the strange disease that was infecting Mildura and surrounding countryside (the Army suspected that the mosquito was spreading it).

However, Williamstown settled for the next best thing and staged an early morning manouvre. Reveille was at 5 a.m. and we set out to defend a small hill against the attacks of Shepparton High School. Patrols were sent out, and Williamstown managed to capture an entire enemy section, and badly disabled another.

On May 23 the cadets returned home, and were disgusted to find that they were already halfway through the holidays. The question of the camp: "Who threw the jam sandwich at the Melbourne High Under Officer?"

Early in the second term the Guard was issued with bayonets (much to everyone's horror). I expected to see spare hands and fingers lying all over the parade ground, but, miraculously, when this was written the Guard was still intact. But who can say what the future may hold?

A Parade and March Past was staged on Parents' Day. A field demonstration was also held. Here two very nonchalant Vickers M.G. men were attacked by a patrol of "Audie Murphies" which succeeded in "wiping out" aforesaid nonchalant Vickers men.

Future events on the Cadets' agenda are a bivouac at Point Lonsdale, a field day in the bush, and an open day at the rifle range. Thanks must be given to Major Crowl who acted as a very efficient and capable O.C. this year. *C.U.O. Schulz*

ART CLUB NOTES

The Art Club, newly formed this year, has made a good start under the leadership of Mr. Anderson.

Some of our activities include clay modelling, rock sculpture, sketching and painting. We also visited the French Tapestry Exhibition at the Museum and found it very interesting.

The Art Club helped to sponsor a Puppet Show which was held in the Mechanics Institute during Term I. This show was a great financial success, as we hope our Art Show will be when it is held in December.

This club has helped us to fill in our club time in a useful and interesting way.

BOOKWORM BUBBLES

(Mis) led by the popular and enthusiastic Mr. Halloran, the members of the library club allowed themselves to be reluctantly encouraged to perform the menial task of librarians by the promise of being able to finish their homework when tasks have been completed. Consequently the tasks of book binding and entering new books in the library's catalogue and the most avoided job of all — that of tidying the shelves — were rushed through so that the members had the rest of club time during which they improved their artistic ability by drawing caricatures of their "favourite" —!

This year the library purchased many new fictions and reference books. Among the fiction books were some of the popular "Worrals' Biggles, Famous Five, Career, and Space stories."

The pleasing colour scheme of grey, green and pink in which room five has recently been painted encourages students to concentrate on their reading, whilst the white shelves contrast with the varied colours of the books. Form 2A has kept the room tidy and tastefully decorated with flowers.

Our activities have been directed this year by our president, Marion Brown, and our secretary, John Bartlet. All members wish to thank Mr. Halloran for his able supervision and for introducing us to the work of maintaining a library. We thoroughly recommend the library club to any students looking for an amusing, enjoyable and instructive club-time activity.

Ex-Students Say

By Mr. H. F. Downs, B.Com., Secretary to the University Appointments Board.

As you may imagine, at my age I am a little hazy in my memories of the old school. I remember very well the excitement of joining it as a foundation student in — was it 1915? I recollect also the joys, the anxieties, and the sorrows (there were not a great many sorrows really), that I suppose have been the lot of schoolboys and girls the world over since schools began. I remember the excitement of end of year examination and the joyful anticipation of the approaching mid-summer vacations, also the sadness of leaving.

The original school building, now hidden by the many extensions since added, was quite small, and it had housed a private school run by Mr. Gerrarty who became a member of the High School staff until his retirement many years later. Much of the teaching was done in temporary wooden huts which we referred to as "cow-sheds". They were ventilated by canvas-covered sliding screens, and there were no complaints about the absence of fresh air either in winter or summer.

In due course, a brick extension was built on to the original structure to provide 4B form-room and a science laboratory and store-room. Later locker-rooms and wash-rooms were added, and a wooden sloyd-room was dumped on the grounds to the north west of the main buildings. That was, as far as I remember, the extent of the school premises when I left at the end of 1917. The rest has been added since, and I suppose, even more than in our time, you find it necessary to go far afield for Wednesday afternoon sports.

Incidentally, my form-mate "Swallow" Wallace shared with me the responsibility of nurturing the trees around the school fences. They were seedlings of a few inches high, and by tending them with diligence we avoided some arduous work period which I believe was called "physical culture".

Our Headmaster was Mr. F. W. Johnston, and he was ably supported by Messrs. Gerrarty, Edgar, Handley, Williams and by Miss Gilhotti, Miss Lamrock, Miss Chapman, and others whose names I cannot now recall. The School had a good reputation for scholarships, and many of its original

students are working now as teachers, doctors, chemists, lawyers, or as leaders in industry and commerce. I expect that most of the girls have married: some may even be grandmothers by now. I have seen the sons and daughters of some of my old school-mates pass through the University, and have helped them to find their first professional employment.

The School also had a good record for sport. Basket-ball and tennis were the principal games with the girls. The boys had reason to be proud of their football, and their cricket was by no means bad. But swimming was our strong point; both the girls and the boys could give a very good account of themselves in the water, and those who were not noted for speed could swim a pretty fair distance.

It seems to me, looking back in to the past, that the foundation students were older on the average than those of the present day. Several of our fellows enlisted in the A.I.F. straight from school, and one or two managed to enlist while under age, but they were discharged shortly afterwards. There was a Cadet Corps in the School, associated with "Area 69" which had its Headquarters at Fort Gellibrand. The lads looked reasonably smart in their uniforms, but no doubt caused must annoyance to teaching staff by clumping round in heavy military boots one day a week. The 1914-18 war was on and some of the lads took more interest in the Cadet Corps than they did in Algebra or French, with the inevitable results at the end of the year.

We, who are among the first to leave the School, tried to set up an ex-students' association but we did not get very far with it. We were few in numbers and scattered about a bit, and it was hard to stir up enthusiasm. I understand that you have a pretty good Association now, and I think this is a very good thing. It seems to me that many of the sincerest and therefore most enduring friendships are made at school, and a good Ex-Students' Association does provide opportunities for those who have scattered to get together now and again.

— H. F. DOWNS

Ex-Students' Report

1956 saw Williamstown High School Ex-Students' Association embark upon several new ventures—a re-union of ex-students, a re-organisation of the association, and arranging the annual school ball.

The re-union took place in Rooms 11 and 12 at the old school. It was held combined with a farewell by ex-students to the headmaster, Mr. C. E. Brook, on Saturday, April 14—the day after he left Williamstown High after ten years at the helm.

The event was a grand success, enabling many former students to return to the scene of happy schooldays and to meet again the people—school colleagues and teachers—they knew.

The roll-up was good, but it was found that those present were confined to ex-students who have left in recent years, apart from a few odd ones from a good few years back. This is indicative of a habit of Exies; that the first three or four years after leaving are the years they interest themselves in the association. After that, other interests tend to take over.

A presentation was made to Mr. Brook, who was eulogised by the Exies' president (Fred Cron) for what he had done for the school and students over the years.

Mr. T. ("Doc") Walsh, who transferred to St. Albans High at the start of the year, was also made a presentation. An illuminated address referred to "an unforgettable contribution made in stage work, sport and trips, to the school lives of the boys who in turn passed through Williamstown High."

Among Exies present was Dave Stephens, the champion distance runner, who attended the W.H.S. from 1941-45. Dave was prompted to give an account of his running experiences at the school—where he was athletic champion in 1945—and on the road to the Olympic Games here in November.

Dave concluded: "Mr. Brook in his speech said that he would soon be forgotten; that other teachers would take his place. That is not so. Pupils never forget their teachers and their influence lasts a lifetime."

The re-organisation of the W.H.E.S.A., with the secretary, Neil Armstrong, as a moving force, netted more members and

more money for the association. Between 1000 and 1500 letters were sent out to old student, appealing for support.

The response was heartening. Moves are going ahead for widening association activities. One point made is that any help given is not just for any school—it's for the best school of all!

When it became known that the organising of the School Ball for 1956 would not be handled from the school, the Exies became interested. A review of the situation led to a decision by the association to organise the ball, at Williamstown Town Hall on Thursday, September 20, 1956.

It would have been a pity for the event to slip. There's no event to compare with the thrill that confronts school girls and boys when they make their social "debut" at school socials, the ball, and the like; no smiles that are fresher, no prettier faces.

In general Exie affairs, it has been found that dances are not well supported. There have been meagre attendances at some and a plan is being put into operation to invite students of the upper forms at the W.H.S. to the dances.

In the up-and-down of various phases of Exie affairs, the boys' basketball team disbanded in 1955 and the Ex-Students' Film Group dis-affiliated, joining Williamstown Arts Council.

On the credit side, a second Exies girls' hockey team, founded in 1955 and premiers in its first year, is going strong, as is another new feature—snow trips. A snow trip on Sunday, July 15, saw no less than 280 attending — past and present students.

It was like shifting a military division. The assault on Mt. Donna Buang that followed was like an invasion.

All with W.H.S. links will be interested to know that an ex-pupil of W.H.S. was a member of the Australian Test cricket team in England—Len Maddocks. Len travelled from West Newport to the old school until 1941 and was wicket-keeper for school teams, before going on to the Australian XI.

The Ex-Students' Committee entertained the new headmaster, Mr. L. J. Bowe and Mrs. Bowe, and Miss Boardman, head senior mistress, at the Wentworth Hotel on May 17, in accordance with an annual custom.

Original

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

His name was Bully and he was the shaggy but faithful dog belonging to Mark Fitzgerald, the keeper of a light-house off the Queensland coast. The two were close friends. Bully followed his master everywhere, in and out of the rooms and up and down the long spiral staircase that led to the light.

One stormy night, as Mark and Bully were descending the iron stairs to telephone the report to the mainland, Mark slipped and fell to the bottom. The dog whimpered and whined at the still body of his master and then rushed at the telephone barking furiously. His instinct told him that this device was the one way to get help.

During one of his mad rushes at the telephone he knocked the receiver off its hook and, it being a private, direct line to the shipping office, rang there immediately.

When the officer on duty there answered he could hear nothing but the frenzied barking of the dog and decided to investigate. He took one of the launches and, as the storm was now abating, swiftly travelled the two miles to the lighthouse where he found Mark Fitzgerald lying unconscious.

Bully accompanied his master to hospital and, during the days that Mark lay in a coma, never left his side. When at last Mark stirred and opened his eyes he was greeted by his faithful friend, who had leaped onto the bed at his first movement. "Good boy," he murmured.

It is through happenings like this true story that dogs have become known as "Man's Best Friend."

Graham Miles, V

A SCHOOL IN ALICE

The town oval is the front garden of the Alice Springs Higher Elementary School; the Todd river flows past the school ground, and the angular golden bluff, Mount Gillen,

is part of the view pupils see from the upstairs class-room windows. Heavy winter rain caused the Todd to start flowing on the Friday afternoon I visited the school. Excited children, released early from school because they were to have a Pets' Parade next day, rushed to the river bed to build sand castles just for the pleasure of seeing them washed away a few minutes later by the unusual June "rise".

The building is new, and its simple modern design suit the hot climate. Corridors much wider than ours run the whole length of the weather side, and they are enclosed with wide glass louvres. At intervals there are refrigerators from which students may drink ice-cold water. The class rooms are smaller than ours, and on some walls are original paintings by Arunta artists from Hermansberg Mission, less than one hundred miles away. The cookery room has plenty of shiny equipment and the needlework room would be a joy to Miss Turner and our girls. There is a power-point and iron, "one between two", at every table.

Although it is not directly concerned with the school, the room that interested me most was the broadcasting studio next to the Headmaster's Office. Twice a day this room becomes the "School of the Air" for more than thirty youngsters in homesteads widely scattered over the Northern Territory. The School uses the "Flying Doctor" radio network. This means that the pupils are able to speak to their teacher, one at a time, on their pedal radio sets, although they cannot speak to one another. I wonder if this idea would appeal to our Form I girls? Or their teachers?

Many outback people struggle against great difficulties to give their children primary and secondary education. I met one mother who was travelling more than 1,600 miles — from Pine Creek to Alice Springs, and back — to see her son and daughter. Sally and Brian attend the High School at Alice Springs, living in hostels more than 800 miles from home. This experience made me wonder if all our Williamstown students value highly enough the wonderful chances they have, but sometimes neglect — chances which would be accepted so eagerly by children living in the real outback of Australia.

B.B.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

"Quick, where's the nearest telephone?" the young man gasped as he ran into my shop.

I live in a small country town, and was busy serving my customers who had come late, as they always do on Saturdays, and it was already after 12 o'clock. A look of anguish spread over the young man's face when I told him that the local exchange had closed down and it would be necessary to go to Smithtown, some ten miles away, if he wanted to phone. He looked so distraught that my customers all began offering suggestions. Some thought it would be better to go to Cambelltown which was only five miles away, even though roads were bad after heavy rain. After a quick discussion it was decided to go to Cambelltown and we all escorted the young fellow — Bill James — to his car.

We were quick to realize that Bill's car — a baby Austin — would never negotiate the heavy road. Old Jack Stevens insisted that he should take the stranger in his truck, as by now, Bill seemed so agitated we all felt that he should not go alone. None of us knew why the phone was needed so urgently, because questions served to upset Bill more, and as we did not wish to add to his worry, we refrained from questioning him.

Various live stock and provisions were hurriedly unloaded from the truck, while others rushed about looking for bags, shovels, wooden planks, chains and anything else that might be useful in case the truck became bogged.

Bill, Jack and I climbed into the cab of the truck and started off on the journey to Cambelltown. When we were about three miles from our destination, the truck skidded off the road and sank into mud up to the axles. There seemed little hope of getting her out under an hour, and we feared what this delay might do to Bill, who was white-faced and silent. Fortunately Harry Middleton had followed us, and the only thing to do now was for Harry to take us to Smithtown.

On passing my shop the customers, who had realized that we had to take the longer road decided to follow us in the hope of learning the cause of Bill's distress. It was quite a procession that drew up a screeching of brakes outside the nearest telephone. Bill

leapt out of Harry's Land Rover just to the Post Office clock struck two.

"Too late," he moaned. "The race is over."

David Newgreen

THE BRASS BAND

The only time most people see and hear a brass band is when it is playing in a parade on some special occasion. They do not realise that a lot of hard work has been put in with the band to bring it up to scratch. The hardest part of being a band member is to learn to read music and play an instrument while marching, and at the same time watch the drum major out in front for his orders, which may include those for serpentine, countermarching, wheeling and turning.

Let me explain how an ordinary band is composed. There are six sections: the cornet, tenorhorn, baritone, bass, trombone and drum sections. In the cornet section there are about ten instruments. Two solos, two first, two seconds and two third cornets with a soprano cornet and repiano cornet.

Then comes the tenors. There is a first, second, and third tenor horn in this section. Of similar shape, but of larger size and deeper tone than that of the tenor horns, are the baritones. There is a first and second baritone accompanied by the solo instrument of this section, the euphonium.

Then we have the bass section. This comprises two or three tubas and two sousaphones. Last of the brass instruments are the trombones, a section usually made up of three instruments, a solo, first and second trombone. Last but by no means least is the drum section. This is composed of two men who handle a side drum, kettle drum, triangle and cymbals.

The conductor who presides over the whole band usually plays a cornet. The music played by these bands ranges from marches to opera overtures, with a dash of instrumental and musical comedy music here and there.

In conclusion, I will say that being a member of a brass band requires hard work and constant practice, but it is well worth the effort to look up and see the trophies you have won in a contest, or settle back in your seat and enjoy the holiday with the band that is to come.

Graham Miles, V

BARON MUNCHAUSEN

It was early in July when my friend Professor Findum rang me to tell me that he had a very important assignment for me. So, about half an hour later I was on my way up to the Professor's laboratory which is situated on the top of Mount Blowup.

I was ushered in by Professor Findum, a queer little man wearing three pairs of spectacles. He began to tell me what the assignment was about. I was to go to the sun. Professor Findum explained that over the last five centuries not only had the planets cooled, but the sun had too.

As you know, the sun is really a great fireplace held in position by a huge crane. The Professor said that he wanted me to take a bundle of wood to the sun and re-light it.

At first I was reluctant to go, but, after thinking it over carefully I decided to go because of the thrills I would have. But how would I get to the sun? Then I had an idea that I knew would work.

I waited until there was a rainbow, then grabbing the bundle of wood, I raced to the end of the rainbow and quickly scrambled up onto it. But luck was against me, for when I was only half way up, the sun went behind a cloud and the rainbow disappeared. There I was, tumbling into space. I thought I would circle the earth forever but I landed on a pale sunbeam who told me he had been sick and was now going back home.

After that, the journey did not take long and soon I was standing on the outskirts of the sun.

As I walked along looking for the fireplace, I came face to face with some horrid greenfaced, three-eyed men. I found out later that they were responsible for putting the fire out.

When these little monsters found out why I was there they all attacked me. Each one of those little men must have weighed a ton and I was underneath the thirty of them. But I didn't worry because I knew that my superior brain would help me to win.

I had an idea that I could escape by digging my way underground. I kept on digging until I was far enough away from the monsters then I dug my way out.

When I had become accustomed to the light again, I looked around to see where

I had come out. Confronting me was a large wall about 100 feet high. I knew that my piece of brains that had the athletic touch must be sleeping. I could not wake it up by thinking so frantically I took my head off and begun to search for it. At last I found it sleeping soundly. As soon as I woke it up I was able to jump the fence, just as the leader was about to grab me.

After landing on the other side I put my head on to see the great fireplace I had been looking for. Quickly I threw on the wood. At once the fire lit and when the monsters saw what I had done they burst with rage.

At first it began to smoke so I grabbed a cloud of smoke and as soon as I had the fire going again I jumped onto the cloud and floated back to earth.

After telling Professor Findum what had happened I went home to get some rest, because the lack of adventure on the way back to earth had become boring.

Lynette Fattick, 3a

A VISIT TO THE AQUARIUM

The Aquarium is situated in Pascoe St. Williamstown, near the railway station. Let us have a look into some of the tanks.

In Tank 2 we find the Johnsonacanthus, which is found around the Mediterranean Sea. It has a black head and a canary coloured underside. This is a fairly rare fish.

Tank 3 houses a large charcoal coloured fish with a brown underside. Its name is the Kassimatebris.

There is a fish in Tank 4 called the Mephamosolon. The colour of this fish is grey with dark blue stripes. When fighting it attacks with its right fin. The value of this fish is priceless.

In Tank 12 is the Meehanedris. It is long and slender. Commonly known as the Military fish.

The Archertetrason is found in Tank 21. This fish is a dealer in death and has a lethal sting. It has a hairy substance reaching straight up from its head. Its colour is brown all over. This fish keeps the others in order.

These are only a few of the fish in the Williamstown Aquarium; but they are well worth seeing.

A Nonny Mouse

QUIET VALLEY

Your first knowledge of "Quiet Valley" comes when after riding for miles across flat, rolling grasslands, scorched brown by the cruel sun, and climbing with your horse over small foothills you find yourself confronted by a valley of almost plush green velvet, so very different from the brown earth and grey-blue rocks that border it.

"Quiet Valley" is always this beautiful green, be it the middle of winter or the hottest day in summer for the little snow that cloaks the surrounding hills in winter gives a plentiful supply of water in summer.

Advancing further into this secluded spot you find that other men have invaded this palace of nature and have placed banners of nature's defeat—fences—around "their" land. Yet, perhaps by the Grace of the friend of nature, these humans have not like so many of their fellow beings, destroyed the picturesque scenery and its local inhabitants, instead man has occupied but a small section of the land with his humble dwelling and is living in harmony with nature.

There set in the back hills stands a cottage of grey stone and slate roof, but the grey walls will turn pink in the spring when the creeping vine embracing them bursts into bloom, even the darker seasons will not hide its beauty for the sun with its rainbow colours will caress it in the morn and farewell it in the evening. The roof never changes, the green moss remains through every season although sometimes remodelled by a cloak of frost.

Where the creek breaks away from the foothills to carve for itself a bed you find huge gums towering, their branches interlaxing to lessen the glare of the sun. The grass is full and cluttered with dots of colour and strange wild flowers which struggle for their share of the sunshine.

Further from the foothills you enter the rabbits playground, as yet unmolested by human beings. You can walk amongst their families while they sit up and watch you, you who are the stranger and the exhibit. In the trees above you the birds chirp and sing in time with the thumping of the rabbits.

When darkness falls all the land is quiet save for the symphony provided by nature's orchestra underneath the floodlights of the stars and moon. In the dams and pools

the croaking soloist renders his item in the light of the night. Here is a land—a valley yet untouched, surrounded by virgin forests and rugged foothills give way to smooth mountains and here is a place of rest and comfort — Quiet Valley. *Ronda Burke, V*

A HOLIDAY AT BRIGHT

To spend my time far away in the rugged mountainous country of Bright in the winter months, is my idea of a perfect holiday.

From the long winding road which leads the traveller spiralling up towards the snow covered summit of Mt. Buffalo, one can see many feet lower; the road just definable in the mist.

Next can be seen deep fern valleys of emerald and jade with the tree ferns' fronds glistening with the rain. The huge trunks of the eucalypts stretching skywards, make one look up to where the dark green foliage spreads out far overhead.

At the summit of Mt. Buffalo, the Chalet stands overlooking the vast Buffalo Gorge. On climbing to the top of the lookout only the thick opaque mist greets the sightseer until, as if parted by some mystic hand, a break in the clouds reveals the chasms.

The rugged granite walls of the gorge shine blue and orange as the turbulent waterfall drops in a ribbon of white into the valley.

The giant gums seem minute and the land stretches in multi-coloured squares where man has cultivated, while the untroubled natural regions show wildly rugged.

We returned along the winding and desolate road and approached the narrow ribbon of Eurobin Falls, which gradually loomed into its powerful majesty.

There, towering above the tree tops like an opaque, writhing serpent, the great torrents fell.

The incessant roar as of a huge trapped pre-historic beast resounded through the ferns deafening the neighbouring birds' song. The waterfall thundered as it had done since the snows first fell on the great Mt. Buffalo; as it will continue till the last snows have melted away.

We travelled back to our camp awed and humbly knowing that we are only the smallest part of nature's art. The view of this most awe-inspiring of God's creations, was seen during our wonderful holiday at Bright.

Vivienne Hughes, V

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

You'll miss the Williamstown High School,
 You'll miss with all your heart,
 The bad times and the good times
 That gave your heart its start.

In the years to come you'll think back
 Over all the things you did—
 The fun, the games, the laughter,
 When you were just a kid.

When you were in the first form
 How small you seemed to be.
 So small and unimportant—
 A tiny twig on this big tree.

Even in the second form
 The fifth form looks far-off.
 But now the new first-formers have come
 At whom you now can scoff.

Then when you're in the third form,
 You just seem "in-between".
 Exams. are more important now,
 And life is really keen.

So now you're a true-blue senior,
 A fourth-former at last.
 The years seemed to flit like swallows,
 So quickly did they pass.

When you're in the fifth form,
 It seemed so long ago
 That you looked up from the first form,
 But now you're looking below.

You'll think of all the friends you made —
 The friends you'll have forever.
 They've been with you through thick and
 thin,
 And you'll never lose them. Never.
 I wouldn't have changed it for the world.

I wouldn't have changed a part.
 For I'll miss it now. I know I will.
 I'll miss it with all my heart.

AUSTRALIA V. ENGLAND

The following is an account of The Great Battle between Australia and England in the persons of 4c-d French class and Mr. Forecast. This historic fight took place between the 2nd and 4th test matches.

4c-d, feeling very benevolent after Australia's 2nd test win, decided to console Mr. Forecast with the following poem.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FALLING WICKETS

T'was at Lords that this dreadful thing
 happened,

The day was shining and bright,
 Said the Englishmen full of ambition
 We'll make those runs all right.

But they didn't reckon with Keithy,
 And Peter, and Ritchie and Ron,
 Who sent down those sizzling rare ones,
 And somehow those wickets were gone.

Never despair Mr. Forecast
 There's always the next test you know.
 But when the Aussies win the next one
 Back to help England you'll have to go.

This seemed to dampen the battling Englishman's spirits a bit, and he retired to his corner hurt, for some time. A lull came over The Great Battle during the third test, and neither side seemed to gain an edge.

But after the 4th test (which to the unenlightened the Englishmen won, how we don't know), wearing a horrible sneer on his face the May-worshipper presented this piece of poetry (?) to the rather unhappy 4c-d.

REQUIEM

Tales of Yore and great men's deeds
 Can never equal those at Leeds:
 English folk will always shout
 HEADINGLEY — what a ROUT!

Washbrook's game, young Peter's knock,
 Prepared the way for Tony Lock:
 Legs before, caught or bowled —
 Ian's sad lament retold.

Prayers for rain, appeals for light,
 As they began to lose the fight;
 Harvey went and on came Laker —
 England's demon wicket taker.

May had no need to bat once more —
 Just add to England's winnings;
 Prepare yourself for Test Match Four —
 With victory by an innings!

D.W., IVc

HOW I DISCOVERED THE SPY'S TRUE MOTIVES

My name is Mike Hammer. I'm a secret service agent. One morning the chief called me to his office. I guessed that he had a fresh job for me, so I hurried. "Mike," he said, "I have a new assignment for you." I pricked up my ears, and he continued. "I suppose that you have read in the papers about the foreign film producer, Ivan Shepilov, and his proposed visit to the country?" I nodded. "Our agent overseas has told us that Shepilov is coming here to take photos of our top secret radar and guided missile installations. He says that he is coming here to obtain photos of our wild life. Your job is to find out if he takes any photos of our top secret areas. I don't care how you go about it, but don't let him find out that you are on his tail."

The first thing I did when I left the chief was to find out when Shepilov was due to arrive. Then I obtained a compact quick-change disguise kit. For the two weeks before the foreigner arrived, I practised quick changes, until I could step into the chief's office without him recognising me.

At last came the day when the film producer was due to arrive. I already had a complete description of him, and so had no trouble recognising his stout, dark figure as he stepped from the plane at the airport.

I tailed him to the city, where he headed for the Embassy. An hour later he came out, hailed the taxi I was driving, and told me to drive him to a good hotel where he could obtain privacy and quiet. I chose an hotel near to my own and dropped him there. Then I parked the taxi and set out to find which was his room.

While the clerk was talking to a visitor, I found the man's room. The next thing I did was to get a room at the same hotel. When he ordered his dinner to be sent up to his room, I managed to slip a harmless drug into his food. It would induce sleep and leave the way clear for me to search.

I waited for twenty minutes and then went upstairs. His door was locked from the inside. I opened it with one of my skeleton keys which I always carry. There he was, slumped in his chair, snoring loudly. Swiftly, I searched the room. I found three letters, two of them in code. I took copies of them all, and silently left

I posted the results for the first few hours of the foreigner's visit and my investigations to headquarters to be decoded. Then I assembled the facts in my mind. First, that Shepilov had visited the Embassy as soon as he arrived. Second, that he wanted privacy and a quiet hotel. Third, that he locked his door all the time, and last, that he had two letters in code in his possession.

All seemed to point to one thing. He was here on secret business. Still, it was not enough. I had to have proof that he was after information on our top secret equipment. It would be preferable to catch him red-handed rather than to rely on circumstantial evidence. Also, I still had to find from headquarters what those coded letters said. I went to bed to sleep it off.

The next morning I woke early and walked downstairs to wait for him to leave the hotel. To my surprise, he came down carrying all his luggage. Again he called a taxi and went to the Embassy. Again he stayed for over an hour. I decided to try the taxi-man trick again.

This time I had a change of clothes in the boot in case he recognised my clothing as being familiar. He told me to drive to the station. When he reached there and got out, I followed, carrying his luggage. He stepped up to the interstate booking office, and I heard him ask for a ticket to Adelaide in South Australia. A sudden thought sprang into my mind. Woomera! Guided missiles! The trail was getting warm!

I arranged for the results of the decoding to be sent to me in Adelaide, and then bought a ticket for there myself.

During the journey, Shepilov spent most of his time in a private compartment of the train. I could hear him working furiously almost all the time. When he went to lunch, I slipped into the compartment and again took copies of all that I could see in the waste-paper basket.

When the train reached Adelaide, the foreigner jumped into a car waiting outside the station. The car had an Embassy number plate and headed north, out towards Woomera! I didn't follow him right away, but went to get the results of the decoding. They were incriminating, all right! So off to Woomera!

When I reached there, I contacted the security officer, and handed him the results of my investigations. He sent two men to

follow Shepilov and to report on his movements. They reported that he was going around the guided missile area all day, carrying a small camera.

The rest is history. That night, security officers burst into Shepilov's rooms, where he was developing some film. The photos proved to be of rocket installations and coupled with the decoded letters and my evidence, the foreigner had no alibi to explain his actions. He was duly tried and condemned to life imprisonment.

John Hunt, V

FORM IVa

The worst IVa there's ever been,
Is the common verdict of us it seems;
Because we believe in having fun,
And not getting our work done.

Our teachers all try hard, to reform
The misguided students in our form;
The girls especially are very dense,
They've given up hope of us ever having
sense.

Poor Miss Woollard teaches mathematics,
And Mr. Crowl tries hydrostatics;
Both seem to have a hopeless task,
For questions IVa do not ask.

So when you all reach Form IVa
Don't follow in our merry way;
Our loafing days we'll all regret
When our Intermediate we do not get.

A IVa No-hoper

TIMMY

This was inspired by my Maths. results
of Term 1.

The small, dejected figure walked slowly home. He spent a long time shutting the gate, and then lagged and dawdled until he finally reached the back door. It had been a particularly trying day for a ten year old—the marks from the sums test had been given back and he had got 0—he, Timmy Gray, had got 0 out of 10!

The feeling of humiliation came back to him as he remembered how Miss Still had read his mark out to the whole class. He hated sums, he hated school, and worst of all he hated Miss Still. She was always picking on him, and all the kids had said his mother would be mad at him for getting into trouble with her today.

Well it wasn't his fault. Why did he have to sit in school and do sums and English and heaven knows what — when all he wanted to do was paint. At the thought of that Timmy's eyes lit up and then darkened again. What was the use — grownups never understood!

"Is that you, Timmy?" his mother called.

"Yes," he said in a resigned voice.

"What's the matter dear? Anything wrong?" Sally Grey asked, coming out onto the porch. Timmy said nothing for a moment and then it all came out in a rush, accompanied by a flood of tears.

"I got nothing in my sums test an' I got into trouble with Miss Still an' I hate school! I want to paint Mummy, I don't want to go to school, I want to paint!" Sally put her arms around him and held him close with tears in her own eyes. She remembered the other Timmy Gray, a tall, sunburnt man with a lean face, who had wanted to paint too. He had been killed in the war before he had any time to do much painting, leaving her to bring up little Timmy alone.

Timmy blew his nose fiercely and looked at his mother defiantly, expecting to see anger and reproach in her eyes—but instead there was love and understanding and a look he had seen sometimes when she spoke of his father.

"Did I ever tell you that your father was an artist, darling?" Sally asked gently. Timmy stopped sobbing and his eyes grew round. "No," he replied, giving her his full attention.

"When he was your age he wanted to paint too, but his parents wouldn't let him as they wanted him to be a doctor. So when he was eighteen he ran away and began to paint beautiful pictures. He met me later on and a few months after we were married. You were born a year later and when you were a little baby your father went away to the war and was killed."

"Oh," said Timmy quietly.

"And now I've got a wonderful surprise for you. Do you remember Aunt Emmie—she's your great aunt? Well, she's got a place in a little village by the sea, and she wants us to go down and live with her. And then you won't have to go to school at all, because I'll teach you at home, and you'll be able to paint." Sally watched Timmy's face as his mind took it in slowly.

"Mummy!" In a moment he was in her arms with tears running down his cheeks. "They're not real tears Mummy, just happy tears," Timmy said, hugging her close. It seemed to Sally that the other Timmy was close by smiling at her with approval and love, and telling her that he too, would be happy.

Robyn Beattie, 4b

BY THE WAY OF THE RAPIDS

The jarring, scraping motion beneath me startled my slumber but when I eventually awoke the jarring had stopped. I was just drowsing back to sleep when a severe bumping awakened me again. This time I heard rushing waters and felt my boat jerking along its way. No longer did the wild birds' cries arouse me, nor the gurgling creek. I was not aware that I was in mid-stream being swept along at a terrific speed. Where, I did not know.

Now as I look back on that happening I realise I behaved as so many others may have done, had they been in the same position. Instead of acting immediately, I sat there paralysed. My mind moved quickly. I must have come adrift at night and moved out of the quiet waters into a raging river. Hurriedly I shook my fear off and began looking for an escape. On the other side of the river were huge, orange, clay cliffs gaining their colour from the rising sun. The river was crimson blood, a horrifying sight. It made one think of morbid endings. Glancing again at the banks I saw the stark black tree-trunks, barren branches, barren land above it. The hill above was black, charred from recent bushfires. Then I realised it. I was only half a mile from the rapids of "Tynelty." Only four days ago a huge fire had swept the banks of the "Tynelty," entirely wiping out a town. Now I knew I was alone, with no hope of rescue, and the rapids before me.

I began to struggle against the rushing, leaping waters. I had no oars they had obviously been washed away long ago. Immersing my hands into the water, I tried to direct the boat towards the cliff. The river was cruel, lashing like a whip against the hands that tried in vain to direct its quarry from destruction. The rapidly flowing river had carried me around several bends. Now the cliffs were lower, but before me lay the rapids.

To me there seemed to be miles of churning water ahead, splintering trunks

into chips by throwing them against open-jawed rocks. I held my breath, drew in my hands, and prepared for my last effort. In one second I would be amongst the raging waters.

For one moment, the boat balanced on the outskirts then rushed, like some small child defying, headlong into the terrors. It soared on the churning water, floundered, and as it did I grabbed at a nearby rock, but on we shot. My only trophy for my effort a badly cut hand.

The raging waters dashed onwards; the boat threatened to submerge. Now it was wallowing between two rocks, now it seemed inevitable that we should be swallowed by the foaming waters, yet still we thrust onwards.

The boat seemed to crouch ready to spring towards a huge rock before us. In one instant we must hit it. Then I did, I think, the most daring thing in my lifetime, I leapt towards a small rock. I had misjudged the distance and landed with a splash a few feet from the rocks. Thrusting out my arms I grabbed it and pulled myself up in time to see my faithful friend smashed into millions of pieces.

I glanced at the four foot cliff and sighed. If I could gain two rocks—each two feet apart and unsafe, I would then have to grab an old branch growing from the side of the cliff and pull myself up.

This I did and tired from the struggle and numbed with the cold, I set off under the feeble rays of the now risen sun. Through the stark, charred remains of the settlement, I stumbled sorrowful yet joyful, for I had escaped from the jaws of death.

Ronda Burke, V

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

This year the Girls' Tennis Team played only one match. This was against Essendon at Williamstown. With Sandra Phillips as captain, each member of the team displayed keenness and good sportsmanship throughout the match.

The scores were: First pair won 6-2, second pair won 6-1, third pair won 6-1, and the fourth pair lost 3-6.

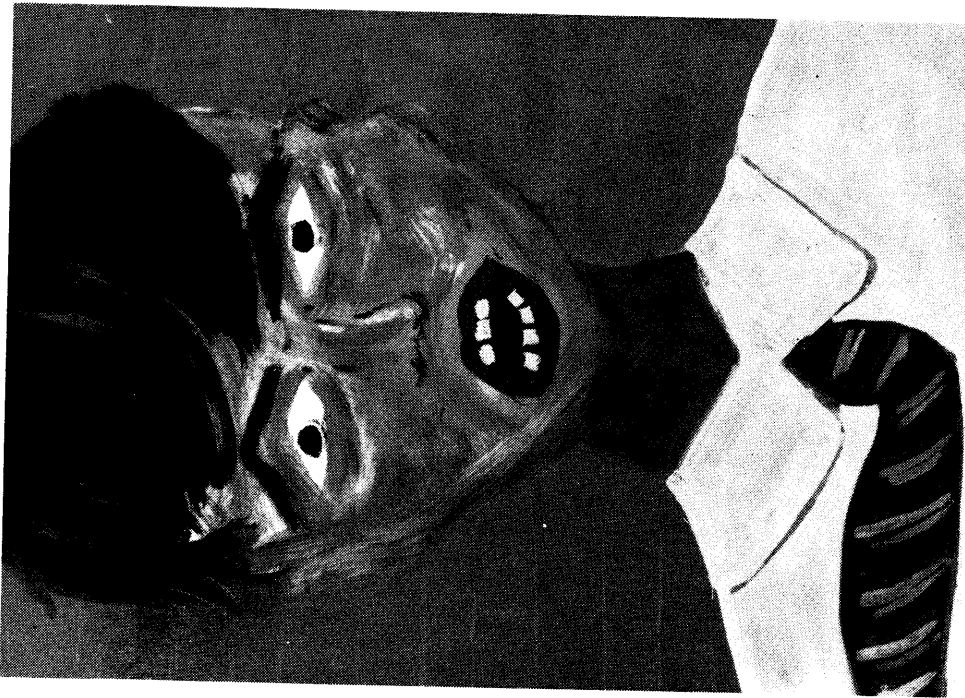
First—Sandra Phillips and Pat Taggart.

Second—Kathleen Vines and Margaret Whitaker.

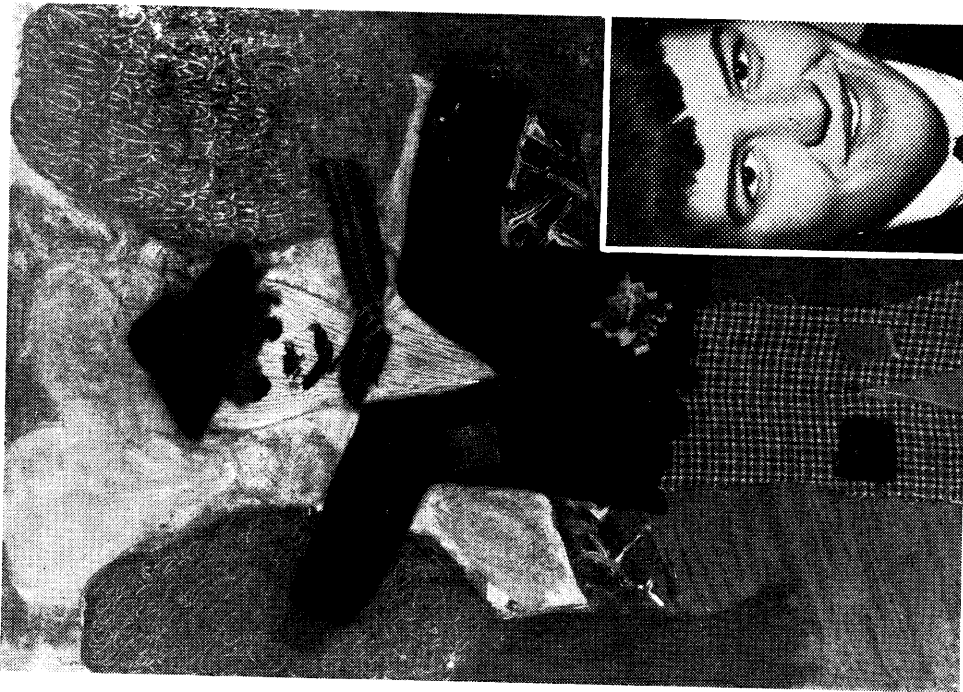
Third—Vivien Owens and Mamie Simpson.

Fourth—Helen Shaw and Lexia Bryant.

Sandra Phillips



MARGARET SCHEPPERS "The School Tie"



FRANCES SPOTTISWOOD "Worzel Gummidge"
Pieces of cloth pasted to a painted background make up this collage which won equal first prize at the Children's Art Exhibition organised this year by "The Mail," Footscray.



JOHN POTTER *"Jungle Tapestry"*



RONDA BURKE *"Witches' Cavern" (Macbeth)*

SEA

The Fitters and Turners,
Worked hard in their shops;
The Actors and Playwrights
Got lost in their props.

The men started sailing,
The ships started to roam;
Far across the Atlantic,
The blue sea, the foam!

The breakers and wheelers,
Tore at the ship's side;
But over the waves
She continued to ride.

The spray hurled right up,
Over helm and starboard;
The pirates were off,
To gather more hoard.

The sails they drew,
As they sky turned to grey;
And the pirates all doubted,
If they'd live till next day.

So they said their farewells,
And turned in to sleep;
And soon they were covered,
By the vast rolling deep.

A.D.M.

COMBINED ATHLETIC SPORTS

This year the Combined Athletic Sports were held for the first time at Ballarat. Although the weather did not look very promising the rain held off for the greater part of the day.

Williamstown met with strong opposition and the only section in which we were very strong was the Intermediate Section. Although we led in this section for portion of the day, Essendon finished winners by 12½ points.

During the day Williamstown broke three records — Peter Hutchinson broke the 15-years high jump record, John McConville the hop step and jump and Gary Titter the weight putt.

Among the girls who did well were Margot Creant, Gail Chalmers and Marion Clark.

Williamstown extends congratulations to Footscray on winning the junior section, and to Sunshine who finished second in the same section.

The final results were:

Junior 8th.; Intermediate 2nd.;

Senior 4th.; Aggregate 4th.

A.C. V





W. W. Martin

John



Autographs *W. W. Martin*

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D. L. Sumner

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