

Tommy Webb
Form 2A

HIGH TIDE



Williamstown High School - 1954 -

HIGH TIDE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

December, 1954

Headmaster: Mr. C. E. BROOK, M.A., Dip.Ed.

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

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

Advisory Council

Mrs M. A. Colley, Mrs. I. Fisher, Mrs. J. M. Lambie, Mr. J. E. McCoubrie, Mr. J. H. Kosseck, Cr. E. S. Loft, Cr. H. J. McIvor, Cr. R. A. Ducrow, Mr. H. C. Brett, Mr. J. C. Goe, Mr. J. L. Mather, Mr. E. Matthewson, B.A., Cr. J. T. Gray, Mr. C. E. Brook, M.A., Dip.Ed.

Staff

Miss H. V. Orr, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. G. M. Crowl, B.Sc., B.Ed.
Miss F. E. Craig, D.T.Sc.	Mr. T. I. Kent, D.T.Sc., Uni. Subjs., C.M.B.H.I.
Miss M. Killeen, M.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. C. A. Hughes, M.A., B.Com.
Miss C. A. Turner, Dom. Arts, T.T.C.	Mr. J. K. Cardiff, B.A., T.P.T.C.
Miss I. L. Woollard, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. F. E. Farmer, A.T.C., D.T.S.C., T.P.T.C.
Miss S. Tierney, Dip.Mus., L.A.B.	Mr. L. J. Archer, B.A., B.Comm.
Miss S. R. Anderson, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. J. F. Tonge, B.A., T.P.T.C.
Miss N. O. Maxton, M.A. (1st Term).	Mr. A. T. E. Walsh, Uni. Subjs.
Mrs. Thompson, Uni. Subjs., T.P.T.C.	Mr. R. G. Wilson, B. Com. Dip.Ed.
Miss J. Bates, T.P.T.C. (2nd Term).	Mr. B. C. Osborne, B.A., T.P.T.C.
Miss H. M. D. Randall, Dip. Phys.Ed. (First Term).	Mr. A. J. Bradshaw, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mrs. A. Manley (2nd Term).	Mr. K. J. Coldicutt, 2nd. Yr. B.Sc.
Miss Z. McSween.	Mr. R. Mullins, B.A., B.Com., L.L.B., Dip.Ed.
Miss V. Tweedie.	Mr. I. H. Moore, Uni. Subjs., T.P.T.C.
Miss D. Pittard.	Mr. G. S. Bullen, Trade Certs.
Miss E. M. Becroft.	Mr. E. L. Johnson, Dip.Lit. (Fr.), Dip. Eng. Col.
Mr. W. G. Mephram, M.Sc., Dip.Ed.	Mr. A. H. Simpson, B.A. (1st. and 2nd Terms)
Mr. W. C. E. Head, Dip.Ed., S.T.P.C.	Mr. A. MacDonal, B.A., F.C.A.A.
	Mr. E. M. Evans, B. (Hon.), T.T.C. (London)
	Mr. W. H. Owen, B.A. (N.Z.).
	Mr. E. A. Grieve.

Prefects

Dorothy Hope, Margaret Colquhoun, Jean Becroft, Thelma Hope, Flora McIvor, Judith Bridge, Judith Kent, Betty Biddick, Margaret Stewart, Kathleen White, Janet Colley, Pam McKeown, Brian Dann, William Hocking, Ron Amor, Donald McLeod, Graeme Murdoch, Edward Barnes, Keith Smith, Peter McQueen.

House Captains

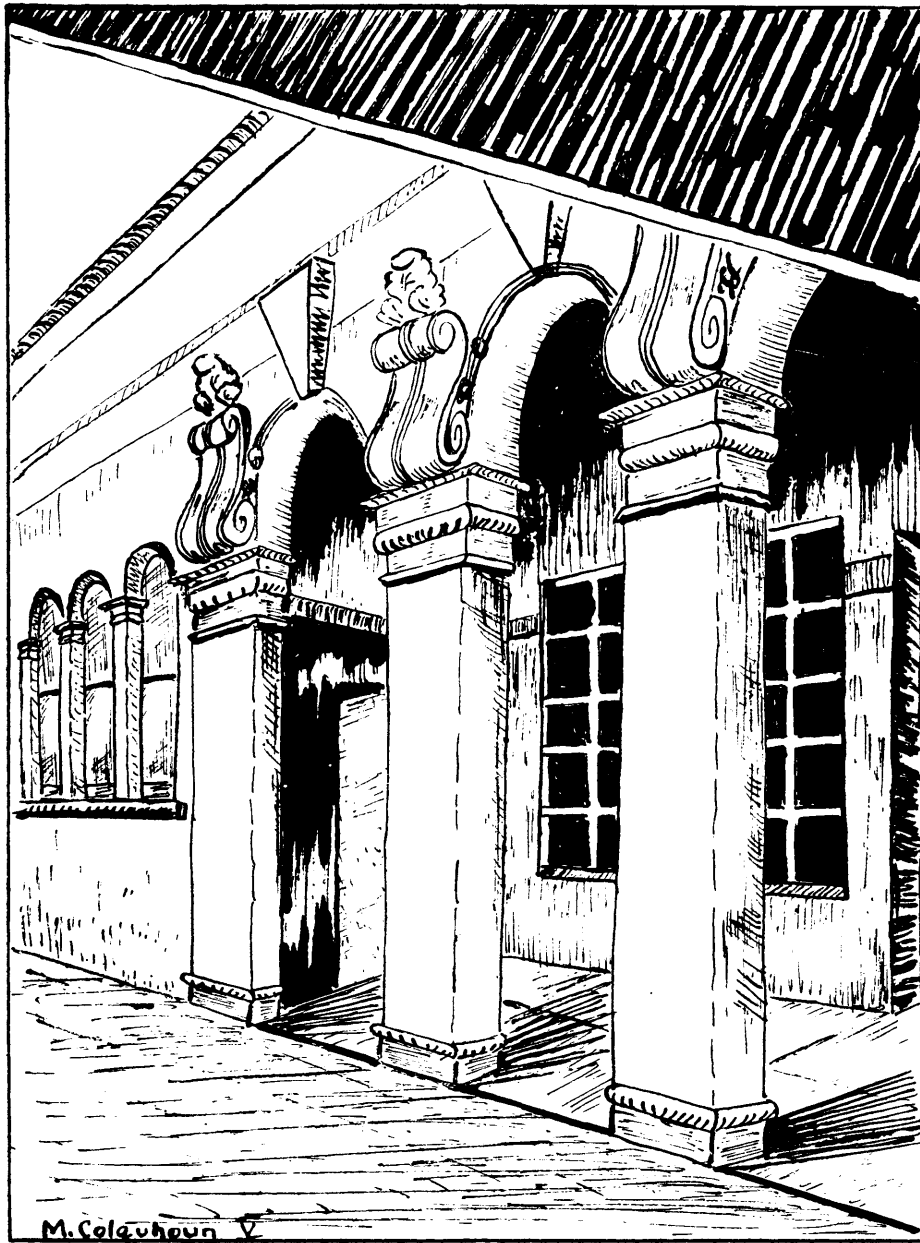
DINGOES	Carolyn McIntyre	Alan Hewett
KOALAS	Barbara Phillips	Kenneth Jones
POSSUMS	June Martin	Murray Bouchier
WOMBATS	Betty Barclay	Jack Greig.

Form Captains

V Dianne Skinner	J. Gillespie	IIa . . . Vivienne Owens	C. Paton
IVa . . . Kay Fitzgerald	L. Swalwell	IIb . . . Julie Stephenson	
IVb . . . Beth Leek	G. Martin	IIc . . . Anne Hayman	G. Strong
IVc . . . Janice Hills	J. Jarrard	IIId . . Heather Turner	K. Beamish
IIIIa . . Pam Tolliday	J. Hunt	IIId . . H. Claringbold	R. Taylor
IIIIb . . Yvonne McGregor	A. Boicos	Ia . . . Lois Elliott	D. Gibson
IIIIc . . Esther Curtis		Ib . . . Agnes Kemp	P. Daw
IIIIId . . Judith Fisher	J. Dripps (Term I)	Ic . . . Yvonne Page	D. Brown
IIIIe . . J. Lewis	J. Dixon	Id . . . Dorothy Egan	D. Davies
IIIIIf . . June Wickbank		Ie . . .	

Magazine Committee

Ken Jones (Editor), Jean Becroft, Flora McIvor, Alma Mayer, Elizabeth Biddick, Margaret Colquhoun, Kathleen Trace, Dorothy Gullock, Douglas Nicholson, M. Johnson, M. Hoskin, J. Williamstown, J. Bennetts, K. Smith.



Editorial

This year the Magazine Committee is proud to present to the students of Williamstown High School the sixth consecutive issue of "High Tide." We trust that between its covers you will find a record of a year that will be remembered among great years, for this year has included the visit of Queen Elizabeth II and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, to our country.

The Staff Advisor to the magazine, Mr. Cardiff, decided to try out two new ideas with the Magazine Committee. Firstly, he enlarged the committee from six members last year to fifteen members this year and then divided the committee into two groups. One group was to take care of the management of the magazine and the other group was to concentrate on writing articles.

Secondly, we have, with the help of Mr. Kent and Mr. Cardiff, been able to produce a Term Magazine at the end of both the First and Second Terms. After a great deal of discussion it was decided to call this Term Magazine "Low Tide," and the idea was readily taken up by the students.

Jean Becroft made a letter-box out of red cardboard and placed it in one of the school corri-

dors so that the students could send articles to both "High Tide" and "Low Tide." The result of all our work was that hundreds of copies of the First and Second Term editions of "Low Tide" were sold in the school, and a considerable amount of money was raised for Social Service.

Most of the articles for "High Tide" came from the students, and we are indebted to them for the large numbers of articles that they have submitted to be printed. It is unfortunate that lack of space will not allow us to print them all. We would like to thank Mr. Kent for the help he gave us in printing "Low Tide" and for the time he spent taking the team photographs for "High Tide." Thanks also go to Flora McIvor and all the other Fourth and Fifth Form girls who have helped with the typing.

Finally, we of the Magazine Committee hope that this magazine will become a treasured memoir to students and staff, and that you will find recorded here another year in the life of the "Best School of All"—Williamstown High School.

K. JONES
Form V.

● MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

STANDING (left to right). M. Johnson, F. McIvor, K. Smith, D. Nicholson, K. Jones, J. Becroft, M. Hoskin, D. Gullock.

SITTING. J. Williamson, E. Biddick, A. Mayer, Mr. Cardiff, M. Colquhoun, K. Trace, J. Bennetts.



Principal's Report

The approach of the end of the school year and the preparations for the final examinations remind us that for many of our students their school days at our school are rapidly coming to an end. Some will proceed to other schools or training institutions to prepare for their chosen profession, but the thoughts of the majority will be centred on opportunities offered for employment and success will be measured, in many cases, by the kind of employment obtained and the monetary rewards offered.

The school has endeavoured to give a broad general education which will be the foundation for the future professional or trade training, and in addition, through club activities, social service, work, sport and religious instruction, to prepare the student to play an active and unselfish part in the life of the community.

This education for living is not confined to the school alone. The home and the church both play an important part by insisting on a high standard of conduct from the individual; and clergymen and parents co-operate in guiding young people during their first years at work.

The home and the school must have close co-operation. Parents must know that school, its tone and its rules and personal contact between parents and members of the staff can create a better under-

standing of the student and an appreciation of the difficulties under which the teacher works.

The work of the school is too often judged by examination results alone; they are important, but in addition there are ideals of loyalty and unselfish service demonstrated in sport and in the many branches of social service in which the students participate.

The work done by our prefects, house captains and the members of the various committees shows that, given the opportunity, our students are willing to accept responsibility and ready to make the sacrifice necessary to perform their duties effectually.

Opportunities to join in unselfish service exist in all stages of our life, but to carry the ideal of service from the organised life of the school to the world of industry is difficult. Other interests intervene, and instead of service to others we often find a selfish pursuit of rewards and pleasures.

To those students who are leaving us at the end of the year I would like to give a message: You are going to face a temptation that is always with us, but which will be intensified during your first years of work — that is to make your first aim in life the getting of material things and to reject the guidance and advice of those interested in your welfare. Remember that your knowledge of the world is very limited, and that the guidance of your parents and friends is of vital importance to you. Our democracy and our civilisation have been built on laws and customs handed down to us from the past and tested and proved by time. These are the safeguards of the individual and the community, and cannot be broken without bringing sorrow and disappointment to all concerned.

Let me recommend to you "The four way test" of the Rotary International:

- (1) Is it the truth?
- (2) Is it fair to all concerned?
- (3) Will it build good will and better friendship?
- (4) Will it be beneficial to all concerned?

Apply this test to your actions and you will be better citizens.

Finally, you have made many friendships at school. They are priceless possessions as you will find as the years go by. Keep them alive and hold fast to the ideals of your school at all times and in all situations.



● Mr. BROOK

THE STAFF

Although there have been many interruptions this year in the school curriculum, the staff, under the capable leadership of Mr. Brook and Miss Boardman, have completed a fine year's work.

This year many new teachers came to the school. We welcomed Misses Woollard, Anderson, Bates, Maxton, and Mrs. Manley, Messrs. Simpson, Mullins, McDonald, Johnson, and Hughes. Later we welcomed Mrs. Thompson.

We farewelled Misses Bates, Randall, who went overseas, and Miss Maxton, who is now teaching in N.S.W., and later Mr. Wesson, Mr. Owen, and Mr. Simpson.

At the beginning of the year we welcomed back Miss Orr, who has been on a teacher exchange trip to Europe. We sincerely hope that she enjoyed the voyage.

PREFECTS

As in previous years, the W.H.S. girl prefects of 1954 are highly industrious workers, models of dignified decorum, as well as being first-class models of good behaviour to fearful juniors. As usual, the prefects are greatly unappreciated, shockingly overworked, and

generally deplored in all circles of school life, as nobody seems to recognise the existence of hearts of gold beneath our grim and cold exterior. However, the contempt in which our body is generally held does not influence us in any way, as we still continue our stubborn way along the perplexing path of prefectship, the persecution of giggling, gum - chewing, hat - hating juniors being our only aim and satisfaction.

Unfortunately the position of prefect entails several other positions as well, e.g., detective in order to discover "whodunit," inquisitor to discover why it was done, and a super-wise Solomon to mete out appropriate justice. In addition to this, a prefect has to be a psychologist to deal with the more complex variety of wrongdoer, and a nurse, in order to comfort the various specimens of the sick and dying that arrive in multitudes at the sick-room when junior forms have Maths. and Geography.

The girl prefects reside in a highly unusual and very untidy architectural construction, in which anything can be found, and from which many varieties of noise can issue at certain times, if the prefects are placed under sufficient provocation. We

sincerely hope that the future inhabitants will not defile its tradition by introducing any laws concerning tidiness, &c., which would, of course, change the atmosphere of the whole establishment.

The prefects would like to thank all juniors for being sufficiently delinquent to safeguard us from boredom on street, yard, and stair duties, and on other occasions, for being a well-mannered, nicely - behaved tribute to our most excellently-set example.

This year the boys were under the able (?) leadership of Brian Dann, who worked hard and diligently to make the rest of us work just as hard and diligently. Every day we boys willingly trailed across the yard to pounce on some equally willing junior who just happened to be near some lovely messy orange peel. Any boy who was asked by "Hocka" or "Eda" to work for them must count himself as unique, for he must have been one of only a dozen who were put to the task.

Room 21, our own little dwelling place, soon became noted for its noise, for Don, Murdy, and Amy were in constant battle with Hocka and Mr. Edda. Mr. Archer says our cupboard is a credit to us, even though everything but the kitchen sink goes in it. The rush for books at



STAFF SITTING. Mr. Kent, Miss Craig, Miss Becroft, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Woollard, Miss Anderson, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Brook, Miss Boardman, Miss Orr, Miss Killeen, Miss Tierney, Miss Pittard, Mr. Cardiff.

STANDING. Mr. Walsh, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Archer, Mr. Mullins, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Coldicutt, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Farmer, Mr. Crowl, Mr. Tonge, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Bullen, Mr. Mephan, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Evans.

recess times is a sight to see, with Amy bawling down his two "Juniors," Smithy and Macca, because they are a nuisance to the wonderful "Seniors." Room 21 is taboo for any other inquisitive Seniors who may be around, and Danny works hard to keep them out, and the others just as hard to keep them in.

Just recently, Hocka and Barnesy came to light with Ava and Liz, and many men teachers were seen eyeing these beautiful creatures.

Seriously, though, the Prefects have enjoyed the year most immensely, and we only hope the other boys enjoyed our presence amongst them. We would all like to thank Brian for his hard, and sometimes dangerous, work in keeping us under control, and we are sure everyone will agree that he has been a wonderful head prefect.

JUDITH KENT and
"A JUNIOR."

RETROSPECT

(The following article has been contributed, at Mr. Brook's request, by Miss Maxton. Miss Maxton, who is now teaching in N.S.W. before she returns to Scotland, is remembered by all for her vivacity, naturalness, and keen sense of humour and qualities which made us all appreciate her all too brief stay on the staff of the school.)

This is written in appreciation of the happy five months spent at Williamstown High School. It sums up, to some degree, what I shall voice when I return to "Auld Reekie" (Edinburgh).

I am feeling enriched by my

sojourn in your fair land. And Williamstown High School has contributed many happy recollections. I shall always remember how well received I was by the staff and accepted by the students.

I shall ever retain a vivid picture of the school and its many activities — academic, athletic, social, and cultural. I enjoyed the work in the classroom; students are inherently the same the world over. I sometimes felt some of you could make more of your ability and your opportunities by a little more application and concentration.

However, I appreciate your genial climate naturally gives you the accent on sport. (Is Australia going to win back the Ashes?) Some of the "Freshers" helped in teaching me the rudiments of soft-ball, and how to umpire your basket-ball.

It was a novelty to witness inter-school swimming sports in an open-air pool. The competitors proved themselves very keen, some breaking records. To be able to swim should be "a must" for the rising generation.

I was specially privileged to be with you at the time of the Royal Visit and to attend the super display by the children at Melbourne Cricket Ground.

I appreciate the value of Geographical excursions in observation and obtaining first-hand information and data. Again, I remember a class, one evening, beholding the wonders of the firmament through a telescope.

Music, vocal and instrumental, drama, and all other Clubs serve as outlets of self-expression. Zest and joy seemed their key notes.

I was impressed by your Social Service collections and how consistently they were maintained. 'Tis a fine gesture to help, in a tangible way, others less fortunate than ourselves.

Last, but not least, I recall the Cadets, in uniform, marshalling in the school yard. Let's hope it will not be asked of you to defend this fair isle, either in the streets or on the beaches. However, your training will stand you in good stead, making you more upright men!

I think I've touched on most salient points of your "set-up." "Hold Fast" is an inspiring motto. May you make the true values of life your anchor, so that you will be able to weather the High Tides of Adversity.

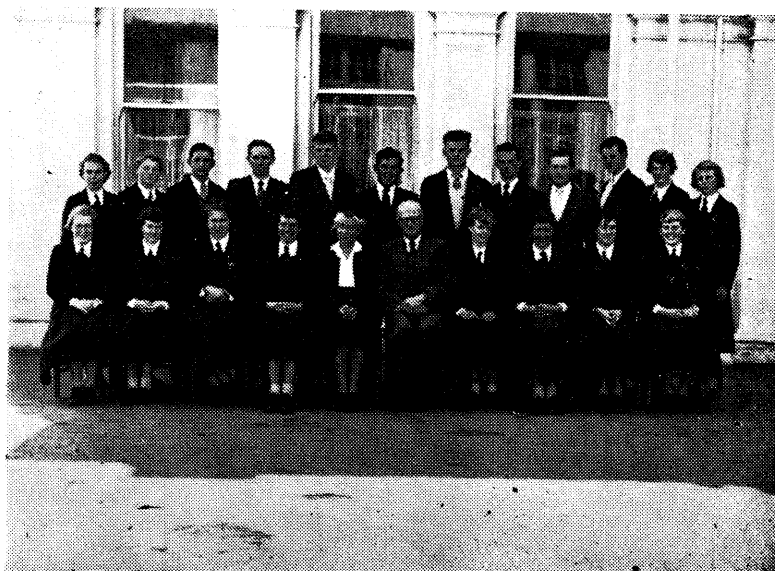
"Ave atque Vale!"

M. G. MAXTON,

24-10-'54.

● **PREFECTS. STANDING**
P. McKeown, M. Stewart, K. Smith, R. Amor, D. MacLeod, B. Dann (Head Prefect), E. Barnes, G. Murdoch, W. Hocking, P. McQueen, J. Colley, K. White.

SEATED. J. Bridge, J. Becroft, J. Kent, D. Hope (Head Prefect), Miss Boardman, Mr. Brook, M. Colquhoun, T. Hope, E. Biddick, F. McIvor.



"MOONLIGHT SONATA"

The sweet, wild, compelling tune floated clear and lovely through the trees. The lone watcher's eyes searched the beach till they rested on the gently swaying figure silhouetted against the star-sprinkled sky. Above, the soft murmur of the silver wavelets rose the strange, fairy fantasy told by the violin.

Hidden in the ti-tree scrub, the old fisherman watched and listened, spell-bound by the power of the instrument. Old, half-forgotten memories of spring days and apple blossom were conjured up by the music.

Suddenly the tune changed, and a gay, laughing Spanish scherzo filled the air. With the moon beams for a spotlight and the smooth sand for a stage, the slender musician seemed to be playing to an unseen concert audience.

Eleven chimes from the village church half a mile away rang out over the still water, and the fisherman, with the rhythmic music still ringing in his ears, unwillingly continued his journey home.

"Aye, Mary, 'e's a queer cove," he told his wife half an hour later. "There I was coming back from the boat when I hears the music comin' from the back beach. I crept up and watched 'im fiddling some sort o' half-soft, half-loud on 'is violin. I didn't talk to 'im—'e's so upperty and stuck-up whenever 'e comes through the village awalkin' with that big collie oh 'is. Funny about that—when 'e comes to the store to get 'is fish, 'e's quite friendly, but when you meet 'im in the street 'e just don't reker-nize you."

The old man glanced at the closed bedroom door. "Pity Ruthie's asleep. I brought home some pretty shells for 'er to play with. . . . Yes, 'es an odd character, that violin chap."

The mild autumn gradually gave way to wild winter days, and the waves in the harbour

pounded on the beach, leaving creamy foam-lace on the white sand. One windy day, little Ruthie Boyd walked along the back beach gathering the softly coloured shells brought up by the tide. The only human habitation was a low bluestone house nestled among the ti-tree and eucalypts—the house where lived "that violinist chap."

Suddenly Ruthie caught sight of a huge cowrie shell washed up by the waves. She quickly ran into the water to pick up the prize before the wash carried it back to the sea. She did not look where she was going, her foot struck a jagged rock, and she overbalanced and fell into the water. The receding swell caught her and carried her out to sea.

Her frantic cries were blown by the wild south wind through the open window of the bluestone house. The tall, dark-haired man made his way to the door, paused for a moment, stumbled over the beach, pulled off his coat, and plunged into the sea. He just reached her when a strong current mercilessly swept the two towards the open sea. He seemed to have been holding her head above water for countless hours before he heard voices and felt strong arms relieve him of his burden. Then consciousness just slipped away and everything went black.

Two days later Jock Boyd looked up from his newspaper and said to his wife: "Listen to this, Mary; it's the big city newspaper's story of how Ruthie was rescued. It's on the front page, with big black 'eadlines: 'Paul Andrews Mystery Solved in Fishing Village Rescue.' " In his cracked voice, the old fisherman read on: "In Haswell, a little fishing village on the East Coast, our special reporter solved the mystery of the disappearance of Paul Andrews, the famous violinist. On a concert tour, Andrews suddenly disappeared, not even his manager knowing the reason or his whereabouts. Last Tuesday, five-year-old Ruth

Boyd was swept to sea by a strong current. A man, who is now known to be Andrews, kept her head above water until they were rescued by the girl's grandfather, a local fisherman. Andrews was in a weak condition, but is now almost fully recovered.

"Interviewed today, Andrews said that he could not face his tour any further, because his eye trouble had developed almost to complete blindness. He sought refuge from publicity at Haswell, where he remained unrecognised, getting around a little with his faithful dog—his 'seeing eye.'

"Although he is now almost blind . . ." the old fisherman stopped reading and stared out at the harbour with his faded blue eyes. Faintly, over the water came the strains of "Moonlight Sonata" played on a violin.

"To think, Mary," he said softly, "we thought 'e was stuck-up when 'e was really almost blind. We don't understand other people much, do we? An' 'e risked 'is life to save our Ruthie." The old man smiled as the sweet melody continued. "'E's not such an odd character after all."

K. WHITE, IVa.

DISAPPOINTMENT

*The rain poured down, the day
was dull and cold,
Yet still we bravely wore our
ribbons gold.
Early we'd come, and eager, too,
for play.
But, oh! what weather for our
great Sports Day.
Tickets were brought; a
programme each we had;
The rain had stopped a little—
weren't we glad!
Then came the news we'd all
hoped not to get;
"Sports are cancelled, 'cause our
ground's too wet."*

M.J.

Scholastic Successes

Government Junior Scholarships: Ronald Amor, Wendy Cations, Adrienne Cordell, Valerie Fathers, Kay Fitzgerald, Jack Greig, Dorothy Gullock, Marion Homes, Dorothy Hope, Thelma Hope, Marilyn Johnson, Diethard Kottek, Nancy Kroezen, Beverly Lambie, Pamela McKeown, Alastair Parkin, Jacqueline Payne, William Phefley, Barbara Phillips, Margaret Robinson, Keith Smith, Lindsay Swalwell, Kathleen White.

Government Free Place: Robert Anderson, Marjorie Anstee, Judith Bailey, Judith Bennetts, Jeffrey Bird, Judith Bridge, Neil Bucher, Nola Collins, Sandra Currie, Brian Dann, Rae Dundon, June Forward, Alan Gillespie, Isabel Healy, Yvonne Helms, Mildred Hodson, Marlene Hyde, Kenneth Jones, Judith Kent, Eunice McCoubrie, Flora McIvor, Marlene Moore, Graeme Murdoch, Helen Rowley, Colin Schulz, Sandra Shaw, Valerie Stephens, James Stronell, Nancy Smith, Beverley Thomas, Wendy Ustick, Susan Page.

Teaching Bursaries: Beth Atkinson, Alma Mayer, Margaret Colquhoun, Dorothy Hope, Thelma Hope, Jack Piggott, Wendy Cations, Alistair Parkin, Peter McConville, Jack Greig, Douglas Nicholson, Beverly Thomas.

Nursing Bursaries: Diane Skinner, Lilian Morgan, Jean Becroft, Margot Bunnnett.

Ex-Students: Helen Grieve, Beverley Mallett, Murray Bouchier.

Associated Industries: John Gillespie, Alan Harris.

Williamstown City Council: Donald McLeod, Kathleen Trace, Darrell Turner, Brian Edwards, Julius Markovich, Anastasia Bortnyk, Michael Barraclough, Gloria Davies, Alan Stevenson, Robert Coleman, Lorraine Coster, Robin Garnsworthy, Thomas

Ferris, Barry Hardman, Gordon Harland, Kenneth Stewart, Dawn Murrie.

Footscray City Council: Richard Minns, Elizabeth Biddick, Tatiana Pavloff, Frank Granger, Alan McClurkin, Marlene Bladon.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1953

Passed in Nine Subjects: Judith Bailey, Jean Becroft, Wendy Cations, Margaret Colquhoun, Helen Grieve, Dorothy Gullock, Dorothy Hope, Thelma Hope, Judith Kent, Patricia Lyons, Beverly Mallett, Ludmila Rasumowski, Diane Skinner, Jeanne Spencer, Wendy Ustick, Robert Anderson, Ronald Amor, Jeffrey Bird, Brian Dann, John Gillespie, Jack Greig, Alan Harris, John Johnston, Kenneth Jones, Donald Macleod, Peter McConville, Robin McLachlan, Graeme Murdoch, Alastair Parkin, Jack Piggott, Murray Bouchier, Ronald Cook, Brian Edwards, Julius Markovic, Geoffrey Mayne, Richard Minns, Allan Pfeifer, Darrell Turner.

Passed in Eight Subjects (Commercial Students take eight subjects): Neil Bucher, Frank Granger, Alma Mayer, Alexander Dobbin, Thomas Ferris, Barry Hardman, Gordon Harland, Alan Hewett, Kenneth Price, Robert Schmidt, Kenneth Stewart, Eveyn Barclay, Anastasia Bortnyk, Valerie Bray, Judith Bridge, Marie Connell, Roberta Curtis, Beverly Dodds, Barbara Harrison, Lois Kirk, Yvonne Livermore, Elaine Loft, Lorraine McDonald, Flora McIvor, Tatiana Pavloff, Minetta Rogan, Kathleen Trace, Elizabeth Biddick, Aija Lezakalins.

Passed in Seven Subjects: Lilian Morgan, Lionel Hart, Allan Hutchinson, William Hocking, John Lloyd, Charles McCreedy, Ronald Matthews, Alan O'Meara, Graeme Sherman, Leonard East, Allison Hay, Janice Learmonth, Marion Mooney, Anne Richardson, Margaret Ross, Dawn Tyrer.

Passed in Six Subjects: Pamela Townsend, Graeme Janes, James McConville, Yvonne (Judy) DeLacy, Carolyn McIntyre, Lynette Peckham, Natalie Sokoloff, Patricia Stobie, Bruce Stewart, John White, Jennifer Coleman, Catherine (Jean) Green, Barbara Jowett, June Radford, Valmai Robinson.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Passed in Six Subjects: Isabel McVean, Audrey Souter, Beryl Swalwell, Marion Williams, Neil Armstrong, Kenneth Beever, Barry Campbell, Hedley Caswell, Roy Coram, Athol Fry, Ronald Gill, Kenneth Green, Albert Hamshare, John Hanson, William Hodge, Alan Howes, Ian Petherick.

Passed in Five Subjects: Christine Bates, Shirley Binney, Margot Elliott, Joan Hartley, Kathleen Head, Marjory Morris, Wendy Womersley, Alan Carter, Brian Hogan.

Passed in Four Subjects: John Fletcher, Alan Hogg, Ian McDonald, John Shimmen.

THE SUN YOUTH ART SHOW

In the September holidays this year the Sun held a Youth Art Show. It was held in Melbourne, and as the exhibitors were all under 18, it enabled the public to see just what is being done in Art classes in Australian schools.

Williamstown High School was well represented: four students won prizes, and 24 others had their paintings exhibited. Marlene Hyde won a prize of one guinea with her exciting picture of "The Circus," and Ray Cheasley, Dorothy Gullock, and Susan Page won prizes of Wiltshire Water-colours.

Those students who did so well against the keen competition and had their pictures exhibited were:

Andrew Aikalov
Phillip Asher
Graham Barclay
Thomas Cain
John Clements

John Colquhoun
Margaret Colquhoun
Kathleen White
John Gardner
Robin Garnsworthy
Frank Granger
Isabel Healey
Donald Jamieson
Robert Johnson
Rudolf Kaminsk
Kathleen Kellett
Sally Kesteris
Nola Leopold
Jack Piggott
Lynette Smith
Marjorie Stanyer
James Stewart

Margaret Stewart
Charles Sweales

We would like to congratulate Wendy Cations, who won the girls' section of Junior Information last year.

This is a competition in which not only general knowledge, but the ability to express an opinion well, is needed, and Wendy won from students from all over Victoria.

Wendy is at present studying for her Leaving Certificate, and hopes to become a student teacher next year.

Congratulations, Wendy.

"Outside the classroom"

ROYAL TOUR DISPLAY

Under the careful instruction of Miss Randell, the girls chosen to represent W.H.S. in the Royal Tour display, managed to carry out their small, but colorful item, on the Melbourne Cricket Ground.

The girls, all dressed in the red, white, and blue display frocks, presented a memorable sight for Our Queen.

The many thousand children present wore the colourful costumes of goliwogs, fairies, clowns, and the pretty party frocks of the Maypole Dances.

For the Queen's entrance, the children formed a large WELCOME, which stretched out across the oval.

The children were all truly rewarded when the Queen and Duke were driven in the provided land-rover amongst the happy, cheering crowds.

E. CURTIS,
3C.

SENIOR SOCIALS

On Thursday, May 13th, the first term Senior Social was held in rooms 11 and 12, and 120 Seniors turned up to celebrate the finish of the first term. The streamers gave the hall an air of festivity, and even though eleven teachers attended the dance everybody enjoyed themselves.

The V.I.P.'s present were Miss Woollard, Miss Maxton, Mr. and

Mrs. Archer, Mr. and Mrs. Crowl, Mr. Farmer, Mr. Brook, Mr. and Mrs. Head, Mr. Bullen, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Grieve, and a member of last year's staff, Mr. Cock.

Just above the entrance to the hall was a piece of gum tree labelled "Miss-L-Toe." At least this effort to decorate the room stayed put all night, which is more than can be said for the streamers, most of which ended up on the floor.

Naturally, all the boys claimed that there was not enough orange juice to drink for supper, but otherwise the prefects staged a very enjoyable snack, and R.A. and D. McL. made excellent drink waiters.

During the night, Neil Bucher brought off a double when he won the lucky entrance ticket prize and then won the "Lucky Spot" with Mia Milligan. Brian Smith and last year's Head Prefect, Beryl Swalwell, carried off the prizes in the Monte Carlo. Also of note was the fact that Miss W. had the Ladies' Choice with Hocka.

Finally, at 11 o'clock, we sang God Save the Queen, and went home to await eagerly to listen the next morning's form room scandal.

The night of the 26th of August was cold and wet, but this did not prevent the senior students from arriving at the second term social. At the start their numbers were very few, as

the train bringing the cadets home from Mildura was delayed. Owing to the absence of Brian Dann in the early part of the evening, his part as M.C. was aptly taken by Graeme Murdoch.

The lucky ticket holder was Ross Harvey. The Monte Carlo won by Judith Bailey and Mr. Head was decided when the four male partners gathered at one end of the room, then ran to their partners in the centre of the room, took up their dainty shoe, then rushed on to the opposite wall. To the boys' horror, there were two ladies' choices; Dorothy Hope and Mr. Moore started the Snowball Fox-trot rolling.

At 10.30 the students left, tired but happy, looking forward to the third senior social.

COMBINED SERVICES' PARADE CANBERRA — 1954.

On the seventh of February, 1954, members of the Victorian contingent, selected to take part in the Combined Services' Parade to be held in Canberra on the 15th, entrained at Spencer St. Station for Canberra. Among many other service personnel, cadets from every school cadet units in Melbourne were present, I, being fortunate enough to be chosen to represent the Williamstown High School unit.

On arrival in Canberra we were taken to Camp Royal, where army units from all over Australia were camped. The camp was situated at the foot of the Australian War Memorial, adjoining the grounds of Dunroon, where the Royal Military College is situated. To the south of the camp the Houses of Parliament could be seen gleaming in the sunlight.

After settling into the camp, the Victorian Cadet Contingent, which was commanded by Captain Austin, M.C., a teacher at University High School, was amalgamated with cadet units from other States to form the Cadet Battalion, which was to be commanded by Lt.-Col. Jenkinson, a member of the Australian Regular Army. On doing this,

there was no time wasted in getting down to drill, as Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II was due to arrive in Canberra on February, the 13th, and we were required to be first class in our drill movements by then. Although the preparation for the parade was the first consideration, we were given many chances to tour Canberra, and see such sights as the War Memorial, Parliament House, and the Royal Military College. We were also given as many chances to see Her Majesty as possible, and to take part in special street lining duties, so that, even before the parade had taken place, most of us had seen Her Majesty several times.

We were given a preview of what was to take place on the Parade when the full dress rehearsal was held several days before the actual event. On this occasion we paraded before the Governor-General and the Prime Minister's daughter, Miss Heather Menzies, who took the part of the Queen. The parade, held on the grounds facing Parliament House, was unique in many ways. Of the 4,000 members of the three services taking part in the parade, every Australian army unit, R.A.N. ship, R.A.A.F. station, and cadet unit was represented, as well as certain units from the Pacific Islands. The parade was also unique in that it was the first time in which all the Regimental Colours of the various regiments were on parade together. This parade was the largest and most colourful peacetime parade ever held in Australia.

The day of the parade dawned with a thin mist obscuring the buildings of Canberra and a light rain falling. This was the day on which Her Majesty would open the Federal Parliament, the first time a reigning monarch has ever done so. As we marched to Parliament House the rain wet our newly blanched webbing, and dulled the gleaming brass, while the mud made short work of our boots and gaiters. Our preparations on the day before seemed so much

useless effort. Nevertheless we set off for Parliament House with a feeling of excitement and anticipation. On arrival, the various units were formed up on the broad lawns fronting Parliament House, and stood at ease to await the arrival of Her Majesty. We waited for a period of time, and then came the order to slope arms: this was a sign that the Royal party was approaching. There was another long pause, the crowds surrounding the parade ground being strangely quiet. The motorcycle escort could be heard in the distance, and then came the order from the Parade Commander, Brigadier Koppe. "Parade—Royal Salute—Present—Arms." The 4,000 troops on the parade (excepting the women's services) crashed to the present, the crowds cheered, and the massed bands began to play the National Anthem. I was fortunate enough to be in the front rank of the cadet battalion and so had an unrestricted view of Her Majesty as she mounted the steps of Parliament House with the Prime Minister. The Queen wore her famous Coronation gown, tiara, and jewellery, the Duke being dressed in the summer uniform of Admiral of the Fleet. Her Majesty paused at the top of the steps to review the parade, and then turned and entered Parliament House to commence the ceremony of the Opening of Parliament. While the ceremony was in progress we were marched back to the forming up area to prepare for the march past.

After Parliament had been opened, a twenty-one gun salute was fired by an artillery unit, and then began the march past, led by the Naval Detachment. Despite the depressing weather, there seemed to be a spirit of gaiety, which effected all those present in the crowd; and, as we approached the saluting base, the cheering grew so loud, and what with the added noise of the massed bands, it was an effort to hear the order "eyes right." On the dais was Her Majesty, ac-

companied by the Duke, who took the salute, and the three service chiefs. After the march past we returned to camp for a well-needed rest.

Next day we were read comments of appreciation from many senior officers, and Her Majesty sent a special message to all troops who took part. A B.B.C. commentator, in a broadcast to England, described the parade as one of the finest military marches past he had ever seen in any part of the world. We were all naturally very pleased to hear these favourable comments on the parade.

We left Canberra, taking with us memories of the cheering crowds, the gay streamers, and the many other things that combined to make the great occasion.

W. J. HOCKING, C.U.O.

CADET CAMP, 1954.

On Tuesday evening, the 17th August, a guard blew on his little whistle, the diesel tooted and a long, heavily-laden train left Spencer Street. Although in the distance it appeared to be a cattle train, when one approached nearer it was seen to be "troop train," carrying cadets from various schools around Melbourne, including W.H.S., to their annual camp at "sunny" Mildura.

After a very noisy and "restless" journey we arrived at Mildura at daybreak, where kind men with large sticks (W.O.'s, &c.) helpfully shoved us like sardines into buses, and rushed us to the camp, which is about six miles from the town. We were quickly issued with all our gear, which, naturally, included working dress (W.O.'s). These "giggle suits" followed the usual army pattern of being either too big or too small.

At about 8 o'clock (0800 hours to the cadets), a whistle blast signalled mess parade—the first for most of the cadets. Although they imagined that the "food" would be terrible, they were pleasantly surprised, and

this meal proved to be a good augury for the rest of the meals in camp.

Our daily routine consisted of drill (ugh, my aching feet); rifle and Bren lessons; live ammunition practice on both the Bren and rifle; and, most popular of all fieldcraft which dealt with section formations, personal camouflage, &c. One day, to test fieldcraft knowledge, our C.O., Major Growl (sorry, printer's error) Crowl, asked our C.Q.M.S. (Mr. E. . . to you), to carry out a very dangerous mission right into the "enemy" territory of the officers' quarters, and to bring back a small brief case. Unfortunately for Mr. E. he had left his binoculars (sorry, glasses) in his hut, and, when he reached his objective, he mistook a very large and heavy suitcase for the brief case. On reporting back to Major Crowl, he was told he had to go back and get the proper case. His reply is unprintable!!!

The highlight of the camp was the night manoeuvre. Although it was pouring "cats and dogs" (there were poodles all over the road), it proved to be a very successful night, and, apart from one platoon finding itself in the front garden of a house, and several cadets being captured by the "enemy," everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

All too soon the camp came to an end, and, at 5 o'clock on the 24th August we left the camp for Mildura station once more. On arriving there, we were told that there would be a slight delay. It was only "slight," luckily with the result that we arrived at Newport 18 hours late!!!

On the whole it was a very successful and well organised camp, and to our C.O., Major Crowl, we offer our congratulations on the way he handled his first (and we hope not his last) cadet camp.

C.U.O. DON MACLEOD.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

This year Miss Tierney has introduced something new to W.H.S., a comic opera club, more readily known as "The Gilbert and Sullivan." Let me explain to those of you who have not been privileged (?) with the sounds of those melodious voices echoing at various times from rooms 6 - 11 - 12, that the majority of work put into 'H.M.S. Pinafore' has been in our free time.

Miss Tierney's time has been spent teaching us the chorus and solo parts whilst Mr. Walsh volunteered his time to direct the acting, and Mr. Bullen, the stage props. Mrs. Gardiner, who has had experience in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, is helping us with the dancing, and we are very appreciative of this fact.

We hope to produce this opera on the evenings of December 1st and 2nd at the Mechanics Institute, Williamstown. We have hopes of presenting you with something you will enjoy, we are also hoping that we will have a

packed audience, and the indications are that we will.

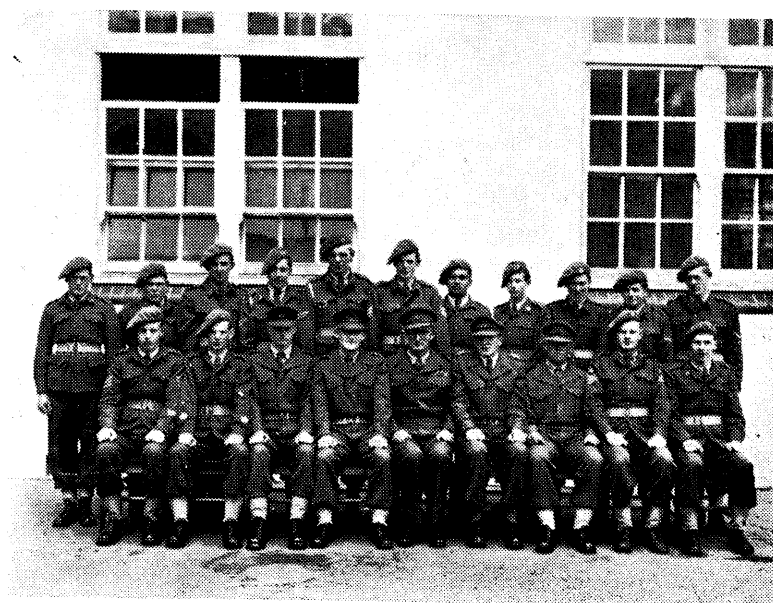
Our success in other avenues has made us eager to attempt something much larger, and in our attempt we are having our troubles, costume having been the most troublesome, but now that seems to be passing, as we push on with the opera, which we know has your full enthusiasm behind it.

Our accompanist, Pam McKeown, will play for us both nights, and we would like to express our gratitude to Pam for giving up her time to learn this.

We must also say how proud we are of our chorus, who have given up so much of their time for the club and not in any way for personal glory.

With this idea of what is going on behind the scenes, we leave you, knowing that you are interested, assuring you that when you come you will not be disappointed, for we shall do our best. And once again the dates (in case you have forgotten) are the 1st and 2nd of December; you are welcome both nights!

R.B.



● CADETS

Gilbert and Sullivan Society.

dance at our camp. That night we all had great fun, for it was most successful.

On Thursday we had a forestry lecture from Mr. Brown, the resident forestry officer. After lunch we visited the pine mill, and later the disused gold dredge at Harrierville.

Our snow trip on Friday was the highlight (after Wednesday night) of the week. Despite the cold, the absence of scenery because of the fog, and a few anxious moments in the bus, we spent our best day at Mt. Buffalo. For many, it was their first sight of snow, and they were not disappointed. It was quite thick, and really beautiful.

On our last journey we passed the Cathedral Range, Eildon Weir, and went home the "long way round." The interest during the latter part of the afternoon was on the Williamstown Football Club!

Dolefully unpacking our cases that night we all wished that we could repeat the week. The meals we had were excellent, our tours were most interesting, and the fun we had was, well, beaut! Miss Boardman and Mr. and Mrs. Bennett made it the best holiday we'd had, because they had thought up something for every minute of our waking time. The girls took care of the sleeping (?) time. I cannot tell you in all the details, so we are compiling a book for the school, to tell you all about our Bright trip.

HAPPY WANDERER,
Form V.

THE SCHOOL BALL

This year the Junior and Senior Balls were combined, and, on the 23rd of July many past and present students and teachers gathered together at the Williamstown Town Hall.

While, in the larger hall, the Seniors were meeting old friends



THE BRIGHT TRIP

During the September holidays a party of thirty excited girls left Williamstown at an early hour for a week's vacation at Bright, near Wangaratta. We travelled in a "Parlor-cars" bus, driven by one, Ernest. With the Forestry Commission's Bright camp as headquarters, we travelled over 700 miles, all of them with something interesting to teach us.

Monday morning's journey was quite uneventful. We crossed the Great Dividing Range at Mt. Pretty Sally, 1,624 ft. above sea level, and soon after reached Kilmore. Our road ran near the Sydney-Melbourne railway for some distance, and we also covered part of Hume and Hovell's route. During the day we passed many decentralised industries and thriving and modern country towns.

Late in the day we reached "the haven bright," or the haven, Bright, and were a little surprised when given straw to fill our palliases, and hurricane lamps to light our way. Still, that only added to the fun. Our first night was very cold, but after that, except for being

woken by the noise coming from the cubicles, Jean Becroft's hut, and my bed, I slept well. Most rooms had stoves, which sometimes kept the occupants warm.

Next morning we visited the flax mill, where we were told of the growing and processing of flax from planting to selling of the finished article. We were also presented with a board illustrating the lecture. Later, we went to a tobacco farm, where Mrs. Western showed us the seedbeds, the kilns, and storehouse. After dinner, Wandiligong was on the itinerary, and our host, Mr. Bennett, told us all he knew of the gold mine here, and of the surrounding district. Although the mine is closed, gold is still being obtained by a cyanide process.

Wednesday was a long and interesting day. We visited Mt. Beauty, a lovely country town, and the Kiewa Hydro-electric scheme, both very interesting. The Kiewa scheme impressed us with its immensity. We saw Nos. 3 and 4 power stations, Lake Guy, and Junction Dam. It was here that we linked up with a party of boys from Box Hill High, and invited them to a

dancing with the very latest, the Juniors were enjoying themselves behind the closed doors of the supper-room, dancing and playing games, so that the (reputedly shy!) boys and the girls, who wore pretty, informal frocks, were sorry when the Junior Ball ended (officially) at ten thirty. Soon after the crowd in the main hall became considerably larger.

By this time everyone was warmed up: toes were tapping, the gossips were being provided with plenty of new material; and the teachers were found to be much more popular under more congenial circumstances than usual.

Then, far too soon, one of the best balls ever came to an end, and, two by two, the students made their way to the station. Here the official narrative ends.

mainly to some brilliant performances on the part of the girls.

Dingoes, with South Melbourne star, Ted Barnes, as their mainstay, have done very well in the Cricket competition to date, and with a few matches still to play, are very confident of coming out on top.

The same good fortune that followed us in the Cricket season was still with us in the Football season, as from the House we were able to obtain the following school representatives: **Senior** — Ron Amor (capt.), Ted Barnes, "Star" Parkin, Alan Hewitt, G. Taube, E. Romanski, G. Romanski, N. Wallace, and L. Swalwell. **Junior** — Owen Calvert, G. Logan, G. Strang, and Alan Clements.

With all these champions, it was not surprising that we ran out easy winners of the Football Cup. In the other winter sports, Jeff Macleod, Don Macleod, and Ken Parker represented the school in Baseball, while in the newly formed Soccer team we were represented by G. Martin and A. Lamb.

In the "Madmen's Race" (the Cross Country Run), we did better than was expected, and

House Notes

HOUSES

The school is divided into four houses — Dingoes (red), Koalas (blue), Possums (yellow), and Wombats (green).

The house most successful at sports holds the Parker Cup for one year, last year's premiers being Dingoes.

The cup was presented to the school in 1923 by Mr. F. Parker, whose son, now a well-known dentist, captained the successful Dingo house in 1931.

DINGOES: Dingo girls have again completed a very successful year. Most of the credit for our success must go to Carol McIntyre, our popular house captain, and Gloria Davies, our equally popular vice-captain.

At the House Swimming Sports Dingoes were extremely successful, with the help of the boys, in winning the Grand Aggregate. However, we were not so successful in the Athletic Sports. We could only gain 3rd place. In spite of this it can be safely said that everyone performed to the best of her ability.

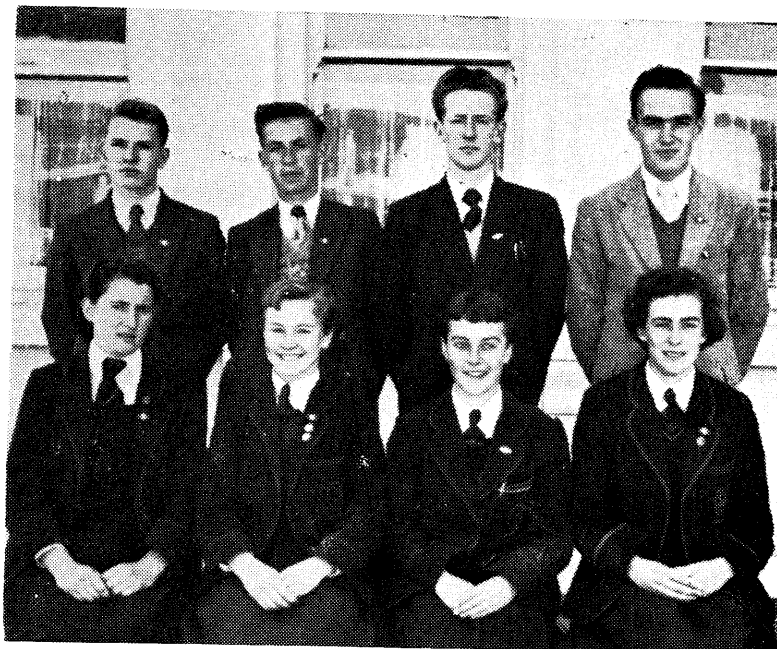
To counteract this defeat, Dingo girls triumphantly carried off the tennis, hockey, and soft-

ball cups. I am sure that on Speech Night Carol will top this by carrying the Parker Cup off the stage. Anyway, we hope so.

We would all like to thank Carol and Gloria for their inspiring leadership during the year, and Miss Craig for her advice and assistance.

Under the very able leadership of Alan Hewitt, Alastair Parkin, and Ken Stewart, Dingo House has had a very successful year.

As has been the custom for the last year or so, we comfortably won the Swimming Sports, due



HOUSE CAPTAINS

● **STANDING.** K. Jones, J. Greig, M. Bouchier, A. Hewitt.

SEATED. B. Phillips, B. Barclay, J. Martin, C. McIntyre.

in the grand aggregate finished second to Womcats. Our champion in this event was Ron Amor, winner of the Senior Section.

However, in the Athletic Sports we did not do so well, and although we won many events we were not up to standard in the others, with the result that we only finished third. In the school Athletic Team we were well represented by Amor, Macleod, Taube, Dixon, Swalwell, and Parker.

Through the year Dingoes have been well to the fore in every sport, and I do not think the House would have run so smoothly without the untiring work of Mr. Walsh and Mr. Moore, and I think it would be a fitting triumph to their hard work if Alan is able to carry the Parker Cup from the stage on Speech Night.

DON MACLEOD, Form V.
BETTY BIDDICK, Form V.

KOALAS: This year Koala girls have done very well in sport, coming first in the House Athletic Sports and second in the Swimming Sports.

In the Combined Swimming Sports we were well represented with Nessie Kemp, Adrienne and Susan Cordell, and Beth Leek.

A large number of our girls were chosen to play in school teams, but the best performance was by Sandra Phillips, who played with Barbara as third pair in the Tennis team.

In Hockey we were unfortunate in coming fourth, because of the neglect to put scores on the board after the matches. However, in the school teams Koalas were represented by five players, including one of the best players, Gillian Monaghan, and Captain of the second school team, Dorothy Hope.

We did not do very well in winter softball, but in the summer we managed to finish in first position with Dingoes.

In the Athletic Sports we excelled ourselves by winning with a score of 100 points. The surprise of the day came when the open basketball team passing

won its event; another incident happened in the open relay, when Dorothy Hope, running last, received a gash in the side of her foot, but kept on running with blood streaming from her foot to come third. How many other people would have done that for their House?

In conclusion, we would like to thank Barbara Phillips and her assistants, Marion Homes and Rae Harris, for their untiring work, and also Miss Killeen for her help as House Mistress.

The Koalas have had a rather enjoyable and fairly successful year under the leadership of house captain Ken Jones, vice-captain Darrell Turner, and house master Mr. Tonge.

Hopes for the Parker Cup were dimmed after the House Swimming Sports. Although all competitors had trained their best, we were only able to fill 4th place.

Although we did not do so well in Football or Cricket, we were compensated for this by a very strong Tennis team, in which four members represented the school. In the House Athletic Sports we came second, and shared the marching honours by coming equal first with the Wombats. Congratulations to all representatives in the sports, especially Ken Jones, who ran and jumped brilliantly to win four events.

Finally, our thanks go to everyone who helped to make 1954 such a successful year for the Koalas.

M.C.—Form V.

POSSUM HOUSE NOTES (Girls)

Under the captaincy of June Martin and her vice, Dorothy Gullock, Possums have had an enjoyable year of Inter-House sport. Many thanks are due to June and Dorothy, who have put so much effort into the promotion of the prestige of our House, and who have, on all occasions, kept all girls up to the mark.

At the first major sporting event of the year — the swimming sports — Possum girls did not do outstandingly well, but

with the aid of the boys managed to gain second place in the Grand Aggregate.

Our winter sports teams played with their usual vigour and enthusiasm, and the results of these matches is not in the least indicative of our energy and determination, even if our losses did outnumber our victories.

In spite of some good individual athletes and a group of well-practised girls in team events, we only managed to gain fourth place in the Athletic Sports. However, we expect to do better in this section of Inter-House Competition next year.

Taking everything into consideration, Possums have had a very happy and enjoyable year, in spite of the fact that we have on no few occasions been forced to recognise the overwhelming athletic superiority of some other house.

This year M. Bouchier was elected house-captain, with B. Anderson as his deputy. Mr. Bradshaw is again with us, and he and Mr. Mullins have proved very popular and helpful masters.

The lads in Possums are very enthusiastic, as one can gather by standing outside room six during house assemblies when we chant our theme song, "O, We're The Possums," words and music by M. Bouchier.

Possums are not a very big house, but we were well represented in the school teams. Those boys who played for the school are:

Senior Football: M. Bouchier, N. Bucher, S. Urbonus, J. Jarard.

Junior Football: J. Heriot, A. Boicos.

Hockey: D. Munro, P. McQueen.

Baseball: R. Anderson, B. Smith, B. Heggie, R. Ferris.

Although Possums did not lead the Aggregate at the house sports, Possums made their presence felt by their sportsmanship and hard play, for they fought every race right out to the tape.

Every boy in Possums has tried hard, and our House captains have helped us to make 1954 a successful and happy year for Possums.

J. KENT.

WOMBAT HOUSE NOTES

The year 1954 can be put down as one of the most successful for the boys of Wombat House. Under the capable leadership of Jack Greig and Peter McConville were at the time of writing in a very favourable position to win the Parker Cup.

Cricket was the main sport during Term I, and at present, with the competition still not completed, we are in second position. We were not so fortunate in the swimming sports held earlier in the year, as we gained only third. This was rather disappointing, as all the members of the team had trained hard and enthusiastically. However, we made up for this in Term II by winning the Cross Country Run and coming second in the Football. The beginning of Term III found Wombats training extremely hard for the Athletic Sports. This training was justified, as the boys won their section easily by about 40 points. Although the girls came second, we were the winners in the Grand Aggregate. As usual we were successful in winning the marching event (with Koalas), this being the thirteenth time in succession.

Throughout the year we were given great encouragement by our House Master, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Osborne, and we thank them for their loyalty and service.

This year, under the guidance of Betty Barclay and Nanette Wise, our captains, and Miss Tierney, our mistress, Wombat girls awoke from a slumber to challenge their rivals strongly for the Parker Cup.

Our first term sport ended well, and we finished only a few points behind our strongest rivals, Dingoes. Second term, however, was not so good as our

previous term, and although we were still second, Dingoes had increased their lead.

At the swimming sports we were third, although we expected to be first. At the athletics we did better, and gained 88 points, just 12 behind the winners in the girls' section. We came first in the aggregate. Wombats are proud to say that they have house athletic champions like Margaret Stewart, Betty Barclay, and Nanette Wise.

Our house captain composed a

house song, which is sung with great enthusiasm.

Thank you, Betty and Nanette, for your inspiring leadership and assistance, and also to Miss Tierney, who encouraged us.

For this year, Wombats, we have done our best, but remember, next year will be greener, so that we may be assured of the Parker Cup.

Carry on, Wombats!

D. NICHOLSON,

A. MAYER,

Form V.

Sport

SPORTS AWARDS — 1953

Medallions — Girls

Hockey: B. Swalwell.

Tennis: B. Dodds.

Basketball: B. Dodds.

Softball: E. Barclay.

Athletics: E. Barclay.

Swimming: Y. DeLacy.

Sports Awards — Girls

B. Dodds.

B. Swalwell.

Y. Livermore.

V. Bray.

C. McIntyre.

J. Becroft.

A. Richardson.

M. Elliot.

M. Stewart.

E. Barclay.

M. Fischer.

Y. DeLacy.

Senior House Colours and Sports Awards — Boys

R. Amor: Football.

D. Massey: Football, Athletics, Cricket.

N. Armstrong: Athletics.

T. Barnes: Cricket.

D. Macleod: Cricket, Baseball.

A. Carter: Cricket.

G. Sherman: Swimming.

J. Johnston: Tennis.

A. Howes: Hockey.

B. Hogan: Hockey.

Junior House Colours—Boys

D. Ward: Cricket, Football.

R. Coleman: Cricket.

R. May: Football, Cricket, Athletics.

S. Aird: Football.

D. Briggs: Swimming.

J. Heriot: Football.

Baseball Cup

D. Macleod.

Junior Cross-Country

J. Dundon.

Intermediate Cross Country

R. May.

Senior Cross Country

G. Mayne.

Junior Athletics Championship

G. Hill.

D. Briggs.

Intermediate Athletics

Championship

R. Wilson.

Senior Athletics Championship

N. Armstrong.

Outstanding Sports Girl

E. Barclay.

Cadet Awards

Most Proficient Cadet: Cadet McQueen.

Most Proficient N.C.O.: W.O. D. Macleod.

Outstanding Service for 5 Years: S./Sgt. A. Hogg, Cadet-Lieut. D. Massey.

Points for Parker Cup, 1953

1st—Dingoes . . . 59

2nd—Koalas . . . 50

3rd—Possums . . . 38

4th—Wombats . . . 36

SOFTBALL NOTES

This year the softball team had a very successful year, thanks to the coaching and advice given to us by Miss Wool-

**SOFTBALL TEAM**

• **BACK ROW:** F. Smith,
M. Fischer, G. Davies, J.
Kite, B. Best.

SITTING: G. Mitchelson, C.
McIntyre, Miss Woolliard,
J. Becroft (c.), T. Pavloff.

ABSENT: L. Allaway.

At University High the match was held on a muddy ground, which marred what could have been a much closer game. The final scores were U.H.S. 8, to W.H.S. 0.

The last game at MacRobertson High, thinking we did not stand a chance against such experienced players, our girls did not begin with confidence. In the first half we managed to keep their score down to a minimum, but they drew away in the second half to win 11-0.

We would like to thank Flora McIvor for her wonderful help as captain, and also Marlene Hyde, Thelma Hope, Kathleen Trace, and Gillian Monaghan, who were the best players.

Special mention goes to Miss Boardman for her excellent work as coach.

M.C.

lard, whom we would like to thank for the time she spent helping us.

The first match of the season was played at home against Essendon High School. It ended in a win for us, scores being 11-7. This gave us confidence for the match against Coburg High School, also at home. The team combined well to win 17-6. The following week we played University High School away, and, after trailing all day, managed to even the score 8-all. The next week we went to MacRobertson Girls' High School, and, after a hard-fought match, suffered our first and only defeat, 2-8.

C. MCINTYRE.

FIRST HOCKEY

Our first inter-school match, against Essendon High School, ended in a most unexpected loss, both teams played very inexperienced hockey. The score being 2-0.

But our second match registered our only win for the season, scoring 1-0 against a very young Coburg side.

**1st HOCKEY TEAM**

• **BACK ROW:** M. Hyde,
M. Colquhoun, J. Monaghan,
J. Johnson, N. Krozen.

SITTING: L. Coster, K.
Trace, T. Hope, Miss. B.
Boardman, F. McIvor
(capt.), E. Sutherland, J.
Klemm.



2nd HOCKEY

• **STANDING:** I. Conway, P. McKeown, M. Guscott, H. Grieve, B. Mathias, W. Ustick, C. Ballem, M. Hunter.

SITTING: B. Leek, J. Martin, D. Hope (capt.), Miss Boardman, J. Kent, M. Meek, B. Arnold.

THE SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

After some hard practice with the first team and valuable coaching from Miss Boardman, we went out on the field confidently when Essendon visited us at Williamstown for the first inter-school match. However, their experience told, and the final score was 2 goals to nil in their favour.

The following week we played Coburg, a very young team, at Williamstown. This time our defence lines kept out their attacks, and we succeeded in gaining our first victory, 1 goal to 0, Pam McKeown being our goal scorer.

At U.H.S. we played very hard, but were too late getting "warmed up," and they defeated us 5 goals to 2.

On a waterlogged ground at MacRobertson Girls' High, our

team put up their best performance of the season, for they held a much more experienced team scoreless for three-quarters

of the match. The final scores were 2-nil in their favour.

With the number of junior girls that gained experience, I think that first team prospects will be bright next year.

The team also wishes to thank Miss Boardman for helpful advice and energetic coaching throughout the season.

D.H. — V.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

• **STANDING:** S. Shaw, M. Holmes, D. Walkerdon.

SITTING: Y. Shaw, M. Stewart, B. Barclay (capt.), R. Harris.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM
 ● **BACK.** Valerie Fathers,
 Beverley Thomas, Gloria
 Davies, Margaret Colquhoun.
FRONT. Barbara Phillips,
 Sandra Phillips, Jean Becroft
 (capt.), Fay Filson, Carolyn
 McIntyre.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

The team began the season well by winning the match against Essendon High School. Scores were even until three-quarter time, but Williamstown put in a good finish and ran out winners, seventeen goals to ten.

The Coburg match was very even, with both teams having equal tries for goal, but as Coburg were more accurate, they won the game, 26-11.

As the scores indicate, 31-1, in our third match, we were out-classed by the more experienced girls of University High School.

Determined to show that we were capable of producing a better score, Williamstown played a very fast game against MacRobertson Girls' High School. The teams were very evenly balanced, but again we ran out losers to a better side. Scores were: MacRobertson 25, Williamstown 7.

Once again the team would like to thank Betty Barclay, our captain, and particularly Mr. Hughes, our coach, for the wonderful work they put in during the year.

MARION HOMES,
 4a.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Every Wednesday in the Basketball season the Junior Basketball team played against other schools. Mr. Hughes

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

● **BACK.** L. Knights, G.
 Lyle, T. Kugler.

FRONT. A. Cordell, J.
 Fisher (capt.), K. Petherick,
 B. Majerovskis.



coached us very well, but the other schools were more experienced and had better teams, with the exception of University High, where we managed to snatch a victory. The results of each match are as follows:

W.H.S., 16, d. University, 14.
Coburg, 23, d. W.H.S., 2.
Essendon, 25, d. W.H.S., 3.

GIRLS' TENNIS

Once again our Girls' Tennis Team was unfortunate to be defeated in all four matches. With Jean Becroft as captain, each member of the team displayed keenness and good sportsmanship throughout the season.

Essendon was our first opponent, the scores were: First pair won 10-5, second lost 10-2, third won 10-6, and fourth pair lost 10-6, the final results being 31-28 in Essendon's favour.

Our second match was against University, but we were unable to win a rubber, with the score being 40-12. As in previous years, MacRobertson Girls proved too strong for us, winning 40-16.

In our final match, against Coburg, our third pair featured in the only winning set of the day. Individual scores: First pair lost 10-3, second lost 10-8, third won 10-8, and fourth pair lost 10-6. Final scores being Coburg 38, Williamstown 27.

Our regular pairs for the season were:—

First — Jean Becroft and Beverley Thomas.

Second — Gloria Davies and Margaret Colquhoun.

Third — Barbara and Sandra Phillips.

Fourth — Fay Filson and Valerie Fathers.

There were several new recruits this year, the most pro-

missing being Sandra Phillips, who featured in two of the three winning sets of the season.

All the team join in thanking Miss Woollard, who gave up so much of her time to coach and prepare us for our matches.

BARBARA PHILLIPS, 4C.

THE BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

This year the boys' hockey team did not have too successful a season. The only win the team had was against the Footscray Technical School, the scores being 5 goals to nil.

Many players in the teams we met seemed to be more experienced than many of ours, and some were also older, this being because some of the schools we played had matriculation classes.

The team at all times tried its hardest to keep up with its opponents, and in at least one match the scores did not indicate the evenness of the game.

Although the majority of the boys available for selection in

the team played last year, there were several newcomers to the side.

The team would like to thank Mr. Crowl, our coach, and Keith Smith, our captain, for the valuable help they gave us throughout the year.

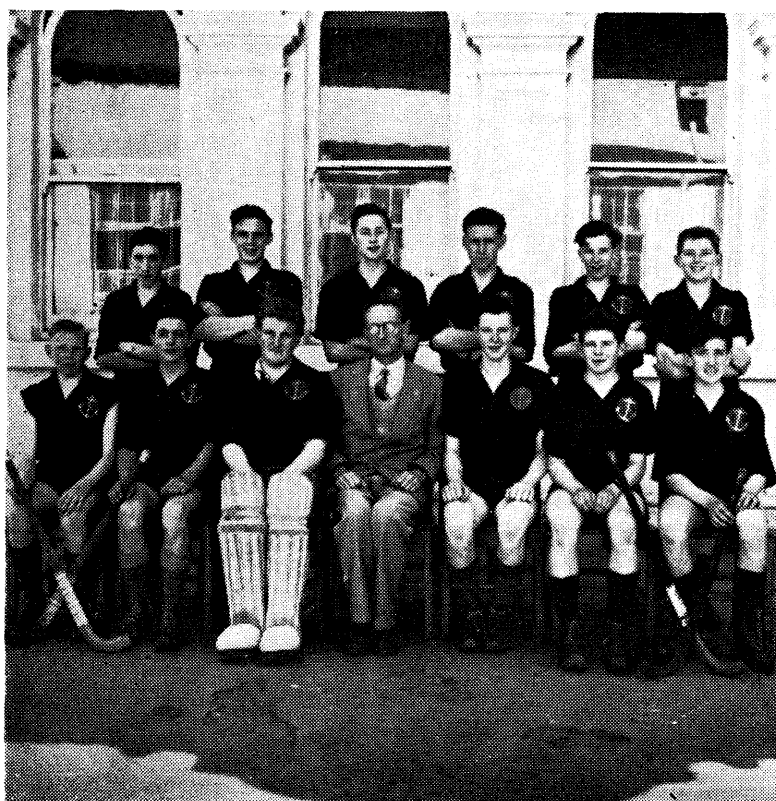
SENIOR FOOTBALL

This year the Senior Football Team had its most successful season on record. Although we lost to Northcote and Melbourne, we finished equal premiers with them for 1954. With Mr. Simpson as coach, and Ron Amor as captain, we played five matches, being successful in three of them. Prior to the start of the season we played two practice matches against Box Hill High and Brighton Grammar.

PRACTICE MATCHES

W.H.S. v. Box Hill

Superiority in most positions all day gave us a fairly easy victory by 22 points. Williamstown



BOYS' HOCKEY

● **STANDING**, M. English, D. Munro (V.-Capt.), L. Panloon, J. Gillespie, A. Smith, N. Smith; **SEATED**: G. Pearson, K. Smith (capt.), G. Titter, Mr. Crowl (coach), P. McQueen, J. Powell, T. Cain.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

● **STANDING.** L. Swallow, K. Jones, G. Romanski, B. Edwards, E. Romanski, S. Urbonas, A. Parkin, A. Hewitt, B. Dann, R. Wilson, J. Dickson.

SITTING. N. Bucher, J. Jarrod, J. Greig, E. Barnes (v.-Capt.), Mr. Simpson (coach), R. Amor (capt.), W. Hocking, P. McConville, M. Bouchier, R. Minns.

were slower off the mark, but after the first five minutes never looked like getting beaten. Final scores being: Box Hill, 6—10 (46) to W.H.S., 10—8 (68).

Brighton Grammar v. W.H.S.

After a very even first quarter, Williamstown raced away in the second quarter, and by half-time had built up a commanding lead. Brighton could not bridge the gap, and we ran out winners by four goals. Star of this match was Ted Barnes, with

eight goals. Final scores being: Brighton Grammar, 8—11 (59), to W.H.S., 12—11 (83).

COMPETITIVE MATCHES**Northcote v. W.H.S.**

Failure to make best use of the wind in the third quarter left Williamstown trailing by 11 points at three-quarter time. They made a supreme effort to

win the match in the last quarter, and got to within 2 points, but it was too much for them, and Northcote won easily by 23 points. Scores being: Northcote, 9—14 (68), to W.H.S., 6—9 (45).

W.H.S. v. Coburg

Williamstown never looked like getting beaten from start to finish, as their brand of football was far superior to that of their opponents, and the margin of 33 points at the final bell was a true indication of the merits of the teams. The scores were: Coburg, 5—10 (40), to W.H.S., 10—13 (73).

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

● **BACK ROW.** M. Cousins, B. Ewan, G. Rogers, T. Russel, D. Baxter.

SECOND ROW. J. Clements, A. Boicos, O. Calvert, K. Binney, I. Jones, I. McDonald, J. Stevenson, A. Clements.

FRONT ROW. R. Arthur, R. Dyson, J. Heriot (capt.), Mr. T. Walsh (coach), R. Anderson, K. Beamish.

SITTING. J. Colvan, D. Gibson, J. Morrish, B. Locke.



W.H.S. v. University II

This match proved to be the most bitterly fought of the season. Good football was rarely seen, as players of both sides paid more attention to the man than to the ball. Despite this, however, Williamstown came through unscathed, and were able to win the fight by 28 points. The scores were: University, 5-4 (34), to W.H.S., 9-8 (62).

W.H.S. v. Melbourne

With far too many players below form, Williamstown received a thrashing. With more experience, better team work, and judgment, Melbourne raced away and was never in danger of defeat against a lethargic Williamstown. The scores were: Melbourne, 14-13 (97) W.H.S., 4-15 (39).

Essendon v. W.H.S.

Smarting from their trouncing the week before, Williamstown turned on superlative football for three quarters. In the last quarter, however, Williamstown tired, and we were very lucky to win by 7 points. Scores being: Essendon, 6-17 (53), to W.H.S., 9-6 (60).

Goal-kickers for the Season:

Barnes 32, Amor 9, Grieg and Hewett 4, Urbonas 3, Wilson, Dixon and Bouchier 2, Jones and G. Romansky 1.

Best Players for the Season:

Amor, Urbonas, Barnes, Grieg, and Hocking.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

This year the Junior Football Team was not quite as successful as in the past. Our boys had a good team spirit, and on the football field were always out to do their best.

Results of matches are as follows:-

The first match against Box Hill High proved a disappointment for W.H.S., as we were beaten easily, but the following match against Brighton resulted in a convincing win for us. The third game we played was against Northcote. They combined better than our team and

won comfortably. We defeated Coburg easily on their home ground. Against Essendon it was a very even match until three-quarter time. In the final quarter Williamstown seemed to tire, and Essendon won well. At the end of the season the Junior Team played a team selected from Forms two and three combined. As was expected, we won this match.

Goal-kickers for the season were: Gallagher 8, Dyson 7, Heriot 6, Anderson 3, Calvert 3, Jones 3, Beamish 2, Baxter 2, Cousens 2, MacDonald 2, Strang 1, Logan 1, Dixon 1.

There were prizes for the team. They were won by: J. Heriot won a blazer for the best player; R. Dyson won a white football for being runner-up; G. Rogers won a prize as the most improved player; T. Russell won a prize as the best first year player (most showers).

BASEBALL NOTES

Early in the second term, before the winter sports had even started, the baseball team thought they were "home and dried" as premiers of the 1954 season. The reason for our confidence was that we were all experienced players from either the 1953 season or one of the Saturday afternoon competitions. After we had easily beaten teams from Footscray Tech., Preston Tech., and Hampton High in pre-season practice games, we even convinced our coach, Mr. Bradshaw, that we were pretty good.

In the competition games, M.B.H.S. were our first opponents. At the end of a very poor game, much to our surprise (!) we found ourselves beaten, 5-6. Our disappointment would be hard to express, but luckily it served as a spur for the next game, against the powerful Northcote side. The game was a real thriller, brilliant pitching, home runs, and everything one could wish for, and much to our coach's pleasure we defeated, for the first time in 8 years, Northcote. Neil Harvey, Vic-

torian and Australian baseballer, umpired this match, and we only wish he could have umpired more of our matches. Although we lost both of the next two games, against Coburg and Northcote II, we made our presence felt on the ground.

After a social game against Box Hill, we thrashed Essendon in the final game, to finish 4th in the competition.

Our pitcher, Lindsay Barnes, who pitched very well during the season, was fortunate and honoured to be chosen to play in a Victorian schoolboy side. Our team, as well as the school, offer congratulations to Lindsay, and hope that he has more successes in the future.

Although our form throughout the year was patchy, Mr. Bradshaw did a fine job in coaching the team, and to him and our popular captain, Bob Anderson, the team offers their thanks.

DON MACLEOD, V.

CRICKET TRIP TO BOX HILL

Early in the first term, when the news came around that there wouldn't be any inter-school cricket, Mr. Walsh, although rather disappointed, determined to find a school against which we could prove to ourselves that we still had good cricketers at the school.

Box Hill High School was the school chosen, and one fine Wednesday in February three teams, one senior, one intermediate, and one junior, accompanied by Mr. Walsh and Mr. Wesson, set off by bus to Box Hill. After passing along the Yarra Boulevard and through the suburbs of Camberwell and Burwood, we arrived at the Surrey Hills recreation park, where the games were to be played. The boys changed in modern dressing-rooms, and in next to no time the games were under way. On the whole we had a very successful day. In the Senior match, which was umpired by University star Ian Huntington, the W.H.S. side proved to be the better team; the Intermediate side was very unlucky to be beaten; while the

Juniors also won convincingly. This was a really creditable effort for our small school, as they are very keen about cricket out there. This keenness is understandable, as their sports master is Ian Huntington, while the Head Master is Bill Woodfull, ex-Australian Test captain.

At the end of the games we were thanked by the Box Hill teams for a very enjoyable day, and in reply we also thanked them for "a very enjoyable day," for a beautiful afternoon tea, and extended to their school the opportunity to make a return visit in the football season.

The boys who represented the school on this day were as follows:—

Senior: E. Barnes (capt.), D. Macleod, R. Anderson, J. Hudson, D. Phillips, N. Bucher, A. Parkin, T. Ferris, M. Bourchier, A. Dodson, A. Martinson.

Intermediate: K. Smith (capt.), L. Barnes, J. Leach, J. Heriot, G. Brunnen, G. Martin, G. Strang, G. Baxter, S. Aird, N. Michael R. Dyson.

Junior: J. Macleod (capt.), G. Rogers, R. Ferris, J. Becroft, G. Ward, D. Davis, P. Phillips, G. Hill, K. Parker, A. Clements.

DON MACLEOD, V.

TENNIS

This year the Boys' Tennis Team played four matches being successful in only one. We played Essendon, Northcote, University II, and Coburg.

After a bad start against Essendon, we "pulled up our socks" and we were very unlucky to go down by five games. Scores, Essendon, 5-41, defeated Williamstown, 3-35.

Amor, Hardman, lost 3-6 and won 6-3.

Nicholson, Dann, lost 5-6 and lost 2-6.

Markovic, Smith, lost 5-6 and won 6-2.

Murdoch, Jones, lost 2-6 and won 6-5.

With a badly weakened team we faced Northcote, who were the ultimate premiers. Once again, after a bad start, we managed to get within eleven games of our opponents, scores being, Northcote 3-39, defeated Williamstown 1-28.

Hardman, Nicholson, lost 3-10.

Dann, Markovic, lost 6-10.

Smith, Matthews, lost 9-10.

Jones, Murdoch, won 10-9.

A fortnight later we won our only match, against University's second team. Sweeping the opposition aside, we registered a

good win by doubling the score. Williamstown, 4-40, defeated University II, 0-20.

Amor, Hardman, won 10-6.

Nicholson, Dann, won 10-5.

Markovic, Smith, won 10-2.

Jones, Matthews, won 10-7.

We received a thrashing at the hands of Coburg the following week, the scores almost the reverse of the week before. Coburg defeated Williamstown, 0-24.

Amor, Hardman, lost 4-10.

Nicholson, Dann, lost 6-10.

Markovic, Smith, lost 6-10.

Jones, Matthews, lost 8-10.

Although we did not have a very successful season, the scores are not a true indication of the closeness of the teams. The other members of the team are to be congratulated in the way they played the game and accepted defeat with a smile.

DOUGLAS NICHOLSON, V.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

On the 11th August, all John Landy's fans lined up at the Williamstown Rifle Range for the school cross-country run. This year the race did not have to be postponed because of bad weather. Another fact worthy of note was the red, green, blue and yellow football jumpers that dotted the Rifle Range.

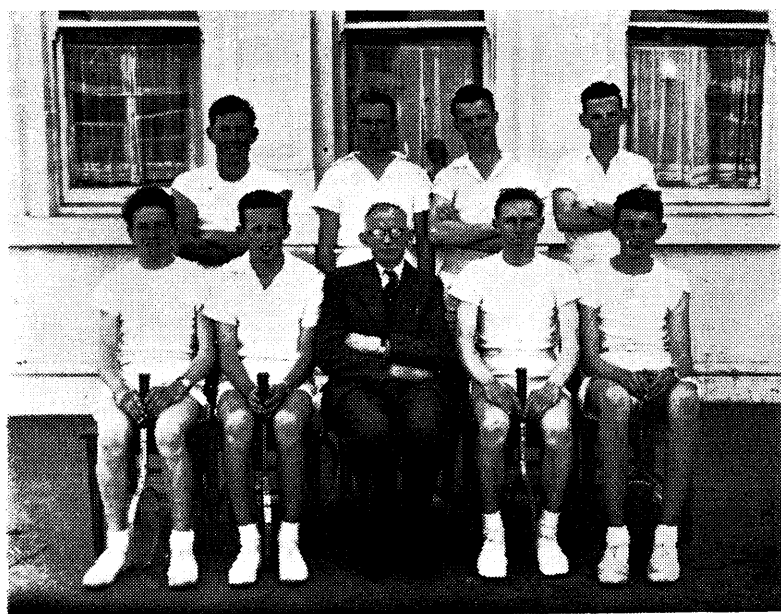
The finishes to both the Intermediate and Junior events were very interesting, and, in both cases, it was only a last-minute burst that won the events. In the Junior, P. Hutchinson, J. Becroft, and P. McCallister were all level with only 100 yards to the finish, but Hutchinson drew away from the other two and won the event. Becroft was second and McCallister third.

In the Intermediate section K. Binney and Ray Anderson

BOYS' TENNIS

• BACK ROW: B. Dann, K. Jones, D. Nicholson, G. Murdoch

FRONT: R. Matthews, R. Amor, Mr. Cardiff, B. Hardman (capt.), J. Markovic.



were running stride for stride only 50 yards from the finish. Anderson, who is taller and stronger than Binney, kept up the pace, but Binney stumbled several times, and Anderson went on to win the event. J. Dundon was third.

Ron Arthur led for about the first $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the Senior Section, but Ron Amor, running very strongly, soon took the lead and had a comparatively easy win. G. Brunnen and B. Hird filled second and third places, and both ran very well considering the fact that they were competing with boys older than themselves.

The final house results were very close, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ points separating the four houses.

RESULTS

Dingoes	57
Wombats	56
Possums	54
Koalas	53 $\frac{1}{2}$

HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

In brilliant sunshine, the inter-house swimming sports were held at Footscray Baths on March 10. The pool became a blaze of colour as the supporters settled down to enjoy a splendid afternoon's entertainment, and the excitement mounted as the day wore on.

Competition was keen, and the standard of swimming high, as Dingoes went on to a rather easy victory, winning the girls' aggregate, coming second in the boys', and also gaining first place in the total aggregate. We congratulate Dingoes on their fine win.

Highlight of the afternoon was an exhibition of diving by Mr. Barnes, and an exhibition of the various racing strokes by Mr. John Feehan, winner of the Victorian Three Mile Swim.

We would like to express our appreciation to the Footscray City Council and the staff of the Baths for their co-operation and help, and also to our Sports Mistress, Miss Woollard, Sports Master, Mr. Farmer, and all other members of the staff who helped to make the carnival such a success.

FINAL PLACINGS

1st, DINGOES; 2nd, POSSUMS;
3rd, WOMBATS; 4th, KOALAS.
F. McIVOR, V.

COMBINED SWIMMING SPORTS

This year the Combined Swimming Sports were held at Olympic Pool on March 16th. It was a warm afternoon, and everyone settled down for a good afternoon's entertainment. Competition was keen, and mingled with the increasing volume of support was an atmosphere of excitement.

Outstanding swimmers for Williamstown were Vivienne Hughes and Darrell Briggs.

Highlight of the afternoon was an exhibition of diving by members of the Victorian Diving Troupe, Brian Warren and Ron Faulds.

Amidst deafening cheers the final results were announced. Williamstown gained third place.
F. McIVOR, V.

THE HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS

With a fast track and perfect weather, the house athletic sports held at the Williamstown Oval gave us a most enjoyable and thrilling afternoon. A mist rolled over the ground throughout the afternoon, but the staff saw to it that nobody took any short cuts.

We were pleased to welcome a number of parents, particularly those of the Parents' Committee, who supplied us with refreshments. The highlight of the afternoon was the marching, which was obviously enjoyed by the parents. The R.A.A.F. band entertained us for most of the afternoon, and greatly helped in the success of the marching.

Outstanding runners were Carolyn McIntyre and Margaret Fischer, in the girls' section, and Brian Smith and Ken Jones, who won four events, including the jumping, which was held on the previous Wednesday.

We realise that the success of the sports was due to the marshalls, judges, &c., and to these our thanks is given.

Final results were:—

	W	K	D	P
BOYS	151 $\frac{1}{2}$	108	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	96
GIRLS	88	100	86	60
Aggregate	239 $\frac{1}{2}$	208	182 $\frac{1}{2}$	156

COMBINED ATHLETIC SPORTS

After being postponed twice, the Combined Athletic Sports were held at Carlton Cricket Ground on November 4. Although the usual air of excitement was not as evident, it was a perfect day, and an excellent track gave indications of some excellent performances.

The outstanding runner for Williamstown was Margaret Fischer, who won the 75 and 100 yards sprints in the 15-year-old section. The 75 yard race was very close, but in the 100 yards she had a rather easy victory. Other winners were Margaret Stewart, Open High Jump (4ft. 8in.); Brian Smith, 15 years High Jump; Ron Amor, Open Hurdles; Peter McConville, equal 1st Open 220 Yards, 15 years Boys' Relay, Open Boys' Relay; Seronas Urbonas, Open Weight Putt (41ft. 7in.); Ken Jones, Open 440 Yards and the 13 year Basketball team.

The two finest races of the day were those in which Peter McConville and Ken Jones took part. Peter raced neck and neck with his opponent over the last 55 yards, but could not get ahead. Ken's opponent managed to catch up to him, but Ken, with a last desperate fling at the tape, was able to win. Both races had the supporters on their feet cheering wildly.

We would like to show our appreciation to our Sports Mistress, Miss Woollard; Sports Master, Mr. Farmer; our Team Captains, Carolyn McIntyre and Ken Jones; the members of the staff who gave up their time to coach the team; and also the team members, who did their very best for the honour of the school.

Final results were:

	H	M	W	L	E	M
Boys:	97	77	62	35	30	45
Girls:	128	80	81	48	41	22
Total:	225	157	143	83	71	67

F. McIVOR, V.

Clubs

JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

We began the year with forty-three members. This number increased to fifty-two by the third term. We work in four groups, each group with a leader, and each group in turn provides a play on Club Day. Other members criticise, and marks are allotted. The highlight of the year for some of us was a visit to the National Theatre one Saturday afternoon with Miss Orr. We saw a splendid performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Last term we performed two plays for Social Service funds and raised the sum of £3/11/6. Minutes are kept by our efficient secretary, Cynthia Ballem.

CHOIR

At the beginning of this year, the choir resumed work under the patient guidance of Miss Tierney. During the first half of the year we learnt "Trial by Jury," an operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan. However, in view of the fact that another Gilbert and Sullivan production was being prepared at the same time, "H.M.S. Pinafore," "Trial by Jury" was regretfully abandoned for the rest of the year.

After this, Miss Tierney began to teach us several different songs for our own enjoyment, as well as those for Speech Night. Among these songs are some old favourites, such as "The Blue Danube," "Brahm's Hungarian Dance," and "The Dance Duet," from "Hansel and Gretel." Another new song is "The Little Mermaid," by our own composer, Miss Tierney, who has written songs for us on different occasions.

All the girls wish to thank Miss Tierney for the untiring work done by her for our enjoyment, and also our thanks go to Pam McKeown, our pianist.

HELEN GRIEVE.
JUDITH BAILEY.

ORCHESTRA

Have you ever listened to a broadcast of some famous orchestra and wondered at the work which goes into perfecting that one item? We members of the school orchestra are learning that in any orchestra—whether it be a school or symphony one—the success of an item depends on teamwork. All the different

HEARD IN CLASS

Pupil (late for class) — Please, Miss, I couldn't find the room.

Teacher—Well, it's been here all the time.

instrumental parts have to be practised and then fitted together to achieve our aim — to make, and enjoy making, good music.

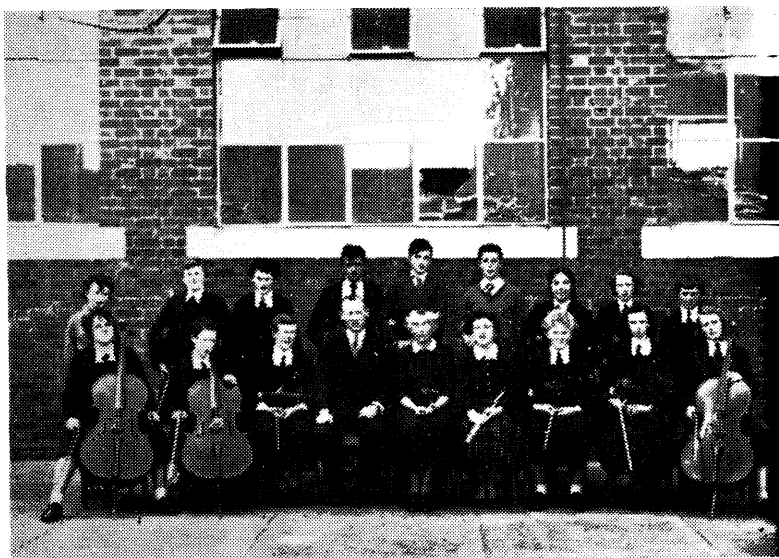
Our capable conductors, Miss Boardman and Mr. Tonge, have done a very praiseworthy job in bringing the orchestra up to such a standard that it has been able to attempt a piece from "The Clock Symphony." We presented three concerts this year,

two for W.H.S. and Williamston Girls' School pupils, and one in the evening for parents and friends. At this last concert our visitors saw what is being done to train these "musicians of tomorrow," as nearly half of our members are learning to play instruments at school. The violin class is taught by Mr. Langgern, a visiting teacher, and the 'cello class by Miss Boardman.

We would all like to congratulate John Heyward for gaining honours in the 6th grade violin examinations; Judith Campbell for passing 5th grade violin examinations; and Gloria Davies for receiving honours in the 2nd grade 'cello examinations.

Many thanks are due to our accompanists at the concerts, Mr. Head and Mr. Kent for the help they have given us, and finally to all friends, staff, and pupils for the support given to our school orchestra.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



PENFRIENDS AND READERS' CLUB

This year the combined Penfriends and Readers' Club have had quite a successful year. Girls have got penfriends in several parts of the world, in America, South Africa, the British Isles, and Holland. When any of the girls receive letters from their penfriends they bring them along and Miss Woollard reads them out to us all. Some of the girls who haven't got penfriends bring books to read.

On behalf of the girls in the club, I take this opportunity of thanking Miss Woollard for her co-operation throughout the year.

BOYS' JUNIOR DRAMATIC GROUP

Under the excellent guidance of Mr. Walsh, the Boys' Junior Dramatic Group has enjoyed an interesting and eventful year. After the Christmas holidays, extracts from the plays which toured New Zealand were performed as an example to newcomers. Following these, we had a demonstration of make-up by Ken Jones. It was an exceptionally interesting talk. We had a talk on stage and theatre lighting by Mr. Max Callistes, which was followed by an excursion to the Princess Theatre, Melbourne. We were kindly guided through the theatre, and we were shown all the lighting and electrical effects. Some of the plays produced and acted by the students were performed during club time.

It has been a very interesting and happy year, our only hope being that next year will be as good.

CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club has been successfully conducted this year under the helpful guidance of Mr. Kent. Club meetings have consisted of talks on the construction and mechanism of the camera, and constructive criticism of members' attempts at photography. Once a month we have been lucky enough to have

visits by a representative of "Kodak" photographic company, who has, by means of practical demonstrations, explained the processes of developing, printing, and sepia toning.

Altogether this has proven to be a most successful year for us camera fans.

J.P.

RADIO CLUB

This year one of the many new clubs introduced into our school was the Radio Club. The aim of this club is to explain the principles of radio to us. This has been very ably done by Mr. Hughes, who also gave us an interesting lecture on the workings of Television. One club period our club master brought along a cathode ray tube. Perhaps the most interesting club periods were those spent in learning Morse Code, which Mr. Hughes taught us. Many of the boys now have a great interest in this club, and they are now constructing their own receivers.

All the members now take this opportunity of thanking our club master, Mr. Hughes, for his interest and help throughout the year. We hope that the club may continue in the coming year.

TIM KOTTEK, 3A.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club encourages the Junior boys to give prepared talks on subjects related to the applications and ideas of science in any of their everyday interests or questions.

Boys who give a paper thus qualify for a run as secretary and chairman.

Papers during the year included the flight of a football, preparation of matches, space stations, stamps, oil charts, the human brain, and other topics on mechanics, climate, and travel.

PETER MURDOCH.

FLORAL ART CLUB

We, the girls of the Floral Art Club, are very grateful to Mrs. Ellice for giving so much of her time to come and teach us dur-

ing the last two terms of the year. During term one this club was a Scotch dancing club under the guidance of Miss Maxton, but when Miss Maxton left at the end of the term the club was changed to floral art.

All our club periods have been very enjoyable and educational. We have learnt how to wire and make sprays, to arrange baskets and vases of flowers, and to make saucer posies, and at a local flower show one of our members was awarded a champion certificate for a posy arranged in an egg cup.

On parents' day, a floral display was arranged, and most of the parents were very interested in seeing the girls at work. We also wish to thank Miss Boardman for making this club possible and for her continued interest throughout the year.

I.S.C.F.

Have you ever seen a boy or a girl wearing a small blue and white badge bearing the letters I.S.C.F., and wondered what it stood for? Well, all this badge represents cannot be told here, but the letters I.S.C.F. stand for Inter Schools Christian Fellowship. These groups are present in almost every Victorian High School.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Angus and Mrs. Dine, the girls of our group have had a very happy time of fellowship throughout the year. When it has been impossible for either of our leaders to attend, the girls have taken the meeting themselves. We meet on Tuesdays at lunchtime in Room 18, and we would take this opportunity of welcoming all girls.

One Saturday night each month we have a Drawing Room Meeting, and, unless you have attended, you could not imagine the fun and fellowship the girls have at these meetings.

Perhaps the most long awaited event by the I.S.C.F.ers is the Camps which are held, in summer at seaside resorts, and in winter they are held in country guest houses.

The one aim of I.S.C.F., whether in school groups or at

Camps or D.R.M.'s, is to exalt Christ as our risen Lord and in dependence upon Him to walk in His footsteps.

JANICE WILLIAMSON,
Form 4a.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The system of having each form work for an institution has been carried out again during 1954. In most cases there have been good results, Form IIA, particularly, under its enthusiastic leaders, having a splendid record of regular contributions. Many forms have made special efforts by selling toffee, collecting tin-foil and used stamps, or by holding competitions. Before Christmas, cheques will be sent to the various institutions supported.

But "Social Service" is not only a matter of money contributions. Members could do a real service and make other less fortunate children happy if they visited their institutions at Christmas time, or sent cheerful cards and flowers to brighten hospital wards.

H. V. ORR.

SHIPLOVERS

In the senior art room on Thursday afternoon, with Mr. Farmer at the helm, the members of the Ship Lovers' Club meet. The club is a regular contributor to magazines such as Seacraft, The Dogwatch, and our Port Authorities quarterly, and now has the nucleus of a very good nautical library.

Early this year we were invited to the launching of H.M.A.S. Vendetta at the Williamstown Naval Dockyard. Several times throughout the year we have been to the Ferguson Pier to view special ships, and it is from here that we saw the Royal Yacht "Gothic," the American warship "Tarawa," and the "Moreton Bay."

The most enjoyable talks of the year were given by Mr. Wesson, who had served on a destroyer during the war. He so vividly recounted for us his ex-

periences during these years that for some weeks our club-room became the steamy mess-deck of a plunging destroyer.

A visit to a new oil tanker of the H. C. Sleigh fleet is looked forward to by members, and an inspection of one local Navy Depot will complete the year's activities.

The Shiplovers' Club take this opportunity to thank Mr. Farmer for his interesting leadership throughout the year.

THE TRAVEL CLUB

If you want to see the world, some of it anyway, cheaply and comfortably, we suggest you join our club. It well might be called the "International Club," as our New Australian members represent Latvia, Poland, and Russia, and we have English girls as well.

So for this year's programme we have relied on our own resources, and each of these girls has given us very pleasant talks about her own particular country or district. Thus we have come to know these faraway lands intimately and to realise that they are not so very different from our own. The schools seemed remarkably similar, we noted. One day we decided to

hold an exhibition, so precious pictures and articles from European countries were arranged in our Club Room. Most fascinating were the dolls in the National dress of Latvia and one from Nice, in the South of France. La Niceoise wore a spray of "Mimosa"—our wattle—in her hat—very jauntily, too, as if it were her national flower.

Speaking of Australia, another day we did some travelling there to a weekend country home of a member. Miss Killeen, our charming Club Mistress, has often supplemented our tours with her own extensive journeyings in Europe, and we feel it is the personal touch that counts in all these talks.

At the moment we are fired with a resolve to really travel one day and find out for ourselves. We hope that by then jet planes will be safe and moderately cheap.

As a final flutter for the year, we are planning a party — a very happy band of travellers bids you Good-bye! Au revoir! Auf Wiedersehen! Sudievo! Ardievu!

SCHOOL GUIDE COMPANY



GUIDES

This year the 1st Williamstown High School Company is progressing satisfactorily. We have two girls with their Little House Badges, 4 Second Class Badge Holders, 18 girls are enrolled, and 11 girls are still wishing to become guides.

A tree was planted in the school yard by the District Commissioner in honour of the Coronation.

Our guides, amongst other guides, gathered at the Essendon Aerodrome on the day of the Queen's arrival in Victoria, and our Company was honoured when Sheena Finch was chosen to represent the Williamstown District at the Shrine in a guard of honour which greeted the Queen.

On Education Day the guides gave a display of Semaphore, Tracking, Life Line, &c., in the school yard.

On behalf of the Girl Guides, I would like to thank Captain Trist, Mrs. McConville, Mrs. Eubank, and Mrs. Thompson, who have given up much of their time to assist the Guide Company.

M.S., B.B.

THE DEBATING CLUB

This year the Debating Club had only four permanent members, who, under the guidance of Mr. Archer, had an enjoyable and profitable year, which widened our outlook, increased our perceptibility in debatable subjects, and helped us gain valuable experience in public speaking.

We entered into many a discussion on political, social, administrative, and national issues, which gave a greater awareness of the important problems in and around Australia. During the year we had two illuminating discussions in room 15, when members of forms IV and V, who were interested, attended and heard speeches on whether the Modern Literature of adolescents should be censored, and which form of cadets is best suited to this school.

As 75% of the club's members are in the 5th form and will be

leaving at the end of the year, the club will urgently need new members next year if it is to continue to function.

It will be to your advantage in the future if you can make greater use of your club time by joining the Debating Club, and gaining a valuable aid to public speaking.

L. SWALWELL, 4A.

THE LIBRARY CLUB

This year the Library Club is made up mainly of second formers and a few senior girls who volunteered to help maintain our library. Under Mr. Wilson's guidance we have learnt how this maintenance may best be carried out.

During the year over £100 has been spent on new books, mainly in books for form libraries. Most of our time has been spent on cataloguing these and preparing them for the shelves. Also, the library shelves have been kept tidy by our efforts. As well as these duties, we have rebound and done up many books. Those we cannot do by ourselves are sent to Melbourne for expert attention.

In Term I we turned our hands to making houses from cardboard, which was so interesting that several of us devoted our lunch hours to it. Unfortunately these were not used for the second form History this year, but perhaps next year they will help students.

The credit for the tidiness of the Library must go to form IIA, who has kept this important school room neat and supplied with flowers during the year.

Next year, with the expenditure bill, including new reference books, we hope to have our shelves better stocked than ever, and it is certain that the standard of maintenance will be the same.

In conclusion, on behalf of the Library Club, I must thank Mr. Wilson for his lessons in Library work, and also for the work done by him in running this most essential part of school life.

D.H.—5.

HOBBY CLUB

Room ten, last period Thursday, chatter ceases, everything is silent, the door opens, and in walks Miss Craig. The Hobby Club is in progress.

The hobbies consist of knitting, horses, stamps, film stars, and reading. The stamp collection is a very good one. Miss Craig, who is an expert knitter, has taught us many useful hints about knitting, for which we are all grateful.

We would like to thank Miss Craig for the very happy and enjoyable period, and also for the joys of joys—being allowed to talk.

F. WILSON, 2D.

J. GILSENAN, 2E.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

This year the Circle was under the leadership of Jacky Payne, our President; Dorothy Phillips, our Secretary; and Yvonne Shaw, our Treasurer. At the beginning of the year the girls made a guard for the Queen when she arrived. Judy Lee and Lesley McComish took the First Aid Group, in which the girls learnt a lot of valuable information. On Open Day they gave an exhibition for the Parents.

During the year flowers and fruit have been donated to the hospital, and the girls made scrap-books for the children. We have started a fine library for them, and are also filling a friendship box for Headquarters, collecting scrap materials, and making a patchwork quilt to send where it is most needed.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS.

LISTENERS' CLUB

This year the Musical Appreciation Club changed its name to the Listeners' Club, which was felt to be more appropriate, as one cannot help hearing something.

During the year we heard two complete operas, Tosca and Don Giovanni, as well as a series of recordings made by Caruso, and a number of symphonies. Although many of the finer passages were marred by discordant noises from the cadets, choir, and magazine committee, we had

a most enjoyable year, and would like to thank Mr. Hughes, who lent us his tape-recorder, and Mr. Head, whose interesting commentaries helped us to appreciate unfamiliar types of music.

THE CHESS CLUB

Under the guidance of Mr. Mullins, the Chess Club has had a very successful year.

The game of chess has, of late years, become so popular among all classes of people that any statement of its attractions is almost superfluous. Chess has kept pace for more than five centuries, with the most advancing civilisation. The right time to learn the first fundamentals of chess is at school.

With the knowledge gained here, the student will become proficient in the game.

This year many students have learned to play, but progress has been hampered by the lack of chess sets. At the beginning of the year officers were elected. The chairman was R. Matthews; vice-chairman, D. Turner; Publicity officer, T. Ferris; secretary, M. Knight; and the treasurer, J. Fisher. During the year these members have done a splendid job.

The club championship was won by R. Hewitt, who proved to be an outstanding player.

Next year, with the experience gained this year, the junior members will carry on the good work.

R.M. & D.T.

DRAUGHTS CLUB

The draughts club, at its present stage, has over twenty members. As Mr. Owen has left we are pleased to have Mr. Evans in charge.

The idea of this club is to be taught how to play draughts and then to play among their fellow members. Mr. Evans will divide the club into two divisions, and each team will play against each other. The first game will be a championship. The winners will play off. There are only boys in this club, and we feel that we will have girls in the club in time to come.

DOUGLAS TREMBATH
and JEFF BARBER



WEATHER

The flickering kerosene lamp revealed six tall hydrogen cylinders and two heavily garbed human figures, grotesque in the semi-darkness. It was cold in the little hut, but this work had to be done.

The large balloon was ready. One of the men moved to the door and opened it. A fierce gust of wind and a blinding flurry of snow swirled through the doorway pinning the figures to the wall. Doggedly they fought their way to the doorway and out into the blizzard, dragging

the flouncing balloon after them.

Bent double, they pushed their way to a small group of waiting men, mere blotches in a blank panorama. Something small and dark was attached to the bottom of the balloon as it tugged at the fur-clad hands holding it down.

With a muffled shout, the wind-distorted balloon was thrown into the gale, the small object oscillating erratically as it trailed in the balloon's wake. Snow and blizzard quickly obscured the balloon from watching eyes.

In the wireless hut a small but compact radio receiving minute impulses registered them on a set of dials. Close by the acute eye of the radar scanner plotted the ascent of the diminishing balloon. Several men warming their hands over a kerosene stove listened attentively to the technician seated by the wireless receiver.

"6000, 6050, 6075, lost contact."

The storm had completely abated. A warm sun shone in a cloudless blue sky (an unusual phenomenon), and the sculp-

tured snow drifts shone with startling whiteness over the half covered huts. The wireless operator was studying his morning schedule.

"Heard Island to Sydney, prepare for daily weather information."

ROBERT HEWITT,
4A.

A HISTORIC TOWN

Holland. . . . How many people have heard of its bulb-fields, its windmills, and its dikes? Many. But how many have an idea of its old and remarkable towns? Few, indeed! And yet how worthy they are to be known!

I was born in one of those towns, and I would like to tell you some of its characteristics and other interesting facts. Dordrecht, as this town is called, lies on an island not far from Rotterdam, surrounded by three big rivers, which are all part of the Rhine-delta. It is no wonder that because of this network of rivers the town is an important shipping centre, which connects many towns further up the Rhine with the sea as far as trade is concerned. Especially in the early days, when boats were the main means of transport in Holland, Dordrecht was one of the most important towns in the country. Unfortunately, with the invention of modern traffic, there was a great danger that Dordrecht would become a little isolated. This problem, however, was soon solved when four big bridges, which were to be part of the route from Amsterdam to Paris, were built over the rivers. Thus the economic importance of Dordrecht was saved.

Throughout the years really two "Dordrechts" came into existence, that is "old" Dordrecht and "new" Dordrecht. By "old" Dordrecht, I mean the ancient part of the town, which is surrounded by ramparts (now, of course, out of use). It dates from the year 1018, when it was founded by a Dutch count. "New" Dordrecht is from much later ages and lies outside these ramparts.

The inner part has many picturesque sights, its narrow

streets, sometimes not wider than four feet, and the beautiful facades of its ancient buildings would make one imagine oneself living in the 16th century, if there had not been the distant roar of traffic and factories. Two other remarkable things are the number of canals and typical old Dutch bridges over them. One can go on tours through these canals, and, although no gondolas are used, many visitors have compared this part of Dordrecht with Venice.

In the centre of all these antiquities there is a big impressive church, which rises far above the other buildings. Its tower is called the "Watcher of the island," since it may be seen from nearly every spot in the environs. The church, which was built in the 15th century, has all the properties of Gothic architecture, except for its "flat" tower, the building of which had to be stopped suddenly because of a danger of subsidence. It is interesting to know that the foundation is made of hides of animals!

"New" Dordrecht has a much different aspect. It is more convenient. The roads are wider, and the houses, mostly flats, more comfortable. To beautify the sight, parks and gardens are laid out, and to benefit the health of the inhabitants, there are sports grounds and public swimming pools.

But enough of this.

Owing to the fact that Dordrecht lies amongst so many rivers and canals, there is extensive aquatic sport. At weekends many people go sailing, rowing, or fishing. Especially one part of the island, which is under water at high tide and is covered with rush and other water plants, is a good place for recreation. One can go there in a canoe or a rowing boat to make a tour of the innumerable creeks and to admire the great variety of water-birds. There is a great danger, however, of losing one's way, so that for many people it is inadvisable to go there without any knowledge of the area or without a map.

Now, to end this, a few words about the part Dordrecht played in the last world war.

Although it is not known, Dordrecht was quite important during this time. It was one of the last Dutch places which was captured, while on the other hand it was nearly the last place to be liberated. This shows clearly the importance of Dordrecht as a strategic point, which accounts for the fact that the German headquarters in Holland were secretly placed there in the last stages of the war. Whether it is a coincidence or not, nobody knows, but the headquarters of the Dutch underground movement also happened to come there, the chief of which quickly sent a message to London reporting the location of the headquarters of their enemies. The result was that there came a heavy air raid by English and American planes, during which the German officers were "bombed out."

BERT VAN LOON, V.

COMBINED PREFECTS' MEETINGS

Have you ever listened in to a Combined Prefects' Meeting? You haven't? Then let me tell you about it. We all file into room 21, and "quietly" take our places. Then follows the stately entry of our "chairman." We are immediately warned NOT to make a repetition of last week's behaviour, "And stop eating that apple, Murdoch," he roars. Then, when the lecture is over, we get down to business. Girl prefects are "criticised" by the "chairman," the boy prefects are admonished for breaking the rules, and then, into our guilty minds creeps the welcome sound of the siren. "There will be an adjournment until next week, when we will discuss this week's problems. But please let it be in a manner befitting to the leaders of the school." Then the head prefect, or the chairman, departs and leaves us to discuss the solutions to our problems.

PREFECT.

GUESS WHO—

1. "Conscientious work from all. 80% attendance for—"
2. "Yes, lad." (3B should know this.)
3. "You are not worthy to be at this school." (Heard from room 4.)
4. "I'll take you all one by one unless you sing."
5. "O.K. you guys." (No clues required.)
6. "By the way, the Junior Football—"
7. "Glorious failure P—."
8. "Do not paw the ground." (Heard at boys' assembly.)
9. "For homework tonight." (Generally heard in Forms 4 and 5.)

WISE SAYING

A father had a family of sons who were always quarrelling. One day he resolved to show them an example of the evil results of refusing to help each other; he called them together and told one to bring him a bundle of sticks.

This done, he gave each in turn the bound bundle of sticks and told them to break the sticks in pieces.

Each strove with all his strength and failed. The father then untied the sticks and gave the sons a single stick each, and told them to break it; this they all did easily.

The father then said: "My sons, if you all think alike and help each other you would be strong and unbreakable to your enemies. But if you are like the single sticks, unaided, you will easily be broken down."

Just think, if all the 860 pupils of Williamstown High School were united, not by string, but by words and deeds, how strong we would be to stand against the faults of an individual.

Unity is Strength.

L. BRYANT, 2A.

STORM

The excitement all began when the lookout on the foremast cried, "White squall!" Instantly the ship, a square-rigged windjammer, was a hive of activity. The captain, a

hairy old skipper named Jasper Bullock, roared, "Down t'gal-lants, cro'jack and t'sails."

The hands hauled themselves into the rigging, three abreast, then two, then one, as the shrouds grew narrower: over the futtock shrouds and up the sticks. Canvas slatted and crumpled as feverish hands worked desperately to furl the sails as the squall came nearer.

Too late! With a roar the wind hit the vessel, howling in the rigging and flogging what canvas was left to bits, as the sheets parted under the terrific strain. The sea, once calm and unruffled, was now a succession of mighty waves, throwing themselves over the fo'castle, foaming through the waist, finally to smash themselves to bits on the rise of the poop.

With a crack the foremast snapped off at the heel, falling overboard in a flurry of stays and rigging. The mainmast, its supporting stays gone, snapped at the cross-trees, leaving nothing but a broken, jagged stump. The mizzen tottered, yawed, and fell, ripping up most of the poop-deck planking. The men that were sent to clear the deck of the mass of tangled rope were instantly swept overboard by the mountainous seas.

Seawater poured in at the stern, defying all efforts made to staunch it. With this additional ballast the ship sank lower and lower into the foam-topped sea, which was gradually pounding it to bits.

Then, as suddenly as it had arrived, the squall was gone. It left a sorry sight: in the long, sullen swell the ship floated like a half-tide rock.

The crew were soon busy; the wreckage was cleaned up, the gaping hole in the deck shored up, and the water pumped out. The mainsail, the only piece of canvas that could be set, was once more lashed to the man-spar. In this pitiful condition, they limped thankfully into Capetown.

R. FORRESTER, 2A.

NONSENSE POEM

*The sky is green, the sea is blue
It's the prettiest thing you ever
knew.*

*The birds are pink, that's what
I think,*

And so you see, I'm silly.

*The flowers sing, the rain is gay.
It really is a lovely day.*

*I'm getting drunk, I've thunk
and thunk,*

I really am a dilly.

*A pussy cat sits on a wall,
I hope he won't get scared and
fall.*

*A fish is flying in the sky,
This poem's punk, and so am I.*

OPERA

After my first visit to the Opera, several years ago, I became an ardent opera-lover. It was the opera "Il Trovatore," by Verdi, that first interested me in music, and this is a work that will probably have more appeal for a young music-lover than most other operatic works. It is a confusing and complicated melodrama, and the plot is a somewhat bewildering jumble of numerous desires for vengeance, insane ravings, and passionate jealousies with consequent executions, murders, and suicides in no mean proportion. The music is often violent and dramatic, and sometimes contrastingly beautiful and lyrical, and is, on the whole, very easy to appreciate. Other Verdi operas of equal appeal, but infinitely greater subtlety, are "La Traviata," "Aida," "Falstaff," and "Othello," the last having an outstanding musical score as well as the added attraction of a libretto almost direct from Shakespeare. Puccini's "La Tosca," "Madame Butterfly," "Turandot," and "Manon Lescaut," all possess the conventionally bloodthirsty libretto of Italian opera, but unlike Verdi's, Puccini's plots tend towards the verismo. His works contain some fine music, and can always be relied upon to attract a large audience. Many comedies, as well as tragedies, have come from Italy, the most outstanding of which seem to be Verdi's

"Falstaff," Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and Donizetti's "Don Pasquale."

My main interest in German opera lies in the comedies of Mozart, and to a lesser extent in the works of Gluck, Weber, and Beethoven. Mozart's operas, like his symphonies, lieder, and chamber music, are blessed with that musical near-perfection that characterises all his works. He has achieved immortality with his "Il Seraglio," "Don Giovanni," and "The Marriage of Figaro," all of which are sparkling comedies set to music that can only be described as sublime. Wagner — generally accepted as being the greatest writer ever of operatic drama—I also greatly admire, though I find the complicated orchestrations of his "Ring" cycle very bewildering. However, Wagner's earlier works such as "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and "The Flying Dutchman," are much more easy to appreciate, while his "Tristan and Isolde," although far beyond my musical grasp, fascinates me with its weird and often violent variety of Wagnerian beauty.

Modern operatic composers do not generally find much favour in the public eye. The outstanding exception is Menotti, whose "Amahl and the Night Visitors" and "The Consul" are very popular, especially in U.S.A. and Australia. "Amahl" is a short and somewhat sentimental story set to superb music, while "The Consul" is a lurid and gruesome melodrama, in which Menotti has dispensed with the traditional chorus, recitatives, and overture. The story is concerned with the efforts of a young woman to obtain a visa, and so be able to leave the unnamed Communist State in which she is living. To do so, she must see the consul, and this she tries to do on several occasions, only to have her every move frustrated by his cold, impersonal, and maddeningly obstructive secretary. Overwrought by her failure, and overcome with grief at the sudden death of her child and

mother, the heroine finally suicides, just as her husband is captured by the secret police agents. The music is unforgettable, and I would not hesitate to advise everybody to hear it if they ever have the chance.

Most people can enjoy opera, if they go to it with an unprejudiced mind, and not with the idea that all operatic roles are interpreted by corpulent, dark-haired foreigners, who gabble in an unintelligible tongue, all the time making violent and irrational hand gestures. Opera, however, is a complex art, and for a full appreciation one must have a fair knowledge of the component arts of opera, painting, drama, ballet, as well as vocal and orchestral music. Nothing else is required, except a vivid and elastic imagination, and a not too critical attitude towards operatic plots, and the wording of librettos.

J. KENT,
Form V.

MODERN POETRY

Modern poetry

Is

Rather odd, I find.

It has no rhythm

Or

Rhyme of any kind.

Yet if I try to write some

As

I think I ought,

I must confess

It's

Harder than I thought!

M.J.

MAGIC FOR BEGINNERS

How many times have we been to a party and been asked to amuse our friends? Many hours of enjoyment can be obtained without a great amount of skill, by learning a few feats of "magic." The person who knows "how to do tricks" will often be asked to mystify and amaze his friends.

It is this result to which I am hoping to help you reach. The most handy apparatus with which to perform is a pack of playing-cards, so here are the steps for my first card trick.

1.—To cause two cards placed in the centre of the Pack to appear on the top. This trick relies on the fact that very few people are able to remember, for a length of time, the name of two cards without being confused.

Secretly place two cards, e.g., six of clubs and 10 of hearts, on the top of the pack. Show the audience the 6 of hearts and the 10 of clubs (notice the difference), which are given to a spectator to be placed in separate positions in the pack (still held in your hand). Square the pack and hand to another spectator. Command cards to go to the top of the pack, and having done so, ask first spectator to take the two top cards and display them to the audience.

2.—Having a very bad memory, the magician begins his performance and realises that he has forgotten to place his white carnation in his lapel. Nevertheless, with one sweep of the magic wand and "abracadabra," the flower mysteriously appears.

The apparatus used in this "trick" is an elastic band (black) from the flower, which should be artificial, to a safety-pin. Pass the elastic through the button-hole to bring the flower under the left armpit (out of sight), and you are ready to perform. The flower simply appears as the left arm is slightly raised, as you touch the lapel with the wand.

3.—A coin, a handkerchief, and a drinking glass, are the pieces of apparatus used in this last trick. A coin and a glass, which is half-full of water, are shown, and the coin, under cover of a handkerchief, is dropped into the glass. The coin may now, after the handkerchief has been removed, be seen in the bottom of the glass. After the magician covers the glass with the handkerchief and says his magic words, the handkerchief is removed and the coin is found to have disappeared. When the coin is dropped into the glass, what actually happens is that the coin is then held UNDER the glass. In that position it seems to be inside the glass as the

numbers of the audience look straight down into the glass (and then the magician must be careful to see that they do so). The glass is then recovered and taken away by the right hand, as the coin is taken, secretly, in the left. The glass is then uncovered, and the trick is done.

Starting with these few introductory feats, the boy or girl who finds magic an interesting hobby may expand his or her programme and, with practice, give a good performance.

Always remember the golden rules of magic:—

1. Do not tell your secrets. (I have given only a few, very easy secrets with which the beginner may start.)
2. Practise.
3. Practise more.
4. Practise more and more.

With these few hints, I will leave you to "HAPPY MAGIC."

"MORON"

PICKING UP PAPERS

*Oh, woe is me,
Oh, woe is me,
My back is broken and bent,
My fingers are worn to the
very bone;
And my temper is all spent.*

*Oh, woe is me,
Oh, woe is me,
When will those prefects learn,
That to pick up papers is not
our love,
Even if thanks we do earn.*

*Oh, happy the day,
Oh, happy the day,
When paper no more will be.
Plastic will replace everything,
And no more aches for me.*

O.W.—IIA.

JOURNEY INTO OUTER SPACE

The sullen desert wastes of Arizona were suddenly awakened into life as the huge and weird form of the rocket ship 32XZ roared into the heavens. Inside this ship were two people, one an elderly bearded scientist, the other his assistant. They were embarked on a strange and dangerous mission: Destination Moon.

Professor Lader looked through the rear observation window of

the ship and saw the earth quickly disappearing beneath him. They were in the outer atmosphere now, and all around were bright flashes as meteors and planet fragments scattered about them.

The Professor and his assistant were suddenly lurched off their feet, as with a sickening thud, the rocket ship struck something in space. Regaining their feet, they moved to see what had happened. Outside, the nose of their ship was stuck into a crater, on what appeared to be a small planet. The Professor immediately put on his outer space helmet, checked the oxygen tank, lowered the steps from the side of the ship, and proceeded to move on to explore the planet surface. According to the Professor's charts, there was no record of this planet.

Glancing around, the Professor saw no signs of it being inhabited, and the only visible vegetation was weird and horrifying vine-like plants; the leaves of which were huge and black, while the stems were as large as the trunk of a tree.

Suddenly there came a blood-curdling scream, as out of one of the craters appeared a huge and horrifying head. The Professor and his assistant turned grey inside their space-suits, as the rest of the monster's body slowly came out. So far this creature had not seen the two men; but it was slowly turning its head and any minute now it was bound to see them. They stood petrified, unable to believe their eyes; but to their astonishment, when the monster saw them, instead of charging, it began screaming madly, and with one final, horrified look it disappeared back into the crater. The Professor and his assistant recovered themselves, and immediately ran for their rocket ship, opened the door, climbed in, pulled the steps up after them, closed the door, gave a back thrust to the jets, and finally rose into the air.

They were astounded at their amazing escape, and finally, without any more horrifying oc-

currences, they reached the moon, found it was made of green cheese, returned to earth with a sample, and the Professor and his assistant became famous as manufacturers of "Moon Cheese."

(Signed) Professor in Charge,
Dangerous Journeys,
Melb. University.

THE VICTOR'S PREY

*The quiet peacefulness is broken.
As the victors march to their
prey.*

*Many words loudly are spoken,
All are prepared for what may.*

*The noise comes louder and
louder,*

*Time will soon run short.
A siren to be heard in the
distance,*

Fingers are quick and taut.

*The victors they leave, tired and
weary,*

*To return later that day,
To that well-known, dreaded
theory,*

Of typing—the victor's prey.

E. L. CURTIS, 3C.

GETTING CULTCHA

The fashion of the moment seems to be something called "cultcha," and even the cat next door has caught it.

I first noticed the symptoms a few Thursday nights ago, when, instead of moaning the usual pops outside my window, "he rendered the solo" "La Donna e Mobile" to the good old tune "Antonio," his tiddly-om-pom-pom-pom-poms oozed refinement, even though he was slightly off key. He was not discouraged by the lack of curtain calls or his repertoire being exhausted, so he repeated the performance another three times before he was "persuaded" to move.

However, when he "announced his intentions" of forming a "choral society," the Philistines in the neighbourhood complained, and he was detained at home, reciting Byron at the top of his voice until it was decided that it would be better if he were allowed to go a-roving.

He has stopped borrowing low brow literature from our place (and forgetting to return it), and his favourite occupation now seems to be coming late for first nights and sitting out the performances at nearby cafes, where, he assures me, "a much better time is had by all."

He is seen frequently at the Tin Pot Inn, where he is well known for his extremely witty comments on contemporary art and literature; however, he is very fond of moderne architecture.

He sets a very good example to all the other cats in the district, a pearl (cultcha'd, of course) amongst the rougher diamonds. Really, Mr. T. Catte is the most cultcha'd feline in Melbourne.

LONSDALE II.

*To the Naval Depot went we,
All the girls of Form 3C;
Spick and span, clean and neat,
Thus we marched across the street.*

*On the deck of Lonsdale II.
Stood relics of ships both old and new;
Guns which have withstood both storm and gale,
Equipment from ships of steam and sail.*

*The morse-code gadget upon the wall,
Was an item of interest for one and all.
And on the wall were knots displayed,
With no direction as to how they're made.*

*Then the film, which was about
The making of charts, with and without
The help of stars. And so life,
as a marine,
Is not as simple as it may seem.*

*Spick and span, clean and neat,
As we marched back across the street;
Each thought that there perhaps might be,
A life for us upon the sea.*

M. HYDE, 3C.

HISTORY WITHOUT TEARS

For those pupils who are so misguided as to consider doing history as a Leaving Subject.

All history is boring, but 19th century history is worst of all, because nothing interesting and bloodthirsty happens like a revolution, except, of course, the industrial revolution, which is not a revolution at all, because no one gets gelatinised, &c., but, instead, is just an exciting way of saying that the English people stopped growing turnips and started making machinery instead. If you listen in class (and you probably won't) you'll hardly fail to gather that England is a perfect nation, with an interesting kind of monarchy, and inconsistent foreign policy, and a character called Gladstone, who was interested in something called "The Irish Problem," which, like History itself, started a long time ago, and unfortunately shows no sign of stopping. Gladstone, who was always called G.O.M. (which stands for "Growly old monster"), and other bores such as "Pam" and "Dizzy," all had a mania for a thing called "lazyfair," which is the French way of saying that slaves should be abolished in America, but that the English factory workers should be overworked, underpaid, and generally persecuted. Another fogey about whom you'll learn (maybe) is Gibbon Wakefield, who invented "cystematicolonizashun" while he was repenting in prison after

he had abducted an heiress from her boarding school.

20th century history is more interesting, because of World War I, which, of course, Britain won. You will decide that the war started solely because everybody broke treaties that nobody took any notice of anyway, which means that World War I was totally unnecessary and a complete waste of time. After the war, the colonies claimed equal status with Britain, but seemed satisfied with a statue from Westminster that Britain sent them.

These are the main outlines of your History course, and I sincerely hope that you, like me, will grasp without difficulty the essential facts, clearly and correctly.

J.K.

BRIGHT

*We had a good trip up in the bus,
But when we arrived there; Oh,
what a fuss.*

Make your bed, and fetch your light,

We were sure'y going to love this trip to Bright.

Early next morning, Jeanne came round,

And pulled us out as we slept so sound.

*With a scream, a shriek, a yelp,
a yell,*

We had just heard the "get up" bell.

*One day after, to Kiewa, went we,
Not only to admire the scenery,
For at Kiewa, Box Hill boys we glanced (?),*

And that night round the floor we danced.

*We had a great time at Buffalo,
Diving and wallowing in all the snow.*

With aching hands and freezing feet,

We thought that Buffalo couldn't be beat.

Early next morning, we were on our way

*Home to our families so far away,
With no exception, this is so right,*

We all loved our trip to Bright.

M. HYDE, 3C.



RUSTY

MY VISIT TO PORT LINCOLN

Last Christmas holidays, I visited the pretty township of Port Lincoln, in South Australia, with my parents, brother and sister.

Leaving Adelaide in the M.V. "Minnipa" one Thursday evening, we arrived off Port Lincoln early next morning. We were up at daylight and went on deck. As we slowly approached the southern entrance to Boston Bay, we passed tiny islands and rocky, wooded shores. On a hill in the distance gleamed a white monument, erected to the memory of Captain Matthew Flinders, who discovered Boston Harbour in H.M.S. "Investigator" and named many parts after places in his home county—Lincolnshire.

Our stay of three weeks in Port Lincoln was all too short. One day we picnicked and went surfing at Sleaford Bay, a very rugged, beautiful spot, where the breakers roll in from the Southern Ocean.

Another interesting trip was taken into the hills, to see the Tod River Reservoir, which supplies water to the district.

A quite exciting part of the holiday was a trip by launch to Dangerous Reef, where we had a lot of fun trying to catch baby seals.

We visited farms in outlying districts, and tried our hand at milking cows and feeding the pigs. The old mother pig did not take kindly to strangers coming near her babies, and we had to make a wild scramble over the fences to safety.

After a few more days of swimming, fishing, and other pastimes, our holiday came to an end. Reluctantly we packed our bags and sailed again for Adelaide, then the Melbourne Express, and home.

ELIZABETH PIRIE,

Form 1a.

A SONNET

*I go down to the murmuring bay
To watch the quarrelsome gulls
at play.*

*They swoop and soar in easy
flight;*

*Their outstretched wings cut
clean and white.*

*With pompous walk on spindly
feet,*

*They come to snatch the scraps
of meat;*

*Or, if I toss bread on the rocks,
Wheel swiftly round in
screeching flocks*

*To catch it. Then, with stately
show,*

*The black swans come; the
brash gulls go.*

*The swans, their graceful necks
bend low,*

*Deigning to eat the food I throw.
When satisfied, they glide across
the sea,*

*And leave the tranquil bay alone
to me.*

M.J.

MY IDEAL HOME

My ideal home is surrounded by a beautiful garden. It has red roses climbing along one side of an old-fashioned pergola, which in the spring is adorned with roses of delicate hue. In the autumn the vine which covers it turns to many colours of delightful pastel shades, known only to that season. There is a bush of sweet smelling Breath of Heaven by the gate, welcoming the visitor and brightening that corner with its dainty little pink flowers.

There are many shrubs and two oleanders, the fragrance of which is overwhelming. Colourful flowers border the path, adding their perfume to the already scented air. On the large lawn many happy hours are spent frolicking with the dog.

The house itself is partly hidden, and its bright windows glinting in the sun seem to be beckoning us in. Inside it is bright and cheery. The kitchen is a place of gleaming tiles and fresh white curtains. It has always a velvet red rose on the spotless cloth, just where the sun can catch it. Then there is the dining-room, with its warm, red carpet, where all the work is done—homework and learning, while sitting at the oaken table. It has two big red leather arm-chairs, which, in winter, are drawn up to the warming glow

in the friendly fireplace, where we can sit in the evening beside the fading embers to say our prayers. The charm of this room I shall always love. There comes next the bedroom, where the sun streams in, casting a golden glow, which is reflected in the yellow bedspread and autumn carpet.

The long, shining mirrors reflect the yellow roses standing on the table. This is where I have always been awakened with a kiss. The lounge, which to me is the loveliest room in the house, has an atmosphere of peace. It is here I spend many pleasant hours practising on the mellow keys of the polished piano and the much fingered pile of music, with my mother at my side.

The old books on the mantelpiece are of great value to me, also the soft, green carpet that I have always known, underfoot. This room is always flooded with sunshine. The scent from the garden permeates the room. The sweet smell of lavender is wafted in on the breeze. The colourful Afghan on the couch must be mentioned, because the room would be incomplete without it. This is my ideal home, and as I have always known it.

VIVIENNE HUGHES.

PARENTS' DAY

*A silent hush o'er our great
school fell,*

*As though a death bell were
ringing its knell.*

*And surely it was,
Why? Well, because*

*The parents were coming, with
eagle eyes bent*

*On picking out faults in the
school where they sent*

*Their angelic pets (or should I
say pests)*

*With the thought, "While they're
gone we'll have well earned
rest."*

*The teachers then showed with
pride, oh so grand,*

*What the angels could do when
given free hand.*

*Whilst mothers and fathers saw
with wonder untold,*

*What these sweet pets could do
with colours so bold.*

At the end of the day they
trotted off home,
With sighs and sobs, and many
a groan.

Why could they not rule
With power (like at school)?
"Our job we are failing,"
They said, with great wailing.
But had they returned on the
next sunny morn,
These thoughts they wouldst
laugh with gladness and
scorn;

For the laughter and merriness,
and the great row,
Which echoed the school
throughout by the hour.
For they were the reason for
quietness in past days,
But now they were gone, so back
the old ways,
Went the students of 'Willy' on
on that sunny day.

R.B.

THE OLD SHOP

Outside, the street is very
noisy. In all the modern,
brightly lighted shops around
people are flocking in and out;
but in a dark corner bereft of
sunlight is a small, usually silent
shop.

Anyone not looking about
could easily walk by without
noticing it. But for me it has
always held a strange fascina-
tion.

After stepping over the
threshold a strong odour of
mustiness and old age over-
whelms one.

An old fat brass Buddha, his
ugly, smiling face making him
grotesque, sits guarding the
door.

Once inside and when one be-
comes accustomed to the dark-
ness, you can see around you the
numerous antiques. Tapestries
of gold and silver portraying the
Egyptians and their dwellings.
Behind them, hidden in a deep,
dusty corner, there emerges a
vision of brightness—a portrait
in soft water-colours—the figure
of a child showing God's greatest
masterpiece, through a veil of
golden hair—the form of a
child.

On a low shelf there lies an
old violin, which whispers to the
imagination haunting tunes,

and makes one desire to hear its
enchanting voice.

Books which open up a world
of wonder are found nestling in
an old bureau.

The wizened old master of this
domain comes to greet you with
his bright eyes and soft, sweet
smile.

VIVIENNE HUGHES.

GHOSTS!

The Prefects' Pavilion
Is a worrying sight;
I'd hate to be sleeping
There overnight.
The Ghosts of the prefects
Run right round the school;
Not being good girls,
But acting the fool.
They draw pretty pictures,
With bright coloured chalk,
And slide down the bannisters
Rather than walk.
So now you can see
Why I'd rather sleep home;
'Cos the pavilion is haunted
With Pre's on the roam.

BILLY 'SPEARE—V.

AUTOGRAPH HUNTING

TIME: Morning recess.

PLACE: The quadrangle.

CHARACTERS: Two first for-
mers and several teachers.

FOREWORD: This morning
the High Tide was issued, and
all keen autograph hunters are
out hunting.

SCENE: Two shy (?) first for-
mers are waiting to pounce on
any unwary teacher who has
the misfortune to be sighted in
the Quadrangle. One male
teacher has just entered the
Quad, and the eagle-eyed en-
thusiasts are ready to swoop.

First Girl: "Go on, you ask
him."

Second Girl: "I will not, it's
your turn, you ask him, and you
had better hurry up or he'll be
gone before you decide to ask
him."

(The unsuspecting teacher
approaches.)

First Girl: "P-please, s-sir,
may we have your autograph,
please sir?"

Teacher (looking extremely
startled): "Er-er-certainly." (He
signs the books and hurries off
in the direction of the Men's

Staff Room.)

Second Girl: "Well, you
handled that rather well. Just
a minute, look, here comes one,
I'll ask her. Er-excuse me, Miss
——, may we have your auto-
graph, please?"

(Teacher signs the books and
disappears into the Ladies'
Staff Room.)

Second Girl: "Come outside
and we'll get some prefects."
(They hurry out of the Quad and
trap a few prefects, who sign the
books in a very half-hearted (?)
fashion. Suddenly the hunters
spy a male teacher coming
round a corner. Unfortunately
this teacher has had previous
experience from pupils of
W.H.S., and, as soon as they
voice their request, the teacher
replies curtly): "Sorry, not
today."

(A duet of disappointed "Ohs"
echoes from the first formers.)

Second Girl (after teacher has
departed): "Mean thing, but,
never mind, there's another one,
come on, I won't be turned down
by this one."

M. HYDE, Form 3c.

THE LAST

This year's my last, I'm sorry
to say,
For I'm not looking forward to
the school's last day,
When I must say, "Farewell,
friends,
It's time to say goodbye.
I hope that each and all of you
Have had a good time such as I.
Cheerio, teachers, wish me luck,
As my fortune I strive to find.
I thank you for the happy times,
That I must leave behind."

ANON.—V.

QUEUES

(Editor's note—This article is
based on actual experience.)

I remember being woken up
one day, very early in the morn-
ing, and told to go to a nearby
milk bar to get in the queue in
order to receive our daily quan-
tity of milk. It was about half-
past three one morning in
October, 1944, I think, when I
left to go through the dark
streets towards the milk shop,
where, on arrival, I found that
there were about a dozen other

customers already waiting. It was one of those frosty mornings, very common in autumn, when I formed another link of the queue, and thus, leaning against the wall, I waited.

Queue! Not many know the significance of this word. To most it means to line up outside a hotel or to get the tickets for a football match or picture show, but wherever I see a line of people, it brings back a memory of horror. Many people cannot imagine the feeling, when one is standing for hours and hours, in all kinds of weather, only to get the already rationed food. One feels the most helpless and dependent creature on earth, standing and staring into the dark.

It is just waiting, you might say, you don't do anything else. Yes, you don't do anything else, physically, but the thoughts wander around; one thinks of the relatives, far from home, fighting, risking their lives for the sake of one man. Not much talking is done, except for some chattering women, who have to distribute the latest local rumours; the people are quiet, each hanging on his own thoughts and worries. One sees no smiling face, no laughing voice, and all this gives one the feeling of the tragedy of the period.

On occasions like these, time seems to move very slowly, and to add to this, one gets very tired, just standing. You can walk for three hours and not feel so tired as if you were to stand for one hour, but imagine standing for several hours. Soon you will feel as if you were standing on an ant-hill, ants crawling up and down your legs; fog will appear in front of your eyes, followed by a headache and a stiffness in all muscles of your body, and you lean against the wall to prevent yourself from fainting. This is how old men and women, children, and invalids felt, waiting from as early as two o'clock in the morning till noon, only to get the scarcely available food and clothing.

Often, members of one family had to stand at different shops in order to get their supply, frequently having some seating arrangement with them. Sometimes these queues were broken up by air-raids, after which it was common that arguments broke out because of a mad dash to retain the former position in the queue.

Thus, as I was standing in this row, more and more people arrived, and, as time moved by, the stars began to disappear. The first rays of the sun shot across the sky, and the people greeted another day, during which many decisive things could happen. While the queue was increasing in length, a policeman came to keep order, but both these facts did not stop me from falling asleep from time to time, leaning at the wall, only to be woken up by the first passing trucks or trams.

Slowly more life came into the deserted streets, men went to work, distant factory whistles were heard, and some of the people in the queue changed places with other members of their families.

I then took more notice of the people around me, and those going by. I became interested in the passing transport, and thus fully awoke.

Then, at last, the milk arrived, and with the help of a policeman it was given out without any trouble. After I had received my milk, I went home, tired, had my breakfast, and then went off to school.

PETER GROPEL, V.

OUR HERITAGE

*The blood of countless battles is spread across the land,
And wreckages of vessels are ground into the sand.
But all the countless battles have gone down in history.
And every battle that was fought, was fought for liberty.
England is our heritage! For this they fought and won.
Our churches are the symbol of courage, drawn upon.
To help defend the country that God has given us.*

*And in return we will defend a faith that's true and just.
Wherever you may wander, by meadow, vale, or down,
In quiet country village, or busy market town.
Little grey old churches around your path you'll see,
Little holy places deep set in history.
Square towers and soaring steeples are seen across our land,
In faith our fathers built them, and still in faith they stand,
Defying Time's rough challenge, and storms that round them rage.
These little grey old churches.
Our English heritage.*

KEATS, JUNIOR.

HOMELAND THOUGHTS

The wearied traveller returning from abroad was sitting in his chair on the deck of the homeward bound cruiser. As the sun gleamed down he drifted into a dream about his homeland, Australia.

Land of picturesque scenery, where rugged mountain ranges rule, and "Ghost Gums" whisper enchanting melodies.

Where deep, dark ravines and giant precipices stand supreme, around which wedge-tailed eagles fly. Here, also, are found the rosella, dingo, and wombat.

In this land of brown soil, through which rippling creeks flow, lined on either side by golden wattle and drooping, whispering willows from the seclusion of which the kingfisher watched for his prey. In such surroundings destruction is easily come by.

The banks around are colourful, scarlet and silver grey banksia contrast with the fresh green grass and mossy grey rocks, but in quiet creeks like this where the platypus hides, the mineral gold, which brings destruction, is found. Above this secluded spot the black crow and magpie dwell, and the merry kookaburra laughs, the air is filled continuously by the calls of the gracious flocks of "karellas, smokers, and red lorries."

Where the sloping valleys and the blue mountains topped with crimson snow silhouette against the azure sky, where red-capped robins sing, then nature alone rules supreme. In the thickly timbered valley, with its heavy undergrowth, the famed bell-bird and lyre-bird allow their glorious voices to peal forth.

Far from the nearby billabong and lagoon the almost extinct "mallee hen" dwells. In the mountainous area hide the yellow and scarlet honey-eaters and superb blue-wren. Here, also, the kangaroos, wallaby, bandicoot, squirrel, and wombat roam unchecked.

But when monsoons come to the "Territory," when the aboriginal is forced to leave his tribal grounds, and the swirling rivers flood, then the flood waters take their toll; or when drought comes and the land is barren, dry, then comes the bushfire, chasing the galah, Major Mitchell, black cockatoo, quail, bower-bird, and many of these graceful birds are killed.

However, in peaceful time, when all the land lies calm and quiet, the broga, sole Australian representative of the crane family, appears, the wild brumbies of the Snowy Mountains gallop, the black swan glides gracefully, majestically, along the rivers. Sparrows, tomtits, butcher birds, all give song to the day. Then does the echidna or porcupine come forth, and the goannas and snakes slither in the undergrowth.

But where the coastline dips away and the soft rolling sea caresses the shores of this great land, there will be found the grey gull, pelican, tropical fish, and coral reef.

He is returning to a great land, the land of The Three Sisters, Blue Mountains, wild bees, sheep, cattle, and wheat, where the beautiful wild flowers perfume the sunny day. Here fine cities and monuments stand in a land of freedom and plenty for all.

On such a glorious day it is no wonder that his heart goes out

to this magnificent country to which he is returning.

RONDA BURKE,
Form 3A.

FORM 5

We have heard the teachers all declare,

That an excellent form 5 is very rare;

*But with joy we hear them say
That we are perfect in every way.*

*Our form teacher, Mr. Cardiff,
Is very fond of us.*

*He dotes on all our essays,
And he never makes a fuss.*

*He teaches us decorum,
And other things like that,*

To prepare us for the big bad world,

Is what he's aiming at.

*We have the sweetest little boys,
They're always most polite.*

*They never whistle at the girls,
They always do what's right.*

*They never, never talk in class,
And never ever fight.*

In fact, they're working very hard,

With a Certificate in sight.

In French we always work so hard,

Our brains just seem to pop.

*In Physics, too, and Chemistry,
We always work non-stop.*

Maths. and History we love to learn,

They are interesting, you see,

Our general knowledge is improved

By Art and Geography.

In fact, we will be very smart,

The teachers all agree.

*We hope that you will not forget
The best Form Five that you*

have met,

*And when you reach Form Five
some day,*

Follow our example in every way.

HELEN GRIEVE,
JUDY BAILEY, Form 5.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA

Where the sapphire waters once lapped daily upon the golden sands of the cultured city of Atlantis, in which people of advanced civilisation walked the wide streets, where love, laugh-

ter, and gaiety once ruled, now roll the deep blue seas.

No longer is the high domed tower of the majestic Cathedral of Jupiter or the Mountains of Venus seen. The Temple of Dianne, with its marble walls no longer stands as a land mark for tourists, but instead the grey blue waters roll on, over the lost city of Atlantis.

Here lie gold-carrying ships wrecked on the pinnacle of immense Venus, around which corals grow, many gaudy fish swim, and treacherous tides rule.

Once the music of the piccolo charmed the beautiful maidens of Atlantis, who were famed for their golden hair and soft blue eyes. But these great, just people and their gracious city were to become another of the many myths of the future.

One glorious afternoon, when the sun was shining down on this imperial city, and the busy people walked in the garden-like streets beneath the immeasurable Mt. Venus, Atlantis shuddered, as with a roar Venus erupted and the magnificent city began to sink into the endless depths of a huge vault-like sea.

Never ceasing, roll the emerald waves and silver foam over the tomb of Atlantis; and the grey white gulls circle over it, calling forth to all the world to heed and remember, the city of Atlantis, which now rests in its mysterious setting beneath the sea

RONDA BURKE,
Form 3A.

SONNET

*Everything
Useful or interesting
Has already
Been said.
So it is
Hardly worth while
Writing anything
For the Mag.
Taking all things
Into consideration,
I have decided
Not to.
Therefore,
I haven't.*

N.D.P.—5.

THE FIRST DAY ASHORE OF A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE

It was a hot, windy day when Don White staggered ashore. He was exhausted after swimming half the night. It was with his last few ounces of strength that he crawled up the tropical beach to the welcome shade of some palm trees. Once there he collapsed into a coma. He lay there for a few hours, motionless, soundless, and hardly breathing. When at last he awoke, he put his hands to his aching head: "So this is what it's like to be shipwrecked," he mused. "I'd much rather have a hangover." His next thought was of his stomach. "Boy, am I hungry!"

He climbed to his feet with the help of a friendly palm tree. He started to walk. At first his legs were weak, but they soon recovered. Some red berries on a bush attracted him. He was about to pop some in his mouth when he remembered that a good number of the berries in this world are poisonous. Reluctantly he tossed them away. With hunger pangs gnawing at him, he continued his way along the beach. By a stroke of good luck he stumbled on a coconut. With a large rock as an anvil, and a stone for a hammer, he broke open the top. As he threw his head back to let the milky fluid pour down his throat, he began to feel dizzy. "Must be the heat," he mumbled,

THE LITTLE THRUSH

*The thrush he whistles long and clear,
A very pleasant song to hear;
He sits on bush or garden tree,
And sings his whistling song to me.*

*But one day the cold winds blew,
Up he rose, and away he flew;
Away from bush and garden tree,
Never again to sing to me.*

N. KEMP, IB.

but he still tottered along the sand.

How far he had travelled he did not know. All the while the dizziness that he had experienced had developed into a fully fledged headache. It also affected his sight and hearing. After a while he lay down, unable to go any further, and fell asleep.

He lay there till almost night-fall. At dusk he awoke, much refreshed, and for the first time that day, in full possession of his senses. "How peaceful it is," he remarked to no one in particular. Having nothing else to do he arose and started walking in the same direction as he had taken earlier that day.

By chance he happened to look at the sky above the trees. He stopped short. There, above the trees, was a light! It was about a mile away, and seemed

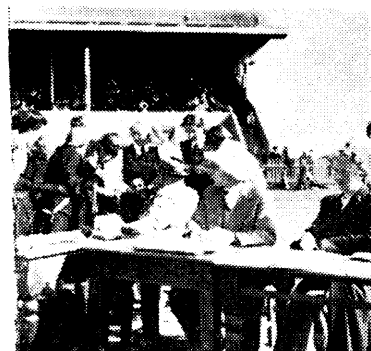
to change colour. Blindly he began to run towards it. Pushing and stumbling over the vegetation that was everywhere, he soon lost sight of the light, but he knew by instinct where it was. As he drew closer he saw other lights and heard sounds. He heard shouts and what seemed to be gunshots. All the time while he was running he was wondering what it all meant, but he could not work it out. Suddenly he came to a clearing, and stopped in awe-struck wonder.

He could not believe his eyes. It was too absurd for words. But there it was—a fun carnival. A carnival, with shooting galleries, hobby-horses, roundabouts, and all the other stalls that go to make a carnival. Not only that, but people, hundreds of them, laughing and shooting in the way people do when having a good time. There were millions of lights. Indeed, the light he had seen first was the tip of the big wheel which had been rotating, thus giving the illusion of changing colour.

Cautiously he walked forward a few paces, tapped a jovial fat man on the shoulder, and said: "What's this?" The man laughed, and replied: "This is Hal's Hilarious Holiday Haven. We've just arrived this afternoon. Come on and enjoy yourself." Which Dan did.

DAVID MUNRO, 4A.

● AT THE HOUSE SPORTS



Do You Remember?

FEBRUARY

2nd—Back to school. Oh, how long some faces were. The weather even suited their misery by raining, but there were many happy faces, too. Everywhere you walked there were new students, and how small they seemed to be.

8th—The first General Assembly was held in the Quad, but only after everyone had marched down the Empress to find it closed.

10th—The first sports day. Some of the new students seemed delighted to find out that they were to have so much time for sport.

24th—A holiday. I think everyone went to see the Queen and Duke arrive in Melbourne. Reports that reached W.H.S. said that our Cadets were the best behaved and most spic and span that lined the route for the Royal Couple.

28th—Girls of the Red Cross and Guides lined the route for the Queen and Duke when they attended Church at St. Paul's.

MARCH

1st—Annual Assembly in the Town Hall, when prefects, house captains, and form captains were presented with their badges.

4th—Another holiday. Girls and boys from our school were in the Children's Display at the M.C.G., which was attended by the Queen and Duke. Once again the Cadets lined the Royal Couple's route.

10th—No work was done today; everyone went to the Footscray Baths for the House Swimming Sports. Congratulations, Dingoes.

16th—Again no work done. This time we went to the Olympic Swimming Pool for the Inter-School Swimming Sports. Although we did not win the

aggregate, we had some fine individual wins.

24th—The boys' Tennis Team got lost on the way to play University High School. It took them all afternoon to even figure out where they were.

APRIL

1st—No need to tell you what day this was. That's right, April Fool's Day. Can you remember some of the tricks played? I'd better not repeat them, else some people might be placed in awkward positions.

Today many people were sad also. The reason? The Royal Couple departed from Melbourne.

22nd—Don't you wish you had carried out that resolution to study this term? Too late—exams. began today.

23rd—The school assembled in the Town Hall for an Anzac Service.

30th—The teachers think that we have a good time on Correction Day, but they are wrong again. How can we have a good time knowing that they hold our fate?

MAY

7th—History was made, Low Tide went to press (well to the duplicating machine) for the first time.

10th—More history made. Low Tide was sold for the first time.

13th—If any of you juniors are still wondering why rooms 11 and 12 were decorated and all the desks moved into the Quad, I'll tell you. It was for the Senior Social. I dare not tell you any more, as it is a secret from you juniors.

14th—Not much work (if any) was done today; everyone was making plans for the holidays.

15th—No school! Holidays!

25th—Gee, those holidays went quickly. Everyone made a new resolution today. "I really am going to study all this term, and not just the night before."

JUNE

1st—Winter came today.

2nd—Box Hill boys paid us a visit. Believe they were delighted to have dinner in the Cooking Centre and be waited on by the girls.

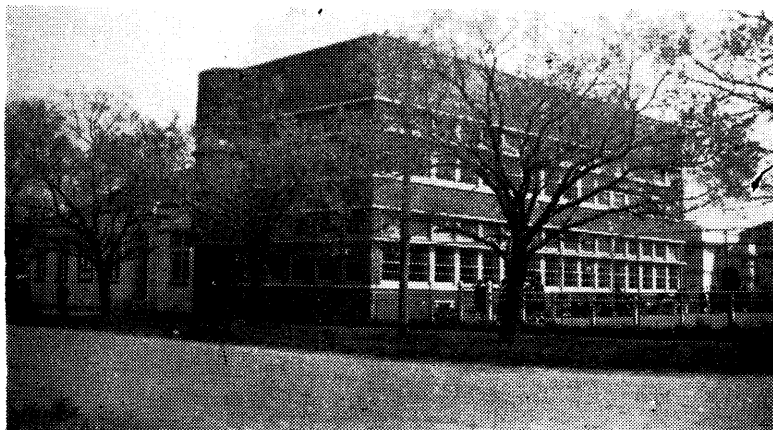
3rd—Did you see them? Someone did. Believe it or not—flying saucers over the school.

16th—Inter - School winter sports began today.

17th—We sadly said goodbye to a very nice person in Miss Maxton. Miss Maxton left our school to teach in another part of Australia.

23rd—Our newly formed Soccer team won its first match. Good work, fellers.

WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL.



JULY

5th—The school looked extremely tidy this morning. Yes, the Inspectors were expected.

6th—They arrived all right.

7th—I think that they must like our school, don't you?

8th—Everything back to normal. Inspectors did not return.

AUGUST

3rd—Mr. Crowl was seen on the top of the "New" building fixing a barometer there. Many Form 5 Chem. students were seen waiting patiently for him to fall off—they had no luck.

5th—Oh, no! What happened to those resolutions? Exams. again.

9th—Forms 1 and 2 finished their exams. today.

10th—Forms 4 and 5 breathed a sigh of relief as they finished theirs also.

11th—The Cross Country Run was held today. Such a pity that girls are not allowed to attend this event, we are sure that our legs get pulled.

13th—A holiday, Correction Day.

17th—Form 5 had a psychology test. We would tell you what it was about if we knew.

The Cadets left for Mildura.

19th—Parents' Day. There were hundreds of parents at the school today.

20th—Low Tide was sold today. This term Low Tide was edited in three days. In the afternoon the school went to "Queen in Australia" at the Shore Theatre.

24th—The best laugh of the year, the Staff v. Students at basketball. Did you see the Staff hand the Students dry buns at half-time? I guess they hoped to fill them up and so slow them down. When you could stop laughing long enough to watch the play, it was quite good considering —

25th—Cadets' train was 18 hours late, and only a couple of dozen could stay awake long enough to go to the Senior Social. I believe that they had had no sleep for forty hours.

26th—Boys v. Girls at Softball and Hockey. Well, the boys are

supposed to be the stronger sex, aren't they?

29th—Holidays for ten glorious days.

31st—Were you at school at 7.30 a.m.? No? Well, if you had been you would have seen 31 happy girls climbing into a big Parlorcar ready to go to Bright for the holidays.

SEPTEMBER

5th—The girls from Bright arrived home tired and dirty, but very happy. I believe they are the friendly type, especially towards boys who attend the Box Hill High School.

7th—The last term began today, and more good (?) resolutions were made.

21st—The boys from Box Hill High had a return Social for the Bright Girls. Ask any of the third formers if they had a good time. They will probably answer not good, superb.

29th—The House Athletic Sports at the Williamstown Cricket Ground today. It was a perfect day, and the sports were run smoothly. The highlight of the afternoon was the marching event, which was won by Wombats and Koalas. The R.A.A.F. Band gave several items during the afternoon, and also played for the marching event.

Congratulations, Wombats, on your fine win.

30th—Another holiday, this time it was Show Day.

OCTOBER

18th—Oh, what a disappointing day. Fancy the Combined Sports being postponed just for a trickle of rain.

25th—Oh, no! Everything happens to us. Last year the cross-country run was postponed twice, the Combined Athletics once, and now this year the Combined Athletics twice. Oh well, all we can do is wait for the rain to stop. Did you see the Girl Prefects sailing boats around their Pavilion at dinner hour in the rain?

29th—Did you know that while you were milling around in the Quad. waiting for Neil Harvey to appear and give you his auto-

graph he was having afternoon tea in the Ladies' Staff Room?

NOVEMBER

2nd—Cup day holiday was welcomed by all.

3rd—Congratulations to Elizabeth Dickson, Judith Bennets, Elizabeth Leek, Lynette Middleton, Noel Glover, Sandra Currie, who were successful in winning Nursing Bursaries. Staff photo was taken by Flora McIvor. Mr. Kent was heard to remark as he was focusing his camera, "They are worse than children!"

4th—At last after two disappointments our Sports were held at Carlton, and weren't they worth waiting for?

10th—Mannequin parade for the Senior Forms. Boys, don't you wish you could have attended?

11th—Armistice Day: Our two minutes silence was held in the Quad. after Mr. Brook had reminded us of the reason for remembering Armistice Day.

18th—"Hail, horrors, hail" Yes, they are upon us again, Exams.

26th—Correction Day holiday — marks soon.

DECEMBER

1st and 2nd—The Gilbert and Sullivan Society gave their performance of H.M.S. PINAFORE. It was a very good performance which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

6th—Last minute preparations were made for the evening. The most important night of the year, Speech Night.

8th—Speech Afternoon for Forms 1 and 2. It's their turn to receive Honour Cards amid cheers of proud parents.

17th—Students returned from their part-time jobs to receive their reports.

To those leaving our High School today, we give all our best wishes for success in their chosen careers, and to those returning to add to their already abundant knowledge in 1955, we wish them to have as happy a tie here as we ancient Fifth Formers have had during our stay at Williamstown High School.

J.F.B.