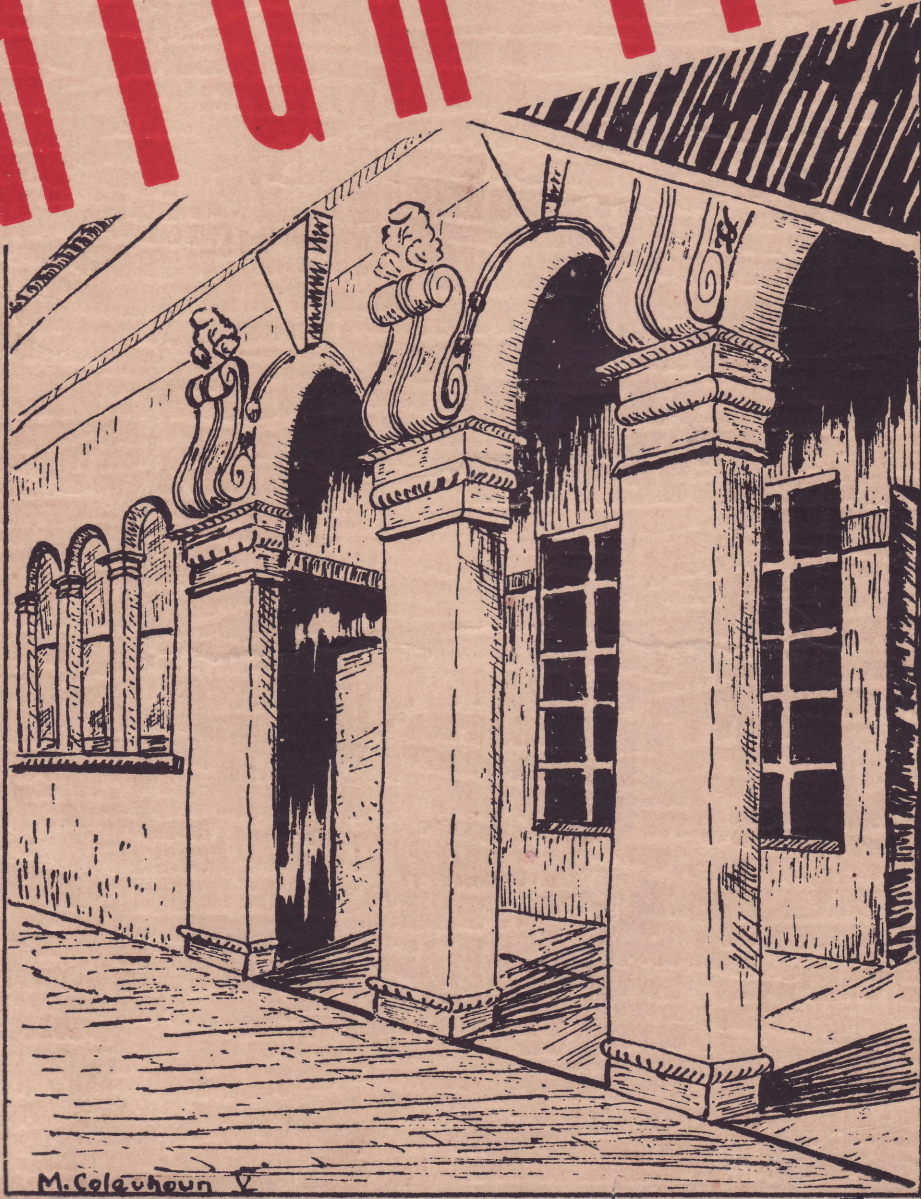


HIGHTIDE



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HIGH TIDE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL
December, 1955

Head Master: Mr. C. E. BROOK, M.A., Dip.Ed.
Senior Master: Mr. F. ALEXANDER, M.A., Dip.Ed.
Senior Mistress: Miss A. B. BOARDMAN, M.A., B.Ed., L.Mus.

Advisory Council

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Cr. E. S. Loft, Cr. H. J. McIvor, Cr. R. A. Ducrow,, Mr. J. C. Cole, Mr. J. L. Mather,
Cr. J. T. Gray, Cr. W. L. Floyd, M.L.A., Mr. S. Crocker, Mr. C. E. Brook (Sect.).

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Mr. C. K. McDonald, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
Mr. B. A. Halloran, B.A., Dip.Ed.
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Mr. R. Mullins, B.A., B.Com., F.I.C.S.
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Mr. E. Kassimates, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
Mr. A. Ronay, B.A., LL.B., T.T.C.
Mr. J. Sime
Mr. E. A. Grieve (Caretaker).

Prefects

Kath. White, Janet Colley, Carol McIntyre, Marion Homes, Beth Leek, Kay Fitzgerald,
Gloria Davies, June Martin, Adrienne Cordell, Pam Tolliday, Sandra Currie, Marlene Hyde,
Keith Smith, Michael Barraclough, Brian Smith, Lindsay Swalwell, Robert Hewitt, Jim
Stronell, Colin Schulz, John Heriot, Peter Lalor, William McCullagh.

House Captains

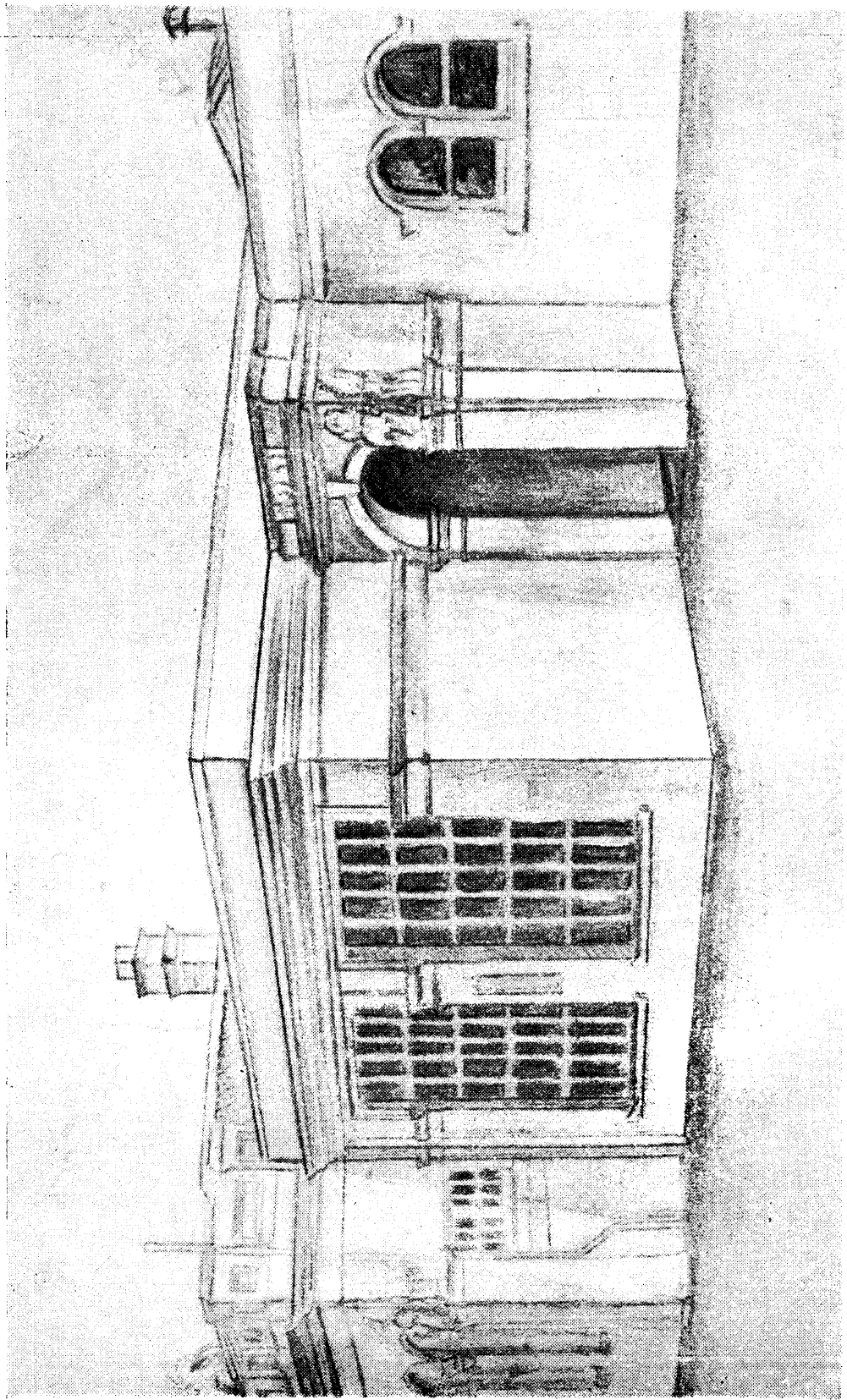
DINGOES	Leonie McIntyre	Neville Wallace
KOALAS	Lynette McGregor	Ron Arthur
POSSUMS	Judith Johnson	Noel Michael
WOMBATS	Jan Klemm	Jim Hudson

Form Captains

V . . . Judith Bennetts	David Munro	IIIf .	Richard Bolte
IVa . Noela Collins	Brian White	IIa . Valerie Wall	James Stewart
IVb . Pat Davies	Bruce Ewen	IIb . Jan Treanoar	Ken Barnes
IVc . Margaret MacRae		IIc . Mayoui Barlow	Alan Clements
IVd . Heather Bradshaw	Graeme Blackburn	IId . Coral Wesker	Donald Donies
IIIa . Leslie McComish	Charles Paton	Ia . Barbara Woods	Neville Woolnough
IIIb . Leslie Martin	Peter Hutchinson	Ib . Jennifer Cox	George Grouias
IIIc . Vivian Owens		Ic . . . Susanne McCombie	Melvyn Schofield
IIId . Heather Turner	Lyle McConnell	Id . . Bronwin Foulkes	John Menzies
IIIf . Judith Whiteford			

Magazine Staff

Marilyn Johnson (Ed.) Mary Hoskin, Judith Bennetts, Rae Dundon, Anne Campbell, Nola
Leopold, Keith Smith, Michael Barraclough, David Munro, Alan Stevenson, William McCullagh,
John Hunt.



Editorial

1955 — What did this year mean to you?

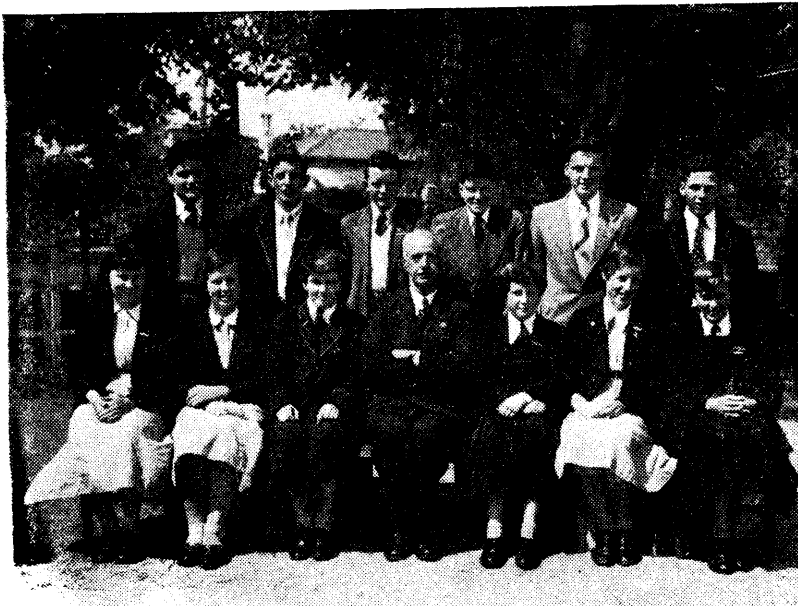
To some of us it meant the exciting beginning of high school life; to others it meant the end of schooldays, and the joy of their fellowship; for some the year was one of great achievement in sport or scholarship; but for everybody 1955 was a happy school year, full of varied interests. And once again "High Tide" comes in with the treasure trove of the year, the flotsam and jetsam cast up on our shore. Some of our gems may be trifling, but we trust that, in time to come, they will still arouse in our hearts the memory of the joy we had when at "The Best School of All."

In the body of a school everyone must play a part. From the highest to the lowest, from the headmaster to the most junior first-former, parents, staff and pupils must all work together if our school is to be the place we would want it to be. This we all know, but do we ever pause to ask ourselves if we are all doing our share?

Early next year our Principal, Mr. Brook, is leaving us. The Magazine Committee take this opportunity of extending to him our best wishes for the future, and thanking him for his help in the past.

We are indebted to Mr. Hughes, our staff advisor, and Mr. Kent, who helped with "Low Tide" and took the photographs for "High Tide." Our thanks go also to those budding writers, poets and artists whose work made the publication of this magazine possible. To those who were not successful, we say, "Thank you," and "Try again."

School has improved tremendously since Williamstown High School's first magazine was published in 1921. In the same way, we believe that "High Tide," which mirrors to others the standards we uphold, will keep on improving. At all events, we sincerely hope that this volume will be enjoyed by all, or perhaps criticised with the aim of a better publication next year.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

BACK ROW: William McCullagh, Keith Smith, Alan Stevenson, John Hunt, David Munro, Michael Barraclough.
FRONT ROW: Anne Campbell, Rae Dundon, Nola Leopold, Mr. Hughes, Marilyn Johnson (editor), Judith Bennetts, Mary Hoskin.

Head-Master's Report

As this is the last time that I shall have the privilege of writing this column for "High Tide," it is natural that I should look back over the nine years during which I have been Head Master, and consider some of the improvements that have been made during that period, and also those that still remain to be completed in the future.

The new brick wing was completed about the middle of 1947, and two of the old wooden buildings that had served as class rooms for many years were removed. The addition of the six new class rooms permitted the establishment of a school library in Room 5. The book shelves were constructed and fixed in position by members of the staff, and the furniture was purchased from school funds. Each year new books to the value of £120 have been added, and the library now contains a large and valuable collection of reference books.

In 1948 the Parents' Committee was established, and their first work was the furnishing and equipping of the rest room. The school magazine, which was not published during the war years, reappeared in 1949 under the editorship of Mr. Cardiff. Gradually the new steel lockers replaced the old wooden ones which had been in continuous use since the school opened and many of the old desks have been exchanged for a newer and more comfortable model.

The presentation to the school of a sound projector by the Ex-Students' Association enabled the establishment of a Visual Education Centre, and this is now completely furnished and equipped with a ventilating fan so that full use can be made of the large library of films especially prepared to supplement class teaching.

Some improvements have been made, but there is much more to be done before the school can be regarded as modern and complete. The essential requirements are an assembly hall, a fully equipped craft and needlework centre, and a larger and more comfortable staff room for the men. For years the School Council have been requesting these improvements, but without success.

As these additions are necessary for the efficient working of the school, it is therefore the duty of all interested in its welfare to continue agitating for these improvements, particularly the assembly hall in which students can meet together and feel that they are really a part of the school community.



The Parents' Committee, since its establishment in 1948 has worked enthusiastically for the improvement of the school, and has supplied much equipment both for the class rooms and for sport. I sincerely appreciate the opportunities they have given me at their meetings for discussing school organisation and routine, and thus creating a spirit of co-operation between parents and members of the staff.

The Ex-Students' Association have consistently demonstrated that they are always interested in the welfare of the school, and have been willing helpers in all school activities, and the desk in the Head Master's office will be a constant reminder of their generosity. They have carried the school traditions into all branches of the professions and of industry, and their achievements in the academic world, in the realm of sport, and the social services, have

brought honor to themselves and to the school.

The nine years at the Williamstown High School have been happy ones for me, and I wish to express my gratitude for the loyalty, co-operation, and assistance that I have received from the members of the School Council, the parents, the members of the staff, and the students. Next year I shall leave the school with regret, but I shall hand it to the new Head Master with the greatest confidence, for I know that you all will give him that loyalty and co-operation that I feel you have given me, and that through this loyalty and co-operation the school, remaining true to its traditions, will continue to hold the respect and confidence of all members of the community and be to them "The Best School of All."



STAFF

BACK ROW (from left to right): R. Everett, R. Mullins, E. Evans, W. Mepham, G. Bullen, K. Senior, T. Walsh, J. Bradshaw, L. Archer.

MIDDLE: T. Kent, F. Farmer, G. Crowl, I. Moore, E. Johnson, A. Ronay, B. Halloran, E. Kassimates, G. Wilson, C. McDonald, C. Hughes.

FRONT: Mrs. Wadds, Miss Bates, Miss Woollard, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Brookes, Miss Boardman, Miss Orr, Miss Tierney, Miss Killeen, Miss Turner.

OUR PREFECTS (GIRLS)

Hey you, where's my cosh?

This pleasantly spoken statement, often heard in the sacred domain of the most reverend of most reverends, usually starts off the prefects' happy and carefree day.

Tracking down wild animals is nothing compared with our joyous activities. Have you ever chased wild buffalo across the Zambesi plains? Well, it gives you much the same sensation when you try to catch a whole mob of misguided juniors gambolling gaily across the quadrangle.

A prefect's work is never done. Was it Shakespeare who uttered those words? If so he put it in a nutshell. What with telling ghastly children to: "Excuse me, child, but would you mind putting your hat on please?" and of course, "I say, old fellow, you're eating in the street!" Well, it's enough to turn anyone off their ballet lessons.

Of course, there's the beehive activity inside the pav., especially when the siren goes. There's a mad rush for books, comics, guns, etc. Nobody's life is safe. Prefects' mangled bodies lie in heaps under the tables, in lockers and up chimneys.

There is a serious side to our humdrum existence, even if it isn't apparent to the common viewer. We have all put our best foot forward (and tripped over it in the process). Our organisation of various

PREFECTS

BACK ROW: C. Schultz, B. Lalor, J. Stronell, R. Hewitt, B. Smith, J. Heriot.

CENTRE ROW: S. Currie, P. Tolliday, G. Davis, K. Fitzgerald, J. Martin, B. Leek, A. Cordell, M. Hyde.

FRONT ROW: W. McCullagh, L. Swallowell, M. Barraclough, K. Smith (head prefect), Mr. Brook, Miss Boardman, K. White (head prefect), J. Colley, C. McIntyre, M. Homies.

doings has been something to marvel at.

But if it hadn't been for Kath., where would we have been? I must ask the Press to refrain from making any comments.

Gloria

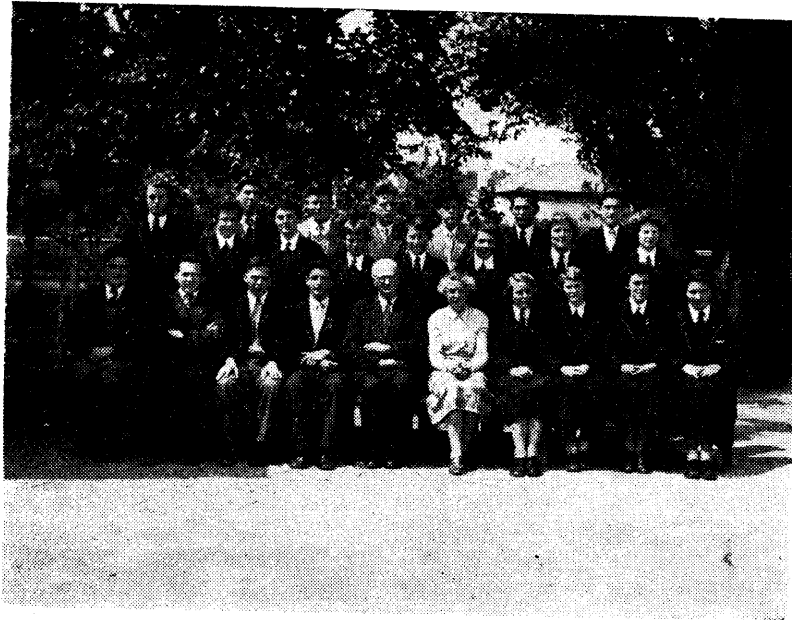
THE PREFECTS (BOYS)

This year the boy prefects under their skipper, Keith Smith, have put in a hard-working (?) year. Room 21 has again been "The Den," although in future there could be a move to the girls' ex-sports store.

It has not been an eventful year although at one time everybody developed a "crush" on female film-stars and their photographs adorned the door of the cupboard. Then it was a struggle to get to one's locker as all the 5th form and a few others would crowd around to view their favorites.

It has been a musical year, for during recess and lunch-time one may have heard certain Pre's practising their Gilbert and Sullivan score, their theme song, "Alexander's rag-time band" or the latest hit tunes.

Still, the Prefects have had a good year, the boys on the whole being co-operative, and we would like to thank Keith for the good year he has put in, keeping the rest of us in order and up to the mark.



News of Ex-Students

WEDDING BELLS

Gwen Lee (head prefect, 1950) will marry Alton Ezzy on December 3rd, 1955. Ian Ritchie (1946-49) to Maureen Heinze; Margaret Dickson (1946-1950, prefect) was married in October this year. Margaret Allen (1944-1948) and Ray Smith (1945-49) were married early this year. Marie Becroft (school secretary) to Evan Erickson in March. Ken Smith (president W.H.S.E.A. in 1952) to Eunice Nicholls in August. Judith McLeod (1948-51) to Stan Jessup in November. Mavis Govan (1946-49) to Hugh Jack in October. Joy Ednie and Maurice Martin in September. Bob Weate and Margaret Walker in April. Sandra Tucker (1947-50) will marry Reg McPherson in February. Barbara Parker (1945-49, prefect) to Jack Littleington early this year. Judith Bates (1943-47, prefect) to Reg. Jones. Ivy Fisher to Ted Murly (prefect, 1949, and president 1953) early next year. Bob Bell to Margaret Morrison in April.

ENGAGEMENTS

Barbara Parkinson (1947-1951, prefect) to Graham Thomas (1946-47); Beth Fraser (1944-48) to Graham Pratt; Maureen Owens (school pianist 1951) to Fred Olsen; Beth Masters (1947-50, Koala house captain) to Eddie Ireland; Margaret Burns (1946-49) to Geoff Boyes (1946-7); Val Weate (1947-51, prefect) to Ron Henderson (head prefect, 1950); Margaret Colley (1947-51, prefect) to Earl Lindholm; Beth Fraser (1949-52) to Bob Hewett; Dorothy Baker (1946-49) to Ivan Northage; Gloria Robertson (1949-52) to Geoff Henderson; Aileen Schultz (1950-52) to Robert Dreever; Alan Ritchie to Rose Clanfield; Lesley O'Brien (1948-51) to Peter Higgins; Bert McKee (1949-50) to Doreen.

Others half-way to the altar are June Smiddy, Pauline Becroft, Shirley Jenkins, June Harris, Alex Copland, Betty Allen, Lorraine Tyley, Thelma Ditchburn, Joyce Aitken, Marjorie Mattinson, Beverley Mathews.

CAREERS

Margaret Ashworth (1946-49) is a Radiographer at Queen Vic.; Barbara Parkinson (1947-51, prefect) is an X-ray therapy Technician at the Melbourne Cancer Institute; Shirley Jenkins (1947-51) is working in the Forestry Section of C.S.I.R.O.; Barrie Knights (1947-51) is a member of Junior Symphony Orchestra; Dr. Cyril Curtain, president 1951 and an Exie bulwalk, has returned from England where he furthered his studies at Cambridge; Phil Weate, president 1949-50 and producer of the first review is now financial Editor of the Argus—ten years since leaving W.H.S..

Dozens of Exies now have the education of future ex-students in their care. Those from 1953 and 1954 who are at Teachers' College are Roy Coram, Mabel Paterson, Shirley Binney, Margaret Colquhoun, Alan Hogg, Brian Hogan, Anita Bridge, Douglas Henderson, Douglas Massey, Bill Hodge, Doug Nicholson, Wendy Cations, Beth Halbert, Brenda Corstorphine, Lenice Trask, Betty Biddick, Alan Hewett, Frank Hindley.

Those already in the field include Dawn Hobill, Gladys Hope, Claire Foster, Kath Morgan, Joan Raecke, Barbara Clark, Margaret Colley, Jacqueline Ewart, Valerie Weate, Wilma Bock, Hilda Taylor, Evelyn Phillips, Margaret Strang, Gwenda Stephenson, Barry Boettcher, Ron Henderson, Alex Carter, Don Paterson and others too widespread to keep in touch.

Ex-students now in the commercial world include Anne Gibbon, Janice Pritchard, Beth Masters, Lois Cobbin, June Baglin, Beryl Swalwell, Margaret Wegner.

Furthering their studies at the University are Don Hewett, Eunice Williamson, George Swalwell, Clive Bennetts, Jeanette Brown.

Nursing: Jill Crandell, June Harris, Fay Eudey, Kay Head, Aileen Pierce, Jean Becroft, Judith Stone, Mary Chapman, Beverley Shaw, Pat Moyes.

Peter Hearndon (1946-50, prefect) is going to Malaya for a year to resume active duties with the R.A.A.F.

EXIES' EXPLOITS

It has come to our ears that there exist some uninitiated pupils at W.H.S. who know little or nothing of the Williamstown High School Ex-students' Association! This must be remedied!

This noble and respected organisation first came into being in 1923 when W.H.S. was just eight years old. Although there have been many ups and downs the Ex-students have never gone into recess; this makes ours the oldest High School Ex-students' Association—33 continuous years.

There is no limit to the functions we have run and are capable of running. Some highlights of these have been Reunion, New Year's Eve, and Cup Eve Balls, the Williamstown Industrial Exhibition, a Hobbies Exhibition and more recently the Revues. As well as these big events, there are countless dances, hikes, picnics, theatre nights and the like. You've said it—never a dull moment with the Exies.

During the last eighteen months we have held a "Back to School" dance and several ordinary dances, eleven theatre nights (both to local and city shows) a sports weekend at Pt. Lonsdale, a progressive supper, and hikes on most public holidays. At the end of last year we had our annual Christmas Dance where new ex-students are generally welcomed for the first time. This event is always a tremendous success, and we hope you who are leaving school this year will come along to the Footscray Town Hall on December 23rd, and let us meet you all.

With the proceeds from all these functions we try to help your school as much as possible. The projector, which we hope gets a lot of use, was donated by us about five years ago. Since then cheques have been presented to Mr. Brook at most Speech Nights, and last year we gave the desk which now stands in the office and is in constant use.

Then we have the sporting sub-groups of the association. Last year there was a band of swarthy young men known as the basketball team. Due to various reasons they could not continue, but with you people

coming in with us, it could be revived next year. Our very active Hockey Club had an extremely successful year, as you will see when you read that report. There are also ex-students' girls' basketball teams. Tennis matches have been played against Mordialloc and Essendon Exies so that sport is catered for too.

The Williamstown Film Society was originally the W.H.S.E.A. Film Group, but has now joined in with the Arts Council. However, it is run by ex-students and we have the use of the school projector and projection room for the regular screenings. Many excellent films are shown at these nights, and there are even some we have made ourselves. (No comment, please!)

The future of our association is in the hands of those students still at school and those about to leave. Do not sever all ties with "The Best School of All" and the friends you have made. Meet them regularly in the fun and friendliness of our functions. Come along to our Christmas Dance on December 23rd, and then bring your ideas, suggestions and needs to the Annual Meeting on February 10th, 1956, in room 20. Here you have the opportunity of electing those you want on the committee to do your work for you, and give you what you want. So, all of you, when the time comes, please support our Williamstown High School Ex-students' Association.

Val Weate, Sec. W.H.S.E.A.

Results

CERTIFICATE RESULTS INTERMEDIATE

Passed in nine subjects: Lynette Allaway, Douglas Anderson, Marjorie Anstee, Judith Bennetts, Marlene Bladon, Joy Blyth, Janet Colley, Gloria Davies, Rae Dundon, Margaret Fischer, Kay Fitzgerald, Alan Gillespie, Robert Hewitt, Marion Homes, Robert Hood, Mary Hoskin, Marilyn Johnson, Beverley Lambie, Beth Leek, John Marsaus, Alan McClurkin, Pamela McKeown, John McLachlan, Noel Michael, Beverly Pearse, Sandra Shaw, Nancy Smith, Keith Smith,

Margaret Stewart, Alan Stevenson, James Stronell, Lindsay Swalwell, Neville Wallace, Janice Williamson.

Passed in eight subjects: Elizabeth Barclay, Michael Barraclough, John Burnett, Robert Greig, Ian Haskell, Margaret Jamieson, Rudolf Kaminsky, June Martin, Gillian Monaghan, David Munro, Graeme Pearson, Noreen Rowe, Eugene Romansky, Yvonne Shaw, Barry Smart, Brian Smith, Elaine Tillotson, Peter Wilson, Nanette Wise.

Passed in seven subjects: Beverly Best, Randolph Belt, Glenda Bult, Lucille Cochaud, Judith Ellis, Ross Harvey, Rae Harris, William Jarrad, Alfred Martin, Margaret Mayer, Keith Hodgson, Jacquelyn Payne, Barbara Phillips, Dorothy Phillips, Geradi Romansky, Fionna Smith, Gary Titter.

Passed in six subjects: Keith Claughton, Alan Dodson, Trevor Glynn, Beverly Mathias, Ivo Meier, Francis Speechley, Saronas Urbonas, Deanna Walkerden.

LEAVING

Passed in six subjects: Ronald Amor, Robert Anderson, Edith Atkinson, Judith Bailey, Elizabeth Biddick, Geoffrey Bird, Anastasia Bortnyk, Murray Bouchier, Judith Bridge, Neil Bucher, Wendy Cations, Margaret Colquhoun, Brian Dann, Brian Edwards, Thomas Ferris, Jack Greig, Helen Grieve, Dorothy Gullock, Barry Hardman, Alan Harris, Dorothy Hope, Thelma Hope, Kenneth Jones, Judith Kent, John Lloyd, Julius Markovic, Beverly Mallet, Peter McConville, Donald McLeod, Flora McIvor, Richard Minns, Graeme Murdock, Alastair Parkin, Jack Piggott, Diane Skinner, Beverly Thomas, Kathleen Trace, Darrell Turner, Wendy Ustick, Lambert Van Loon.

Passed in five subjects: Jean Becroft, Frank Granger, Peter Gropel, Gordon Harland, William Hocking, Charles McCready, Lillian Morgan, Tatiana Pavloff, Margaret Robinson.

Passed in four subjects: John Gillespie, Alan Hewitt, Ronald Matthews, James McConville, Kenneth Stewart.

SCHOLARSHIP HOLDERS—1955

Teaching Bursaries: Leaving — Michael

Barraclough, Marlene Bladon, Kay Fitzgerald, Marilyn Johnson, Beverley Lambie, June Martin, Pamela McKeown, Noreen Rowe, Sandra Shaw, Alan Stevenson, Kathleen White, Janice Williamson.

Matriculation — Edith Atkinson, Jack Greig, Dorothy Gullock, Dorothy Hope, Peter McConville, Flora McIvor, Alastair Parkin, Jack Piggott.

Primary Studentship — Burwood: John Shermen; **Toorak:** Alan Hewitt, Graeme Murdock, Douglas Nicholson, Mabel Pateron; **Arts and Crafts:** Margaret Colquhoun.

Nursing Bursaries: Judith Bennetts, Elizabeth Leek, Sandra Currie, Noel Glover, Lynette Middleton.

Bank Bursaries: Douglas Anderson, Ross Anderson.

Ex-students: Douglas Anderson, Janet Colley, Mary Hoskin.

Australian Consolidated Industries: Robert Hood, Robert Hewitt.

City of Williamstown: Gloria Davies, Robert Greig, Rudolf Kaminski, David Munro, Barry Smart, Brian Smith, Neville Wallace, Peter Wilson, Marion Brown, Nola Leopold, Peter Bond, Yanis Marsaus, Valerie Loft, Dianne Williams, Graeme Rogers, Joy Pedler, Noel Michael.

Junior Scholarships: David Berry, Adrienne Cordell, Valerie Fathers, Kay Fitzgerald, Ralph Forrester, Russel Garnsworthy, Marion Homes, Marilyn Johnson, Diethard Kottek, Nancy Kroezen, Lesley McComish, William McCullagh, Jeff McLeod, William Pheffy, Keith Smith, Lindsay Swalwell, Janice Self, Kathleen White.

Free Place: Barbara Arnold, Judith Bennetts, Owen Calvert, Andrew Cikalov, Nola Collins, Sandra Currie, Rae Dundon, Robin Garnsworthy, Isobel Healey, John Hunt, Yvonne Helms, Graham Miles, Marlene Hyde, Peter Mayer, John McConville, Eunice McCoubrie, Susan Page, Peter Phillips, Fay Rawley, Colin Schulz, Sandra Shaw, Lorraine Smith, Valerie Stephens, James Stronell, Thomas Webb, Geoffrey Nicholls.

City of Footscray: Beverley Pearce, Brigita Majerovskis, Graeme Pearson, Dawn Murrie, Geoffrey Harry.

House Notes

DINGO HOUSE NOTES (GIRLS)

Dingo girls have completed a very successful year under the leadership of Leonie McIntyre and her helper Mary Hoskin and with Miss Bates as House-Mistress. Coming second in the house swimming sports proved to be an incentive to the girls to try even harder and they got their reward by winning the basketball, tennis and hockey honours and being runners-up in the softball. At the house athletic sports, Dingo girls proved their superiority by easily winning.

Congratulations, Dingo girls, on a fine year of work.

R.D.

DINGO HOUSE NOTES (BOYS)

This year under the capable leadership of Neville Wallace, who was assisted by J. Stronell and R. Smith, Dingo boys have completed a very successful year. We started the year off well by winning the swimming sports at Footscray. At this juncture we would like to thank Mr. Moore for coaching our swimming competitors.

Our tennis team is doing very well and is at present leading the competition. The cricket has not yet been finalised and is very close at present.

In the winter sports Dingo boys fielded a very strong 1st football team but owing to the large numbers turning up at sport (?) our 2nds did not do so well. But this, and the fact that a number of Dingo boys represented the school teams did not stop us from winning the football.

Winning the athletic sports was another praiseworthy performance by Dingo boys. A much better marching performance than other years gained 2nd place.

We would like to congratulate all boys who played in the various sports for such a praiseworthy performance. To our House-masters Mr. Walsh and Mr. Moore on behalf of the house I would like to thank you for your valuable assistance during the year.

KOALA HOUSE NOTES (GIRLS)

Koala girls again performed creditably during this year. This was due mainly to the untiring efforts of Lynette Macgregor, our House-Captain, Marilyn Johnson our Vice-Captain, and Miss Tierney, our House-Mistress.

In the first major sporting event of the year, the swimming sports, we gained first place which was a fine performance. We also did quite well in the inter-house team matches, coming first in softball, second in basketball, third in tennis and fourth in hockey.

Koala girls came a close second to Dingo girls in the athletic sports. Many points gained were from team events. Surprisingly the old women (the open age group) won the basketball passing and the relay.

Many Koala girls represented the school in inter-school matches, the combined schools' swimming and athletic sports. Koalas had six representatives in the two basketball teams.

We would like to thank Lynette and Marilyn and all other helpers for their hard work and encouragement they gave us.

S. Shaw.

KOALA HOUSE NOTES (BOYS)

This year Mr. Senior was our new House Master. Ron Arthur was elected as House Captain and Anthony Docker vice Captain.

The house was not very successful in football but had these boys to represent the school:—Seniors: Ewen, Docker and Arthur. Juniors: Beamish, Windsor, Keeble, Hollingworth.

With the lack of senior boys we only managed to get third in the grand total of the swimming and fourth in the Athletic sports.

The cricket season started off very poorly but with the co-operation of all the boys we won the last two matches of the season. Anderson made 64 in one match and 36 in another. Although not very successful we all managed to do our best.

POSSUM HOUSE (GIRLS)

For we're the Possums, the Possums,
 We're looking for the rep,
 Just because we've got the pep,
 We are the Possums, the Possums,
 That is the House for me.

Hurrah!

Under the guidance of our House Captain Judith Johnston and her vice Fionna Smith, Possums have finished a good year of sport.

At the first sporting event of the year, the swimming sports, Possum girls did not do outstandingly well, but with the strength of the Possum boys we managed to obtain second place in the aggregate. The outstanding swimmers being Judith Johnston and Eva Didzy.

Many thanks go to our captain for the work and time she put in to train the girls. The house was represented in the combined sports by Eva Didzy, Anne Chaplain, Trudy Kuglar.

In the athletic sports, Possums again fought well. The individual runners were excellent but our relays were weak, but with the help of the boys we were again able to obtain second place in the aggregate. The best runners being, Marion Clark, Valda Watson, Rosalind Pattinson.

Finally, our thanks go to everyone, especially Mrs. Orr our House Mistress, our House Captain and our vice (who kept the girls quiet during House assembly) who made 1955 a good and happy year for Possums.

POSSUM HOUSE NOTES (BOYS)

One thing must be said of Possum boys. They have spirit. A casual observation around room 6 during house assembly time will prove this. Our rousing song has been often known to raise the roof and strike terror into the hearts of our closet rivals—the Dingoes.

Despite the inspiring leadership of our captain Noel "Mick" Michael, our house-masters, Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Mullins, we didn't do as well as expected. That is, we were not outright winners in every competition. However we did come 2nd in both

the swimming and athletic sports, and at present are trying for first place in the cricket. We have been very well represented in school teams and three of our boys were lucky enough to be elected captain of their respective school teams. They were—R. Hewitt, swimming; N. Michael, cricket; J. Heriot, football.

The best performances through the year were made by B. Smith, D. Munro (athletics), R. Hewitt, D. Briggs, G. Bird (swimming), N. Michael, J. Heriot (cricket).

WOMBAT HOUSE NOTES (GIRLS)

Led by Jan Klemm, Irene Conway, and enthusiastically and ably assisted by our House Master, Mr. Hughes, Wombats have fought many battles—losing many and winning only a few.

At the house swimming sports, although we practised hard the girls only claimed fourth place in their section. Our tennis and hoekey teams came second while our basketballers and softball teams came fourth in the inter-house matches.

In spite of hard practising in our team and individual events we, with many attacks of nerves, did not get very far in the house athletic sports. Wombats although they did not come last came next to it with third.

Wombat girls were well represented at the combined schools athletic and swimming sports and in the school teams.

The girls wish to thank their leaders for the hard work which they have put into trying to make us successful during 1955.

"Carry on Wombats."

J.B.

WOMBAT HOUSE NOTES (BOYS)

Under the leadership of House Captain Jim Hudson, Vice-Captain Garry Titter, House Master Mr. MacDonald, Wombat boys had a fairly successful year.

At the time when this was written, Wombats were second in the boys' tennis, equal first in the cricket, and third in the football.

Although Wombat boys did not do so well in either the swimming sports or the athletic sports (finishing 3rd in both) we

were well represented in the school teams, providing five of the eleven hockey players, four of the eight in the tennis team and five of the eleven in the soccer team. Wombats were also well represented in the cricket, football, lacrosse and baseball teams.

Wombats also provided the vice-captain

of the lacrosse team, captain and captain of the school tennis team, and vice-captain of the school soccer and vice-captain of the two cricket teams, captain of the baseball team, and captain of school hockey team.

A. Stevenson, Form V

HOUSE CAPTAINS

BACK: N. Wallace (D.),
R. Arthur (K.), N. Michael
(P.), J. Hudson (W).

FRONT: L. McIntyre (D.),
L. McGregor (K.), J. Johnson
(P.), J. Klem (W).



Sports

TENNIS TEAM

The girls' tennis team played four matches this year, and were defeated in all of them. The closest match being that against Coburg in which we lost by 1 game, the scores being 20-21.

Against Essendon we scored 25 games to their 35, and were a long way behind MacRobertson's Girls' High, and University High, who beat us 40-15 and 40-12 respectively.

We all enjoyed these matches very much and free entertainment was provided for us by the antics of our captain Gloria Davies.

The players were grouped thus:

First — Gloria Davies, Carrol MacIntyre

Second — Marion Clark, Pat Taggart.

Third — Sandra Phillips, Fay Filsen.

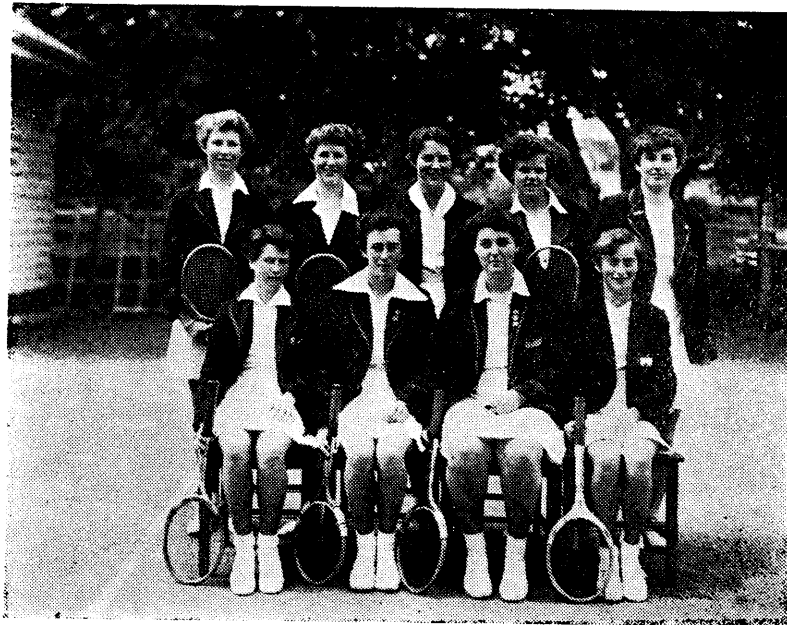
Fourth — Valerie Fathers, Nola Leopold

Fay Filsen and Sandra Phillips proved to be a very good combination, winning all the matches they played together. When Fay left halfway through the year Nola Leopold went up to play with Sandra, and Lexia Bryant came in to play with Valerie Fathers. Mamie Simpson was emergency.

Nola Leopold.

TENNIS TEAM

BACK ROW (right to left): N. Leopold, L. Bryant, M. Clarke, M. Simpson, U. Fathers.
(Seated) P. Taggart, G. Davies, C. McIntyre, S. Phillips.

**SENIOR BASKETBALL**

Owing to an alteration in the arrangements for inter-school matches, the Senior Basketball team only played three matches during the Winter Term. In our match against Essendon High School, Williamstown showed great form by winning the match by one goal.

The match against University High School II resulted in a win for University, the score being 19-12. Having heard a good deal about "Mighty Moreland" our team was determined to do its best against Moreland High School's team. It was only in the last quarter that Moreland took the lead, eventually winning by 21-12.

Our thanks go to Mr. Hughes who gave up his time to coach us.
 "Marny."

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row: Brigitta Majerovskis, Nina Young, Maija Svarcs.

Front row: Sandra Shaw, Marion Homes (Capt.), Janet Colley.

Absent: Renata Majerovskis, Marilyn McKenzie.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

The junior basketball team, captained by Helen Corby, played two matches against other schools, namely Essendon and Moreland High Schools. The Essendon scores were 29-17 in our favor, but Moreland defeated us by 23 to 11. Members of the team were J. Addison, B. Arnold, H. Corby, D. Davies, P. Edwards, T. Kugler, L. Neil. We were coached by Mr. Hughes who gave up much of his time to coach us through the year.

Although I would not care to pick a "best and fairest" in a team which played every game with scrupulous fairness, and to the best of their ability, I would commend Helen for her captaincy, and inspiring play. The team was beaten only by a team with greater experience, and should develop into a fine Senior Team.



INTER-SCHOOL BASKET-BALL TEAM

**Back row: L. Neil, M. Whittaker, P. Edwards.
Front row: J. Addison, M. Homes, B. Arnold.**

SATURDAY BASKETBALL TEAM

This year Williamstown High School fielded a team in the Women's Basketball Association's School Competition, B Grade. The weather was fairly kind to us — only three matches being cancelled. In the first two matches it became clear that Williamstown was playing against younger and less experienced players as the scores indicate: 28-1, 27-1. Matches against Moreland III and Moreland IV were won by Williamstown. At the end of the round Williamstown held first place in B Grade, but only on percentages.

In the semi-final our opponents were the Moreland III team, and with only six players Williamstown won, 11-8.

In the final MacRobertson High School proved to be the better team, and Williamstown lost by the narrow margin of three goals.

The team would like to thank Mr. Hughes for his excellent coaching throughout the two terms.

"Marny."

"Marny's" modesty prevented her mentioning the debt the School owes her for her captaincy and enthusiasm. Judith Addison and Helen Corby also deserve mention as very promising basketballers.

FIRST HOCKEY

This year the girls' first hockey team played only two matches against Essendon and University High School.

The match against Essendon was very close, Essendon scoring a goal in the last few minutes to bring the scores to 3 all.

It was quite a different matter when we met the University High School Girls who were having a practice hit when we trooped onto the field, and while socking the ball with great gusto, they leered down upon us with challenge in their eyes. We were told by their coach however, not to let them frighten us, because although they looked fierce, and might injure a few of us, not all would perish, and so faced with this happy prospect we took our places, and at the finish had not fared too badly, being beaten only by 4-1 and no casualties.

All the girls played well, the best players being Marlene Hyde and Nancy Kroezen. Pat Dumbrell, our little centre, who is only in the second form, should prove to be a very good player as she progresses through the following years.

Nola Leopold.

SECONDS HOCKEY TEAM (GIRLS)

This year the Seconds Hockey team played in two games. The first, against Essendon High School, was a close game. After the first half we thought we had the game "in the bag," the score being 2-0, but after the second half we drew at 2-2. Marlene Hunter was an outstanding player for the Seconds.

Our game against University High School was not so good from our point of view as we lost 5-0. The Captain, Mary Hoskin, led the team well. We wish to thank Miss Bates for her help.

BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Although the hockey team only won two of the matches played this year, it was a good performance, as only four of the boys had played hockey previously, and most of the teams played had Matriculation students.

Able led by our captain, and top goal-scorer, Keith Smith, and "Darby" Munro, we defeated Footscray Technical School twice (1-0 both times), were defeated by Essendon (6-1 and 5-3) and annihilated by University High (scores too embarrassing to print).

The team would like to thank Mr. Crowl for helping us with the umpiring. "Smithy" would like to express his sincerest and deepest regrets for missing Mr. Crowl at Essendon. Better luck next time!

Graeme "Blue" Pearson was chosen for the Combined High School Team to play the Public Schools.

A. Stevenson, Form V.

W.H.S.E.A. HOCKEY CLUB

Since its inception the W.H.S.E.A. Hockey Club has been represented by only one team in the Victorian Women's Hockey Association competitions. Because of the increasing interest shown in the team's activities, it was felt that this keen interest justified the formation of a second team.

The 1954 team were successful in gaining promotion to A grade after a number of years in B grade, and the club was faced with the problem of finding a local ground on



HOCKEY TEAM

Back row: M. Clarke, J. Klemm, N. Kroezen, P. Dumbrell.

Seated: J. Johnston, N. Leopold, M. Hyde, C. McIntyre, I. Conway, L. McGregor, B. Leek.



HOCKEY TEAM

Back row: I. McClean,
A. Clemants, G. Hill, G.
Tilfer, K. Hope, P.
Hernon, B. Forder.
Front row: D. Alcock, N.
Marr, J. Morish, Mr.
Mullens, A. Chiron, P.
Hogg, J. Stewart.

which to play home matches. The ground finally obtained from the Footscray City Council is situated near the Footscray Junior Technical School.

In a number of very hard-fought games, Williamstown's teamwork and enthusiastic spirit brought them close to defeating some of A grade's leading teams. However, experience counted strongly in all matches and Williamstown, as new-comers to the grade, were consequently defeated by more experienced teams.

Next year A grade is to be reduced from seven teams to five—Williamstown and University High School Ex-students will return to B grade.

The team members were:

Forwards: Beryl Swalwell, Mavis Govan, Jean Philipps, Sandra Tucker, Margot Elliott. Half-backs: Jacqueline Ewart, Mable Paterson, Margaret Smith (Allen). Backs: Gwen Hodge (Captain), Evelyn Dickson (Philipps). Goalie: Thelma Hope. Reserves: Marlene Hyde, Loris Weate.

The newly-formed second team showed great promise to become the F grade premiers. Under the efficient guidance of

the captain, Flora McIvor, this keen, young team, comprised of recent ex-students and players from the W.H.S. hockey teams, suffered few defeats in their first season. A replay of a drawn semi-final saw yet another draw—Williamstown was then awarded a victory by virtue of a higher percentage. Williamstown were not required to play in the finals as their opponents, Kindergarten Teachers' college, conceded a walkover to Williamstown through inability to field a team. There is every likelihood that Williamstown will be promoted to the next grade in 1956.

Members of the second team were:

Forwards: Carol McIntyre, Marion Clarke, Kathleen Trace, Margaret Colquhoun, Judith Johnston. Half-backs: Esther Curtis, Marlene Hyde, Helen Grieve. Backs: Nancy Kroezen, Flora McIvor. Goalie: Beth Leek.

The interest on which the second team was founded depends on students now at W.H.S. If the hockey club is to continue as a successful sub-group of the W.H.S.E.A. there must be a continuance of support from you, the present students. Remember that friendly rivalry of inter-school and inter-

house matches, the satisfaction of knowing you were part of a team—this need not cease when you leave school. The hockey club provides you with this opportunity—will you take advantage of it? All girls who are interested and wish to receive further information could contact the secretary of the hockey club, Sandra Tucker, at 262 Essex St., West Footscray (MW6633).

SEASONS

The leaves of brown are all a-flutter
 Every place and space they clutter,
 Go swirling round each city gutter
 All the Autumn day.
 The steaming soup is in the platter;
 On windows raindrops softly splatter
 Hailstones on roof-tops clitter-clatter,
 Winter is here to stay.
 The birds in trees are all a-twitter,
 The butterflies 'mongst green leaves
 flitter.
 Sunshine bright on all does glitter
 Spring-time is so gay.
 But summer comes; her days are better,
 One swims and runs without a fetter,
 Sands are golden, water's wetter,
 All the world's at play.

R.D.

LACROSSE TEAM

For the first time Williamstown High School entered in the Midweek Lacrosse Competition. We only had a young side and as the age limit was under 19 years we had a hard time beating some of the older teams. But the team fought on gamely and we made our way into the finals. At the end of the season we were third. There were 4 teams that beat us during the season, the first being Swinburne Tech., 12-2. On this occasion we had most of our good players out. The second was against Melbourne High School, 9-8; the third, University High School, 5-3; the last time was against Box Hill High School, 11-8.

One match worth mentioning is against Caulfield Tech. second team when we beat them 32-1, every player in the team threw at least 1 goal.

Best players of season G. Titter, G. Hill, J. Stewart. The players who threw most goals in season were Hernon, Morrish, Hogg and Stewart.

GIRLS SOFTBALL

Back row: G. Mitchelson, S. Currie, L. McIntyre, M. Wark.
 Front row: N. Rowie, G. Davies, Miss Woollard, B. Pearse, F. Smith.

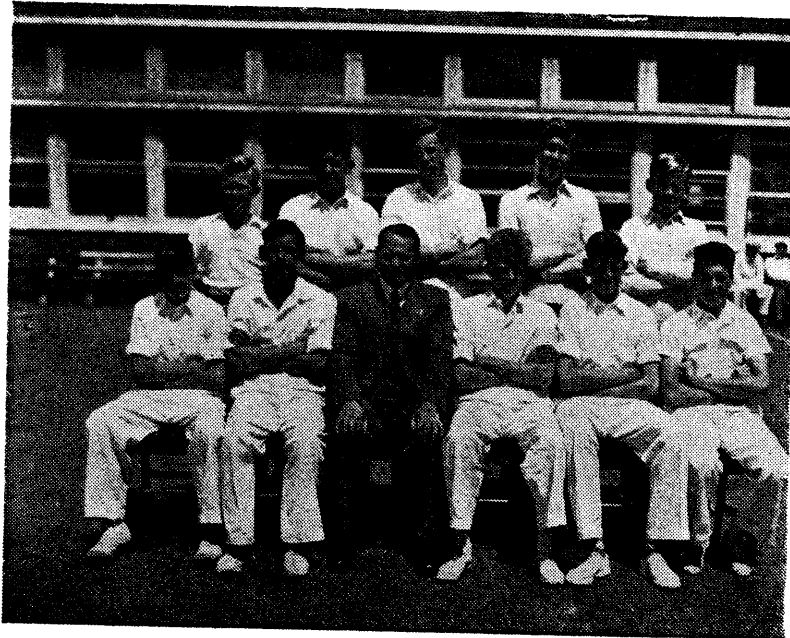


Senior Football



Back row: J. Andress, L. Swallow, B. Ewan, G. Baxter, D. Jamieson, J. Stronell, G. Torbe, N. Wallace, P. Menzies, A. Docker, J. Condon.
 Middle row: R. Arthur, G. Evans, N. Michael, B. Smith, Mr. Everett, Mr. Senior, J. Heriot (Capt.), J. Stevenson, G. Edkins, I. MacDonald.
 Front row: K. Sewell, K. Parker, R. Dyson, A. Boicos, G. Strang, D. Locke.

Senior Cricket



Back row: R. Dyson, J. Hudson, N. Wallace, G. Strang, J. Stevenson.
 Front row: J. Macleod, K. Smith (V.-Capt.), Mr. Senior, N. Michael, G. Baxter, D. Anderson.
 (Absent): J. Heriot.

SOCCKER TEAM

This year the team had an even season. They played five matches, winning two. The first match was against Footscray Technical School on their home ground. Williamstown fielded a weak team as the school cadet company was away, and was beaten 6-0.

A match against Essendon High School resulted in a 1-0 victory to Williamstown, and then we were beaten by a University High School team 9-1. A return match against Essendon resulted in a goalless draw, and in the last match against Moreland High School Williamstown had a 16-1 win. Thanks are due to Mr. Moore for his coaching and McLachlan for his skilful captaincy.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

This year the Junior Football Team played no competitive matches, but a syllabus was arranged and we played several schools in social matches. After a strenuous training workout under our coach Mr. Walsh we were able to defeat Essendon High quite easily. Later on in the season we played E.H.S. again in a challenge match and by much superior football we comfortably won. Then we suffered our first de-

feat, which was by University High, a team much bigger physically than we were. We went on to win every other match for the season.

This season I thought we played more as a team and thus we created a great team spirit. There was no outstanding footballer right throughout the season but several players showed spasmodic flashes of brilliance. I would place them in this order — K. Beamish, G. Rogers, M. Cousins, T. Russell, D. Forbes and C. Paton.

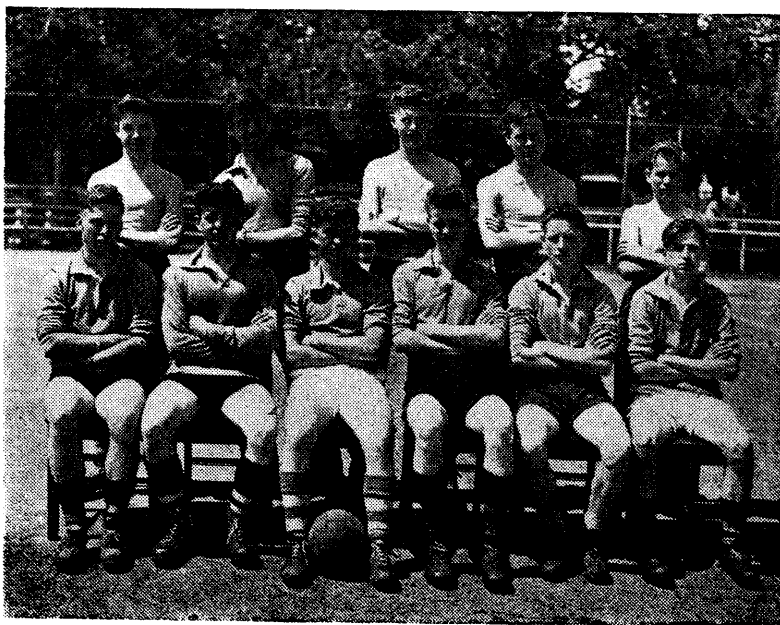
Our best 1st year player was J. Forbes, best player for season K. Beamish, fairest player J. Colvin.

G. Rogers, 3A.

THE HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS

On October 12 we all trooped down to the Williamstown Football Ground to either compete or strain our throats. Some of us looked up at the sky and said, "It's going to rain." It did, but fortunately, only showers fell early in the sports.

The best performances were put up by Carol McIntyre, Leonie McIntyre, Jan Klem and Marion Clark in the girls' section, and David Munro, John Andress, Jim Stronell and Allcock in the boys' section. The



SOCCKER TEAM

Back Row: J. Armstrong,
S. Sahaar, A. Falconer,
L. Stewart, K. Harman.

Front Row: M. Barra-
clough, A. Sahaar, J.
McLachlan (Capt.), J.
McCulley, A. Lamb, R.
Hood.



BOYS BASEBALL

Back row: R. Hayes, C. Olsen, J. Potter, P. Lalor, L. Smith, K. Troon.
Front row: J. McLeod, R. Ferris, Mr. Bradshaw, G. Glasson, K. Barnes, N. Grant.

R.A.A.F. Band again played for us in the marching, and brightened up the afternoon for us all. A surprise was the marching. For the past years, Wombats seem to have had a lease on this event. But this year the lease lapsed and Possums won.

The 440 yards race was a thriller. In the last few yards, Jim Stronell and "Darby" Munro were clear of the others and fighting out the finish. In the last stride "Darby" threw himself at the tape and won by inches.

The officials and ground staff did a magnificent job and made the day a great success. Congratulations to Dingoes, whose superiority in the team events gave them a well deserved victory.

Final results:

	D.	P.	W.	K.
BOYS	132½	121	115	54
GIRLS	107	74	79	101
TOTAL	239½	211	204	161

HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

The day of the swimming sports, March 9, dawned fairly grey, accompanied by the chilly temperature which usually comes with swimming sports. This year, as in many years past and to come, they were held at Footscray Baths.

There were five age groups into which the boys and girls were divided for breaststroke, backstroke, butterfly and freestyle. Diving was divided into two groups, under 14 and over 14.

Possums started off well by winning almost everything, but Dingoes managed to catch up and pass them. Dingoes managed to win two of the diving events. Wombats and Koalas put up an excellent fight but were defeated by two better teams.

Competitors, waiting for their event, had to be ordered, several times, out of the pool where they were enviously watched by spectators.

Possums won the boys' section and Koalas the girls', but the Grand Aggregate went to Dingoes who came second in both boys' and girls' sections. Congratulations and thanks go to all competitors, house captains, Miss Woollard, Mr. Farmer and to Dingoes on their victory.

Final scores were:

	D.	K.	P.	W.
BOYS	87	37	101	67
GIRLS	83½	101½	50	47
TOTAL	170½	138½	151	114

J.B.

COMBINED SWIMMING SPORTS

Again, as in previous years, the School, minus some first and second formers, went to the Olympic Pool for the Inter-School Swimming Sports. At the Pool we filed into our seats. The first thing we did was to eat our lunches and buy drinks. The weather was extremely hot and the boys selling ice cream did a roaring trade.

When the sports commenced Williamstown did very well and with the first progress scores we were vying with Hampton for 1st place. After that, Hampton swam away to an easy victory. Mordialloc came very close to us once or twice but we managed to swim just that little bit better. Vivienne Hughes broke a record, one of the four broken that day. Other persons to make a name for themselves were Ian Radford, Robert Hewitt and Peter Lalor.

For relaxation we saw expert diving by Brian Wanen and Ron Faulds. This gave us a rest from cheering. At the end of the day it was a foregone conclusion as to who had won but we put up a very good swim to come second. Both boys and girls came second in their own aggregate, so there was no arguing at school next school day.

The final scores were:

	Hamp.	Will.	Mord.	Elth.	More.
GIRLS	80	67	51	46	36
BOYS	131	61	55	22	22
TOTAL	211	128	106	68	58

M.C.H.

Activities and Clubs

SENIOR SOCIAL

On the afternoon of May 12 rooms 11 and 12 were in a state of turmoil, girls were arranging flowers, putting up streamers and sweeping floors while the boys hindered them by providing music (?) as they worked.

That night the band struck-up at about 7.45 and slowly the hall filled. With cries of "Look when the Ladies' Choice is" the girls filed in. After an exciting - as they always are - Monte Carlo, Miss Woollard and Mr. Johnson ran off with the prize. Later Robert Hewitt and June Martin won the Lucky Spot. That night, as many fifth-

COMBINED ATHLETIC SPORTS

This year, for what must be the first time in history, the Combined High Schools' Athletic Sports were not postponed because of bad weather.

On a mild day in October, Williamstown High School journeyed in force to Essendon Cricket Ground to cheer on our competitors.

Although against stiff opposition from Matric. students in the Senior events, Williamstown performed very creditably, even though we only finished fourth.

Our competitors in the team events and the running did not do so well but our jumpers were a credit to the School. John Heriot and Gregor Taub won their respective high jump events and Brian Smith and Jon McConville were successful in the hop, step and jump, and broad jump respectively. D. Munro performed creditably in the Open 440 to finish second but our other athletes were soundly beaten.

Williamstown's congratulations go out to Essendon High for a wonderful performance in gaining first place in the Grand Aggregate. Footscray, Sunshine and Belmont also deserve praise for performing so well considering the size of their schools.

"Smithy."

Results of the sports -

Junior, 7th; Intermediate, 4th; Senior, 4th; Aggregate, 4th.

formers will remember, there was much controversy over the contents of "High Tide's" social pages.

Supper was daintily(?) served by the prefects at 9.30, during which time everyone recuperated. As is usual amongst so many "growing and energetic teen-agers," the large and delicious supplies of eats and drinks very soon disappeared.

Miss Woollard picked the Lucky Ticket winners who proved to be Ken Jones, one of the many 1954 fifth-formers present. Keith Smith, our M.C., unwillingly at 10.30,

after an exhausting Mexican Hat Dance, brought the social to an end.

Slowly amid laughter and giggles everyone left, all determined to discover, "who went home with who," on the following morning.

THE ANNUAL BALL

Our annual hop was as usual held at the local jive dive. After a slow pick-up everyone was soon swingin' and swayin' fit to burst. The music as supplied by Mr. Dunlop was crazy, cool and gone. But natch every cat was floatin' by the time the boys got in the groove. Some of the glad rags as worn by the dolls were real George. As one cat so aptly put it, "Gee, they look as though they were poured into these clothes and forgot to say when." The high spot of the swing session was when Baby F—introduced four members of the Victorian Square Dance Club to us. Man everybody was groovy by the time we had finished stompin' to the tune of the Georgia Polka. I feel sure that everyone who attended had ce tres gay time.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

On November 2 and 3, the School Gil-

bert and Sullivan Society presented "The Pirates of Penzance" in the century-old Mechanics Institute.

As producer, Mrs. Gardiner and Miss Tierney as musical director did excellent work with the young cast. Sandra Shaw and Ronda Burke shared the role of Mabel delightfully, and were ably assisted by Noreen Rowe (Edith), Gillian Shepherd (Kate), and Dorothy Bell (Isabel). As Ruth, Vivien Owens sang with verve, entering fully into the spirit of the role, but was a blooming girl of seventeen, rather than a kitchen maid of fifty.

Of the boys, Peter Lalor as the Pirate King stole the honors, effectively assisted by his Lieutenant, Bruce Ewen. As Frederic, Gary Titter was hampered by a sore throat, but, after warming-up, gave a good show. In the minor roles of General Stanley and Sergeant of Police, Graeme Pearson and Jim Stronell were satisfactory. The chorus gave an amazing demonstration of the beauty and talent we have in the school.

Decor was by our talented scene-painter, and ex-pupil, Trevor McKay, to whom our hearty thanks are given.



THE JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

The Junior Dramatic Club consists of 56 people, including our club leader, Miss Orr. It is split up into four groups, each group containing 14 people. Every fortnight we have one group act a play. Some plays we've had this year were "The King's Warrant," "The Party," "Aunt Jerimia," and many more. We have had some plays that were excellently acted.

When the group acting the play is finished, the other three remaining groups criticise and give marks accordingly. These are the marks we choose from.

Acting worth 10; Costumes, 8, Voices, 8; Scenery and Properties, 6. Giving a total of 32 marks.

We then select the best and second best actresses. There has not been a group fortunate to receive 32 marks as its total just yet. The Club has acted plays in aid of Social Service. The week before the group selected puts on a play we spend a happy afternoon with charades.

Lola Harris.

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

The Senior Dramatic Club in its first year was under the capable leadership of Mrs. Cordell. During the year we had many enjoyable afternoons. At the end of term II the club put on a play "After the Tempest," and through this we raised £5 for Social Service.

We would like to thank Mrs. Cordell for coming along each Thursday and helping us to perform our plays.

Secretary, T. Kugler.

THE CLEAN UP CLAN

We consist of about 13 hard-working enthusiastic members? (especially when Mr. Brook is present). It is we who keep the school in its present state of cleanliness. Thanks to Mr. Brook's excellent supervision we have had a very successful year. Any other information is top secret, so to make a long story short we will now say good-bye you lucky people.

**INTER-SCHOOL
CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**

This year the W.H.S. boys' I.S.C.F. group made history. We were the first boys' I.S.C.F. group to be led by a lady - Mrs. McGrath, who has proved herself extremely capable at handling the group. We meet and enjoy happy fellowship together every Thursday at lunchtime.

The earlier meetings were rather poorly attended, but as they became known the numbers increased proving the popularity of these gatherings. Our meetings this year have included a film, "Dust or Destiny," and also visits from University students.

The Drawing Room Meetings and the holiday camps are other phases to this ever increasing youth organisation which aims to foster all that is finest in youthful ideals and aspirations, and to develop a true faith in Jesus Christ.

John Lane, Form 4A.

TYPING CLUB

"A-S-D-F, space bar, J-K-L-semi-colon." This low muttering accompanies the clack of type-writers as we stare fixedly at the large chart showing the position of the keys. "We" are the typing club - 4th and 5th form girls doing the professional course who, in clubtime, under Mr. Archer's patient guidance, learn the intricacies of the typewriter, and its operation.

Although at first we found it difficult to keep our eyes off, and our fingers on, the keys, we gradually acquired the knack. Now we have advanced to the stage where some of us type History (and even French) notes, while others turn out notices of a local kindergarten's coming events.

We are all grateful to Mr. Archer for giving up his time to teach us this very valuable training. Thank you, Mr. Archer.

Kath White, Form V.

SCIENCE CLUB

Junior boys have taken turns as secretary and chairman of the Science Club, after giving papers on subjects of scientific interest. This practice and experience will be of great value in later life although the subjects of future interests may depart some-

what from their recent studies of moths and butterflies, rare fish, atomic locomotives, ancient Egyptians, and scientific hobbies such as turtles, stamps, pigeons and guinea pigs.

WOODWORK CLUB

A new feature of this year's School activities has been the formation of a Woodwork Club. The club is composed of a number of boys from Forms III and IV, who are under the supervision and guidance of Mr. G. Bullen, the School's Woodwork Instructor. After a certain amount of discussion had taken place between the boys and the instructor, it was decided to confine the activities of the club to the making of toys for the Legacy movement.

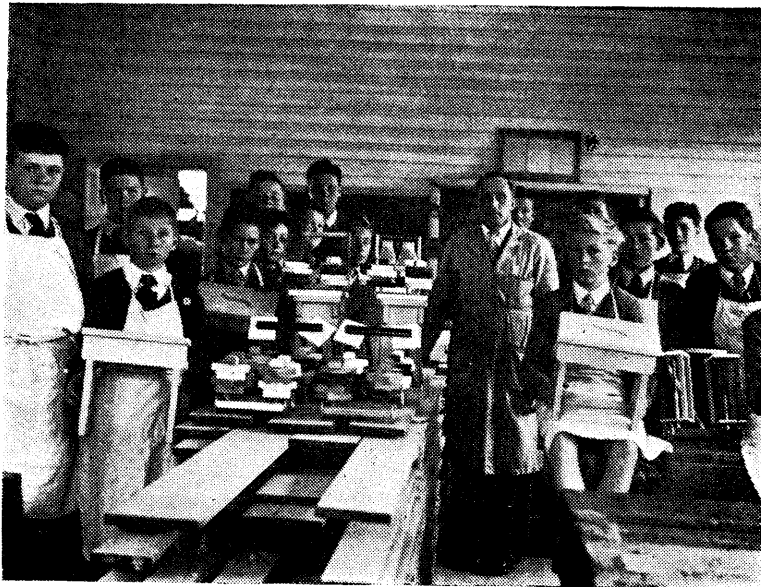
Legacy each year receives hundreds of pounds worth of toys of all descriptions, from schools scattered throughout the metropolitan area, and also from country schools. All toys are collected and displayed at a depot in Melbourne provided by the Education Department, the toys are attractively arranged by officials of the Education Department, and the display is usually open to the public and to those who are interested, on certain dates allotted by the organisers.

When the display is over, usually by

about the first or second week in December, the toys are then transported to State Government House, and they are then distributed to the children of deceased and incapacitated servicemen, at a big garden party which is held in the grounds of State Government House each year.

This party is attended by hundreds of children of all ages, who are accompanied by their relatives for the occasion. It is usually a very happy affair because a lot of entertainment, so dear to the hearts of young children, is provided, such as merry-go-rounds, swings, ocean-waves, etc., not forgetting, of course, the refreshments, which are heartily partaken of, and so a good time is enjoyed by all who are fortunate enough to be present.

During the discussion, the types of toys to be made was fully investigated, and it seemed to be the opinion of those present that the club would like to produce something apart from the usual run of small carts, engines, animals, etc. We have therefore constructed a number of each of 2 different types of toys which we believe are of a new design, and which we hope will be fully appreciated by those who are lucky enough to receive them.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

This year the circle was under the leadership of Margaret Roberts, president; Pamela Edwards, secretary; and Lorraine Neil, treasurer. Miss Turner was our leader, and was assisted by Miss Killeen.

During the year we have saved milk bottle tops and stamps, and we would like to thank all who have helped us to collect these. They are sent into Junior Red Cross Headquarters.

On some Thursday afternoons, several of us have gone over to the Hospital to give fruit, flowers, and magazines to the patients. We have had a Mannequin Parade and several toffee days, to raise funds. We also had a competition for the best made toy, which was won by Barbara Shaw. We collected scrap materials, and are making a patchwork quilt to send where it is most needed.

We would like to thank Miss Turner and Miss Killeen for their help through the year, and also our President and Secretary.

C.M., 4C.

SHIP-LOVERS' CLUB

During the year we have had many interesting talks given by some of the ship-lovers on their special interests.

A most interesting talk was given by Captain Simpson who is in the pilot service.

Captain Watson, who has had a very interesting life at sea, talked to us during one period, and sang us a few sea shanties which he learned during his life at sea. On one occasion we had the opportunity of visiting and being shown over the "Southern Cross," a contemporary all-passenger liner. Some lunch hour walks down to the piers were very interesting and enjoyable. One Saturday morning some of the boys who were interested in oil-tankers went over the "Harold Sleight" when it was in Newport.

On odd occasions we have read books bought by the club, and held by the librarian, Graeme Neil. We would like to thank him, Graeme Blackburn, our treasurer and Fionna Smith, our secretary, for the

services they have given us. Our thanks also go to our club-leader, Mr. Farmer, who has kept the club organised, and also given many good talks.

Lexia Bryant.

THE LIBRARY CLUB

Under the guidance of Mr. Wilson the Library Club has completed yet another successful year. As in previous years the aim of this club is to teach interested pupils how an efficient school library is run.

This year the club consists solely of girls, who are in Forms III and IV. We usually divide into groups so that some are repairing old books while others are attending to the new ones and the less fortunate are tidying up the library shelves.

A large amount of money has been spent on new books for the library this year. These books range from books of knowledge to the latest fiction.

Form IIIA must be given credit for the excellent way in which they have kept this room. They have kept it neat and supplied with flowers for most of the year.

On behalf of the members of the Library Club I would like to thank Mr. Wilson for his lessons on how to manage a school library, and also for the capable way in which he runs ours.

Pat Davies, Form IV.

ORCHESTRA NOTES

"I heard a thousand blended notes." That might be the report of anyone who has passed room 6 after school on Tuesday, or of some student who has been part of the school audience. A thousand is far from the number in the orchestra, and our notes might not quite blend, but the idea is there.

The orchestra this year is a small group which consists chiefly of stringed instruments. The brass and woodwind sections are entirely absent, but we manage to make a considerable noise.

Under Miss Boardman's able and patient guidance we have learnt many new tunes,

and perfected many known ones. Much work has gone into the pieces which were played at Speech Night, and at our small concert.

We hope that more students will become

interested in this part of the school life, and that the orchestra will become much larger in years to come.

K.S.F.



FLORAL ART CLUB

"Have you got a pink rose-bud to match this one?" "Hey! did you pinch some of my wire?" Chatter and perfume fill the air of room 18, and the Floral Art Club is in full swing.

This year in our club period we learnt flower arranging, how to make sprays, posies and saucer posies. Mrs. Ellice demonstrated the making of sprays and arrangement, but, somehow, ours never seemed to turn out the same way. On Education Day we made arrangements and sprays which were much admired by the parents. We have all enjoyed our club period, and would like to thank Mrs. Ellice, who was always ready to help with flowers, wire and good advice.

B. Johnson, IA.

THE RADIO CLUB

The Radio Club spent a very enjoyable year under the able guidance of Mr. Kassimatis. The main aim of the club was for the older boys who knew a little about radio

to pass on their knowledge to those who knew nothing or very little at all.

In the first few weeks the club rapidly diminished until only about a dozen members were left which made the task of lecturing and teaching easier.

Phil Newdick and Robert Kosseck were elected as president and secretary respectively and they immediately set about their task with Phil starting off by lecturing about the principles of radio.

This was followed by the club members starting to build crystal sets and later on one valve receivers.

Robert then brought along a three valve DX (or short wave) receiver and explained the main principles of the circuit.

Phil then brought along a Hexode 3.5 megacycle converter and spent a few weeks explaining the use and design of a converter.

The club hopes to be able to visit some of the bigger manufacturing firms for radio parts after the exams.

R. Kosseck, P. Newdick.

GIRLS' I.S.C.F.

Sport, hobbies, games, quizzes, music — all these play a vital part in the I.S.C.F. program, but the primary aim of the movement is to bring boys and girls to a knowledge of Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Friend.

The I.S.C.F. works among Australian young people in camps held during the holidays at the seaside and in the country, as well as at the D.R.M.'s — Saturday night meetings. However it is in the school groups where most boys and girls are contacted.

Our own group is led by Mrs. Angus, and throughout the year we have had several guest speakers. As well as the talks we have quizzes and choruses (we learn the art of singing and eating at the same time).

If you would like to know more about the movement and its work, come along to our meetings — Tuesday lunchtime in room 18. And don't forget to bring your lunch with you!

Kath White, V.

THE TRAPP SINGERS

We sat enthralled, listening to the Trapp Family Singers. As they sang, we became oblivious of our present surroundings and saw only our interpretation of the song, in a lonely Austrian village:—

As the purple evening came, the people on their way home from the harvest fields heard the low rhythmic notes of the trombone played by the old musician.

Forgetting their tiredness, they, dropping their baskets and sickles, swirled into a laughing mass and danced, the soprano tones of the piccolo now played, giving music to their tired forms.

The finale was danced wildly and the exuberent people seemed as if they would dance forever. As the last rapid notes died away the dancers faded into the darkness, the jollity gone, to return again only in the mellow flowing magic of the musician's playing.

V. Hughes.

THE CHOIR

This year our large choir has had a most enjoyable time. Our places of abode throughout this time have varied greatly, from room 6 to 12 and then 11, owing to the fact that the G. and S. Society had their practices in 11 and the piano could not be moved from room to room. Thus at any time now you may hear the tuneful voices of the choir as they practice in their "Den."

Occasionally we have been lucky enough to capture an audience (poor Cadets) who, owing to the wet weather were stationed in room 12. Oh sorry their lot!

During the year we have attempted much, the results of which shall be heard on Speech Night. Owing to requests by Junior and Senior girls the "Nun's Chorus" was revived and added to our list of triumphs presented to the parents who visited us on their day.

At present we are preparing our items for Speech Night with the co-operation of our two pianists Alison Thompson and Pat Ferne, to whom we would like to say a very sincere thank you, and also to Miss Tierney for her never-ending patience.

Ronda Burke.

CADETS

This year was, again, another successful year under our C.O., Major Crowl, and 21.C. Lieutenant Senior.

For a change, the annual camp was held at the end of the first term — instead of second term, as previously.

During the year, the cadets have enjoyed many "shoots" down at the Williamstown Rifle Range, under the very welcome(?) and kindly(?) guidance of W.O. Carter.

In the middle of the third term, we had a very enjoyable day manouvre at Hurstbridge. Overall, the exercise was won by No. 3 platoon, which won by first successfully defending and then attacking a hill known as "Shaggy Knob."

The day was very successful, and everyone enjoyed themselves — except Cadet Anderson, who found himself trussed up with rope by some over-enthusiastic Vicker's group members.

C/U.O. B. D. Smith.

BACK: L/Cpl. Garnsworthy, Cpl. McLeod, S/Sgt. Condon, Cpl. Docker, Sgt. Pearson, Cpl. Logan, Sgt. Ewan, Cpl's Windsor, Wilson, MacDonald, L / Cpl. Ferris.

FRONT: C.S.M. Briggs, Sgt. Sahaar, C/VO's Michael, Smith, Major Crowl, 1st/Lt. Senior, C/VO's Greig, Schultz, Sgt. Hood.



CADET TRAIN TO MILDURA.

THE NIGHT MANOEUVRE, OR LOST IN THE DESERT

At the cadet camp attended annually by our cadets there is a species of organised confusion called, rather ironically by the A.R.A., night manoeuvres or exercises. This year the C.O. of the cadet camp ("We expect you all to be young warriors") was rather keen on the fieldcraft side of the cadets' training. There have been manoeuvres in the past but this year's were generally considered the best and most successful (one Lieutenant crowned).

"The Major" (Sir, to the cadets) told the C.O. that he wished to put on a night manoeuvre for Williamstown High. The C.O. consented, and added that he would give us all the help we needed. The next thing to be done was to choose a site for our little spree. The camp at Mildura is surrounded by several square miles of semi-desert and mallee scrub, which is leased to the army for use as training grounds; this land is subdivided into smaller areas of about 500 sq. yds. Major Crowl and the under-officers set about to reconnoitre territory; the area chosen was close to the camp, covered in very prickly saltbush and scattered clumps of Mallee scrub. We worked out a plan of campaign. U.O. Schulze's platoon (No. 3) and U.O. Michael's (No. 2) were to be the attacking platoons, while No. 1 platoon was to supply a reconnaissance patrol and a machine gun squad to act as a cover.

It turned out to be a cold, clear, moonlight night which made moving without being seen very hard. At 19.30 hours (7.30 p.m. to the unenlightened) the company was paraded outside the huts, and the under-officers and N.C.O.'s were given their final orders. There was to be an "enemy" outpost. No. 1 platoon was to move forward, by a series of compass bearings, and obtain information about the "enemy." While all this was going on, No. 2 and No. 3 were to wait for a prearranged signal and then ATTACK! The cadets, with faces blackened and their clothing stripped of all shiny metal, badges, buckles, etc., were marched "silently" out to the area.

When we reached the appointed place the under-officers were issued with compasses and instruction sheets, and told to go. We set off in the appointed direction, stopping at intervals to take our bearings. The chaps seemed to think it was a bush picnic, for they tramped through the scrub like a herd of elephants. We walked on for some time, when suddenly I realised I had dropped our instruction sheet.

Soon, voices were heard a little to our flank in a clump of trees. I told the patrol to stop where they were while I crawled on ahead to reconnoitre the position. I crawled about fifteen yards, listening carefully. I could pick out some phrases (deliberately spoken, giving away information for the benefit of all listeners) even so, the enemy did not know that we were close at hand. Suddenly I heard somebody crashing through the scrub, and before I could compose myself an "enemy" (C.S.M. Briggs) burst into view and rushed straight at me.

Soon we were wrestling on the ground. I yelled out, and the rest of the patrol ran up and after a struggle we secured "Briggsy" as a prisoner. Meanwhile action was going on in other parts of the field. The other platoons were attacking; a smoke screen had been laid; dummy grenades and flares added to the general confusion, while the "Vickers" squad provided the covering "fire" (stones rattled in tins, provided the necessary sound effects). These two platoons were supposed to attack and then withdraw, but somehow, this did not work out, for they just kept on going.

Then a yell arose above the din: it was one of the "enemy" (Lieutenant Senior by name), who had the misfortune to be in the path of one of our ambitious heroes who had stormed the enemy stronghold single-handed. He had commenced to lay out its occupants with his rifle. After all the energy of our would-be V.C. winners had expired and the semi-conscious "enemy" had been revived, the company was formed up, and we marched back to the camp, looking more like the Legion of the Lost than Williamstown High Cadet Unit.

CUO R.D. Greig.



I GO TO THE SHOW

The last bolt was shot home, the driver climbed into his seat, and we were off to the Royal Melbourne Show.

Although I only had hazy recollections of the first few days, there seemed to be uncontrollable excitement in the air. To begin with I was brushed from head to foot until I had a mirror-like surface. My mother and I were treated royally on sweet smelling hay in a warm stable, and taken daily for long walks around the farm.

Yesterday the excitement became intense and today I find myself in a truck and bound for the Show. The journey down was tiring. Jolting over the dusty roads made the interior of the truck stuffy and gave us a choking sensation. However, once out on the broad highway we had more chance for rest.

Arriving at the Show we were placed in long sheds, and given a meal, and a soft bed of straw. I was very restless that night because of the strange noises and peculiar smells, foreign to my two-week-old nose.

The following day my master gave my mother and me a final grooming, for the judging of the cows was to be held that afternoon. Adjacent to our allotted space was another month-old calf. He and I made friends, and that helped to pass the wearisome day.

Early in the afternoon spectators and judges alike began to assemble in the pavi-

lion. Speculation was rife. My master was going over our faults and good points with another owner. He seemed to be talking to everyone that came near him. He was very excited.

The judging was over. The crowd had dispersed leaving our very proud owner adjusting the blue ribbon on my mother's neck. Although I didn't know what it meant I liked the notice which was taken of us after that.

The days after that were uneventful. Although there were Grand Parades almost every day, I was still too young to take part in them. Then one day I was awakened and a halter passed round my neck. I was to be in the Grand Parade.

I was very excited but my mother took it quietly. I was brushed until I shone like a mirror. Then came the walk along the dusty streets among the bustling people. On the way we saw the animals making their way to the arena for the Parade.

After the Parade I was very tired and was glad to return to the pavilion out of the bright sunshine, dusty streets and the noisy, hustling crowd.

The following day the move began. Some of the animals were placed in trucks ready for the return home. My mother and I were there to the last day, and I was very sad to leave the place in which I had been so comfortable.

On arriving at the farm we were sent to graze in the bush paddocks where we belonged, and I went to sleep by my mother, thankful that Showtime was over.

B. Arnold, 3A.

V.R.

My friend and I halted as we came to the edge of the shadowy gorge. Below us lay the tossing, turbulent waters of the River Crossing. We knew we had to cross over this expanse of water for it was a matter of life or death. We could have gone upstream and downstream, but we didn't have time. It was now or never.

As we only had the one trusty steed between us, my mate jumped on in front of me. I was comfortably seated in the saddle as we started off down the slope. By now a crowd of yelling, screaming savages had assembled behind us. As we hit the water, missiles projected by the above savages began to shower around us. The water was now half-way up our legs: We were slowing down considerably, and we were only half-way across. I urged our steed to better efforts but we didn't make it. With our goal less than two yards away we had stopped.

My mate made a supreme effort and managed to drag us to safety. Yes we had made it. We were the first across the street, that day the subway was flooded.

A TRIP TO THE MOON

A trip to the moon

Is planned very soon

In a space ship they're calling a rocket.

It will be very thrilling

To go hurtling and spilling

To planets unknown — though some
mock it.

And what will be seen?

Some moon men in green

With luminous glow all around them?

Will they stand two feet high,

And up in the sky

Some pilotless saucers around them?

Pitchfork in hand

Will they gather in band

And be ready to face any dangers?

Or, as friends will they meet

And walk forward to greet

These queer men from earth who are
strangers?

M. Wark, 3C.

MY TRIP TO AUSTRALIA

It was a cold afternoon on the 11th of November, 1952, when we stood waiting to go aboard the ship, "Johan van Oldenbarnvelt," which was going to bring us to our new land, Australia. At three o'clock we were on board, and at four we cast off, waving to our friends, and relations. At six o'clock we passed the great locks of Ymuiden, the greatest in the world. It was already dark, and we went looking round the ship. We got sick. Most other people did the same.

The next morning we passed the French Coast already on the way to the Mediterranean. The coast of Portugal, and Lisbon was a pretty sight. In the night we passed the Strait of Gibraltar but saw nothing of it. After that we were in the Mediterranean. It was nice and warm.

The first place we arrived at was Port Said. We went to look about at the railings. We saw a lot of people in little boats selling bags, fruit, watches, hats and thousands of other different things. There was one thing wrong with Port Said. There were a lot of flies, not less than a billion. The women used to have veils on their faces, and carried their children on their backs. It was a very dirty place.

After that we went aboard the ship. We went through the Suez and stopped at Aden. It was just the same as Port Said.

Then we went to Fremantle across the Indian Ocean, fourteen days of water without seeing land. We stopped there and went to Perth. We got a ride from somebody, and came to Melbourne, and here I am.

Theo de Reus, 1D

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

The Magazine Committee
 Were sitting very dumb,
 'Twas really such a pity
 To see them look so glum,
 Their eyes with crying red,
 One knew their hearts were dreary
 They wished that they were dead.
 The reason? no one writing
 The mag. box up to fill,
 No lofty prose enditing,
 No song that all might trill,
 Then up one boy was standing
 "Excelsior" he cried,
 "Our duty is demanding,
 Though none be by our side
 We'll fill the wretched pages,
 Ourselves will write the lot,
 With wisdom like the sages,
 With scandal good and hot
 We'll make the beggars rue it
 They didn't help along,
 The thing they shouldn't do, it
 Will go into our song.

MONT ST. MICHEL

The call of Mont St. Michel is strong.
 You may go through France, seeing castles
 and monuments, flowered lanes and bewitching rivers, but always is felt the tug towards Mont St. Michel, often called "The Mount" or "The Rock."

When one reaches the little town of Avranches, set on a sudden hill, the pilgrim gets his first glimpse of the Mount. From here the view is of the Bay of Mont St. Michel and the sand from which the tide recedes. These sands extend for 22 miles, from Avranches to Cancale on the Brittany side; and in the middle of this, as if floating in the sky like a mirage, rises the granite rock of Mont St. Michel. Two hundred and fifty feet it towers, and man with his structures has increased it to 498 feet. From afar the three distinct tiers on the Rock may be observed. First over the waters are the ramparts, next, the band of clustered houses, and then the buttressed Merveille and the crown of towers and turrets resting on that marvel of masonry.

The Rock has three tiers of architectural interest which represent three purposes — fortress, prison and abbey.

Mont St. Michel is always beautiful, no matter what the hour of day or night or the season. If there is a moon, and one can spend the night on the Rock, then sight-seeing has reached its ultimate.

Religion has always made this Rock its home; and loved it. Druid priestesses formed here a sanctuary, and performed mystic ceremonies. Hermits of a holy sort came after the Druids. Then the place was named "Mons Sumba," or "Monte Sombe," because it had been one of the sea tombs of the ancient Celts.

The treasures of the Rock are numerous. The Cloisters are the jewels, their graceful arches and polished granite pillars are a delightful surprise in the sombre monastery. These were built nearly 700 years ago. The Abbey is on a sharp pyramid of rock and one seems to be forever climbing or descending stairs. In 1066 this monastery was wealthy enough to send 6 ships to William of Normandy to help in his conquest of England. Buttresses support the Mount's upper structure, they hold in the huge walls and stop them from crumbling. When the monks erected this church they refrained from cutting away the pointed summit, for that would have robbed them of about 30 feet of the height. Instead they took the peak as a level and built foundations around it.

When one leaves the Rock, and looks back, it seems like some heavenly castle with lace pinnacles pointing upwards into the clouds gathered above it. A picture never to be forgotten.

Ronda Burke, 4A.

FIRELIGHT ILLUMINATIONS

As the fire loomed brighter and the jumping flames engulfed the large pine logs illuminating the dark recesses of the enormous fireplace, the surrounding blackness of the room was penetrated with the growing light.

The drowsy faces of two children became

apparent as they sat holding their small outstretched hands near the warmth of the cheerful blaze. Beside them sprawled the ungainly form of a cocker spaniel pup, his silky ears shining in the firelight.

As the light flickered over the three forms, they took first a transparent look, then again they became solid living creatures as the fire illuminated every feature of their bodies and faces.

The faces took a strange yellow glow, again the fire changed, and sprinkling them with its ruddy glow gave them unnaturally red skin, tinting also their hair and clothes with its golden light.

Then the green wood caught fire and the light this time showering them showed sickly, strained faces, and black contorted shadows of superhuman children danced on the opposite wall.

Then as they sat gazing into the gaily colored grate, their children's imaginations dreaming of many ethereal things, the fire seemed to spring to life, suddenly taking shapes in the room beyond, and the children in their fancies saw myriads of elves and fairies crouching and dancing just beyond the flickering flame.

Vivienne Hughes

FIRE! FIRE!

Tramp! Tramp! The dull thud of Constable McDougall's heavy studded boots echoed through the gloomy streets near the outskirts of London. "What a night!" thought the constable, "nothing ever happens on this dull beat." Constable McDougall was soon to take back these words, because, suddenly, the sound of running feet, and the cry of "Fire! Fire! Help! There's a fire in Sidley Flats" broke into his thoughts.

Sidley Flats was an old tenement building that had been standing for as long as anyone there could remember. The Council had been threatening to pull it down for over thirty years as the wood was decaying in parts, and the place was over-run by rats.

"Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-ling." The fireman's shrill bell could be heard ringing down the streets followed by the long, wailing police

siren. Yes! it really was a fire. McDougall had raced to the scene and was having a job keeping terrified mothers and frightened children out of the path of falling debris. The fire brigade had arrived and just as they were letting out the ladders a loud scream came from the crowd because, on the fourth storey up, a young mother and child could be seen, trapped on a window ledge with a sheer drop beneath them, and leaping flames above.

Quickly the firemen set to work to reach them, but it was only safe for two men to go up. A deadly silence came over the crowd as the firemen started their ascent. About one hundred anxious faces watched as they slowly but surely took the baby, and helped the mother on to the ladder. A sigh of relief arose from the crowd as they reached the ground, and loud applause sounded for the brave men.

Just after the rescue the fire became very dangerous and onlookers were being asked to keep as far away from the flaming mass as possible, because burning pillars of fire were falling everywhere. Firemen were dashing here and there, playing the hoses where it was possible to stop the fire from spreading, but it was of no avail as in a little over an hour the building was burnt to the ground.

Some people were lucky enough to save most of their belongings while others suffered great losses. There was only one casualty, and that was a small brown dog which had most of his fur burnt off.

As Constable McDougall walked home in the early hours of the morning he made a resolution to himself that never again he would say he had a dull beat.

Francis Stark. 3C.

FORM 5

Who are the boys that uphold the school,
The boys that never act the fool?

Who are the boys that behave in French,
And always clean up the science room

bench?

Who are the boys that are always good
And act as young gentlemen always should?
I'm telling you, as sure as I'm here —
It's certainly not Form 5, I fear.

HOW TO AMUSE A FOUR-YEAR-OLD

With a hurried, "Goodbye," my Mother and Aunt escaped from Maxy and me. I stood for a few moments in bewildered silence, then turned and eyed the young "charge" which had been thrust upon me. Well he didn't look a bad little fellow. I felt somewhat relieved at this, for I had heard many alarming stories of my tyrant cousin, Max.

"Well," I exclaimed putting my book away, "What will we play?" "Building castles," was the hurried reply. "Good oh," thought I, perhaps I would finish my book yet. Hurriedly I rescued the toy blocks from their resting place, but alas, Max showed his disapproval by throwing them one by one at me. "Not those, real bricks," he shouted.

Needless to say I showed him a pile of old bricks in the yard and was returning to the house when I realised he was following, with an armful of bricks. Patiently I explained why they must not go inside, only to be horrified a few minutes later by the spectacle of Max throwing bricks at our one and only crystal vase. Utterly bewildered as to how he managed to bring them in, I attempted to stop the siege. My attempt found Max an army in battle, a hurricane, a tidal wave, and left me a battle scarred warrior. Miserably I realised there were still another four hours before I would be relieved of my task. For quite some time I tried, unsuccessfully, to interest him in a story, then a crayon book—all in vain!

At length, tired of his tantrums I hurried him into the yard, locked the gates, then myself inside four walls, hoping to be safe. As usual I had underestimated Max. Within a few seconds I heard loud crashes. Swiftly I unlocked the door and raced into the yard, where I encountered a tearful Max nursing a hand which still bore signs of a cactus sting.

Later as he sat clanging his spoon in his high chair I glanced at the clock—half an hour to go. I placed a bowl of warm broth

in front of him and turned to my own. Everything seemed to be going too well so I sneaked a glance, then uttered a horrified exclamation. There sat Max, bowl turned neatly upside down on his head and broth everywhere.

At last I cleaned the mess up and eagerly awaited the return of my aunt to take away her son. As the door bell rang I sighed in relief. I had finished entertaining Max for the day.

Ronda Burke, 4A

TALE OF A FLYING SAUCER

Out of the blue one sunny day
A flying saucer came—
Came as a whirling disc of grey
Leaving a trail of flame.

It screeched to stop, and those on board
Trode on peaceful Earth;
Ug, the king of this Martian horde
Laughed with sneering mirth.

An ugly looking bod was he,
As were all his band.
His lone red eye gleamed horribly
Beside his seventh hand.

"Brrzt dom fthg klxt ym ho!" cried he
(Which, if you didn't know
Meant) "This fair planet, land and sea
Will soon be ours. I trow!"

Disintegrating atom waves
Were darting to and fro
As onward Ug and his band of knaves
To conquer Earth did go.

But look who's here! Our hero strong
Whose name was Space-hound Jones.
He'd brought his trusty crew along
To slay those Martian drones.

Atomic warfare raged all day,
But Earth was last to score.
The vanquished strangers zoomed away—
The world had peace once more.

M.J.

DIABOLISM

Aim: To devise some fiendish tortures within two parallel straight lines.

Apparatus: We took one hatchet, one sharp, nasty knife, a few rusty, old blood-stained racks, thumb screws, scalpel, dissecting table, hammer, nails, disintegrating machine.

Method—Step 1: Stretch out a suitable member of the honourable teaching profession (preferably still hot and kicking) on the dissecting table, and paint with iodine, (the subject—not the table). Draw a perpendicular straight line from the vertex of the two angles at the left arm-pit. Bisect the line AB at this point (axis). Hammer in a nail. With centre axis and radius six inches swing an arc. Mark off arc AIZ at one inch intervals. Nail each of the points respectively.

Step 2: With the appropriate sadistic sneer (i.e. the left corner of the mouth parallel and adjacent to the left nostril), apply the hatchet, knife, rack, thumb-screw and scalpel in a suitably callous and purposeful manner.

Step 3: Watch color change and gases given off.

Step 4: Disintegrate.

Results: When a flame was held near the subject it became radio-active showing the presence of hydrogen tetrade. The color was a water-melon pink with a subtle edging of grey showing a definite reaction to litmus. After the application of $g(370-xb^2-1)$ (code name) a grey substance remained.

Conclusion: When a subject is fully treated, the remainder, calcined grey matter, proves the possibility of education of the subject if attempted at an early age.

N.B.D.

A FATHER TRIES TO DO MOTHER'S WORK

"John, would you look after the children this morning while I go to Mother's?" "Yes. It should be easy. You women always seem to have a spare moment to knit or read. What do I have to do?" "Well to begin with, you dust and sweep the rooms,

wash the floors, and prepare and cook the lunch. Also vacuum the carpets and clean the wash basin and bath, with that special cleaner." "All that in the morning? There's nothing else to do, is there." "Oh just feed the twins at ten o'clock this morning, and make some hot cocoa for Bruce and Alan. Well, I'll go now, and I hope you find it as easy as you think it is. I'll be home early in the afternoon, about two o'clock. Good-bye!"

As soon as she left, he started the work. He took the broom from the cupboard and began by sweeping the kitchen. That took him ten minutes, and by the time he had finished he was ready to kick anyone who got in his way. By the time he had swept, dusted and vacuumed the rest of the house, he was by no means in a good mood.

At that moment, his four-year-old son Bruce came in, followed by two-year-old Alan. "Daddy, when will our cocoa be ready? We are thirsty!" Daddy was on the verge of yelling them out of the room when a sudden squall arose from the twins' room. He heated the babies' milk and rushed with it into their room. But fate was against him once more! The boys had left their trailer in the doorway and as Dad rushed into the room he collided with it and went sprawling on the floor.

He picked himself up. The bottle had broken and the milk was all over the floor. He went out to the kitchen to get a rag, but as he opened the door he was greeted by a cavalcade of stamping feet. Angry and tired he just grabbed the boys and took them to their room and locked the door behind them. They started to howl!! "Let them," he muttered angrily.

An hour later, when his wife arrived home, he was sitting in the kitchen brooding over two potatoes which he had managed to unearth in the scullery.

Elizabeth Pirie, 2A

A "BURGLAR"

It was about a month ago. My parents had gone to see the picture which I had seen on Saturday. I stayed at home as I

didn't want to see it again. I went to bed and read for a while and then went to sleep.

Suddenly I was awakened by a scraping sound. I listened. Then I came to the conclusion that it was the kitchen window opening.

I sprang out of bed, picked up the poker and hid behind the door so as whoever it was couldn't see me. All of a sudden a leg came through the window and a man scrambled through. I raised the poker and brought it down "Bang!" on his head.

Mum thinks it funny but Dad does not because he is wondering how he can explain the lump on his head to the men at work.

B. Cairns, 2A

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

"Man's best friend!" How often the saying comes to mind. But what does it really mean; what does it stand for?

First, the friend involved is the dog. Let us consider some of the various breeds of dogs. The Airedale is the first that comes to mind—a type that was first used for bear-baiting, and because of its very tough hide was very effective in this cruel sport. Then we have the aristocrat of the dog-world, the Alsatian, which originated from the German Shepherd dog, and was first used for martial purposes.

Next we come to the Bloodhound. These dogs are very intelligent and for this reason they are trained by the police to track fugitives from justice. Then there is the Basenji Hound which has only recently been introduced to Australia. Strangely, it cannot bark and it is odourless. It was first bred in Africa where it was used in packs for hunting, and is supposed to be the dog referred to in stories of Ancient Egypt. Another small hunting dog is the Beagle. Being rather small gives to other "hound" types of dogs an advantage over the Beagle, but he makes up for his lack of inches in his courage, which is boundless.

The Spaniel through the ages has proved a popular dog, both on the domestic side and in the sporting field. The Cocker Spaniel is by far the most popular, being

easy-going, but spirited. Oldest dog in history, that is to say, the dog that can be traced farthest back, is the Greyhound, fastest of all the canine family, sometimes attaining a speed of 40 m.p.h. These dogs are raced at tracks, and many fans go to watch this thrilling sport. The Pointer is a greatly favoured breed when the "quail are on!" (As the quail season is called in Australia). This dog has the gift of an uncanny sense of smell, and in the field will stand erect, with his nose pointing directly to the game. His tail when pointing is rigid and is in line with his nose. Now we come to the house pets, these are Pekingese, pups, terriers and heelers. These dogs are very amiable.

In the dog's eyes his master is a God. He is almighty, he can do no wrong. And no matter if you beat a dog even unnecessarily, he will still come up with a faint wag of his tail and a look in his eyes that says: "Oh, come on; let's be pals!"

Peter Phillips, 3A

OUR STAR

She'll get Academy Award this year
 For the best star in the school,
 For none can reach her bright elan
 When she starts to play the fool.
 She does her feats in the prefects' Pav.,
 With an audience of Pre's.
 She never, never is a bore,
 Performs each feat with ease.
 Her tap-dance makes the table rock.
 She gallops round the floor
 And when she's finished, out of breath,
 We clap and yell "Encore."
 One day she took off Kate Hepburn,
 And had us all in fits,
 And then a ballet-dancer played
 And gracefully(?) did the "splits."
 She gambols all around the yard
 With stride of three foot six.
 Whene'er you see us hold our sides
 You'll know she's played her tricks.
 So can you guess who she can be?
 Who has us in hysteria?
 No, no, you're cold but getting warm.
 That's right; you've guessed it—Gloria.
 Marlene Hyde, 4C.

PREPARING A BOOK FOR THE LIBRARY

Preparing a book for its place on the Library shelf involves a great deal of work. This is one of the main jobs of the members of the Library Club, as Mr. Wilson would not get through them all himself.

There are two types of books — fact and fiction. They have to be prepared differently. If it is a fiction book for the lending library, it has to be prepared in this way:—

(a) Firstly, the front of the dust jacket is cut and pasted on the cover of the book.

(b) The book is stamped on the front page and the pages with illustrations on them.

(c) Two catalogue cards are then made out for the book. This work is very detailed, and not very popular with the members of our club.

(d) The lending card is made out, and the pocket for this is pasted on the back cover.

(e) Lastly, the book is lettered on the spine in Indian Ink. This book is now ready for the shelf.

In the case of a reference book, the procedure is the same as for fiction with (a) and (b).

(c) It now has to be classified. This means its correct position on the shelf is worked out and its correct number found in the Dewey Decimal Classification. The number is then placed on the spine of the book.

(d) Lastly, the catalogue cards are made out. One is made out headed by the name of the author, another by the title, and one or more cards headed by the subject of the book. A final card has to be made out for the shelf-list. These are placed in the catalogue.

All this has to be done before a book is ready to be put on the shelf for you to use. When you think of all the books in our library, and remember that each book is prepared in this way, you realise what a vast amount of work is entailed in the upkeep of a library. If students would handle the

books with more care, Mr. Wilson's job would be a lot lighter, and the library would work more efficiently.

J. Whitzell, 3A.

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

She walked sedately down the tree-lined street counting the birds' nests overhead and looking very lady-like with her new satchel under her arm.

The shorts and sandals and flying hair of the holiday girl had been shed like the cocoon of a moth, as the holidays ended.

Now hurrying along she felt very smart in her green chequered school dress, with stiff-white collar (though later she would learn to hate it).

When she came in sight of the old building which was to be her school for so many years she felt happy and thrilled. Once there she soon entered in the excited throng of friends and new students.

Then the long and detailed calling of roll which would determine which form she would be in commenced.

With a clatter of desks the class rose as the teacher entered. The contrast of the new language with her native tongue came to her mind while the rudiments of French were taught, but later she would derive much fun from speaking it with her friends. As the siren rang the novelty of the first French lesson ended.

Then the all absorbing interest of science made her realise how much she would like this place.

To the art room for the next happy period and then the music lesson. The dainty teacher with sweet voice and flying fingers on the keys enchanted her. Here a long awaited dream was answered when she found she was to learn ballet. The graceful teacher made her think of a dainty swaying flower. Tired from so much excitement she walked homewards, the dress crumpled and ink-bespattered, black hands and knees showing the fun that had been had in dinner hour playing in the grass.

Tired, but a little farther advanced in the knowledge of the customs, habits and

rules of the new school, she returned home after the first day of term at Williamstown High School.

Vivienne Hughes

SUMMER VISIT BY ESSENDON

Because of the new system of grouping schools for sport, this year we were able to play only one summer round of inter-school sport.

The Senior cricket, Junior cricket and tennis teams played host to Essendon High School.

The Senior cricket team was captained by Noel Michael, assisted by Keith Smith (V. Capt.), John Heriot, Jim Hudson, Doug Anderson, Neville Wallace, John Hernan, Robin Dyson, Graham Strang, "Gus" Baxter, Jeff MacLeod and John Stevenson.

Although Essendon had many Matriculation students, they ran out winners by only 3 runs. Run-getters for Williamstown were Strang and Hudson, and chief wrecker Heriot with 5 wickets.

The Junior cricket team, under the leadership of Ron Arthur, defeated Essendon by 9 runs. The Vice Captain was Graeme Rogers (5 wickets and 26 runs) and the other members of the team were Ian Keeble, Robert Ferris, Tom Russell Alan Clements, Jim Stewart, Doug Gibson, Ricky Bulte, John Forbes.

The tennis team was completely overwhelmed by the Essendon team which consisted mainly of Matriculation and Leaving students. Essendon won 7 sets to Williamstown's one. "Mick" Barraclough and Norm Smith won Williamstown's only set. Although easily beaten, Williamstown put up a good struggle and were by no means disgraced. The team was Michael Barraclough (Capt.), Alan Stevenson (V. Capt.), Jeff Harry, Ian Menzies, Barry Keane, Norm Smith, David Forbes and Ross Anderson.

DANCING IN THE QUAD

"Dancing today will begin in the quad

Exactly at quarter past twelve."

What is this message which comes o'er the air?

Well, into this mystery we'll delve.

It's quarter past twelve, and there's

Mr. Mac.,

In front of a microphone tall.

"Our aim is to make you all experts

So you'll come to our senior ball.

The first dance we'll teach you is easy as pie,

The progressive barn dance is its name.

It's one, two, three, forward, and one, two, three back

Then change partners. Boys get a new dame.

Two sliding steps forwards, two sliding steps back,

Then waltz with your partner twice round.

Then all you've to do is repeat the whole lot.

The barn dance is easy, you've found.

Now watch your instructors, and do as they do,

Then you'll be as right as can be.

They're now going to show you the

Pride of Erin

So please pay attention to me."

So Mr. McDonald told us what to do

And we did endeavour to do it,

And now we're all sure that we'll be at the ball

And enjoy ourselves all the way through it.

F.E.S., Form V.

EXAMS

Silence hangs about the school;

He who talks is called a fool;

All the students work and cram

Because of magic word — Exam.

The bell rings and we all go pale,

No one thinks of that word — fail.

We take our seats all quiet and meek,

And never think of trying to sneak.

The papers are given by supervisor.

Our teacher is a rotten miser.

Down to work with speed and zest.

Always shall we do our best.

For results we wait with fear,

Soon find our teacher is a dear,

All time for study was well spent

For we get "Hundred per cent."

Ron Mayer, IIIA.

"THEM"

From truck, to locker, to room thirteen,
 They travelled "their" way almost unseen,
 On the typewriter, they lay in state,
 They acted as our precious bait.
 All was hushed as "the teacher" entered,
 On "them" no more the eyes were
 centred,

Nothing was said the period through,
 And we did not know "the teacher"
 knew.

"Their" presence in room thirteen
 Resulted in a meeting in room eighteen,
 One boy owned up, and told his tale,
 The others awaited to pay his bail.

Maysonvans, Form V.

THE PURSUIT

The rain was drizzling about him, but he
 paid no heed to it. He hugged his precious
 cargo to his chest, and ran with all his
 might. He was soaked to the skin; his feet
 were beginning to slip and slide. Once he
 fell, got up and staggered on.

He could hear the beat of his pursuers'
 feet, but kept going. Just as his objective
 came in sight he began to falter. This
 spurred his pursuers to new life, and they
 began to close in on him. Then his goal
 loomed up ahead, and he made a flying leap
 for it. The crowd roared; he had scored the
 winning touch-down.

Russ. Mayer, IIIA.

BERETS

Berets are an awful curse!

This state is getting worse and worse.

One has to wear them all the time.

It seems to me it is a crime

To even walk across the street

Without a beret trim and neat.

If your beret's off your head

A prefect whom all juniors dread

Will come along and see that you

Shall get some home-work lines to do.

So down and out with these grim things.

Let them fly away on golden wings.

Margaret Stronell, IIA.

BEFORE THE VOYAGE

While still my ship within this haven lies,
 To load the stores and fit the sails I need
 If 'cross uncharted seas my path must
 lead,

Amid great waves, the bitter spume that flies
 From off the broken sea to blind my eyes
 To all the dangers that my soul should
 heed.

Before my ship from quiet quay is freed,
 And its new strength in open ocean tries,
 I work that every cable, each new spar
 May stand the utmost test, of such
 strength made

That sudden strain or stress may never
 cast

My youthful dreams away, my ship debar
 From reaching to the port for which I
 prayed,

But all my hard-won fabric may
 "Hold Fast."

AQUARIUM

The long, frail stems of pond-grass

Like slender ribbons of green,

Lie lank in the placid water.

The black-shelled snails have been

Moving over the glass once more

With dragging aimlessness

While the monarchs of this tiny realm

In shining gold-scaled dress

Weave through the clear green water,

Their tails wave gracefully,

They stare from cold bright, jewel eyes

Through twining stems, to me.

M.J.

MY FINAL DAY

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

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

Four years I've known her glory, four years
 I've felt her spell

But now to work I go for I've heard the
 final bell.

'Tis Willie High I cherish; 'tis Willie High
 I love.

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

Wendy Bambery, IVD.