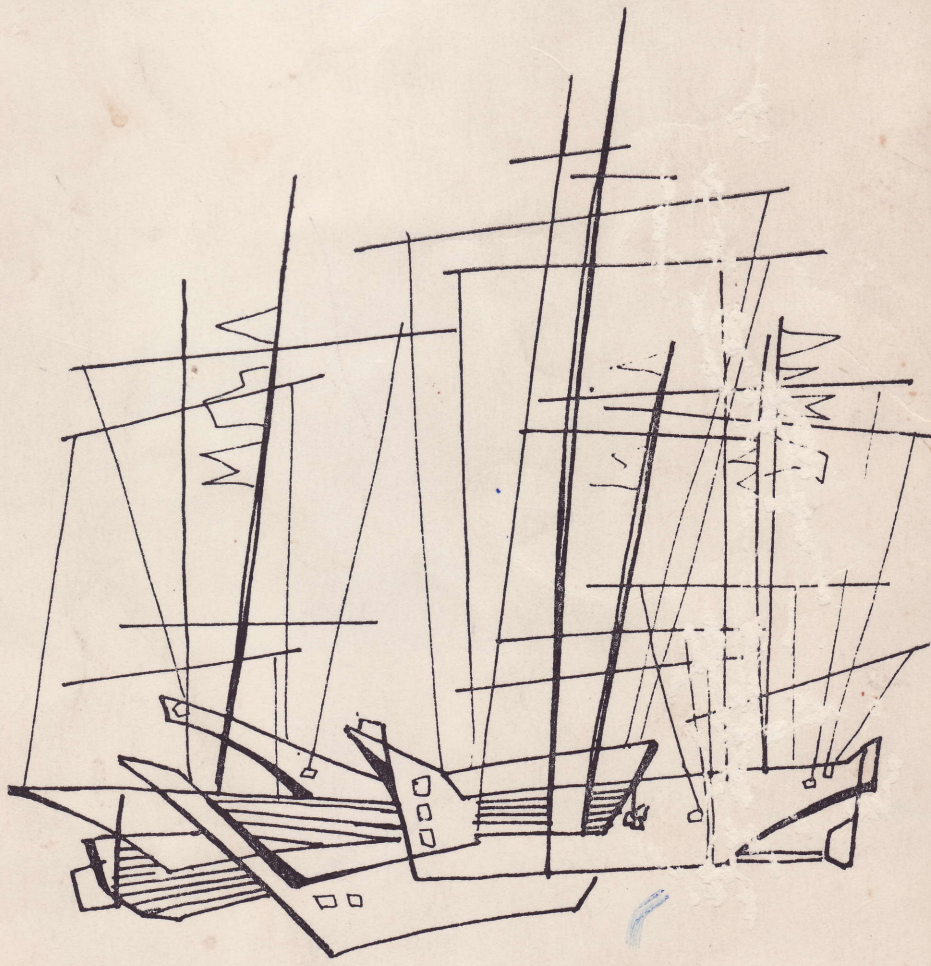


his



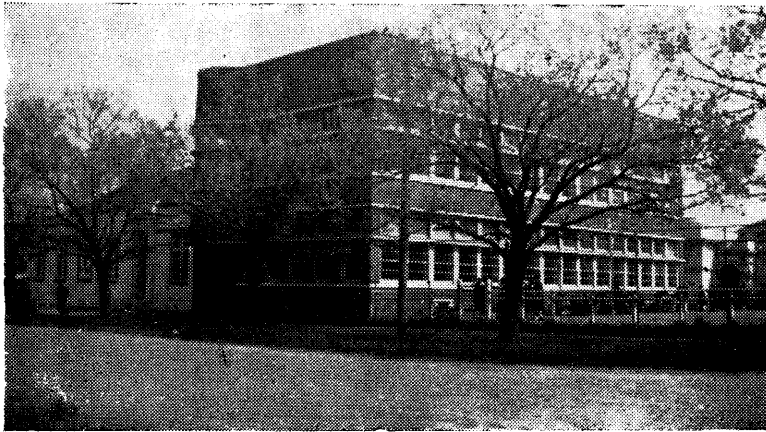
HIGH TIDE



1959

HIGHTIDE

MAGAZINE OF THE WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL



1959

Editorial

The tide of 1959 has reached its "full," and once again we launch our magazine on the "High Tide." The enthusiasm of the new members of our committee, and more finance, have led me to believe we have achieved a better magazine with a higher standard of contribution.

Although we all rush to read our magazine on publication, its greatest value comes "Forty years on, when apart and asunder," we turn the pages to renew old memories, and wonder about those we knew so well in our school years. Because of this the whole school must build this magazine. The editorial committee exists to select from the material supplied the work which will best represent the general progress of the ship we call our school, but only you, the students of the school, can supply the articles, poems, photographs and notes which will display how you wish to be remembered. You alone can allow us to share your interest in your hobbies, your form, your house, your sport, your mates in the school. Your care and interest will produce a record of which you can be proud in later years, or a record which no one will read. We thank those who have co-operated with us as editor, would like also to thank the enthusiastic committee for its support and as editor, would like also to thank the enthusiastic committee for its support and help. Special thanks must also go to Mr. Barry Sutton for his permission to use his photographs of school teams.

For many students this is their last year at school. To them we wish a prosperous and happy future. To our examinees in senior exams, we wish success, and to the school as a whole a very Merry Christmas.

PETER MURDOCH.

OUR LEADERS

1959

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

Senior Master: Mr. G. Morris, B.A., B.Ed.

Senior Mistress: Miss E. Richards, B.A., B.Ed.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

Mesdames M. Colley, G. Taylor, Messrs. A. Claringbold, H. Pirie, W. Conway, J. Coe, Crs. E. Loft, H. Kim, R. Ducrow, J. Gray, W. Floyd, M.L.A., J. Croker, Esq.

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Mr. K. Senior, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. D. Johnson, T.P.T.C.
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Mr. M. Simmons (Univ. Subj.)	Mr. L. M. Meehan, T.P.T.C.

PREFECTS

Joan Conway (Head), Sue Cordell, Rosemary Hanger, Lesley Brooks, Bevelly Marks, Gail Simpson, Sandra Korf, Margaret Dunleavy, Barbara Bishop, Raimonda Malakunas, Mary Sims, Diane Gunn, Jennifer Cox, James Stewart (Head), Fred Armitage, Colin Brathwaite, David Ferris, Mervyn Ferris, Denis Merrett, Peter Murdoch, Robert Packett, Peter Shaw, Fergus Stewart, Austin Stringer, Neville Woolnough.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Dingo—Irene Clements, M. Dobbin. Koala—Sue Cordell, F. Armitage.
Possum—Heather Rae, E. Didenkowski. Wombats—Rosemary Hanger, Bert Guy.

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

J. Conway, P. Ferne, P. Dundee, J. Packett, M. Condon, R. Farr, J. Stewart, D. Urquhart, G. Bird, G. Fitch, J. Brooker, J. Marks.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Advisor, Mr. C. Hughes, P. Murdoch (Editor), R. Packett, M. Dobbin, C. Brathwaite, D. Gunn, A. Jamieson, S. Korf, E. Didenkowski, J. Cox, R. Malakunas, P. Horan, B. Fitzgibbon, Y. Francome.

The Headmaster Says



During the past year two former head masters of this school have passed on. Mr. W. Richards would be well remembered by many of the older ex-students of the school as a man of great energy, scholarship and high ideals. The younger generation will remember Mr. C. Brook in just the same way. Each man was imbued with the ideal that the school must be great if it is to fulfil its allotted function in the community, and each in his own way fearlessly went forward in an effort to increase the stature of the school on every occasion possible, and resisted strenuously any forces working in the other direction.

To their families we express sympathy and gratitude for magnificent service to their school. We can assure them that we too feel a sense of deep loss.

How much a school really owes to its pioneers is never properly known until it becomes history, but we feel that we can leave the judgment of the contribution of these two men to history with every confidence that they will be adjudged great leaders who developed the school towards

the ideal of truth and justice, forming the anchor to hold fast to the highest ideals of service.

We must not be misled however into believing that head masters make or mar a school. They must have the co-operation of staff, parents and pupils. The combined efforts of this ever-changing group are essential for the successful functioning of any school.

One of the trends of recent years has been the increased interest shown by parents in the well-being of the school. They have become more and more aware of the need and value of their efforts, and have given, and are continuing to give to an increasing extent, of their services and resources to further the interests of the school. This trend has given schools much material assistance, but perhaps what is more important, has brought the school into closer contact with the Community it strives to serve, and brings us nearer to the ideal of the members of the community thinking in terms of 'our' school.

The trend towards 'Secondary education for all' has developed very rapidly over the last fifteen years, until now very few primary schools offer a chance for a boy or girl to proceed beyond Grade VI. This has meant that all excepting the few who do not reach this stage before the age of 14 years need to proceed to some secondary school to complete their schooling to this stage as demanded by law.

After reaching the secondary school, the trend in recent years has been for a greater proportion of pupils to remain at school beyond this statutory age of 14 years. The increase has become so marked in recent years that it seems doubtful if it will be necessary to raise the school leaving age by law. This is a most encouraging trend, and will achieve on a voluntary basis what many countries have had to attempt by compulsion. Compulsion always creates a sprinkling of problem cases, and the continuation of this trend will place us in the happy position of having a large percentage of the population remaining at school dur-

ing the years beyond the age of 14 without compulsion.

You who are at school now should take note of this and realise that in the years to come the academic standards demanded for the more desirable vocations will rise. To have an Intermediate Certificate will not lift you out of the ruck, but will merely be the mark of average attainment, and the leaving certificate will be demanded much more commonly than it is at present.

This means that you should apply yourselves to the fullest extent to reach a standard as high as your ability will permit. If you fail to do this, it seems certain that you will find yourselves unqualified for many of the more desirable positions offering in the next few years.

It is of little value to be content with standards that were sufficient in past years; you must advance with the times and realise that whilst 20 years ago it may have been possible to become very successful after leaving school at the age of 14 years, this will become progressively more difficult as time goes on.

L. J. BOWE

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' Association membership this year stands at 85 which is not as high as it has been in the past years and represents a small percentage of the total number of parents of pupils attending the school. The annual subscription still stands at the modest sum of 2/- and there is a standing invitation to all parents to swell the ranks.

Now that the school canteen is operating, the need for more volunteers to assist is increasing daily. Improvements in the canteen are taking place progressively on a pre-planned basis and with more volunteers the canteen will eventually open five days a week to serve lunches. The benefit of the canteen, in so far as provision of funds for school amenities, has not been realised yet as much has still to be done in the way of supply of equipment and improvements to the canteen itself.

Another event, of greater importance to pupils and parents alike than the opening of the canteen, was the commencement of matriculation classes at the school this year. The Headmaster is to be commended for no mean achievement and has earned the grateful thanks of all members of the Association.

A new method of subscribing to Direct Giving was tried out this year and met with such success that it is proposed to use the same methods next year. That is the scheme whereby those who wish to can make one donation to cover the whole year or subscribe so much per term as they so desire as an alternative to monthly Direct Giving.

Amenities provided this year cover a variety of things, provision of a new duplicator, records, map stamps, and interior decoration of the Prefects' Room being among them. The reference library for matriculation subjects also received more books.

The monthly dances are still as popular as ever although there were some setbacks due to the Mechanics Hall not being regularly available. It is hoped to provide a more regular program next year.

In conclusion, members of the Association wish to express their thanks to the Headmaster and his staff for their work on behalf of the school students.

W. Conway, Hon. Sec.

RETIREMENT OF Mr. T. KENT

At the mid-year, Mr. Kent retired after a lifetime of service with the Victorian Education Department. Twenty-four years of this time was spent at Williamstown High School.

"Sarge," as he was affectionately known to many generations of students, was a veteran of World War I. On his return from France he commenced teaching drawing, but finally gravitated to geography, and became senior geography teacher at Williamstown, a subject which fitted practically with his hobbies of photography, and timekeeping, and fine lathe work.

Although his love of practical jokes did not always make him popular in the staff room, many members of staff gained much from his advice and sound guidance, while to students he was a wise though firm mentor.

Ill-health marred his last year of service, but "Sarge" has started on the road to new health, and all connected with our High School, "exies," members of staff, and students, wish him many happy years of rest and enjoyment, and say "Thank you, Mr. Kent, for the friendships you gave us."

The Advisory Council

BULLENGAROOK

(That sounds very aboriginal)

I think it could be! It is the name of a very beautiful site in the Wombat Forest, situated between Trentham and the delightful town of Old Gisborne, and is about thirty-five miles by road from Melbourne.

If you would like to visit Bullengarook, drive along the Calder Highway, until you reach Old Gisborne, and continue for a few miles along the road to Bacchus Marsh, taking a right hand turn into a pretty red gravel road, and soon you reach a spot where there are some old timber humpies, and this is Bullengarook. The site of 400 acres of beautiful virgin forest country, covered with eucalyptus of tall and small growth. In the spring it is a sheer joy, with a wealth of wild flowers. Through this area runs a crystal clear stream. This is where the Education Department have been offered by the State Forestry Department, 400 acres of forest to form a High School Camp; set aside exclusively for students of High Schools on the western side of the Yarra.

A movement full of interest and possibilities. What would it mean to each of these schools? At least once a year, forty to fifty fourth formers — boys — and maybe in another group and at another time — girls — would spend a week's holiday in these happy surroundings, learning bush lore, attending lectures on Forestry by a qualified Forester, setting young pine trees, log fire concerts, eating and sleeping under very good conditions.

Then — as the years roll on — and the trees have grown tall and broad, and the planters have grown into full years, to see coming to your old school a share of the profits accruing from the sale of tall timbers.

A great deal of interest has been displayed in this movement, and it was expected it would have been an established fact this coming year. From each school would have come some monetary backing towards initial costs, but a grant was to be obtained from the Government to enable suitable buildings to be erected and other essential amenities provided. But, new High

Schools, extra class rooms, and so on, have crowded out all thought of any money for our pet forestry scheme; and it has had to be shelved for a few years. The need for this postponement has been a great disappointment to the many men very keenly interested in the movement. Inspectors, head-masters, teachers and school council members. The interest developed is not going to fade and I am sure in the not too far distant future this venture will be realised.

I hope all who read this little story will interest themselves in this scheme and at some time plan a visit to Bullengarook — the site of our future High Schools' Forestry Camp.

These notes come to you from the Advisory Council of the Williamstown High School; a body of representative citizens who have the school very much at heart.

To be able to present a bold case to the Government, who are responsible to bring to every child in the State the education to which he is entitled, a combined body of all the organisations which exist to further the interests of youth in education has been formed and is to be known as the "Victorian Parent-Teacher Education Council." Its objects shall be: To further the cause of State education by—

1. Encouraging and developing understanding and co-operation between parents and teachers throughout Victoria.

2. To take action to arouse the public conscience on the needs of education in Victoria.

3. Co-operation with similar organisations in other States in dealing with the matter on a Commonwealth-wide basis.

4. Making representations jointly in the name of the sponsoring and supporting organisations to all appropriate authorities.

Branches of the Parent-Teacher Movement will be formed throughout the State. It is felt that this movement will not only co-ordinate all the forces which are at present working separately, but will present a unified and forceful demand for a still better deal for Victorian youth in the schools. There will come into this movement the full force of the teaching profes-

sion through their great organisation—The Teachers' Union. The State School Committees Association, the Federation of Mothers' Clubs and the Secondary Schools Advisory Councils' Association are the other bodies working for this purpose. This new body will be very able to carry out their charter in all its purposes.

It is interesting and encouraging to see the impetus given to the well-being of youth today in their preparation for careers and citizenship. Leaders of industry and of commerce are joining with educationists to find ways and means to bring about better facilities in schools, bigger opportunities for students, and above all, a better equipped young man or woman to follow their various callings.

Might I suggest that an accelerated inter-be given by more parents to the local High School. The Parents' Association is doing a great job of work, but so much is left to so few. Would every parent who has a child at the school think seriously about joining the association, and thus add interest and effect to the work already being done.

I would like to tell you more of the activities of the School Council, but my allotted space is full.

JAMES C. COE,

President, High School Council

OBITUARY

On Saturday, 26th September, 1959, the staff and pupils, past and present, of Williamstown High School, were deeply shocked to learn that a former headmaster of this school, Mr. C. E. Brooks, had passed away.

During his ten-year term of office as headmaster, which terminated in April, 1956, Mr. Brooks made his presence felt in all spheres, his understanding but firm nature being liked by everyone.

On his retirement, Mr. Brooks, after a short rest, again offered his services to the Education Department, and went to Brighton High as a temporary teacher. After only three years at that school, Mr. Brooks was called away for higher service.

OUR SUZY

Our Suzy is the youngest of three daughters. She has strawberry-blonde hair, brown eyes, a "lovely" figure and "long, shapely" legs. Her nose and eyebrows are her dis-

may, but her hair is ours, because she spends hours in the bathroom arranging it.

The red-gold locks are contorted into the latest and worst fashions, which take centuries to set. She emerges from her beauty-parlour to consult the hair-specialist next door. Before we can take advantage of her absence she is back and the bathroom door is locked again. When the butterfly finally flits by, our criticisms fall on deaf ears.

Between them, Suzy and the girl next door conduct beauty congresses, at which they decide to slim. After candid criticism and a great deal of measuring Rhonda decides that Suzy's legs are marred by having thick ankles. At the same congress they agree that Suzy's figure could only be perfect if she reduced her waist by two inches. For the rest of the day Suzy performs frantic exercises to reduce her ankles. By nightfall she is satisfied that they look slimmer, so she stops exercising. Instead of exercising to reduce her waist, Suzy draws up a diet chart. The main feature of the diet was the cutting out of lollies altogether. By lunchtime the following day she concludes that the diet will not be upset if she eats only the lollies other girls offer her. At tea-time she finds it unbearable to contemplate a night on a quarter-filled stomach and the diet is abandoned.

Another sphere in which Suzy and Rhonda excel is that of sewing. In a short time they can convert a pair of jeans into bermuda shorts embellished with white tacking and red buttons. A few months ago they made a pair of frilly pantaloons which they used to wear under their circular felt shirts. On cold winter's nights Suzy came into the lounge-room in a pair of very frivolous shortie pyjamas. They were almost as brief as bikinis.

Having these talents and being blessed with a sunny nature Suzy has a gay social life. Sunday night is the period during the week-end that we see her for any great length of time. From Friday night to Sunday night she goes to the pictures, the Cuba-Cuba, a dance or party, a friend's house for a meal and a match or outing with a boyfriend.

Suzy is very easy to live with because of her sense of humour and good spirits. (This is not an advertisement for the matrimonial market.)

G. Simpson, V/s

(Winner of High Tide essay prize.)

RESULTS

The following were awarded Leaving Certificates in 1959:

LEAVING, 1958

<i>Six subjects</i>	B. Packett
J. Conway	<i>Five subjects</i>
L. Evans	L. Fattick
S. Henry	P. Ferne
L. Brooks	R. Hanger
S. Cordell	B. Marks
C. Braithwaite	L. McPherson
D. Arms	J. Treanor
M. Didzys	F. Spotiswood
M. Ferris	H. Gropel
K. Harvey	B. Keane
P. Hutchison	T. MacIntyre
H. Malakunas	K. Stewart
P. Murdoch	<i>Four subjects</i>
D. Newgreen	S. Kesteris
J. Sharman	M. Simpson
J. Rogers	K. Gropel
P. Shaw	P. Ward
J. Stewart	

INTERMEDIATE, 1958

<i>Nine subjects</i>	R. Weight
B. Cambridge	B. Woods
E. Didzys	J. Williams
J. Ellis	N. Bryant
D. Gunn	I. Bradley
R. Malakunas	D. Merrit
D. MacDonald	<i>Six subjects</i>
M. Malins	J. Bennie
H. Rae	L. Gillespie
M. Sims	S. McCombe
G. White	M. Mead
F. Armitage	C. Medlicott
B. Hoath	Y. Van Tiggelen
B. Hill	<i>Boys</i>
A. Jurger	C. Caswell
F. Stewart	D. Ferris
A. Stringer	B. Glenister
D. Schultz	J. Micaloff
G. Thompson	I. Thompson
N. Woolnough	<i>Junior Scholarships</i>
<i>Eight subjects</i>	D. Beasley
V. Abisch	M. Cronin
C. Armstrong	D. Knight
M. Corner	R. Price
I. Giblin	J. Punshon
P. Horan	S. Sahhar
M. Humphries	S. Sims
M. Jeffrey	<i>Free Places</i>
B. Johnson	S. Alkamade
H. Morrison	K. Kugler
A. Jamieson	F. MacDonald
J. Radford	S. Salter
G. Rowe	F. Upward
B. Shaw	D. Wright
N. Pierra	<i>Nursing Bursaries</i>
G. Simpson	M. Corner
I. Trangmar	K. Dolman
G. Bird	M. Malins
L. Gropel	M. Mead
J. Lawson	M. Millard
D. Marshall	R. Wheller

J. Barber
R. Outen
P. Taylor
F. Ward
<i>Seven subjects</i>
V. Hearne
R. Bladon
J. Cox
B. Cartledge
P. Dundee
L. Hanger
L. Hewitt
L. Kesteris
S. Korf
B. Logan
D. Leach
P. Lalor
B. Nash
E. Oataway
A. Paterson
B. Pascoe
S. Rolley
L. Turton

Teaching Bursaries 1959

Leaving

Eva Didzys
Diane Gunn
Raimonda Malakunas
Gail Simpson
Mary Sims
Barry Hill

Matriculation Teaching Bursaries

Colin Braithwaite
Lesley Brooks
Sue Cordell
Martin Didzys
Margaret Dunleavy
Ken Harvey
Edward Madejski
Henri Malakunas
Beverley Marks
Peter Murdoch
Robert Packett
Peter Shaw

SCHOLARSHIPS, 1958

<i>Junior</i>	<i>Free Places</i>
B. Shaw	P. Cant
J. Packett	J. Richardson
J. Roberts	J. Niell
B. Cartledge	J. Carpenter
N. Pierra	J. Davis
G. Rowe	D. Spotiswood

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following school magazines: Rising Tide. Mercury, The Avenue, Pallas, Voyager. Nautilus, Horaylia, Adelaide Boys', Ripples. Mildura, Alba, Harvest, Aurora Kanyanya. Echoes, Waverley, Essendon High, Pegasus. Yakkity Hi, Eureka, Salamander, Gate. Dunvegan, Unicorn, Venture, Goulburnia. Flotsam, Spirit, The Hill, The Pylon.

PARENTS' DAY

We wait in long corridors to meet
The teacher whom our daughters recom-
mend

As being "not too bad" or "rather sweet,"
Trying to look intelligent, and woe,
Remembering her warning to behave,
As parents should in visiting a school;
Get apprehensive, just like pupils who
Without much hope in critical exams.
May just scrape through.



Back Row: Mervyn Ferris, Neville Woolnough, Fred Armitage, Austin Stringer, Fergus Stewart, Robert Packett, Peter Murdoch, Colin Braithwaite.
 Middle Row: Gail Simpson, Sue Cordell, Rosemary Hanger, Diane Gunn, Jennifer Cox, Lesley Brooks, Beverly Marks, Sandra Korf, Raimonda Malakunas.
 Front Row: Dennis Merritt, David Ferris, Peter Shore, Jim Stewart (Head Prefect), Mr. G. Morris (Senior Master), Mr. L. J. Bowe (Headmaster), Miss E. Richards (Senior Mistress), Joan Conway (Head Prefect), Margaret Dunleavy, Mary Sims, Barbara Bishop.



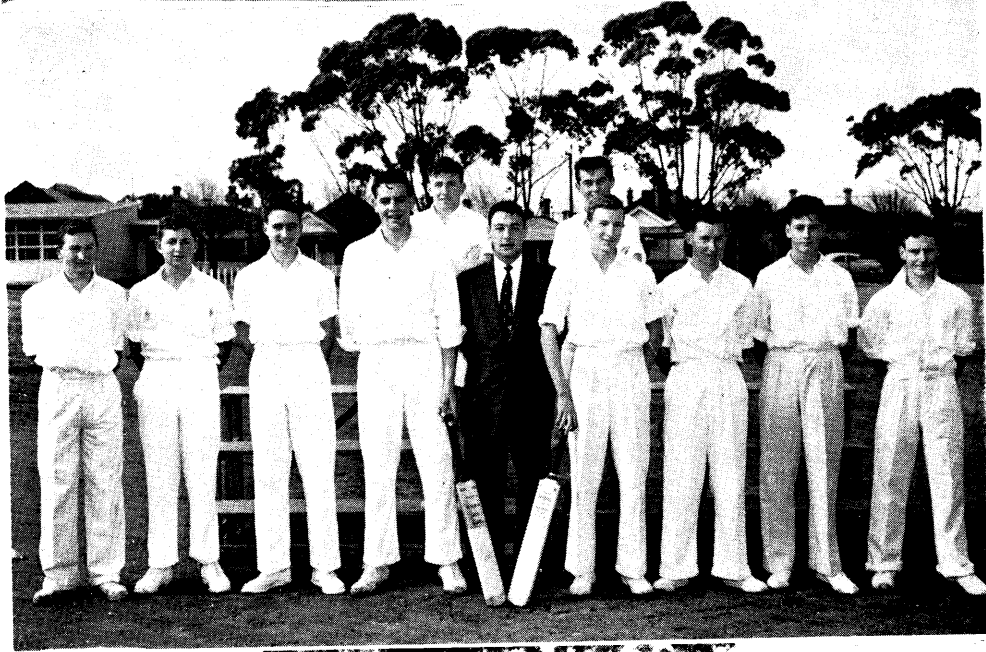
OFFICERS and N.C.O.S.
 Back Row: Cpl. K. Nicholas, Cpl. G. Fenton, Cpl. M. Crewes, Cpl. H. Dalton, Sgt. G. Bird, Sgt. F. Stewart, Sgt. D. Ferris, Cpl. F. Ward, Cpl. P. Taylor.
 Middle Row: L. Cpl. D. Valance, L. Cpl. T. Hipwell, L. Cpl. R. McMahon, L. Cpl. I. Bradley.
 Front Row: S. Sgt. J. Barber, C.U.O. A. Stringer, C.U.O. F. Armitage, Capt. Knight, Lt. Egan, C.U.O. Woolnough, W.O.H. C. Caswell, Sgt. R. Rattray. Absent: C.U.O. J. Shaw.



LACROSSE
 Back Row: M. Crewes, K. Nicholas, D. Ferris, D. Thompson, F. Stewart, R. Parker, (Capt.), Mr. R. Mullins, A. Stringer, J. Ferris, K. Stevenson, I. MacCutehon.



FOOTBALL
 Back Row: D. Merritt, T. R. Packett, B. Guy, Mr. Knight (Coach), F. Wainwright, Stevenson, P. Shaw, C. B. Waite.
 Front Row: E. Rowe, B. R. G. Sparkes, N. Woolmer, M. Ferris, G. Fitch, R. Ewen, D. Skeats, P. Murdoch, D. Johnson, G. Fenton.



CRICKET
 Back Row: Dennis Merritt, Gary Sparks.
 Front Row: Fergus Stewart, Frank Ward, Ross McKeown, Bert Guy, Mr. Knight, Jimmy Stewart, Alan Evans, Wayne Nettleton, David Ferris.



HOCKEY
 Left to Right: Back Row: G. Thompson, R. Rattray, O. Jurgen.
 Front Row: B. Glenister, A. Pirie, W. Ashford, J. Barber, Mr. Egan, J. Pollard, S. Ashford, D. Shultz, I. Bradale.

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Girls —

Billy Graham's words: "The Bible says . . . !" are very familiar to most ears now, but how many really know what the Bible says? The I.S.C.F. has sought to give girls some idea on Bible teachings as on Tuesday lunchtime, amidst hungry munching, and the rustling of lunch papers, various visitors opened to us many important Bible truths. Among these visitors was Miss Povey, the Girls' I.S.C.F. travelling secretary, who spent a delightful lunch-hour explaining to us the mysteries of Scripture Union.

Mr. Jamieson, Head Usher of the Adelaide Billy Graham Crusade and a former Head Prefect of this school, gave us an idea of the vast amount of detailed planning which goes into a Crusade.

A display of various Malayan articles illustrated Miss Wade's enlightening talk on the joys and hardships of missionary life in Malaya. Miss Varley, also a missionary, but one from Nigeria, fascinated everybody by telling us of Nigerian dress and customs. She pointed out that to work in Nigeria one needs to have a good musical ear as the language is sung rather than spoken. She delighted the group by saying (or rather singing) goodbye to us in Nigerian.

Several meetings were conducted by the girls themselves, and some by the counsellor of the group, Mrs. Angus. Whatever the meeting, whoever the speaker, the whole aim of the I.S.C.F. this year has been to encourage Christian girls, and to show others that true peace and joy in their daily lives can only be found as they completely trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

Assistant Leader

Boys —

During second term, the Boys' Fellowship was re-established by the travelling secretary of I.S.C.F., Mr. L. Bartlett, and has continued with Mr. C. Edwards of the Baptist College as counsellor.

An enthusiastic committee, under the leadership of Bob Packett, has been elected and has made many valuable suggestions concerning the conduct of the meetings.

Rev. H. Scott-Simmons, who was on furlough from India, gave a very stirring talk at a meeting to which the girls were invited.

The other meetings were in the form of Bible studies, led by the counsellor. Boys from all forms in the school attend the meetings, and it is evident that the group will thrive in the future as boys learn the truths of God, as expressed in His word and through His Son.

Counsellor

ANZAC DAY, APRIL 25

Man's love to man, like love divine,
Is gathered round this sacred shrine;
Death cannot part, nor time efface,
That love which each man's life does grace.
For honor and for liberty,
For home and for posterity;
They heard the call and paid the price,
A hallowed human sacrifice.
O matchless dead! Thy silent voice
Rings through the corridors of time;
And while men mourn, they still rejoice
In thy great sacrifice sublime.

The Shrine of Remembrance was erected by the citizens of Victoria in memory of 18,000 patriotic men who made the supreme sacrifice during the Great War 1914-18.

On the floor, in the centre of the inner Shrine, surrounded by a very low coping, is a flat stone, "The Stone of Remembrance."

In the northern roof, a small aperture is incorporated in the masonry, scientifically placed so that each year, precisely at eleven o'clock on the eleventh day of the eleventh month, the sunlight streams through this narrow aperture on to the "Stone of Remembrance," revealing the words "Greater Love Hath No Man."

On April 24 our school was represented by a group of fourteen at Legacy's annual Anzac commemoration service. The service was opened by the Governor, Sir Dallas Brookes, who, giving the address, said that we were not there to glorify war, but rather to honor the men and women who gave their lives to preserve our way of life.

Our wreath was laid among those of the hundreds of school children who took part in the ceremony.

Prefects

Girls

A prefect, in these degenerate days, is expected to be a know-all, lend-all and carry-all (the sports equipment).

At the beginning of the year, as two of us sallied forth in a blaze of new braid, we were approached by a First Form child, who asked: "Please, what are the stripes for?" (She found out).

Sometimes, in our odd leisure moments we do enjoy ourselves, but such is the spirit of the job, we do not relax, but spend them in strenuous gymnastics (such as climbing in and out of the windows because the door has been locked, or getting tennis balls out of the spouting) and developing our hobbies.

Rosemary, for instance, has a not-so-secret yearning to become a hairdresser. She will thin your hair for next to nothing, as some unfortunates discovered. Beverly had the strength of mind to resist the hypnotic effect of seeing a procession of weak-minded morons on to "the chair." There, when securely strapped down, a raincoat was thrown over their clothing (to prevent evidence adhering), a gag was placed in their mouth, and the thinning shears started their evil work. However, this succession of victims did not satisfy Rosemary, who wandered around muttering, "I'd love to cut Bev's hair. Just wait till she gets back from the canteen." Beverly, I rejoice to say, was saved by the bell!

As some people may have observed, the pavilion possesses a chimney. Now, where there's a chimney there's usually a fireplace, and the shrewd prefects soon worked out that behind that big cupboard lurked a place for a fire. So they descended on that cupboard and soon a fireplace became visible. This was the start of guerilla warfare between Mr. Greaves and the "Wood Snatchers." Not a log of wood was safe. Mr. Greaves would patrol their usual beat by the old men's staffroom, only to see them disappearing through the boys' locker-room to the quadrangle. This sort of thing soon reduced the poor man to a state of nervous hysteria. This, however, did not worry those unscrupulous scoundrels Malakunas and Dunleavy (Official Removers)

and Simpson (Wood Pulveriser). The result of the labors of the Terrible Trio was a blazing fire whereon we toasted our sandwiches. This practice created a pressing need for toasting forks, and thus many mothers do not, to this day, know what happened to that invaluable asset to the kitchen and barbecue. Sue, not satisfied with eating carrots, egged on some hapless biology students to appropriate some kidneys for her lunch. A word of advice—Do not leave food lying around, footloose and fancy-free in the pavilion—or it will pass on.

The mirror, naturally a place of great activity, is always surrounded by a great concourse. Sandra, especially, was most upset when Joan, our respected head prefect, played a kind of one-woman noughts and crosses on the smoke-grimed glass, which made it immaterial where one combed one's hair, as the mirror was no use.

The pavilion was painted one weekend. This seemingly simple job was the source of many broken friendships and mutilated corpses as the Battle of the Roof raged. There was, inevitably, a mild quarrel as to the colors, but the question of the painting of the roof was a full-scale war. The majority voted the roof be painted, but somehow this has not been done and the names are still scribbled on it in full view.

Yard Duty was a device invented to punish the wicked (and help the house on duty?). Lesley was a great lover of this form of punishment and the patter of little feet, a timid knock, and a demand for "Lesley Brooks" was heard at all hours, as the miscreants came to receive their just deserts.

Although one would not think it to look at her, Barbara is very good at arguing and is our star debator. She ably helped to represent the school on television and we are proud that she is a paying member of "The Club"

Crash! Crash! Balls shooting everywhere, the table almost in the fireplace, and timid souls cowering in the corner as Jennifer, Diane and I bash wildly with hockey sticks

at anything and everything in a wild hit-and-run game of our inventing. The juniors stand outside, their ears flapping, vainly trying to discover what is happening within the sacred portals.

The teachers, prime movers in the game being Messrs Knight and Jones, decided that the prefects should supervise free (I mean private study) periods. To these well-meaning (?) gentlemen we owe those sessions shivering in the icy-cold atmosphere of the junior pavilion, where slime drips from the walls and large rats move furtively through the gloom. There is an aura of hatred as the conspirators plot their gaolers' downfall.

On this happy note endeth the Girl Prefects' notes.

Mary Sims, Vs

CADET NOTES

The unit suffered a great setback at the end of last year when Major Crowl and Lieutenant Meehan resigned their commissions. However, Lieutenant Knight was promoted to Captain, and Mr. Egan was commissioned.

Arduous expeditions to Junior Leaders' camp have released new military problems (along with the old problems of Brath and Palk) in the personages of C.U.O's Stringer and Woolnough; C.S.M. Caswell, C.Q.M.S. Barber, and Sgts. Ferris, Bird and Fitch.

Unit strength now stands at 89 semi-able bodies, made up into three platoons and H.Q. staff. The 'first year' platoon, capably man-handled by C.U.O. Armitage, and his side-kick, Ferris, have improved remarkably. 'Bird's mob' of second third year cadets, was commanded by C.U.O. Stringer. This platoon was unfortunate in having to put up with Ward's crack 'Medic' section. (Don't worry now boys, it's all over . . . till next year.)

Another notable 'experiment' this year was the formation of a Guard platoon, under C.U.O. Woolnough and Sgt. 'Fudge' Fitch. Their ultimate objective is the Guard competition at camp this year. But more about this in the camp notes.

The well-established unit, 'Disposals Store,' was run, this year, by Shaw, Barber and Crewes and Co. (They tell me that the profits made were very satisfactory.)

Range day, held at Williamstown range, was a great success; as more by good luck than good shooting, there were no casual-

ties. Besides, casualties would have been left to the tender mercies of the Medic section. The cadets, their enthusiasm 'dampened' somewhat by the weather, still put on an entertaining display—in more ways than one. Some cadets, who were firing on the 300 yards mound, still insisted on hitting imaginary targets about 10 yards away. Top score was Ray McMahon with a very commendable 90 out of 100. Anyone who scored more than 80 was awarded a Marksman Badge. There was also a rumor that one of the staff received a badge, but he received a little help from one of the parents, who fired one of his practices for him.

August at Pucka! A dream come true!?? Annual camp has aroused the usual interest this year; especially amongst the 'smoke and nugget brigade.' This brigade is eagerly awaiting an opportunity to prove itself—after 'lights out!' The sale of boot polish far exceeds the amount required for the cadets' boots.

This refrain is often heard, about 10 p.m., from certain tents in the lines:

"Show me the way to go home,

I'm tired and I want to go to bed,

I had a little drink about an hour ago"

But some nights we wonder if they sleep 'tight'?

All cracks aside though, the work put in, from N.C.O's upwards, was very good to see; and I think I can safely predict a good future for the unit. Most of all I think most of us had a lot of fun doing our jobs; I know I did anyway.

P.J.S.

EDUCATION WEEK

On Open Night strains of a familiar voice — Bev. Shea's — could be heard drifting around the school. The source could be traced to room 10, where the I.S.C.F. had a display. This room, which was kindly arranged by John Lane, was packed with information about I.S.C.F. activities, including summer camps and Beach Missions. Bibles in various languages were on display and a section was entirely devoted to Scripture Union.

During the afternoon and evening many people visited room 10, and many favorable comments were passed about the display.

As this I.S.C.F. display was a new venture, the results were pleasing, and it is hoped that it will be continued in the coming year.

DINGO HOUSE GIRLS

"Forms 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2 will all go quickly and quietly to house assembly without going to their lockers," comes the announcement every Wednesday just before lunch. But it doesn't seem to have any effect on the Dingo girls, for only half the house arrives promptly, and hardly any arrive quietly.

They all gather in little groups (about 20) and chatter their heads off. To them assembly means they can at last give vent to all their grievances without the eagle-eyed teacher giving them 100 lines for misbehaviour.

Irene Clements, our house captain, rushes in. Bits of paper with secret names and activities flutter in her wake. Sandra Korf, vice-captain, frantically tries to rescue these secret documents. Margaret Dunleavy is posted on the door to cross-examine all late-comers, who usually plead that they have had cooking. Then only Miss Wilmot, our house mistress, has to arrive and our assembly begins.

By now everyone knows what expert swimmers Dingos are, for the swimming cup is once more in our possession. Helen Farr as usual swam very well, and won Dingoes quite a few points, and she was also the girls' open champion.

After our win Irene shed a few womanly tears of joy and Malcolm had to make the victory speech.

The Choral Contest! We were all in very good voice, but alas, somehow the adjudicator didn't understand our merits, and we only came third, even after Malcolm Dobbin's brilliant conducting and hard work.

Between the songs an innocent little bit of paper appeared which said in bold letters, "Breathe at the end of every sentence!" Much to our horror, at the end, the adjudicator then announced that we didn't breathe at the end of every sentence. Oh, well! Thank you, Malcolm and pianist Ann Cameron for your hard work.

Athletic Sports! Not as successful as we hoped for, again we could only manage third. Cheryl Clarke won the under 16 championship to our delight. But we really showed them in the marching! "Dingoes first!" was the announcement. How many Dingoes know that the flag Irene carried was made by Helen in about 5 minutes,

when we realised our banner had been mislaid?

We are now hoping that we can keep our lead over Wombats (our strongest rivals) which we established during the 1st and 2nd terms, for the Parker Cup.

Thank you Irene and Sandra for the conscientious work you put into the house.

DINGO HOUSE BOYS

Once again the mighty Dingoes are having a good year. Capably led by a Dobbie called Malcolm (who seemed to spring from nowhere and seize control) we won the swimming sports, and lost only one match in the football.

Under the baton of the aforesaid Malcolm, and aided on the accompaniment side by "Annikins" Cameron, we managed to scrape in to third place in the Choral Contest, thereby making it necessary for us to win the Athletics.

This year, a debate was held, for which points were awarded for the Parker Cup. Represented by Don Urquhart, Ian Tuck, Margaret Dunleavy and Jim Stewart (plus a rowdy mob of back-benchers), we managed to beat our opponents, Possums.

Our thanks go to Malcolm, vice-captain Jim Stewart, "Selection Committee," Grant Fenton, and Frank Ward, House Masters. Mr. Moore, Mr. Simmons, and Mr. Fore-cast (to whom we wish bon voyage) for making Dingo House what it is—the best house of all!

Hon. Sec.

KOALA HOUSE GIRLS

With Sue Cordell as our Captain and Laris Kesteris as vice-captain, Koalas began 1959 well by gaining 2nd place on both the girls' side and with the boys' score in the swimming sports.

Towards the end of the term two Koalas began vigorous(?) practising for the Choral Contest. Jim Lawson was our conductor, and he did an extremely good job managing to bring out our musical talent, and to keep us in good humor. Pat Ferne was our pianist and with the united efforts of the House we succeeded in coming 2nd.

In term 2 sport, the Koala basketball team was first and the softball team was equal first.

During Education Week on Open Day an inter-house debate was held with Koalas versing Wombats. The subject for debate

was "Has capital punishment a place in modern society" and Koalas were given the negative side. There were four speakers from both houses, ours being Pat Ferne, Barbara Bishop, Keith O'Donnell and Fred Armitage. A number of enthusiastic backbenchers were present. After fierce argument on both sides the adjudicator, Rev. Saltmarsh, announced that Koalas had won the debate by 16 points.

Our house assemblies have been orderly and our thanks go firstly to Miss Stirling, who was our house mistress for the first part of the year, and then to Mr Storey, who filled her place.

If we do not win the Parker Cup at the end of the year at least we can say we have done our best.

KOALA HOUSE

Under the continued leadership of Fred Armitage and Peter Murdoch, Koala House has had quite an eventful, yet unvictorious, year. In our first major inter-house competition, the Swimming Sports, Koalas finished 2nd, with our human fishes starring as per usual. Best individual performers were D. Sceats, R. Cordell, McAleese and Granger. These boys show great potential in this field of sport.

In the Cricket Competition for 1st term, Koalas met strong opposition and therefore only gained (?) place in the final total. However, we did have some star individuals in P. Shaw, Nettleton, Evans and Murdoch, who represented the school at cricket. The Koala cricket team has a lot of potential, and could become threatening in about 10 years time.

The football team, lacking big men, performed very well considering this hardship. They began to combine well and nearly caused a major upset by downing Wombats, and losing to Possums by 1 point. The team, on an average, was very young, but showed great determination and courage in their method of play. The team managed only 3rd place in the series, but there were 9 players to represent the school. 1st XVIII. Shaw, Arnold, Keene, Rowe, Murdoch; 2nd XVIII. Armitage, Sceats, McCallum, Smith.

The tennis team, under the leadership of H. Gill, and also with Wimbledon prospect Geoff Underwood, finished ?? in the series. The team played well, but over-training was the cause of their failure. As usual, G. Underwood (Square) displayed fine ten-

nis strokes which made the gallery cheer madly at all his performances. He was a true match-winner. Congrats. to the team.

The Choral Concert gained Koalas 2nd place, under the very fine leadership of Mr. James Dawson, who most certainly is made for musical conducting. His fluent movements were a spectacular sight and I feel sure that Jim will carry on this hobby with any of Victoria's major orchestral groups.

Seriously, thanks Jim for the terrific job, and all the work you put into it.

Generally speaking Koalas had a most enjoyable year (I think) and should, in the future, improve on their accomplishments and become a major force at House meetings.

All the best, Koalas.

'Murdy.'

POSSUM HOUSE GIRLS

For we're the Possums, the Possums,
We're out to get the rep;
Just because we've got the pep,
We are the Possums, the Possums,
That is the House for me!
Hurrah!!

That is our mighty battle cry, a tradition with Possums. As usual, this year the good old song spurred us on to do our best.

Heather Rae was our popular and enthusiastic leader. Equally popular, and always ready to help her was Diane Gunn, our vice-captain. Somehow (nobody knows how) they managed to control the rioting in house assemblies.

Our stars in swimming this year were Carol Crane, Beverly Danger and Wendy Mosden and Marian Michael. The girls in basketball, tennis, hockey, softball and cricket also helped to gain valuable points for us.

In the Choral Competition we sang "The Road to the Isles" as our own choice, and our pianist was Lynnette Kim. Although we tried hard we did not win (probably because we gave ourselves sore throats beforehand while singing the House song).

In the Debate on Open Day we were against Dingoes on the subject of whether capital punishment should hold a place in our society. In this debate we were very well represented by Heather Rae and Diane Gunn.

At the beginning of the year our House mistress was Mrs. Crighton who left and was replaced by Miss Stirling.

After a lot of hard work by everyone we won the House Athletic Sports. Diane Gunn, Diane Muncing and Wendy Hughes were our outstanding competitors. Congratulations to them and to all other competitors as well. This was our major victory for the year.

In general, we have had a very full and enjoyable year. Keep at it, Possums!

POSSUM HOUSE BOYS

11.40 Wednesday (any), City of Williamstown M. Squad. My name's Friday.

Arrived at Room 6 and was introduced to captain E. Didenkowski, vice-captain G. Bird and the American and Irish coaches, I am told they do a good job.

The first impression promising "Be quiet Mitchell". Investigations concerning swimming were made. It seems that Possums' contribution to the Australian Olympic team, lacked form. The House finished third, but there were some dashing (?) individual performances in the art of swimming and diving. Representatives in the school team were E. Didenkowski (open champion), H. Gropel, R. Packett.

Tennis throughout the year has not been over-successful, but it is assumed that all Possum players fight it out in the true Australian Davis Cup spirit. "Be quiet Mitchell."

Possums had an excellent year in football, only losing one match in the firsts. Possum representatives in the school football team were E. Didenkowski, R. McKeown, G. Sparkes, T. Gall, C. Braithwaite, N. Woolnough, G. Morrish and R. Packett.

In the cricket only 2 matches have been played and Possums have yet to win a match. But this is certainly not due to lack of alround talent. F. Stewart, D. Ferris, G. Sparkes, R. McKeown made the school XI.

"Stand up Mitchell."

Possums' great triumph came in the field of athletics. All-round performances from all sections of the house enabled Possums to sing its victory cry at the conclusion of the day. Possums' best individual performers were E. Didenkowski, C. Braithwaite, G. Morrish, G. East, R. Charlesworth. Didenkowski was open champion.

"Get out, Mitchell."

At last we come to singing, a pastime enjoyed by all, with the possible exception

of a Possum. Nevertheless, even though the house was not a success, our thanks are extended to conductor (?) G. Bird, and the house pianist.

No report was received on the house's two-up activities.

Final Report: No complaints to lodge; this house is a good 'un.

"How did you get back inside, Mitchell?"

One may note that Mitchell is the star (?) of the house.

Joe Friday

WOMBAT HOUSE

Well, the "House of the Wombat" was once again to the fore in most things, this year.

At the beginning of the year, Wombats, being very wise, unanimously forced Rosemary Hangar to preside at our numerous noisy House assemblies, where gather the denizens of the underworld. Various tough characters pose around the room and, if the police arrived, there would be a great rush for the secret exit. Rosemary, however, is able to control all these unruly members, and does a really excellent job as House Captain. Joan Conway, the Vice-Captain, ably assists Rosemary and Gail Simpson records the results of the various battles, politely called sport.

Since Wombats are not noted for their love of water the House did as well as could be expected (which is putting it mildly) at the Swimming Sports. The competition was keen, but Sue Rolley, Lorraine Hangar, Ray Moran, Gail Simpson, Ruth Broadfoot, and, of course, Rosemary, did a good job.

All good Wombats and true, lubricated their throats with a special lotion (Formula X5) and opening their mouths, fixed their eyes on Gail Simpson, who was prancing out the front in her capacity of conductor, and let the audience have it. They were laying the audience out in rows in the aisles as the victorious Wombats left the stands after rendering the set song, "Jerusalem," and our choice "A Real Nice Clambake." Danute Jokubauskas and Bert Guy should have been given bouquets for the excellent singing in the solos, but cash would not run to it. Rumor has it that K. Knight's bank balance was larger after the Choral Concert due to certain transactions in the staff-room.

Apparently Wombats' speaking voices are not quite as melodious as their singing ones, for our debating team was narrowly defeated by Koalas. Our debaters were Ken Harvey (leader), Joan Conway, Barbara Fitzgibbon, and Ian McCutcheon, who were helped (or is it hindered?) by twelve backbenchers. The backbenchers were crammed together like sardines—the only difference being that sardines have nice, comfortable oil surrounding them.

The Athletic Sports were (almost) a triumph for Wombats who came second. They were leading, due to the good work of the teams, for a while. And, by the way, all Wombats' basketball teams won. Marion Towers won the championship in her age group and was the only girl in Wombats to do so. Congratulations, Marion!

Yard Duty was invented about a quarter of the way through the year and on the days when Wombats were on duty it was amazing what a scarcity of Wombats there was.

Taking it by and large, Wombats have done very well this year, due largely to the work of **Rosemary**.

Mary Sims

WOMBAT HOUSE BOYS

Wombat House boys have had a rather mixed-up year. We were unfortunate to fill 3rd position in the swimming, but this was made up for by our win in the Choral Contest, which we have now won twice in a row. We also were unlucky to fill second place in the Athletic Sports and not first. We had a star in David Johnson in the under 16 age group. In spite of good performances by Mervyn Ferris, Bert Guy, Dennis Merrett and a few others, we were not very successful in the football. However, Wombat tennis team came to the rescue and finished in first place. Stars of the tennis team were Ray Finlayson, Keith Burnell and Ken Harvey, who with a number of other Wombats, comprised a good percentage of the school team. The cricket team performed very well with Bert Guy and Dennis Merrett the outstanding players.

The overall result, therefore, represents a successful year.

Our hard-working House Captain this year was Bert Guy, ably helped by his Vice-

Captain, Barry Hill, and Secretary, Gary Fitch, who together helped to put Wombats well on the road to being top house for the second year in a row.

K.H.

SWAN LAKE

On Thursday, April 16, Miss Richards took a large party from the school to the Grosvenor Theatre, where we saw the film "Swan Lake", danced by the Russian Bolshoi Ballet Company.

Some spastic children were wheeled into the main aisle to watch the film.

We all enjoyed it immensely and the support which was a "Minstrel's Journey" through Africa was also very good.

D. GUNN

THE 'PLANES

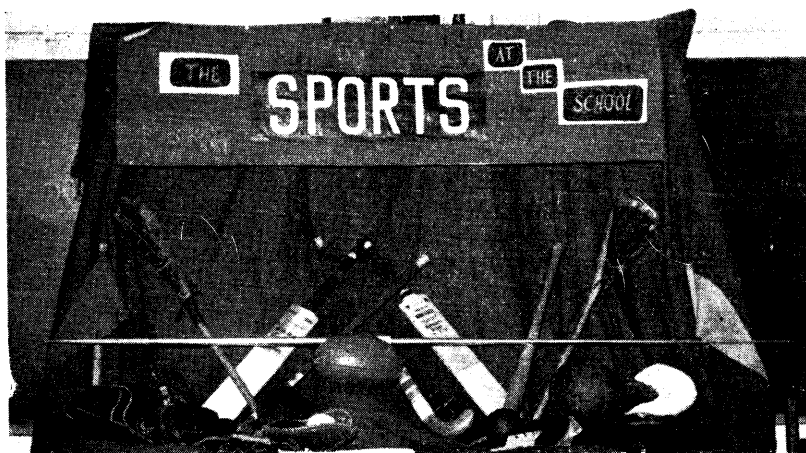
(Based on "The Trains," by Judith Wright)
In the early hours before dawn peeps,
engines droning,
up from the south the planes come;
from the depths of blessed sleep the vibrating moaning
shakes the homes, wakes
youth from untroubled dreams, breaking
the tired worker's dreamless sleep; but now
a feeling of exhilaration thrills the eager mind
with thoughts of the planes' destinations
unknown.

Unique, intricate maze of wonders, the
mind rested
at the sound of the droning vibrations entering
its world,
thinks again of the unknown
and responds again to the challenge;
why should the mind not thrill anew,
for since the dawn of time it has remained
unchanged?
Oh, thrilling unknown, have you walked
through our past and made our present.
Continue to walk through our future, filling
eager minds with your constant challenge.

Carrying unknown peoples of unknown
races,
the planes pass over our safe homes, thrilling
our minds,
with an irresistible challenge to think of
them
winging their way to destinations unknown.

Susan Sims, IIIa

(Winner of High Tide Prize)



SWIMMING

In brilliant sunshine before a magnificent throng of eight hundred people the Williamstown High School Swimming Carnival was held on Wednesday, February 25, at Footscray Baths. The splendid pageant made a superbly colorful spectacle as the competitors marched past massed bands playing the Best School of All and fell into the beautiful emerald green pool. Fanatical house maniacs decked in house colors threw house flags at the assembled competitors. A choir of eight hundred voices sang "Knees Up Mother Brown," then rendered "Soldiers Cross The Rhine."

After Mr. Bowe had dedicated the event, his words made the glorious climax to the traditional ceremony and pageantry that will live in the memory of all.

There were moments of tumultuous applause but as the starter raised his gun the fanfare of the trumpets and the thunder of the 21-gun salute marked the beginning of the classical one hundred metres race underwater. Compasses will be supplied to all competitors next year and outboard motors will be illegalised.

Early in the day Dingoes took a slight lead, to be challenged a little later by Koalas, who at one stage took the lead. Dingoes, however, after a few more events recovered the lead to remain on top despite a valiant effort by Possums towards the end of the day.

All events were closely and keenly contested. We all swam without fear of drowning as a bronze life-guard cleansing a foul-smelling pipe between his teeth (and his

moustache) kept a vigilant watch over our vigorously flailing bodies.

After an exciting day of competitive swimming, the championships for the various age groups were announced. Then the final placements were announced by Mr. Bowe.

CHAMPIONS

	Boys	Girls	
U12	Granger	R. Broadfoot	
	G. McAleese		
U13	R. Cordell	C. Crane	
U14	D. Skeets	J. Dolman	
U15	D. Merrett	L. Hanger	
Open	E. Didenkowski	H. Farr	
House	Boys	Girls	Total
D	78½	68	146½ 1
K	74	64½	138½ 2
P	66	69	135 3
W	58½	63½	122 4

CRICKET

The 1st eleven continued its unbeaten run early in the season with a convincing win over Footscray High, the opposition managing only 56 runs against the bowling of Bert Guy and Denis Merrett, in reply to our 6/95.

Against Melbourne High 2nds we were well on the way to defeat, scoring only 73, but excellent bowling and fielding (even Sparks caught a couple at a crucial stage) dismissed the opposition for 75. The side was led by Jim Stewart and Bert Guy, and coached by Mr. Knight.

The seconds also defeated Footscray (an amazing feat seeing they were led by that demon bowler (or bat — or something) Peter Murdoch.

LACROSSE

With J. Stewart and A. Stringer leading the side, we won our fourth successive premiership, being again undefeated throughout the season.

The final against Box Hill High was to be played at Williamstown, but the opposition decided that it wasn't worth coming all that way to be beaten, so they didn't put in an appearance.

Throughout the season we were enthusiastically coached by Mr. Mullins, whose pep-talks are probably unique in the vigor with which they are delivered.

We defeated Melbourne University and Box Hill High twice each, our defence being rather disappointed that through the season its combined efforts filled only fourteen opposition forwards. It inflicted however, multiple cuts and abrasions during the course of each game.

HOCKEY

Due to the efforts of Mr. Egan, an exclusive sporting society has been re-established in the school, namely the School hockey team.

Although our society is inexperienced in the arts (and even less in the rules) of the game, it is composed of a group of keen and conscientious triers, who have and will, uphold the glory of W.H.S. and the expectations of Mr. Egan.

Our first game, at Essendon, against Essendon High School's seconds, showed that we too played the game of hockey. Scores, nil-nil. In our next contest, against Strathmore High, we became a triumphant home team to maintain our "unbeaten" record. Scores 2-1. Goal-hitters: I. Bradley, B. Glenister. However, our next two games saw us defeated by experience, but not by spirit; Essendon 9-0, Melbourne (seconds) 8-0.

BASEBALL by BARTON

With the loss of nearly all of last year's players, the baseball team, as did most other teams, had to start from "scratch" and team-build.

Captain Bob Hayes, who in 2 years of school baseball has played in every position possible, and vice-captain Frank Bowyer, who specialises in catching, worked together well to develop a team, which although it did not have many stars, had many "triers."

With a team entered in the Western Division High School competition, the boys were eager to begin as soon as possible. The team finished 3rd, winning 2 games and losing 2 games.

Games, with results and comments:

Williamstown 29 defeated Strathmore 0. Being far superior in fielding and batting, Willy completely thrashed Strathmore in a very uninteresting game. Two features of the Willy defence were the pitching of John Cohen, who in his first year of school baseball, struck out 10 batters, and the "un-assisted triple play" of captain Bob Hayes, while the star of the batting was Frank Bowyer (4 safe-hits).

Essendon 9 defeated Williamstown 6. Playing a physically stronger and much taller team, Willy fought gamely, but could not match Essendon's strength. Down 7-0 early, Willy fought back to be down 7-6 after the 5th innings, but could not muster enough courage to match Essendon in the concluding stages of a tough match.

Williamstown 9 defeated Sunshine 1. Batting well in the first innings, Willy scored 7 runs to give them a big lead which the weak Sunshine team never looked like beating. Once again John Cohen pitched well, striking out 6 batters and only allowing 2 safe-hits. One very spiteful incident nearly led to a fight, but being very sporting, Willy players held their tempers.

Footscray 2 defeated Williamstown 1. In a good, tight game which was marred by many umpiring queries, Willy played well but the windy, wet conditions played havoc with the judgment of the ball. Willy scored first run when Bowyer bunted into a "squeeze play" scoring Hayes from third. Footscray then scored 2 runs on a pass-ball and an error. Then it was "shut-out" ball till time and game.

Practice games resulted:

Williamstown Tech. 9 d. Will. High 5.

Footscray High 22 d. Will. High 17.

Will. Tech. 11 d. Will. High 10.

Will. High 9 drew with Glenroy Tech. 9.

Melb. High 2nds 18 d. Will. High 0.

Players (in usual position): John Cohen, pitcher; Ian Dimond, first base; Keith Staples, 3rd base; Frank Bowyer, catcher; Bob Hayes, 2nd base; Phil Sutton, short-stop. Outfielders: J. Davis, B. Zaro, A. Blums, U. Blums, B. Coates, D. Jones, Z. Kunigiskis.

CADET CAMP

This year's camp was held at S Block Puckapunyal, from the 19th to the 26th of August. Once more our intrepid soldiers took to their tents and "roughed" it for a week under their friendly instructors. While at camp the cadets lived like soldiers 24 hours a day and worked on developing their fieldcraft under actual conditions.

The Guard, under C.U.O. Woolnough and Sgt. Fitch, won their area competition, but failed to qualify for the finals later this year.

The highlight of the camp was Operation Encounter, in which patrols of cadets fought their way around the State Forest. Williamstown entered two patrols, No. 1 and No. 9. No. 1 Patrol under C.U.O. Armitage and section leaders Sgt. Bird and Sgt. Fitch, put on a good display of tactics and fieldcraft being placed among the best four patrols of the entire intake.

No. 9 Patrol under C.U.O. Stringer was composed equally of 2nd and 3rd cadets and inexperienced 1st year cadets, but still performed very creditably and upheld Williamstown's reputation as stalwart warriors.

The behaviour of the unit as a whole was beyond reproach and earned much commendation from the Regular Army officers. Captain Knight and Lt. Egan, having worked like trojans for the duration of the camp, are rightfully full of pride in their charges and hope that further camps will still more enhance this unit's reputation.

F.G.A.

GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION TO MORWELL AND YALLOURN

On May 4, a large group of so-called Geography students went to see the S.E.C. power and fuel developments in the Latrobe Valley. We strongly suspect that they just went for the ride.

Despite the early hour and the thick mist, all arrived safely at Flinders Street station, where they caught the train for Morwell.

Some "Spartans" opened all the windows, sending blasts of chilly air down the corridors, while the other poor victims hid under rugs and raincoats in their efforts to keep warm. One "Spartan" evidently had difficulty in getting a window open, and in his effort to gulp in the cold, foggy air, made

one desperate attempt, and put his head through the train window.

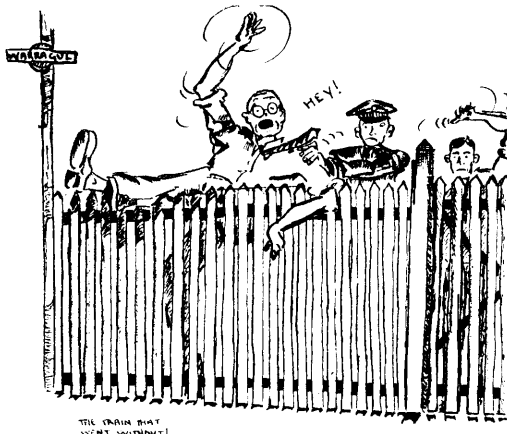
We saw the large open cuts at Morwell and Yallourn. These are probably the largest open cuts of brown coal in the world. We then went through the power station and briquette factory at Yallourn. At the briquette factory everyone gained not only a lot of valuable information, but also a lot of coal dust which turned our hair and clothes a lovely dark color.

It was a very exciting day, but the best part was the return journey home. What with stuck doors and noisy singing, etc., the teachers became rather frustrated. Quite a few non-sailors gained their sea-legs trying to walk down the passages as the carriages swayed back and forth. Trying to drink out of a thermos-top while the train was going was quite an experience.

After the train had pulled out of Warragul, where we had refreshments — quote from "Trog Truth" — the train continued its journey with the teachers blissfully unaware that their greatest trouble-maker was standing on the station helplessly scanning the horizon for the train that went without.

Near the end of the journey there was a great hustle as everybody collected up their numerous souvenirs; it took quite a bit of manoeuvring in some cases, as the pieces of brown coal weighing about half a hundredweight were wedged into an unnoticeable position on the person.

Everyone except the teachers had a wonderful time and all are looking forward to our next excursion (if we have one).



THE CHAIR THAT WENT WITHOUT!

FORM NOTES

FORM CAPTAINS

Vi Mervyn Ferris, Patricia Ferne
 Vh Frank Ward, Diane Gunn
 Vs Reg. Outen, Mary Sims
 IVa John Roberts, Janet Packett
 IVb Morris Williams, Cheryl Clarke
 IVc Grant Fenton, Robin Kearsley
 IVd Harvey Gill, Kaye Seal
 IIIa John Brooker, Yvonne Bakowski
 IIIb David Ogilvie, Wendy Hughes
 IIIc Janice Smith
 IId Geoff East, Sylvia Hamilton
 IIa Lorraine Abberton, Don Marks
 IIb James Page, Beverly Cranwell
 IIc Christopher Richards, Denise Woods
 IId Rhonda Gebbie, John Daw
 IIe Susan Miller
 Ia Robynne Gregg, Ken Seal
 Ib Alan Daw, Cheryl Partridge
 Ic Annette Woods, Fred Kinniburgh
 Id Pamela Dyer, Bruce McKenzie

FORM VI

The first sixth form has set an all-time high in eccentricities, and was ably led by Form Captains—Patricia Ferne and Mervyn Ferris, the two “F’s” (fools), with Mr. Morris as a strict (?) commanding officer.

The form consisted of two strongly warring factions, namely the Art students (long-hairs) and the Science students (short-haired squares—Henri had his cut).

The Arts faction consisted of:

Patricia—a fond relation of the “bracken” family.

Rosemary—Mr. Morris would like to hang ’er.

Joan—Pen friendship with her counterpart (Boy Head Prefect).

Barbara—This Bishop is no longer chased by a Knight—she dropped Geography.

Lesley—Always babbling on.

Beverly—Cupid has good marksmanship.

Colin—This frog’s scared of dish-washing water.

Peter—“Pattern of Islands” crony—George McGhee Murdoch.

Robert—Brains certainly came in this packet (?).

Heinz—57 varieties of injuries since he took the wheel.

Graeme—He had a girl in every port.

These all sit on the fence:

Ron—White not Black.

Malcolm—This horse is on time, all the time.

Sue—Strictly for rabbits (“I dearly love carrots”).

Frances—She should join the inkspots.

The opposition consists of:

Mervyn—We met this wheel at the show.

Don—What happened to the library’s encyclopedia?

Jim—He’d like to make a stew of those Art students.

Martin—Did ’e do ’is ’omework?

Edward—The dark and debonair stranger.

Peter—That mile was a “Shaw” thing.

Henri—Ardent admirer of the Oxford Dictionary.

Jim—The singing penguin from the South Pole.

Ken—With that height those goals were a cert.

Margaret—The lone Physicist.

Heather—The young new face for 1959.

Four Budding Philisophical Matrics.

FORM Vs

Vs, whose toffee-days usually go well on Wednesdays about periods 3 and 4 (physics class take note) has had a somewhat muddled (exams particularly) year under Mr. Jones, whose energies were used mainly in promoting social service and fire-lighting enthusiasms among the boys. Some of our fire-lighters, incidentally, would do well as scouts if a test tube or two of kero was included in the provisions.

On the girls' side, one simple-minded type became a victim of the hair-styling craze (see the Prefects for appointment). Results were most effective, especially on parents.

Our basketball team was defeated by the brawny Vh, but we realise we can't be good at everything (not quite). Talking about being good, one old zombie claims that we, as "a bunch of savages," may have deprived the missionary service of a recruit.

Anyway, back to routine—the film "Great Expectations" was well attended, and if some have a tendency to miss trains it will be forgiven them by all except the staff.

Our form room, the biology room (and doesn't it smell like it!), is inhabited by the famous salamander, whose industry rivals that of the fifth form maths class—a study in the art of doing nothing.

This year's pet peeve, which, according to tradition, should take pride of place in such a document as this, is as follows:

The "industrious" teachers, who (all) daily wear out the staffroom chairs, claiming they have nothing better to do, occupy their feeble minds by persecuting the hard-working fifth-formers in their few spare moments, viz: free periods. These fiendish morons (two in particular) delight in attempting to destroy our initiative, sense of humor, etc., etc. (i.e. dislike of work), while inadvertently fostering our most criminally secretive qualities. A loudly riotous time is had by all in the library until a teacher arrives on the scene, when the smoke-screen goes up and activities are continued in a more discreet manner.

But, disregarding exams, irritable teachers (aren't they all!) and work in general, Vs has had an enjoyable year.

MALICIOUS

FORM Vh

Our Form Room is number fifteen,
In there, you've no doubt been;
Our Form Teacher is Mr. Knight,
And when Wombats win it's sheer delight (for him).

Although we have brains, they are rather few,

And after exams, we sometimes feel blue;
In sport however, we manage to shine,
And in basketball, we did rather fine.

Our room is always kept tidy and clean,
And with Social Service we are never mean;
Yes, this Form is really one of the best,
Just you put it to the test.

FORM IVa

First of all, we didn't live up to the reputation of last year's 4a (mainly because of the energetic efforts of Mr. Moore) pity, really. Some people think it's a good thing, though. Huh! However, we did have some rather interesting characters. For instance, the newcomer from Essendon, who was the object of many crushes amongst the younger female students. Also, the famous "Laddie" who for some time ran a flourishing news sheet (of which the less said the better).

Numerous cadets achieved fame. Sgts. Gary and Reuben, and the young lad with the tender feet (Pete, in case you don't know).

Also, incidentally, the form earned the auspicious title of "Intelligentsia of the school" (that's something last year's 4a didn't get!). Loudest talkers seem to have been Gary and Pat (who have adjacent residences. Suspicious?).

ANONYMOUS (for safety's sake)

FORM IVb

"Miss Wilmot, it's Bill Ross' turn to debate."

"It is not, 'twas my turn last week."

"Now 4b, please be quiet!"

This is the chorus you will be greeted with almost any morning when any human (?) person dares to invade the privacy of the Senior Art Room, alias Williamstown High's largest problem form.

You will be greeted by a menacing Social Service tin, which has the uncanny knack of being everywhere it's not wanted. The monsters on the other end of this tin

BASEBALL
 Back Row: A. Blums, —
 Diamond, P. Sutton.
 Front Row: Mr. Bradshaw, F.
 Bowyer, R. Hayes, W. Blums,
 J. Cohen.



HOCKEY
 Back Row: J. Duncan, H.
 Bianche, J. Packett, M. Mil-
 lard, M. Mead.
 Front Row: M. Dunleavy, B.
 Marks, K. Nordblom, F. Mc-
 Donald, J. Clements, J. Con-
 way, M. Howard, J. Webb,
 Y. Bakowski.



SOFTBALL
 Left to Right: Susan Andrews,
 Marion Towers, Janet Richard-
 son, Jennifer Cox, Janice Rob-
 inson, Heather Rae, Ann Cam-
 erton, Diane Gunn, Fay Eaton
 (Capt.).



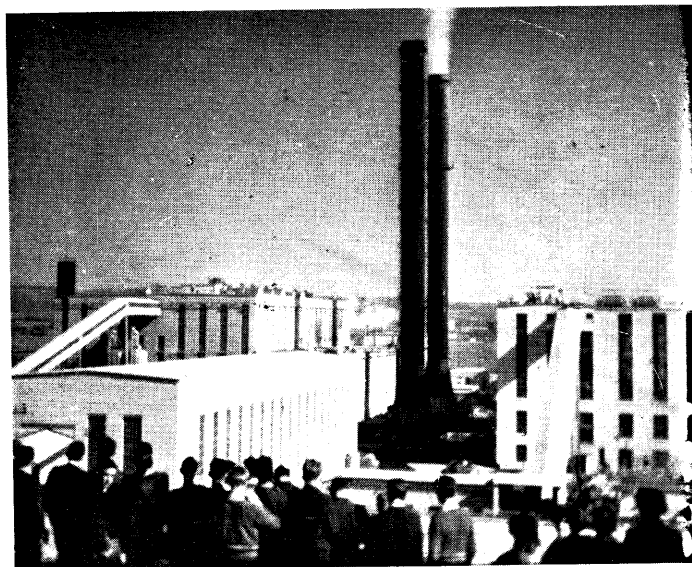
1st BASKETBALL TEAM
 Right to Left: Sue Cordell
 (Capt.), Elaine Oatway, Jan-
 ice Radford, Raimonda Mala-
 kunis, Margaret Jeffrey, Emerg-
 encies: Sandra Korf, Sue Rol-
 ley, Margaret Conden.



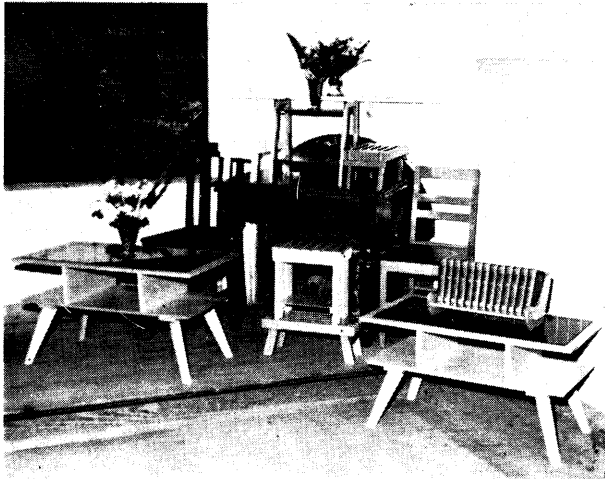
TENNIS
 Back Row: Theo Hipwell,
 Harvey Gill, Kevin Gunn, Ray
 Finlayson, Keith Burnell.
 Front Row: Eryl Morgan, Jill
 Dolman, Margaret Clark, Sue
 Garnsworthy, Ruth Forbes,
 Diane Toop, Marion Brydon,
 Phillipa Dundee, Beverly
 Watt.



Stan Alkemade
 (Photo prize)



SCHOOL SNIPPETS





are Violetta and John, our otherwise "capable friends," (form's favorite quote).

Our form captains, Cheryl and Morris, have had a very hard year trying to keep us somewhat under control, and to them we give our thanks. To Miss Wilmot, who we thought had succeeded in keeping us quiet by giving us the above-mentioned task, (and was it a task—fancy a debate every morning!) we give our deepest apology.

To anyone else who should deserve an apology, we give it, and just hope you won't be in 4b next year—all 4b's are the same!

ONE WHO KNOWS.

IVc LOG

JANUARY: Preparation for IVc launching.

FEBRUARY: Robin Kearsley and Grant Fenton elected Form Captains (only two away from school that day). Also R. Neill (Fatty) and S. Andrew appointed Social Service Monitors.

P.S. Vase of flowers donated by Annette.

MARCH: Unlucky enough to obtain Lt. J. Egan's services as Form Teacher (he thought he could keep us intact).

APRIL: Girls and boys still shy of each other. Pleasure of running school band given to IVc. Ha! Ha!

MAY: Holidays.

JUNE: Exams (90 per cent. of form had 'flu).

JULY: Results forwarded (ghastly). Boys overcome shyness.

AUGUST: Lt. J. Egan and Cadets missed terribly (Cadet Camp).

SEPTEMBER: Bert's chicken business booming. The wailing of IVc girls' voices slowly improving (to bellowing).

OCTOBER: IVc slave under teachers' iron hands.

NOVEMBER: Final exams finished! IVc run riot.

DECEMBER: Finish of an interesting and successful year ???

P.S. Annette's flowers still going strong.

CAPTAIN. Lost At Sea.

1st MATE. G.F.

2nd MATE. B.G.

FORM IVd

We had a very successful year, being the smallest form and the best.

In the Egg Appeal, we did very well in averaging a little more than one egg a person.

We have some good sportsmen in Bernard Morgan at athletics, Len Handley at swimming, and also Harvey Gill and Theo Hipwell in tennis.

Alan Bunnett served us very well this year by being the unwilling board monitor. The girls were also very good in willingly dusting the ledge.

Altogether we had a very good year and the students have combined well to make a good form.

FORM IIIa

Perhaps you may have managed to fight through the throngs of chattering females spread along the corridor which extends from room 17 to the stairs. In room 16 you would have noticed (because you can't miss it) that notorious Form 3a. Earlier in the year Monsieur Forecast presided over numerous riots which masquerade under the official name of Form Assemblies.

This valiant judge has now bade us "au-revoir" (although we cannot help but notice that his sojourn abroad closely followed the annual police visit. Also what is one to think of the cryptic remark, "Last time I had a moustache!").

Mr. Halloran, our present Form Teacher, valiantly attempts to mark the roll during Form Assembly (strange man!).

The example in punctuality set by our boy Form Captain rather thwarts this noble ambition (don't look now but I think he has arrived!). Our Form Captains, Yvonne and John, battle on. After organising the monitors they must have been very gratified to have observed the floral arrangements which sprang up for a few weeks, also the overflowing inkwells. After this period of growth, the natural flora became extinct and the inkwell levels sank accordingly.

The shelf was adorned by various vases, including a blue vase, reminiscent of a pumpkin; while the empty inkwells were filled with blotting paper and the like.

Before beginning his roaming, a certain H.W.F. presented two very grateful gold-diggers, Margaret and Ian, with thirty shillings in pence. Now onwards we march, ever adding to our reputation upon which I refuse to comment.

SUSAN SIMS, 3a

FORM IIIb

We were ably led this year by Mr. Meehan, our Form Teacher, Wendy and David, our Form Captains. Our stronghold was the extra special cell, room 20.

We were frequently honored by visits from Mr. Bowe on account of our somewhat magnificent display of child delinquency, such as: banging desks, wrecking school property (teacher's table, room 20), screaming, firing paper pellets, and many other historical events.

Our musical voices will be remembered by all who were in hearing range of room 22 on any Tuesday morning. Mr. Sutton was so enthralled by our voices that he detained the girls one lunch-time especially to hear their melodious voices rendered in the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow," "Why was he born so beautiful" and the ever-popular, ever remembered "Chewing Gum Song." Even our FAVORITE teacher, Mr. Halloran, commented on our song "Old Ned" (he wanted to know what we were crying about).

Our two raving psychopathic maniacs were the one and only Robert Gilbert (no relation to Gilbert & Sullivan) and his very popular assistant, Garry Speakman. This peculiar pair will be remembered by the way in which they kept our spirits up when Mr. Jones gave us a three-page essay on "Worms."

Two anonymous members of that crazy, cool form.

FORM IIIc

Form IIIc is led by the capable hands of Mr. Sutton. Our Form Captain is Janice Smith and our Vice-Captain is Ria Van Efferen. Janice is a good example to the form.

Mr. Egan, one of our leaders, says we are hard-working, except on rainy days, then he compares us with a fish market.

We did quite well in the inter-form basketball and would like to thank the girls who took part in it.

Our Form Room is room 23. Miss Watson, our Form Mistress, came from England to spend a year in Australia, however Mr. Sutton has taken over the reins and is a very good master.

FORM IIId

Our form captains are Janette Lear and Geoff East. Sylvia Hamilton was captain for the girls, but she had to leave school. The vice-captains are Margaret Schlipalius and Robin Rowe. We are very thankful to these people for their work for the form. Several boys and girls have left during the year, and we now have only 10 girls and 17 boys. It is a very small form, but we can make as much noise as the larger forms, if not more. Mr. Simmonds, our form master, was able to put up with the suffering during the first month, but he soon got the form to improve their behaviour. We thank Mr. Simmons for the work he has done. The social service (for the Elderly Citizens' Club) has gone very well. David Sceats got two third places in the all-Victoria swimming sports. Jeff East was junior champion of the under 15 in the house sports. Altogether we have spent a comparatively enjoyable year.

FORM IIb

The girls' Form Captain is Beverly Cramwell and the Vice-Captain, Jean Acton.

The boy's Form Captain is Jim Page and the Vice-Captain, Ralph Staples.

Our Form Teacher is Miss Page. For the first term we had Mrs. Lawson and for the second, Mrs. Wray, who, incidentally, had a farewell party given by our form. It has been a year full of changes for everyone concerned. Our Form Room is room 4. It is a rather difficult room to keep clean, but we have done our best.

For Social Service this year we have attempted various things such as Record Hops held daily at lunch-time for one week. We made over £2, which we think is rather good.

In the collection for eggs we rated third place. Toffee days have also been very frequent.

As there are no more notes of interest that we can think of, it is time to finish up.

JENNIFER ELLIOTT
VIVIEN McDONALD

FORM IIc

Our IIc girls form a very happy group under the "quiet" eyes of our Form Captain Denise and our Vice-Captain Jennifer, with the energetic efforts of our Social Service representative, Christine.

Our efforts in cookery have brought praise, even from our Form Teacher, who has survived our samples. The financial returns for them are supervised by Angela in selling the sauce (but never by giving any).

VAL OLESZKO

FORM IId

This year, IId has had the fortunate experience of having the Library as our Form Room. Mr. Hoare is the perfect Form Teacher. Our Form Captains, Rhonda Gebbie and John Daw are doing a splendid job with the help of Lyn Colquhoun and Ken Fitzgerald as Vice-Captains.

The social service monitors are Lyn Colquhoun and Bill Mitchell.

On Education Day IId had various samples of their work on display.

A few weeks ago our French teacher, Mrs. Wray, kindly invited a few students to afternoon tea at her flat in South Yarra. Ten students had a very enjoyable time there.

We had representatives in the western division sports; John Cohen was in the 220 yards, as was Glenys Bailey.

FORM IIe

Form IIe have spent an enjoyable year with Susan Miller as Form Captain, Sandra Bartlett as Vice-Captain, under the leadership of Miss Stirling. Sue Clements has worked well as our Social Service Monitor. Of course, it is nothing new when our form gets into trouble but, like any other form, we like to hear the four o'clock bell.

M. Towers, IIe

FORM Ib

We are very happy in winning the award for the tidiest room in the junior section.

We want to thank the people who helped us to win this award. These people include: Gillian Gibson, Cheryl Partridge, Vija Laas, Judith Haezler, Lorraine Savage and June Pentreath.

Our very good Form Teacher is Mr. Bullen, and we would like to thank him for everything he has done for us.

CHERYL PARTRIDGE, ALAN DAW

FORM Ic

Under the strict eye of our form captains, Annette Woods and Fred Kinniburgh, Form Ic has had a very successful year. Our first Form Mistress, Miss Hall, was forced to leave due to illness. Our Form Room was then turned into a den without a Form Teacher. Mr. Howard, our present Form Teacher, has restored law and order.

Mrs. Lawson, our French Teacher, and Mrs. Crighton, our Maths Teacher, have both left. Mr. Storey, the P.T. Teacher, has taken over Maths, and Mr. Halloran now teaches us French.

FORM Id

For the first half of the year our Form Teacher was Mrs. Crighton. Unfortunately, she decided to leave teaching because of illness. We enjoyed having her for a Form Mistress very much and we were sorry to see her leave. Besides being a Form Mistress, Mrs. Crighton taught arithmetic, algebra and geometry.

Our present Form Teacher is Mr. Storey, a talented young Englishman who takes us for P.T.

Our Form Room is No. 10 and there are 15 boys and 30 girls in the Form.

In the Combined Swimming Carnival at Olympic Pool, Jeff McAleese came second in the under 13 freestyle and the boys of Id are proud of Jeff's performance.

Our Social Service representative is Pete Gryzbkowski, our Form Captain is Bruce McKenzie, and our Vice-Captain is John Diegan.

We hope those children who follow us will keep the Id banner flying high.

BRUCE MCKENZIE

GUESS WHO!

We charge across the quad. straight after French,

Into room 2 and sit 6 at a bench;
Enter M.C., plus extreme facial expression,
Stressing each word to create an impression.
"This BARRAge of CHATTer, and SUch a CHAos,"—

But quite true I suppose, like the riots in Laos.

"Your PRAC-tic-al books are SIMPLY TERRible,

And this shambOLic riot is quite unBEAR-able!"

Ex-Students' Report

Probably all you students have heard of the "Girls" as we are affectionately (I think) known, but many of you will ask "What do they do?"

Firstly, the aim of the Association is to foster goodwill among the ex-students of the school and to promote good fellowship generally. This we attempt to do by arranging functions which keep ex-students of the school together, because one of the most tragic things about leaving school is that friendships made there are often allowed to drift apart and become mere memories. These functions help to maintain friendships begun at school which, in fact, in many cases of boy-girl friendships have led to marriage.

Typical ex-students' functions are dances, particularly the novelty type, hikes, barbecues, car trials, theatre nights and, of course, the Revue.

We are sure you will be able to see from this list of functions that there is quite a variety from which to choose. Functions average about one a month and these are great opportunities to renew acquaintances, as we've said earlier, and to make new friends.

Another of our aims is to provide scholarships for deserving and less financial students. At present we donate three small scholarships per year, but we are working on a scheme whereby we can, through the agency of local industry, raise enough money each year to put a student through the University.

Also, we endeavour, when our financial position permits it, to donate a gift to the school. In recent years these gifts have included a film projector, the headmaster's desk and two notice boards. However, our functions are not normally the type where large profits are made and thus the school has had to "do without" for a year or two, but with your support we hope this situation can be soon remedied.

Over the past few years, however, the "Exies," like many other relatively small associations, have been struggling hard to keep going; we make no secret of it. Outside attractions, in particular TV, have kept people away from small groups such as ours. But why should we be small? With approxi-

mately 200 new students every year we should be getting 200 members a year, but we are getting as few as 10 per cent. of students leaving school joining the "Exies." Why should this be so? For a 5/- membership fee you can become a member of a terrific organisation, still the most active co-educational school ex-students' association in Victoria. This membership fee entitles you to a copy of our magazine "The Anchor," and to a vote at the annual meeting and thus have your say in the organisation of the Association. In this way you can have your selected office-bearers on the committee.

We are also endeavoring to introduce a system whereby, at some functions, holders of membership cards will be admitted at a reduced price. All students leaving school this year are entitled to six months' free membership, so please use this membership to come along to the annual meeting on the first Friday in June and vote your representative onto the committee.

Now a word of the future. By the time this magazine is published arrangements for the Dinner-Dance will have been finalised and we hope to see you senior students, who are leaving W.H.S. this year, present and having a wonderful time.

Then there is the first of our two big hopes for 1960, the Reunion Cabaret Ball. Ex-Students from as far back as 1924 will be present and we hope to see a good representation of each year in the "Exies" 36 year history. Remember the date, Friday, June 10, at the Williamstown Town Hall. The second of our two big functions for the year is the Revue. Following on the success of "Froth 'n' Bubble" this year, we are keen to present another Revue in 1960. Potential talent, whether acting or writing, will be very welcome, even at this early date, because there is months of work involved in the production of a Revue.

There will be many smaller functions thrown in for your enjoyment throughout the year and you can follow our activities week by week by reading our columns in both local newspapers. So remember that no matter what your tastes, the "Exies" will be happy and able to cater for you.

Keith Smith, President 1959-60

Activities and Clubs

CHOIR NOTES

On Thursday afternoon, any stray dogs may be observed bolting from the vicinity of room 22, from which may be heard issuing angelic (?) (or at any rate, unearthly) sounds. Hapless members of the gardening club who have been ordered to attend this particular end of the garden will testify to this. Miss Watson braved this ordeal for a period of three months, but has now departed (although not deceased). During her brief reign, such pieces as the "Dance Duet" (heartily hated by one and all) were sung.

Fast up on her tracks came Mr. Sutton, who introduced "The Vikings" (fifteen pages long) and I can assure you that after the first sopranos have finished "hitting" the top notes we are all feeling slightly shattered.

Sometimes we receive competition from the cadets. In the middle of some "melodious" number we are interrupted by roll upon roll of drums.

Even though the club fund is flourishing, the books quite often show some loss due to certain members suffering a prolonged attack of amnesia. Our secretary bravely marches onward relentlessly "treating" such sufferers.

Before I bid you adieu, I would like to extend our thanks to Mr. Sutton for not immediately resigning when he heard us.

Susan Sims, 3a

SKETCHING CLUB

The Sketching Club, consisting of about thirty girls, has had a very successful year. Miss Wilmot, our leader has given us many helpful hints in the art of sketching, including the composition and drawing of the face, etc.

We also had many enjoyable outings in the finer weather, consisting of visits to the beach and the Williamstown gardens, where we sketched the surrounding scapes and the beautiful flowers.

Altogether we have had a very interesting and educational year, and we would like to thank Miss Wilmot for such a pleasant club-period.

Lorraine Abberton, 11a

AUDIO-VISUAL AIDS CLUB

Modern learning can be contrasted with that of previous decades when the emphasis was on both the written and spoken word. Nowadays, the effectiveness of learning is reinforced by illustrations, pictures and films.

The aim of audio-visual education is to combine the traditional class-room emphasis on the written and spoken word with the modern aids of the tape-recorder, slide projector, film strip projector, and moving picture.

The net result of the new method is greater interest on the part of the learner. Consequently, greater retention of data presented, and greater facility in its reproduction at will.

The work of the Audio-Visual Aids Club during 1959 was two-fold: to master the technique of handling equipment with skill and efficiency, and to aid the effectiveness of learning academic and recreational topics.

It is a big tribute to the members of the club that all the equipment has been kept in good condition. The only failures were due to power cuts of electricity. Also it is a tribute to them to show so many films during the year. The range of films covered "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," "Victorian Poets," numerous geography and science films, some on mathematics and some on historical topics such as the "Mediaeval World."

Prior to the sports, films were shown on the "Sprinting," "Long Distance Running," and "Discus and Javelin Throwing." Towards the end of the year, vocational aptitude films were shown, such as "Choosing Your Career." Finally, religious films were projected for the I.S.C.F., for example, "Billy Graham Visits Asia."

The members of the club: Reg Outen, leader of the group, John Davis, selector of films, K. Stevenson, tape-recorder supervisor, C. Rowe, operator of the film strip projector, G. Thompson, operator of the slide projector, D. Marks, responsible for the receipt and despatch of films, J. Fitten, J. Thompson, B. Glenister, K. MacKay, A. Bleum, K. Staples, D. Ogilvie, M. Lohse, K. Luke, F. Morrison, A. Zundee, D.

Thompson, J. Malios, I. MacIntosh, G. Rayson and A. Dickenson. All have a right to feel proud of their valuable contribution to W.H.S.

We want to thank Mr. R. Mullins, who acts as consultant, and in that capacity happily combines technical proficiency with educational facility in directing our interest in audio-visual aids.

Our plans for 1960 are now being made. Our top priority is to get a new 16 m.m. projector. Maybe the Ex-Students' Association will again come to the aid of the club. We are indebted to them for much of our present equipment for which we wish to thank them.

R. OUTEN, J. DAVIS, V.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE CLUB

Did you know?

(i) That meaningless (to you) tangles in a length of wire are regarded by some as an art?

(ii) That cunningly shaped excavations in a lump of plaster are also regarded by some as art?

You didn't? Well, we live and learn. Just ask any member of the A. & A. Club, and a glazed look will come into his eyes, and he will start muttering feverishly about expression, strength of design, economy of detail, symbolic meaning (whatever you do, don't ask: "Symbolic of what?"), emotional force, and other such incomprehensible terms. If you push him far enough, he'll start telling you about the part art plays in our modern community (which is what I'm supposed to be doing now).

Art plays a very important part in our community. Think of all the different forms of interior decoration; that's art. Kitchen ware, cement work, they're art! Gruesome, isn't it?

A. BEATNIK

LIBRARY CLUB NOTES

Every Thursday afternoon in Room 5 you will find seven girls sitting down working busily, recording new books, writing out and filing cards, mending old and torn books and tidying up book shelves. These girls are members of the library club and under the direction of Mr. Hoare, this club has been working hard to improve our library.

Annette Neill, IVc

RED CROSS CLUB

The Red Cross Club, under the capable and experienced leadership of Miss Turner, has been exceedingly busy this year.

At the beginning of the year four of the members attended a Government House Garden Party and Miss Turner has since received an invitation to a late afternoon party at this Vice Regal mansion.

The Hospital received, and gratefully acknowledged, regular donations of magazines and flowers right through the year; the group knitted furiously making squares for a rug for the Brotherhood of St. Lawrence; many cartons of milk bottle tops were sent to H.Q. and duly acknowledged; stamps were collected; an old clothes drive was held; and various money raising stunts such as toffee days were put on in order to remove some of the "filthy lucre" from the pockets of the students of the school for a better cause. A Friendship Book, introducing us in Australia to our colleagues in New Guinea. We have on hand a library of magazines from many Red Cross centres of the world, which are available to members.

Julianna Saluskinsky taught us bandaging and Miss Turner gave us various notes on First Aid; hoping that we might all pass an exam.

We all wish Red Cross success in its great work and hope that the W.H.S. unit will continue to function for many more years as well as it has been doing.

JUNIOR SCIENCE CLUB

This club encourages first-year boys to express themselves in writing, reading and speech on subjects relating to science. Each speaker submits his paper through the Past-Chairman, and by reading it, qualifies to take a turn as Secretary and Chairman in charge of future meetings.

The year started well with a study of a backyard ant nest and papers on the planets, our universe, the development of living things and species.

Papers on social science topics dealt with pugnacious bees, the origins of oil, light and power through the ages, the railways, and Williamstown shipping.

Members of the Stamp Club were thanked for illustrated accounts of special stamps.

J.S.

SENIOR SCIENCE CLUB

This year the Senior Science Club is presided over by Mr. Meehan. The secretary elected by the members is Denis Merrett. Our headquarters started out as room 3, but we were booted out after two or three weeks to room 2.

Earlier in the year Mr. Meehan explained to us the properties and workings of gunpowder.

Since we moved from room 3 to room 2, Sally has taken ill, acid has been liberally used and desks, walls and other fittings have been mutilated.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Mr. Meehan for his guidance and leadership, and we think that a better man to fill the place of president can not be found.

D.M. & B.G.

DRESSMAKING CLUB

The Senior Dress-making Club, which consists of approximately eleven young ladies (?) has proved quite successful this year.

The girls, under the supervision of Mrs. Stirling, have undertaken the task of making their own clothes and many have nearly completed a simple (?) summer dress.

If one was to pass room 23 any Thursday afternoon at club-time, he would be compelled to stop and listen to our refrain, we run as thus:

About turn (Mr. Knights, Cadets);
Pin, tack and sew, girls (Miss Stirling);
We are, we are, we are, we are (School choir?).

D. & R.

FLORAL ART CLUB

This year the Floral Art Club has increased its membership from thirty to fifty. Each member pays 6d. per week, which helps defray expenses.

Tutored by Mrs. Ellice, the girls have learned how to do floral arrangements, sprays, posies and tiaras. Five beautiful wreaths were made by members of the club for Anzac Day. Four wreaths were sent to the Local Cenotaph, and the other one to the Shrine of Remembrance.

We would like to extend our grateful thanks to Mrs. Ellice for her kind assistance throughout the year, and to Iris Webb, our splendid leader.

PRE-NURSING CLUB

The Pre-Nursing Club has had a most successful year, with many keen girls attending the Thursday afternoon class at the Tutor School of the Williamstown Hospital.

A beautifully dressed doll was raffled by the class, donated by an aunt of Marilyn Coe, and the sum of £2/15/6 was given to Mr Maxwell, manager of the hospital, to buy a rubber pillow for the sick nurses' bay. (To be used behind the head, not to sit on, as one bright lass thought.)

The Tutor Sister Prize was awarded to Margaret Malins and Marilyn Coe, for attendance and interest, and was presented to them by Miss M. A. Penrose, a former Matron of the Hospital, at the October Graduation Ceremony.

The hospital has welcomed some of the students at the week-ends where they have proved most helpful in performing small tasks for the patients.

In the year 1960 the Tutor, Sister Buckner, is hopeful of acquiring some of the pre-nursing students in her preliminary classes as trainees of the Williamstown and District Hospital.

One of the Club's activities was to raise money for the Florence Nightingale Appeal.

The students were most helpful in acting as models for the 1st State Examination Groups, by submitting to being tied up with bandages, and then had to rewind them.

An afternoon tour was conducted of the new X-ray block but no one volunteered to put on a gown and have their chest filmed.

The youngest member of the group is Johanna Vanerne, Form Id, aged 13 years, and Ruth Saahar of Form IVb is the oldest, 16 years.

Plans are under way for the decoration of the Children's Ward at Christmas time, and the group will make various decorations for the tree, and two large picture books made from Christmas Cards.

GARDENING CLUB

The Gardening Club was started by Mr. Bullen and Mr. Senior. Apart from enjoying ourselves, our aim was to enliven a very drab area of the school.

For the first few Thursdays we had the back-breaking task of weeding the beds. Having cleaned the beds we then had to level and mark them out. While the girls and Mr. Bullen took care of the beds, Mr. Senior and the boys cleaned up around the flower beds and the tennis courts. The boys also did the hosing, which they did very well; not on the garden, but on the girls.

Marked and planted out are seven rows of flowers per bed. The centre row in between the shrubs is planted with daffodils in all the beds. These daffodils are growing very sturdily and should soon be giving a colorful display. The remaining six rows are set out with three different types of plants and each bed has three different kinds of flowers.

Our main task now is to stir the earth around the plants and to keep the weeds down.

We feel sure that when you see the wonderful display in spring, you will appreciate fully the face-lift the gardens have given to that area of the school grounds.

G. Simpson

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE

Three or four weeks after the start of the club period Miss Richards managed to get two instructors to coach 20 girls for the First Aid Certificate. We all wish to thank Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Christie for giving up their time on a Thursday afternoon to come and teach us.

Our club room started off as room 20, then we went to the S.J.A. club rooms on The Esplanade; later we moved back to room 17.

Of the 20 girls that started the course only 10 took the exam and 10 passed.

B. Danger, 4B

DRAUGHTS CLUB

We've had a very enjoyable year under the leadership of both Mr. Forecast and Mr. Halloran. In the half-year competition our winner was Robert Carlisle, Dennis Bridle (runner-up), Mervyn Rattray, Ray Knights and various other contestants. Mr. Halloran

took Mr. Forecast's place because he was going to France.

Instead of being a Draughts Club it has become a Chess Club, Muckaround Club, and even a Homework Club. As yet no competition has been organised.

D. BRIDLE, Iib

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I would like to bring up the controversial question of co-education in schools.

Co-education in some schools really means segregation.

There are no *fixed* instructions at W.H.S., only separate yard allotments, but the attitude of mind cultivated in students by some teachers is, to my way of thinking, wrong.

The Education Department has no definite rules for the control of mixed schools, and this is a good lead for others to follow.

Of course, a certain amount of supervision is definitely necessary, but how can a boy feel at ease with a girl at social gatherings, etc., if segregation is carried to the extent of having separate yards at school.

The main point of co-education has been lost in a tangle of restrictions which only reveal lack of proper understanding.

Both sexes should be allowed to mingle together more freely at school, with headmaster and staff keeping an eye on proceedings and taking action when necessary.

Noel Mackie, Vh

DOGS

Dogs are the same all over the world, whether they pull a sled through the Arctic snows, or sit on a silk cushion in Buckingham Palace.

A dog is your guardian angel through danger, illness, drought and flood, he never leaves your side. Although his life is short, and when the time comes for his few earthly belongings to be put in a dusty corner to be forgotten, the feel of his moist nose, and velvet ears will haunt your dreams forever, and fond memories will always be found in your thoughts. And when your time comes to make the journey to the Hereafter, he will be standing, ears erect and tail wagging, at the Gate of Judgment, and bark for joy when you pass through, to live forever with the most wonderful friend a man can have.

BEV. WATT

Original

GAME OF CRICKET

You have two sides, one out in the field, and one in batting. Each man on the side in goes out and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out. When they are all out, the side that has been out in the field comes in, and the side that has been in goes out and tries to get out those coming in. Sometimes you get men still in and not out. Then, when both sides have been in and out—including the "not-outs"—that's the end of the game.

HOWZAT? Simple, isn't it!!!!

B.G. & G.F.

PRE-NURSING CLUB

Thursday is a red-letter day for the girls in the Pre-Nursing Club. Variety is the spice of life and there is certainly no lack of it in Pre-Nursing.

Horace, whose bones rattle with every movement, has had his anatomy thoroughly examined by his girl admirers. This was an unusual incident because Horace is usually so shy that he spends most of his time behind a green curtain.

Horror-stricken nurses and doctors rushed distractedly around the hospital one Thursday afternoon, the occasion being the one when the members of the Pre-Nursing were let loose in the hospital. The patients still complain of nerve-pains every time they see members of the Pre-Nursing group making their way to the nurses' home.

Our "doll," Mandy Lou, has suffered numerous attacks of pneumonia due to the generous douching of enthusiastic nurses-to-be, but what surmounts them all is the time when she nearly drowned in bed. At the moment her life is hanging in the balance, and she is expected to "kick the bucket" at any moment. On that fateful afternoon, screams of "Quick! She's leaking!" and "Help! The water's flooding the bed!" at-

tracted the attention of more than one passer-by.

"Atchou! Atchou!" Margaret has caught a severe cold after her sponge in bed. She also smelt like a metho-addict all the way home.

Here an advertisement is considered necessary. Any female who wishes to have her hair shampooed and arranged in the latest style, please apply to Tutor Sister, Nurses' Home, Williamstown. If you wish to see the outcome of Sister's efforts, take a look at Margaret's (one of the many in the club, and not the one previously mentioned) hair.

A number of the members of the Pre-Nursing Club have visited the hospital during the weekends to give their assistance in the wards. Patients are becoming immune to loud noises and earthquakes which occur during these visits.

So you see, we do have variety in the Pre-Nursing Club—really the best in the school.

MY ATTEMPTS AT JOB HUNTING

Nobody seems to want a talented young girl to work on a Saturday morning. At least I think I am talented, but I suppose other people have different ideas.

Have you ever applied for a job? Well, unless you are desperately in need of money—don't! It is so nerve-racking.

Each time I apply I am told: "There are no vacancies at the moment, but we shall contact you if there should be any." They then proceed to take all the particulars—name, age, address, telephone number, and so on.

I explain that my mother has four starving young children, our clothes are patched and thread-bare, our shoes just hanging together, but still no reply. They must be very hard-hearted.

Whenever I hear that someone has been put off I race back, only to be told: "There are no vacancies . . . etc." After I have laboriously explained that I have been here before and already been through this rigmarole, they say: "Oh, yes, I remember you. Unfortunately there have been no vacancies, but we shall contact you—never fear."

I am beginning to feel that something has been fixed.

I have my name down at so many stores that I am getting quite an expert at applying for jobs. There is no need for me to be asked the particulars—I give them automatically!

Woe is me! I guess if I wait long enough I shall be contacted and if I know my luck, it will be at the same time from all the stores. But remember: don't—unless you need the money or it is absolutely essential. Otherwise, like me, you will learn (and how!).

SANDRA BARKER, 4b

KURING-GAI CHASE, N.S.W.

Kuring-gai Chase, one of the finest National Parks in the world, was dedicated for public recreation in 1894. The Chase contains an area of 50,000 acres, and some of the finest scenery in New South Wales.

This "Picnickers' Paradise" as it is often called is within an hour's journey from the heart of Sydney and is easily accessible by train, ferry or motor bus, as well as by car.

The Hawkesbury River, its southern boundary, is a deep, wide, fast-flowing river, and an ideal fishing place. All through the year its shores are dotted with everything from small dinghys to motor launches, all carrying would-be fishermen. Summer-time is the best time for its beautiful scenery and is an ideal fishing time too, for then the successful fisherman may land a nice-sized bream, flathead, schnapper, or a jellyfish! These jellyfish are as good a game as fish. They like to swim in the wash of the launches and can be seen and caught quite easily.

Motor launches can be hired from boat-sheds at Bobbin Head, situated on the Hawkesbury River. These launches are built with two, four or six berths—the six berth being a 30ft. launch—and they are equipped with everything necessary for an enjoyable holiday.

The people who live around this district include a large number of fishermen. Among these is "George," an ardent, although rather unsuccessful, angler.

We first met George on the night when the air was still and silent, and George came galloping down the floating pontoon to which we were moored, and succeeded in falling flat on his face in a tank full of bait!

George soon made our acquaintance and proceeded to instruct us in the art of fishing! He was not the conservative type of fisherman—oh no! His methods ranged from using pickle bottles for fishing lines to using his own brew (??) which he termed "puddin'," for bait.

George was quite horrified at the fact that we used (to quote him) "Them new-fangled things ye call fishin' poles." George's idea, quite original, but unbelievable, was to wrap the fishing line around the bottles and place these on the edge of the pontoon. When the fish hit the line it pulled over the bottle, thus signalling to George that he had a bite! He always managed to be at the opposite end of the pontoon when this happened, and would come charging down to greet his prey, while screaming, "'Ere mate, ye gotta be quiet!"

George's "puddin" was a weird mixture (we dared not ask him the ingredients) which he presented us with and which we promptly forgot about until it announced its presence with its odor, and which, when we threw overboard, floated, because it was so stale!

I suggest all students keen to learn the art of fishing take a trip to Bobbin Head where George tells me he would be very keen to instruct you!

DIANE MAY, IVb

MATRICULATE ?

For the twentieth time "Shut the door" I shouted from my study room. This is just one of the troubles a student has to cope with when trying to study. At the beginning of the year when I started my matric., everyone advised me to have a study of my own in which to work for the whole year. My bedroom was out, as I share it with my sister, and the other rooms because they are more like peak hours at the railway stations. On 20th February, 1959—this great day—my mother very nobly sacrificed her sewing room, so I shifted all my books, baggage, portable wireless, radiator, mobile cafeteria there, and we all agreed that it would be an ideal room for studying.

I didn't know then, what fate awaited me—this perfect little room turned out to be the coldest and noisiest room in the house. Let me describe just where this is situated in our house of 14 rooms. It is joined to the laundry, dining-room, and kitchen, and has two doors (opposite each other, of course,

to make things worse), one leading into the dining-room and the other into the laundry. My bedroom is at the opposite end of the house, meaning that I have a half-mile sprint every time I need something from it. For some unknown reason there is a two-inch gap under the laundry door, through which blow gales of wind and dust. The roof is iron, and on nights, especially if there happens to be any hail, I can't even hear myself think, let alone read *Paradise Lost*. The walls are exceptionally thin and let through every noise I have ever known, with the result that I can hear every word that is spoken in any of the three adjoining rooms. Maybe I have super-sensitive hearing.

I think the worst noise offender is my father, who, being a carpenter, is constantly renovating the house. So far this year the outside of the house has been papered, wired, rough-cast, which required scaffolding, hammering and banging for weeks on end right outside my window. Not content with an attractive outside, Dad decided to beautify the inside, pulling the kitchen to bits, ripping out cupboards, wrenching skirting boards and architraves. He is also a person who believes in "music while you work," and continually bursts forth in the "Mario Lanza" style. I tried studying with my ears blocked, but found out that I was going deaf, so gave that practice away.

My dear brother, who does his homework in the dining-room, is one of those juvenile delinquents who can't do his work unless he has "the top 40" blaring in his ear. When I ask him to turn the wireless down he is very co-operative and does what I ask, but I have woken up to his apparent co-operation—about every five minutes he turns the volume up a fraction until it is back to full force.

I can't really complain about the decoration of the room as it is quite artistically painted in modern colors. But my room, being the only so-called spare room in the house is, of course, the place for all those little things there is nowhere else to put, and the rather large table at which I study seems to attract these things. Having seven people living at my house with always a few "blow-ins" and strays, no wonder it is called "the mad-house."

A recent cause for complaining is that the dining-room turns into a sporting field at about 9 o'clock when my brother has

finished his homework. He used to practice throwing a lacrosse ball, but now has decided that table tennis on the good polished wood table is more fun. So apart from the maddening effect of my door being opened non-stop I think I am going mad from the continuous ping of the ping pong ball being hit from one bat to the other. Another trouble is that last week the catch fell off the door leading into the dining-room and now the only way this door can be kept shut is by wedging a thick wad of paper between it and the wall. Of course I can't expect all my "unexpected" visitors to close the door properly so I have to get up and adjust the paper myself every five minutes.

Oh, what a thrill. Three days ago my Grandmother (who lives with us) got a T.V. set. Everyone was thrilled about it but me, for I knew what would happen. The T.V. set is in the room next to the dining-room, and as "dear Grandma" is hard of hearing she must have the set on full volume, with the result that during the quieter sessions on the wireless, and when Dad stops singing for a breath, I am lucky enough to be able to hear the blaring guns of Wyatt Earp and the blood-curdling war cries of the Indians. And the teachers wonder why I have spelling errors!

My advice to any student contemplating matriculation is DON'T—unless you live alone, have no father, grandmothers, or brothers, or are stone deaf.

DAYBREAK IN THE DESERT

The eastern sky brightened and one by one little rays of sunlight crept up over the cold, grey, sandstone cliffs, to shine on the tall, stately cacti, which cast long, eerie shadows over the sand. The air was crisp and little wispy clouds floated across the blue of the sky. Far in the distance the harsh, mournful cry of a desert bird cut the still air, giving a lonely, haunting touch to the whole atmosphere. An old Indian appeared at the door of his dwelling in thoughtful silence, paying homage to his god, the brilliant fiery ball now lighting up the heavens. Smoke rising from the trader's cabin, dogs barking, women and children moving about, and Indian shepherds rounding up their flock, told the world that the creatures of the desert, both man and beast alike, were preparing for a long day ahead.

Marianne Munzel

ONE WINTER'S DAY

I awoke to the drone of steadily falling rain. Pulling the blankets up to my neck I wished heartily that school didn't exist. Listening to the dismal pit-pat of the rain-drops as they hit against my windowpane, I thought how welcome a hot summer's day would be. I dragged myself out of bed and shivered violently, while I hunted for my school clothes.

It was late when I sat down to breakfast, and consequently I had only time for a mouthful of toast before I set off on the long, cold bike-ride to school. The freezing wind blew biting against me as the rain pattered down, finding leaks and ways through my raincoat and drenching me to the skin.

By the time I neared the bridge my hands were numb, my breath was coming in gasps through pushing against the driving wind, and my stinging legs could hardly push the pedals of my bike round. On drawing nearer, I noticed a crowd gathering round the bridge, which had been struck by lightning during the previous night. As it was at least five miles to the next bridge, it seemed impossible for me to continue my journey.

Exasperatedly I inquired how soon the bridge would be fixed, and above the din of the roaring thunder, and racing torrents of water, I heard that it would be at least three weeks, and one couldn't cross the river unless one went to the neighbouring bridge.

So I turned my bicycle homewards, and thought that at least I would have the wind with me this time, but that was not to be. The wind changed, and blew even more strongly in what was now the opposite direction to the one in which I was pedalling.

After what seemed hours I finally reached home, only to find that I was locked out. My mother had apparently gone visiting. Tired, dispirited, hungry and miserably cold, I sat down on the doorstep to await my mother's return. I tried to calculate how long she would be, but knowing how mothers have a habit of staying to lunch at a friend's place, my thoughts were not optimistic.

Moodily, I watched my pet kitten playing on the verandah, then it jumped on to a window-sill and disappeared inside. I had

taken it for granted that all the windows were locked, but this one had been missed.

I pushed the window up, and stepped thankfully inside. In the kitchen I noticed a huge steak and kidney pie; apparently my mother had been planning to come home late, so had made this pie for our tea. I turned on the stove, and popped the pie in the oven.

Time dragged slowly, and as there was no fuel for the fire I decided to crawl into bed, taking biscuits and hot cocoa with me. My radio was going softly and I had found all my sister's new library books, just the ones I had been dying to read. My kitten padded softly in, jumped on to the bed and snuggled purringly into the crook of my knees, on my hot water bottle. A large box of chocolates lay temptingly near, and I cuddled down into my eiderdown with the comfortable assurance that I had no more school for at least three weeks, if not more, for most of the pupils lived this side of the river, and would be unable to attend the school, so it would have no option but to close down.

The thunder and lightning continued outside, while the storm gathered in fury, and the drenching rain beat against the windows. Inside my bedroom there was peace, and a contented quietness. Who said that a hot summer's day was preferable to a cold winter's day? How ridiculous!

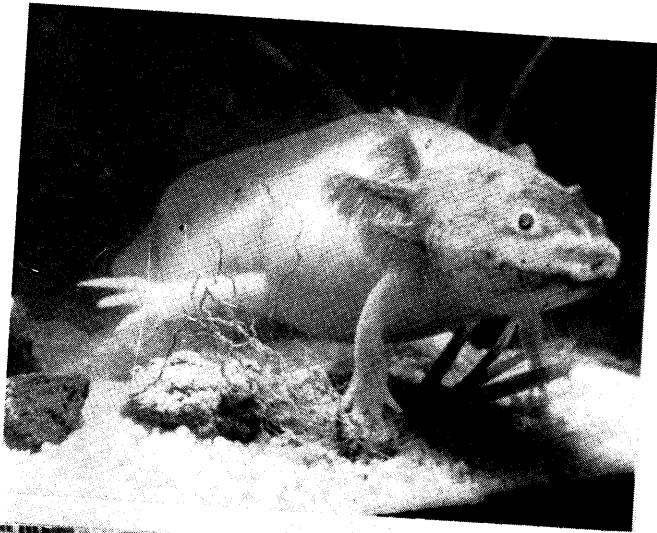
Marianne Munzel

A MISHAP

She started on my best white shirt, aflapping
in the breeze,
(Took a bite of its succulent tail) digested
that with ease;
She quickly spied a sapling small, de-
molished it with zeal,
Next came the prized camellia, a most de-
licious meal.

She worked her way right through the yard
(her trail was clearly seen),
She tried a bit of this and that, and many
things between;
Then father came upon the scene, his brow
in rage he smote,
"Before I wring its neck," he cried, "you'd
better remove that goat."

THE OWNER



MATHS II

I sit in the Maths room,
 Not knowing what to do;
 How I — this subject,
 This boring Maths II.
 A regular brain;
 The teacher raves on,
 But I have my doubts,
 To whether he's sane.
 The terms that he uses,
 With diagrams are shown;
 And he repeats them,
 Like they were well known.
 The logarithm of nine,
 The corsine of ten;
 When will he finish,
 And repeat them again.
 And so the bell rings,
 And I rush for the door;
 This Maths II will finish me,
 So I'll do no more.

J.S.L.

BRIDGES

Since man first used vines and fallen trees to cross streams he has progressed until now he can construct beautiful suspended arches of steel.

The first bridges of single logs or swinging vines were very precarious and could not support the weight of animals or carts. When the use of wheeled vehicles was more widely spread, the necessity for strong bridges grew. Until the Romans built their mighty bridges of stone, the people used pontoon, or trestle bridges, or ferries. The Romans solved the problem of crossing wide chasms and rivers by using the round-arch. Nearly all their viaducts and aqueducts consisted of three tiers of beautifully proportioned arches. The Romans built their bridges to last and the Pont der Gard in Southern France is still standing. During the Middle Ages, bridges were built to last because there was no one to organise their repair. It was also much quicker and cheaper to build a new one than to repair an old one. In the Renaissance such lovely and famous bridges as the "Bridge of Sighs" and the Rialto in Venice were built. The Rialto has only one arch, but above it is an arcade of shops that was once the centre of the city's finance.

Until the beginning of the Steel Age, man didn't learn how to build a bridge so that it wouldn't interfere with the water traffic. There are several types of bridges,

and each has a method of letting ships pass without impediment. When engineers build small low bridges, they instal an elevator; a part of the bridge that climbs straight up into the air and is supported at each end by a tower. There are those alternative to the elevator bridge; a bridge that revolves around a pier, a bridge that opens at the middle and the halves go to each side, or a bridge that rises at only one end, called a jack-knife bridge. Other bridges are built high out of the water in various combinations of steel arches.

The largest single arch bridge in the world is Sydney Harbor Bridge. The largest bridges of the cantilever type are the Quebec and Firth of Forth bridges. These bridges have steel arches linking one pier to another.

The most marvellous of all are the suspension bridges, in which the engineers string enormous steel cables from towers on both banks. These incredibly strong bridges are very beautiful with their strong, clean lines. As one leaves New York and San Francisco harbors one passes under just such beautiful bridges.

G. SIMPSON, Vs

CAMPING IN AUSTRALIA

While my godfather was staying with us, we planned a camping holiday at Lakes Entrance. Having completed our preparations we made the long and tedious journey to our camping site. There was quite a number of other campers there and we chose a position a few hundred yards away from the water-shed. A narrow neck of water was on one side of our tent and a rough and stony road on the other.

The earth was very sandy, and we took a long time to erect the tent. It was a large green, circular tent, which looked as if it belonged to a circus. The air was becoming chilly by this time and we unpacked our gear and lit a fire on which to boil a kettle outside the tent. Because it was after sunset, we had our first meal in a cafe in a nearby village. The meal was edible only because we were hungry.

We hurried back to our tent and Sue and I went to the tanks to fill up the buckets for the morning. Our first few trips were not very successful, because we had only one bucketful out of two.

The hurricane lamp was not large enough to permit reading, so we retired early to our beds, which consisted of camp stretchers,

sheets and blankets. Everyone discovered that they were not fitted to such a rigorous bed. The cold was very penetrating, so we placed newspapers on the stretcher the second night; pushed two stretchers together in order to share two lots of blankets on the third night, and on the fourth and succeeding nights we abandoned the stretchers for the ground.

One morning when we went outside there was a car parked a little way from our tent. One door was open and a pair of feet were sticking out. This stranger tapped a typewriter during the week-end, slept in this peculiar manner at night, and disappeared on Monday morning.

Mick and I decided that we would hire a boat and teach ourselves to row. We went round and round in circles, going aground on one side and bumping into the bank on the other. Our lessons were held up for a few days so that our blistered hands had a chance to heal. When we resumed we did not make any further progress and the scheme was abandoned.

The weather was not always perfect, but one sunny day we hired an outboard motor and went for a trip up the north arm of the lake. We saw several herons and the scrub reminded me of a film I had seen on the Okefenoffe Swamp in America—weird and forbidding.

On another beautiful day we went to the village and traversed the long bridge to a sandhill, one side of which formed a surf beach. We all sunbathed on the sheltered side of the bank and had a quick dip in the surf on the open side. That night our beds were even more uncomfortable owing to sunburn!

After about ten days of living in a tent, we were quite prepared to go home again. Our beds at home had never felt so soft and warm. It will not be hard for me to refuse another camping trip.

Gail Simpson, Vs

WILLIAMSTOWN RIFLE CLUB AND RANGE

The Williamstown Rifle Club was first formed in 1860, and used for their range an area east of Victoria Street, and extended to where the local hospital now stands, with the targets on the beach.

With the increase of population in that area the element of danger during rifle

firing became more and more pronounced, until at last the firing actually crossed public streets and roads.

A favourite sport at that time in the rifle club was to see how many top hats could be knocked off as men rode at a full gallop to get through the area.

This became so dangerous that the Rifle Association of Victoria endeavoured to secure from the Government an area which would be well away from the settled area of the town, but the invariable replies of the different Ministers in charge from time to time was to the effect that "it was not desirable to permanently reserve ground for rifle practice, especially as new discoveries may render the rifle useless from a military point of view," to quote one statement literally.

The rifle used at that time was the old Martini-Henry, which fired a .45 solid lead projectile at the speed of just over 1,500 feet per second, which gave one plenty of time to dodge it at a long range, as it made a whistling noise as it travelled through the air.

It was during the late 1870's when the Williamstown Rifle Club finally succeeded in obtaining their wish for a new range. The war between France and Germany caused considerable anxiety in the public mind, as it was quite possible that England might be drawn in to it and if this happened, England would call on Australia for reinforcements.

This made the Victorian Government decide that not only could the new range be used for civilian shooting, it could be used for army training and defence purposes also.

So after many years of arguing the Williamstown Rifle Club finally secured the present site on the first of February, 1877, and by 1878 the range was completed, with the help of twenty convicts, who were employed for a time on subsidiary works at the ranges.

The opening match was fired on 27th July, 1878, for prizes not less than £50, and many newly formed clubs took part in the big event.

Today the range is classed as the biggest in the southern hemisphere, and second only to Canada.

There are now 270 targets and the farthest shooting mound is 1000 yards. The range is now known as the Merritt Rifle

Range, and is divided up into two sections, the rifle section and the medium machine gun section, the latter being situated at "Siberia," which is all reclaimed land from the sea. "Siberia" is found at the Altona end of the range.

Now the Southern Command has been considering that in the next few years it might convert the rifle range into a new form of rifle shooting, which is called "Train-fire." Instead of the open range without any obstructions the army is going to construct a series of mounds and trenches from which at the flick of a switch or cord, a target will pop up for approximately two seconds, either in front or behind the soldier.

The idea of this new type of shooting is to train the soldier into thinking and acting quickly, and already this new method is being put into use at the Anzac range in New South Wales.

There have been over 30 Queen's prizes and 52 King's prizes at the range, making an approximate total of 83 annual events, which have been held at the present range, for prizes not less than £4,000.

R. McMahon

THE SQUATTER

The lines on his brow grew deeper,
As the sands of the year ran through;
And the mounds of erosion grew steeper,
While never a grassblade grew.

His stock died off in the cracked creek clay,
Or up by the homestead tanks;
Sparsely, at first, but more each day,
Going down in the same cruel way;

While the gloating crows formed action
ranks,

To gorge on the rife decay.
He sweated and swore and prayed aloud,
His overdraft grew and grew;

He fought to lift the falling shroud,
He cursed the sky of blue.

He looked each day on the shimmering
plain,

While hope died out of his heart;

The sun seemed part of his throbbing brain,
Would there never be cattle and feed again?
The whole of a dream seemed merely a
part,

Then, suddenly, came the rain.

H.

BEING MISERABLE

Groans and moans came drifting through the doorway as the Geography master made his way to his next class. "I wonder what's going on in there," he thought as he reached the door. What a sight his eyes met as he peeped through the door; there were his favorite pupils, sitting motionless, with nasty looks in their eyes, moaning at their English master.

The Geography master braced himself, straightened his tie, and made what he thought was a suitable expression.

The English master made a hurried exit while muttering something about "never being satisfied with what they had" and nearly knocked the Geography master over.

The latter walked briskly into the room and said, "Good-morning children; our topic today will be Japan. Will you take out your atlases please?" But there was no response. "Now come on and take out your atlases. What's the matter with you?"

"Sir, you wouldn't do this to us would you? Not give us a topic like this?" the children cried as the Geography master picked up his book from the table. "Oh sir, it's just awful. We can't possibly write an essay on such a topic."

"I thought you all liked writing essays. Now come on, don't look so miserable. We'll try a little Geography, perhaps it will brighten you up. By the way, what's the topic you're writing on?"

"We don't repeat it. It makes us shudder to mention it."

"Now, don't be silly, what's the name?"

"Oh sir, it's, it's—Being Miserable!"

"Well, from the look of you I should think you were all very well equipped, eh?"

"Yes sir," they replied, "that's just the trouble. We don't know where our minds stop and our essays begin!"

DIANE MAY, 4b

A HOLIDAY IN TASMANIA

On December 18, last Christmas, I went by plane to Hobart, Tasmania. I was met at the aerodrome by my cousin and his mother. We drove to a fashionable house in Sandy Bay, a suburb of Hobart.

On the 21st, the family held a Christmas party in the old home at 15 Napoleon Street, Battery Point. On the 23rd December, my aunt, uncle and two cousins left by car for a small holiday house in Biechno, on the East Coast.

This is a small town, a holiday resort, with white sand, so different to Melbourne bayside beaches, and with clear, blue, ice cold water. On New Year's Eve, my cousin, her boy friend and I went to the New Year's Eve Dance. At midnight, there was the traditional revelry, and the dance broke up after the "Hokey Pokey."

On the 6th January, we said good-bye to the house and garden, and left to return to Hobart via the Midland Highway. At Campbelltown, we stopped to look at the historic little bridge, which was originally built by convict labor.

On arriving back in Hobart, we went to the docks and saw the yachts, which had participated in the Sydney-Hobart race.

A few days later we went by car to the historic town of Port Arthur. After visiting the gaol and the hospital building (both almost in ruins), we continued along the narrow road and arrived at the "blowhole," and disobeying the notices, walked along the seaward edge of the cliffs, where only months before, a young couple had been swept off the ledge to their deaths. We also walked down the many steps to the "Remarkable Cave," where mountain growth, not seen for miles around, thrives. Then we walked through the tunnel to see "Tasman Arch," which, when viewed from a certain angle, looks like a map of Tasmania.

On the 18th January, with school for the year almost beginning, I farewelled my new-found friends regretfully, and was soon winging my way toward Melbourne.

L. MORRISON, IVb

A TRIP TO THE GOLD COAST

Last January I went with the Williamstown Youth Centre to the Gold Coast. We left on the "Spirit of Progress" on New Year's Day and arrived in Sydney the next day. During the morning we went for a walk, and in the afternoon caught the ferry to Manly, returning to the city over the bridge. After tea we caught the night train to Brisbane, where we were met by buses, and taken to the National Fitness Camp at Telumbugera Creek on the Gold Coast.

Here we spent four days either swimming in the surf or floating down the creek on a rubber mattress during the daytime and going to the pictures or playing table tennis at night.

One day we went to Mount Binna Burra

National Park from where we could see the whole "Gold Coast" stretching to north and south as far as the eye could see. We also went one afternoon down the coast to Coolingatta and Korrumbine Creek where we saw wild birds being fed.

Finally, we caught the bus to Kangaroo Point where we slept the night, and went on a bus tour of Brisbane the next day until it was time to catch the train for Sydney. In Sydney the next morning we went to South Head and the Sydney Zoo. After tea we caught the train for Melbourne, arriving home the next day tired, but happy.

OUR MOTTO ETAO SHRDJ

A chain is only as strong as its weakest link,
So hold fast, I say.

Bear your burdens, struggle on, play the
game day by day.

Shed not tears, but smile through all your
strife

And help others to lead a happier life.

Strengthen the chain, and

Remember the motto of the school that sent
you on the way—

Hold fast, hold fast, I say.



CURRENT NEWS

Today two electrons escaped from a heated element and, stealing two cyclotrons, were attracted to the Post Office Box. They stole several glass envelopes and accelerated off towards the Wheatstone Bridge, at times reaching velocities of $\sqrt{32/3} \times 10^9$ cm. sec., but were forced to a stop when their velocity selectors failed. They jumped on to a moving coil galvanometer while the conductor was shunting it, and completed a circuit.

By this time Milly Volt, Chief Commissioner of the P.D., sent members of the Electro-motive force to pick up their trail and give chase in their new and much milder Dempster steam pianos, with the flip top boxes. They finally cornered the renegade electrons in the Van de Graaf generator, where they offered a large resistance with their electron guns. They were overpowered by the E.M.F.'s modern concrete Faraday's icepail, after having been at large for three Kilo-watt hours, and charged them with 1.59×10^{-19} coulomb and assault in the battery. Their only previous conviction was travelling on a wave train without a ticket.

At the conclusion of their trial, the judge said that they had come from a poor environment, where their connections were bad. However, both the electrons had great potential and the capacity to rectify themselves. At a young age they had been deflected into the wrong line, the line of force. The judge decided that he would not put them in a cell but would suspend their fission licences and their licence to drive mega-cycles. He hoped that this would transform them.

BUDGERIGAR BREEDING

When I first started this hobby three years ago I did not know that it would lead to such an interesting hobby as it has.

There are various types of budgerigars. One type is called "Normals." These birds have black and white wings and head with various colored undersides. Then there are the "Opalines." these have mottled wings of black and white. Budgerigars with light fawn and white wings are called "Cinnamon Wings." Another type is the "Pied." This is a rare coloring of the bird. For example, a green bird with a band of yellow in the centre of the stomach about $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide, also has yellow wing tips. This type is con-

sidered very valuable. "Lutinos" are yellow with pink eyes, and "Albinos" are white with pink eyes. These are all the types of budgerigars.

When mating, I put the males and females in together, and let them seek their own mates. This usually takes about two weeks. The mating boxes are then put into the aviary, and they mate naturally as they fly about in the aviary and exercise themselves. The females do not come out of the nest usually as they have to maintain the eggs at 104 degrees. The eggs take 17 days to hatch, and at two weeks start to develop their feathers. This takes one to two weeks.

The usual budgerigar is five weeks old when he leaves the nest. If they do not venture out of the nest themselves when they are ready, then the mother bird feeds them, then pushes them out of the nest. Then the father looks after his offspring for a couple of days.

When feeding them I mix in the seed a vitamin oil which keeps the birds in excellent condition. I also give them silver beet for it contains certain vitamins that the birds must have. Budgerigars drink little water, but they must have a little to survive.

Budgerigars are also very mischievous, and like to play with, and chew toys. About six months ago I placed a wooden swing in the flight, and all that is left now is the wire supporting what was once the swing. They also like to play on the ground and burrow into the gravel on the floor of the flight.

Moreover, this is a very interesting hobby and I am glad that I started it, because I feel as if I have achieved, and learnt something about the life cycle of budgerigars.

HEATHER BLANCHE, 4b

MEMOIRS OF A SENIOR MATHEMATICIAN

This year, amidst many good auspices, the Senior Mathematical Society has launched itself upon an expectant world. In the course of a busy and eventful year, the following achievements have been recorded by this (reluctantly) all-male group.

1. A thorough investigation was made of the laws of chance and probability. (Particular emphasis was laid upon the application of these laws to Australia's national sport—two-up).

2. The group was introduced to the study of topology. For the benefit of the uninitiated, the following definition is included: "Topology is the study of lineless geometry." After an interesting demonstration of fundamental topological principles, a swift collection was made to buy Martin Didgys a bottle of linament to soothe his knotted muscles.

3. An excursion was made by certain members of the club into the untamed wilds of University to hear a lecture on "Infinity." (This event was made doubly memorable by the fact that several members of the fair sex also joined the safari).

A word of tribute must here be paid to our noble leader, Mr. Moore, whose difficult task it was to ensure that the above activities were both entertaining and of educational value.

At the time of writing (having temporarily exhausted our stock of mathematical topics) a spirited "Round Robin" chess tournament is being conducted. I am afraid that I will have to leave you at this point, because some kind person has just pointed out that it is my move.

MAY-TIME

Fat mushrooms appearing,
And falling leaves leaving
The grey boughs they clung to of old.
The dead leaves are stirring,
Thru' the rain, smoke is curling,
As the fire warms our fingers, now cold.

The lonely road is calling,
The veiled mountains haunting
As the sun slowly fades from the sky.
The tall gums will sway
In the last pictures of May,
But, alas! Why must memories die?

Yvonne Francome, IIIa

THE TYPE OF PERSON THAT ANNOYS ME

His trademark is a gun; his haunt is any lamp-post and his peculiarity is the half-smoked cigarette dangling from his mouth. Usually he is of average height and medium build. Although he is dressed in the modern glint suit, still he is shabby looking and untidy; especially his pink and black dotted tie which resembles a flag-pole at half-mast, since it is always pulled down. I do not know whether his resemblance is intentional or not, but certainly it is appropriate. One

amazing thing about him, however, is that his hands are always busy; either with a gun, or swinging a two-foot chain around his index finger.

What a face he has, round and ugly. He has narrow and bloodshot eyes that seem to be hidden by his bushy and dark eye-brows. One cannot help noticing his prominent cheekbones and his battered jaw which must have stood many a bashing. His long nose—about half an inch longer than the rest of his face—his wide mouth and his turned bottom lip give him a sinister appearance. All these features certainly satisfy the requirements for his position—a gunman.

Now, when he speaks, his voice is harsh and his English—one assumes that is the language he speaks—does little credit to his fourth grade teacher. However, it does not take one long to realise that he is a brainless coward who carries a gun so he can feel big. It is obvious that he has never done a decent days work in his life. However, he seems to be satisfied to do what his "boss" tells him as long as he has enough money to eat, drink, and to afford colorful clothes. Finally, from the way he acts, one could rightly say that he has no moral character whatsoever.

If you have not guessed already, this is the character of the villain of most Hollywood detective films: the type of person that annoys me.

LATE

The station clock says a quarter to,
No train in sight, I hope it's late;
Perhaps the signal's changing now,
Or perhaps the porter's shut the gate.
But, alas! The train has gone;
I'm out of breath, it's no use now.
And the next train comes at nine o'clock,
I'll be ten minutes late, oh what a row.
Waiting and waiting for half an hour,
And here's the train pulling in;
'Be hanged for a sheep as a lamb,
Well I couldn't care a pin.
What if I'm caught by Miss Richards,
Or seen looking at the time-table;
I'll sneak in without being seen,
And not be caught, if I'm able.
Hat and books safely in locker,
Not a sound, and watch my tactics;
Safely up to the time-table,
Oh! Hurray! It's mathematics!

UNWELCOME GUESTS

The day was very beautiful, but it could have been raining cats and dogs, the gloom was so great in our house. Great Aunts Agatha and Mildred were coming for afternoon tea. We had been through that chamber of horrors, the bathroom. Only on their visits were we submitted to such experiences. We were so uncomfortably clean that our knees reflected back our faces.

A dreadful hush fell over us as the taxi drew up to our front gate. The Aunts climbed out amid rustles of black silk and waves of eau de Cologne.

"Children," gushed Aunt Agatha, "how you have grown. I wouldn't have known you."

"Don't exaggerate Agatha! They have only grown two inches between them and a couple of stone each," retorted our very correct and exact Aunt Mildred—I mean Great Aunt Mildred.

Unabashed Aunt Agatha turned to mother saying, "The house and garden look a picture, Margaret, don't they Mildred?"

"No, the lawn needs mowing and the spouting needs mending," replied Great Aunt Mildred. "I really can't understand why that husband of yours (I never could understand why you married him in the first place) doesn't attend to these matters." She then proceeded to enlighten us with her father's virtues; she had no husband's virtues of which to boast, because she hadn't been married. After this lecture mother led the way into the house.

Great Aunt Mildred was just inside the door when she pounced upon a petal before it had time to settle on the carpet. Aunt Agatha stood on the threshold and crooned over the decoration of the hall, and they were both hustled into the drawing-room before we could receive another homily.

My brothers and I sat on the edge of our chairs endeavoring to be seen and not heard. Aunt Agatha gushed, unheeded by anyone, and was entirely at her ease. Great Aunt Mildred spoke to mother while keeping her sharp, critical eyes on us. James, my youngest brother, being devoid of table

manners, used his teaspoon instead of his cake fork. Great Aunt Mildred tore him to shreds with her tongue, after which he left the room with the sulks. He did not sulk for very long because he remembered that Great Aunt Mildred's chief hate was dogs. We had three dogs which were locked up for the duration of our Great Aunt's visit. He captured the neighbor's cat, placed her on the drawing-room windowsill, and set the dogs loose.

The cat flew round and round the drawing-room in a flat spin, chased by the dogs. Both Great Aunts fainted. When they regained consciousness they called for a taxi and swept out, vowing never to return.

James was rewarded according to the value of his behaviour to each member of the family. Father and mother belted him, my other brothers and I gave him our prized possessions. He promised us that he would do it again if our Great Aunts didn't keep their vow.

G. SIMPSON, 5s

THE BRUMBY STALLION

He stood at the gully's rim,
Motionless, but for his ears and his fluttering nostrils;
While the breeze, parting his tail with gentleness strange in that land,
Brought the bush gossip to him.
He looked to the hills,
Changeless, asleep with their shimmering beauty;
While the mares, swishing their tails with contentment and peace,
Fed from the grass-covered sills.
His eyes lost their stare,
Opal-like, they covered the trees and the slumbering plain;
Then he moved, lifting long legs with safety and ease,
And stepped down to his favorite mare.

H.

THE PARLIAMENT OF YOUTH

The school entered a team in the Parliament of Youth, conducted by HSV Channel 7 and "The Herald." The three speakers, Don Urquhart, Barbara Bishop and Martin Didzys, backed by a good team of back-benchers, acquitted themselves very well.

~~1857~~
W. J. [unclear]
[unclear]

Madeline Dolbin

1857

for 10 [unclear]

[unclear]
[unclear]
[unclear]

[unclear]
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