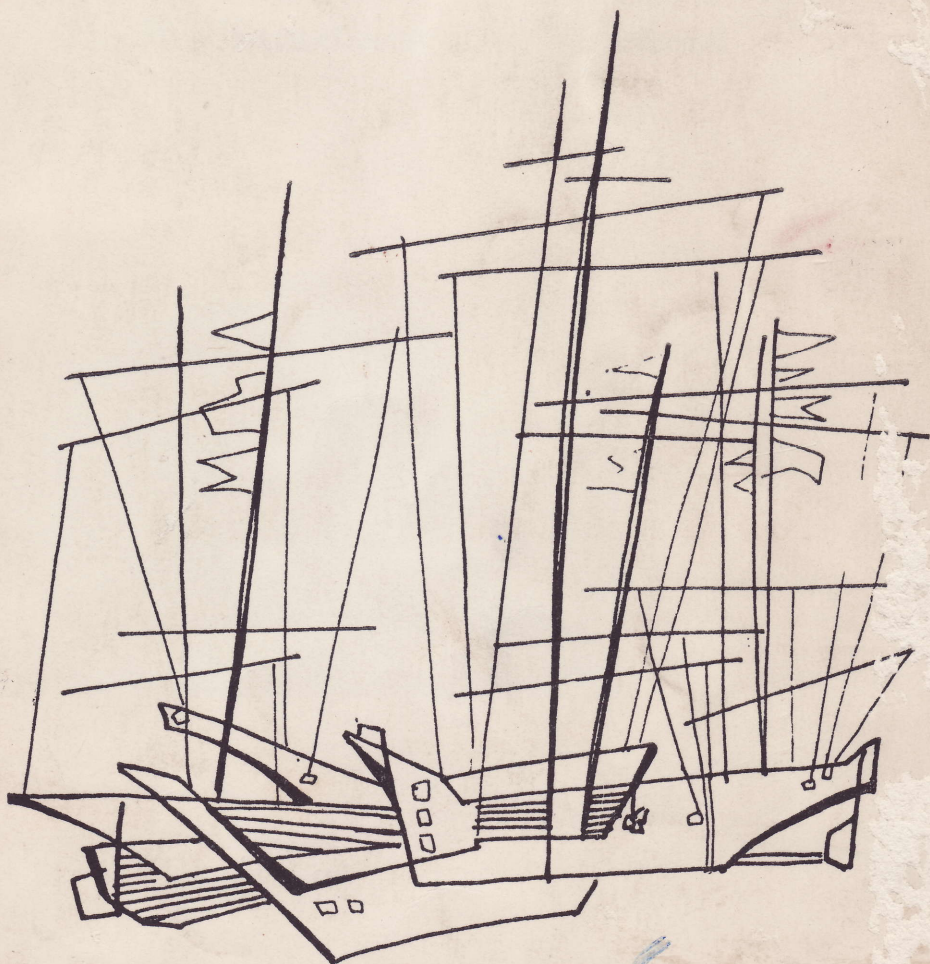




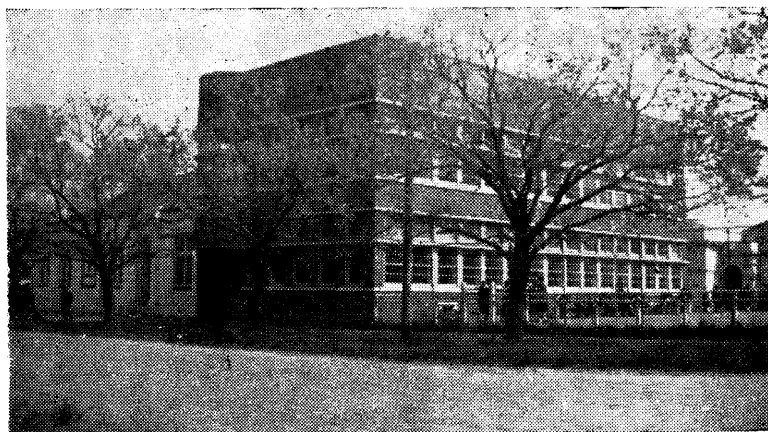
HIGH TIDE



1961

HIGHTIDE

Magazine of the Williamstown High School



1961

Editorial

The tides of the years, sweeping by, have carried Mr. Bowe, our headmaster for four years, to McKinnon High School. During his term at the school we learnt to appreciate his firm but kindly guidance, and we wish him well in his new position. We count ourselves fortunate, however, that a gigantic high tide has borne to our harbour one of our own breed in Mr. Powell, ex-student of our school, and as such, first to return as our leader. Let us all get behind him with the Williamstown clan spirit, and help him to make W.H.S. chief among its peers.

As one step in this direction might we plead for greater co-operation from the students for next year's magazine committee. If it is necessary to beg again and again for contributions then we should discard the magazine as an unwanted feature of school life. As Milton said, "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen."

With deep regret we record the death of our friend and colleague, Noel Mackie, early in the year. For two years Noel worked hard for the magazine, showing great courage and cheerfulness in the face of severe illness. Salve atque vale, Noel. You taught us all much.

Finally, on behalf of the pupils of the school, and especially those who are leaving us this year, we would like to thank the staff, the Parents' Association, the ladies who give up their valuable time to work in our canteen, and all others who have in any way contributed to the welfare of the pupils. Their selfless attitude has been an example which all would do well to follow.

BARBARA FITZGIBBON.

OUR LEADERS

1961

Headmaster: Mr. P. H. POWELL, B.A., B.Ed.

Senior Master: Mr. D. DILLON, B.A., Dip.Ed.

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

ADVISORY COUNCIL

Mrs. M. Colley, Mrs. G. Taylor, Capt. H. Pirie, Mr. A. Claringbould, Mr. W. Conway, Cr. W. Cresser, Cr. L. Parker, Mr. J. Coe, Cr. J. T. Gray, Cr. W. L. Floyd, M.L.A., Rev. J. B. Moroney, Mr. E. D. Gardener, Mr. J. Crocker, Mr. P. H. Powell.

STAFF

Mr. W. Mephram, M.Sc., Dip.Ed.	Mr. J. Reilly, T.P.T.C., 9 Univ. Hubj.
Mr. C. Hughes, M.A., B.Ed.	Miss M. MacIntyre, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)
Mr. B. A. Halloran, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Miss C. Wilmot, D.T.S.C.
Mr. F. B. Alcorn, B.A., T.P.T.C.	Miss V. Hopton, F.P.C.B.
Mr. G. Jones, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.	Miss D. Page, T.S.T.C. (Arts and Crafts)
Mr. E. C. Lee, B.A.(Hons.), B.Ed.	Mrs. E. Ebringer, B.Sc., T.S.T.C.
Mr. J. Egan, B.Com., T.P.T.C.	Mrs. K. M. Lawson, B.A., Dip.Ed. (Hons.)
Mr. J. Bradshaw, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Miss E. Littlehales, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mr. I. Moore, B.A., T.P.T.C.	Miss C. Forbes, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mr. J. Howard, Univ. Subj.	Miss B. Jones, Mus.Bac.
Mr. G. Bullen, W.T.C., C. and J.C., H.C.C.	Miss P. Porteous, T.P.T.C.
Mr. E. Kassimates, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.	Mr. J. W. Deacon
Mr. K. Knight, B.Com., Dip.Ed.	Miss D. Pittard
Mr. T. Kent, T.P.T.C.	Mrs. O. Matthews
Mr. D. Tolley, T.S.T.C. (Arts and Crafts)	Miss L. East
Mr. T. Story, B.A., Dip.Ed.(Durham)	Mrs. Bosnick
Mr. H. W. Forecast, B.A., B.Ed., B.Sc.(Hon.)	Mr. H. Grieve
Mr. G. Hird, First Class Hons.	

PREFECTS

Girls—Janet Packett (Head), Ann Cameron, Janet Richardson, Kay Seal, Iris Webb, Barbara Fitzgibbon, Wendy Hughes, Lynette Jamieson, Janice Robinson, Susan Sims, Susan Taylor, Maureen Woodcock.

Boys—Bert Guy (Head), John Carpenter, John Colquhoun, David Johnson, Alex Jurger, Robert Neal, Lee Tat Ping, John Roberts, Harold Shaw, Rod Cordell, Jim Kinniburgh, Solomon Sahhar.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Dingo—Yvonne Bakowski, Douglas Coster.
Koala—Pam Lee, Peter Ferne.

Possum—Wendy Hughes, Gavin Berry.
Wombat—Janice Robinson, David Ogilvie.

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

D. Jokabauskas (President), J. Packett, B. Guy, J. Carpenter, M. Bently (Secretary), D. Ogilvie, D. Marks, R. Holmes, J. Reid, P. McCallum, B. Stokes.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Barbara FitzGibbon (Editress), Lynette Jamieson, Susan Sims, Noel Mackie, Ted Hudson, Susan Taylor.

The Headmaster Says



It is certainly a happy experience to return to this grand old school after an absence of many years. As you wander around you are surprised to find that much of the original school still remains.

The grammar school section, with its yellow cement finish, is still here. What was once the men's staff room has become their lunch room and the old class room is now the staff room. The first headmaster's office has been converted into a locker room for the senior girls and the art room is now our library. The quadrangle is still the same old "quad" and few changes have been made to the rooms around it. The "chem" and physics rooms have altered little over the years; room 11 is still an art room, rooms 6, 7, 10 and 12 have remained as class rooms, but room 2 has become the biology

room, and room 8, once the class room for the leaving and leaving honours classes, is now Miss Richards' office.

When you walk around the grounds you miss many familiar features, but are glad to find that some remain. The front garden, Mr. Gerrity's pride, has gone to make room for the new buildings, but the gum trees which looked down on future champion footballers and Test cricketers still line the boundary. The concrete cricket pitch, on which W. M. Woodfull, captain of the Australian Eleven, had many hits, has been ripped up; the draughty "pavilions" fitted with sliding canvas shutters instead of windows and used as temporary class rooms, have gone; the picket fence has been replaced by a modern cyclone fence; the cookery centre has been converted into an

attractive canteen; the sloyd room remains unchanged, and the girl prefects' pavilion, built in the early twenties by Mr. F. W. Johnson, our first headmaster, stands as it did then. Basketball matches are played on the asphalt courts made famous by our early basketball teams, when they established their supremacy over Geelong, Essendon, Coburg, University and Melbourne High Schools.

Williamstown High has always been justly proud of what we call its "school spirit" and of the very keen and healthy rivalry between its houses. I discovered, very quickly, that this "spirit" and inter-house rivalry are as strong as ever.

This school has earned for itself a reputation for scholarships. The "honour" board in room 11 records the outstanding scholastic achievements of pupils from 1915 to 1935. It is most gratifying to know that this standard has been maintained by the recently established matriculation classes. We believe that highly prized senior scholarships will be won again by our matriculation students.

As I walked around the many familiar corners of this school, thoughts and memories have crowded in on me. I have remembered very clearly indeed the men and women who have taught in these rooms and have realised my great debt to them. I have recalled the fun we had at our socials, the excitement of playing in house and school matches and the many friendships made at school. I know that if you give this school your loyalty in the class room and on the sports fields you days here will be happy and rewarding.

EX-STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

"The objects of the Association shall be to foster good fellowship amongst ex-students of Williamstown High School and to provide for the welfare of the school."—W.H.S.E.A. Constitution.

So once again schooldays are over, but this time it is, "and we must away." Remember the words from our school song? They are very true of the typical ex-student of most schools; at such a time they do not realise just what the school has done for them. After some years, ex-students begin

to realise that since leaving school, all they have done and are doing has been modelled on their learnings (or non-learnings). However, it is soon time to get married, and when next we think of the old school, it is followed immediately by the statement, "anyway, I am too old now."

How wrong you are! The W.H.S.E.A. is an association capable of holding the interest of both the very oldest, the very youngest and even newlyweds. At the present we have a very active executive committee which is the hub of the Exies., and around this revolves such sub-committees as revue, scholarship and prizes, social, sport, publicity and publication, with provision for the creation of any others which may be thought necessary.

We do not want to recruit men and women to devote their lives to Exies., **neither do we want potential Exies. to leave school and forget the association exists at all.** Our motto is "Hold Fast" and the Bible itself says, "hold fast to that which is good." We want you who are leaving school to believe in this. Membership is unlimited, so hold fast to the school by at least joining and perhaps taking an active interest in the Exies.

To those of you who are going out into the big world—and believe me, it is big—we say work hard. By this we don't mean absolute devotion to your studies or the firm, for while this may sound fine, you, as an individual, will not progress **very far, but spread your work and interests widely enough to give yourself a full and satisfying life.**

We all like to go to the movies or watch TV, but only those of us who do this when there is nothing better to do are able to appreciate it. Remember that you have the reputation of nearly fifty years of Exies. to keep up and even beat if possible, and "man," that will take a lot of beating.

The Ex-students' Association will be glad to help you get a start in life, to help you along the way and even to finish it off, so don't hesitate to come forward and help us to help you, the school and the motto of "Hold Fast."

The Advisory Council

The cold winter months of June finds the Magazine Committee of "High Tide" already at work gathering reports and statements for an issue in the longed-for warmer days of December.

So let us try to talk about some things we would like to accomplish during the remainder of this year.

The trend is to try to do better this year than we have done in any previous years. The emphasis is, of course, not on the youth alone—who is the school, or a big part of it—but it is on all who consistently put all they have into the various phases of school working to mould a high standard of school life and work.

That brief and unique motto you have, "Hold Fast"—a strong rope tied to a firm-gripping anchor—has much significance. There was once a debate as to its origin with another school in Victoria, which has also chosen it as their motto.

They said it was Scottish. We said that it was nautical and had a salty taste about it. Actually, I believe that it was chosen from the Biblical quotation, "Hold fast to that which is good." Something worth while always to remember.

I am writing these notes on behalf of the Advisory Council, who wish to say through the pages of Your Magazine, how very much they appreciate the sterling work being done in so many various ways by the Parents' Association. Unless it is known the effective work being done by them for the school cannot be appreciated. The canteen voluntary labour given freely has developed an important adjunct to the schools' well-being.

Through the years in money and in services these loyal folk have been doing a most wonderful job, and all are very grateful to them.

We were all sorry to say "goodbye" last December to Mr. L. J. Bowe, who left us to undertake a still greater task. An educationist of enthusiasm and ability, his keen interest in his school, his easy approach, and his very able administration won for the school a new value. Mr. Bowe, who had inspired us with his bright, cheerful friend-

ship, laid the foundation of many important developments in his few years here, some of which have already been realised.

The mantle Mr. Bowe left at Williamstown very fittingly fell on the shoulders of an "old boy" in Mr. P. H. Powell, whom we were both happy and fortunate to receive. Mr. Powell comes to the school with a scholastic qualification which befits the important office he holds, and has an enthusiasm and force of mind in administration which at once gave effect. Mr. Powell's stay with us is going to be a happy one, and we all hope it will be a long one.

One great thing happened early one morning recently, when a 'phone message came through to say that the Education Department, at a costly figure, had purchased from the Naval Department the magnificent property nearby so well known to us as the "Drill Hall," with a large block of land and many additional buildings thereon.

This property is to become a part of the Williamstown High School and to be used for its sole purposes. What wonderful news that was! With high schools throughout the state, very few of them with an assembly hall and each badly needing one, and we to have this property given to us, with its huge hall comfortably seating every student in the school and even more if there were more. To the Minister of Education, to Mr. Floyd, M.L.A., the municipal council and others who had any part in obtaining this magnificent gift, and to Mr. L. J. Bowe, who did much of the pioneering work in this connection, we owe a debt of gratitude.

The Naval Drill Hall in Williamstown has a great historical background. In the pre-Federal days, no doubt it had a part in early Colonial defence.

From the beginning of this century it has played a part in two world wars and much could be said and written by officers and men of the Royal Australian Navy, whose headquarters were located within its walls. Some day the history of this ancient bulwark will be told. In the telling let us be fired with pride that we as students are enjoying the ownership of a "spot" which has made history in our Australian development.

After long waiting the plan for a new toilet block is about to eventuate. The School Council have an assurance from the Minister of Education and the Director that a contract for these buildings is about to be let. This work has given much anxiety to many, for the need is urgent. During the year effective fencing improvements have been made, reflecting a tidier aspect.

The council have been promised a new science room, one new classroom, a new office set-up, and a new headmaster's office. This accommodation is badly needed and early consideration to have it installed has been asked.

The school property is now perhaps more comfortable than it has been before, and the atmosphere is a happy one.

We aim, as a council, to endeavour to obtain for the school those things needed.

On behalf of the Advisory Council,
JAMES C. COE, President.

CRUSADER INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

A Christian is the happiest person in the world. He is secure, at peace, he has a purpose in his studies, and has the Greatest Friend of all to rely on. The inter-school Christian Fellowship Group aims to present the Christian way to the other students in their daily life and by meeting together and inviting others to discover the eternal truths in the Bible. The group is run by a student committee who, with the Counsellor, Miss Grace Hocking, arrange bright informative meetings to which both boys and girls are welcome.

If the walls of Room 22 could speak, one would hear of the lands of Fiji, Sarawak, and Papua; of the people there, so different from us both physically and culturally, yet one spiritually. Music and singing, if not tuneful, would resound as "a joyful noise unto the Lord," while prayer, Bible reading, quizzes, addresses and plays also find a place in the fellowship group.

An important feature in the I.S.C.F. year was W.O.W., or Week of Witness, held in July. The committee prayed, planned, and prepared for this week, intriguing the school with its publicity campaign. The theme for this week was "Power Unlimited," and various aspects of this power were discussed by visiting speakers. Miss Dawn Martin, of the Christian Service Centre, gave her experi-

ences of prayer, a "Proved Power", even in 1961. Only the love of Christ could be a "Penetrating Power" reaching the depths of hearts made derelict by disease, giving them hope. Mr. MacKeown spoke of leper work. On the Wednesday, Dr. B. Spicer, Reader in Physics at Melbourne University, spoke of the "Practised Power" contained in the atom, linking this idea to the practicability of Christian Power. The Bible, a "Permanent Power." Rev. S. Moore, a former missionary of Uganda, and at present a representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society, told how Bible discussion could be carried out unitedly among the tribes of Uganda, whereas economics and political discussions failed.

The aspect of "Personal Power" culminated the week's meetings. Mr. B. Johnson, Boys' Travelling Secretary for I.S.C.F., told us that the hardest person to control is oneself and that in Christ we can find power for self-control.

During Education Week the I.S.C.F. and Christian Education Groups held an attractive display in room 7. A choice selection of the various Bibles and connected books available for all purposes formed the highlight of the display.

Christianity must be wholehearted and as Christians we can face up to the complexities of life, being able to say as the Psalmist of old, "Through God we shall do valiantly . . ." Ps. 108:13.

J. P. LEADER, Vi.

SPRINGTIME

Gone is the whistling, howling breeze,
Winter's here no more,
No icicles dangling from the eaves,
Or puddles on the floor.

No more of these dreaded things,
Spring with fragrance rare
Now brings you'th o'er all the scene,
For spring is everywhere.

Young lambs go a'frolicking
While the ewes watch o'er,
These, their very treasured things—
Yes, spring is here once more.

Flowers burst out everywhere,
'Round the bowers and over,
Most fragrant smells waft through the air,
For spring is here with clover.

W. BALCAM.

Parents' Association

The High School Parents and Citizens' Association continues to meet at the school on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p.m. and our members are keenly interested in the welfare and progress of the students. We appreciate the harmonious relations with Mr. Powell, our Headmaster, and Miss Richards, and are pleased to hear their reports each meeting of the school's progress, and feel at perfect liberty to ask any questions.

Early this year we held a social evening at school in order that we might meet the Staff and were very pleased so many of both Staff and parents were able come on that occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Bowe found time to be with us and we welcomed Mrs. Powell and the respective wives and husbands of our Staff members.

Our canteen service is gradually extending and we have now reached the stage where some of our profits can be used to provide some improvements in the school. We are always glad of extra assistance with our roster of voluntary help and warm welcome awaits any mother who feels she can spare one day a month to come along and lend a hand.

Thanks to the good response to our appeal for financial assistance we have this year been able to provide a beautiful radiogram for the music room, as well as two portable models for use about the school, an electric buzzer for the woodworking section, a daylight projector so that slides may be shown without the inconvenience of darkening the room, protective eye shields for our practical chemistry classes, as well as books, charts, etc.

Our association is deeply concerned with the serious situation in education today and lends its support to the Victorian Parents and Teachers' Education Council in its efforts to achieve greater Federal aid for our children's education. This council is sponsored by the Victorian State Schools Mothers' Clubs, the State School Committees' Association, the Advisory Councils' Association and the Victorian Teachers' Union, and grew out of the realisation that

only by everyone working together can we achieve the very best for our children.

Our warmest good wishes are extended to the staff and pupils of our fine school, the parents of those pupils, and to our ex-students, whose progress we watch with interest.

G. TAYLOR, Hon. Sec.

ARCHIMEDES

(Archimedes was a Greek mathematician who discovered something while having a bath.)

Archy was a schoolboy
Who went to Athens High,
He was fond of stinks and stuff
And trig.—the Lord knows why.

He washed behind his ears,
He always wore a cap,
He always did his homework and
He never got the strap.

Archy had a brain-wave
One awful Friday night,
He slipped on soap as he sprang
From the tub with delight.

He grabbed the kitchen curtains,
Wrapped 'em round him as he ran,
And that, my boys, is how the craze
For gay beach-shirts began.

Then chez, his physics teacher,
His toy duck in his hands,
Archy said his law the'rem,
Which no one understands.

Of course he was expelled
And here's the reason why—
There was a rule (rule fourteen),
Each boy must wear a tie.

I ask you not to censor
My rhythms or my vowels,
For I sell you at a bargain
Cheap, exclusive Archy towels.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Left to right, S. White, B. Stokes, C. De Rose, C. Rudd, M. Nisbet, J. McIntosh, F. Manolakaki.



2nd BASKETBALL

Left to right, Y. Warton, E. Pedrotti, B. Stokes, S. Pendlebury, C. De Rose, G. Barker, B. Dow.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Left to right, Standing: W. Rattray, I. Dimond, Mr. Stogy, P. Ferne, R. Dunstan, I. Tuck.
Front Row: B. Coates, B. Titter.

BASEBALL

Left to right, Back Row: T. Hipwell, B. Guy, J. Carpenter, J. Daw.

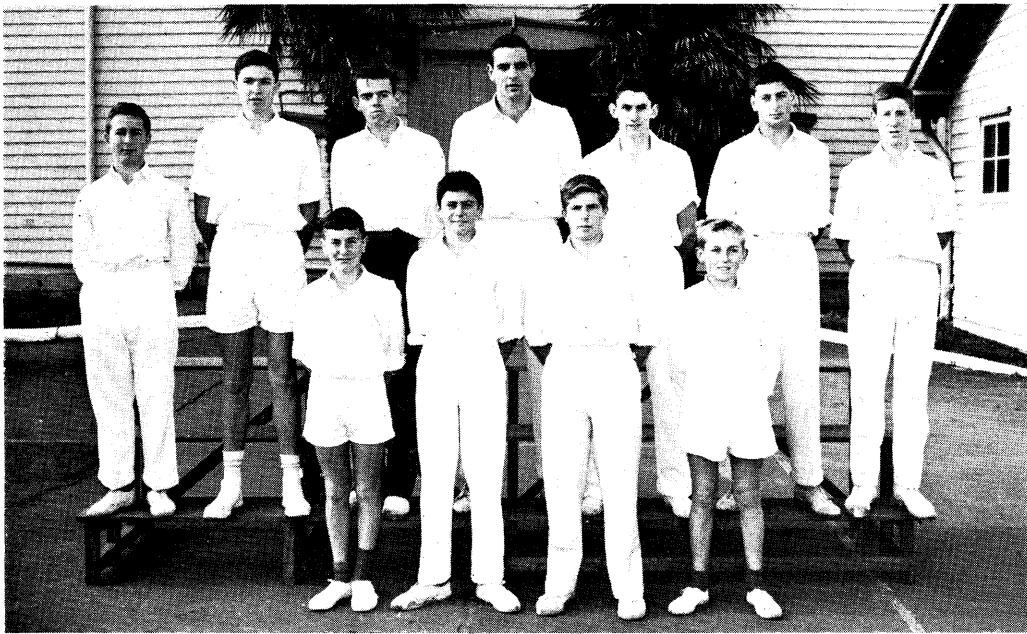
Front Row: P. Sutton, J. Kinnaburgh, R. Staples.



FIRST XI

Left to right, Back Row: I. Upward, T. Hipwell, J. Page, B. Guy, D. Johnson, W. Nettleton, G. Ferris.

Front Row: P. MacGowan, R. Rowe, B. Coates, D. Allan.



House Notes

HOUSE OF DINGO

In the beginning there was a House. And outside the House there was a sign, "Beware of the Dog." If you entered you did so at your own risk, for in this house resided a pack of beautiful dogs, collectively known as Dingoes.

Now there came unto the notice of this House of Dingoes a suggestion, put forward by some intelligent-type person, that we should elect head Dingo. The person into whom the House put its trust in promoting to this great and noble honour was Yvonne Bakowski. Another person of the same high degree of intelligence suggested that, since our head Dingo might, on occasion, be absent or in need of a little help, we should appoint a vice-head Dingo. This proposal was greeted with barks and howls of agreement from the House, much to the chagrin of the other Houses, who had not hit upon this brilliant idea. (They could only follow our excellent example.)

After scouting around the hills (I mean, the desks) we espied a certain fair damsel by the name of Jill Dolman. Aha! we thought, there she is—the vice-head Dingo. Thus we promoted a second member to the great and noble honour.

This, as you can see, was one of the most important events of the year, and was a good thing for the house.

There came to pass, one day, an annual event in school history—namely, the swimming sports. But as is well known, Dingoes firmly believe in the principle that only dirty people wash, and besides, we prefer the land. Therefore, we succeeded only in paddling to third place in this contest.

However, we were determined to show the other Houses what we could do on the land. The choral contest was the next item in school history! Now, we thought, we'll show 'em!

Our energetic, arm-swinging conductor, Ian Tuck, and our popular pianist, Ann Cameron, chose a song which was eagerly pounced upon by every Dingo—"They Call the Wind Maria." This, combined with the set song, "Blow Me Eyes," really demonstrated our prowess at making a melodious noise. In any case, nobody expected the

ability of the other Houses, who make such unpleasant crying, grunting and chattering sounds, to be great enough to surpass us. Quite obviously, Mr. Sutton refused to have anything to do with efforts at bribery and used his own good taste in judging. Thus, we gained a well-deserved victory.

In the House debates—well, we don't like to boast and the less said about that the better, Thanks, anyway, Ian Tuck, Ann Cameron and Harold Shore.

We give our hearty thanks to Yvonne and Jill, who have proved that the judgment of all Dingoes is excellent beyond doubt, for a very happy memory of the 1961 House of Dingo.

DINGO BOYS

After a sluggish start, Dingoes, with our ever-increasing house spirit, are becoming a threatening force in all inter-house competitions.

The swimming sports were no indication of our true form, but we hope our best will be shown in the fast-approaching athletic sports.

Under the conductorship of Ian, "Ave Maria" Tuck, and with music supplied by Ann, "Fingers," Cameron, we have high hopes of singing success.

With the inspiration of Messrs. Tolley and Reilly our results are steadily improving.

MERV. RATRAY.

1961 KOALA GIRLS' HOUSE NOTES

Ably led by our keen Captain, Pam Lee, who was assisted by Marilyn BenJey (vice-captain) and Margaret Farrar (recorder), Koalas are having a very successful year and are well on the way to regaining the coveted Parker Cup this year.

It is a fallacy that the Koalas cannot swim, for our aquatic-minded girls and boys literally ploughed through the water at the school swimming sports, to start the year off on the right foot, as the Koala House took first place very convincingly, although the winning margin from Wombats was small. The whole House swam to their utmost, but the following girls were champions of their age group—

Junior—Raelene Hewitt.

Intermediate—Sue Pendlebury.

Senior—Pam Lee.

These girls then went on to represent the school in the combined swimming sports.

House sport, both summer and winter, was carried out enthusiastically, although when things were waning, two certain persons, particularly handsome(?), came into room 16 amid sighs of adoration, and informed the house of deluded females of the pitiful state of the scores.

Apparently this pep-talk had some effect for marks improved vastly after that pleasant(?) intrusion.

Our stars and outstanding players who represented the school throughout the year in summer and winter sport were—

Basketball—Shirley Salter, Pamela Lee, Sue Pendlebury.

Hockey—Virginia Wing, Glenys Bailey, Janet Packett.

Tennis—Margaret Farrar, Rhonda Murdock.

Softball—Judith Haesler, Iris Conroy, Iren Bregant, Lois Donnelly.

Yard Duty . . . always presents a problem to House Captains, but on Thursdays two energetic ladies are often seen carrying a dustbin around the yard being informed—“But, Pam, I’ve already picked up a piece of paper AND a banana peel . . .” However, Koala’s prestige has not been dampened and we are proud to say that the Yard Duty has been carried out very well, and that favourable remarks have been made by our Headmaster, Mr. Powell.

In second term Koalas started practising vigorously for the choral contest, and we are to sing “Blow Me Eyes” for the selected set song, and “The Vagabond” as our own choice. We would like to take this opportunity on behalf of the house to thank John Carpenter, our conductor, and Janet Packett, our pianist, for the hard work they have put into the songs.

During third term, a debate and the athletic sports are to be held between the four Houses. We sincerely hope that the girls and boys do well in these competitions, as they may be the deciding factors for the Parker Cup.

Thanks go to Miss Page and Miss Jones, our House Mistresses, who have been able to maintain peace at House Assemblies, and for the profitable help which they have given us during the year.

We thank the girls and boys for their generous contributions towards the Anzac

wreath. The day was very successful and Koalas’ wreath was outstanding and attractive.

Pam passes on her sincere thanks to the girls and boys for their hard and voluntary work, well done throughout the year.

We all hope that Koalas do well in the coming competitions, and that when the marks are handed out for the Parker Cup they will be in our favour. But if these favourable prophesies do not come true, Koalas can only say that they did their best, whether the results were for good or bad, and Held Fast to a good House Spirit.

What’s the best House in the school,

That’s made for you and me,

K-O-A-L-A-S, Koalas is for me.

K-O-A-L-A-S, K-O-A-L-A-S

For ever let us hold our banner high.

Come along and join the House that’s made for you and me.

K-O-A-L-A-S, Koalas is for me.

POSSUM GIRLS’ HOUSE NOTES

Possums are generally intelligent creatures, have a keen sense of humour, and are extremely good looking. — Eminent biologist.

Discovering this quotation it occurred to us how suited it was to the girl members of Possum House. To illustrate their intelligence we have but to look at whom they elected for their captain this year—Wendy (Stop Talking) Hughes. How well the above quotation describes our Wendy.

When the girls have finally “Stopped Talking” we generally hear a squeak from Christine Pirie, our Vice-Captain, who has also a keen sense of humour, is extremely good looking, and—er—well—

The first event of the year in which Possums could prove their capabilities was the swimming sports. Their capabilities were unable to carry them further than the last rung on the ladder.

As we write this report the Choral Competition is near at hand. Possum girls have uppermost in their thoughts that brilliant team—pianist and conductor—Val and Jimmy. Of course, as far as the girls are concerned, Jimmy (“Keep your eyes on me”) Kinniburgh is all the inspiration needed.

We write the next lines after the above event and, of course, we still feel that Possums have not really shown their true ability—but then, who ever heard of a Singing Possum?

After a stirring lecture, delivered above the dull rumble of wagging tongues on Wednesday assemblies—the topic always the same, namely, “House Spirit”—Possums’ girls leave for sport determined to win the Basketball, Softball, Hockey and whatever cup there is for the taking. Hockey players aim at taking off the cup—due to the keen intelligence needed in playing this game.

Glancing at the distant horizons of this year we can see certain obstacles Possum girls will overcome. We hope! Namely, the debating contest and inter-house sports. If all else fails, surely we can take these by force. But then perhaps, and this is a quotation of a famous house master, “We won’t try to win this time.”

POSSUM BOYS’ HOUSE NOTES

Once again the Mighty Possums can say without hesitation, that they are by far the most able opponents the other houses have yet had. For the Possums have won in most of their sports, and have been beaten by only small margins on a few occasions. Our reason? A strong team of high-spirited, Rowdy, but Keen “Fellas,” always capable of giving their best on Wednesday afternoons, from 2.30 to 4.0 o’clock. We have been recognised as the “hardest to beat” opponents in every form of sport by the other houses, and are now the house at the top of the football ladder.

The beginning of the year, swimming sports were a disappointing start to Possums’ Year of Conquering, but we have already made up for this upset, with winter sports results, and know that the results of the athletic sports will bump us way up front, in the lead for the Parker Cup.

The reason for our success in the past, and confidence in the future, not only lies within Possums’ capabilities, but in the fact that we are fortunate in having very keen and enthusiastic House leaders, in the House Masters, Mr. Hird, Mr. Lee, and Mr. Bradshaw, who give their conscientious support to our “Hard-Hitting” House Captain Gavin Berry, strongly followed up by our “bulldozer” football Captain and Vice-House Captain, Bob Neill, with next in line, the House Secretary Mick Berry, commonly known as “DIMPLES.”

Certainly a rare combination of staunch leaders, favouring Capital Punishment to opposing footballers, etc.

WOMBAT GIRLS

As all and sundry are aware, there talks in the region of room 14 the female of that mighty species “WOMBAT,” none of whom suffer from diseased vocal chords. Every Wednesday, for the benefit of the envious species below them, they give demonstrations of their prowess in the field of voice production.

Now, in the early stages of this particular era of Wombat history, there became apparent a certain scarcity in the ranks of leadership. Not abashed these intelligent creatures twined their attention to the problem. With “infinite resource and sagacity” they selected Jan Robinson as the right and proper person to receive the awards for greatness annually bestowed upon them. Also she was considered to be capable of the manual labour of organising the species. With wisdom and enlightenment beyond their years they selected Janet Richardson as Vice(?)—Captain and Kay Seal as chief scribe.

Soon after an event which overshadowed the above, took place. After much preparation some mighty Wombat Warriors “girded their loins” (i.e., put on swimming apparel) and dived in to do battle at the inter-house swimming sports. Throughout the fray it appeared that the Wombats would win. However, certain alien creatures, by name Koalas, cunningly splashed ahead of the unsuspecting wombats, blinding them with spray in the last few races.

After this event the Wombats had a brief respite, then they began to put aforementioned vocal chords to work. Tirelessly they practised in an endeavour to achieve “tender passion” while rendering, with aid of that valiant conductor, Bert Guy, and noble pianist, Maurice “Maestro” Dann, their version of an “Eriskay Love Lilt.”

At a final practice before they entered the arena (i.e., the Drill Hall) to partake in the “Choral Contest,” they were forced to sing before envious spies. After hearing the glorious music which issued forth from their noble lips, one spy (a mad maths. master) stated that he thought (as if he could!) that the piece was to be a love song, not a war chant!

Ignoring such clamourings the Wombats proudly presented their piece to an admiring audience. Unfortunately, the adjudicator did not appreciate their lusty performance (possibly he was covered with dust when the roof

lifted!) and awarded the place of honour to the Dingoes, who gave a more "windy" recital.

This incident only renewed the vigour of the Wombats, who turned their talents to the noble art of debating. After painstaking preparation three of the "gentle(?) sex," S. Sims, B. Fitzgibbon and Y. Francome, rallied forth to show their superiority in the field of voice production. A notable law figure (Dillon by name) awarded the place of honour to Wombats and Koalas. (Well, don't blame us if there's a brawl on Speech Night!) The only person who did not appreciate our efforts once again, was the mad maths: master.

With heightened hopes the Wombat species are reorganising their ranks with the object in mind to turn out successful athletes in the fast-approaching athletic sports.

S. SIMS.

WOMBAT BOYS' HOUSE NOTES

Several inconsistencies at the start of the season were soon ironed out (after some players' lives had been threatened if no improvement was shown).

During the winter season our budding basketballers have experienced some very hard and heated battles, but have handled them capably, and have completed the first round undefeated. In one game against the experienced Dingo boys, extra time was needed so that a decision could be reached; one member of each team was put off the field with five fouls (another is suspected to have had seven fouls against him, but the umpire had lost count), but finally the Wombats gained the upper hand to win 16-13.

Although not as outstanding as in previous years, the boys' tennis teams have been consistent throughout the year.

With our winning combination from last year, of Bert Guy, conductor, and Maurice Dann, pianist, Wombats' Choral Contest practice has started excellently, and the enthusiastic(?) group of volunteers(?) who give up part of their lunch hour each day to improve our house singing seem to be mastering the two pieces with remarkable success.

Although the Athletic Sports are still some months off, many of our members have started their preparations, and look like causing some major upsets in the so-called "certainty" events.

With inter-house competitions being so close this year, no House has any real grasp on the Parker Cup, but Wombats, with renewed enthusiasm after a combined House meeting (not intended for social purposes), are preparing to get a firm grip on this trophy.

D.A.K.

KOALA BOYS

This year the Koala House boys, under the leadership of Peter Ferne (Captain) and Rod Cordell (Vice-Captain) are on the way to a most successful year. The whole house has shown great enthusiasm, and every boy has put his shoulder to the wheel and contributed to the upsurge in the prestige of the house.

The first major sports event of the year was the inter-house swimming sports at the Footscray Baths and due to hard work and determination, we gained first place.

Several Koala Boys later represented the school in the combined swimming sports.

With the Haskell Cup for the choir competition on the shelf, all houses are working hard to have their colours tied around it. Koalas have just started practises, with John Carpenter as our conductor and Janet Packett as pianist.

Our tennis team is playing exceptionally well this year, for they have not been defeated. The basketball and football teams are playing well, also.

Koalas finished on top of the ladder for the first term, and are determined to stay in that position.

All members of Koala House would like to thank our House Masters and Mistresses, who have made the job of the captains a lot easier. We all extend special thanks to Mr. Howard for all he has done for us.

Keep up the good work, Koalas, for the Parker Cup is within our reach, providing we continue to display the same determination and honest spirit that has characterised our efforts so far this year.

ROB DUNSTAN, Secretary.

MEMO

Enthusiasm is a good thing, but we think that Mr. Knight has over-reached himself. Surely appointing two trumpeters to sing the Wombats' praises is going too far!

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

WOMBAT BOYS' HOUSE NOTES

Under the leadership of David Ogilvie and David Johnson, with Mr. Knight as Housemaster, and official volunteer chooser, Wombat boys have been very impressive in all their activities. It was good to see how all the inter-house teams were overwhelmed with volunteers after a short talk by the Housemaster, when several "or else!" threats were issued if these teams were not filled.

In what would be the most exciting, and closest fought swimming sports ever to be witnessed in the Footscray Swimming Pool, Wombats splashed their way into second place, three points behind the Koalas, losing the sports only in the last three races. However, many of our competitors made their presence greatly felt, especially David Ogilvie (House Captain), who won the boys' open 200 metres freestyle by half a length (that is, half a pool's length), and John Brooker, winning the boys' open breast-stroke in fine style (even though he was rubbed out in the Western Division Carnival). Many of our competitors went on into the Western Division, and some even to the All High Schools' Championships, winning meritoriously in their events.

Has any cricket team ever made more than 80 runs off the first six overs of a cricket match? Yes! Wombat firsts, against another of the houses in the competition (unnamed, because of the humiliation), slammed their way to victory, making every shot a scoring shot. With Bert Guy and David Johnson leading this tremendous attack, Wombat boys have put themselves into an almost unbeatable position for the cricket trophy.

Inter-house football this year has provided a tremendous amount of enthusiasm and is a very closely fought battle. At the moment Wombats share the top rung with two other houses, and are playing very confidently, never letting up for a moment.

H.S. and M.O'S.

ANZAC DAY

As the school stood silently to attention, the official party, after passing through a guard of honour, proceeded to the stage, which was dominated by a large white cross.

After the National Anthem had opened the ceremony, Mr. Powell pointed out that unless modern generation worked for peace and the good of mankind, the sacrifices

made in the world wars would be rendered futile.

Then Lieutenant-Colonel Hall addressed the school, telling something of the story of some of the memorable action in which Australian troops participated. As was fitting, he told of the landing at Gallipoli and of important battles of the Second World War and the Korean War. In conclusion he pointed out that our dearly won heritage should be preserved and built upon so that the sufferings of the wars might be made worth while.

The hymn, "The Supreme Sacrifice," was sung, the official party left the stage, and a cadet guard mounted the stage and posted sentries. Then the four girl House Captains laid wreaths at the foot of the cross as the guard presented arms.

Brook's poem, "The Dead," was repeated by the Prefects and then the school roll was read, after which two minutes' silence was observed.

As the guard again presented arms the House Captains removed the wreaths for transference to the cenotaph and left the hall. The guard marched out and the school stood in silence as the guests began to depart.

SUE SIMS.

CONSERVATION EXCURSION

That notorious class, the fifth form Geography, set out one fine day (fine rain) on the pretext of going on an excursion. Arriving at Merrivale we were in time to see all the conserved soil washed away, but still we churned up the remaining mud while getting ourselves soaked to the skin. The girls looked like drowned rats and the boys—well, what could you expect?

Not for a moment did our invigorating weather cease and as we once more filed into the buses we (girls) found to our ? that we had lost Miss Littlehales from our number (ooh) and had substituted a sopping raincoat. This bedraggled object, to the accompaniment of such rousing songs as "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain," vainly pointed out lava flows, conical hills, sidings and cuttings, but after a little encouragement, subsided. Even though our minds were washed clean(?) we were still expected to expound upon our experiences! Fancy that!

THE CHORAL CONTEST, 1961

There was great excitement in the air as the four houses lined up to make their way to the Drill Hall, where the sixth annual choral contest was to be held. This contest was to be the result of feverish practice. Each lunch-time the special singing groups (of carefully chosen volunteers) met in 19 and 20, or the Drill Hall, to rehearse the descant, and many curious ears were found listening to their rivals' attempts at practice.

Many parents were present to hear the four houses do battle with each other, and there was plenty of excitement and conjecture as to the result.

After the National Anthem, Possum House nervously made their way to the stage, where, conducted by Jim Kinniburgh, they sang the set song, "Blow Me Eyes," followed by the song of their own choice, "Go Down, Moses." Possums were accompanied by their pianist, Val Lane.

Possums were followed by Koalas, who, after singing the set song, sang the song of their own choice, "The Vagabond." Koalas were conducted by John Carpenter, and accompanied by Janet Packett. (After this performance there was much controversy as to which house sang better, Possums or Koalas.)

Then the mighty Wombats took their place on the stage. Accompanied by Maurice Dann and being conducted by Bert Guy, they sang firstly "Blow Me Eyes," and then the "Eriskay Love Lilt," which was greatly applauded.

Finally there came the Dingoes, with the set song, and then their own choice, "They Call the Wind Maria." After this performance there could be no doubt as to who had won. Ian Tuck conducted the Dingoes, while Ann Cameron accompanied them.

Mr. Powell then walked up on to the stage, with Mr. Sutton, the adjudicator, and after a few words he handed over to Mr. Sutton, who announced the final result to the breathless contestants.

The final results were—First place, Dingoes; second place, Koalas; third place, Wombats; fourth place, Possums.

A WOMBAT.

SOCIAL, TERM 1

Many a glamorous entrance to one of the social highlights (one of the few times that electric lighting is used) of the year was

hampered by an unglamorous plate of food-stuff.

The social began in the usual fashion, i.e., the female entourage entered and took their seats, while the males lolled about outside and the "band played on." However, these eminent members of the student body slandered by certain "decorations" adorning the walls, opened proceedings with a twenty-four man snowball.

M.C. Bert Guy took the Lee(d) throughout the evening, contributing much to its success.

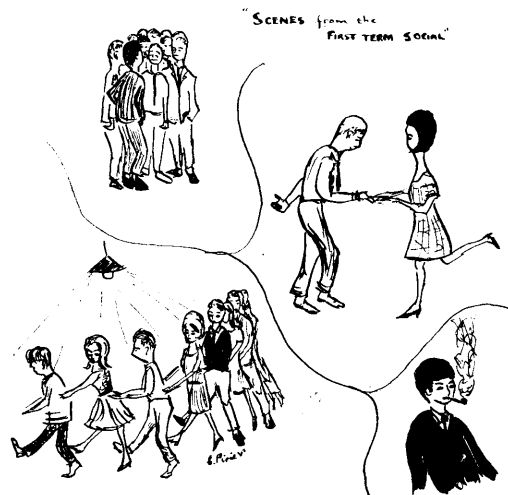
The usual hazards presented themselves to the unfortunate females. Fortunately a block and tackle was not needed to free the damsels in distress, although many were trapped by the gaping chasm which divided the hall into two. Many males did an admirable rescue job!

The stocking manufacturers would be delighted by the social. Many a new pair of stockings was in shreds by the end of the evening. (Do these boys wear CADET BOOTS?) The dances were varied and it was good to see Mr. and Mrs. Powell "tripping the light fantastic" amid the milling hoards of students.

So popular did the barn dance (in which many were nearly crushed to death) prove, that another was held in the evening.

Although many had objected to supper being introduced they did not seem to be making any strenuous objections at the food circulated.

Several members of the staff were present and took great delight in "livening" up the Conga.



SECOND TERM SENIOR SOCIAL

Towards the end of the second term the Senior Social was held in the drill hall, for the first time. Guests at this social were our visitors from Werribee High School and at about 8 p.m. the dancing was well under way, with Robert Neil as "Master of Ceremonies."

Using the drill hall instead of rooms eleven and twelve was a great improvement; the transformation to a gay, well-decorated dance hall was amazing, its floor was good and there was enough space for even the fastest of dancers.

Students were really united, as indicated by the following report of a conversation during the circular waltz—

Boy—"You do this waltz splendidly. I could dance to heaven with you!"

His Partner—"Er—do you reverse?"

Interval was held for ten minutes at 9.40 p.m., while supper and drinks were served and subsequently enjoyed. Following this was further dancing till 10.30 p.m., when we farewelled our Werribee friends by joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne," then our girl prefects sang "Toot, Toot, Tootsy Goodbye." After Werribee High School left, Williamstown students proceeded with more dancing and so we found out what made the "fox trot," he saw the "barn dance."

Finally, time had to run out and as the clock showed 11.30 p.m., the dancing for the evening was concluded with a modern waltz, after which everybody stood to attention, while the band played "God Save the Queen."

EDWARD HUDSON.

INSURANCE EXCURSION

On March 23 a party of fifth form students, under the supervision of Mr. Knight, participated in the annual insurance excursion. It is not clear whether the main aim of the trip was to secure academic knowledge or the food which the organisers provided.

We assembled early in the morning in the Alexandra Gardens, where, after listening to a short speech, we were allotted to buses. Altogether there were five bus-loads of students from various schools. First, we were taken to Goldsbrough Mort for a con-

ducted tour of the wool store. It is to be noted that the company now has a considerably smaller amount of wool in stock than it did before the visit.

From there the excursion party travelled to Wormald Bros., where a fire-fighting demonstration was given. This was to quell any firebug tendencies amongst us. Then the party crowded on to two ferries, at the southern end of the Yarra, where we were issued with free lunches and coca-cola.

A cruise up the river to North Wharf was then undertaken. It would be interesting to note what went on when one ferry, carrying Mr. Knight, was out of sight of the other.

In the final stage of the tour we travelled to Eastern Hill Fire Station, where a daring exhibition was given. But it was not the firemen who were quaking, it was Wendy Hughes, watching from below.

A fitting end to this enjoyable trip was the afternoon tea served after the film show at the end of the day.

Much to Mr. Knight's amazement the party remained intact throughout the tour.

JAN ROBINSON.

JOYS OF THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE MEMBER

The eager eye, buoyant step and shining new badge bearing the word Magazine show that a new crusader has entered the school.

Within high hopes this innocent prepares to take the school by storm! At last something is to be done about getting those notes and articles from the formerly unwilling students.

People are delegated to write official reports, appeals are made for original contributions, posters appear around the school.

Suddenly it is the middle of the year and who is this student with the cynical look, at whose approach people find something else to do? It is, of course, our Magazine Committee Member, who is finding that the leopard does not change its spots.

Not prepared to write articles or aid in any constructive way, the students of the school are merely prepared to criticise when the magazine comes out.

It is up to you, the students, to change this attitude. Will you?

ICONOCLAST.

STAFF

This year saw a memorable change in the constitution of the staff. Mr. L. J. Bowe, our former headmaster, was promoted to McKinnon High School at the beginning of this year. We are fortunate indeed, that in the place of this energetic and greatly respected headmaster, came Mr. P. H. Powell, an old boy of this school.

Mr. Powell has, in a short time, displayed those qualities which endeared his predecessor to us, and has brought to his post a very genuine love for the school and a keen interest in the welfare of every individual. He has, in his comparatively brief time, earned the whole-hearted co-operation and loyalty of both staff and students.

From Shepparton High School came Mr. Reilly, whose rich brogue can often be heard exhorting his beloved debating teams to rise to even greater heights of oratorical mayhem.

Other staff members we welcomed to our school were Misses Littlehales, Jones, Porteus, Forbes, and Mr. Hird.

During the year Mr. Forecast returned from France, and his welcome was all the warmer for the knowledge that at last he has seen the light and is a somewhat vociferous and completely prejudiced supporter of the Australian cricket team.

Unfortunately, this year marks the retirement of Mr. W. G. Mepham. "Fluff," as he has been affectionately known to many generations at this school, has been a master here since 1940. In this time Mr. Mepham has taught every student who did junior school science and all have a respect for his erudition, sense of justice and genuine devotion to his profession. We extend to Mr. Mepham our best wishes for a long, happy and well-earned retirement.

As this edition goes to press we know that we will also be losing two other invaluable members of staff, Miss Richards and Mr. Egan. Miss Richards has been appointed headmistress of Richmond Girls' School, a position to which we feel she is admirably suited. She has filled the difficult post of senior mistress with distinction and will be greatly missed for her work in that capacity and also as a very capable and energetic teacher of Senior English.

It will be equally difficult to replace Mr. Egan, who has been promoted to Strathmore High School. We will miss this cheerful, entertaining personality who has done such

a lot around the school in cadets, sport, book-store administration and organisation of the commercial department.

OBITUARY

For many years, Noel Mackie battled with asthma. This year he was repeating his matriculation examination, because asthmatic attacks had caused his failure last year.

Noel's main hobby was fishing. At school, he was a hard-working member of the committee of this magazine and assisted in the production of "Sports News."

He took an active interest in the affairs of the school, representing us in football and taking part in inter-house debating.

All were impressed by Noel's courage and cheerfulness, consequently his death was a sad and shocking blow to the school as a whole. We extend sympathy to his family and assure them that we also mourn the loss of our friend.

DUSK TO DAWN

At dusk, the sentinel pines stand black
Against the golden sky. Their gilded limbs,
Stretching heavenwards, shadow the track
Where slanting rays cause evening hymns
To swell from unseen choristers. As night
Approaches, he dispels the lingering light.

At dusk, framing the mountains stark,
The fiery orb sinks in a molten sea.
Following day's golden death, the dark
Descends. As the last colours flee
From the spreading range, the azure sky
Is lit by glittering gems on high.

The pines are silvered, the range is black
As another sphere her reign begins.
The shadows are deep along the track
Where silver pools lie. Gone, the hymns
Of twilight. Now the song of the breeze
Whispers in the boughs of the trees.

At dawn, a hush pervades the waiting earth.
And suddenly, the range is framed in light,
Long, golden rays signal the new day's birth.
A glowing ball, the sun is putting flight
To silence! Heralding the new day
The bird's anthem ascends, a hymn today.

SUSAN SIMS, Vs.

THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS TOUR

At 8.45 a.m., the Pioneer bus left the Melbourne terminal and proceeded to Yalourn, where, after lunch, we toured the Open Cut and Power Station. Overnight we stayed at the beautiful Glenara Private Hotel, Lakes Entrance.

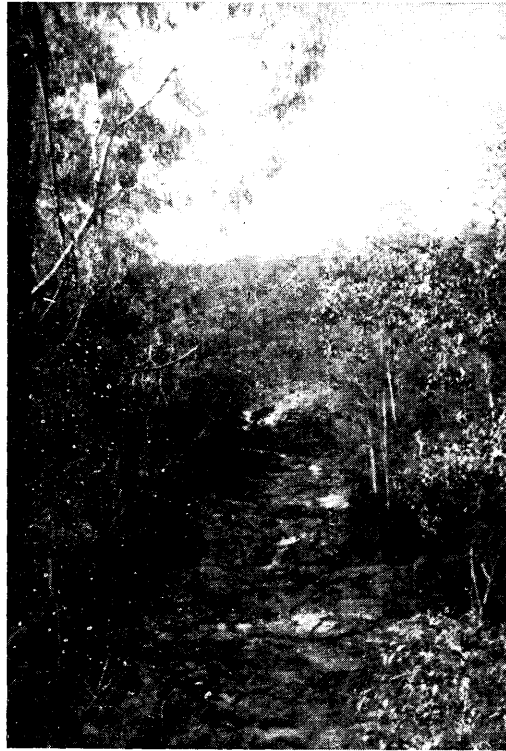
It was here, in the early hours of the morning, that Theo Hipwell and Peter Ferne contrived the wrapping-up of Jim Kinniburgh in innumerable sheets and blankets. They then endeavoured to lift this bulky load on to a table, but unfortunately for Jim they dropped it. The echoing sound soon brought Mr. Knight flashing his trusty torch from the next building. Abandoning Jim, Peter jumped into bed to feign sleep. Theo, doing likewise, found to his dismay that the covering belonging to his bed was wrapped around his victim in the next room. After reprimanding Theo, but finding Peter asleep, Mr. Knight then asked the confused Jim, "What do you think you're doing down there, Kinniburgh?"

"I think I'm in a bit of difficulty," came the meek reply.

Apart from this incident the night passed uneventfully, with the exception of Marilyn Bentley reporting a man loitering outside her bedroom window. No one lost any sleep over this, however, as we realised it was only wishful thinking on Marilyn's part.

The following day we had lunch at Cann River. Here Jan Robinson showed that patience is a virtue. After patiently waiting one hour for a cup of coffee, she decided it wasn't what mother used to make, and so walked out without touching a drop. The modern motel at Cooma accommodated us that night.

The Snowy Mountains Authority Information Centre was reached on the third day, and after collecting our guide, we proceeded to Providence Portal for lunch. In the afternoon, after stopping at a kiosk at Kiandra, it was reported whole-souled that no one was missing. The driver (who soon became better known as Uncle Bill), informed of this, continued. Half a mile down the road someone casually asked where Peter Ferne was. On returning to the kiosk we found Peter running frantically down the road. (All blame should be directed to the idiot who remembered.) That night we stayed at Cabra-



Photograph by J. Sanders, VI.
THE CANN RIVER

murra, Australia's highest township. Memorable was the splitting time that Wendy Hughes had.

On the outskirts of Lake Eucumbene, Marilyn Bentley decided to stroke the emus. Immediately it was noticed that a group of Caulfield Technical School boys suddenly became interested in nature. However, I doubt if it was due to our fine-feathered friends.

That night Mr. Knight took his first lesson in "the art of make-up," with the help of a few girls. It's amazing what a little powder, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, and eye pencil will do for some people. At this point the Security Officer, who patrolled the hostel, decided to join in the fun. However, after playfully throwing several members of the party through the air, his actions were restricted when tied to the flagpole.

Appreciated by all were the love stories, read so dramatically by Mr. Knight. It must be remembered that "practice makes perfect."

We arrived at Tumut on the fifth day, after having lunched at Island Bend. During the past three days we had been making an extensive tour of the Scheme itself.

At the Royal Hotel, Tumut, cake-walking on the balcony became the fashion that night.

The last day was spent travelling. After lunch at Albury, the bus again travelled towards Melbourne, which was reached early in the evening. Before leaving the bus the girls were thoughtfully reminded that they might never see Uncle Bill again. The girls had become very attached to Uncle Bill and before long the bus was full of sobbing girls. Then, in turn, they kissed Uncle Bill goodbye and resumed crying their little hearts out.

JAMEAL G. OFFENBURGER.

THE CANBERRA TRIP

It was a cold and frosty morn, around the "ides of March" that a party of seventy scholars and (outnumbered) teachers and parents shivered and shook (mainly with cold) at the ghastly hour of 7 o'clock. When the buses finally arrived we clambered aboard and arrived at Essendon, beholding beautiful jet clippers and pretty passengers. We almost scoffed at a weatherbeaten old Skymaster until it was announced that we should immediately walk over quietly and board our aircraft. After the great stampede that followed, most were seated comfortably, looking dubiously at brown paper bags.

With a sudden vibration, the engines spat into life and heaved us over to the airstrip, where a strenuous check-up ensued and finally take-off. When we were freed from safety-belts, we peered through the tiny portholes (three heads at once) at the beautiful scenery of the countryside and turbulent sky. The flight to Canberra was comparatively uneventful.

On arrival we pattered down the steps into clear sunshine and oblivious of the sarcastic comments on the weather down south. Buses swiftly transported us to all the wonderful sights that still linger in our memories. Duntroon Military College, the Houses of Parliament, the residences of the overseas legations, the Olympic swimming pool and a kiosk near the Australian War Memorial for a piping hot lunch.

Of course, cameras clicked constantly—especially at the War Memorial. We lingered

there for hours, burning with pride and yet each heart was humbled with the simple and moving reminders of the sacrifices paid for our freedom.

How reluctantly we left this almost living memorial!

The Museum of Anatomy and the Academy of Science were next to be honoured by our visit, and finally a look-out in one of the mountains which provided an everlasting scene of all Canberra. On the bus trip back to the airport, we surveyed the American Memorial and recorded it, also, photographically.

On the trip home we struck (much to the hostesses' delight) the bumpy weather and a use for brown paper bags. And if you hadn't used one some strong, sweet cordial was provided, and if you were still not inverted over a bag, the captain trustingly allowed you up to view the cabin and the gadgets that kept you up there.

However, we all arrived safely just twelve hours later back at Essendon, and from that moment on we did not cease discussing our adventure.

We are all deeply indebted to Mr. Bowe and the staff, who spent weeks organising, and to T.A.A. for making our adventure possible. Of course, we all remember the gallant air hostesses and the bus drivers, and to one and all we offer a big "thank you." We will never forget it.

YVONNE FRANCOME.

THE STREAM IN THE MOUNTAINS

A bubbling, trickling, icy stream
Winds its never-ending way
Through gums and valleys, dark green ferns,
And sparkles in each sunlight ray.
As sunlight filters through the leaves,
The towering pines seem misty blue,
Whilst, everywhere the bellbirds sing—
They seem to love the mountains, too!
Deep in a valley 'mongst ferns and grasses,
All is silent and full of peace,
Far, far away is the trouble of the town,
Where commotions never cease.
But still a winding stream flows on
Through sparkling stones of mystery,
Until at last, at journey's end,
It joins the restless sea.

BY BARE.

PARLIAMENT OF YOUTH

This year, as in previous years, the school has entered a team in "Parliament of Youth," which is conducted by HVS Channel 7 and "The Herald."

The debate was held on Sunday, April 23, and our opponents were St. Kevin's College. The subject was: "That present-day man stresses his rights rather than his duties." Williamstown High presented the opposition case.

The three speakers—Janet Packett, John Carpenter and Jim Kinniburgh—spoke and answered the questions that were put to them splendidly. They were supported by a team of twelve back-benchers from the senior forms.

At assembly on June 5, Mr. Redding, from "The Herald," presented our three speakers with certificates and praised them for the excellence of their speeches.

The debating team wishes to thank Mr. Reilly for his valuable assistance in preparing our case.

THE TIME BALL

HAVE YOU SEEN IT? AND WONDERED WHAT IT IS?

It stands near the back beach of Williamstown!

The old time ball tower on Point Gellibrand was the first astronomical observatory in Victoria. It was erected in 1852, and the State Government astronomer, Mr. R. J. L. Ellery, was posted in charge. For those early days its equipment was thoroughly up to date, and for many years it served as a useful purpose in connection with the early surveys of the colony. The tower is fitted with loopholes, so as to permit it being used as a guard house to prevent the convicts escaping.

At that time, when the port of Williamstown was visited by sailing ships from almost every part of the world, the masters of the vessels found it invaluable for the purpose of checking their chronometers. Indeed, it was at their request that the innovation had been established to enable them to do so. The tower was connected electrically with the main clock in Melbourne, and at exactly one o'clock each day an impetus was given by current which dropped the time ball to the second. The ball was controlled by automatic machinery within the tower. The time

ball and water gauge were in charge of W. Robinson and later of R. Vaughan.

Later, as the adjacent railway traffic increased in volume, and the guns of the Gellibrand battery, were found too great a vibration for the delicately-attuned instruments, it was changed by the Government. It may be noted that Victoria's first observatory was contained within a small two-roomed cottage situated on Point Gellibrand, with a still smaller tent added. Mr. Ellery was in charge, and during his frequent absences on similar work his duties were carried on by his pupils.

The old ball, however, continued to fall for some years later, until the removal of the shipping to Port Melbourne and Victoria Docks when it outlived its usefulness and the dropping of the ball was at last discontinued.

FLYING FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK

Across the Atlantic, both wild and wide,
Winging our way through the endless cloud,
Flying into yesterday, stealing time,
A feat of which man is justly proud.

And the sea which was once the master of man,

Now almost conquered by man's great mind,
Except for a stroke of the Master's hand,
Our common destinies to find.

B.D.F.



FORM NOTES

FORM 6

"Hands on heads, Form 6, and listen to the announcements." — "Where's Blums?" . . . "I can't hear you . . ." "Well, if he doesn't see me before morning recess . . ."

"Fo m 6, Form 6, Form 6. Sit down, Denise, please.

"By the way, French class, bring in 'N. O'Hair' to period 3."

Any clear thinker, by employing the method of deduction will, in fact, deduce that Form 6 is now in session. We are undoubtedly a heterogeneous crew, possessing vast reservoirs of untapped intellect. (Unfortunately several of these wells have been bored so deeply as to have run dry.)

We shall now venture into the subterranean cavern to observe the natural(?) phenomena at work.

Beasley, Denise. Petite member of the form. Employs the underhand method of extraction for S.S.

Ambition—to achieve great heights.

Cameron, Annikins: This "bat" got a homer—(but not the author of the Iliad)—(softball slicker).

Ambition—to swing the Liberace machine into reverse.

Fox, Julie: Vice(?)—Cap'n. Teazer of the top-knot. Acquired a sun-tan called "Stripe."

Ambition—domesticated dilettante.

Glanfield, Diane: Migrated from cold northern segregation to hot southern co-education.

Ambition—to become a bookie (librarian).

Jokubauskas, Danny: Fee-mail form cap'n. The lonely little petunia in the Pythagoras patch.

Ambition—to make the most of this.

Lane, Val: *Former* possessor of the 10in. appendix. Went way down with Moses.

Ambition—she's aiming at that ring (basketball).

Lewis, Wendy: Conchy carrier of the cor-duroy container. The lass with the flaxen hair.

Ambition—to out-Madonna Raphael.

Packett, Janet: Wow (leader). Is emulating Horatio by holding the bridge (not on the River Kwai).



Ambition—to be the first Moon Missionary.

Padanis, Diana: Picasso of the palette period.

Ambition—to fink faster in Fwench.

Palmer, Franky: Scalped by French plums (new brand of Injun).

Ambition—the topic after Glaciation.

Richardson, Jennett: Finds Cols more interesting than Cirques. Our ringleader of St. Trinian's.

Ambition—beachcomber on the Angle-sea foreshore.

Sahhar, Ruth: This Ruth gleans knowledge, not corn.

Ambition—to be the Nightingale (Flor-ence) of the form.

Saunders, Janet: Budding poetess—preferably love-sonnets ending on a "strong" beat.

Ambition—to cultivate a French roll (not the poppy-seed type).

Seal, Kaysiebelle: Charmin' Prince Chumming from 'way back.

Ambition—to roll 'em girls, roll 'em. (ref. Music from the Pav.).



STAFF

Left to right, Back Row: J. Egan, K. Knight, B. Alcorn, E. Lee, G. Hird, H. Forecast, T. Storey, J. Howard, J. Bradshaw, W. Mepham.

Middle Row: C. Hughes, H. Greaves, J. Reilly, I. Moore, D. Tolley, G. Bullen.

Front Row: C. Wilmot, O. Mathews, B. Jones, K. Lawson, D. Page, Miss Forbes, E. Edringer, M. MacIntyre, E. Littlehales, L. East, Mrs. Bosnick.

Seated: E. Richards, P. Powell, G. Jones.

Absent: B. Halloran, E. Kassimatis, D. Dillon, T. Kent, V. Hopton, P. Porteous, D. Pittard.

PREFECTS



Left to right, Back Row: J. Kinniburgh, R. Cordell, D. Johnson, J. Roberts, J. Carpenter, R. Neil, A. Jurga, S. Sahaar, H. Shaw, J. Colquhoun, L. Tai Ping.

Middle Row: K. Seal, L. Jamieson, S. Taylor, A. Cameron, W. Hughes.

Front Row: J. Richardson, M. Woodcock, J. Robinson, B. Guy (Head), Mr. P. H. Powell (Headmaster), J. Paekett (Head), S. Sims, I. Webb, B. Fitzgibbon.



CADET OFFICERS

Left to right, Back Row: Cpl. B. Zaro, Sgt. R. Dunstan, Sgt. T. Hipwell, Cpl. J. Punshon, Sgt. S. Sahaar, Sgt. M. Snell, Cpl. B. Watt.

Middle Row: Cpl. P. Grouis, Cpl. R. Moat, Sgt. D. MacLean, C.U.O.G. Berry, Cpl. K. Seal, Cpl. R. Cohen, Cpl. B. Coates.

Front Row: C.U.O.M. Berry, Lt. J. Egan, Capt. K. Knight, Lt. T. Storey, C.U.O. A. Jurga.

BOYS' HOCKEY

Left to right, Back Row: D. Hunter, A. Blums, M. Cronin, P. Taylor, A. Pirie, H. Shaw, B. Watt.

Front Row: B. Balcam, K. Moute, B. Ashford, G. Temple.



GIRLS' HOCKEY

Left to right, Back Row: C. Hayes, S. Sims, W. Lewis, Y. Francome, C. Troy, M. Woodcock.

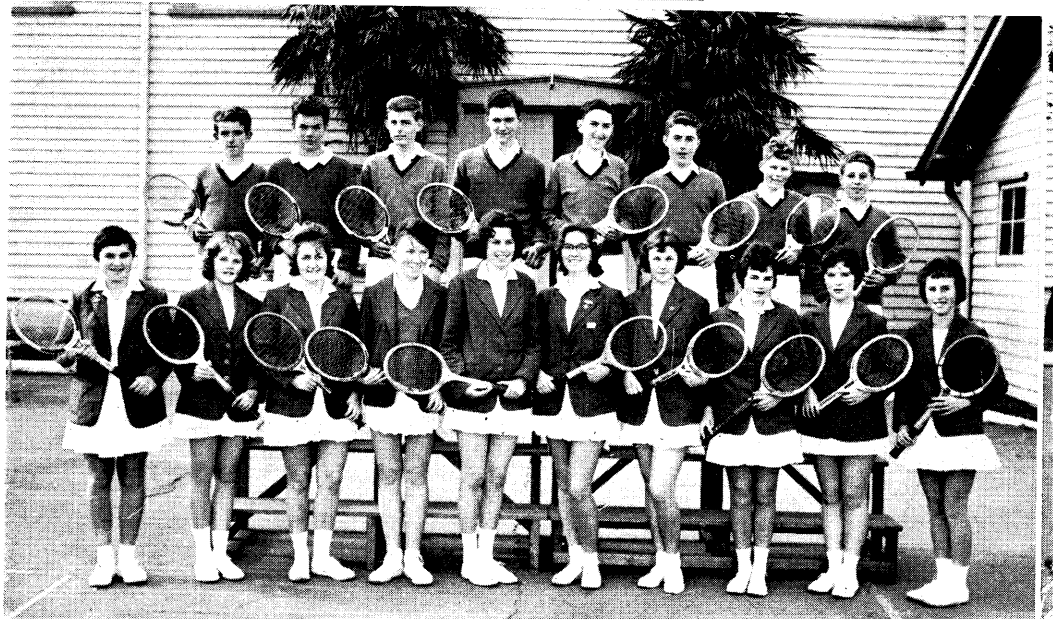
Front Row: V. Wing, J. Packett, G. Bailey, I. Webb (Captain), C. Crane, C. Pirie.

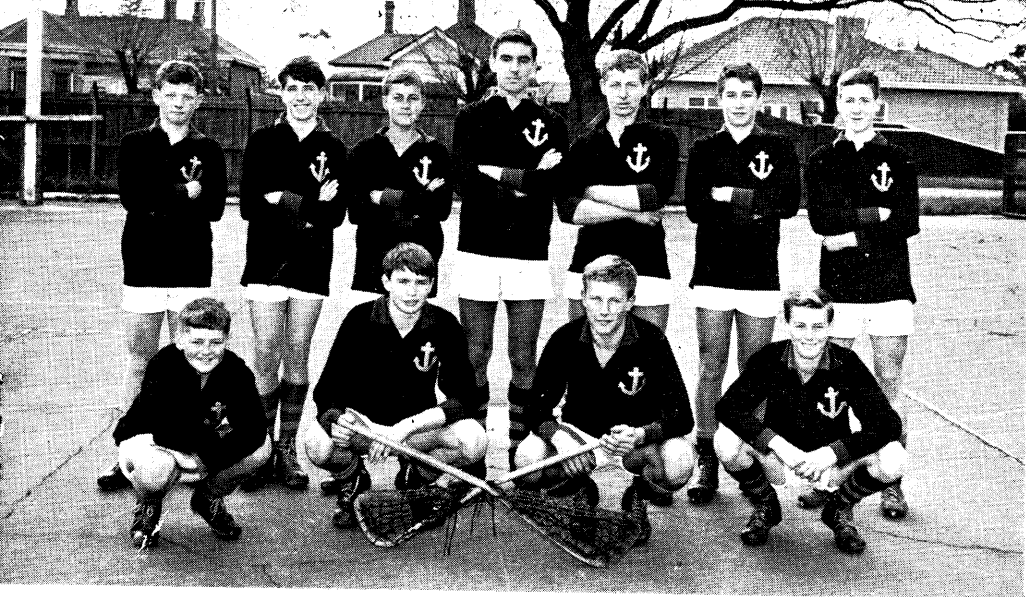


TENNIS TEAM

Left to right, Back Row: R. Butterfield, D. Bridle, T. Shaw, L. Johnson, G. Underwood, D. Stephenson, I. Jenkins, K. Addison.

Front Row: B. Fitzgibbon, R. Murdoch, J. Dolman, D. Padenis, M. Farrar, D. Jokubauskas, B. Powell, S. Pine, A. Woods, M. Horsborough.





LACROSSE

Left to right, Back Row: L. Garnsworthy, G. Budgeor, K. Seal, R. Parker, K. Schepers, I. McIntosh, G. Ferris.

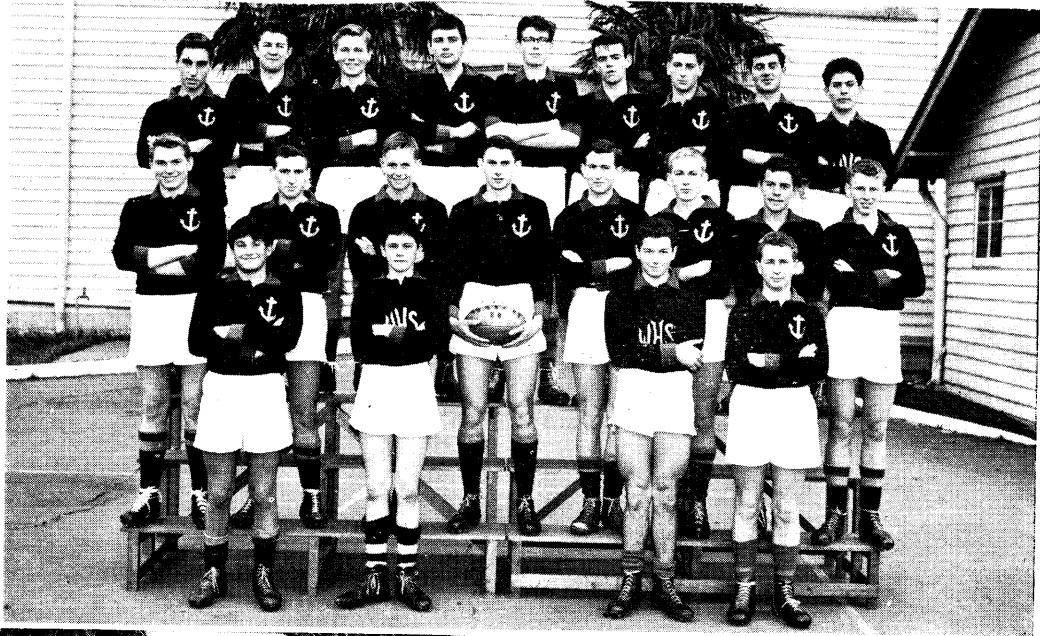
Front Row: A. Richards, A. Rolley, R. Cordell, H. Parker.

1st FOOTBALL

Left to right, Back Row: J. Brooker, A. Ward, M. Berry, R. Neill, K. Luke, J. Page, W. Nettleton, S. Sahaar, N. Manalakakas.

Middle Row: A. Marshall, G. Berry, D. Boyd, D. Johnson, J. Roberts, J. Colquhoun, D. Ogilvie, J. Granger.

Front Row: C. Presti, R. Rowe, R. Cohen, F. Upward.



2nd FOOTBALL

Left to right, Back Row: D. Allen, R. Luke, P. Gryzbkowski, N. Butterfield, D. Simpson, T. Law, P. Granger, J. Digan, P. McGowan.

Front Row: T. Hanks, A. Robertson, R. Maxwell, K. Kugler, G. Henstridge, L. Matthews, A. Hewitt, G. Scott, K. Outen, D. Cocks, W. Newman.



1st SOFTBALL

Left to right, J. Haesler, A. Cameron, C. Glenn, J. Robinson, M. Rhys-Jones, E. Berry, D. Morrish.



1st JUNIOR SOFTBALL

Left to right, H. Pomonarenko, C. Hitchcock, B. Warner, M. Turzynski, D. Fogarty, A. Bromage, D. Morrish, P. Conroy. Absent: H. Sturrock, V. Kent.

VOLLEY BALL

Left to right, N. Anderson, R. Dunstan, B. Hood, J. Punshon, P. Ferne, D. Knight, B. Titterton, B. Coates.



Webb, Iris: Leader of the Gem-jumpers' club. Teachers given first preference.

Ambition—to really swing that "Tootsie"—in the right direction.

Johnson, John: Co-author of the slanderous sports sheet.

Ambition—to carry that football further.

Jurga, Alex: He forgot to pull the pin "out"—it is irrelevant, anyway.

Ambition—to own a pogo stick, thus save on gas for the Mercedes.

Neill, Roberto: A gourmand—see Dict. Defn.—also a Gourmet—i.e., a connoisseur of table delicacies, especially toasted soap and mustard sandwiches.

Ambition—to make an exhibition of himself.

Parkinson, Jim: Runs private taxi service for "Mugs Only."

Ambition—to "Chase" away his smoker's cough.

Peng Loh, Hoe: Loe and behold—a rare specimen—a 6th Form Conch..

Ambition—to design the leaning tower of Penang.

Ping Lee, Tat: No relation to Pong. Also very keen chess player.

Ambition—to be the "candid photographer" of the girls of Williamstown High.

Pirie, Alistair: Has a 16ft. long darling—who wears sailcloth—and is hard to handle in rough weather.

Ambition—the more refined things in life—opuses and older women.

Blums, Andris: Employs smoke-screen to camouflage the fungi (N.B.—plural).

Ambition—to lead the Prefect Eradication Movement to victory.

Carpenter, Barrell: Leader of the Vagabonds (and looked the part). Always hankering moore.

Ambition—to cultivate his built-in buzbee.

Clements, Dave: Fond relative of Dad and Mabel.

Ambition—to make bunnies hol(e)y.

Colquhoun, John: Goes fishing with "grubs" (not flies).

Ambition—to earn 5/- a pop with Bob Crowder.

Cronin, Mick: Our ardent budgie breeder.

Ambition—to breed a red, white and blue one.

Dann, Morrie: Maestro—Player of "all that jazz."

Ambition—to acquire that "Honky Tonk" (new make of car).

Gogolka, Mike: Big chief little luck (when rabbiting at Steiglitz).

Ambition—to become a "Loud Speaker." Guy, Bert: Guy and Dolls are his "pet" subject.

Ambition—to become a navigator—on the Lee-side, not the Windward-side.

Roberts, John: The disciple of Archimedes' Principle—"when a body is totally immersed in water, the phone rings.

Ambition—Q.E.D.

Sharman, Ian: Prince "Sharman" himself, but slave to those French Essays and Proses.

Ambition—to remain in the back seat for the whole Lit. lesson.

Shore, 'arry: Innocent(?) victim of the revolt of the working class, i.e., girl prefects.

Ambition—to rearrange S.E. Asia (see locational Geog. test).

Staples (Cyril—Chop, Chop): "Nights are cold, but maybe he's getting old"—but the footy grand final ticket made that footpath worth while.

Ambition—to transform 15—½ French Essays into 1 HOLE ONE.

Tang, Duncan: The "tang" of salt air certainly agrees with us.

Ambition—to provide more meat for the sausage machines (via medicine).

Than, Leong: "Le on Macduff" Shakespearian wine-taster.

Ambition—to manufacture more rhubarb (agric science).

Taylor, Pedro: Also goes fishing with WORMS (q.v.).

Ambition—to write a thesis on mermaids.

Tuck, Ian, Petals: Our lass with the delicate h'air. Member of the Flirtin' Girls' Choir.

Ambition—Free entrance to Tuckshop.

Underwood, Geoff: The square member of our family circle. 4M Cap'n.

Ambition—to ride pillion on Danny's broom.

5H

Usually form elections are carried out in the traditional Williamstown spirit, but this year strong doubts as to whether this spirit was predominant during form 5H's election, have been formed in the minds of many. For it seems that the successful candidates, Jim and Jan, were rumoured to have been seen touching up on their boxing and judo

tactics beforehand. A strong relationship between form master and pupils was quickly formed as our "beloved" Mr. Knight was presented with a gift worthy of his value on his spiritual birthday, which occurs early in April. As usual, inter-fifth form goodwill has been strong this year. Typical of this situation is the statement referring to the similarity between form 5S members and well-known beasts of burden of the Arab peoples. Theo Hipwell, with his beseeching eyes and mournful face, was a prominent member at form assembly, shaking his little tin and crying "Alms for the Poor." Some of the softer-hearted members of the gathering took pity on this pathetic figure. An appropriate song would be, "Hear the Pennies Dropping"!

Altogether an eventful, happy, and colourful, in more ways than one, year has been enjoyed by one and all.

By one whose nom de plume is
YOUR'E SO UGLY.

"FINANCIAL" REPORT!

Here, at long last, is the whole thrilling saga! For the first time ever, you, the exploited, are to be given the lowdown on that much-maligned civil (or uncivil) servant, the social service representative (S.S.).

The approach of a S.S. is usually heralded by the melodious jingling of a few coppers in a tin. This sound, as you know, is a signal for students to blanch and look hunted for the nearest exit.

But, alas, before the panic-stricken student can take advantage of his geographical knowledge of official and unofficial escape routes there appears before him the meanest-looking individual he could ever wish not to see.

Thrusting a tin before his victim's now green countenance this character proceeds to "grill" the unfortunate as to whether he has on his person any "filthy lucre." Without waiting for an answer the S.S. proceeds to subject the victim to a barrage of high pressure sales talk, while mercilessly producing the maximum ear-jarring noise from the percussion instrument in hand. Eventually, for the sake of his health, the exhausted victim relinquishes because of this one-sided dispute. ("No wonder it is said money is the root of all evil," sighs the battered student.)

Although that capable commando, Captain Knight, keeps his squad of S.S. men posted on the latest methods and reasons for "wringing from the hard hands of the peasants their vile trash," he has one serious failing: (Please, sir, the tin is getting too heavy to carry, when are we going to ascertain the profits.) At one stage the unfortunate S.S.'s. were so desperate that they were going to buy a block and tackle to lift their instruments of trade.

Now, the S.S. must be able to present a plausible case to the victim to prevent himself being accused of outright theft, so the following cases are constantly quoted—Spastic Children, Save the Children Fund, Williamstown Hospital, Williamstown Elderly Citizens.

In conclusion it may be said that the S.S. is a prime example of "how not to win friends and how to influence people" (end of misquote).

S.S.

Vs

Next door to that den of iniquity the "Men's Staff Room" is the tastefully decorated (note les dead fleurs, rats, etc.) and vile green walls), stamping ground of the most motley crew in the school. For here are scientists (just ask Bill for an H bomb), biologists and geographers all noted for having lead-weighted arms when any volunteering is to be done. It's always done for us, so why bother?

In the early stages of the gatherings (held daily) of these individuals, that well-known (especially in the Geog. department) physicist, Mr. Jones, endeavoured to achieve some measure of unity by holding elections. After the first round he almost admitted defeat. However, after the introduction of secret ballot proceedings were more successful. As a result certain unsuspecting innocents found that they had been pushed into the arduous task of leading the mob. Lyn Jamieson and John Brooker now occupy the positions officially known as Form Captaincy.

For some time a frown marred the fine countenance of Mr. Jones. He felt something was missing. Suddenly light dawned—was there not in this establishment a vacancy in the position of Social Service Representative. After giving a pep talk on the beauties of volunteering he asked for "a willing horse." One "donkey" stuck up a hand

in jest and was forthwith landed with the office. The load of copper carried by the now unified group, glorying in the name Vs, was truly amazing! The S.S. had to be a true "beast of burden" to transport the precious load to and from the office daily.

Due to the efforts of "Flower-girl Fitzgibbon," a magnificent floral display regularly exhibited, they looked no further and consequently awarded the above trophy for term 1.

When winter's icy hand gripped all, a change came over the abode. Suddenly the walls blossomed forth with highly-coloured, anatomical charts of man, an earthworm, and a "real beat" chook. A fleeting illusion of warmth could be gained from the vibrant tones; however, that inimitable sage, Mr. Jones, realised that the fireplace should now be utilised. Forthwith he conscripted certain male members to be firelighters. The scheme "fizzled out" as the willing volunteers(?) seemed unable to find their way to the Biol. room at the unearthly hour of 8.45 a.m.

At this time great political moves were under way. Due to Mr. Jones' untiring efforts, in face of all opposition, the "wooden corridor" rang with the patter of size "10" shoes as fifth formers used it legally—instead of as yore, illegally. (It is suspected that our Form Master had an ulterior motive behind his efforts—is it not possible that he wanted us to take this in exchange for our freedom in the "charge" to assembly? Well, now we have both privileges!)

At the time of going to press cheer leaders were practising a bucket chain system to drown Mr. Knight and other supporters of the Vh team, who have had the audacity to challenge us to basketball match.

S. SIMS.

4B

This year we are under the guidance of Mr. Hughes in room 4. He is backed by Yvonne and Noel, who are our captains. Vice-captains are Jennifer and Garry, while Elaine and Barry are Social Service representatives. Now the necessary news has been given, the notes may begin.

A few weeks after the commencement of school, and acquaintances had been made between teachers and pupils, in flew that prominent member of 4b (the one with

the wide knowledge of aeroplanes) — D.D.(T).

Despite the efforts of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Howard we are still far from being the best 4b ever (although Mr. Howard says we haven't got much to beat).

Here is our Wednesday time-table.

Period 1—English: "... Friends, Romans and countrymen. As I was saying, 4b— This boy in the Children's Court comes from Williamstown . . ."

Period 2—Geography: We are wondering why our teacher always turns red when a theatrical maths. teacher walks in.

Period 3—Maths: "Now Pythagoras was a very interesting fellow, 4b. Elaine, will you stop that cackling, please? . . ."

Period 4—French: "... Eloise a Paris. Addison, get out. I want a written apology before you can come back to 4b French."

Period 5—Maths.: "Look, Jill, I'm getting a bit tired of this noise and nonsense. (We think that Mr. Howard looks and acts a bit like Clark Gable.)

Lunch: Over to the canteen to see Romeo(?) and Juliet(?) riding home hand in hand (but they aren't the only ones).

Period 6—History: "... was the first plane to cross the Atlantic," says Mr. Hughes. "I must disagree, sir, but it was . . . in . . ." I'm not sure who that was. Are you?

Then comes sport, which most girls play to get out of school work (or is it to see the boys playing lacrosse?)

Questions of the year.

During our favourite subject, FRENCH (ahem) with Mr. Halloran (the man with the black Riley), it is most noticeable that John and Alwyn disappear (to our opposition Form 4a we think), but we are still wondering where Ada goes. Any suggestions?

ANONYMOUS.

4C

This brilliant commercial form is under the guidance of a certain dignified(?) person by name of Mr. A. J. Bradshaw, who specialises in shorthand and typing (any 4C girl can assure you of that).

His aids in turbulent times are Lorraine Abberton and Alistair Gibson. Lesser aids are Carol Hayes and Terry Shaw. Social Service Monitors (I believe that is the polite name for them) are Marlene Lansley, Vir-

ginia Wing and Laurie Johnston; you'll note we need THREE unfortunate monitors to extract the money from those ever-willing(?) donators.

Room 13 is our refuge on most occasions, where we generally reside each morning to finish our homework (if we can), and I am reluctant to state that we rarely ARE able to finish it.

Our hard work during Education Week was rewarded by a visit from GTV9 and for weeks after remarks were continually made about "those television stars!" I'll bet they were just jealous of "us celebrities!"

A particular commercial teacher was about to take us on an excursion to a bank; however, much to his dismay (are you kidding?) he was unable to, because he was expecting an addition to his family, and so one poor unfortunate History teacher was induced to escort us instead.

However, much to Miss Littlehale's relief we decided to behave ourselves to the best of our ability(?) and consequently we did not cause a riot at the bank and both teacher and pupils enjoyed themselves, I think(?); at least, the pupils did! (Understatement.)

Being a form of initiative 4c were both pleased and proud of Lorraine Abberton when she passed in the Dacomb 100 w.p.m. in shorthand, being the first fourth form girl to achieve this honour. We feel thanks should be extended to Mr. Bradshaw for his efforts in helping Lorraine to gain this diploma. Pam Lee also deserves congratulations for her brilliant feat, for she broke the previous school record in the discus throw.

Thanks also go to Jennifer Lewis, Carol Hayes, Irene Jones, Dana Medal, and Yvonne Warton for helping type all contributions given to the magazine. We should also like to thank all those patient people(?) who attempted to cram knowledge into our weary heads this year, and we may safely say that with the exclusion of examination results, 4c have enjoyed a quite successful year.

Signing off for now.

VIRGINIA WING,
Public Relations Officer. 4c.

4D

Lynn and Alan are our form captains and Mrs. Ebringer, our form mistress capably led us through this year. Our form room was

Room 3 and except for the gassy smell, the stuffiness, the stuck windows, the rotten egg smell, the dirty, dilapidated blackboard, the ever-dusty ledge (which was no fault of the monitors), the dirty bottles and the hole in the floor, it was excellent.

During the beginning of the first term our reputation was not so good, but we showed 'em by buying 44 Anzac badges, which would not have been possible except for some blackmail on the part of "Yacker" Sue and "Blue-Eyed" Bill, who were our S.S. monitors. This helped to boost our reputation.

3A

Form 3A is the most talkative form in the school, or so certain teachers have been known to say. We have finally settled in and made our roost in Room 17, after being placed in other rooms which were not suitable to our bright personalities. We are a rather angelic(?) form, which obeys(?) the teacher's command as soon as it is uttered.

Mr. Alcorn, the only teacher who was valiant enough to suffer being our unfortunate form teacher, took over this formidable task, meanwhile quaking in his boots. Diane and Son, the unfortunate candidates for election, are now our form captains.

Elisabeth and Nal, cheery members of 3A, bravely took on the task of social service monitors, and many efforts have been made to weigh down the S.S. tin. But every morning the money-grabbers, Liz and Nal, are usually met by gloomy faces and turned-out pockets. However, just recently, enthusiastic members of the class turned up armed with TOFFEES. With the usual rush for toffees they were rapidly sold and for the rest of the day form members could be seen hastily stuffing sticky, half-wrapped messes into their pockets at the appearance of any teacher. The proceeds were used in the scheme to buy some artificial flowers with which to beautify our room. This idea was quickly copied by a certain first form.

An anonymous member of the form is usually missing from roll call. This student, pink in the face, turns up at the END of form assembly with the usual tale of "I missed the train, sir." The form teacher nods knowingly at this statement, but who knows what really caused "IT" to be late? (I certainly don't.)

Our bright, energetic Science Teacher, Mrs. Ebringer, kindly escorted us to the

Werribee State Research Farm (with an ARMED GUARD FOLLOWING) for an excursion. After an enjoyable day the 3A horrors boarded the bus and proceeded to lift our voices in melodious(?) song until we reached "Willie," where the disapproving faces of the local inhabitants dampened our spirits a little.

The Maths Teacher is usually an exceptionally active person, but of late he has been somewhat restricted by an injured foot and now uses a cane(?) One period, while casually eyeing this cane, he remarked, in bored tones, "In MY day it would have been quite the usual thing to rap unruly boys on the knuckles with THIS. Unfortunately it has been stopped!" (This remark was greeted with queer noises, as if from a barnyard of sick animals.)

The famous French Teacher, Monsieur H., becomes very exasperated when no answers are given to the simple(?) questions put to us, and once demanded that every hand in the room be put up. Every hand in the room immediately shot up (96 of them) to the teacher's amazement. He then proceeded to ask a "seat-warmer" if he knew the answer. The teacher was greeted with, "I don't know, Sir, but you told us to put up our hands!"

Student teachers arrived again this year (UGH!) and left after about three weeks of trying to teach none too bright specimens of pupils. Left behind them were muddled students, equally muddled teachers, used up rubbers, paper darts, lumps of hair and mutilated books.

The Headmaster, a friendly fellow, can often be seen about the school, and, visiting the classroom at the most unexpected moments, he politely inquires if there are any "seat warmers" or "scholarship-holders" present in our wonderful(?) group of bright, intelligent 3A's.

However, on the whole, 3A is a decent, well-mannered form—occasionally.

PAT, KAYE & LORETTA.

3B

We, the brilliant students of 3b, are what a normal person would call extraordinary phenomena of humanity. Mr. Howard is the big boss of the gang. The dear man decided that he would prefer his ankle in a chunk of plaster, along with Nora and Marjory, who followed in the master's foot-

steps. With the exception of Irene, who seemed to show some delayed reaction and sprained her ankle a month later. In the gang we also have a budding mathematician, who, when he has solved his equation, comes up with a hair-raising result, but it always seems to be correct. The dancing member of our class is Peter, who seems to think, dream, write, talk and look like dancing. Peter Williams, the boys' Form Captain, is the perfect model of a modern form captain, who leads his men through flame and fire (even if it does happen to be in the teachers' staff room). In the middle of the year we welcomed a new member to our form, a young English lass named Linda, which brought the number of girls up to 21, and 25½ boys. All in all we have had a good time trying to keep the things which have been drummed in our dear little heads, but as the saying goes, its into one ear and out the other.

Your suffering captain, SYLVIA.

LINES WRITTEN ON CONTEMPORATING A BROKEN ANKLE

It was correction day. An unnatural stillness possessed the school. Except for the melodic tinkle of test tubes in the hands of dedicated chemistry students, all was quiet. But, no! Came that sound of a bouncing football and eager boyish voices. A group from the men's staffroom had decided to spend part of their lunch hour in unaccustomed activity.

The headmaster and senior master were seen to pause and wonder at the exhibition of physical fitness and sporting skill. The headmistress, too, took time to glance unbelievably at this energetic display. What tremendous zest! What grace and judgment! What magnificent kicking! The ball soared high, as did the players. One rose higher—oh, so much higher—than the rest. He poised, fingers stretching to the ball.

AND then—CALAMITY!

The KOALA KING was overthrown.
HOW ARDOUR BEARS DELIGHT
TOO SWIFTLY BOUNDED.

A simple garden seat had stayed his regal flight; he crashed in painful fall, the ball, forgotten, threatening tender plants.

So are the mighty fallen, yet, we say
Our sympathies extend across the way,
To plaster-clad KOALAS, and we pray,
Rich compensation fills his holiday.

3C

3C is a form which does not lack brains and skill. It is led by that gallant and eminent naturalist, Monsier B. (for Botanist) Halloran.

Our form room, the library, provides a refuge for our early birds, who are usually shooed away by our dear friend, Alwyn, called "beer-barrel" by the more "broad"-minded students.

Our Social Service has been responded to quite well, with the help of some threats by our Social Service monitor.

Form Captains, Diane and Robert, have been kept busy answering Mr. Halloran's calls for help throughout the year, and our congratulations go to them for a job well done.

2A

Volunteering is a thing at which 2A are very good. (Ask Miss Forbes).

If you ask us you'll be deafened by, I could. Captains Judith and Paul always have a brawl

To decide which one will do the job.

Vices Julia and Andy are always very handy And Social Service is lucky to get a bob.

David and Dot, with their rattling tins, Are always on the spot and wearing brave grins.

Because we have a form full of clowns,
We owe our success to Miss Forbes,
Who helps us through our ups and downs,
But we'll let her know she's got a great form.

2B

Form 2B has, so far, completed a successful year's work. We have been fortunate to be the only form in the school that consists entirely of girls, although, at times, it has been lonely.

We have kept our form room, room 20, in very good order throughout the year, although it always seems to look the same regardless of the amount of work that we put into it.

Our form captain, Mary Brotheridge, and vice-captain, Julie Webster, have done their utmost to make 2B the best form in the school, not forgetting our Social Service representative, Cherie de Rose, who has tried in vain to squeeze a few pence from this apparently penniless form.

We would also like to thank Miss Page, our form mistress, who has done her utmost to keep us in order during form assembly

and art. Also all our other teachers, who have worked so hard in our interests.

2C

On Wednesday, February 8, 40 little trogs entered Cell Block 6 with their Slave-Driver, Mr. Mephram.

In the air was the sweet smell of carbolic acid. Our Re-form Captains were Ellen Barrett and Noel Macleod, and Social Service Fred Jarrad.

In July our form achieved the honour of having four boys in the Rescue 8 to help elderly people. Our form had been under the eye of Mr. Mephram, who has watched us like a warden.

P.McL., B.B.

2D

The form has had a successful year, under the watchful eyes of Mr. Reilly, with Angela and Ron as form captains. The pupils are mostly a jolly lot. Sometimes they are cheeky, and often get into mischief. Mr. Powell is our friend. He often comes in to see if we are working all together, because he said that once there was a football team, and they were all champions, but they lost every single game. Do you know why? Because they did not know how to work together.

S. MIHELY.

1B

A mischievous form is 1b,
With teachers they don't disagree,
They're never in trouble
Unless it is double,
From the following verse you will see.

It was funny one day whilst in French,
A dog was brought by a young wench,
Mr. Corbet walked by,
The dog he did spy,
And then his teeth started to clench.

At the end of the class rang the bell,
The pupils filed out, dog as well,
Mr. Corbet, not sure,
Said "bon jour, Monsieur,"
And was told it was Mademoiselle.

To our form teacher, dear Mr. Bullen,
Whose leg we are quite often pullin',
Our parents give praise
For mending our ways,
As the remarks in our report books were thrillin'.

Helen and Ken are captains of our form,
 In music they create quite a storm,
 They laugh at Miss Jones,
 When she teaches about tones,
 And make her feel quite forlorn.

Our maths. teacher, dear Mr. Hird,
 Has never spoken a cross word,
 We were all gay and hearty,
 When he was given a party,
 Which turned out to be quite superb.

When someone says, "Clean It Up,"
 We all do our share of the stuff.
 If we didn't all share it
 No one could bear it,
 That's why we won the "tidiness cup."

From the verses above you will see
 What a wonderful form is 1b.
 We're really not bad,
 Although we are mad,
 And on these points I'm sure you'll agree.

1C

Our Form 1c, is a very happy form; our Form Captains are Robyn Thompson and Ross McAlister, and our Vice-Captains are Mary McLay and Ron Sorrigan. Ron Sorrigan is also our Social Service Monitor.

Our Form Teacher is Miss Littlehales and our Form Room is No. 7. Each week we have three different monitors, one to collect the lunches, another to clean the board after every lesson, and the other one keeps the room tidy and brings the flowers for it.



Prize Photograph

3D

Form Captains, Jim Kwiatkowski and Elide Lagoi, also Vice-Captains "Mick" Hill and Carole Seal have succeeded in doing their tasks well this year.

Miss McIntyre is to be congratulated for a splendid job in persuading everyone in the form to buy an Anzac token; she also makes sure that no individual in the form wears rings, bracelets, or nail polish.

Our Social Service Representatives, John "Boofa" Bliss and Sandra "Scotty" Buchan, have done a good job in emptying our pockets before we get a chance to spend our money. The best contributors in the form are Sandra Buely and Luba Sosnicky. There are approximately 25 girls in the form and only 10 boys at present. Fred Kinniburgh did a good job in lighting the fire each morning before school.

Our Board Monitor, Don Cullen, has done a magnificent job of cleaning the boards after each period.

DON and JOHN.

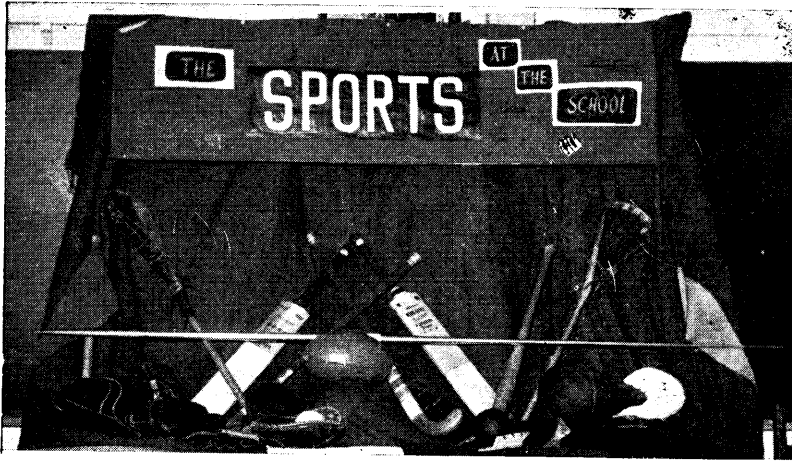
EXAMS

Anne is swotting day and night
 For exams which are in sight,
 She would rather, I am sure,
 Be watching pictures by the score.
 Study, study, is all she will hear
 To be put "up" again next year.

Examinations commence on Monday,
 Oh, won't the kids be gay,
 Maths, French and then History,
 She will never read that story
 That they had last week in English,
 About the Singing Porridge Dish.

Failed in Maths, scraped through English,
 She doesn't remember bisecting a fish
 In Science, with her classmate, Lynne,
 Who always forgets to empty the bin.
 But, as always happens with her best subject,
 The outstanding paper hasn't been marked
 yet.

Exams, exams, Oh, wot a worry
 To poor Anne, who's in a hurry
 To get to Teachers' College, you see,
 She wants to teach Mathematics B.



LACROSSE

If you can tear your eyes away from the crowd of young ladies playing hockey and softball at the Fearon Reserve on sports days, you can't help noticing a bunch of crazy young males (all bachelors) running around waving hooked sticks with nets on the ends, throwing a rubber ball and swinging racquets with seemingly dangerous intent. —that is, to hit a goalie standing in a six-foot square goal. However, you should not be perturbed, as the goalie is quite safe (?) and he is merely trying to stop the ball getting into the goal. The game(?) he is playing is Lacrosse—a sport which, although it looks dangerous, is much safer than that much-publicised, primitive game called Australian Rules Football. As a matter of fact, it will not be long before Lacrosse is an Olympic sport. Let football fans sneer at that!

The Williamstown High team is not quite as strong as it has been, this year, and, although we go up to matric here, we have no matrics in the team—the big boys who sometimes make a difference. However, we should do well with five good, experienced players in the form of Rod (the killer) Cordell, the captain, Alan (Al Capone) Rolley as vice(?)-captain, Ian (Yack) McIntosh, Jeff (Feg) Ferris, and Russell (Masher) Parker. Our other players are stars Murray (Gus) Garnsworthy, Andrew (Hic?) Richards, our goalie, and Howard (the Runt) Parker, forward and assistant goalie, Kasper (Slasher) Scheppers, the able-bodied back player, and new players Ken (why doesn't he play hockey?) Seal, and Graham (always borrowing my glove) Budgeon.

Each time our victims—oops! opposing team—comes in sight, bloodthirsty yells escape from our lips, and racquets are brandished in readiness. During the game, a tall individual can be seen running around screaming “Pass, you idiot!” or “Move around, you mug!” or “Shoot you ?£&:¼ idiot!” and generally doing what he tells everyone else not to do.

At the end of the team's first match in High School Comp. he expressed this opinion: “It was a” (that was all that could be printed). However, the team beat Melbourne High 17 to 4, and for its first game against another team for some weeks it did quite well. Against Footscray and Williamstown Tech. we did well earlier, and we hope to finish the rest of the season unbeaten—however, I must go now, my opponent has recovered from his split skull and wants to go back for the last quarter of the match.

AHPAR-CUR; FIE, VESS!

SOFTBALL NOTES

Unlike the other school teams, who went through the inter-school season, winning nearly every match, our softball team put new interest into the game by losing every game but one. And I am glad to say that our “one and only” was the last match, in which we gloriously defeated Werribee.

So you can see that although we trained hard, our winning peak came too late in the season. Many thanks to Ann Cameron, our hard-working captain; also to other members of the team—J. Haesler, Y. Bakowski, J. Robinson, C. Glen, E. Berry, J. Fox, D. Morrish and M. Rys-Jones.

J.R.

GIRLS' TENNIS

The girls' tennis team, under the captaincy of Jill Dolman, has had quite a successful season, winning two out of three matches.

The first match for the season was against Footscray High School. We lost, 15 games to 20. We managed to defeat St. Albans High School, 22 games to 11, and just scraped home in the match against Sunshine. The score was 20-18.

The team consisted of Jill Dolman, Danute Jokabauskas, Diana Padanis, Margaret Farrar, Barbara FitzGibbon, Jean Cameron, Susan Pine, Rhonda Murdoch, Marilyn Horsborough.

BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

The tennis team has had a very successful year under the guidance of Mr. Reilly. We were undefeated for the season and had victories over Werribee, Footscray, Maribyrnong, St. Albans and Sunshine. Most of our team are drawn from third and fourth forms. They are young players, steadily improving all the time, and we can look forward to quite a few more successful seasons.

1st BASKETBALL (GIRLS)

The 1st basketball team this year had its best season ever, winning every match very convincingly (unlike our softball players). The team consisted of Wendy Hughes (captain), Yvonne Evans, Val Lane, Lorraine Pratt, Lyn Jamieson, Shirley Salter and Pam Lee.

All credit must go to Miss Littlehales, whose excellent coaching and umpiring played a major part in our success. Congratulations to all team members on their fine performance.

SOFTBALL

The house meeting comes to order (with a few yells). The day's sport is discussed and a few sighs are heard whilst the monitors volunteer(?) for the tiring job of lugging the equipment to various places for the sport. All things overcome, the meeting is dismissed and the mob wends its way down the corridor. The monitors dash for the sports pavilion, in which an argument usually arises about who'll take the best set of equipment. Meanwhile, down at the reserve the girls cluster around in small circles and discuss the day's news. The equipment

arrives and is dropped anywhere while the monitors dash to the cluster.

The teachers arrive and hurriedly the girls rush here and there trying to organise themselves into teams to try and play softball. The game gets under way, the batter is ready and the ball is bowled. A wild swing is attempted. "Strike one," says the umpire. Soon the team is out, with a score of a few hard-earned runs. The opponents' innings. The game continues until the last innings is reached with the stronger team still in the lead. The losing side all gather round, a few changes of position are made, and a pep talk is given. With a little more confidence the team strides into position ready for batting, but can they score enough runs to gain victory. The suspense is great—one out, two out, and then in come the home runs, amounting to a large score. Suddenly "all out" is declared. The team rushes out to field with even more confidence than before. The stronger team is soon out. All attention is now directed to the scorer, who hurriedly adds up the figures and announces that our team has won by three runs. Girls stand around chatting about the game. Soon the dismissal order is given by Mrs. Lawson. Girls hurry everywhere and soon the ground is cleared. So ends a Wednesday softball match.

LORIS DONNELLY.

FLORAL ART CLUB

Any one passing Williamstown High School at 3 o'clock and after, on a Thursday afternoon, will be wondering if there is a volcanic eruption or an earthquake, for the school seems to shake on its foundations as the Floral Art Club girls bound into room 18.

The noise will gradually grow into a thunderous roar while the two mother hens (Jennifer and Pam), clucking over their chicks, warn them of trouble if this deafening noise does not cease.

Mrs. Alice, working in spite of this disturbance, somehow manages to drive the work into the wooden-headed chicks who are making all the noise.

Every week Joy comes round to collect our money, which goes towards the buying of flowers.

All the girls in the club are very grateful for the help Mrs. Alice has given them again this year.

ROSLYN ROBSON.

Activities and Clubs

P.T. CLUB

It has been a source of mystery to the municipal authorities that the public have ceased to use the Mechanics' Institute Library on a Thursday, about 3.0 p.m. Little do they know that there gathers, in the large hall behind the library, the rowdiest females ever to have invaded the hallowed precincts.

The favourite pastime of these creatures is to throw some inoffensive-looking child (generally garbed in a grey uniform) on to the floor and then proceed to jump over the recumbent form. (You'd never guess what happens if they don't make it!)

Surveying the scene is a benign-looking personage who calls a halt to proceedings by striking vigorously on the piano keyboard. Then she tenderly raises the wounded and massages their backs while pointing out what happens to those who do not wear **CORRECT APPAREL**. Miss Hopton, for it is she, often has occasion to demonstrate her ability as a masseur.

This select group is kept well in hand under her control and sometimes find themselves doing sets of "building up" exercises. After such sessions many young females may be seen painfully limping homeward. Often they walk like war veterans for many weeks afterwards.

Another feature of their activity is "tripping(!) the light(?) fantastic" to the strains of the old piano. On such occasions hefty young females may be seen swinging each other around, often violently connecting with walls, floor, etc.

With great patience (and a large stock of headache powders) Miss Hopton has guided the activities of this group into constructive channels (see "building-up" exercises) and thanks are due to her for her efforts.

SUE SIMS.

JUNIOR SCIENCE CLUB 1961

This club of first-year boys requires each member to take his turn at the preparation and reading of a paper about any important subject, dealt with by the science method of comparison, discussion and testing of explanations.

Topics included a survey of ideas about the history of our own system of stars and

planets, the relations between the various branches of living things, especially fish, insects and animals—wild, domestic and human.

Science studies and hobbies included stamps, ship models, aeroplanes, submarines, seaplanes, rocks, minerals and prehistoric monsters, studied in attempts to answer the questions, What? Where? When? How? Why?

REPORTERS JIM SWALWELL,
PEETER KORJU.

UNITED NATIONS CLUB NOTES

This year the United Nations Club, under the supervision of Mr. Alcorn, has thirty-three members, which is an increase on last year's number when it was formed.

In the early stages of the year, Jan Robinson, Yvonne Bakowski and Barbara Fitz-Gibbon attended two U.N. meetings at Kurrajong House. One interesting feature of our club activities was a talk by Pen Loh about Malaya, its peoples and how they live. Another highlight was the screening of some films outlining the ideals of the U.N.O. and how it functions.

Last year the club sold £17 worth of U.N. Christmas cards and hopes to do as well this year. It also hopes to support the U.N.E.S.C.O. Gift Coupon Scheme. These coupons are like money orders, which help to pay for the education of illiterate children in under-developed countries.

CHOIR CLUB

Because of the fact that the W.H.S. choir club is usually all or predominantly female, the unfortunate music teacher who becomes saddled with it must wage constant war against the school cadet unit. This is tradition. It is also tradition that the room 22 blinds should act up on all possible occasions with great malice, thereby causing severe irritation and offering numerous distractions. This year has proved no exception. Yet over all this the choir club has triumphed, and much valuable work has been done. The members have been an enthusiastic—if somewhat giggly—bunch, and all thanks are due to Miss Jones for her part in what has been a happy and industrious year. It was interesting to note the reac-

tion to Miss Jones' introduction of voice training exercises. Many budding operatic singers found that they weren't so buddingly operatic after all. (Including one golden-voiced matric student.)

The payment for the purchase of music produced the most weird and wonderful protestations of bankruptcy ever noted by this scribe, and it is due to the tireless and valiant efforts of Miss Jones that any music was indeed purchased.

Many thanks are due, then, to Miss Jones for a successful year.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

After a long struggle against strong opposition, about twenty-five keen, athletic-type girls were able to form an athletic club under the leadership of Miss Littlehales. It came into being because several girls (mentioning no names) believed that the formation of such a club would, at athletic carnival time, benefit the school, because the standard of girl athletes would be higher than in previous years. These few girls hounded Mr. Moore (poor man, it wasn't his fault we didn't have a club) unceasingly; Mr. Tolley received this treatment also. Finally Mr. Moore said weakly, "Yes, girls, you can have an athletic club second term." Politely the girls replied, "Thank you, sir," but continued to remind these two sirs until the club was actually in working order.

We would like to thank Mr. Moore and Mr. Tolley for their combined efforts in making the necessary arrangements for the formation of the club.

In the club the girls train in track and field events and are successfully proving their point—that the standard attained through the formation of the club is much higher than it normally would have been.

M. MANDER.

ART CLUB

Hoorah! A departure from the usual. This year we have obtained an art club. A real art club in which we dabble in oils, float in watercolour, bore through art books, "model" in clay, and we don't forget that essential outdoor exercise—sketching. Some of the ideas transposed on to the papers would put to shame many older "artists." Not only do we practise various forms of art because we enjoy it, but because we have the excellent supervision and guidance of Miss Wilmot. We are a model club(?)

We make so little noise that we have the added enjoyment of sweet strains of music from the Record Club below. Of course, in the hazardous occupation of painting (paint everywhere) we are advised to wear smocks, and the adornment on some of them is an art in itself. Miss Wilmot, not vainly by the results, tries to point out what can be done and in our little hive of activity we become lost for a time. As we put the room through a treatment different from the usual art class, it emerges remarkably unscathed and is always standing for next Thursday at Club Time.

MAUREEN WOODCOCK, Vs.

SOCIAL SENSE CLUB

Thursday afternoon at three,
From previous periods we all flee.
Up the stairs to room fourteen,
Some social sense to try and glean.
Manners, deportment, hair, and face.
These combine to give us grace.
From charming talks on corsetry,
To rapt trips to the 'Varsity.
Mrs. Ebringer's brought us far,
We've even got to saying "Taa."
This year has been a great success,
Next year we hope it'll be no less.

FIVE SOCIAL CHARMERS.

RED CROSS CLUB

Our Red Cross Club for 1961 is under the leadership of Miss Pittard. We have an enrolment of twenty-two girls. During the first term we were very fortunate to have a visit from Miss Margaret Calder, from Head Office, who gave us a very interesting talk on the work of the Red Cross at home and abroad; she told us about the different countries she had visited and how the children there worked for the Red Cross.

We sent away two rugs and twelve Pixie hoods which had been knitted by the girls; during our second term we did a course of First Aid under the leadership of Mrs. McLean.

We are very grateful to these two ladies for giving us so much of their time.

We also launched an appeal for gifts of beads, toys and soap for the children of New Guinea and we thank all those people who so willingly responded.

We also thank all the pupils of the school who supported our toffee sales. We intend to use the money to assist the children of New Guinea.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The camera club is governed by Mr. Lee (that eccentric French teacher) and usually resides in room three. The aim of the club is to teach hopeless shutterbugs, ranging from the box camera individual to the 35 mil. types, the noble art of photography, which includes taking photographs, developing negatives, printing, making enlargements, and finally mounting and framing.

For the more mature photographer there is always the technical side, such as optics, lens types, formation of photographic images, technical parts of the camera itself and many others.

The activities in which the club indulge are lectures from that most learned expert professor of photography, Mr. Lee; slide sessions in room 15; printing in the projection room; taking photographs around the school; photo competitions and rare oddities, such as the examining of ancient cameras, by courtesy of Mr. Lee and Mr. Hughes.

So all in all, if you want to learn about photography, try somewhere else.

LIBRARY NOTES

If, when passing room five during club-time, one peers through the window one can see many heads studiously bent over the tables. But, as Mr. Halloran, our "leader," has much to do, the heads are not necessarily bent in work.

However, on the whole, we have made some progress in the building-up of new reading material and repairing of old. Covering of new books has been the "favourite" pastime of members of this club for the past few weeks.

JACQUI.



AVIATION CLUB

This is the second year the Aviation Club has been in operation at Williamstown High School.

During the year we have had many instructive lectures and discussions, and also a very interesting excursion to Essendon Airport, which was very well organised by our President, Yvonne Francome, of Vs. We are also looking forward to an excursion to Berwick, where we are going to inspect a glider which is being built by the members of the Berwick Gliding Club.

David Dalton, of IVb, has provided very enjoyable films and slides throughout the years. These were very much appreciated by the club members.

We have spent a very pleasant and successful year and I am sure that most of the present members are looking forward to enjoyable club meetings next year.

K. DOBSON, IVc.

GARDENING CLUB

Planting of seedlings, bulbs and corms, together with an assortment of shrubs, has been completed. The garden club, comprising 14 enthusiastic boys from several forms, is looking forward to the fruition of its labours.

Valuable assistance in planning was given by the Victorian State School Horticultural Society at Hughesdale.

During the early part of July, many suitable rose cuttings, originally from the Ballarat Gardens, will be propagated and these should add colour in the coming summer and autumn.

During the summer vacation definite arrangements will be made to water the garden. At present difficulty is being experienced with stray dogs, who find the digging of holes in the plots a pleasant pastime.

KNITTING CLUB

Miss Porteous is our club teacher this year and she is very helpful with our knitting mistakes, which are surprisingly few considering the amount of talking that takes place at club time.

At present most of the girls are knitting jumpers and cardigans for themselves, but later on in the year, squares will be knitted for social service work.

CHERYL and LORRAINE.

Original

BELLS

I hear bells. I hear them when I am alone, they are low, mystic and shrill. I am sure no one else hears them, for they are my bells. They tell me what I am to do.

The first time I heard these bells was when I was ten. It was around that time when people began to say that I was not like other children. They said that I had an unearthly air about me. They even suggested that I had a mental taint inherited from my mother. I did not listen to them; I listened only to my bells.

Their low shrill sound would beat against my ears at the oddest hours and I would feel an urge to do something. Once the mystic bells rung out that I must leave home; I didn't want to, but the bells made me. However, I was found and brought back. After this I did not hear the bells again for some time. It was as if they were disappointed in me.

The next time the sound of the bells came to me was late at night, while I was lying in bed. "Go to the cemetery, go to the cemetery," they repeated over and over again. I was terrified, but the sound of the bells urged me on and I did their bidding. I remember nothing else but the ringing of the bells getting louder and louder and my clothes and body being caked with blood and dirt when I arrived home.

The police came the next day, and a doctor examined me. After the examination I was taken away and put into a mental institution. They said that I had been put there for murder, a murder which I don't remember committing.

But even as I sit there behind a locked door, I don't care about the outside world. The people outside are just lost, helpless souls in a dark world without anyone or anything to show them the way. But I am not lost or helpless; I have a guide, My Bells.

B. KEARNEY, 4B (Wombats).

WEEK-END

Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

On and on it went. Ring! Ring! Ring!

"Oh! Be quiet! Someone answer the 'phone. 'Phone? That's funny, we haven't got a 'phone."

Ring! Ring!

I sat up and rubbed my eyes. The alarm! Quickly I stretched out a hand and pressed the button on the top of the clock. Nothing happened.

Ring! Ring! It persisted.

I lifted my hand, and then sharply tapped the button.

Thank goodness—that stopped it.

Yesterday morning. I sit here in the aeroplane quietly remembering it. Yesterday morning seems months ago. So many things have happened. I am now miles from home, but getting nearer each minute. What a week-end! Not an instant to stop and think. Always moving, always something new to see, to learn. Newness and adventure, excitement and joy, on every side. It was like a dream, yet I know I am awake. And now it is almost over.

As the plane flies on into the night, I try to relax, but I am tense with excitement and happiness. The thrills of yesterday and today flood my mind.

Yesterday, Saturday, at 5.30 a.m., I was home in bed. Since then I have been to Canberra, a fairyland by night and a busy, Governmental, capital city of Australia; Sydney, the famed capital of New South Wales, with its equally famous bridge, of which the large, city's population proudly boast to newcomers—Sydney, the largest city of Australia, a place on a map, a name in a book; yet just an hour ago I was there.

Surely all of this is just a figment of my imagination? But no; I could not possibly dream of a person snoring like the man sitting next to me.

Was it only thirty-eight hours ago that I left home? Now, after travelling the 650-odd miles by car, I have started the return trip.

As I look down at my bag, I can see my camera just inside. I have used six rolls of film since I left home. I hope they come out. Pictures of our first stop, Lakes Entrance, where we had an early lunch. Photographs of the beautiful Cann River, centre of the dairying and maize-growing

district, and the river—they call it a river—from which the town took its name.

On we went, always on. All afternoon we sped towards the north. We saw more and more new things, until we leave Cooma and hurry towards Canberra, as night closes in.

What a day Saturday was. So long and exhausting, yet thrilling and happy. After tea we crawled—and I mean crawled—into bed, tired but extremely content.

The Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny. We wasted no time over breakfast, and hurriedly pushing all our belongings into the car, we set out to see Canberra by day. The twinkling, fairy-like lights of the previous night had gone, but the modern buildings and tree-lined streets now are shown to their fullest advantage. The Institute of Anatomy, the Australian-American War Memorial, the modern hotels, Government House, Parliament House, the churches and the hospital all pose for me—brilliant and clear in the morning sun.

My camera shutter seemed to be only just closed when I snapped it open again.

Then on again. Past Lake George, Collector, Moss Vale and Wollongong. Up the magnificent Bulli Pass and at the top we rested—so did the car. We looked down to the Pacific Ocean, blue and jewel-like, glistening in the sun. Houses were spread below us like tiny doll's cottages, lazy in the distance. The camera was exercised again.

Then once more the wheels hummed on the road, and in the late afternoon we neared Sydney. There my busy hands gave the camera no rest. Click, click, went the shutter, recording my happiest moments.

Now, after having seen only a little of New South Wales' proudest city, I am flying home.

What is this? Fasten seat belts already. Melbourne! Home! The sight of the city lights twinkling far below is magnificent and I store it in my memory.

The snoring from my companion has ceased, and now he yawns, sleepily. But I am not tired. I have too much to tell my parents as they meet me. I know that early into the morning I will talk, and think of these past thirty-six hours, so full of sheer enjoyment.

JANET SAUNDERS, VI.

"THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS . . ."

Levi was feeling angry. More angry than usual this morning. He never minded the usual insults, and, in his thirty years he had grown hardened and bitter against the public. He did not expect anyone to speak to him civilly, indeed, he did not want them to. But this morning something had annoyed him, and as he sat at the small table at the Receipt of Customs, the noon-day sun seemed particularly hot, the wind blew dust into his face, and the Jewish people seemed more obstinate than ever.

Levi was well known and hated by the people of Capernaum. They hated all Romans, these simple village Jews. Yet they felt that Romans knew no better, but a Jew who worked for the Romans, who had turned against the law and the Synagogue, who associated with publicans—that person was accursed, lower even than a Roman dog.

Every day, when he left his pleasant home (for through his own means he could afford a "better" home), he was met with cold stares. The more hot-blooded of the inhabitants even yelled angry curses at him as he walked through the narrow streets to the Custom House of the Romans.

Every morning for over eight years Levi had walked through these same streets to his position at the Custom House. At first he tried to speak to the people and explain that he must take this job to support his aged mother; later he took on their attitude and hurled back angry words, returned cold stares. But as the years went on he became indifferent to them and, after his mother's death, he cared little what they thought, so long as he made a tidy fortune at his job.

And now, at thirty, Levi had forgotten that any other way of life existed. Even his publican friends were only friends when it suited them. It seemed that he had lost any feeling, his heart was so encrusted with a thick shell of bitterness and hate.

This morning, however, someone had spoken to him. As he rested at the well, a little girl had approached him and asked for a drink. Levi was taken aback. The idea of him, pumping water for anyone, especially a little girl, was remote from any of his thoughts. He scowled, grumbled an oath, and went to move on. A young woman

came from one of the neighbouring houses and ran across to the well.

"Daughter, what would your father say if he caught you talking to bad men. That's Levi, the publican," she scolded.

The little girl suddenly broke loose from her mother's arms and ran after Levi. She tugged at his cloak and, looking up at him most solemnly she said, "You're a bad man, you wouldn't get me a drink, an' God will punish you!"

Levi's arm came down suddenly and struck the little girl on the chest. She fell into the dust abruptly, and for a second was too stunned to cry. The mother screamed and ran to her child. The child began to cry loudly. Housewives and children appeared from everywhere and Levi decided it was time he should disappear. He quickly strode along the street, pushing a group of boys aside, but before he could reach the corner, he heard the young mother calling after him, her voice almost drowned in the deep sobs of her daughter, "No man could find the way to your heart, Levi Alphaeus, for you have no heart! You have no heart!"

Every time he thought of it he scowled. He was more angry and uncivil to the Jews than ever. He barked at the slow ones and allowed no objections to be heard. But it did not help. His thoughts kept returning to the mother's words, "You have no heart! You have no heart!"

Levi was wild with everyone; wild with the little child for getting in his way; wild with the mother; and most wild with himself. Why should he care! And yet his thoughts returned again and again to the incident.

He angrily threw a heavy bag of coins on to the table, making a loud clatter, and stamping his foot, shouted, "Next!"

There was no reply. Levi looked up into the kind, brown face of a man. In his eyes there was a strange compassion as if, for the first time, somebody cared for Levi; cared that he was troubled, cared that people despised him. The straight mouth parted and two words alone were spoken, "Follow me."

Levi felt a great comfort, as if he had no troubles, and in the Man's eyes he saw a compelling love. He stood up and followed the stranger out through the open door, into the street.

Levi never entered the Customs House again, for now he had something greater, more wonderful. For the Christ had found the way to this man's heart.



A BIG SURPRISE

Mum says that I can have a pup,
But he can't be too big;
She doesn't want her flowers spoiled
And dogs just love to dig.
She hopes that he won't bark too loud,
The neighbours would get cross;
I must be sure to train him
As I will be the boss.
I think mother will be happy,
I'm sure it's no mistake;
I've changed my mind about a dog
And bought a *five-foot snake*.

ODD ODES

Miss Richards, our senior mistress,
Teaches us Lit. each day,
She gives us greater knowledge
Of English in every way.

Then there's our friend, Miss Wilmot,
Art is her one speciality,
She tries to bring out our talent,
Of which there's a great scarcity.

For expression we have Mr. Dillon,
Who is connected with the law,
In fact he knows nothing of killin',
But if he saw this he'd die for sure.

Of course, there's our pal, Mr. Alcorn,
Who loves to type out our notes,
For he knows to dusk from dawn,
On our work we constantly dote.

Now last but not least our favourite,
Who laughs in Geog. at our plight,
On top of the drumlin he's standing,
Surveying his class—Mr. Knight.

THE TRAIN RIDE

The hiss of air and steam made the train's departure known,
 The warning whistle blew, and the engine gave a groan,
 Then thrust itself forward in a surge of fearsome power,
 Streaking o'er the countryside, sixty miles to the hour.
 Through stunted trees and spinifex, and rocky, barren land,
 The screech of wheel on rails as on and on we go.
 Then the warning of a station as we hear the whistle blow.
 Then on again through bush-scrub, where grows the native gum,
 The only audible sound is the accordant engine's hum
 Save the call of bell-birds, and animals, fierce and mild,
 All echoing the feelings of the creatures of the wild.
 Towards our destination propelled by a mighty force.
 Still well known to some old folk as the rugged "iron horse,"
 And onward, ever onward, the train will make its way,
 And reach our destination before the end of day.

BARBARA FITZGIBBON.

TWELVE O'CLOCK EXTRA

The usual healthy murmur of concentrated working issues forth from the fifth form Maths. II class.

Peep! "QUIET" groan, then continuation of usual murmurs.

Peep, peep! "QUIET, THERE'S ONE CLASS HOLDING UP THE WHOLE BUILDING!"

The last remark is completely ignored in the feverish rush to complete homework-to-be.

After an interval of several seconds, Senior Master appears (to room 14!) at the door. As the class gradually becomes aware of his indignant presence and its guilt, an uncommon hush invades the room. Upon request, work is resumed and the Senior Master disappears with great rapidity down the stairs.

Peep! "AH! AT LAST THE WHOLE SCHOOL IS QUIET! WAIT! WHO'S MAKING THAT NOISE?" Peep! Peep!

"A VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT HAS REACHED ME! AND UNTIL THAT CLASS IS QUIET! THE WHOLE SCHOOL WILL BE HELD UP! Peep! Homework is finished and partial silence reigns. At this opportunity the notices continue: "ATTENTION!" Peep, peep! "ACHTUNG ACHTUNG! ALL CLASSES ARE NOW QUIET! ATTENTION! PLEASE!" Peep! "UHH . . . UM. JUST A MINUTE PLEASE!" impatient racket reaches a crescendo "YES!" Peep, peep! "QUIET PLEASE!" Peep! "MISS RICHARDS WILL SEE ALL THE HATLESS GIRLS IN HER OFFICE NOW! THANK YOU!" Peep.

Peep, peep! "I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT! TEACHERS PLEASE EXCUSE THIS INTERRUPTION! NO GIRLS WILL BE IN CLASSROOMS AT LUNCH TIME TO GIVE THE ROOMS A CHANCE TO BREATHE! IT HAS STOPPED RAINING AT THIS MOMENT AND THERE IS NO NEED TO BE INDOORS! LUNCH-TIME WILL BE CUT BY TWENTY MINUTES BECAUSE OF THE WET WEATHER! . . ." The room is suddenly vacated "AND PLEASE KEEP TO YOUR OWN YARDS! ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! HEY! WHY IS EVERYBODY HANGING AROUND THE CORRIDOR? GO ON! BACK TO CLASSES! ATTENTION . . ." Peep! Peep! Peep!

And so the empty school echoes to itself until the "escape bell" rings "the end" as students with burning ears go off to lunch-time classrooms.

PLANES

(Based on "The Trains," by Judith Wright) Swiftly, under the veil of clouds, the planes go

westward, ever westward, into the gruesome battle with screaming guns, shaking the very earth; causing wound and death to those below; leaving disaster and destruction in their wake. The' planes go forth, to war!

The ack-ack and the tracer, shining in the sky,
 over fields and rooftops down below.
 They sound like screaming eagles flying by . . .
 The 'planes go forth, to war!

B.D.F.

MACAVITY!

A spine-chilling shriek capable of rousing the dead effectively puts an end to our slumbers! As we lie trembling with shock, another shriek, more terrible than the first, cuts through the silence of the night. From the "Sleep-out" there comes a bellow, "It's those flaming cats!"

Then comes the sound of a door creak, faint, muttered imprecations, stealthy footsteps, and suddenly some object thumps against the wall. Down the side of the house is an undignified scramble and then . . . silence! Some minutes later, however, a taunting yowl issues forth into the night. Time after time, the inhabitants of our humble abode are foiled in their attempts to grasp elusive sleep. Whenever their efforts seem to be meeting with success, more taunting yowls rent the air.

In the shadowy recesses of the side lane crouches the cause of the disturbance. Black as pitch, large and glossy, with enormous green eyes, this is indeed Macavity! Following the example of the legendary gun fighters Macavity indicates his numerous victories by notches. Unlike them, however, his notches are not in a gun, but in his large black tail. This is the only feature which mars his fine appearance.

To be found in this dim recess is an enormous, sandy-coloured creature, who is adviser and "partner in crime" to the sable "monster of depravity." Together they indulge in many nocturnal pastimes, all guaranteed to cause the unfortunate inhabitants in their area to suffer from insomnia.

When the rooftops ring with a sound akin to that made by stampeding cattle, the house-dwellers shrug philosophically. It is merely Macavity out for his evening constitutional. The surveyors of the area would receive much praise from him, for they so designed the street that he and his friends are able to go from one end of the block to the other without faltering in their stride.

Between these feline fiends and my uncle there rages a bitter feud. Macavity's favourite pastime is to lure Uncle Dan out to chase him at the dead of night. When his victim appears, armed with a shoe, Macavity darts down the side of the house and hides behind

the family chariot. Enraged, Uncle Dan flings his "foot gear" in the direction of his tormentor. Unfortunately for Uncle, on one such occasion his shoe lodged under "ye olde chariot," and to the accompaniment of a dissertation on cats, we heard him crawling around in the rain attempting to retrieve it.

Morning breaks, and once more our slumbers are broken, but now there is a plaintive note in the yowls. The noise continues until some member of the household, driven to desperation, unbars the door. Then an enthusiastic Macavity bounds around his benefactor, tripping that unfortunate up so consistently that he is forced to feed him.

Then, with a careless swagger Macavity enters a bedroom and settles himself on a bed, in which a recumbent form reposes. When the outraged occupant rises she is greeted with a cold, disdainful look. Her attempts at the noble art of bedmaking are sadly hampered by the presence of the firmly entrenched Macavity. Any attempts at dislodging him are greeted with a warning growl. This art was learnt from a stray dog who spent some days at our residence—until Macavity made life so unbearable that she had to leave.

When outdoors Macavity indulges in hunting. While stalking his prey, he invariably manages to jump on the tender, young boronia bush and roll in some new plants. Eventually his prey is caught. Then he proudly enters the house and lays his prize beneath the long-suffering bedmaker's desk. Some days later, after her biology specimens have been thrown out, the true cause of the unsavoury odour is discovered.

For some days, after such episodes, a chastened Macavity slinks around, but soon his arrogant manner returns. Then he and Sandy recommence their work of putting the "fear of God" into the dogs of the neighbourhood by day, and of rooftop gambols and aforementioned activities by night.

SUE SIMS, Vs.

HEARD IN YARD

Injured Junior: "What can I do for my knee?"

Sympathetic Senior: "Do what dogs do, dear."

Junior: "What's that?"

Senior: "Lick it!"

RETROSPECT

Almost six years ago a first former faced high school life with apprehension and curiosity. The school appeared a labyrinth of corridors and classrooms, the senior pupils were regarded with respectful awe, and when the head teachers approached the first former positively quaked. Yet how swiftly the years have sped by—years crowded with incident. The seemingly unattainable positions of responsibility have been reached, the familiarity of school life has not bred contempt, and the once dreaded teachers have become friends to their pupils.

The combined athletic sports are always a thrill to the patriot, but when the whole school went to Ballarat by train for the great event, excitement among the first formers knew no bounds. The long wait at Williamstown Beach station in the early morning cannot easily be forgotten, nor the suppressed high spirits of the students or the anxiety of the staff. But once on the journey, the thrill of hanging out the train window (until reprimanded), hair flying wildly in the breeze, and waving to a mate further down the train is clearly remembered. Especially to a first former it was considered a privilege to be part of the school's athletic team and to compete in good spirit with other schools, whether to win or to lose.

The close of the first form year was made memorable by the kind gesture of our long-suffering form teacher, who bought each pupil in the class a threepenny icy-pole.

The 2A class of 1957 was truly unique. No other form had dress inspection (including fingernails) every morning, or went for "runs" around the yard on frosty days in order to thaw out fingers and toes. It is true that no other class experienced the same troubles as 2A. The rubber-band plague was at its height that year, and the girls held a keen competition to see who could collect the most rubber bands, which were fired at them by the boys. One girl had a lengthy string of rubber bands, lovingly counted out, and rolled into a ball the size of an egg.

Yet in cooking, the harder the class tried to be good the greater was its failure. Who was the ignorant girl who had never seen suet? How many girls put their "failures" into the rubbish tin instead of into the oven, and who was the girl who had to trudge around the yard selling slices of sausage for

3d. each in the hot sun, because 1½ lb. of sausage was purchased instead of ½ lb? In retrospect all these incidents take on a new meaning and each incident remains peculiarly related to the person concerned.

Third form attained—and the memorable occasion of a first appearance at the Senior Social. The apprehension of being wall-flowers is now laughed at, but the thrill of being asked for a dance by a sixth former is still remembered.

Fourth Form was reached and passed with sweat and toil, especially in Maths. A and B, not to mention the struggle of keeping Prac. up to date, or the responsibility of being a form captain.

The hostilities between 5S and 5H remain strong, even although it is remembered that 5S, with its biological capacities, far outdid the prosaic 5H. Mr. Knight was reduced to making ineffectual cracks about biology. The geography excursion to Werribee is remembered simply because of the difficulty in distinguishing the natural vegetation from the "perambulating vegetables." The consternation of losing the excursion notes was softened by Mr. Knight's words, "Use that 5 per cent. genius."

How unobtrusively the years have slipped by. During the last year of school it is realised that individual characters have been moulded from the ups and downs of high school years. "Hold Fast" has been a great motto and now, as one phase of life slips from their grasp, it is not without a certain sadness that they turn with the eagerness of youth to face new horizons.

J.P.

BEATNIKS

Straggly beards the boys do grow
And from each moccasin protrudes a toe,
Through horn-rimmed glasses they do peer,
If you ask me, these beats are queer.

Their favourite sounds come from a bass,
It may seem mad, but it suits their taste,
Their minds you see are not quite right,
Just look at their clothes, what a sight!

But really jazz is not so bad,
It's just these goons that make it mad,
Things they say and do are queer,
Makes you wonder if they're all here.

SANDRA HOLMES
HEATHER DONLEN

ORIGINAL

As a restul of the fifth form chemistry and physics work this year, i.e., One fifth form and Chem. or Physics Prac. = chaos, a revision of some of the definitions of scientific terms is being published. Here it is in Alpha-beta-gamma-cal order.

A (I presume that comes first).

Acceleration— isn't that some waltz?

Acceleration due to gravity—found by using Fletcher's Folly—er, trolley—or Atwood's Cursin' Machine.

Acid—that stuff that makes pretty brown and black marks on your skin.

Alcohol—keep an eye on the boy that disappears with that.

Ammonia—what we got washed in after our acid shower.

B

Battery—goes with a salt (ha-ha).

Beta—that's the highest I've got for Chem. Prac. so far.

Boiling point—when it flows out all over everything.

C

Caramel—hot, sugar.

Catalyst—we need them to keep up with our Chem. teacher.

Chemistry—who swore?

Chlorine—cough lollies, everyone.

Co-efficient—a successful Prac. pair?

D

Digit—well, do you?

Dyne—a whiff of poisonous gas too many.

G

Gamma—well, you can't always do successful chemistry.

Gravity—gravy on your tie? (You can't expect me to be funny all the time).

H

Halo—form V abandoned theirs long ago.

Hydrogen—a very explosive gas—so Bill and Russ discovered.

I

Impulse—what we feel with some chemical or physical apparatus in our grasp (heh-heh).

Inert—in state of rest, e.g., Ted.

Ion—ours is a Sunbeam.

K

Kipp's apparatus—responsible for that pleasant perfume which often floats from room 3.

Krypton—our old pal Superman.

L

Latitude—some form V's get too much.

M

Molecule—someone's girl?

P

Physics—that bad language again.

S

Sodium hydroxide—I'm all burnt up about it.

Stabilisation—getting V's into a room.

Surface tension—stands out on any science student's face.

W

Wave Motion—silent goodbye.

Z

Zero—blast off! There goes the hydrogen apparatus.

ANONYMOUS.

(For safety's sake.)

FAREWELL, Mr. MEPHAM

A well-known figure in W.H.S., Mr. Mephram is liked and respected by staff, students and exies alike.

He retires this year after 21 years on our staff, and it is with regret that we say goodbye to our friend. He leaves with our thanks for his kindness, and best wishes for the future.

SENIOR STUDENT.



BULLI PASS

Looking down to the ocean.

Prefects' Report

Hardly had the more senior students placed their feet over the threshold of a new year, than they were confronted with the problem of finding occupants for a small brick pavilion, then empty. After the results of their decision were published, certain young females were to be seen surreptitiously smuggling books into the aforementioned pavilion. The authorities took it upon themselves to investigate the sudden migration and found that these noble girls had self-sacrificingly given their "legal" lockers to the needy poor. Their sacrifice did not, however, draw the applause it merited, much to our heroines' surprise(!)

Comfortably ensconced in their new abode the select group were informed that they had to choose their strongest girl so she might hold bridges. They decided that Janet Packett should be renamed Horatio and elected her to the office.

Janet showed her willingness to fill this capacity by making lists (because there were no bridges to hold at that time).

After these events life returned to normal(!). Each evening for many weeks, juniors departing on their homeward way were startled to hear discordant strains of "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye!" emanating from the innocent-looking building.

Being healthy young beings the inhabitants of the pavilion were often hungry, so a relief fund for starving prefects, known as supplies, was set up. The canteen did a roaring trade in "buddies" and sundry other two-a-penny lollies.

Towards the end of first term, as the days grew shorter, the lighting was a problem. One morning the prefects turned up to find that not only was their lighting problem solved, but also their heating problem. For there on the table was a candle.

Many a seance was held as the prefects tried to warm their hands over its flickering flame. As the days grew shorter and the air frostier they realised that they had an unused fireplace and decided to utilise the vacant space. They reopened the hereditary vendetta with Mr. Grieve by stealing from his woodpile while he sat in his boiler-room (boiling!)

At this time they realised that not only were they destined to be operatic stars, but were also to become great actresses. By the light of a guttering candle they portrayed with fine dramatic feeling that great drama, "Cinderella."

With a "Witchy Pink" blonde in the main role and a moving stage (i.e., audience follows players inside and outside) this performance was a triumph. Reality was achieved by having glowing coals by which our heroine sat.

The coals were another cause of dissension between the honourable caretaker and these female guardians of the law. On finding the fireplace full of glowing embers one evening, he almost caused the time-honoured practice of fire-lighting to be "extinguished." However, dauntless, the prefects stood firm.

During the winter months several additions were made to the menage. One feline conqueror, Alexander by name, took the place by storm and received the position of SCHOOL CAT. However, new quarters were more attractive and Alex. departed.

Then four kittens arrived from the Egan household, one having been put through a washing machine, but still very much alive. These took up residence with various junior students and life went on, minus cats.

The pavilion had been so livened up that it developed its own roof garden. A conversation between an admiring French teacher and a "Gem-jumping" prefect went on as follows—

"When are you going to mow your lawn?"

"Oh, we're going to get a goat!"

"Why bother? You've got twelve already!"

One day many were amazed to see the whole twelve prefects, all bearing various weapons, march to the library, threaten the librarian and leave. They went to room 21 and dragged an innocent-looking boy prefect (H. Shore by name) out to the library. There he was mounted on a chair and a bloodthirsty chant arose from the weapon-brandishing mob.

This H. Shaw had wrongfully accused the innocent prefects of "illegally" borrowing library books. A harassed headmaster rescued Harry, who was carried out pros-

trate with shock. Cheering, the mob left, having upheld justice.

After the Choral Contest there arose from the pavilion weeping and gnashing of teeth. One "Petals" was nearly murdered when a "Wake of Weeping Wombats" led by Janet the Witch caught him and tied him to a post with a red tablecloth, screaming "Set fire to his feet!"

After a heated joint prefect meeting, the site of the Senior Social was decided upon and immediately vetoed by authority. At this social Tootsie made her debut and it was pointed out that all the Werrabee guests fled after this.

A casualty occurred during the decorating of the hall, when certain males doing a removal job on the mirror dropped it on the concrete. (Many curses arose from the young females within the pav.)

To celebrate the end of term a great feast was held, and while an exciting volley ball match was going on without, the prefects ate, drank and made merry within. The crowds outside were astounded by the volume of noise emanating from the pavilion.

In third term gloom descended as exams came close and Iris became official chairman of the "Gem Jumpers' Club." We bid adieu (until '65) to the older members of the "Lil Gang" and wish them luck as they go to do battle in the arena at the Exhibition Building.

SUE SIMS.



"THE SCIENTISTS" AT SPORTS DAY

RESULTS

Matriculation

V. Abish	H. Malakunas
F. Armitage	R. Malakunas
L. Belletich	D. Marshall
G. Bird	K. MacKay
E: Didendowski	G. Morrish
E. Didzys	D. Rowley
D. Gunn	G. Simpson
B. Hill	M. Sims
B. Hoath	F. Stewart
T. Lo	A. Stringer

Commonwealth Scholarships

V. Abish	D. Rowley
F. Armitage	M. Sims
E. Didzys	F. Stewart
B. Hill	A. Stringer
G. Morrish	

Students who obtained honours were:

V. Abish (Exhibition)	G. Morrish
F. Armitage	K. O'Donnell
L. Belletich	D. Rowley
E. Didzys	M. Sims
B. Hill	F. Stewart
T. Lo	A. Stringer
D. Marshall	P. Taylor
K. MacKay	

Matriculation Bursaries

A. Cameron	J. Richardson
H. Shore	I. Tuck
B. Guy	I. Webb
J. Packett	

Leaving Bursaries

Y. Bakowski	D. MacLean
M. Brooks	G. Nicholas
J. Dolman	C. Pirie
B. FitzGibbon	S. Salter
W. Hughes	S. Taylor
L. Jamieson	F. Upward
J. Kinniburgh	M. Woodcock
L. Matthews	D. Wood

Shell Bursary

S. Sims

Junior Scholarships

E. Lovegrove	A. Gardiner
L. Ashford	R. Charlesworth
E. Starbuck	M. Forsythe
H. Schloetzer	A. Marks

Free Places

P. Sims	P. McGuire
D. Scott	S. Pendlebury

Intermediate Certificate

104 Pupils

Leaving Certificate

61 Pupils