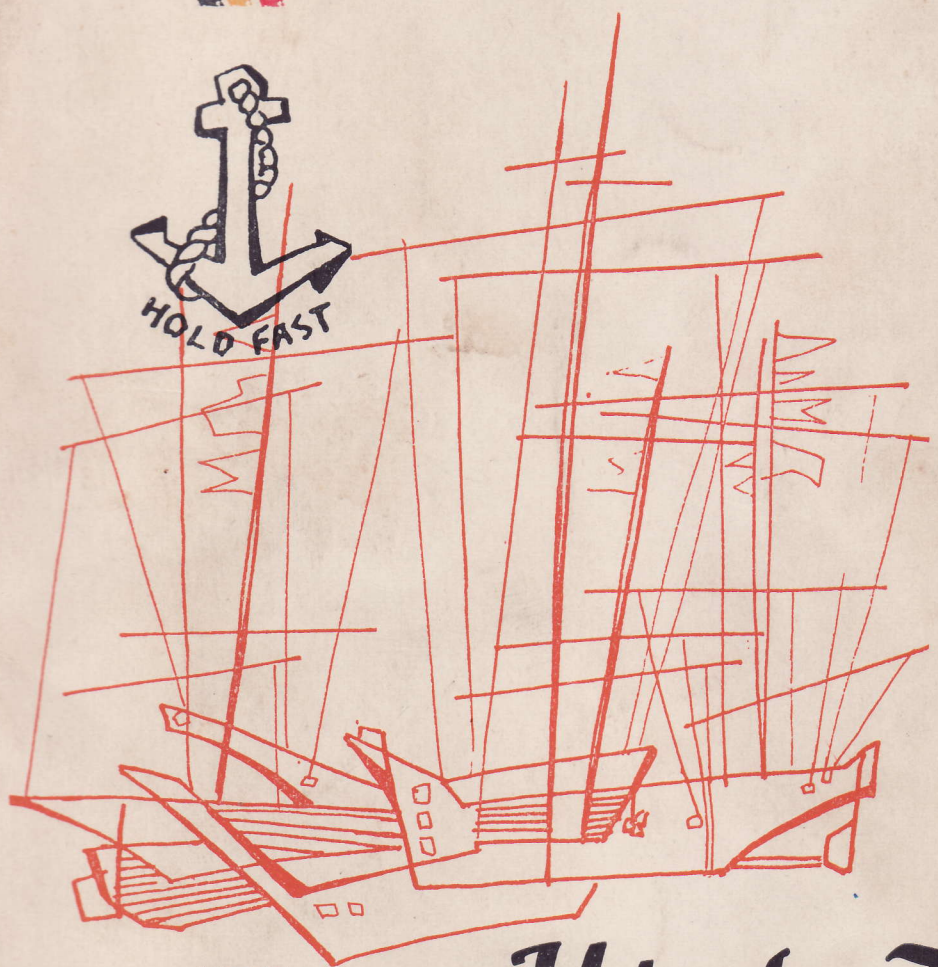
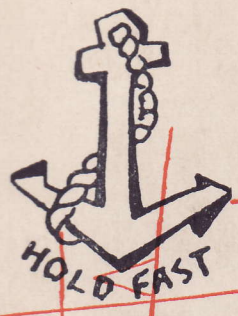


Karen Crowder

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High Tide

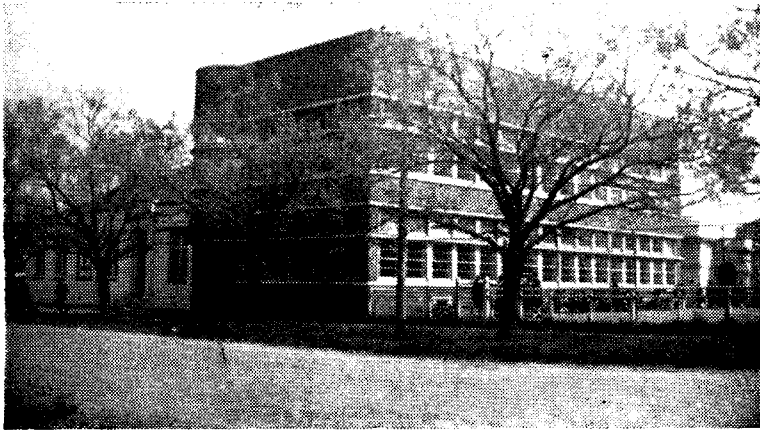
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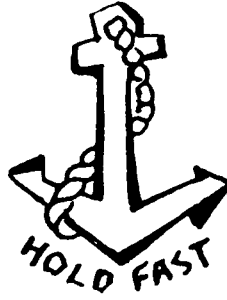


HIGHTIDE

MAGAZINE OF THE WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

- 1962 -





Editorial

ONCE AGAIN we gather flotsam from the high tide. Some of it is valuable, some the trivia that corporate life always produces.

HAVE YOU ever thought what High Tide may mean to you "forty years on"? At present it is a record, pleasant, amusing, of a year's work. As time passes it will become more, a magic mirror through which will pass the images of your "daily friends and foes", of mates far distant, of pleasures unrealised at the time. Then the trivia will often become more important than the records of school honours, more evocative of pleasant pictures than scholarships and examination success. How much more deep the pleasure if you can say, "I wrote this. I pulled my oar in the corporate vessel we call a school!" Can you say this?

THIS YEAR has been one of progress. With the ex-naval hall nearly refitted for our fullest use we can boast an historic school, and an assembly-hall equally historic. Let us see if we can "hold fast" to the examples of service and self-sacrifice of those who, before this century started, left the school to build our State, and the thousands who passed through our hall on the way to two world wars. They had no selfish thoughts, no aims other than service to their fellows. If we keep their ideals in front of us, Williamstown High School must continue on its upward path.

ONE WORD more. To our Asiatic friends who leave us this year we say "Take with you our love, our good wishes, and our thanks for your friendship and co-operation. We will not forget you."

... THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

OUR LEADERS

1962

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

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

Senior Mistress: Miss E. A. J. MAYSON, B.A., T.P.T.C.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

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STAFF

Mr. F. B. Alcorn, B.A., T.P.T.C.	Miss C. Wilmot, D.T.S.C.
Mr. C. A. Hughes, M.A., B.Ed.	Miss J. Reeves, B.A. (Hons.), Dip. Ed.
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Mr. G. Jones, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.	Miss V. Hopton, F.P.C.B.
Mr. K. S. Mackenzie, B.A., T.P.T.C.	Miss D. Page, T.S.T.C. (Arts and Crafts)
Mr. J. Bradshaw, B.A., Dip. Ed.	Mrs. E. Ebringer, B.Sc., T.S.T.C.
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Mr. J. W. Deacon	Miss B. Jones, Mus. Bac.
Mr. G. Bullen, W.T.C., C. & J.C., H.C.C.	Mrs. B. Gilbert (Librarian)
Mr. K. Knight, B.Com., Dip. Ed.	Miss D. Pittard (Cookery Centre)
Mr. T. Story, B.A., Dip.Ed. (Durham)	Mrs. O. Matthews (Secretary)
Mr. H. W. Forecast, B.A., Ed.Ed., B.Sc. (Hon.)	Miss L. East (Secretary)
Mr. G. Hird, First Class Hons.	Mrs. Boshic (Laboratory Assistant)
Mr. T. G. Collins, B.Com., Dip. Ed.	Mr. H. Grieve (Caretaker)
Mr. P. Landa, B.A.	
Mr. D. R. Henstridge, 5 Univ. Subj.	
Mr. F. J. Rutledge, T.S.T.C.	

PREFECTS

Girls: Susan Sims (Head), Jan Robinson (Vice), Barbara FitzGibbon, Lyn Jamieson, Sue Taylor, Maureen Woodcock, Christine Pirie, Marilyn Bentley, Danute Jokubauskas, Zdenka Prpic, Rhondda Holmes, Rae Moran.

Boys: Solomon Sahhar (Head), Rod Cordell (Vice), Jim Kinniburgh, Robin Rowe, Ian MacCutcheon, David Ogilvie, Frank Upward, John Punshon, John Brooker, Bruce Watt, John Malios, Doug. Knight.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Dingo: Yvonne Evans, Solomon Sahhar.
 Koala: Judith Haesler, Peter Ferne.
 Possum: Sue Cox, Jim Kinniburgh.
 Wombat: Carol Hayes, Michael Lohse.

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Sue Sims (President), Solomon Sahhar, Marion Brooks, David Ogilvie, Rhondda Holmes, Norbert Pomerin, Faye Stevenson, Douglas Conway, Jill MacIntosh, Andrew Richards, Beth. Trangmar, Ken Coates.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Barbara FitzGibbon, Sue Sims, Sue Taylor, Pat Sims, Loretta Francome, Graeme Temple, David White, Laurie Johnson, C. A. Hughes (Staff).

THE
HEADMASTER
says . . .



LINDSAY HASSETT, a former captain of the Australian Eleven, in a foreword to a book on cricket, states that "you play as you practise". He is emphasizing the importance of hard work "at the nets" and is pointing out that lack of concentration, careless strokemaking and poor footwork at practice will mean failure in matches.

This applies to you at school. The kind of men and women that you will be is being determined now. If you develop bad habits and wrong attitudes they will not miraculously change overnight. If you are satisfied with carelessly thoughtout and poorly presented work, do not think that it does not matter and that you will be able to reach the desired standard when you feel it is required. If you run away from difficulties at school and fail to meet them with determination, it is most unlikely that you will face up to all the difficulties you will meet when you leave school. If you fail to show consideration for others and are unwilling to co-operate with them then you are jeopardizing your future happiness.

Here at Williamstown High School the Advisory Council, the Parents' and Citizens' Association and the mothers who help at the canteen set the standard of service for us. They are willing to give their valuable time to help the school.

Our buildings are old and make the task of the teachers and pupils very difficult. Our traditions are great and we must see that we live up to them in all ways: scholastically, on the sports field and in everyday life.

Remember Mr. Camp's address at our combined service at the beginning of second term: "Take what you want and pay for it". If your standards are low you will pay one day. If your standards are high you are "holding fast" to those things which matter most in life.

P. H. Powell

From the Advisory Council

This is the month of July and with about half of the school year yet to be spent, the Advisory Council are happy with the progress that has been made during the period since their last report in the School Magazine.

During the month of June the Board of Inspectors paid their annual visit to the school and were interviewed by members of the council. Whilst no new requests were made for building improvements, discussion took place on all the aspects of previous requests which are now pending.

It was pleasing to receive from Mr. Moir, the Chairman of the Board, very complementary remarks concerning the school. "Although your school is not as modern as some schools in the State, it ranks in every aspect as one of the best in the State in scholastic attainment.

"The excellent and sincere work of the staff, the application of the students to their work and their behaviour in the school, in the street and in public transport, which was closely observed", was most favourably commented on.

The parents of the students have reason to be satisfied with the comments of the board concerning their children and of their school.

Following the report given by these inspectors to the department after their visit, a very complementary letter was received by the Council from the Chief Inspector of the Education Department.

The bright spot of the year was an event which grew from the visit of the inspectors in 1961, when after some helpful discussions with them, the School Council decided to invite the Chief Inspector of Schools and the Chief Architect of the Public Works Department to pay us a visit and see the property. Earlier this year these two gentlemen paid us a visit and gave the greater part of a day in seeing every aspect of the property, including the "Drill hall." It was a happy day, for Mr. Powell had invited the whole of the Council to dine with the visiting officials.

The dinner served was excellent and gave great credit to Miss McIntyre and the girls who assisted her. This "get-together" gave a rare opportunity for all present to discuss the scheme suggested by the Council for an overall rebuilding scheme to face lift the property and get rid of many outmoded aspects. Some members of the Council had gone far afield in their investigation of modernised schools and were able to present constructive ideas for local improvements. Every Council member versed his ideas to sympathetic ears.

The suggestions made were well received and the considered decisions are now the subject of the architects' drawing board. Money shortages may dim our hopes, but we have good reason to expect a marked improvement in the school appointments in the not-too-distant future.

The School Council is highly appreciative of the work the Parents' Association is doing. We know that without their great help, many of the comforts given, and the aids provided would be missed. A praiseworthy adjunct which has developed from the Parents' Association is the Canteen—a double purpose institution conveniently providing good food for the students and giving a profit return which is spent in their interests.

The voluntary aid given by the mothers must mean a sacrifice and is a commendable service, without which the school would be the poorer. Many who read these notes would find a very happy and new pleasure if they found their way to the school on the 3rd Wednesday evening in each month and shared their interest with parents in school activities. During this year we successfully canvassed many of the local industrial firms seeking donations for scholarships. As a result there will be some new awards at the end of each year.

One local firm had, prior to receiving our letter, received an award of one hundred guineas for the high quality of

their product. This handsome amount they generously gave to the school to be invested for a scholarship. We are greatly indebted for the generosity of firms who responded to our letters and as a result a useful sum of money has been invested for this purpose.

The interest of many in the school; the loyalty of the Headmaster and his staff; the industry of the students; the activities of the parents in their association; the members of the School Council in their work—all adds up to the completion of a happy and successful institution.

James C. Coe, President.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

This year commenced with the welcoming to the school of our new Senior Mistress, Miss Mayson, from Mackinnon High, who has replaced Miss Richards, now headmistress of Richmond Girls' School.

Our second "Meet the Staff" social was held in March and was enjoyed by all, particularly as we were entertained with various items presented by Miss Iris Webb, an ex-student, and her Scottish Dancing Group, several songs rendered by Mrs. Camp, and a most amusing skit on "The Geography Lesson" by three members of staff. This evening we were pleased to make the acquaintance of the eight new members of staff who have joined our school this year.

The "Teacher Relief" day held on 20th November, 1961, proved successful and will be conducted again this year. Pastor Doug. Nicholls spoke on "Australian Aborigines", Mr. Woodcock represented the National Safety Council, Mr. Boswell, from the National Museum, demonstrated the preparation of specimens. Mrs. Nothling and her attractive Labrador "Fanta", from the Guide Dog Association, told us of the training of these wonderful animals; an Olympic gymnast, Mr. Lorbach, provided an energetic session for the boys, whilst films by courtesy of Golden Fleece and a beauty care demonstration by a representative of Elizabeth Arden were given to the girls. The day concluded with the

whole school viewing a film, "Man Into Space" and listening to a very entertaining and informative talk given by Dr. D. Warren, from the Aeronautical Research Dept. To all these people we extend our grateful thanks and appreciation.

Direct giving throughout the year has enabled us to purchase further equipment for the school, including items for the wood-working centre, library books, frames for the new pictures which now greatly improve the appearance of the rooms, new curtains and bed covers for the sick bay and sundry other improvements.

Our Canteen is still manned by an enthusiastic team of mothers under the direction of Mrs. Radford, but we do need more help.

Our meetings, at which Mr. Powell and Miss Mayson are present, are on the third Wednesday of each month, at school at 7.30 p.m., and once each term we have a speaker to address us. A warm welcome is extended to any parent who may care to come along and help us help our children.

On behalf of the Parents' Association, may I take this opportunity of wishing our students, our ex-students and our staff every success and satisfaction in their work in the coming years.

G. Taylor.

STAFF NOTES

1962 has been relatively quiet in regard to staff changes. At the beginning of the year we welcomed many staff members, but fortunately the end of this year should see us with the minimum of changes.

New teachers on the staff are Miss Mayson, Mr. Lannan, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Landa, Mr. Henstridge, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Reeves and Mr. Rutledge. Unfortunately, during the course of the year, Mr. Rutledge was transferred to Charlton, to his undisguised pleasure and delight.

Congratulations are extended to Miss Page, who received promotion to Atona, Mr. Alcorn to St. Albans and Mrs. Ebringer to Glenroy.

EX-STUDENT'S REPORT

Although the Exies have been associating for more than forty years, the Committee is perpetually young. This has been made possible by the annual influx of new ex-students.

To those leaving school, the Ex-Students' Association offers the chance to keep in touch with classmates and the school, and it is very willing to assist Exies in any possible way.

Being a member of the Association requires little or no effort on your part. You pay an annual fee for voting privileges, attend monthly meetings, receive the "Anchor" and participate in social and sporting functions. For the more enthusiastic participants of the Association there are positions on the Executive Committee which are vacated annually. The Committee is responsible for social events, sporting fixtures, scholarships, publicity and publications.

At the last annual meeting, Graham Bird was elected President. Graham has been associated with the Exies for some years as a Committee member and as a star in the last revue. There was a big reshuffle in the Executive Committee and most positions are filled by the younger Exies.

Those who remember the Exie revue "Froth and Bubble" will be delighted to learn that another revue is being planned for 1963. There is a great deal of work to be done, but an enormous amount of fun to be had before it is presented. All students are invited to send scripts and to audition.

We hope that the football match arranged between the school team and an Exies' team will become an annual event. Such sporting fixtures between past and present students are beneficial to both in fostering interest in the school and in the Association, and if this meet is successful, others will be arranged.

When you leave school and think of the Ex-Students' Association, remember that it is part of the Williamstown High School scene, and as you cannot kill it, join it!

BOY PREFECTS' NOTES

And it came to pass that the Head commanded the multitude to elect the disciples. And they were filled with madness, and communed one with another what they might do. And when it was the day, he called unto him his disciples.

And of them he chose twelve, whom he also named prefects. James and David, Bruce, Ian, Jonathan and Franklin, Robin and John the son of Malios; Douglas and John called Brooker. For his wisdom, "King" Solomon leadeth these sinners, and Roderick, the one who weareth the golden locks, doth fashion them in vice.

And Soloman spake unto the prefects saying, "My beloved brethren, be not as many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation. For in many things we offend all. Henceforward, the twelve were merciful in punishment.

And it came to pass, at the Social after the first, that four St. Trinian maidens entertained the multitude. And one of the multitude arose and saith, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, doth not the fair maidens resemble our wicked prefects." And indeed they did for 'twas Cuddles Cordell, Pansy (Red Legs) Punshon, Katie Kinniburgh and Dainty David. And the multitude hearkened to the sweet song of "Let's Twisteth Once More".

And wise King Soloman layeth down the commandments for the four followers of St. Trinian, for their sins were many.

For Cuddles Cordell: Thou shalt not wear thy hair down to thy shoulders.

For Dainty David: Thou shalt not pose.

For Katie Kinniburgh: Thou shalt not drink, for Luke 7, 25, says, "Woe unto you that are full!"

For Pansy Punshon: Thou shalt wear thy spectacles in the shower, for washing oneself with a cake of mud, doth much to dirty one's body.

To the whole twelve, wise Soloman commandeth: Thou shalt not play "three goals in" through the windows of room 21.

The M.C. of this festivity was Douglas Knight, the same who preacheth, "Love thyself above all things".

—The Scribe.

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

An Eastern merchant once had a very precious pearl. So precious that a man who wanted very much to buy it had to sell all his other possessions to meet the price. The Kingdom of God is very precious, too. Remember how the first disciples gave up all their other interests and possessions for the honour of following Christ?

We have I.S.C.F. at school because we believe that fellowship between Christian scholars is very important in the spiritual life of the school. Sport and study are essential, but do not complete the life of a person. And why is spiritual life so important? Because God found our souls precious enough to die (physically) for. But our souls are not automatically safe. It is up to us to decide to be Christians.

In 1963, the maintenance of a Christian Fellowship group will be a tremendous challenge to the Christians of this school. May God bless you in this precious work.

INTER-HOUSE DEBATE

The school debates took a turn for the better this year—there was a preliminary final before the "big" day.

In the Mechanics' Institute Wombats defeated Koalas and in the Drill Hall Possums defeated Dingoes, with all teams debating "That World Sport is Benefiting International Relationships". The victorious Possums team consisted of two boys—Jim Kinniburgh and Ralph Staples, and a lone female, namely Elisabeth Starbuck, who out-talked the Dingoes team of Ute Petzold, Judith Tobin and Solomon Sahhar.

Sue Sims, Yvonne Francome and Barbara FitzGibbon, of Wombats, verbally bashed the Koalas' team—Faye Stevenson, Jenny Stang and John Granger—into submission.

Adjudicators for the respective debates were Mr. Dillon and Mr. Mackenzie. The "Big" day was held in the Drill Hall. Possums took the affirmative in the subject "That Professional Boxing should be Outlawed", whilst the negative case was presented by Wombats. Although the thought that boys are the better talkers (oops, I mean gossips) is shared by many parties in the school, it was proved on that day that girls can still out-talk them.

The adjudicator, Mr. Gordon Bryant, M.L.A. for Wills, awarded victory to Wombats, who overshadowed Possums by a very narrow margin.

PARLIAMENT OF YOUTH

For many days (one could almost say forty days and forty nights) prior to June 10th, the school was resounding with animated preparations for the Parliament of Youth—an annual event on HSV7.

Three persons, namely Sue Sims, Jim Kinniburgh and Barbara FitzGibbon, were audibly perfecting the art of debating, and a host of noisy characters deafeningly perfecting the art of . . . of interjecting. The visit of Mr. Redding came as a mental and physical blow to the aforesaid noisy ones. He repeatedly said that reactions were to be of decent—even formal language, and that facial reactions were to be suppressed to the inaudible and agonisingly expressive ones.

However, due to the untiring diligence of Mr. Mackenzie, the art of public speaking and the interjection thereof was perfected before the actual contest. We thank HSV7 for the donation to the school, and keeping in mind the successful performance on camera, for the possibility of qualifying for the donation of £100 for the four best-represented schools for 1962.

Footnote. — Congratulations are to be paid to the team for gaining a place in the final four.

A.N.A. QUIZ

One Monday evening about 7.30, a large party of students from Williamstown High School

assembled at the Talbot Hall.

It is interesting to note that the large majority of spectators, and some of the competitors, were there not to deepen their knowledge, but to do justice to the excellent supper provided.

The following are a few of the highly original answers:

Question: "What is pugilism?"

Andrew "The practice of people getting together and living alone."

Question: "What is a bassoon?"

Helena: "Oh, a monkey, of course."

Question: "In what continent is Algeria?"

Jean: "South Africa."

Question: "What does Par Avion mean?"

Barry: "Please open."

Question: "Who is the Lord Mayor of Melbourne?"

Evelyn: "The only one I can think of is Mr. Bolte (hee-hee)."

Question: "Where is Lake Wendouree?"

Faye: "Oooh! Colac—I think."

All proceedings were punctuated by Faye's muffled giggles from over the back of her chair.

Finally, after exhausting their small pool of knowledge and the supply of edibles, the geniuses (?) departed.

INTER-HOUSE CHORAL CONTEST

Once a year the twitter of birds, crashing of seats and the rather loud murmur of uninterested students is out-shouted by groups specially trained for this.

These groups do this so impressively that the rest of the school listens to them!

To acquire this high standard, they practise for a whole week—they say it improves them!

The last time this form of entertainment was held — on 20th July — the houses — Wombats, Dingoes, Possums and Koalas, competed against each other in all their splendour. Much praise went to each house for the way the older students (having louder voices) marvellously drowned out the mistakes made by the other members. This gave a surprising effect of galloping rhythm and rushed crescendos; but although

the singing seemed faultless, mistakes were actually found; e.g., too much good expression and over-accurate hitting of high notes.

The final judging found Dingoes, gaining 166 out of 200 marks, to be only slightly better than the Parker-Cup-winners-to-be, with 161. Koalas and Possums followed with 141 and 119 respectively.

This annual event caused much "off-course speculation" amongst some of the more loyal houseprotagonists—most uncommon at these functions (?).

Frank Jr.

CADET NOTES: 1962

The unit suffered a loss at the end of last year when Lieut. Egan left the school cadet unit to join the staff of Strathmore High School.

However, the unit has run very smoothly in the capable hands of Capt. Knight and Lieut. Storey and has also been blessed with the services of C.U.O.'s Snell and Sahaar, C.S.M. Ferris and Sgts. Cohen and Green.

Unit strength now stands at sixty-five able-bodied seamen . . . ere . . . I mean cadets, made up of two platoons and H.Q. staff.

The first year platoon is guided by many suggestions from C.U.O. Sahaar and his henchman, Sgt. Cohen. "Greenies" mob of second third year cadets has proved themselves to be perfect examples of cadets (???).

The Unit Q Store is run by S./Sgt. Moate and Cpl. Gibson, and has already shown a remarkable profit from this year's sales.

Highlight of term I was a weekend bivouac held in the Gembrook district. This was attended by all members of the unit. It was a great success from the point of view of Bill Ashford's "medics" who were kept busy throughout the bivouac. Instruction for No. 1 Platoon was carried out on the specialist section basis. At the same time the first-year cadets enjoyed the cold, windy, wet open-air life whilst supposedly learning field tactics.

During Term II the unit furnished an Anzac Guard which participated in

services commemorating Anzac Day. Brigadier Langley inspected the guard and in his address to the school, he praised the high standard of drill and uniform in the guard.

Camp in early August! — a cadet's dream and ambition come true. Annual camp has aroused the interest of most cadets, especially those on guard-duty who enjoy marching around the camp at ridiculous hours with unloaded rifles. At 9.30 p.m. a loud chorus is heard issuing from certain huts along the lines, with many unkind suggestions for "Sarge" as many weary bodies hit the hay.

All joking aside, the work put in by the N.C.O.'s and officers is very good to see and is rewarded by steady progress from the cadets. D.V.L.

CAMP NOTES

On 15th August 62 brave souls disembarked from buses at Puckapunyal and were about to begin the greatest adventure of their lives.

Army life.—62 sleeping beauties are gently awakened at 6.30 for parade and then a cold shower. Then followed a full day's programme of training, eating and loafing. The unit soon settled down to this schedule, which was highlighted by a bivouac.

The range day proved very popular. with most cadets and some very good shots were found among the recruits, while other recruits insisted that the targets were 15 yards away instead of 30.

Training was carried on during certain nights with the aid of training films.

The food was of a very high standard (?) — a great improvement from last year.

A visiting day was held on the Sunday and was greatly enjoyed by parents and cadets (and girl friends).

Highlight of the camp was a demonstration day. The first demonstration was a fire-power display by three Centurion tanks and two mortars. This was followed in the afternoon by a display by R.A.A.S.C.

The camp concluded on Thursday,

23rd August and although every cadet enjoyed the camp, they were glad to get back to school (??).

Many thanks to Capt. Knight and Lieut. Storey for making the camp such an outstanding success. D.V.L.

RESULTS, 1961

MATRICULATION

Anne Cameron, Danute Jokubauskas, Valerie Lane, Wendy Lewis (2nd Honours in Eng. Lit. and Mod. Hist.), Janet Packett (1st Honour in Mod. Hist. and 2nd in Eng. Lit.), Diana Padanis, Frances Palmer, Janet Richardson (2nd Honour in Geog.), Ruth Sahhar, Kay Seal, Iris Webb (2nd Honour in Geog.), Anders Blums, John Carpenter (1st Honour in Calculus and Applied Maths, Physics, Chemistry, 2nd Honour in Pure Maths.), John Colquhoun (2nd Honour in Chemistry), Michael Cronin (1st Honour in Chemistry), Maurice Dann, Bert Guy, David Johnson, Alex. Jurga, Hoe Peng Loh, Robert Neill (2nd Honour in Mod. Hist.), Jim Parkinson (2nd Honour in Physics), Alistair Pirie, John Roberts (1st Honours in Pure Maths., Calculus and Applied Maths., Physics, Chemistry), Harold Shore (2nd Honours in Mod. Hist. and Geog.), Keith Staples, Lee Tat Ping (2nd Honour in Chem.), Peter Taylor (1st Honour in Chemistry, 2nd Honour in Physics), Ian Tuck (2nd Honours in Eng. Lit. and French).

EXHIBITION

John Roberts gained a General Exhibition.

SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS

John Roberts, John Carpenter.

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS

Janet Packett, John Carpenter, John Colquhoun, John Roberts, Harold Shore, Peter Taylor.

SECONDARY STUDENTSHIPS

Ann Cameron, Janet Packett, Kay Seal, Michael Cronin, Bert Guy, Alex. Jurga, Harold Shore, Keith Staples, Ian Tuck.

MATRICULATION BURSARIES

Yvonne Bakowski, Luba Boburka, Marian Brooks, Jill Dolman, Barbara FitzGibbon, Yvonne Francome, Lynette Jamieson, Ian McCutcheon, Lawrence Matthews, David Ogilvie, Christine Pirie, Philip Sutton, Susan Taylor, Frank Upward, Maureen Woodcock, Donald Wood.

LEAVING BURSARIES

Marlene Blacker, Pauline Cant, Susan Cox, Anne Criddle, Phyllis Dalton, Carol Hayes, Diane Hodges, Rhonnda Holmes, Val. Klisenko, Rae Moran, Charely Pollard.

JUNIOR GOVERNMENT SCHOLARSHIPS

Stuart Andrews, Rodney Blacker, Melda Jakobsons, Faye Manalakaki, Milda Malakunas, Maureen Joyner, Andrew Richards, Gregory Toop.

FREE PLACES

Nola Burke, Betty Neill, Aida Rozholns.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE SCHOLARSHIP

4 years' tenure at the Massey Agricultural College, New Zealand, won by Michael Cronin. 70 qualified for School Leaving Certificate. 119 qualified for Intermediate Certificate.

HOUSE NOTES

DINGO BOYS

STOP! DANGER! Red colours ahead! DINGOES!

This year, without doubt, the house that was bubbling with enthusiasm was Dingoes. Under the leadership of Sol Sahhar (House Captain) and the assistance of Russell Cohen (Vice. capt.), Dingo House boys were able to reach great heights, coming a close second, if not first, in all major house competitions.

During the summer we were able to field a cricket team that was both talented and enthusiastic. After winning our first game against Koalas we matched our skill with Wombats. The game, although it did not quite reach Test match standard, was far more interesting and tense. During the closing stages, Dingos had to obtain 11 runs in the remaining 3 balls to win. The first ball was hit to the boundary, the second for another four runs. Now the excitement was mounting. The spectators screamed as the last ball came hurtling down the pitch. The batsman steadied. He swung his bat. Crack! The ball went along the grass straight to a fieldsman and the batsmen could only make a single run. Dingoes had been defeated by one run. However, as there are still more cricket matches, we should be able to win the cup for this sport this year.

At the Swimming Sports, Dingoes lacked the champion swimmers, but because of their team work in the relays we were able to finish a good third in the carnival. Sol Sahhar would like to take this opportunity to say "thank you" to Russell Parker for the assistance that he gave in the choosing and training of the swimmers.

Our greatest triumph this year was our success at the Choral Contest. The house was conducted by Russell Cohen and the pianist was Glen Campbell. Owing to the untiring efforts of Mr. Alcorn, our conductor and pianist, we

were able to reach near-perfection in the set song, "Going Home", and in our own choice, "Okhaloma". On the day of the contest we were favourites (as all those who saw the Prefects' notice board may have gathered). I am sorry, but the mathematical formula that was used cannot be disclosed. With all this behind us, and the true Dingo House spirit, we sang like birds and we were able to win.

Under the new scheme that was introduced this year, inter-house debating was held on a special day, the whole school attending. In this competition the Dingo debaters were Sol Sahhar, Ure Petzoid and Judith Tobin.

The subject debated was "That World Sport is Benefiting International Relationships". Although our debaters were a real credit to our house, we were narrowly defeated by Possums.

At the Athletics Carnival this year Dingos performed much better than anyone expected and we were able to obtain equal second in the final placings. The spirit, enthusiasm, and the "never-say-die" attitude that the Dingo team displayed was indeed heartening, and to all those who represented Dingoes, I say "well done".

With the coming of the Winter, Dingo boys removed the mud from their football boots, donned their red jumpers and we were able to field the strongest football team that I have seen for some years. In our first match we defeated Wombats by 4 goals 5 pts. and on our form and ability we should do well.

To all the members of staff who assisted Dingo House, especially to Mr. Alcorn, Mr. Lannan and Mr. Forecast, I would like to say a sincere "thank you".

Before finishing, I wish to remind all Dingo House of the factor that has carried us to success this year—team-work, co-operation and enthusiasm. Furthermore, let us never forget our motto this year: If a House is going to win any competition, then they have to beat Dingoes first.

VIVE LA ROUGE!

The debating team, comprised of Susan Sims, Barbara FitzGibbon and Yvonne Francome, won the debating cup. As the result indicates we had quite good speakers. Well done!

Inter-house competitions were played hard and were of a high standard. Every house was out to beat Wombats—some succeeded, some didn't (mostly the latter). The girls' senior cricket team continued on their winning way, whilst the juniors showed marked improvement during the season due to time spent at the nets after school. On the football side Wombats didn't do so well, as the team was lacking height. However, there's always a next time. Both boys and girls in all matches against opposing houses have really tried hard and are a credit to the house which they have made victorious.

I am sure that the whole house will agree that without our ever-dependable house captains, Carol Hayes and Michael Lhose, and vice - captains Yvonne Francome and Barry Coates, our numerous victories would not have been possible. These ever-reliable people who control (?) that wild mob of thug-like boys and not-so-angelic girls at house meetings, have put Wombats well on the way to being top house—not forgetting the secretaries, Barbara Fitz-Gibbon and Martin Snell, who work their fingers to the bone writing out rolls and doing other odd jobs. Each member has played his or her part in making their house, Wombats, the top house for '62.



POSSUM HOUSE CAPTAINS

Sue Cox and Jim Kinniburgh

POSSUM BOYS

Although 1962 failed to produce a marked degree of success for Possum House, they can again boast, as before, of being the most enthusiastic and loyal house of the school.

Early in the year the Swimming Sports proved to be very disappointing for Possums. However, it was pleasing to see two junior boys both gain first places. B. Dale and C. Anderson gained victories in the under 12 freestyle and under 14 breaststroke events respectively.

The athletic sports also proved to be disappointing, although the house again showed that it can accept defeat graciously. In the open section, Ken Luke and Robin Rowe were prominent in nearly all events, and Geoff Edwards showed the true Possum "fighting spirit" in the hurdles. In the under 17 880 yds., Barry Weir ran an excellent race to finish first. In the under 16 section, Robert Charlesworth and Benny Kraiten did well to uphold the Possum spirit. G. Collins, in the under 13 75 yds., gained a well-deserved first.

On the football field Possum boys showed their supremacy. Through the brilliant teamwork of all players, and the excellent play of football captain Robin Rowe, rover "Choca" Presti and follower David Boyd, the team has proved that teamwork and enthusiasm eventually triumph.

This year Possum House was led by Jim Kinniburgh, who was ably assisted by vice-captain Robin Rowe and secretary Ken Green.

POSSUM GIRLS

Although Possum House has not had outstanding success this year, the girls' sports results have made steady progress.

We were placed 4th in the Swimming Sports. However, this was not due to lack of effort or teamwork. Among our placegetters were Marion Worlida, Andrea Ellis, Elisabeth Starbuck, Karel Harris and Carole Crane.

Congratulations to Carol Waters for her splendid effort in the under 15 events, the open butterfly and 110 yards.

The Athletic Sports, held at the beginning of 2nd Term, also resulted in 4th place for the Possums. The following girls are to be congratulated on gaining places in their events—L. Simpson, E. Starbuck, V. Robson, G. Barker, C. Waters, L. Chandler, S. Jorgensen and Romita, with special mention to P. Davidson (1st in under 14 100 yds. and 75 yds.), the under 14 relay team and the under 13 crossball team.

Possum House gained yet another 4th placing in the Choral Contest. Even though we had Jim Kinniburgh as conductor and Laurie Johnson as pianist, we were unable to render the song of our own choice the "Riff song," to the satisfaction of the adjudicators, who seemed to find faults where we thought there were none.

The debate, however, did much to lift the hopes of our house. The debating team of E. Starbuck and R. Staples, led by Jim Kinniburgh, defeated Dingoes on the topic "That World Sport is Benefiting International Relationships" in one of the heats. Unfortunately we were defeated by Wombats in the final on the subject "That Professional Boxing should be Outlawed," but managed to gain second position.



KOALA HOUSE CAPTAINS
Judith Haesler and Peter Ferne

In mid-week sport Possums have held their own against other houses and after Term 1 held 2nd place in summer sport. C. Crane has captained a (so far) successful volleyball team and the tennis team is also going well. The hockey team began well, but lagged towards the end of the season.

Congratulations are due to the juniors for their fine effort throughout the year in all sporting events.

House Captain and all Possum House would like to offer special thanks to Carole Crane (vice-captain), Carol Melhuish (secretary), K. Harris, A. Tottle and the captains of all teams for the help they have given throughout this year.

Footnote: The House would like to congratulate Sue Cox, who has done an excellent job in leading and inspiring the girls.

KOALA GIRLS

Koala House began the year with great expectations.

We elected some courageous nominees to lead us to victory—resulting in Judy Haesler shouldering the responsibility of house captain, with the able assistance of the intermediate swimming and athletic champion, Sue Pendlebury (vice-captain), and Mary Wylie (recorder).

House spirit has remained high throughout the year, reaching its peak (?) during the choral contest practices, when, under the leadership of Peter Ferne and accompanied by Nola Speakman and Ann Nicholls, the house harmoniously (?) rendered "The Drinking Song" and "Goin' Home". Although we do not allege that Mr. Sutton's judgment was wrong, we are more inclined to agree with an eminent expert on Australian wild life (No! not Knight) who claims that Dingoes "howl in chorus, making a dismal noise".

Success has run with us all through the year, generally keeping two houses in front. Second only to our spectacular marching display at the athletic sports has been our yard duty efforts. Through the wide acclaim these have achieved, privileges have been extended from the headmistress and regular demonstra-

tions of our efficiency are requested every Friday.

Nevertheless, the pungent Wombat odour still exercises its peculiar power of changing many blue cup ribbons to an inferior colour. The blame must be placed on our non-progressive municipal council, for many municipalities have encouraged the destruction of wombats by paying bonus money for their heads. Well, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. How would Howard look in mayoral robes?

KOALA BOYS

Koalas have had a reasonably successful year under the capable leadership of Peter (Piablo) Ferne and Jim Sebastian ("Big Bob Johnson") Page. Our astute house master, that noted mathematician, Mr. Howard, has aided and inspired the house in many ways. Mr. Halloran, the Philosopher of Silence, has kept down, very notably, the Room 2 revolution, by issuing fitting eighteenth - century French punishments (??) to wrong-doers and potential aggressors.

The house was very confident of success this year. Until a very close defeat at the hands of another house led one jovial Geog. teacher (we have a "hate session" over him at every assembly), Mr. Howard was firmly convinced that it was "The Royal Blue in '62".

Our first hurdle was the swimming sports. That house of would-be geographers and economists scraped home to beat us. We filled second place. Those to show out were Rod Cordell, John Granger and Robert Eads.

To win the athletic sports was our next aim. Although never considered an athletic house, Koalas finished a creditable equal second. Need I tell you which house won?

Then came our favourite event of the year—the time when our melodious voices combined in perfect harmony. Under Peter's conducting we rendered "Goin' Home" and "The Drinking Song" with such a realistic effect that Mr. Howard said that he became quite

delirious and headed immediately for his favourite avenue of escape. Even with such realism, we were placed third. That other mob didn't win either. A motion has been moved and carried giving Mr. Howard complete authority next year.

Our tennis team deserves special mention. Under Robert Butterfield and Ken Addison, they have been undefeated this year. It is little wonder that their earnings comprise seven-eighths of our total points.

And so this weary old house of glory and distinction trudges on its way, reaping the golden harvest of success as it goes. We would like to thank Peter especially after his two years of captaincy, Jim and the house masters for all they have done throughout the year. And you, dear reader, may be sure that "It's the Bear in the tree for '63".

THE CHALLENGE

*Take up the bow, the arrow, the sword,
These, the weapons of olden day lords,
They with their honour, their brave deeds to
boast,
Have no fear of a challenge, whether real
or a hoax.
But they take up their bow, their arrow or
sword,
To defend what they live for --
No thought for reward.*

Kit Jackson, 2B.

ALONE

*He stands alone,
Away from his gang,
That gang of his own.
He is scared
The crowd is angry
They are not scared.
They wish to hit him
To beat him
To make him sorry for his deeds.
He steps back
They step forward
Brandishing clubs
They strike
He falls.
ALONE.*

D. Allen, 5A.

DINGO GIRLS

This year we were led by Yvonne Evans and Sue Hutchison, who made a good job of keeping down the giggling and chatter of a large group of girls and, at the same time, organising our sport.

With the new system of yard duty we have only had to repeat it on Friday as well as Monday on about two occasions. The first form girls had the biggest area to clean and have done an excellent job.

Our victory in the Choral Contest was really the only successful Dingo feat of this year. With Russel Cohen conducting and Glen Campbell accompanying, we once more finished on a high note which apparently impressed Mr. Sutton, because we came out winners.

Following our customary brilliance of achievement, we distinguished ourselves by struggling into third place in the House Swimming Sports. We succeeded in gaining second place in the House Athletics, which we felt was not to be scorned.

This year we will not be able to win the Parker Cup, but the champions in the younger forms are sure to take our house to victory in the not-too-distant future.



DINGO HOUSE CAPTAINS

Yvonne Evans and Solomon Sahhar

WOMBATS

The victorious Wombats are on another winning spree. The House's love for the water resulted in victory at the swimming sports. Congratulations go to the people who won individual or team events, or came pretty close; also to those who were age group winners.

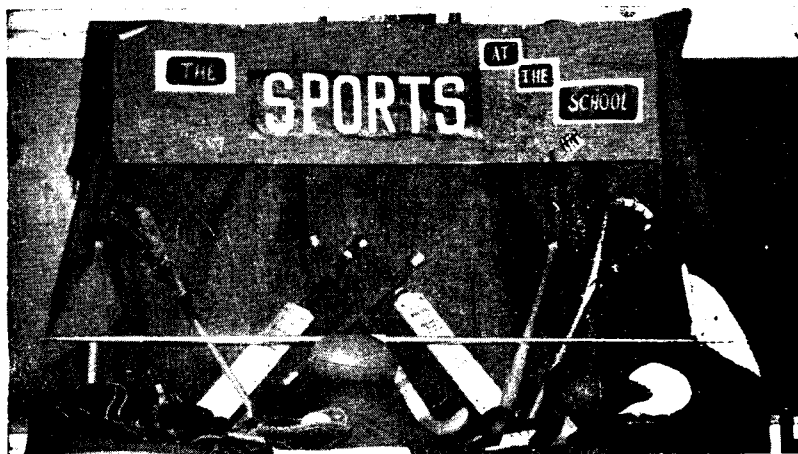
Athletics was another of the Wombats' good points and the house triumphed once more. All-round performances from all members of the house enabled the Wombats to give the victory cry at the end of the day. Congratulations once more to those who won or came close.



WOMBAT HOUSE CAPTAINS

Carol Hayes and Michael Lohse

In the Choral Contest the house opened wide their mouth, fixed their eyes on our conductor, Barry Coates, and sang with great gusto. We walked from the stands after rending (?) the set song, "Goin' Home" and our own choice, "Ghost Riders in the Sky." Up until then we were sure winners, and Mr. K. Knight wore a smile from ear to ear, but it was not to last. Mr. Sutton, the adjudicator, announced that Dingoes had a little more than us. Consequently we filled second place. Anyway, thanks to Barry and Beth Trangar, our pianist.



TENNIS (Boys)

This year was a most successful year for the tennis team, as it was able to go through the season undefeated and win the Western Division "A" Section Pennant.

The results for the season were:—

Williamstown, 2 sets 37 games d. Footscray 2 sets 25 games. Williamstown 7 sets 76 games d. St. Albans 1 set 16 games. Williamstown 4 sets 24 games d. Maribyrnong 0 sets 6 games. Williamstown 8 sets 50 games d. Sunshine 2 sets 42 games.

Also in the Social Matches held:—

Williamstown 4 sets 24 games d. Werribee 0 sets 14 games. Williamstown 4 sets 34 games d. Will. Tech. 4 sets 28 games.

Special thanks to our captain, Robert Butterfeld, and his very capable partner, Ken Addison, who were not defeated at all during the season. Their efforts inspired us on to great achievements. Special thanks also must go to our leader for the year, Mr. Mackenzie. His attitude towards his job as manager of the team was very pleasing, as he seemed really interested in our activities.

GIRLS' TENNIS

We have had a successful year, defeating Maribyrnong, St. Albans and Werribee, and losing to Footscray and Sunshine.

Our team: Jean Cameron (captain), Marilyn Horsburgh, Rhonda Murdoch, Dorothy Aldersley, Ann Cronin, Judith

Leek, Dixie Swann, Dianne Richardson, Dianne Fogarty and Lynette Thompson.

Congratulations are extended to all these players on their creditable performances during the year.

CRICKET (Girls)

The girls' cricket team reigned for the first (and probably the last) time this year.

The position of captain was filled ably by "Basher" FitzGibbon and thanks go to her for her enthusiasm in organising the team. The vice-captain was Sue (a-finger-in-every-pie) Sims (This time she got burnt.) The team played cricket (??) for seven weeks at Fawkner Park (in Melbourne and valuable assistance and advice was given by Mr. Knight and Mr. Howard.

The most spectacular injury was sustained by our wicketkeeper Patsy Sims, who disdained orthodox methods of stopping balls, preferring to catch them between her teeth. Consequent repairs were made at the Alfred Hospital, conveniently (did the organizers have a glimpse into the future?) situated over the road.

Practice at the school nets was hindered by well-manning males, but this did not retard the team's performance on Saturdays. We finished 4th in the competition, and two of the cricketers, Barbara FitzGibbon and Judy Roach, gained positions in the selected team to play against a combined country team. Fitz received a remarkable "shiner" while making top score in the combined match.

Notable comments by coaches:

1. "Tell Patsy to hit out or get out".
2. "Patsy's the most relaxed wicket-keeper I've ever seen!"
3. "Elisabeth couldn't catch anything, not even a cold!"

Bradman and Benaud.

CRICKET (Boys)

Only one game was played during the 1st term, but two or three will be played in the 3rd term.

The first inter-school game was played against Footscray Technical School at Newport. James Page was elected captain and Robin Rowe vice-captain for the year. Footscray batted first and were 8 for 83 at their closure. The bowling of "Willy" Ross (4 for 32) had the Footscray batsmen worried throughout. Others to take wickets were Page (2 for 39) and Rowe (1 for 9). Superb batting by Barry Coates (31) and Frank Upward (39) was responsible for our making 94 for 6 wickets. Robin Rowe took a great catch to dismiss Wayne Nettleton, an old boy of this school.

With Peter Hayward, Barry Whear, Graeme Caulston, Russ Aladice, Graeme Budgen and John Dalton playing well

in local competition, the school cricket team can look forward to many successful seasons.

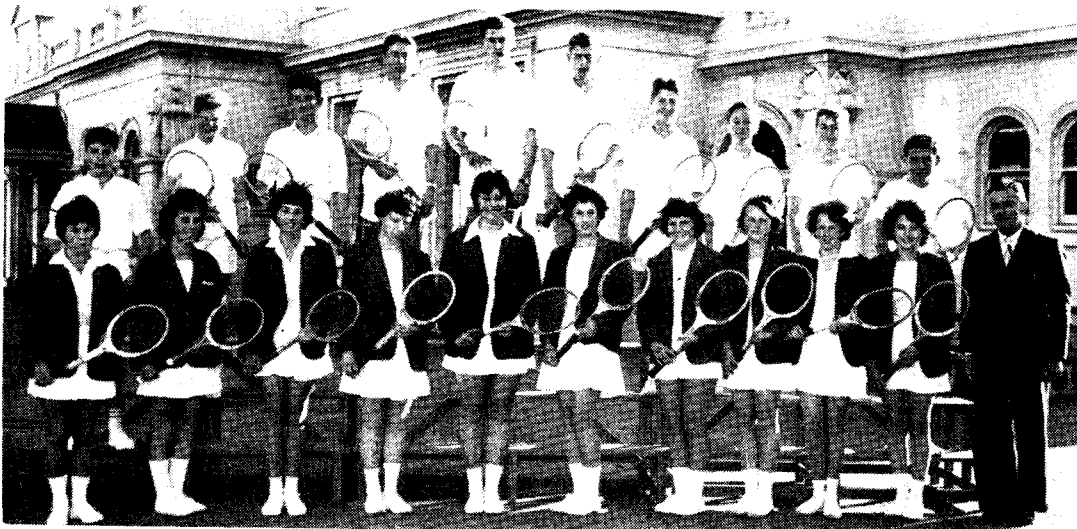
TABLE TENNIS CLUB

This is a new club whose headquarters are the Western Suburbs Table Tennis Centre in Garden St. It has 8 tables with ample room and good lighting. At the beginning of the year the 32 boys were grouped into 4 sections with 8 in each section.

In the senior No. 1 section leading players were Lawrie Matthews and Ken Parker. The senior No. 2 section was headed by Ian Diamond, who was undefeated, and closely followed by Robert Nicholls and Waddy Dobinzynski. In the Intermediate section Colin Payne and Alan Daw showed the honours. Junior champions were John Dalton and Graham Nicholls.

Following this, 4 teams were selected to play each other from the best 16 players. Teams in their final order are as follows:—

- (1) R. Nicholls (captain), T. Shaw, O. Stumbras, K. Short.
- (2) I. Diamond (captain), Waddy, J. Page, D. Bridle.
- (3) K. Parker (captain), I. McIntosh,



TENNIS TEAM

Back row (left to right): B. Whear, I. Jenkins, R. Butterfield, D. Stephenson, L. Johnson, T. Shaw, S. Andrews, K. Addison, J. Thatcher, D. Legg. Front row: D. Richardson, M. Horsburgh, D. Fogarty, J. Cameron, A. Cronin, D. Swann, J. Leek, R. Murdoch, D. Aldersley, L. Thompson, Mr. K. Mackenzie.

R. Staples, D. Ogilvie.

(4) L. Matthews (captain), P. McInney, D. Wood, MacLigudinski.

The remainder, comprised mainly of juniors, were engaged in individual matches with an occasional competition.

Among those who have improved greatly since the inauguration of the club are juniors Wayne Bridle, Terry Whittington and Sammy Saitta.

The outstanding improver in the seniors is Otto Stumbras. Others improved are Waddy Doburzyinski, Alan Daw and Doug Conway. Waddy is one of the most interesting and colourful players in the club. All over the hall you can hear his anguished cries and sudden bursts of laughter telling you how he is going. Among the many suggestions of restraining his audible and facial expressions are a muzzle and a mask.

Over all the table tennis club has given to these boys an enjoyable afternoon each week and at the end of the year we will be looking forward to a match with the teachers, then introducing table tennis as a sport next year.

LACROSSE

Premiers, 1962. Captain: Rod (Mary) Cordell, Russell (Rus) Parker, Ian (Maka) McIntosh, Kasper (Kas) Scheppers — 6th Form; Norm (Simo) Simmons, Jeff (Joffa) Ferris, Yopie (Dopie Yopie) Bruens, Bill (Bird Brain) Cambridge—5th form; Murray (Gus) Garnsworthy, Howard (Skinny) Parker; Ken (Sealy)



W.H.S. v. M.H.S.

Seal — 4th; Andrew (Hick) Richards.

The above is the great Premiership Lacrosse side, but what is the lacrosse team's future? Most of the team is above 4th Form, and next year—well, what of next year? Who will carry on the honour the lacrosse team has bestowed upon the school? What other team will carry on the winning of premierships for Williamstown High? Let's think about these facts!

Our great display of up and coming talent, such as Junior Andrew (Hick) Richards (3rd Form), certainly presents a bright future for our lacrosse team. Congratulations, Andrew, for a good season. You should make a good "lacrosse team" next year.

But despite all these great disadvantages we still have managed to produce such fine records as 5 out of the 7 premierships played. What a record! I would hate to see the footballers' record, "those softies".

Before closing we must congratulate the victorious tech. school team on beating (?) half of our team in splendid fashion. This seems to have been a fact overlooked.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Hughes (Greybeard) for his keen interest, and for the great assistance he has given our side throughout this season. Without his help I feel sure we would not have been so successful.

J.F. and Assistants.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Williamstown, captained by David Lyons and Paul Hayward, have had a most unsuccessful season, due mainly to the lack of big players, who invariably have a great influence on the game.

But with a little bit of confidence and the experience we have gained, we should do better in the future.

W.H.S. v. Williamstown Technical School: W.H.S. 5.6, W.T.S., 8.7. Best players: Cocks, Bridle, Howe, Sonaghan, Coates.

W.H.S. v. St. Albans: W.H.S. 6.5,

S.A., 7.4. Best players: Cocks, Bridle, Coates, Collins, Todorovic.

W.H.S. v. Maribyrnong: W.H.S. 3.3, M., 9.7. Best players: Cocks, Bridle, Rickey, Viney, Allardice, How.

W.H.S. v. Sunshine: W.H.S. 9.10, S. 7.6. Best players: Lyons, Allardice, Collins, Coates.

W.H.S. v. Werribee: Scores mislaid intentionally. Best players: Hayward, Lyons, Cocks, Bridle, Viney, Paine.

1st XVIII FOOTBALL

First Match.

The first game was played against Strathmore High School.

1st Quarter.

Williamstown kicked into the wind. The "Town" backmen, led by "Bozo" Parker and Manalakakas, kept out the opposition.

2nd Quarter.

Through playing the wrong flank we were only 1 point ahead at half-time.

3rd Quarter.

Strathmore added 4.3-27, but Rowe kicked two quick goals (one from a brilliant mark) to relieve the position.

4th Quarter.

Williamstown, combining well, ran out winners.

Highlights were: Rowe's 3rd quarter, Henstridge's one-handed mark in Strathmore's goalmouth.

WILLIAMSTOWN 8.8—56 defeated STRATHMORE, 7.7—49.

Best Players: Hewitt, Manalakakas, Ross, Presti. Goal Kickers: Page, 3; Rowe, 2; Simpson, 2; Hewitt, 1.

Second Match.

Williamstown found Footscray High far too good on the day. Ken Luke's brilliant ruckwork was ruined by Footscray's rovers, who didn't need a compass to find the goals.

Our Highlights Were: Ken Luke's ruckwork, T. Hanks' mark in a big pack, Bill Ross's attempts to instill teamwork, Charlie Presti's great running goal. Footscray, 8.7—55 defeated Williamstown, 2.5—17.

Best: Luke, Ross, Brooker. Goals: Presti, Page.

Third Match.

Williamstown convincingly defeated St. Albans, 10.10—70 to 6.6—42. Ron



FOOTBALL — SECONDS

Back row: K. Jacobs, S. Sahhar, D. Simpson, P. Ferne, I. Hood, L. Matthews, D. Wylie, J. Bliss.
Middle row: T. Adamopoulo, G. Budgeon, M. Hill, G. Edwards, K. Green, J. Kinna burgh, C. Angourious, P. Haywood.
Front row: W. Draisey, J. Diegan, R. Luke, R. Green, R. Cohen (Captain), J. Weedon, R. Williams, P. McGowan. Mr. J. Howard (coach).

Branton's umpiring was excellent. Williamstown's first quarter was a beauty. We kicked 5.2 to 2 points. David Ogilvie (captain), Bill Ross and Merv Rattray were outstanding.

Our Highlights Were: Brilliant teamwork, Parker's kicking out, Page's one-handed mark.

Best Players: Ross, Parker, Page, Ogilvie, Rattray, Presti. Goals: Brooker, 2; Ross, 2; Bridle, 2; Ogilvie, J. Gran, Presti, Page.

Fourth Match.

Williamstown, 11.17—83 defeated Maribyrnong 10.14—74.

In a hard-bumping game Williamstown played in spasmodic bursts, and it was two of these bursts that brought victory. The first was in the first quarter, when John Granger, Ross and Rattray relentlessly drove long kicks to the goal mouth. The second and main burst was in the last quarter, when the half-forward line, J. Granger, Diamond and P. Granger, got well on top and their combination with "Willy" Ross and "Choca" Presti resulted in goals. There were 10 "posters" in the game. Surely a record!

Best Players: Rattray (20 kicks), Ross (22 kicks), John Granger, Presti, Diamond. Goalkickers: Ross 4, John Granger 4, Presti 2, Bridle.

Fifth Match.

Williamstown 8.8—56 defeated Sunshine High 7.7—49. Williamstown, due to patchy forward play and a losing backline, were 2 goals down at quarter time. Although Ross (2) and Page (1) added goals, Sunshine remained in front at half-time. The two ankle "crocks", Luke and Punchon, were dominating the ruck, and Ross, Presti and Boyd were doing well around the packs.

Going to the last quarter, "Town" were 2 goals down. A succession of long kicks from Rowe and vital goals to John Granger, Ross and Presti enabled us to gain victory.

Best: Rowe, Ross, Boyd. Gols: Ross, 3; J. Granger, 2; Presti, Diamond, Page.

SUMMING UP

This year's team has only lost one game up to this stage. The 1956 team, which included Baxter, Beamish, Hobbs (Footscray) and Taube, Russell, Parker

(Williamstown) also lost one game. It will be interesting to see if any of this year's team go places in higher football.

This year's team was captained by David Ogilvie, with his deputy "Hooter" Page. The team was coached by Mr. Knight, whose enthusiasm and inspiring speeches played a big part in the team's success. Mr. Deacon and Andrew Burbridge (statistician) also aided the team in many ways throughout the year.

A Spectator

BASEBALL

Due to the lack of seasoned players this year, we were forced to field a young and inexperienced side to play baseball for the school.

We won only one of the four games played and finished second last on the ladder. Our captain this year was S. Sahhar, while C. Packett was vice-captain. Our best players for the year were N. McLeod, who pitched well, and J. Sahhar, who did well in both batting and fielding. Next year the baseball side hopes to go on to better things.

Results. — Williamstown 9 v St. Albans 0; Williamstown 1 v Footscray 29; Williamstown 3 v Maribyrnong 9; Williamstown 0 v Sunshine 33

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

This year we have been ably led by Miss Littlehales. During the second term, we played a softball match against the boys, who won by a narrow margin. This was the highlight of the season.

Throughout the last term our accomplishments amount to—well, the less said the better. We are supposed to train regularly, but few get around to doing worthwhile "muscle building" after the lazy members have told their weekly jokes. Sometimes some keen member brings down a discus to "play" with. Or if there are some small boys playing football, we persuade them to give it to us (with the help of a little force) and kick it around.

But, overall, you couldn't say that the Thursday afternoon athletic club has done no training.

Glad Soup.



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back row: T. Turner, C. Harris, Z. Prpic, M. Woodcock, C. Pirie. Front Row: C. Hayes, Y. Francome, C. Pollard, C. Crane, G. Bailey, S. Sims, M. Blacker, P. Sims, B. Fitzgibbon.



LACROSSE TEAM

Back row: N. Simons, J. Ferris, I. MacIntosh. Front row: M. Garnsworthy, K. Seal, R. Parker, B. Cambridge, R. Cordell (Captain), H. Parker, K. Scheppers, Y. Bruin, A. Richards.

HOCKEY (Boys)

We had a most eventful year under the expert guidance of Jack and Harry who, due to our constant encounter on the playing field, became intimately well known to us.

The team was captained by Bill Ashford and was ably supported by Bruce Watt. Under their expert guidance the team only lost two matches during the eventful season (the first two) and has remained undefeated since. The best players for the season were: Bill Ashford, Bruce Watt, Alastair Gibson, Ken Moate, Bill Balcombe, Lim Chor Piang, John Toomey, Mac, John Hayes, Pano and John Broadfort, who are to be commended for their ability and enthusiasm.

Cyclops.

HOCKEY (Girls)

We started the season rather poorly because we didn't have anyone to coach us.

This was a serious problem, as the majority of the girls in the team were inexperienced in the actual art of playing hockey and even more inexperienced in the rules and regulations of the game.

It is composed of a group of keen and conscientious triers, who have and will uphold the glory of W.H.S.

There were few changes in the team, but one was necessary as Christine Pirie received a bad hit on the leg and complications set in, and thus put her out of the team.

Our first match was against Footscray High. We played away. It was an interesting, but very hard game. We managed to win with a score of 3-0.

The second match was played at home against St. Albans. We won again 3-0.

The next match was at home against Maribyrnong and we managed to win again 2-0.

The final match was of great importance to us, as we had been told that we had a chance to win the Hockey Premiership for 1962. We went out on to the field with the will to win and, after a very hard game, we won again. We had only 1 goal scored against us for the season.

We won the Hockey Premiership for the Western Division.

Carole Crane (capt.) would like to thank the girls for putting their sticks to it and doing a fine job for season 1962.

BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

At the beginning of the season we had hoped to win every game. Footscray High dashed our hopes by beating us 2 sets to nil.



GRAND FINAL

The next match was against St. Albans, who won the premiership. They beat us 2 sets to nil. We were at home to Maribyrnong in the third match, which was played in the drill hall. They again beat us 2 sets to nil. We had now lost 3 games in a row. The last game was against Sunshine. We again lost 2 sets to nil. This ended the inter-school matches, and we had collected the "wooden spoon". The last match was a social match against Werribee High. We wanted to win the last game of the year, but this was not to be, as they beat us 2 sets to nil. This season was not the most successful for the Williamstown High School volleyball team.

SOFTBALL

In general the standard of play has improved greatly this year.

We had four teams in the Western Division competitions, and these met with a fair degree of success—probably the most successful being the second senior team, which is a sound and steady combination of talent and good looks, drawn mainly from Form 4C. Could the influence of that noted exponent of the great American game be

a factor here? Much of our talent has come from new players, in particular Carole Waters, Lorraine Simpson (who later deserted us for basketball) and Lesley Williams. We had our share (or more than our share) of injuries, with three good pitchers for the first team out of action at one time. Star players were—to name only a few—Carole Waters, Val Kent, Julie Jobson, Jill McIntosh, Helen Sturrock, Lexley Williams, Joy Battye, and Jan Robinson, and Judy Haesler when not injured.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

The basketball teams this year have been keen and enthusiastic, even though we have not been as successful as last year.

On the whole the girls are younger than last year, and the team this year is Yvonne Evans, Lorraine Simpson, Sue Pendlebury, Barbara Stokes, Cherie de Rose, Glenys Barker and Lyn Jamieson (captain).

The second team is Sue Cox, Elizabeth Starbuck, Pauline Cant, Vivien McDonald, Elaine Hyde, Marilyn Nisbet, Judy Viney, Lyn Roberts.

Both teams really appreciate the way Miss Littlehales has given so much of



1ST BASKETBALL TEAM

Lyn Jamieson, Lorraine Simpson, Sue Pendlebury, Marion Brooks, Barbara Stokes, Yvonne Evans, Marilyn Nisbet, Glenys Barker. Coach: Miss E. Littlehales.

her time to coach us and give us the practice we need.

Our first match was against Footscray High School, which the firsts lost, 20-24, and the seconds won, 20-16. This defeat made the first team determined to practice hard and win the next match, which we did a fortnight later, when we played St. Albans, the score being 45-6 to the firsts, and the second team defeating St. Albans 20-12.

Our next match was against Maribyrnong High School, in which both teams were defeated. The first team lost 25-26, the seconds 22-25. The following week, when we played Sunshine

High School, both teams were more successful.

On August 22nd we went to visit Werribee High School, and after defeating them at basketball, we were billeted out to tea, returning for their school social in the evening. This visit was greatly enjoyed by all. Three of our four teams were successful against Werribee.

In the future we hope to play Williamstown Girls' School, so the results of this match are yet to be seen.

Lyn Jamieson.

Miss Littlehales' comment.—As has



GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM

Left to right: J. Haesler, J. Robinson, M. Rhys-Jones, J. MacRae, C. Rodger, C. Waters, M. Wylie, L. Edoleston, S. Holmes, H. Donlen, D. Morrish.



2ND BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to right: Nola Speakman, Lyn Roberts, Pauline Cant, Judy Viney, Vivien Macdonald, Sue Cox (captain), Elizabeth Starbuck, Elaine Hyde, Fay Manalakakis. Coach: Miss E. Littlehales.

been said above, our two Senior teams did not have such a successful year this time, but I feel that next year—with the experience gained this year—our team should once again be top winning sides. Girls who have played consistently throughout the season are Lyn Jamieson

and Cherie de Rose in the first team, and Sue Cox and Elizabeth Starbuck in the second. One very pleasing feature is that at all times every member of the teams put everything they had into the games. Here's hoping for a terrific run next year, 1963!



GIRLS' FIRST XI CRICKET

Back row (left to right): Marion Brooks, Sue Taylor, Zdenka Prpic. Front row: Mr. K. Knight (coach), Judy Roach, Elisabeth Starbuck, Glenys Bailey, Barbara Fitzgibbon (captain), Sue Sims (vice-captain), Melda Jekabsons, Marlene Blacker, Pat Sims, Mr. J. Howard (coach).

THE CHALLENGE

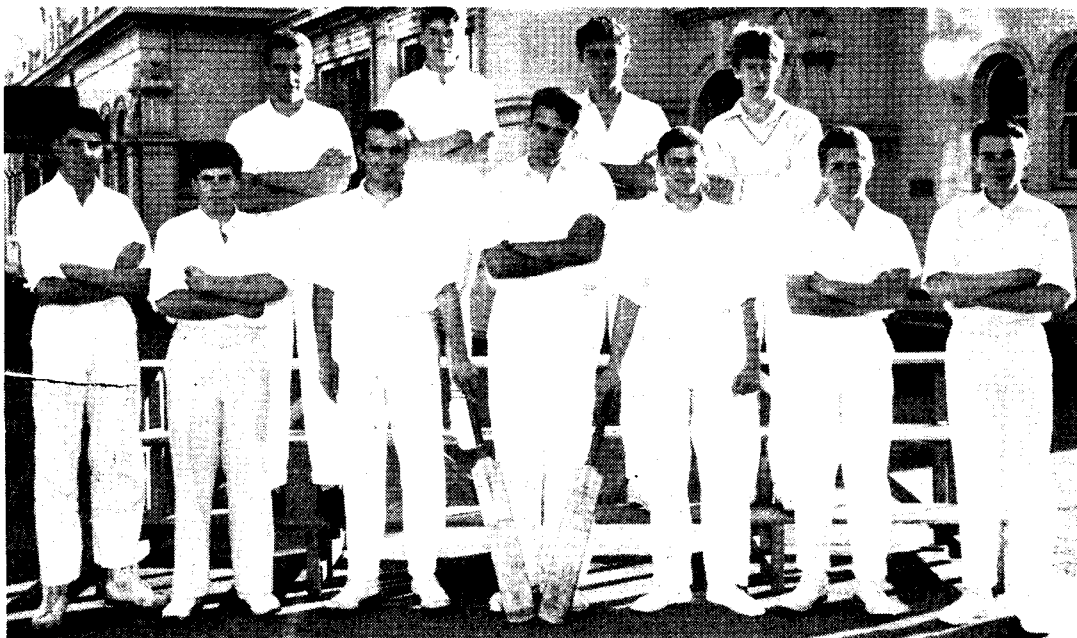
*The challenge was made,
The arrow had flown,
Till over the heavens
It made its way home.
The challenge — accepted,
The arrow — returned,
A quest began,
The flags unfurled.
A challenge was fought —
A challenge was won,
Close in succession
The battles were run.
Always to remember,
Forever avenge,
Eternal fulfilness
Forever — a challenge.*

G. Ashford, 2B.

THE ARTIST

*The city is silent,
The road is dark
The lights in the tavern are stilled
Now night is here
Now you awake
Now you begin to live.
Watch with the stars
That heavenly night
Paint with the stars,
Until your small world is reborn.
Only the night-bird flies over you still.
Only the wind for companion,
Only you, and the stars and beauty forever
Is your own chosen fate.
Only an idealist alone in a world
Black, sordid and bare
Only a glow in a roof full of darkness
That is you, and you will forever be there.*

Milda Malekunes, 3A.



1ST ELEVEN CRICKET

Back row: B. Ross, B. Whear, G. Coulston, J. Ferris. Front row: G. Budgeon, B. Coates, J. Kinna-
burgh, J. Page (Captain), R. Rowe (vice-captain), F. Upward, P. Heyward.



BASEBALL TEAM

Back row: R. Anderson, C. Murphy, R. Wicker, R. Blacker.
Front row: Mr. G. Jones, D. Allen, C. Packett, S. Saahar, N. McLeod, L. Flower, J. Saahar.

FORM NOTES

1A

Our form is Form 1A. The form teacher is Miss Forbes, who is also our history teacher. All the pupils like Miss Forbes, as she is very understanding.

The form captains are J. Allsop (girls) and B. Hewit (boys). Our form room is Room 7. In the form there are 46 pupils—28 girls and 18 boys. Generally speaking, the pupils are well behaved and get along together reasonably well, excepting for house rivalry, particularly at the time of the house sports.

During the previous exams the three top pupils were D. Hyde, G. Lewis and G. Criddle. During second term some of the girls worked very hard keeping the room neat and tidy, and at the end of the term were rewarded by winning the vase for the best room. A few of the boys are in the school football team, but there are no girls in the basketball teams. In later years the pupils will remember the events that have taken place in Form 1A during 1962.

Jacqueline Allsop.

1B

Our Form is 1B and is a very happy form. Our form captains are Mary Scordidis and Paul Matthews, and our vice-captains Lyn Bell and George Boburka.

Our Social Service representatives are Susan Troon and Graeme Meecham.

Our form teacher is Mr. Bullen and our form room is Room 20.

Every fortnight we have four different monitors, two for the lunches, one to do the dusting and one to look after the flowers.

In the form there are 27 girls and 17 boys.

Annis.

1C

Our bright and cheerful (and hot) form room is Room 22, and our form is usually much the same, due to our form teacher, Miss Jones.

In the early part of the year, this room was also the home of a mouse, but the rodent has not dared show his face since he was chased out by our eager form captain, John Dalton, and vice-captain, Con Nicola. We think they must be rather good at chasing things, because both are in the football team. Other football stars are Alan Hurst, Jeff Jarrod and Michael Buckley.

The girls are kept in firm check by our capable form captain, Ria Scheppers and vice-captain, Isminie Kagara, who both take their jobs seriously, as they should.

Our room has been made more cheerful by the addition (at fantastic expense) of real, live plants and a large vase of artistically arranged artificial flowers, as well as some attractive covers for the piano top, pedestal and a cushion for the chair. Due to an unnatural amount of dust, our efforts usually go unnoticed despite the fact that we sweep and dust the room out every morning.

However, we have had a rather successful year so far, with many good exam results, generous social service contributions (sacrifices made were greatly encouraged by S.S. girl, Winnie-Jo Lissenburg) and we hope to continue the year in the same way under the inspired guidance of our form teacher, who watches us all with an eagle eye to see that we keep to the "straight and narrow."

1D

Form 1D is, I am sure, the best form. Mr. Hird, our form teacher also the mathematics teacher for the four form ones, is very strict in the classroom, but outside he is very friendly.

There are 49 pupils in my form, 19 of whom are boys and 30 of whom are girls, and last term John Lambrianow came first, Marian Lees second and Lois Moran third. This term Marian came first, John second, and Lois came equal third with myself.

Our Form Captains are Savo Dragojli and Rosemary O'Sullivan. Our vice-captains are Jeffrey Collins and Marian Wouda. The room monitors are Marion Lloyd and Kay Bartlett. The flower monitor is Margaret McInroy and the blackboard monitors are Lynda Trainor and myself.

The other teachers, besides Mr. Hird, are: Miss Reeves (English), Miss Jones (History and Music), Miss McIntire (Needlework), Mr. Landa (French), Mr. Collins (Geography), Mr. Lannen (Science), Mr. Rutledge (Art).

BEVERLY FOOTE.

2A

Form 2A has had a good year, for both learning and fun, with the minimum of trouble.

At the end of term 2 we had a very successful inter-form debate, the topic of which was that Capital Punishment should be enforced. We were represented by C. Copland, J. Charlesworth, H. Hayden and C. Styles. All of our speakers did their best, but we were defeated by the members of 2C, who strongly opposed the abolition of capital punishment. Everybody seemed to enjoy the afternoon and we are awaiting the chance for our speakers to compete against 2C once more. Through the year our captains—Colin and Lyn—have tried to maintain the high standard of 2A. Miss Littlehales, our form-mistress, has attempted to keep us in order (believe us, it was hard!). We were very relieved when the few members of our form in the Cadet Corps went away to camp. Our form was well represented on the Werribee trip, and those who went thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We all hope to go up next year, and the majority of the form have a very good chance of doing so.

Representatives of Form 2A.

2B

Form 2B has achieved the same remarkable standard of mischievousness as in previous times, ever keeping up our incredible reputation. But, in the

eyes of our form master (none other than Mr. Deacon), we retain that same angelic status, referring to that which "pulls us through" all our wrongdoings (?).

To give some idea of how we keep this impression: Mr. Collins and the Room 11 blackboard have met with many violent disagreements, indeed, planned mishaps. Much to the dismay of our (again) angelic boys, and Mr. Collins' favourite student, Sir James.

Our three cadets have made a disconcerted librarian think of elephants, perhaps? E.g. Three pairs of squeaky boots can make quite a racket in the somewhat noiseless (?) library. Another believer in our apparent haloes is Miss Jones. Music lessons are much enjoyed (?) and thoroughly entered into—intelligent musicians all. However, we are partly consoled with English lessons, that is, whenever we have "fun time".

The boy members of the form have proved themselves worthy (?) sportsmen, which adds a little to our wondrous prestige.

Reliable, efficient S.S. monitors who make a pleasure of emptying pockets have strained their intelligence and ingenuity to the utmost throughout the year (!!!?)

Lyndall and David, our (notable) captains have kept up the true tradition of our "noble" form. 2B appreciates their "heartfelt" efforts.

All thanks due to form teacher, Mr. Deacon, who is perpetually taming our most spirited and unrewarding (for sure) Form 2B. Thanks again, Mr. Deacon.

Two 2B-ites.

2C

This year our form, 2C, is very lucky to have such a fine form teacher as Mrs. Ebringer. Our captains, Pam and Alan, have given her a great deal of help, but our vices, Glenys and Ron, are quite the opposite! (Not really.)

2C is not very large but we have quite a few athletes in the form. Room 14 is our form room and from there we can see most parts of the school.

Our room is not very easy to keep clean, but we have managed quite well, owing to the efforts of two or three reliable girls.

The social service monitors, Murray Cameron and Marilyn Chich, have done a great job in extorting money from us, and they seem to collect quite a large amount each day.

It has been great fun working with Mrs. Ebringer this year, and we are very grateful for her help.

SPIDER WEBB.

2D

"2D or not 2D?" This is the question that many teachers ask themselves. "Is it a form or is it a teacher's nightmare?"

2D is not the best behaved form in the school (but, then again, it is not the worst). Our form teacher is Mr. Landa, who is also our French teacher. The form captains are John Fox and David Hutchison.

We have a form basketball team, of which Adrienne Tuck is the captain. There are two sides to Adrienne, the day side and the Knight side. On 13th September, 2C were literally thrashed by 2D in a basketball match. The scores were 17 to 1.

Christine Jansen is our Social Service monitor. We often get a mention in General Assembly because of our low weekly total. One of the most eagerly awaited periods of the week comes on Friday morning — the girls' "Cookery Class" where every girl has a chance to eat her own mistakes, but has the week end to recover.

J.S. and J.D.

3A

Heading—"Don't Read This!"

Alright, I know the title is tempting but, believe me, if you intend reading this article in order to find out something worthwhile about captains, teachers, dusting, lunch, board, cleaning, social service and talking monitors, you will be sadly disappointed. I strongly advise you to stop reading now! Stop!

Still with me? Tres bien. Be patient and you will be rewarded with some beautiful literature. As you are just bursting with eagerness, I will give the low-down on 3A.

FORM—3A (we think . . .)

ROOM—18.

FAVOURITE SUBJECT — French.
Nous parlons Francais comme les vaches espagnols.

DESCRIPTION OF FORM — Wonderful! terrific! magnificent! fantastic! etc., etc. . . .

DESCRIPTION OF FORM ROOM — Well . . .

After Monsieur Forecast's many pleas for "foliage" we were able to find some of that beautiful green stuff (no, not money!) to adorn the walls of our room. This, we found, won us much fame throughout the school.

Our very reputable name throughout the school (future matrics., standard setters, academic form, etc., etc.) was attributed to our very intelligent, capable, competent, well-behaved form captains — Nola "Basher" Burke: "Why can't David to the job?" and David "Just from Papua" Allen: "Huh? I got the envelopes last time!" and, of course, our form teacher, Monsier "Bonjour Mes eleves" Forecast: "What are 3A up to now?"

Speaking of our form, a well-known female personality, appropriately named "Hairdo" Helen, enlightened us in form assembly one day: "It's not old age, it's grey spray!"

Of course we are very artistically inclined, so we especially appreciated those three masterpiece paintings that we received in the middle of the year. One of them, a certain "Van Gogh", is now being put to good use as a mirror. (Vanity is a curse!)

But we are getting away from the subjects of our form, and our teachers!

The people lucky enough to be selected as our teachers were:—

MATHS: Mr. "Beauty of Maths" Howard: "Helen, old girl, logarithms are mechanical!"

SCIENCE: Mr. "Beam Balance" Lanan: "I didn't think it would explode!" (The latter is privileged to be our geography teacher.)

ART: Miss "Egyptian" Wilmot.—We can never forget the first term exam. papers.

FRENCH: Mr. "Rough Translation" Forecast.—Great fan of T.V. ("Chez les Dupre").

Mr. "Traveller" Lannan.—He's been everywhere, man!

HISTORY: Mr. "Revolutionary" Alcorn: "Pasteur did not found New York!"

MUSIC: Miss "Record" Jones: "Claudio Monteverdi was the genius of early opera."

Miss "Essay" Forbes.—Such interesting topics!

So you probably begin to get an idea about what kind of form we are. In fact, you probably know so much that you're bored stiff. O.K.! I admit this isn't very well written and you can say:

"What a waste of time reading it!"

BUT, try to think of me, as a representative of our form, slaving away, bent over a desk, writing in a dimly-lit room, getting writer's cramp, and wasting hours of precious time writing these notes. I hope it's of some consolation to you.

Milda Malakunas.

3B

Under the "dictatorship" of Mr. Rutledge, 3B have been converted from a mob of barbarians to human beings (haha) except for L.M.

Usually form elections are carried out in the traditional W.H.S. spirit, but this year strong doubts as to whether this spirit was predominant during Form 3B's election were formed in the minds of many.

Finally Jennifer and Arthur were appointed. Vice-captains are Gillian Trotter and Laurence Dhuring. Other people responsible for the running of 3B are Jennifer Rodger—tax collector, Terry Williams — board monitor, and Rod (Skilton) Williams, as football newsman.

Russell Goonan (all 4 ft. of him) is the form mascot. Ronnie Anderson's laugh can be heard for miles and his grin "wows" the girls.

A typical day in 3B.—Period 1: Eng-

lish—Mrs. Lawson. "Did anyone do their homework, John?"

Period 2: Maths.—Mr. Howard. "Are you talking again, Leonie?" "Oh no, definitely not"(?)

Period 3: Science — Mr. Jones. "You're made, Luke".

Period 4: Art—Mr. Rutledge. "Tell me the joke, girls".

Period 5: French—Mr. Halloran. "Is that a Scotch accent I hear?"

Period 6: History — Miss Reeves. "Columbus did not discover England, Angela".

Period 7: Geography—Miss Reeves. "Go and report to Mr. Dillon, David".

Period 8: P.T.—Girls: "Anyone lose their P.T. uniform?" Boys: "Did anyone bring their P.T. equipment?"

Finally the 4 o'clock bell goes. There is a mad rush and Goonan is left trampled in the dust.

Arthur, Terry, Malcolm.

3C

That brilliant mathematician, Mr. Henstridge, has been given the highly honourable (?) task of being form teacher to perhaps the most intelligent (?) (we excell. in maths, only half the form failed last terms); obedient (?), enthusiastic (?) and generous (?) form in the school.

Our form captains, Barbara Stokes and Fred Jarrad, are two of the most enthusiastic (?) form captains to be found in the school! (If one notices the cloud of dust hovering over the school, it will most likely be Barbara or Fred, depending upon who is the faster runner, taking the lead for the nearest refuge.) Our industrious (?) vice-captains are Janice Price and Con Joanidis.

It is easy to admire the brave front that our social service monitor, Ann Digby, possesses. The light tin, which psychologically must burden her, is a sure indication of 3C's daily generosity.

A small band of girls can be observed entering the room 13 fortress after school on Mondays and Fridays. This hardy bunch, under Mr. Bradshaw's unparalleled guidance hope to create a

record later in the year. All are doubtful about their ability, but I'm sure that one modest personality has an even chance of achieving this goal.

A persuasive talk by Barbara succeeded in draining enough money from the almost perpetually empty-pocketed misers to buy a dozen artificial flowers for our form room, room 10.

Our wide awake attitude and ability for swift working is particularly noticeable and remarked upon by a certain English teacher.

Generally, however, teachers and pupils, even Mr. Bradshaw's little bunch of "fatheads", appear to get along quite well.

On the present standard of work, next year should see the same fun-loving, happy group of pupils re-entering under the title of 3C.

"ANONYMOUS"
(for reasons obvious).

3D

This year has been most successful (?). Form captains Kevin (the Enforcer) and Marge, have helped Miss Page in every way.

Pano Sarantis has tried to force us to "fork out" unsuccessfully. So, as 1962 sinks into the dusk, we say: "Good-bye".

Form Teacher: Miss Page. Captains: Kevin Jacobs, Margery Watson. Vice-captains, Gwen Teal, William Smith.

4A

It all began in the senior art room, when, due to too successful results as S.S. monitor in the previous year, Elisabeth was demoted to the lowly position of form captain.

A similar fate was thrust upon Andrew, because of his eager election campaigning. Loretta and Barry, in the auspicious (?) absence of the aforementioned, attempt the impossible task of controlling the peaceful (?) conversation.

Faye's persuasive power and Nola's stand-over tactics led to their election (?) as the girls' S.S. monitors. After the unanimous decision, Nal was shanghaied into being the sole volunteer (?) for the boys' S.S.

The disarrangement of Miss Wilmot's furniture is remedied, causing much injury to the hearing organs of the poor unfortunates below in Room 15. This occurs about the time that a steady stream of late-book autographers flows in.

Midway through First Terms, 42 kids and one Nanny Goat all sardined in a big blue bus, scattered all and sundry en route to the Art Gallery. Our main aim (?)—To disorganize its traditional order. One kid strayed, but unfortunately she was not recovered in the arms of a Billy Goat.

Mr. Knight definitely would not be a suitable substitute for Bugs Bunny (although the visage is similar) due to the absence of one essential "carrot-chewer". The trend caught on. Even members of stoical 4A were soon sporting large black cavities.

A rainy day brought some wet results: 3 wet tunics plus 3 wet blazers equals 6 bare legs plus 3 red faces.

An English lesson was interrupted one day by one small visitor. Two dainty feet were elevated:

"Can mice climb chairs?"

4B

At the beginning of this year I had the honour (?) and good fortune (?) of being elected a form captain of 4B.

The other fortunate (?) member to be elected was Chris, much to the disappointment of a certain French teacher.

Mr. Hughes was appointed shepherd of the little band of angels (?) who, much to their surprise (?), always found themselves in trouble. The day usually begins with form assembly, and of course everyone is early (?). Here the roll is marked and the penny-pinchers, Judy and Archie, get busy, and believe me, they have to work hard.

At the end of this little family gathering, the form rises and all the well-mannered young ladies stand aside whilst the little gentlemen (?) push and shove their way through the doorway.

The ordeal over, we make our way to maths. Of course, this is our favour-

ite subject (?). The next period is history and walking past, one may hear an occasional snore. We then go to recess. Immediately all the figure-conscious (?) girls start stuffing themselves with cream buns, vanilla slices and buttered rolls. Then we have Art. This subject is very popular, as all 4B are budding artists (?)

We then adjourn to lunch, where we receive our victuals for the coming ordeals.

Then to Science, where we learn (?) of the digestive system, after which everyone vows they will never eat again, and we progress to French. Here we all try to answer the questions put to us, but rarely succeed. (No other comment for reasons obvious to most). Another recess, then English. During this three-quarters of an hour we learn many things (with the exception of English).

Now Geography. Of course, everyone has finished the assignment. (She's still blushing). Occasionally we are able to leave the school at 4 p.m., but often we have other engagements (?)

We finally return home to do our homework and attend to our studies, remembering the proverb "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a student healthy (?), wealthy (?) and wise (?)".

4C

So far 4C has spent a successful (?) year in the capable hands of that most famed American hero, Mr. A. J. Bradshaw.

He has maintained law and order reasonably well throughout the year. At times the going has been rough, but he has weathered the storm and his battle scars aren't too bad.

4C selected Diane Righardson and Jeff Housen as their form captains, and I feel we must congratulate these two people on upholding the excellent (?) name which Form 4C has earned.

Each morning we have the Social Service tin shaken under our noses, and while Margaret twists our arms, Rhonda prises the money out of our hot little hands.

On Education Night the girls of the

form, with the help of a few of the more intelligent males, put on a display of "The Modern Office at Work" which we feel was the highlight of the "Open Night".

On the whole, 4C has enjoyed their year together (apart from a few minor mishaps) and they hope that next year's 4C will keep up the good name.

RHONDA LANSLEY.

4D

Under the scientific eye of Mr. Howard (who was fortunate enough to be selected as our form teacher!) we have spent a pleasant year.

The people who were selected to be in this form were as follows:—

Bill "Kooky" Shannon, the Boy Form Captain. Rosey "Undecided" Simes, the Girl Form Captain. Kathey "Slave Driver" Buckner, the other vice-capt. Author "Always Absent" Bird, the vice-capt. Luba "there goes Rod" Sosnicky. Graham "love them curls" Coulston. Jim "Lance Jack" Kwiatowski. Sandra "Reddes" Bewley. John "Baby Eyes" Bliss. Helen "Cream Bun" Lear. Mike "Football" Hill. Jill Vernon and John Tittle "the quiet pair". Lorainne "Sticks" Savage. Geoffrey "Prof" Cresser. Dobrinka "loved in vain?" Dordevic. Jeff "big Julie" Brewer. Lida "would it be Vincent?" Oleszko.

ANONYMOUS.

5H

The form has been capably led by Mr. Knight, who is on the verge of taking up pharmacy after a certain ball held during the holidays.

Also guiding the form have been form captains Norm Simons and Sue Cox. Sue has had a great year with changing hair style and a lot of people are wondering whether this is caused by her interest in various aspects of swimming—or is it basketball? Firstly we must congratulate Russ Cohen for the excellent way he has conducted himself, and Dingoos, throughout the year, although occasionally hindered by budding musicians Theme "Twang" Adamo-

poulo, Laurie "Fingers" Johnson, and Barry "Franz Liszt" Coates.

In the sporting field Peter "Twinkle-toes" Ferne has brought pride and honour to our form and is destined to go far. (Well, we are hoping.) Also to be congratulated is "Choca" Presti for becoming a speedy boundary umpire. David Boyd, an outstanding footballer, received the title of Best Man on the Ground (it's a pity he didn't get up).

Predominant in the 5H political sphere, Lionel "I like Bob" Hearne, whose clear, precise statements make everyone sit up and listen attentively. Not to be forgotten is the Righteous Di(a)mond of our form, who is, I am afraid to say, fighting a losing battle against a certain band of corruptors of the opposite sex.

We must sincerely thank Miss Joyner for keeping the flustered schoolgirls of 5H in order with her soothing words and understanding nature.

Glenys Bailey rather surprised us all when she arrived at form assembly one morning sporting a friendship ring which we believe is straight from the "Horse's" heart. During the last few months Sue Clark has been happily employed in taking care of a certain little Koala, while the vice-captain of Possums has joined forces with the opposition (Wombats). It's a pity for Carol Hayes that Blue and Green clashes, otherwise her friendship with a certain Koala cadet may have developed even further.

On a certain geography excursion which was planned to increase our knowledge of industry and topography, Miss Pollard seemed more interested in the social structure of W.H.S.

In concluding these notes I must say there are many people whose names have been omitted. This, however, is not due to lack of information, but to the censors of this reputable publication.

55

Our form has an impressive assemblage of colourful personalities, and I shall endeavour to present them to you as such. There are the form captains, R.

Holmes and W. Doburzynski. Rhon has trouble walking because all her official badges weigh her down, and Wadi, as boy form captain, usually has the privilege of cleaning the board all by himself.

Here are the constituents of the 5S body:

G. Edwards: We are fortunate in having Goof with us, as he is on vacation from Hollywood.

G. Ferris: He's been seen at Sunset Beach, Hawaii, hanging ten toes on a thirty-footer. Yes, Jeff, I'm stoked, too.

S. Hutchison: Dingo girls blundered again—Sue vice-captain.

I. Mullins: Had Ian been there the Gretel would have won the America's Cup.

J. Page: Jim has left school to take up his contract with the Three Stooges.

V. Umshenko: When are you getting your crew-cut?

M. Rattray: This boy is working on a wave-making machine so he won't have to go to Makaha Beach, Hawaii, to get wiped out; he can do it in Altona Bay.

J. Blair: Baby has not a new rattle.

Sergeant-Major "Snudge" Snell: "Another fort gone! Good job and that's it".

H. Logan: Helen, ever thought of asking the teacher?

R. Staples: "Ladies and gentlemen, ah . . . er . . . uh . . . I forget . . ."

Temple: Keep it up, Gra', you'll be first on the moon yet.

Brathwaite: You'll get a flat head carrying all those books on it.

K. Bush and T. Shaw: You sure you're not related to Sir Isaac?

Beer and Broadfoot: So what! Who cares if you blow the school down.

Hyde: What would Mr. Knight be like without her?

Butterfield: He's replacing Murray Weideman.

Klisenko: She had a triffic time up at the snow.

Cambridge: Galileo isn't a patch on him. But why do you keep dropping them on your toes, Bill?

Hodges: Loquacious? No! She just thinks that's the only use for her mouth.

Bridle and Green: It's sort of suspicious if you walk around town with an "eight" under your arm.

Moran: So Dame Margo takes lessons from you, huh?

Rogash: Stop asking questions! Can't you see the teacher wants some sleep.

M. Rhys-Jones: What are you studying for? The exams have just finished.

Stumbrus: Chronic leg, huh? Well you don't have to go to Turkey to have a Turkish bath, you know.

Deery and Kirk: How is the Jazz-Rock war progressing?

Mac: Gee, Mac! Twenty-four hours sleep ought to be enough for anybody.

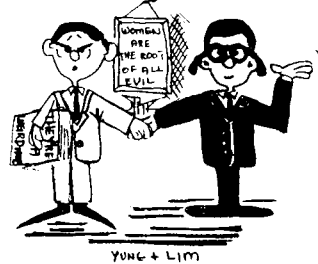
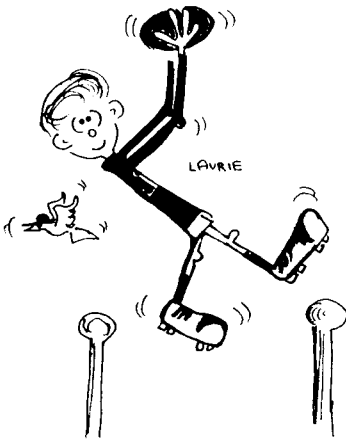
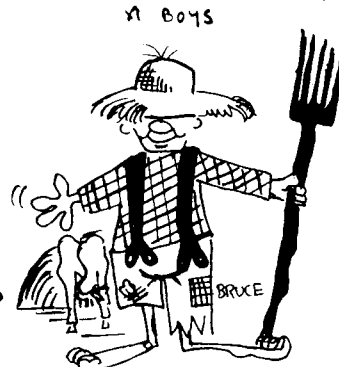
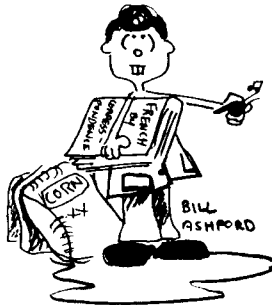
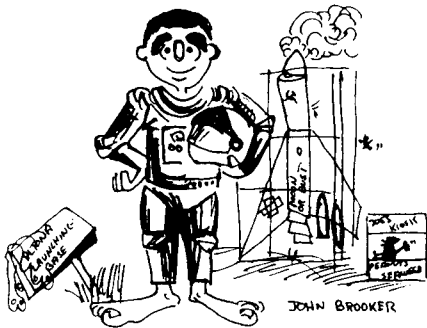
Sleeman: Anthony Jones could take lessons from this shutter-bug.

Nicholls: He's fortunate in summer. Instead of getting a suntan, his freckles join.

Pomorin: You and Steve Reeves have a lot in comomn, only it looks better on him.

Jeavons: Man, dig the definition on his pees and 'ceps an' abs an' traps an' lats.

Wylie: I don't care what you say, I'll



still call it ping-pong.

Wood: One of these days your photos won't come out blurry.

Rudd: We're sick of the same old tune, change your company, Noelene.

K. Short: He's the bouncer.

P. Dalton: You're quiet, Phyllis. But when you say something, there's no need to raise the roof.

We would like to tell Mr. Lannen, our form teacher: "Teacher is a vacation, not a vacation."

FORM 6

The low-down on the higher-ups . . .

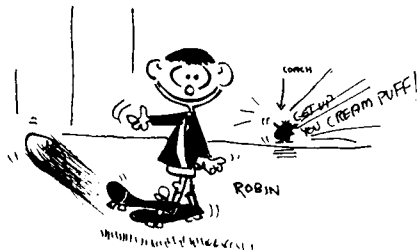
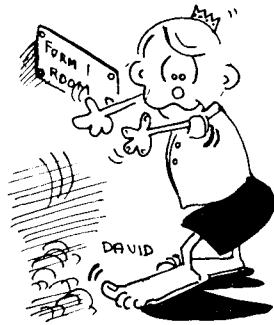
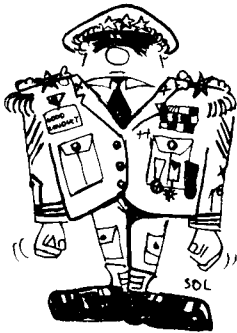
Denise Beasley: That air just won't go red. Ambition: To enjoy a continuous be-kind-to-Denise week.

Marilyn Bentley: The most artless student (see Miss Wilmot). Ambition: to develop little twigs into mighty oaks for purposes of physical education (not hers!).

Marian Brooks: Under the sheet at that party. Ambition: Cousins b(r)awl — just who will I take.

Joan Farley: Zone of silence. Ambition: To become a professional hermit.

Barbara Fitzgibbon: This girl's a bat (willow, of course). Ambition: To play



Beethoven's 5th on the bagpipes, and to sail in the boat not behind it.

Yvonne Francome: Private secretary to a lit. teacher. Is this why she stars? Ambition: To maintain a jet air service to the Eiffel Tower.

Dianne Glanfield: Prospective candidate for Cerutti training camp at Altona. Ambition: To be a P.T. mistress.

Lynette Jamieson: The **fastest** girl in the school. Ambition: To cultivate those varicose veins.

Danute Jokobauskus: Plays Desdemona to the Moor. Ambition: Out-French Chevalier, out-play Liberace,

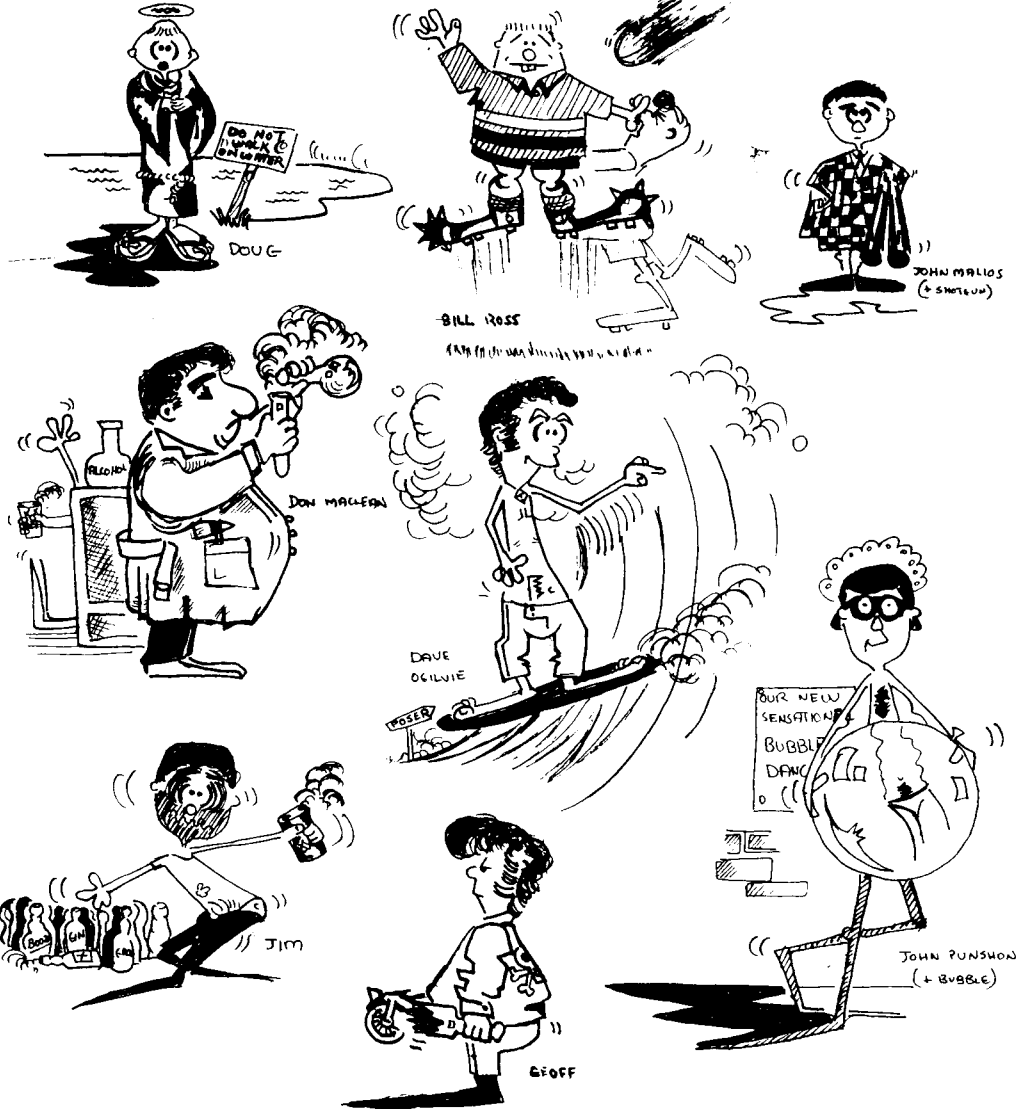
and out-argue Einstein.

Margaret Mander: Somebody's got to love me so I do. Ambition: To clear all those hurdles in her path.

Carol Melhuish: I'm a hard person to write about, Love. Ambition, to be the first female resting rover in the Collingwood Football Club.

Ute Petzold: Our dark horse (see pony tail). Ambition: To mind those molars at Luna Park (see entrance).

Christine Pirie: The desert blossomed forth (note facial, peculiarities and Cleopatra hairstyle). Ambition: To start a man-haters' club.



Zdenka Prpic: The craziest physicist of them all—Gyro Gearloose has nothing on her. Ambition: To be the only girl in the Engineering School.

Janice Robinson: Our chameleon-colour change after rain. Ambition: To present a certain person (Geog. Department) with a plaster cream puff, also wishes she'd gone to Macleod High School.

Ruth Sahhar: The sixth form Perry Mason. Relation of Biblical mine-owning potentate who was very wise. Ambition: To prevent others from taking their pound of flesh (a Portia no less!).

Jeanette Shields: Je m'est . . . (John!). Our musical star. Ambition: "Get me to the church on time." "Please wait for me."

Sue Sims: Canteen romance breaker—friendly persuasion didn't work so now she uses a club. Ambition: to reform something—doesn't matter what! Repressed desire to be a witch doctor.

Lorraine Simpson (Miss Fizz Ed., 1982): Anyway Jack, who is Fred? The spare part to your car? Ambition: To show Laurie the art of blowing fuses in **that** car.

Sue Taylor: Our demented digitalis.



Member of anti-men teachers' club. Ambition: To play the Deborah Kerr act with the innocents.

Maureen Woodcock: Prospective candidate for Larnook. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, she's set. Ambition: To abolish work.

Robyn Youren: Cowobbowatin' abwigine frowm way out west i.e. Wewibee. Ambition: To lead those kinders around the garten.

"Wild Bill" Ashford: Likes to blow his whistle. Ambition: To change the direction of conventional current.

John "Dollink" Brooker: Always on "late-gate". Ambition: To be Altona's first astronaut.

"Quasimoto" Rod Cordell: The darling of the form. Goldilocks had nothing on this boy. Ambition: never to have a haircut.

Jim "Boozier" Kinniburgh: A certain geography teacher's inspiration. Ambition: To get his proficiency certificate.

Doug "Daks" Knight: In love with a gorgeous hunk of humanity (initials D.K.). Ambition: To make the socials swing.

VI GIRLS (?)



Lim Choi Paing: If in doubt, "Nuts". Ambition: To confuse Confucius.

Ken "Percy" Luke: The tall lean creep with big feet and a rocker haircut. Ambition: To quit smoking — it stunts his growth.

John "Fish" Malios: Split personality — chases twins. Ambition: To do unto others before they do it to him.

Laurie "Big Loz" Matthews: Wanted to slim — so he gave up eating. Ambition: To take a "screamer".

Ian "Sheep" McCutcheon: Our wild and woolly Scotsman. Ambition: To replace Jackie Gleason on the "Honey-mooners".

Ian "Macka" McIntosh: Sprouts French cabbage like a mongolian. Ambition: To become president of "Alcoholics Anonymous".

Don "Speedy" McLean: Just fits in to the squash court. Ambition: To become a hermit.

Dave "Poser" Ogilvie: This hodad's way out stoked. Demands to know what Tony Curtis has got that he hasn't. Ambition: To ride a 40ft. wave through the racer.

Ken "Bozo" Parker: Foreigner from Werribee (a red-hot burg — ask Jim). Ambition: To play the Williamstown field.

Rus. "Maynard" Parker: The butcher — like father like son. Ambition: To shave himself.

John "Red-Tights" Punshon: Nearly lost them! Ambition: To be a bubble-dancer.

Bill "Chronic Legs" Ross: Physical jerk. determined to show the Footscray Club how to play football. Ambition: To set up a Percy Cerutti camp at Altona.

Wob "Wobin" Wowe: Wittle Wed Wobin's wow boat got wecked. Ambition: To win "Red-Tights".

"Soluble" Sol Sahhar: The mad scientist. Demanded to be called "colonel". Ambition: To use that elephant gun.

Kas "Shassa" Scheppers: A trad dad "square-eyes". A family man—happy with a pipe, beer, and a certain animal species. Ambition: To get his duffle-coat dry-cleaned.

Dave "Puss" Thompson: Another

hairy cat of royal blood. Ambition: To win a first-former.

Frank "Foo" Upward: The less said about this character the more we know about him and the more we know about him the less we want said of him. Ambition: To learn French and their habits(?)

Geoff "Hocker" Underwood: This square has become a cube. Ambition: To revive the charleston.

Bruce "Cheesecake" Watt: Engaged to a skinny stick chick with a curved head. Ambition: To know what.

Don "Einstein" Wood: The form conch, also a biased football umpire. Ambition: To reverse the theory of relativity.

Yung Fook: Has a girlfriend called Suzie Wong. Ambition: To draw another horse.

Ray "Zoom" Zunde: Williamstown's first rocker artist. Ambition: To see lolita (for educational reasons).



MR. DILLON and MR. POWELL
seen at the Sports (or the races?).
by Richard Robinson (4A).

WINTER

*All through the winter the wind did blow
And the fires in the village were all aglow.
If anyone dared to step out in the snow,
He'd be covered with clothing from head to
toe.*

*When food supplies were growing short,
A horse and sledge were sent to the port
'Twas a treacherous journey across the snow,
But man and horse had still to go.
At the end of his ride the man did say,
'I'll have to go back at the dawn of next
day.'*

*So when he'd had a good night's rest,
He set off again for that ride to the west.
Beverly Foot, 11).*

Activities and Clubs

DRAUGHTS CLUB

It has been a successful year for the draughts club. It is led (by its nose) by a well-known and admired (?) French teacher. (Not our prominent librarian.)

The club is run on a player-play-player basis; i.e., a player challenges a different player each week until he has played everyone in the club. Our supervisor has donated three 1/2-lb. chocolates, one to each of the three successful winners (some people might think it is generous of him!). He does not use strong language, but he is famous for these words: "If you don't bring your draughts three week in a row, you can find yourself another club (?—?)."

During the 2nd term we traded our old French supervisor for a brand spanking new French model (1924) who smokes camels even though he prefers cigarettes. After being beaten at draughts he decided to play chess instead. But on the whole it has been a successful year for the club (ahem!).

Walter Wawrzycki, Vladimir Holod.

CHESS CLUB

Mr. Lannen is head of our club this year, and although he knows very little about the game, he fills in his time by correcting 5th form prac. books.

There are 21 boys in our club and we are lucky if there is "one" game of chess completed each week, because everybody dozes off while completing homework—very boring.

Overall, the chess club has proved rather worth-while to all chess fans who do their homework on Thursdays from 3 to 4 p.m.

z-z-z Sleepy.

RED CROSS CLUB

Our Red Cross Club for 1962 was led by Miss Pittard. We have an enrolment of 20 girls.

During the first term the girls made "Greeting" and "Get Well" cards. We

also forwarded to Head Office 3 cartons of milk bottle tops, marbles, knitted squares and small plastic toys.

During the second term, the club started a course of First Aid with Mrs. Christie and Mrs. Smith as instructors. We are hoping that the girls will do as well as last year's girls, when everyone passed their First Aid tests. We thank both these ladies for giving us so much of their time. We also thank Mrs. Christie for her generous donation of 400 marbles, which will be sent to the New Guinea natives. We are also collecting old nylon stockings for the Lady Dugan Home for Crippled Children, where they are used to cover plaster casts. Four of our girls went to Government House to form part of the guard of honor for the King and Queen of Thailand.

During third term we will continue to make ABC books and collect marbles, comics and bottle tops. We have two cartons of bottle tops ready to send away and hope to have at least two more filled this year.

Christine Minisini.

JUNIOR KNITTING CLUB

Our club, the Junior Knitting Club, is made up of approximately 30 girls.

It was formed this year by Miss Forbes, who volunteered to take the junior girls of the original Knitting Club because there were far too many for Mr. Deacon to handle.

The J.K. Club members have a reputation for their shocking memories.

The output is slow, but our record holder, Valerie Cox, has to date knitted five full length men's socks and one bulky jumper. There are also a number of girls who have knitted two jumpers each. Val. Cox's jumper was on display on Open Day.

Miss Forbes has knitted the most, though, with three jumpers, all bulky knit. Sometimes we have played records to fill in the time, but we fill in most of our time talking. Room 14 on Thurs-

day afternoon is (I think) the noisiest room in the school. (But it is industrious, too).

K.M. and H.O.I.

P.T. CLUB, 1962

On Thursday afternoon at about 3 p.m. there is always much excitement at the P.T. Club. As the girls leap forward to take their position on the floor, there is often a great big thud as they come to attention.

The neighbours, after a lot of convincing, now believe it is only the girls "trying" to do P.T., not a stampede of cattle or an invasion. The club is supervised by Miss Hopton and is attended by about 77 girls.

Miss Hopton has arranged for the girls in the club, who are in the second form and higher, to see make-up demonstrations and ideas on how to dress properly, conducted every Thursday by Mrs. Ebringer.

Every other Thursday we do physical exercises, which Miss Hopton strenuously demonstrates.

On the 1962 Speech Night, Miss Hopton hopes to have some of the energetic club girls up on stage doing some of the exercises she has taught us. Miss Hopton just does not know how thankful we are to her for giving up her own spare time in our interest.

Robyn Geisler.

FLORAL ART CLUB

Again this year the Floral Art Club was led by Mrs. Elice. We have been like busy bees working around our flowers.

Many girls have put a lot of work into their club. On Education Day many of the girls came in the morning and prepared sprays, headbands, bouquets, floral aids, dried arrangements and vase arrangements. This added to the general appearance of the room.

Many girls will be entering flower shows in the near future.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Elice for all the help and time she has given us.

Roslyn Robson, Helen Thurtell.

SENIOR KNITTING CLUB

This year the knitting club got away to a good start by having too many members. It was divided into Juniors and Seniors, the Seniors getting what they came for—"Mr. Deacon".

New members started jumpers for teachers and have finished them, while last year's members are still struggling along to finish their garments (?) for long-waiting teachers.

Nearly every week we have a distinguished guest whose opening remarks always seem to be: "Is this the knitting club or the gossip club".

Our expert knitting instructor (?) Mr. Deacon catches up on all the latest news around the school while he silently tries to pick up stitches.

A few jumpers have been completed and turned out quite well (if you see a bone-coloured part of a jumper floating around the school, just send it back to Mr. Knight).

In all, the Senior Knitting Club has had a very successful year and anyone is welcome in Room 19 (if they're game enough).

Jan and Karen.

DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK CLUB

With the able assistance of Miss Reeves, our club, consisting of ten girls, has been working industriously (?) embroidering.

Our club room is Room 15. Our club enables us to make presents for friends and relations. Apart from the four girls in the corner of the room, our club is very quiet. As I have been dubbed to write this I will remain . . . Just H.S.

LIBRARY CLUB

The Library Club during 1962 has progressed under the guidance of Mrs. Gilbert, who has maintained an extensive repair programme.

The books that were once tattered and torn and stuck in cupboards have now been reclaimed and can be used by the school once again. Mrs. Gilbert has

made many improvements, including decorative work and the acquisition of new books, which is most essential. The club has grown in numbers, but fortunately everything has been carried out well and the files have been re-organised to make it easier for all concerned to gather necessary information. We may not be the best behaved club in the school, but we co-operate with Mrs. Gilbert and the work is done. A regular visitor to the club is that well-known French teacher Mr. Halloran, who drops in to see that everything is running smoothly. The club has brought news cuttings and pamphlets to add to the decoration of the library. Once again we thank Mrs. Gilbert for her devotion to the library and the valuable time she has spent reforming the club, which has become the most clever, efficient club in the school.

THE FINISHING TOUCH



ART CLUB

During the year, this honorable institution has tried many different forms of expression.

Several periods have been devoted to oil painting, and considering that very few members had any clues on the subject, the somewhat startling results were excusable.

Earlier in the year, we strode (?) down to the Strand and sketched boats

and seascapes in the few minutes left between our arrival and 4 o'clock.

Another period was spent in the streets surrounding the school, seeking out such artistic subjects as gutters and rubbish bins to sketch.

Some time has been profitably spent by going through the magazines and books stashed away in Miss Wilmot's cupboard.

Altogether, the Art Club has spent an interesting and enjoyable year—our thanks to Miss Wilmot.

GARDEN CLUB

With the addition of 4 cubic yard of farmyard manure mixed with the hitherto impoverished soil, the school garden has been converted, mainly to lawns highlighted with shrubs.

The grass-seed sown consisted of five varieties designed to withstand dry conditions and be less affected by the strong winds that blow across the exposed playing area.

The idea of the lawns has transformed the general appearance of the area and enhanced the environment of the buildings. However, until the pupils are conscious of the fact that a garden is possessed of tenderness and needs protection against unnecessary rough treatment, we must do our utmost to preserve its beauty and usefulness.

The employment of a gardener for one day per week has been a great boon and Mr. Powell is to be congratulated upon this innovation.

The purchase of much garden equipment has provided members of the club with tools with which to work, and this adds incentive. A lawn is at present being prepared in the girls' section of the yard.

Noel Main.

PRE-NURSING CLUB

This year the Pre-Nursing Club has had another successful year, with 16 enthusiastic young ladies (?) attending the class at the Tutor School of the Williamstown Hospital.

Under the keen supervision of our

tutor sister, Sister Whitfield, we have had a variety of lectures and demonstrations and a lot of fun. Sister Whitfield is our new tutor sister and is experiencing her first year with a high school pre-nursing group.

Horace, our friendly skeleton, has been thoroughly examined by his female admirers, although usually he hides behind a green curtain. Our life-size rubber dummy had some terrifying moments when we tried to wash her in bed. If she was a human, she would have drowned or died of pneumonia. Fortunately, she is not.

We have some fun when learning how to apply bandages. Usually the bandages somehow end up tangled or twisted or tied in knots. Then we leave it to Sister to untangle them. (She doesn't really mind).

We spent an interesting afternoon the day we visited the hospital. We were shown through the Pathology Department and shown specimen slides, testing instruments and foods which they use for experiments. We were then shown to the storehouse kitchen, laundry and dining rooms. We then invaded the female public ward. We also had a look at the new children's ward which will be opened soon. The patients certainly were not sorry to see us leave, as they were not used to stampedes of school-girls. To our disappointment we were not able to enter the X-ray block, as it was occupied.

Sister is hoping to acquire some of the pre-nursing girls to train as nurses at the Williamstown Hospital in future years. All girls interested in nursing would profit by joining the pre-nursing group, as it is the club with most varied interests and activities in the school.

Girls in the Pre-nursing Club wish to thank the Tutor Sister for the interest she has shown over the past year.

SEWING CLUB

In the Sewing Club, when not listening to the idle chatter of others, you can hear the shrill shouts of the nearby Cadets, the melodious (?) voices of the the choir or Mr. Hird bleating at his flock.

It's not very often that you hear a sewing machine, although we still call ourselves the Sewing Club. Even so, we would like to thank Miss Page for rescuing some of our tattered pieces of sewing.

Glenys Bailey.

STAMP CLUB

The stamp club has had a very successful first year under the leadership of Mr. Landa.

We have been greatly helped by the Williamstown Philatelic Society, who give us stamps on sheets of paper. We purchase the stamps we want and Mr. Land then returns the left-over stamps and the money. They also sent along a speaker who spoke to use about water-marks and told us among other things how to know the different countries' stamps. They also gave us the chance to go and see a stamp exhibition. All in all, we have had a year of interesting and informative club periods, and most members are now looking forward to next year, 1963.

DRESSING ROOM



UNITED NATIONS CLUB NOTES

The United Nations' Club is in close relationship with Heinz 57 varieties (this is not a free ad.), consisting of leftovers from various other clubs.

When Mr. Alcorn comes in early (?) he disturbs the highly industrious activities of the members, namely the homework fanatics. Believe it or not, at various stages throughout the year, we have employed ourselves in viewing

beneficial films, reading suitable literature, conducting a toffee day, and arranging for a United Nations representative to speak at our assembly during United Nations Week.

Two members of our club extended their knowledge of the United Nations Organisations by attending a U.N. meeting in Melbourne. The enjoyment of carrying out these various activities in the club has been due to the good leadership of Mr. Alcorn.

A JAZZ CLUB

The tempo was getting faster, the feet were tapping more vigorously and the heads were bobbing up and down in time to the solid beat of the bongo drums.

This was only one corner of the Dead Beat, a typical jazz club where the beatniks gathered. In another obscure corner was a girl and boy with an audience of perhaps half a dozen other locals. The boy was passionately reading a love poem to his girlfriend, but first of all let me describe this budding young poet to you. His beard was red and bristly, and just above it was a long nose, upon which sat a pair of large, black-rimmed glasses. When he turned profile, it was hard to distinguish his face from a hawk's, while hanging down to his shoulders was a scraggy mess which, stretching the imagination to the fullest, could possibly be called hair. Covering his broad shoulders was a tight-fitting black turtle-neck sweater, and his tanned arms managed to poke out through the holes in the elbows. It did not quite reach his wrists, from which protruded large, hairy hands, with long, delicate fingers.

Stretched over his muscular legs were a pair of skin-tight jeans, and on his feet were sandals. His feet were also large and hairy.

Now that I have given you a vivid description of the young man, I will now proceed to describe the girl from head to toe.

On the end of her long neck was a tiny head, from which, amidst the pale face, were two large black eyes; the

nose was bumpy. Her mouth was large, too large for her face. From this mouth hung a cigarette, perched on a cigarette holder. Amidst all this emerged long, black hair which was unkempt, scraggy and dirty looking. Covering her thin body to her knees was a long, holey black jumper, pulled out of shape beyond recognition. Barely visible was a pair of skinny legs clad in skin-tight jeans. Her tiny feet were bare.

The poem which the boy was relating was long and dreary, but to his girl, was the ultimate. She kept clicking her fingers together and getting lost in the beat of the rhythm. "It's crazy," she kept repeating. "More! More!" And so she carried on. Gradually, one by one, the spectators left, leaving the lovers to their poem.

The abovementioned people were typical of the people who filled the club.

As the night wore on, more people kept arriving and the room became warmer, smoke filled the air, and the mosquitoes were busy buzzing around the one dim light.

Towards daybreak the crowd began to disperse; most of them with thick heads, but also prepared to sleep the day through and come back the next evening for more fun, and so gradually the tempo became slower, the tapping was less vigorous, the heads stopped bobbing and the drums ceased to let loose, and things were quiet again.

Anon.

BOYS' SPORTS CLUB

The boys' sporting club, under the guidance of Mr. Moore, has accomplished many things throughout the year.

The wide variety of sporting equipment is kept in good condition for competitive use as well as school-yard use.

Apart from looking after the equipment, the boys have made many other sporting activities possible. For example the repainting of basketball courts and bat-tennis courts in the school grounds as well as the basketball courts at the drill-hall.

Mr. Moore and the boys of the club spent a great deal of time and effort

in the preparation of the Williamstown football ground for the Inter-House Athletic Sports.

These are only a few things the boys of the club have accomplished throughout the year, to make it possible for the pupils to engage in many sporting activities.

Ken Addison, Ian Hood.

ENGLISH EXPRESSION

It was a new sound. I was becoming aware of a new instrument in the orchestra of sea and sky. It was the regular percussion crash of ocean surf on rock that sent white explosions to the sky.

What more than silent, convulsive sea lay beyond the lingering coastline? There it was! Surely the last undiscovered island was there, and it lying before my eyes.

The shallow sea coldly resisted my swimming body, trying to push me from its last treasure. I knew I was an intruder, and almost guiltily I recognised my vigorous passion to find and absorb the intriguing beauty of my island.

On the lee side, the shore displayed coarse sweeps of sand and brown, lumped seaweed. This reticence was be-

trayed only by the narrow waves, rising unexpectedly and falling back with a sullen, hollow clap. I knew the island was more alive and I ran carelessly up the warm sand, which was crumbling and shelley. Spikey tussocks yielded to my impatient strides until, from a tufted and bruised cliff, I could look victoriously at the fury of nature.

In the distance a white battle raged shamelessly on naked rocks, punctuating the continuous roar of the sea with its enraged onslaughts. Perhaps the sea had often overcome the defending rocks, visiting the valley which lay in the centre of the island. It was a green depression, softened so that your feet burst through the crusty vegetation and hooked into spongy things underneath. The surrounding sand, too, had become hardened temporarily and cold and sucking underneath.

A neck of rocks was the remaining path to the excitement I sought where the unstrained ocean met the shore. These rocks left the shoreline in an arc which would look like a handle from above. Although the surrounding sea was quiet here, with insatiable force it swelled contemptuously around my footholds, until the enveloping depths seemed to be near to me.

SCHOOL CADET OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S.



Back row: Cpl. W. Ashford, Cpl. S. Sahhar, L/Cpl. J. Kwiatkowski, Cpl. G. Henstridge, Cpl. G. Scott, L.Cpl. R. Monaghan, Cpl. Manalakakis, Cpl. D. Legg, Cpl. A. Gibson. Front row: C.S.M. J. Ferris, S/Sgt. K. Moate, C.U.O. S. Sahhar, Capt. K. Knight, Mr. P. Powell (Headmaster), Lt. T. Storey, C.U.O. M. Snell, Sgt. R. Cohen, Sgt. R. Green.

When I reached the sand again, I was tormented by the thought of the rising tide. The neck of rocks had joined a curve of the shoreline. The air was alive with the sun and yet pricked with the salty spray of the surf. I was enchanted by the island, although it had almost taken my life. Perhaps that is why I felt like a part of it, and compelled to go on until I reached the surf.

Increasing in size, the waves hit down harder and spread out in thin circles that reached and reached up the sand. I splashed through one moving pond and watched the next one sliding, now rushing backwards in chocolate ripples. A few rocks appeared and soon gathered up in cliffs. The waves forced me to climb away again, and from a rock tower I watched and watched the spectacle, excited by the force of the wind and water, and excited by the dread of knowing that this force had captured me.

THE BROKEN HILL TRIP

The Skymaster thundered down the runway and was airborne. It circled the airport as it gained altitude. For sixty-odd Williamstown High School students a flight was beginning. A flight that would take them hundreds of miles into the great Australian "Outback", to a city in the middle of a desert, called Broken Hill.

Melbourne and its environs were soon far behind. Permission to remove safety-belts was given, and students began wandering up and down the cabin. Mr. Knight's efforts to get everyone seated soon proved futile and he gave up in disgust. The terrain below changed endlessly and a few questions to Mr. Knight showed that aerial navigation was not in his department. As my seat companion and I gazed through our port-hole at the ground and at the port inner engine, the propellor of which passed within two feet of our seat, a little crowd began to gather. These sadistic persons voiced their opinions as to what would happen should a propellor blade decide to part company

with its hub. Needless to say, the seat was vacant for the greater part of the flight.

At a quarter past nine o'clock the aircraft passed over Mildura. A mile below we could see the sprawling vineyards and citrus orchards. From our height, the Murray River looked like a thin, winding brown ribbon.

As the aircraft droned on, there appeared beneath us a desolate plain. The red-brown earth stretching from horizon to horizon, broken only by scattered clumps of trees and the occasional lonely homestead. Later, as the aircraft neared Broken Hill, rocky outcrops appeared. Soon, Broken Hill came into view.

Safety belts were fastened and the aircraft began to circle the city, losing altitude as it prepared for a landing. From the aircraft the mine-heads were visible. Without the mines, Broken Hill would not exist. It depends upon the mines for its livelihood, the tremendously rich silver-lead-zinc ores won from the Barrier Range. This is one of the world's silver-lead fields.

The aircraft flew into its final approach. The runway rushed to meet it. With a bump it was down. The pilot taxied the aircraft to the airfield terminal building and cut the engines.

Within minutes we were in two buses heading for the city proper. Our first stop was at the School of the Air, where we witnessed an actual working session. This school covers an area of five hundred thousand square miles. On its roll it has 160 pupils from 90 homesteads. When the session finished we were shown the control room. Our amateur photographers were everywhere, photographing hurriedly.

Then back to the buses, and off we went through the town. One thing we could not help noticing was that invariably the house roofs were made of corrugated iron. A large percentage of the house walls, too, were made of corrugated iron.

In the town outskirts the buses passed a big drive-in theatre. The townspeople are also provided with four other picture theatres, a new 20-lane bowling alley, two Olympic swimming pools and

numerous other sporting and recreational facilities.

Soon we arrived at the Broken Hill golf course. The buses stopped near the modern two-storey golf club building. Everybody climbed out and gazed around. Ore samples were lying everywhere and a few questions to Mr. Knight about the type of minerals in the ore proved that he was no mineralogist.

We boarded the buses once again and were soon back in town. The buses halted outside the Palace Hotel and famished, we poured inside. When lunch was over, Mr. Knight said we were free to wander about the shopping centre. This man was not seen in the street, and it was presumed that he did not leave the building where we lunched. I wonder what he thought of the local brew.

"Main Street" was splattered with scattered groups of Williamstown High School students. The town museum was visited. It was an interesting building, full of ore samples, aboriginal relics and items of historical interest. Out of the museum and heading down "Main Street" we met the father and son combination from our party. It turned out that they had just met some friends. Small world!

Our time up, we headed back to the hotel. Outside it there was a group of students struggling to sign some kind of document.

Eventually, after it had been signed by all, we climbed into the buses. Inside, a proud junior displayed his purchase, a souvenir flag of Broken Hill. This was duly passed around and one sharp-eyed individual noticed on its back in small print—Made in Melbourne. Poor kid!

Then we were off again. After stopping for a few minutes so that an ultra-modern church could be photographed, we drove off to the Zinc Corporation. A guide was waiting for us and he led us off on a surface tour of the Corporation. After providing us with ore samples he took us to see the miners coming up from the bowels of the earth in their cages. After seeing the ore processing plants, we once again boarded the buses.

Next stop was the Flying Doctor

Radio Base. Here we saw the station in action. Here we heard the doctor talking to those in need of medical aid. The doctor's work is simplified by special medical kits in which all the drugs are numbered. This means that the doctor only has to advise the use of a certain number. All the homesteads have these medical kits and hence there is no trouble over the use of drugs and medicines.

Leaving the Flying Doctor Base, we were driven back to the airfield. On the tarmac waited our aircraft, and within minutes we were all aboard. Then the aircraft was taxi-ing out to the runway.

The aircraft sped down the runway and was airborne. Within minutes, Broken Hill was far behind in the growing dusk.

Graeme Temple, 5S.

THE FRIENDLY WAY



A DAY TRIP TO BROKEN HILL

Arriving at school at the unearthly hour of 6.30 or thereabouts, the sleepy-eyed students in the capable hands of Miss Mayson and Mr. Knight, set out for Essendon Airport. Here was

a scene of excitement as students thundered across the lobby and out to the tarmac where a plane was waiting.

A wild rush for the window seats (Mr. Knight down the back with the hostesses) and we were ready to depart.

After being airborne for a couple of hours we crossed the meandering Murray River and the vast salt-lakes further north in N.S.W., and soon we landed at Broken Hill. Here we boarded buses and set off for a tour of the town. (Incidentally, the hostesses came, too.)

Our first stop was the "School of Air". This was a most interesting experience. Here there are no actual classes, but instead two-way transmitters are used. Lessons are given over thousands of miles, from as far as Northern Queensland and the Flinders Ranges.

From there we swarmed into the buses again like so many grey ants, and were taken to the modern golf links. There is quite a large area, but the only green patch is the lawn in front of the club house. An interesting aspect here is the protection of the rare Sturt Desert Pea.

The water-towers, situated on the crest of a hill, were next to be visited. If there is a drought, water is pumped almost 60 miles from the Darling River to these towers. From here we could see the layout of Broken Hill. The township is the only irrigated part against the harsh, red, almost barren countryside.

On our way to the Palace Hotel for dinner we had a glimpse of their brand new railway station. After lunch we had half an hour on the town (couldn't see Mr. K. anywhere, wonder where he went?). By the way, there are thirty-eight hotels in Broken Hill. We also noticed that 90% of the houses were built of corrugated iron.

The mines were extremely interesting. Before going down into the building we were given ore samples. Downstairs at the lift we waited impatiently, with cameras ready, for the miners to come up. And how they came!!! The lift-doors clanged open and the miners

rushed out. They have to move quickly into the changing rooms for showers and inspection by First Aid. Due to the fact that students were partly trampled, we headed straight for the Flying Doctor Base. Here there was a fish-pond around which the little boys could play while the more sensible ones went inside to be instructed on the methods used by the Flying Doctor Service.

The students were absolutely famished by the time we left here, so we stopped at a milk bar. We swayed to the aerodrome and bade Broken Hill a fond farewell. We arrived back at Melbourne a tired, dishevelled, but happy group.

A-nony-mouse.

EXCURSION TO THE LATROBE VALLEY

The towns of Yallourn and Morwell welcomed the leaving geog. class, under the guidance (?) of Miss Littlehales and Mr. Hird, and not forgetting 10 poor little dears from 4A who tagged quietly (?) behind.

After running energetically to the station in the dim, misty hours of early morning, eager to learn all we could, we boarded the train to the city, all quiet (?) respectable (?) scholars (?). We straggled to the "Gippslander", which was "air-conditioned" due to the "Healthy Type" who opened windows, letting icy air in, or was it to dispose of the delicate aroma of cigarette and garlic smells?

We arrived safely at Moe, after having tired ourselves puzzling out excursion notes to present to "the Teacher (?)" who was chicken to come. Here we waited for buses to take us to Yallourn. The time was used by ambitious photographers, anxious to use "Candid Cameras". This is believed to have been quite successful. At Yallourn we were taken on a tour of inspection of the power house, our pens scratching furiously to obtain every minute detail. The tour preceded "feeding time", which was passed in a previously quiet park, photographing, playing football and, of course, eating. What? Coconuts! From here we paid our humble respects to the massive open cut, better known

as "Lovers' Leap". We continued to Morwell, seeing the power house, open cut and the briquette factory. We made the necessary stop for refreshments, and then drove around the town, noting the development of housing, etc., with only one minor mishap. The driver, due to one distracting influence, took a "dead-end" road, causing much mirth amongst fellow passengers. Cameras clicked for the last time, hats were donned, farewells said and we clambered aboard the train back to Melbourne. The return journey was most interesting, comprising stuck doors, riotous singing and educational (?) discussion. On arrival back in Melbourne, loaded with souvenirs, we continued composing appropriate verses of "Quartermaster's Store", until the departure of our "good ol' buddies" overcame us with sorrow and we crawled back to our abode, our poor little "brain-boxes" overflowing with knowledge.

ANONYMOUS.

ARE YOU VAGUELY INTERESTED IN FIRST YEAR MEDICINE?

If you are bespectacled and studious, with three honours behind you, as well as having a doting mother who disapproves of alcohol and late nights, you will pass first-year medicine.

If, on the other hand, you have heard that University life is all "play" and you intend to live by this policy, you might just wonder how, in addition, you can pass the rather exacting first year of a medical course.

An Arts student, by a slight flurry of activity in the third term, can be assured of a mediocre pass in at least two subjects, whereas a medical student has to make sure of all three. First year medical subjects are exacting and a great deal of methodical and specific rote learning is entailed to make sure of even a mediocre pass.

Method is very important and the best place to start applying it is with lecture notes. These should be neat and complete and have topic divisions clearly marked. They should contain as much detail as you can get down during the lecture. It is useful to read widely and

insert worthwhile passages into your notes.

When you have your lecture notes completed, you are one-third of the way towards a pass. The next step is to understand them, and to help you do this, you can attend tutorials. These are not lectures on a smaller scale, but should be used to argue over any point which is obscure.

When the topic is completely understood, and not before, then you should begin to learn it. There is only one way to learn things like the derivation of an equation or the diagram of the arterial system and this consists of looking at the text-book, then shutting it and trying to reproduce it exactly.

Regardless of whether you study best in one or two hour stretches, a timetable must be made out and it is essential, when the timetable is made out, that you stick to it.

There are other problems which you will encounter such as the so-called stale periods, when learning seems impossible, or dozing after meals instead of studying. The former can usually be overcome by "letting off steam" in some riotous fashion or other, and the latter is usually avoided by daily exercise.

At all events, if the prospect of six years' work appalls you and you have not made up your mind to pass, it is at least worthwhile failing spectacularly and enjoying your one and only university year, for it is unlikely that you will have another.

D. Thompson, 6.

LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND

Dear Mr. Powell, staff and fellow sufferers.

College life consists of a great deal of enjoyment and good fun as well as work for those who can be bothered doing it.

Massey College is situated three miles from the centre of Palmerston North, the seventh largest city in New Zealand. The main college building is set in 45 acres of beautiful gardens and lawns, looking towards the farms and the city of Palmerston North. It contains lecture rooms, teaching and re-

search laboratories, staff studies, library, assembly hall and students' common-room.

Resident students' accommodation comprises four separate hostels for men, providing accommodation for some 350 students. There is also one hostel for women students some distance from the others, which provides accommodation for the ten or so women here.

As well as Agricultural degrees there are diploma courses offered in varying fields of agriculture, and first year units for medicine, veterinary science and normal science are also catered for at Massey.

There are students from twenty-two different countries studying at Massey—a lot of them under the Colombo Plan. Australia has a representation of twenty, most of them Victorians.

When the New Zealand cricket team was being beaten in Australia, and when the famous All Blacks rugby team was beaten, there were a lot of New Zealanders who certainly wished that the number of Australians was considerably less. It was the other way around when the All Blacks were victorious.

In April each year we have "Capping Week" for the presentation of degrees

and diplomas to those students who gained them the previous year. While the actual service for this is a solemn one, the week is spent in gay festivities by all the present students.

On the Friday night (when all the shops are open in New Zealand) before Capping Week started, Capping mag. "Masskerade", published by Massey students, was sold in all the main centres throughout the North Island of New Zealand.

On the Monday after this, at lunch time "Procesh" was held. This is a procession around Palmerston North with about twenty different floats advertising Capping Week and anything else that happened to be popular at the time. For this to go on, all the traffic was stopped for an hour and the streets were packed with people watching. At the end of this the Haka party, who danced Maori dances at each corner in the town before the Procession came, washed their war paint off by swimming in the fish pond in the gardens in the centre of the town.

For four nights that week "Spycho" was held. This was a revue produced solely by Massey students and put on for the public in the main hall in town. On the Friday night, or rather Saturday



WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

Back row: D. Henstridge, W. Deacon, G. Hird, F. Rutledge, B. Alcorn, J. Lannen, J. Bradshaw, T. Storey, B. Halloran. Third row: C. Hughes, H. Grieve, K. Knight, J. Moore, G. Jones, K. Mackenzie, P. Landa, T. Collins, H. Forecast, J. Howard. Second row: D. Pittard, O. Mathews, C. Wilmot, E. Ebrimger, K. Lawson, C. Forbes, Mrs. Bosnic. Front row: J. Reeves, B. Jones, L. East, B. Gilbert, D. Page, M. MacIntyre. Seated: Miss E. Mayson, Mr. P. Powell, Mr. D. Dillon.

morning, Capping Ball was held. The week was certainly one of festivity, but it took a lot of work and organisation by those students in charge.

There are many student clubs and activities here taking care of nearly all the diverse interests of the students.

For those who think that a little work is beneficial, the lecturers seem to be able to cater for this sufficiently, and the library has many excellent books on subjects varied from cytology to French.

I think that the scholarship to come over here and study was well worth while working for, and I would encourage any others interested in agriculture to aim at coming to Massey and benefiting from New Zealand farming.

Michael Cronin

LIFE IN HOLLAND

When I was at the age of ten years old, my parents decided to leave Holland and emigrate to the new land, Australia. We did not leave Holland because we did not live comfortably, but because my parents wanted to give us a better future than we were able to look forward to in Holland.

Leaving their family traditions and places they loved behind them, beginning their lives again in a strange country—this was the biggest decision my parents have made, and are ever likely to make, and the fact that they did it for my brother, sisters, and me makes me deeply grateful towards them.

Although I was only ten when I left Holland, I can still remember a lot about the way we lived there and the things we used to do. The main thing I remember about Holland is the snow in the winter. That is about the only thing that I miss in Australia. On a winter morning we would look out of the window and everything would be covered with a layer of pure white snow, untouched and smooth. We would dress ourselves warmly and then rush out into the snow and kick it, throw it about and run through it. I used to get a tremendous sensation of pleasure and power when running through the un-

touched snow, and looking behind me, seeing my footsteps left where I had been and thinking I was the first person who had touched that snow. We used to wear what are known in Australia as "clogs", but should rightly be called "Klompen", the Dutch name. Everybody knows what these wooden shoes look like, or have seen pictures of them. They kept our feet warm and dry, and, although you may not believe it, were comfortable. Their wooden soles were also ideal for one of our favourite pastimes—sliding. In the evening we would pour a bucket of water over the footpath and it would be frozen into a lane of ice in the morning. We would take a short run and then slide along the ice on our klompen. After some practice, we became quite expert at this sliding game and would slide over the gutter to provide a little fun and some spills. Another one of our favourite pastimes was snowball fighting. In snowball fights, all the children in the street would take sides and we would have an organized snowball battle. We would build barricades of snow across the footpaths and some of us would make the snowballs while others threw them. These battles always ended in laughs and plenty of fun for both sides. Some days, after school, we might decide to go ice skating on the local lake or river, but this could be dangerous, and our parents were always anxious for our safety. However, this problem was solved by one of our local farmers—he flooded one of his paddocks and provided a perfectly safe skating area where we would skate to our hearts' content. But to the snow and ice had only one drawback—the cold! I always seemed to be colder than my friends, no matter how many gloves or socks I put on, and the climate of Australia was one of the main things I enjoyed when we arrived. You may say it is cold, but I can tell you from experience that you have no idea what coldness is unless you have been in temperatures below the zero mark.

The snow and ice seem to be the main things I remember from Holland, because our way of life was much the same there as it is here in Australia.

I have often been asked if I like Australia and if I would like to go back to Holland, and I have always answered that I like Australia and would not go back to Holland to live. When I left Holland I was too young to get really attached to the country or to my friends, and the only things I lost were my relations and the snow. Here in Australia I have formed firmer friends, and many more than I ever possessed in Holland, and after eight years in this country, I cannot express my feelings in better words than those of Dorothea MacKellar, who loves—a sunburnt country, A land of sweeping plains, Of rugged mountain ranges, Of droughts and flooding rains; I love her far horizons, I love her jewel sea, Her beauty and her terror—The wide brown land for me!

I have so fallen in love with this country, that although the . . . earth holds many splendours, Wherever I may die, I know to what brown country, My homing thought will fly.

Kasper Scheppers, 6.

TO THE DEATH

The atmosphere was electric and sparks flew from the sharpened spikes on the boots of the hardened toughs from the Williamstown High and Technical Schools as they bounded to their positions at the Williamstown Oval.

The whistle blew and the spectators crouched low in their foxholes, brick throwing and violent abuse forgotten for the moment. As the ball left the umpire's hands many howling players rushed in and the High's rovers were churned into the quagmire in the centre of the ground.

Fluke, the tall, blood-stained ruckman, sitting in the bomb shelter on the sidelines, nursing a plaster-encased foot from a previous encounter, gave a groan as a star High School player was beaten senseless by five hefty opponents. This brutal play did not deter the High as, spurred on by their mud and blood spattered captain, they scrambled to a 3-point lead at quarter time.

And so the game went on, a hard, slogging test of endurance and brute

strength until at three-quarter time, the scores were level. The umpire, though slightly green, was blue with cold and red with anger as he was pelted with rotten fruit and broken masonry.

During the break at three-quarter time the fiery addresses of the coaches echoed eerily in the empty heads of the weary players.

The fury and pace of the game were reflected in the countless brawls that broke out among the fanatical spectators. The stretcher bearers of both teams became exhausted as great numbers of players dropped beneath the blows which rained upon their bleeding bodies.

The Tech. school's early lead in the last quarter was slowly being reduced as the High added point after point. The battered players found a new lease of life and play surged forward as 36 players chased the ball, ignoring their coaches' plea to "keep the game open". As the final seconds ticked by, the umpire, a bruised and weary man (or mouse) summoned the courage to give the High a free near their goals. This so enraged the Technical School supporters that play was held up for several minutes while riot squad police were called to control the screaming masses who attempted to tear the umpire limb from limb. Several trainers dodged blows and bricks to remove three or four spikes which had become lodged in the back of the frail player who was to take the free kick. A goal here would put the High two points in front. He staggered groggily to his feet but just as he took his kick he was brought down, partly by vicious rabbit-killers, but mainly by a six-foot piece of foundation bluestone (from the grandstand) which crushed every bone in his body. His kick was rushed though for a behind as the final siren sounded.

The Tech. fans rushed the ground and jubilantly chaired off their battered heroes amidst cheers that could heard in Footscray.

The conscious members of the High School team trudged wearily off, carrying their limp team-mates and broken coshes, while the umpire was hastily removed by police escort from the

screaming hordes and rushed to the hospital for emergency treatment.

The following Monday at assembly the headmaster remarked on the friendly manner in which this pleasant social match had been played.

Andrew Burbidge.

"KOGARA"

Kogara was now a fully-fledged warrior. His initiation had just been completed and he was entitled by hereditary rights to sit in council, hunt, and engage in war with the other members of the tribe.

In physical appearance Kogara bore every characteristic of a full-blooded aboriginal. He possessed deep-set eyes, was a shade over six feet, which is the average height of a Cape York Peninsula native, and had a typical large, flat nose, short curly hair, and a deep

muscled chest. He was indeed an aboriginal in the true sense of the world.

The time had come. Mooloola, an old and much respected member of the Wutati tribe, had spoken stirringly at the council that night, telling the tribe about the latest invasion of their rightful land by the "white ones".

By midnight the tribe was in a frenzy and eager for bloodshed. The aborigines although usually stolid, were greatly moved by Mooloola's commanding speech.

The plan had been made. Kogara and twenty of his strongest warriors would attack the men from the English ship "Montrose" at dawn the next morning.

Morning came slowly over the land. A small party which included the captain and nine of his crew members, rowed ashore from the "Montrose".

The captain took five members of



his crew with him into the nearby bush to explore, while the other five members of the crew camped on the beach to survey the land for possible settlement.

The captain was an hour's walk inland when Kogara and his warriors attacked. Two men fell at once under the aborigines' sharp spears. But the captain and his men had come heavily armed with muskets and pistols and, under a hail of fire, the aborigines scattered into the bush, believing that the "white ones" possessed great magic with their weapons. All fled but Kogara. He stood his ground and, as an unwary soldier approached him, Kogara's axe sped to the soldier's heart. It was not until two bullets had hit him that Kogara fell to the ground.

Had Kogara's life ended there he would have been acclaimed a great hero who had died in battle against the enemy. But as fate had planned it, Kogara was captured and shipped back to England on the "Montrose".

In England he was publicly exhibited in a cage like a wild animal. His cage bore the sign: "The wild man from the unknown world". Kogara's spirit was broken and he died in captivity two months after his capture, believing that his spirit would not "pass from the world of the living to dreamland".

H.M.A.S. YARRA, I, II and III

On 30th September, 1958, H.M.A.S. Yarra was launched at H.M.A. Naval Dockyard, Williamstown. She was the third of the renowned Yarras which served this country during the First and Second World Wars, and also during peacetime.

H.M.A.S. Yarra, a torpedo boat-destroyer, was built in Dumbarton, Scotland, and was commissioned in 1910. She arrived at Williamstown in the same year in the company of her sister ship "Parramatta", both of which represented the first two units of the Australian fleet which was later designated the Royal Australian Navy.

At the outbreak of World War I, Yarra, with her sister ships Warrego and Parramatta, formed the destroyer

component of the Australian fleet, and at the end of the war she had many admirable performances to her credit. She took part in the capture of German colonies in the south-west Pacific and she also took part in the operations against the German forces in the vicinity of New Guinea.

H.M.A.S. Yarra II, a sloop, was built in Sydney and commissioned in 1936. During the Second World War, Yarra took part in action against Italian destroyers in the Red Sea and also in the suppression of the Iraqi revolt in 1941. While under air attack in 1942, the Yarra rescued 1800 survivors from the burning troop transport "Empress of Asia".

At dawn one day in March, 1942, a convoy whose sole armament consisted of Yarra's rather inadequate guns, was attacked by an enemy cruiser force. The action was consequently of short duration and the entire convoy was destroyed. Yarra had put down a smoke screen in an endeavour to protect the rest of the convoy, but was rendered helpless within twenty minutes. She had put up a gallant fight while trying to protect the convoy, but it was of no avail. Against such a weight and power of fire, the action was short-lived. Only thirteen of Yarra's complement survived after having been in the water for 105 hours.

The latest H.M.A.S. Yarra is an anti-submarine frigate and was built at the Naval Dockyard, Williamstown. She was commissioned in November, 1961, and is now active in the service of Her Majesty's Australian Navy. It is to be hoped Yarra III is never forced to enter such conflicts as were her predecessors, but that she may give long and valued service as an aid to the preservation of peace in the world.

Barbara FitzGibbon.

EARLY MORNING IN WILLIAMSTOWN

Many alarm clocks awake the early workers from their sweet slumber between six and seven. It is dark and cold, it is winter. dark patches of cloud in the night-blue sky. The icy breeze

rustles the bare entangled branches of a fig tree. In the peacefulness a stray dog whimpers as he shivers in the cold, crisp air.

Men leave their drowsy homes for work. They are warmly dressed in woollens and great overcoats protect their bodies from the wind. In the dimly-lit side streets, figures silently appear from the purple shadows, and mysteriously disappear again into the darkness. As the morning progresses, more people are seen through the grey mist—the mist whirl flows from the silvery lapping waters of the bay. A group of men are seen, each carrying a bag, are marching again on the beaten track, mumbling to each other in a foreign language. A short, chubby man, further on, strides beside his tall bald companion. Some men casually lean against a post. Others read newspapers standing in the street. On the main street, a group of young ladies tap-tap their way towards the railway station, where clusters of people are waiting for the train.

Many noises pass unnoticed through your ear during these early morning hours. Women passing by chatter to each other, scraping their feet on the pavement. The purring of motorcar engines, the motorbike's putt-putt, mingle with the clinks of the milk-bottles and the clattering of the crates on the milk-cart.

When the train pulls into the station, people rush for its doors. This is followed by a repetition of slamming doors. Then there is silence. With a toot, the train whines out of the station, pulling its load. The siren's high pitch beckons the labourer to hurry. As he enters the factory or workshop he is greeted by the hiss of steam and wail of the engines and with the rapid explosions of pistons. He is ready to start his work.

There are now less people in the streets. Children are seen trotting to school with their little handbags around their tiny shoulders. When the tempo is at its peak during the early morning these children are asleep enjoying their bodily warmth, unaware of the cold and darkness which their parents have to

face. When they arise there is peace and the sun out and for them it is just another day to be experienced and enjoyed in Williamstown.

Nal Manolakakis, 4A.

THE DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM

Calmly I study the painting, depicting an Australian landscape with the inevitable gum trees. It is on the wall, the colour of which has been chosen to soothe the nerves of harassed people who chance to visit the dentist's waiting room.

Soon, however, my eye and interest begins to wander from the mob of huddled sheep herded by a stock man on a high prancing pony to a number of highly coloured, glossy magazines, on whose cover their contents is ostentatiously printed.

From one of these I begin to study the life of the Australian aborigine, which begins with a description of how the front teeth of members of certain tribes were filed into unusual shapes by their elders. The descriptions are so vivid that a peculiar ache soon begins to pervade my front teeth as if someone were briskly filing at them, this inducing me to read about the Gothic architecture of Northern Europe. But today the Notre Dame Cathedral with its graceful pillars and archways does not interest me. Perhaps the subtle smell of ether, which hold such interesting memories of chemistry lessons at schools—or hospital wards—is a little too subtle. There is also the extremely loud ticking of the electric clock on the wall! Each tick tries to make as much noise as possible in the interval for which it is able to exist, as if it wishes to express the thought: "Time may pass, but so will you".

I am sure I have never heard such a clock as this and, glaring resentfully at the timepiece, I sense that something is also glaring at me. The clock forgotten, I turn to the source, which consists of two small schoolgirls, one with very small plaits protruding from either side of her face like horns. Both study me with as much interest in their solemn eyes as a scientist might a

foreign battle.

Under the constancy of these looks, I soon begin to feel uncomfortable and, not wanting to be vanquished by two mere schoolchildren, I retaliate, but they do not retreat one step from the battle of the eyes.

My confidence begins to waver and wild visions of a change of colour in my hair begin to assert themselves. Perhaps the subconscious fear of the dentist's drill has looked a particular genus of shock which in turn produced a decolouration of my hair. Quickly I look at the faces of the other patients, and relieved, I return to my magazine when I notice that all are stoically reading.

A new diversion is obtained by the entrance of a policeman. Deigning a seat, he stands with arms folded—a perfect representative of the law—with a toothache. The cap, navy uniform with its shining silver buttons, is able to evoke respect even in the most wayward, snub-nosed, lawless members of the schoolgirl aristocracy, and my torments now find great interest in the adventures of a certain character, named Donald Duck, as interpreted by the genius of Walt Disney.

I begin to read another magazine, when the assistant calls my name. Unable to distinguish left from right, I am finally persuaded into turning the handle of the correct door. As I enter, the giggles of the two little girls drift behind me.

Ute Petzold.

A NIGHT WITH THE POLICE WIRELESS PATROL

My name is Aloysius John Vickers-Kennedy. I'm a cop. My uncle is President. But I live in Australia. I just call myself John Kennedy, because I'm not pretentious. I'm a Senior Constable (actually I'm only twenty-three, but I look older). I'm in the wireless patrol. I have just come off duty after a most thrilling, dangerous and bloody night. This is how it went . . .

I came on duty at nine o'clock last night—Saturday night. There were four

of us—Cahey O'Malley (he swears he's Scotch), Luigi Lollobrigida (does he get the treatment!), Ivan Krakovitch (I think he's French) and myself. We took out one of the special cars and went off on our four hours of patrol. We were to patrol sector four, concentrating around area two-five. In other words, Carlton—the most notorious part of the city.

As we moved down Monmouth Street we received our usual welcome from the residents—beer bottles, stones and occasional machine-gun and pistol fire. It's always a pretty sight to watch that tracer floating by. What they don't realise is that these special cars are bullet-proofed. They'll stand up to anything. Right, Casey? . . . Casey? Head for home, boys, we'll have to pick up another crewman.

After we dropped Casey off at the Morgue, plugged the hole with a wine-bottle cork, and boiled the car out (those deep foot-rests always get full of blood), we picked up the other man, Anthony Armstrong-Smith (by now you may have gathered that the wireless patrol is a very select company). We all ventured back. We sneaked along until we reached the corner, but they must have seen us coming. So we backed up a bit, then we screamed around the corner with siren blaring. The other fellows donned their bullet-proof armour and rushed to the fray, tommy-guns blazing, while I stayed back to mind Luigi's toy teddy-bear mascot. I was eager for the fight, and nothing could have stopped me if it wasn't for my order. They were going to make me rush in and break the door down! Alone!

When the boys returned they had a prisoner. I was amazed, because they'd never brought anyone back alive before. Then I got a good look! A gorgeous dark-eyed girl of about twenty. She came in the back seat with me. Now you know what I meant when I said it was a thrilling night! After Luigi and Antony dragged me away and handed her over to a couple of women police, we continued on our way. Things seemed to have quietened down now, however, and the rest of the evening passed without incident. Maybe a couple of shootings, a few stabbings, half a

dozen car crashes, maybe. Oh, there was one suicide. I wouldn't have minded, myself, only it was a beautiful blonde. What a waste!

R. Parker.

Yvonne Francome, VI.



AN AUCTION SALE

With the final examinations just finished, I felt as bored and impatient as I usually do at this time, so I counted up the remains of that week's pocket money and, finding it sufficient, decided to go to the auction rooms near my home in the hope of finding some simple antique or trinket within my limited means.

The auction rooms consisted of one large room with two smaller rooms which had once been separated from the large one by walls; but these had been removed years ago to allow more space. The entrance was through a door which opened into a gravel drive-way, which in turn led to the street. The floors were devoid of any covering and

the walls had the remains of a floral wall paper, which showed that this had once been lived in as a house. At one end of the room was an old-fashioned rostrum at which the auctioneer sat when things got under way. Beside it was a large wooden table on which the articles for sale were placed when they were being auctioned. Beside these and along the other three walls were piled, as compactly as possible, all the things for sale. These were of an extremely wide and amazing variety. There were bicycles, tricycles, old sets of crockery, beds, divans, tables, chairs, pictures, books, stocks of assorted magazines, rolls of carpet and linoleum, sinks, writing desks, ornaments, and even a go-kart; all of which were at varying stages of wear or decay.

When I arrived, there was already quite a large crowd inspecting the various articles, so I started to look around, too, and silently calculating in my mind what I considered to be the maximum amount I would bid for my chosen "Masterpieces". The crowd hustled and jostled me more and the atmosphere became more and more vital and excited as the time for selling approached.

A few minutes later, a stock, thick-set, blond-headed young man mounted the rostrum, beat the auctioneer's hammer a few times and announced in a loud harsh voice that the selling would then begin. His two assistants heaved the first article, an old armchair, on to the table. The auctioneer started the bidding off at three pounds and the hopeful purchasers tried to outdo each other until only the most persistent and determined few remained. The bidding was now up to fifty-eight pounds, which I thought was really ridiculous for such a rickety, unstable looking chair. The final bid was for seventy pounds. My bidding stopped, or didn't even start, if the price exceeded sixteen shillings.

As the afternoon wore on and the crowd began to peter out, I, too, decided that I had had enough of auction sales for the time being and made my way home to show everyone the delicately-carved trinket box I had bought, and on the way tried to think up satisfactory

answers to the uncomplimentary remarks I knew would be passed concerning my purchase.

J. Farley, Form 6.

A NEW ISLAND—A SCIENCE FICTION FEATURE

It is a known fact that the Americans have been carrying out atomic tests in the Pacific Ocean. One of the effects of these explosions apparently was to cause a violent upheaval from the bottom of the ocean whereby about ten square miles of the ocean floor rose above the surface of the ocean, forming an island. The following is the story of the discovery and its effects on the discoverers.

My partner, James Mason, and I were trying to establish a new record for the number of days taken to sail from Australia to America on a raft. When we were about thirty days out from Australia we sighted land where no land was charted. This piece of land we later found out, was a unique island, because here on the island was a city complete with skyscrapers, subways and all modern conveniences, a city where everything was made of gold.

Closer examination of this city showed that there were no living creatures inhabiting it and this ten square miles was an exact replica of New York, except that everything was made of gold. We found a gold foil newspaper on a news-stand. The paper had the following story written in it. "Yesterday, the 30th December, 1970, two men who were trying to break a world raft sailing record discovered a new island city in the Pacific. The city was an exact replica of downtown New York except that there were no inhabitants". This was, of course, the exact story of our arrival! Upon reading further in the newspaper there was expanded a new theory of life.

The theory was that life went on in a cycle of nineteen hundred and seventy years. It stated that the cycle we discovered was cycle number seventy-four and was known as the gold cycle, and

also that these cycles started by a cycle in which hydrogen was the materialistic element. This series would go on until every element had its turn at being materialistic compounds of two, three, four, etc., until every possible combination of elements re-occurred. When this had happened life would come to an end.

During each of these cycles life would start with Adam and Eve and proceed till the atomic age. The end of each cycle would always be heralded by discovery of the theory of life by two adventurers in the year 1970 on the 30th of December. The end would come on the 31st by an atomic war between Russia and the United States of America.

On reading the articles, James and I became frustrated because, unlike any past cycles when we had apparently been in the same situation, now all the possible combinations of elements existed and tomorrow would be the end of life. We tried to think of a way to stop the end and at last we did. Knowing the cycle would end because of a war between the United States and Russia, we flew to America in one of the "Gold Cycle" supersonic planes and persuaded the President, in light of the facts we had discovered and which he had veried within two hours, to surrender to Russian Communism.

Now both James and I are over 3000 years old. It has been concluded by the scientists of this age that everyone now had everlasting life because the cycle had been stopped, and now, due to space migration, life will continue on our planet and others till eternity.

All this came about through the discovery of a new island.

—By Don McLean.

THE SAG AND HOW IT AFFECTS LIFE!

The dictionary gives these meanings for the word "sag". To bend from weight or pressure; to lose firmness; to give way. In Melbourne at the present, great consternation has been caused by a sag of the

first kind in the King Street Bridge. This sag has caused both the bridge and Kingsway to be closed to all traffic. It is a fact that the other bridges cannot take all the traffic. The persons who drive cars to work have been arriving ten to fifteen minutes late because of the traffic congestion. This is how a common sag has affected the everyday life of the Melbournite, a sag that cost the taxpayer many thousands of pounds to repair.

The sag of the King Street Bridge is a sag that has been given much publicity. However, there are other sags on which millions of pounds each year are spent, but of which the public takes no notice.

The sag of the second type: "to lose firmness" is the common sag which is in the public eye, but of which the public takes no notice; this is the sag of the body as it begins to lose its firmness and is mainly experienced by people in the middle age group. How many women each year have face lifts because of sagging facial skin? There are countless hundreds of them, and also countless hundreds of men who, in attempts to beat the middle-age spread, subscribe to special body-building courses. These men are trying to stop the sag of the stomach muscles due to weight and pressure from an overlarge paunch. Some of them realize that it is an overlarge paunch that is the cause of their stomach sag, so they spend money and endanger the health by adhering to health diets.

If it is a woman with the same problem as the man, she will lace herself into a pair of bone corsets so she can wear the latest fashions. This lacing sometimes has an adverse effect on the wearer's life.

Another common sag is fallen arches, which is usually due to overweight. However, many thousands of pounds are spent each year on corrective footwear by women who insist on wearing shoes two sizes too small for them.

The third type of sag, the giving way type, is the most popular type. There is a place in America which is named

Hollywood, where many fortunes have been made because of this sag. The sag being referred to is the sagging neckline, which gets lower and lower each year.

So, I ask you, where will the sag end in our lifetime?

Don McLean.

SENIOR SOCIAL



SUMMER DAWN

Before I fully realized I was out of bed, my feet were touching the hessian floor. The sand-mud from yesterdays' footprints had dried, and gritted through the hessian under my toes. We often used to run back dripping wet from the beach, and then the dry floor felt good underfoot. My blue thongs had dried, too, during the night; they lay awkwardly sprawled under the bed, crusted with sandy rings on the thin rubber. As someone mumbled in his sleep, my stretcher protested with a prolonged creak as if it were at breaking point — but no-one woke up. I thoughtfully slipped

the thongs on, into their well-worn places, thankful that the beautiful dawn was still mine alone.

As I dressed, my back felt slightly warmed — the new day was already coming. Outside the tent, the sun was still hiding below the trees, hesitating, while the clear daylight tried to make the dawn hot by itself. The dust was still cool and flicked up in opaque clouds that powdered my ankles. My thongs were almost split in two after an evening trek over the sand hills, the dry sand in cool tumbling avalanches had seemed to fill up my feet and drag me down. But the rubber had not broken, and although both thongs were loose, they clicked comfortingly at my heels. Sometimes there were stones on the track, but they did not matter, because the cliff path was near at hand.

The rising sun caught the cliffs first and suddenly transformed them into white peaks and scraggy mountains, flat against the waking sky. All nature seemed to be retreating from the glaring sun; clouds, sleepily pushed aside, self-consciously shone pink; the dawn wind swept trees and scrub, shaking them into ruffled deference, and whispering to the grass. Only the birds were heedless of the sun's triumphal appearance—they had been awake for hours, chattering and darting cheekily about because they would have shelter at mid-day, and the trees would dry up in the sun.

The sand over the cliffs was deep and insecure, falling away from the top with every step. Little insects had slept there during the night, and crawled about dejectedly as if they had been untimely woken. Ants slunk out from dead leaves and trod delicately and aimlessly around, as if searching for their stings. I hastened past, and the sand slid over them, making them struggle up again, monotonously.

Where the sun had not touched them, the leafy bushes reached over the sliding path and slapped coldly as I ran past. Sometimes there were black snakes on the ground, but if you run quickly past, you are soon at the top of the rise in safety.

I felt the sting of the sun's heat on my sunburnt face, for there was no shade there. The sea spread out before me and was its usual day-colour of green and white, playing under the stiff morning sea-breeze. All the insects were in the air; the ants were busy now; and the sinking paths and leafy bushes were warm and friendly. Had all the excitement gone from the peaceful dawn? Only the distant mountains retained their dignity, shrouded in damp mist. And there was the little grocery truck bumping up the track to the shop, shaking its milk-bottle crates with joy as it flung the dust sky-high and hooted its horn.

Yvonne Francome.

THE YACHT RACE

The two leading yachts were beating towards the weather mark, only a boat's length separating them. These eight metres, "Vanessa" and "Acrospire", were half a mile ahead of the third yacht, "Bridgette," and as each of the two yachts strove for the lead, the crews were working overtime.

The breeze began to freshen and the skipper shouted: "We'll have to change the mainsail". Immediately six pairs of hands were pulling-pushing-tugging and the mainsail, which simply to lift requires four men, was disappearing down the hatch. The work was fast, but not fast enough. Airospire overtook, leaving Varessa wallowing in its wake. Her long, overhanging stern sent a jar through its fifty feet as it smacked down on the sea.

Then the sail was up and the yacht was moving again—at speed, and ready for anything.

"All set—jib in—main in. That's better," says the skipper. "Standley," he calls out to the crew, who are prepared for action. "Lee-oh!"

The sharp bow cores up and passes through the eye of the wind. There is a moment of utter activity. The great boom comes over and the headsail is dragged to the lee side, where the wind snaps it into shape and into place.

The men on the winches — "coffee

grinders" they call them — are bent double, working furiously, and sweat starts to come from their lowered faces.

"Just keep down on the deck and we'll see what's going on," came the stern voice from the cockpit.

So the men are still again, lying flat on their stomachs to prevent wind resistance, and the only sound that can be heard is the throb of the boat slicing through the sea and the continuous flapping of the large dacron mainsail.

A light spray occasionally sweeps the faces of the men. Three hundred yards ahead Airospire is close-hauled on the same course, but Varessa was visibly making up ground under her new mainsail.

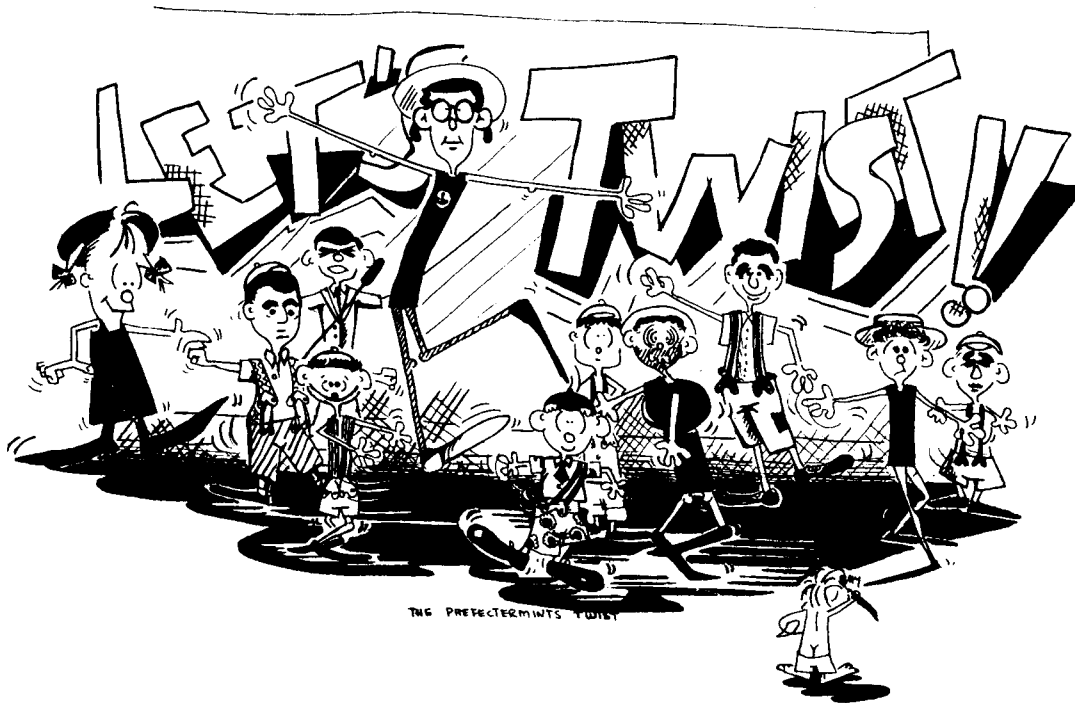
The official race continued, each yacht after the treasured trophy. Airospire rounded the second last mark with only two miles until the final beat, and then Varessa jibbed around only fifteen seconds behind her. The huge spinnakers blossomed forth, and as soon as the wind filled them, a jolt ran through the boats which gave them a new thrust of speed. At the final mark Airospire still held a narrow lead as the boats came round to point their bows

up the harbour and to head for home. Down came the spinnakers and up went the big Genoa headsails and the yachts began to tack furiously towards the finish line, each trying to batter the other. At the finish it was Vanessa who won by only four seconds, and she received a loud applause from the on-lookers. Next year, there would be another race, and Airospire would have the chance to win back her trophy. Everyone will be looking forward to the day.

Laurie Matthews, Form 6.

THE MYSTERIOUS SAUSAGE

One morning an old woman entered a butcher's shop to buy half a pound of sausages. She put the sausages into her basket and carried them home. When she arrived home she began to cook the sausages. The fat sizzled and the sausages soon cooked. The old woman arranged the sausages on her plate and, taking up her knife and fork, she began to eat. When she tried to cut one of the



sausages it seemed to slide away from her. So the old woman ate the others and then came back to the slippery one. She tried in vain to cut it, and at last gave up hope and put it into the rubbish tin.

The sausage was very upset about this and thought up numerous ways to punish the old woman. He then decided to get an army on to her, but where would he get an army in a rubbish tin? He wandered around the rubbish tin for some hours.

It was dark and lonely in the rubbish tin and the little sausage felt like sitting down and crying, but instead he walked bravely on. He walked and walked until he came to a little hole in a big brown paper bag. He peeped through the hole and there, inside the bag, was a concert in full swing. On the stage performing was a mouldy carrot doing the cha-cha. He took a quick glance at the orchestra, which was made up of carrots and turnips. The conductor was a lettuce and the audience was made up of eggs, orange peel and banana skins. When the concert was finished, the sausage spoke to the rubbish, and persuaded it to form an army against the old woman. They decided to let the mysterious sausage turn them all into sausages, then they all went to the larder and planted themselves on the shelves. When the old woman went to her larder the next morning she opened the door and at the sight of all the sausages she fainted. The mysterious sausage, quite happy with his morning's work, went back to the rubbish tin with his army.

THE FATAL FISHING TRIP

The Christmas holidays were on. A neighbour who lives near our home went to spend his holidays at King Island, where he stayed with relatives.

King Island is very close to Tasmania. A day's fishing was arranged by two men and himself. They set out in a small dinghy, and had been out in the boat for quite a few hours when a sudden squall arose, tossing the dinghy round so much that it capsized. The three men commenced trying to swim

against the strong sea. Two of the men swam very close together; they looked round, and found that their mate was missing, so they made straight for the shore. When they reached the shore, they were quite exhausted after fighting the strong sea.

They received help from a man who notified the police. The police sent a search party out looking for the missing body. They found no trace of him and although they searched for days they never recovered his missing body.

Glenda McCoubrie, IC.

GOLD WITH A DIFFERENCE

Most men think that gold is the only thing they want. It begins to consume them like a fever. Jack Brown was no different to any other man.

He was a good farmer, but very poor and discontented with his farm. He decided to leave his farm and go in search of gold. He packed a few possessions, not forgetting his pick, shovel, pan, gun and a little dynamite. He saddled his trusty mare and remembered his water bags. Without a glimpse back at his farm, he set out into the unknown.

Jack travelled north towards the desert country. He came to a fast, clear running stream where the brown-white stones seemed to glitter as if they contained the precious gold.

After a few days of hard toil and very little gold for his labour, he decided to cross the yellow sands of the desert. Further north lay a mountain range which he was sure would yield him his precious gold. The sun beat down on his aching back; his eyes ached but still the lure of gold drove him on.

He reached the cover of the mountain scrub, where he pitched camp and lit a fire, as it was becoming quite cold. Small, wide-eyed animals seemed to be watching him. He felt like an intruder. In the morning the sun rose with all its splendour, like a large ball of fire. Jack commenced his search for gold once more but, being a farmer, he noticed the quality of the soil. He thought that, if only water was available, he could grow a good crop.

As the day became hotter, Jack's water bags became emptier, so he decided to look for some water, for the lure of gold had made him careless. As he approached a small cave, he saw a sinister shape: it was a large python. Luckily he had carried his gun and, taking steady aim, he shot the python's head off. As he investigated the small cave he noticed a trickle of water coming through the rocks. He decided to dynamite a hole in the rocks. This he did, and behold, water rushed out on to the sand of the hungry desert.

Jack has since taken to farming again, working that soil he brought to life and he realizes that water, itself, is a very special kind of gold when it combines with dry soil.

J. Dalton, 1C.

SIMULTANEOUS YOUTH AND MATURITY

Somewhere among the mountains that surround Mt. Donna Buang a river is born.

Skipping down the mountainside, she passes wallabies hopping along her banks, brumbies snorting proudly on her ridges and rabbits peeping cautiously from natural forts. She basks in the sun of her happiness. Then suddenly she encounters the world.

Embittered by the loss of her freedom, jealously she guards her solitude, sucking down to her depths those who dare plunge into her waters and cursing those who trespass her domain. She laughs as the lightning cracks overhead and dances with its reflected deadliness. She taunts the clouds till they succumb and burst forth in anger and squander their wrath to drag down bridges and flood land, drowning dreams as well as crops. She conspires with the sun, surrendering her waters to worsen the plight of drought and then gurgles gleefully as fire ravages the withered countryside.

She fights the world, but she cannot fight time. Her resistance grows weaker and where the big steamers plough through her waters, her only defence is fog. Now she can only smile at the confusion this causes.

Occasionally her thoughts wander

back to her youth and she swishes by once more with freshly-inspired energy.

Eventually she dies, and her guardian angel, the sea, sweeps its protege into the peace of its arms.

I've seen her born and I've seen her die, yet the Yarra lives on perpetually.



IS IT REAL?

"OPERATION DESTROYER"

Final preparations were made. Every cadet partaking in the bivouac checked his equipment: water bottle, "mess" gear, "24-hour one-man ration pack", blanket, ground sheet, poncho and his faithful rifle, "Betsy".

Then the final briefing took place in which Australia was at war with Phontomia, which was at the time in control of Victoria. Australia and Phantomia were facing each other across the River Murray. The enemy had been intensifying his production of nuclear weapons and his plant for this is concentrated in the Seymour-Broadford area, a vital component of his production facilities is the reservoir at 2120. We were a reconnaissance patrol and our mission was to reconnoitre the reservoir, at 2120, on the night 19/20 August, with a view to its subsequent obstruction. The mission involved a parachute drop, movement on foot mission through

jungle, the setting up of a patrol base, the despatch of small parties from this base to carry out reconnaissance, and finally withdrawal on foot through jungle to a rendezvous for helicopter evacuation. Of course, the air-transported stages of the operation were simulated for us cadets. We were transported by trucks.

On the 19th August, the trucks transported us to the parachute drop area at about 1100 hours, and from there we started the exercise.

We jumped our way through the jungle for approximately two hours, the only noise being that of the birds, and the rustling of branches as we passed through them. The forest was very dense in places and gave us considerable camouflage. However, in some areas the growth was poor, and although this made the journey easier, it meant that special care had to be taken to avoid being seen. The cadets, with mud on their faces and leaves and netting on their berets and packs, were reasonably camouflaged.

We rested for half an hour for lunch. The ration pack meal consisted of a small tin of dehydrated "bully" beef, a fruit slice, six biscuits with butter and jam, and a salt tablet. Those who wished, after taking the necessary precautions, boiled themselves a cup of tea on the specially provided can heat. After lunch all rubbish was buried, the area cleaned and we left without a trace of evidence that we were there.

The march continued for another one and a half hours. We were now approaching our previously-planned base site. Suddenly a car was heard coming up a nearby road. The whole platoon went to ground. No one dared to move. The car passed by, and as its sound was heard in the distance the patrol started moving once again.

A little tired, we finally arrived at the base site, which was about one mile from the reservoir. The base had good overhead cover, and had a track nearby which would be useful for travelling at night.

The sections in the platoon immediately set up guards about thirty yards from the platoon headquarters, and

every cadet knew exactly what time he was on guard duty. Guard duty was taken in two-hour shifts. Everyone knew the password, the challenge being "Benaud" and the reply "Barassi". For two hours the guard had to look into the darkness before him, and as the wind shook the branches the guard found it very difficult to know if there was an enemy approaching or not. He could only hope there was not. There was a feeling of tenseness if any unusual noise occurred. The guard would look into the general direction from which the noise came and wait, with his rifle ready. A few minutes later he realized, as is usual, that it was only the wind. However, he must take this precaution because one time it may be the enemy that is coming.

It was now about 2100 hours and the final part of the mission was to be executed, the reconnoitring of the reservoir. Up till now the operation had been very successful. To minimise the noise, only four of the platoon undertook this mission: the platoon commander, his orderly, and two section leaders. This small patrol left the base and went along the track towards the reservoir. We were now about 300 yards from the reservoir. Suddenly we heard the enemy, which was simulated by the C.M.F., coming towards us. We sprang into the bushes and lay there. Four minutes had gone before the enemy came in view. We watched the patrol go past. It consisted of four men only. When it was safe to do so, we moved on further along the track. We were indeed relieved we were not discovered. However, this relief was not to last.

"There they are!" came the cry, which shattered the stillness of the night.

We had been spotted by a patrol which seemed to have come from nowhere. As we were reconnaissance patrol, our aim was to avoid a fight, and return to the base before we were captured. First we had to elude the enemy. We ran back along a different track, but before we could go very far two flares were fired above our heads. These blanks were fired at us, but the enemy had lost us in the bushes. After

half an hour we returned back to the patrol base, giving the password, as we approached the guard.

We knew it would be futile to try again because the enemy would be now on the ready.

After midnight "Operation Destroyer" was called off because some patrol from one of the schools had lost its way and a search party was sent out to look for it. It was later found.

Back at our base, the guards were brought in and we sat around the fire and discussed the whole exercise.

The next morning we found out that no unit partaking in the exercise was successful in obtaining the necessary particulars about the reservoir. Our unit had done a reasonable job and had obtained much benefit from the exercise. The best thing about the operation was that every cadet, even those on guard duty, enjoyed the experience, and if you ask them they will certainly say that there was nothing like it.

NO HOPE!

As I sit here motionless, everyone else in the class is scribbling frantically, all heads are down and not one single murmur is uttered by anyone.

While they are all writing, I'm gazing around the room looking for some inspiration, hoping to come up with some brilliant, outstanding piece of prose, but the only inspiration I can gather would be from the broken venetian blinds, which would make an excellent design for Art, but, alas, this is English, not Art. Also there would be abundant colour for a work of art. On the blackboard there are various hues of chalk and on the top ledge there are two uninspiring vases of artificial flowers.

Meanwhile, everybody is still busy scratching hurriedly on their paper. Their essays seem to ooze out of the pens, flowing consistently, not in short, sharp spasms of disconnected sentences; while I'm still sitting here waiting for inspiration.

Maybe I could write an essay about sounds—when you just sit and listen you hear many unobtrusive sounds

which would escape the hearing of busy people. The gas heaters seem to be continuously singing a whirring tune which waxes and wanes regularly every second or so. Also I can hear Andrew's typewriter clicking out his ideas evenly. Every now and then someone changes their sitting position and I can hear their feet scrape on the floor and then their seat creaks. Just now the class all seem to be turning their sheets of foolscap over—they must either be about to start another page, or; they must have finished! But, no, it just couldn't possibly be! I'm still sitting here with no topic to write my essay on.

Now a few more sounds seem to be creeping in; someone is ruling his page, a few murmurings are now audible, someone drops a pencil and kicks the desk when he bends down to pick it up; someone opens and shuts a creaky desk. The wind must have become a little stronger, because some of the windows are being knocked with sharp little bumps.

Now it happens! Oh, no! The bell has gone and the teacher is saying: "Finish off now, and write your name on the paper," and I couldn't find a topic to write my essay on in all that time.

REVENGE

The river where a certain cod lived was infected with trout, pike and numerous other fish and crabs. This certain cod had reached the tremendous weight of twenty pounds, truly a wonderful fish, except that he had only got to this massive size by waiting in ambush for some unsuspecting fish to idle by, then like a bolt of lightning he would flash out from the reeds and have the unsuspecting fish in his jaws before its victim knew what was going on.

It just happened that a rather large, juicy trout of about half the size of the cod was swimming by when, all of a sudden, there was a swirl of bubbles, a flash of green, and the trout felt the sting of jaws closing around his stomach.

There was quite a fight, mud swirling

up, darkening the water, and bubbles caused by the thrashing fish rising in tremendous quantities to the surface. But unfortunately the trout, being half the size of his attacker, had only half the strength, and soon the water cleared, showing the greedy cod, with the trout disappearing, undigested, down his gullet.

For a few days the cod lay in a torpor after his gigantic meal, for he was left quite weak due to his unpardonable greed. By some chance of fate there was a famine on the land, and the mother otter, who had not had anything to eat for some time owing to her cubs, whose hunger seemed as if it never ceased, was walking close to the stream and noticed feeble movements on the river bed.

The mother otter, who was at the stage where she would eat anything, dived in to satisfy her curiosity and possibly her hunger. As she swam closer, she saw that it was a gigantic cod; it wasn't very much larger, but under normal conditions it could outdo the otter. The mother otter, desperate with hunger, attacked the cod, which put up a terrible fight for some ten minutes, but as it had not quite recovered from its meal, proved rather easy prey for the otter, who dragged the exhausted body to her cubs, and after a few minutes of crunching, a satisfied mother and two baby otters went to sleep near a couple of bones and one fin.

David Blanch, 3B.

MIST

The icy fingers of the mist creep over the hills and through the trees. This is in the early morning in the country. It takes the form of ghostly white branches which, it seems, hug the ground and so fill the hollow. The white form is only seen as such from a distance, when at a closer proximity it is a dirty grey. It's not at all blanket-like but much more like minute rain drops suspended in the air.

When the early morning sun starts to make an appearance, the mist re-

cedes, first one finger, then another. Each is pulled silently and mysteriously through trees and away from the dew-soaked grass. The birds, then, and not before, start gaily chirping in the hedges and trees.

The mist, or fog as it is sometimes called in the city, is not viewed in the same way as it is in the country. It creeps down on and over the buildings when all is silent. Then, as if one, the city awakes and is deplored to find that all is covered in a grey wet blanket. In the country it is seen as a beauty of nature, but in the city it is a nuisance, a downright hindrance to traffic on the busy streets. The very early risers do not revel in it or even look upon it with tolerance, for it means whilst they go to work the cold will creep through their clothes. Then, whilst they sit huddled all day in dingy offices which never see a glimmer of sun, these people will remain cold. No wonder they see the mist with a different eye from that of the man working out of doors in the country. To him the morning mist is a God-sent gift which waters and freshens the earth and plants, but to the city-dweller it is an insidious cold foe.

In the evening, as the air grows cold and still, and the sun slowly sinks in the west, another kind of mist creeps down from nowhere. This mist seals in the good done to the land during the day, it closes the day in a proper way, as if it were extinguishing all life until the next dawn. This mist has many colours. Besides the base colour, white, it has the green of the grass and ever-greens, the red and yellow hues of the sunset and the blue which is gradually turning to shades of dark grey of the sky. Although it appears to freeze all and sundry it is beautiful to watch from a warm fire-lit room.

To the city it is again a curse, because it chooses to appear first as the men who have been locked in their dingy offices all day, move out in seething masses to cars, buses and trains, and home. Their different forms of transport are slowed to nearly a halt when the thick grey blanket is pulled over the streets and very high buildings. The men have cause to curse, for it

means they will take much longer to get to their warm firesides.

The mist of the open country and the mist of the city vary in many ways. That of the city never takes on the far-reaching soft lightness of the country mist. It is for this reason that it is viewed, as it were, through different eyes. To some it is beauty—to others a curse.

M. Mander, Form 6.

THE NOT-TOO-DISTANT PAST

If a person happened to be gazing out of his window in the early hours of some Sunday morning, he might have been amazed to see half a dozen or so small boys armed with shovels, rope, hammers, tins of nails—in short, anything from a crowbar to an old hacksaw blade, — marching away across the fields towards the scene of their labours for the day.

The psychologist may label these labours as the typical urge to build prevalent in the young male of 10 or so, but build we did, anything from a tunnel to a tree-house. It didn't matter what material we used or where the construction took place, it was merely the satisfaction of seeing something that we ourselves had made.

Concealment was the watchword. I don't think that any living man could have found the tunnel we dug right under the nose of a somewhat irate farmer, who, incidentally, supplied the thrill in life by his frequent outbursts of rage, which usually culminated in a wild chase across fields and through swamps. But a cow did—and very surprised we were to see the hindquarters of a somewhat large animal sticking through the entrance.

Then there was the "armada" of car tops (procured from the tip) in which we rowed up and down the creek. Well, I recall our first major expedition in these. On rounding a bend we were suddenly confronted with the curious sight of a man performing an elaborate fandango on top of an old quarry which formed part of the river bend; then there was an ear-splitting explosion and large

chunks of stone were landing all about us in the river. There was a lightning, and I might add, a disastrous retreat from the vicinity, for at least two of our craft foundered in midstream, and a belated rescue attempt ended with a third sharing the same fate. Needless to say, three very wet and muddy boys arrived home late that night with cunningly-contrived excuses, none of which fooled anybody.

The tree-house was by far the best experience of the lot. Situated about forty feet from the ground, it was just about inaccessible to anyone except, of course, those who built it, for every branch between the ground and the hut had been hewn from the tree and in their place removable stakes were used. We were so proud of it that we decided to spend the night there, and what a night!

The occupants of a caravan which had been parked not far from the tree on our arrival, gave up the struggle for sleep at about one o'clock the next morning, and after a heated outburst from the man of the house on the subject of "kids" in general, they left.

One of our number, having been foolish enough to get himself locked outside the hut, was in the act of making the night hideous with his demands for entrance, when there came a cry of horror (accompanied by the clank of bottles) from below and an old car started and careered out of the place as if all the devils in hell were pursuing the driver. And I have no doubt that he thought they were.

John Brooker, 6.

LAST OF THE HUMAN RACE

Alone! A lifeless world surrounds me. No man has ever known loneliness such as this. A person seeking solitude can easily recommunicate with his fellow being. But I am unable to do this, for I am the last of the human race.

That fatal Friday, they destroyed themselves in search of peace. It is all over now and I am alone. The feeling is quite inexplicable. Where a week ago life was normal, the children played,

mothers toiled in their kitchens, and fathers were at work, the place is in utter chaos. Only a few houses stand around me, their stark white walls catching the sun and blinding my eyes. What am I to do now? Wait until judgment is passed upon me? All I can do is wander aimlessly about the stricken streets, marvelling at what science can do with its terrible weapons. The day is unusually calm—a cloudless sky, the sun shining with all its brilliance. But I cannot enjoy this, for I know that soon I will die.

I am powerless to prevent death, I watched my family gradually die. I watched the neighbours and the people in the streets just lie down and enter into eternal sleep. What could I do? Nothing, nothing, just watch them. Now I knew it was my turn. I was going to die. No-one will weep over me as I wept upon them. I will die a lonely man.

If I must die, I will die in the place I love—the beach. Here the sand is golden, the water stretches out for endless miles. I will just lie down on the sand. It is strange not hearing the screeching of the seagulls fighting over scraps of food. All I can hear is the water lapping against the rock wall. The pill I took should soon begin to work. Sleepiness will overcome me, making my eyelids heavy, my body will not respond to my brain's messages. I will close my eyes and fall into eternal sleep, leaving a strange world behind me.

Gary Scott, 4A.

THE FROOGLEGLUMP

Actually it was quite by accident that I came upon the Froogleglump, sheltering as it was under a somewhat diminutive toadstool, and frozen into complete immobility, its features cunningly camouflaged with dirty grey spots on a bright green background.

However, the ungainly form of its body had proved to be its and my own undoing. You see, it had rather large webbed feet which protruded some two feet or so from beneath its shelter, due to which, and to my appa-

rent lack of observation I measured my length in a blackberry bush.

Mouthing violently, I turned my head to be confronted by a malevolent glare from a small heavy eye which seemed, like the eye of Cyclops, the only occupant of an extremely ugly face, that is apart from a sort of long, scaly tail which was coiled around its forehead. Suddenly, with a grunt, it bounded forward after the fashion of a kangaroo and began to rasp my hand affectionately with a long orange tongue. I jumped to my feet and, clearing the bush in one stride, fled with the curious animal in hot pursuit, bounding happily along behind, me from time to time emitting loud grunts. I dived behind a tree and flattened myself against it, but there were no sounds of pursuit. Slowly I moved around the trunk, then stopped. I did not possess three feet, so the third footstep had to be either another one-legged man or the froogleglump.

It spread its bat-like wings, flew up into tree tops, then dived. Perhaps I have some strange affinity for blackberries, but my own dive ended me in exactly the same predicament as before. I was beaten.

I sat up and eyed it warily, and it was now that my amazing discovery dawned on me. He was about three inches high—that is, his body was, but his webbed feet were proportionately



OUR NEWEST GIRLS

gigantic, while his wings, which seemed too small to carry even a sparrow, were folded neatly across his back. It seemed to derive great pleasure from just hanging there by one foot from a limb just above my head, idly flicking at flies with its tongue.

Suddenly it appeared to stiffen and perhaps responding to some call from the past which told it that at nightfall it must seek refuge, it rose to the very tips of those amazing feet and howled twice at the setting sun. Then, with graceful motions, it spread its wings and in a short time was just a speck in the distance.

I write this article, knowing that few will believe what they read, but I say to all sceptics that I do not drink, nor am I a dope fiend.

John Brooker.

THE VALUE OF SPORT IN TODAY'S WORLD

Life today is such that we need both a useful way to spend our ever-increasing leisure time, and a way in which we can express ourselves fully, or "let off steam" and get away from the tensions of life. Such a means is available through sport. There is no better and more enjoyable way of keeping active and in good health, both of which are essential in view of the fact that science is providing industry with more and more ways to cut down on manual labor.

Through sport a person can express himself in a unique manner. He need not even play to do this. Every country has at least one spectator sport; U.S.A., Australia and Britain having their football, Spain its bullfighting. Here a man can shout encouragement to his favourite player and "let off steam" in a harmless manner. Here, too, is an opportunity for competitors to express their emotions almost unrestrainedly. Perhaps the greatest thing sport does in this particular field is to give people who are not successful in other fields of endeavour a chance to show the world they are not worthless. For example, it gives the backward student

a chance to show people he is not inferior to his classmates.

It is good for people to be introduced to sport at an early age. Whilst young, they tend to idolize their elders, and who better to idolize than champion sportsmen who are probably fine, strapping specimens? It gives them an incentive to improve themselves and when they grow older sport keeps them together in healthy comradeship. Many lessons of life are first learnt on the sports arena when in friendly rivalry with one another. Often the prince and the pauper are playing for the same team, thus eliminating class distinction.

In the world of sport there is a place for everyone, not only for an aspiring champion, but also for the man who just wants something to take his mind off the problems of life. There is an opportunity for everyone to enjoy himself, no matter what his temperament and no matter how much or how little time he can devote to his sporting activities.

In the previous paragraphs I have tried to show the value of sport in this world. However, if abused and handled incorrectly, sport can become an extremely unpleasant affair, especially when men in their efforts to succeed forget that sport is a pastime, not a vocation.

John Punshon.

PUFFING BILLY

Track work began on the route from Upper Ferntree Gully to Gembrook during 1899.

On the 18th December, 1900, the little tank engine No. 4 opened the line by pulling a mixed passenger and goods train to Gembrook. In those early days there were stations only at Monbulk, now Belgrave, Menzies Creek, Emerald, Devon (now Cockatoo) and Gembrook. Later, stations were built at Upwey, Tecoma, Selby, Clematis, Novellius, Lakeside, Wright and Fielder.

It wasn't long before the little trains were very busy, carrying large quantities of timber, potatoes and general goods along with passengers and hundreds of city excursionists, who came to

enjoy a day's outing in the hills. In 1919 new excursion carriages were built to cope with the overflow of holiday sightseers. These carriages were open-sided, with canvas blinds to keep out the elements, and some of them are still being used as part of today's "Puffing Billy".

When electric trains came to Upper Fern Tree Gully, a new station was built, with the electric trains on one side and Puffing Billy on the other. To cater for the number of trains running between Upper Fern Tree Gully and Belgrave, automatic signals were installed, and between Selby and Menzies Creek a large tank was situated beside the line so that the small NA class tank locomotives could take on water after the long pull from Fern Tree Gully.

Just beyond this water tank a landslide blocked the railway during December, 1952. This was soon cleared, but again, in August of the following year, a much larger landslide covered the tracks at the same place, and so the railway was officially closed.

In the latter part of 1954 and during 1955, the Victorian Railways provided tourist trips to Belgrave, which were highly successful. It was during this period that public affection for the little train moved Mr. H. L. Hewett, a Brighton schoolmaster, to the conviction that Puffing Billy should continue to run if at all possible. His determination led to the foundation of the "Puffing Billy Preservation Society".

After a difficult period spent raising finance, members of the society began renovating the line. These renovations included: The remodelling of the Belgrave railway terminal, re-laying of sleepers throughout the eight miles from Belgrave to Lakeside, clearing of the landslide at Selby, and the clearing of vegetation along the track itself.

On the morning of Sunday, 6th May, 1962, the men who had toiled on the line for four years watched tank locomotive No. 7A and some carriages transfer the flat-cars on the broad-gauge to the narrow-gauge rails at Belgrave. The following weekend, No. 6A received a hearty welcome and work continued at an increased tempo to make ready

for the re-opening on Saturday, 28th July, 1962.

At present the line is completed as far as Menzies Creek, covering four miles, while work is now being concentrated on the next four miles from Menzies Creek to Lakeside, which will be opened during the latter part of this year.

R. BROWN, 5H.

THE GOSSIPS



LIFESAVER

Down on the beach stands a sun-tanned man,

Gazing with sharp blue eyes

Across a vast blanket of billowing foam,

Until a drowned person he spies.

Into the belt, and out to the sea

With lightning speed he goes

To save the unfortunate swimmer

Who may drown right under his nose.

Patient secured! The signal to pull.

Make haste or he may die.

A most saddening thing to happen

Beneath such a clear blue sky.

Out to the water rushes "third line".

Gives just a few puffs of life

Forcing its way into the still lungs

Cutting them as with a knife.

He lay on the sand, a still lifeless heap.

With people all milling around.

Resus. was begun with great haste.

And at last he uttered a sound!

He came around in a very short while,

Of puffs it only took four.

Another life saved on a white sanded beach.

The lifesavers win once more!

Sandra.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Heard over public address system:
"There will be a meeting all girls who
travel on the train in Miss Mayson's
office at recess".

Heard in Form V Biology class
(1961).—Lesson on the Transpiration
Stream: "The water passes through the
cortex of the rootlet and enters . . .
ROBERT!"

Heard over P.A. system: "Any people
found in classrooms eating lunches will
be emptied out."

Heard in Form 6 English Literature
class—when asked for a definition of a
"platitude":

"An animal with webbed feet".

"A high, flat area of land". Teacher
faints.

Heard over P.A. system (late 1961):
"Green teacher forms must be returned
to the office as soon as possible."

Heard in 4B History class: "This
question was done very badly on your
examination papers. Everyone watch the
board while I go through it."

Heard over P.A. system: "The bell
is being held up by the condition of
the girls' yard".

Heard in Matric. British History
class: "What I'll do now is get on the
blackboard and give you some of these
points".

Heard over P.A. system: "School
teams are now pinned to the notice
board".

Heard in Matric. Expression II Class:
"For those who are new to the school,
you are not required at school during
the examinations".

Heard at staff and prefects' meeting
before the inter-school swimming
sports: "It is essential that the students
be kept in a solid lump".

Heard in Matric. Expression II class:

"I spent all Friday morning on the
broken window".

Heard in Matric. Expression II class:
Mr. D: "Sedentary. You can have a
sedentary job. Now what's the meaning
of sedentary?"

Lyn J.: "On the bottom . . . you
know . . . low on the pay scale . . ."

Mr. D.: "You made a pun without
realising it. Sedentary simply means
'sitting down'."

Twin to the first wise word: "There
will be a meeting of all girls who play
cricket in Room 17 at lunchtime".

THE 10 COMMANDMENTS OF THE SCHOOL ASSEMBLY

1. *Thou shalt not dawdle to thy assembly.*
2. *Thou must rise from thy thrones when
thy master mounts his platform.*
3. *Thou shalt not blink an eyelid.*
4. *Thou must sing the National Anthem
and ye shall not mime it.*
5. *Honour thy masters and honourable
(awful) prefects.*
6. *Thou must own up to having white
socks on when asked.*
7. *Thou must not chew (especially chewy
or stickjaws).*
8. *When standing ye must place thy hands
at the back of thy fellow's seat.*
9. *Thou shalt not twitch thy nose.*
10. *Thou must keep the hall holy by not
wrecking the place.*

N.B.—Abide in ALL thy rules and ye may
become one of those dreadful prefects
if thou art not one now.

Judy Leck, 4B.

LOCKER ROOM GOSSIP

What is all that noise; is it
the local mothers' club meeting?
No, it is the fourth formers at
their lockers.

"What have we got next?"

"Can I borrow your comb, please? I must have left mine at home."
 "Did you know that Mary Jones was going with Johnny Smith?"
 "Stop pushing, I won't be long now!"
 "Oh, boy! We've got French next. My favourite teacher."
 "Where are you going next Saturday night?"
 "What room are we in next?"
 "Gee, Dido was crumby this week!"
 "What books are you taking for English?"
 "Are you going away for the holidays?"
 "My dad 'blew his top' when he heard my maths.' mark. I'm not allowed out for two weeks."

"Oh, Sue, I told you to hurry. I can't get my books while you are there".
 "I will wait for you around near the mirrors".
 "Who did you come home with from the dance on Saturday night?"
 "I washed my hair last night and it just won't go anywhere".
 "Are we in Room 19 or 20?"
 Shush, girls, here comes Miss Mayson".
 Silence reigns as the head mistress approaches the unusually quiet group of girls.
 "Hurry up, girls, the bell has gone." The girls scatter obediently to their classrooms.

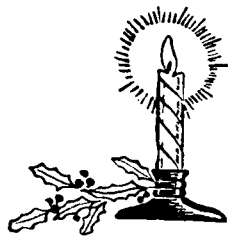
Judith Tobin, 4B.



MAIN STREET



CAMERA CLUB PRIZE



To all A Merry Christmas.
 To those who stay—
 a pleasant holiday.
 To those who go,
 "God speed you" and "Hold Fast"
 to all your school has given you.