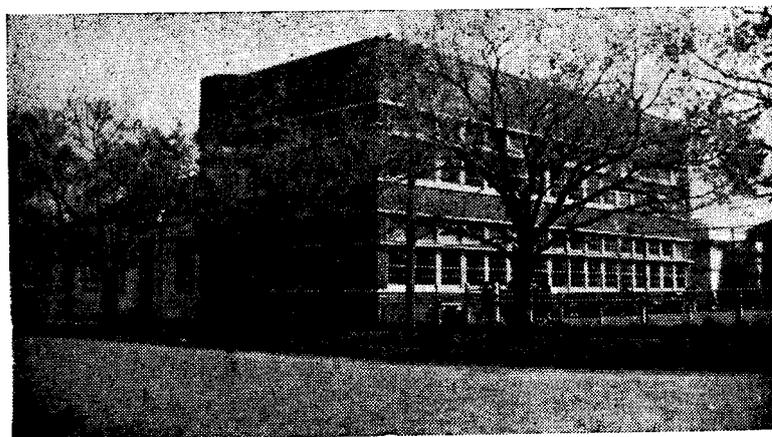


HIGH TIDE - 1964



HIGHTIDE

MAGAZINE OF THE WILLIAMSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL



1964

OUR LEADERS 1964

Headmaster: Mr. P. H. POWELL, B.A., B.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 Mesdames Colley, Taylor, Messrs. Pirie, Richards, Criddle, Coe, Gardiner, Breadon, Cr. Gray, Cresser, Parker, Rev. Mr. Moroney.

STAFF

Mr. C. A. Hughes, M.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. E. J. O'Connor, P.T.C. (W.A.)
Mr. G. Jones, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.	Mr K. Trsek, 7 Univ. subj.
Mr. K. S. McKenzie, B.A., T.P.T.C.	Miss C. Wilmot, D.T.S.C.
Mr. J. Howard, Univ. Subj.	Miss M. McIntyre, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)
Mr. J. T. Lannen, B.Sc., B.Ed.	Miss V. Hopton, F.P.C.B.
Mr. G. Bullen, W.T.C., C. & J.C., H.C.C.	Miss E. V. Littlehales, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Mr. T. Storey, B.A., Dip.Ed. (Durham)	Mrs. Bosnic (Laboratory Asst.)
Mr. H. W. Forecast, B.A., B.Ed., B.Sc. (London)	Miss P. Routley, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mr. G. Hird, First Class Honours	Mrs. V. Crunden, T.S.T.C. (Art and Craft)
Mr. P. Landa, B.A.	Miss M. Blood, Univ. subj., T.P. T.C.
Mr. D. R. Henstridge, 5 Univ. subj.	Mrs. B. L. Woo, Dip. Dom. Sc., T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts).
Mr. F. J. Rutledge, T.S.T.C.	Mrs. J. Barker, T.P.T.C. (Queens)
Mr. D. Sherman, T.S.T.C., 10 Univ. subj.	Mrs. J. Kinnane, T.S.T.C., 7 Uni. Subj.
Mr. G. Burrows, B. Comm., Dip.Ed.	Miss S. L. Schuler, 3 years Mus. Bac.
Mr. E. H. Williams, British Teaching Cert.	Mrs. M. Nicholls (Secretary)
Mr. G. Kaiser, 3 yrs. Elec. Engineering, R.M.I.T.	Mr. K. Grieve (Caretaker)
Mr. J. Becroft, B. Comm., Dip.Ed.	Mrs. B. Gilbert (Librarian)
Mr. A. Forsyth, B.Sci., Dip.Ed.	Mrs. O. Matthews (Secretary)

PREFECTS

Girls: Jean Cameron, Cherie de Rose, Loretta Francome, Patricia Hill Susan Huchison (Vice-Head), Helen Logan, Lorraine Lee, Jill McIntosh, Susan Pendlebury, Patricia Sims (Head), Elisabeth Starbuck, Faye Stevenson.

Boys: Andrew Burbridge, Robert Charlesworth, Russell Cohen (Head), John Granger, Peter Haywood, Greg. Jansen, Donald Lang, Howard Parker, Nibert Pomerin, Sukkary Sahhar, Barry Whear.

STUDENTS REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Patricia Sims (Co-President), Russell Cohen (Co-President), Faye Stevenson, Douglas Conway, John Weedon, Faye Manolakakis, Margaret Saunders, Bill Ritchie, Beverly Foote, Julie Bell, Michael Richards.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Mipa Malakunas (Editress), Patricia Sims, Russell Cohen, Loretta Francome, Lorraine Lee, Elisabeth Starbuck, Faye Stevenson.

THE HEADMASTER SAYS . . .

THERE has always been a demand for well qualified and highly skilled people. Today the demand is greater than ever and will increase. Electronic "brains" and computers have revolutionized industry and business. Automation has reduced the number of unskilled people required in industry and commerce, but has increased the demand for highly qualified people.



A GLANCE at the positions advertised in our newspapers will show this. Business firms are asking for boys and girls with matriculation mathematics to help in the programming for electronic computers. Large industrial organizations find difficulty in obtaining enough graduates qualified in mathematics to operate the costly electronic computers they have installed.

AMERICAN firms have been using these methods in industry and commerce for a longer time than Australian firms. It is certain that Australia will follow America in the use of these methods and equipment. We can expect that trends in America will occur here. The situation is alarming. In America in 1964 there are over one million boys and girls between the ages of sixteen years and twenty-one years who cannot find jobs. They have left school without gaining the qualifications needed in the modern world.

AUSTRALIAN educationists have carefully investigated this big problem and state very definitely that within the next few years boys and girls who leave school without a Leaving Certificate will find it almost impossible to be employed.

INVESTIGATION has shown that most boys and girls who come to our secondary schools have the ability to reach the Leaving Certificate standard. Failure is due mainly to wrong attitudes, unwillingness to work hard enough and bad study methods. This means that boys and girls must be prepared to remain at school until they reach Form V and must be determined to pass. This can be done if they are prepared to really work, to organize their study and use correct methods of study. It will mean discipline and sacrifice. Conditions in America today show the price young people are paying for their unwillingness to work to gain qualifications when they were at school. We do not want this to happen to the boys and girls in our schools.

EDITORIAL

"HIGH TIDE" is a record of the year's activities with our achievements, great and small, we add a new page to the history of our school.

A MAGAZINE needs the strong support of all those for whom it is published. More response is needed from the students. Remember, this is your magazine.

WE thank the contributors and the typists who spent many hours on the raw material for "High Tide."

WE also thank Mr. Sutton for use of the photographs in this magazine.

THE tradition of forty-nine years of history of the Williamstown High School can be remembered with gratitude. We are sure that this edition of "High Tide" will not only "Hold Fast" to that tradition, but also add to it.

ATTENTION!

1914 - 1964

NEXT year Williamstown High School celebrates its Golden Jubilee. A special committee has been established to organize this occasion. The programme of functions to take place, mainly in March, is certainly impressive.

THE present-day students and Staff are keenly interested in the planned proceedings and are looking forward to taking part in the celebrations. Will you be as interested?

THE Magazine Committee invites those ex-students who attended the school in the years before 1921 to write articles about their lives at Williamstown High School. Also if they still have any school photographs we would appreciate a loan of these.

Thanking you,

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

THE HEADMASTER SAYS (cont.):

TEACHERS who have returned from America report that the American high school pupils have learnt this lesson and are determined that they will not be left without jobs because they have not worked at school. These observers say that the American high school students are meeting the challenge of higher standards. They are working hard and enthusiastically.

BOYS and girls at our school must meet this challenge too. When they leave school they must earn a living. The modern world demands well qualified people. Most of our boys and girls have the ability to reach the standard of the Leaving Certificate. If they fail to do so because they are not prepared to discipline themselves they will pay dearly for their weakness.

I TRUST that the boys and girls of Williamstown High School will not be found wanting.

P. H. Powell, Head Master

The Advisory Council

THE School Council desire to express their appreciation of the good services given by the Head Master and members of the Staff throughout another year.

Mr. Powell and his large staff are to be congratulated on the happy atmosphere which consistently prevails throughout the school and the excellent scholastic results obtained.

It is conceded by all who see the school that smooth working and happy relationship help the build-up, all in all, of a successful institution, of which all must be proud.

The Council extends its sincere thanks to the Parents and Citizens' Association for the help they continue to give in many and varied ways.

During the year the school property has been kept to a standard which an ageing building allows. The grounds are in excellent condition. The premises are maintained in a clean and wholesome state, and for an institution where about

eight hundred young people gather and play, the absence of litter is remarkable.

Recently the Canteen has been given the attention it needed, adding to the comfort and convenience to the many voluntary friends who help there throughout the year.

The building has been reticulated, a washroom and toilet provided and a cloak room installed.

It was a very important and happy day in late December last, when the Chief Inspector of the Department invited Mr. Powell and I to his office, where he showed us the accepted plans for the rebuilding and an almost total new lay-out to the whole school property: Spacious class rooms with conveniences at present unknown; office suites for administration, staff rooms, waiting room for visiting parents, an inviting entrance hall, etc.

Some day soon we hope to be told of the date of commencement. That day will soon come, and we venture to suggest we shall have it during Jubilee year



SCHOOL STAFF

Back row: Messrs. Mackenzie, Forsyth, Sherman, Rutledge, Williams, Kaiser, Forecast, Hird, Storey, Halloran, Hughes. 2nd Row: Messrs. Trsek, Becroft, Henstridge, Lannen, Howard, Jones, Auckett, Bullen, Burrows. 3rd Row: Miss Routley, Miss Schuller, Mrs. Bosnic, Mrs. Kinnane. 4th Row: Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Grunden, Miss Blood, Miss McIntyre, Miss Wilmot, Miss Littlehales, Miss Hopten, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Pittard, Mrs. Woo, Mrs. Gilbert.
Front: Miss Mayson (Senior Mistress), Mr. Powell (Headmaster), Mr. Dillon (Senior Master).

Next year will be Jubilee year.

Under the chairmanship of Cr. L. Parker, a Jubilee Committee is enthusiastically working, arranging many functions. It is going to be a great event. Ex-teachers and ex-students will be returning in large numbers and re-living other days.

The Committee has much to do and every student and every parent can play a part. A well-filled week-end in March of various functions will be good to enjoy. The whole year will have something to interest.

We hope to associate Jubilee year with our modernised and well-equipped Assembly Hall. As you all know, the ex-Naval Drill Hall is now our property—an historical old place, associated with three or 4 wars. Now we want to turn it into a place of brightness and cheerfulness.

A very good friend of the school has given us a plan of development—a plan of vision and enterprise and of usefulness. A spacious hall to seat about twelve hundred people—a wonderful asset for assem-

blies and entertainment; a gymnasium, a toilet block, a storeroom, an inviting entrance hall and foyer, and many other bright features.

For this purpose we propose to establish a fund into which shall be put all moneys donated during Jubilee Year and profits earned from functions held.

For every pound in money we raise the Department will subscribe three pounds in subsidy.

To bring the Assembly Hall to the standard we hope for, we set ourselves the task of raising £8,000.

Many schools throughout the State have followed this scheme. Some have already succeeded and others are on the way.

With vision and concentration we too can achieve our object.

James C. Coe

Chairman of School Council



THE PREFECTS

Back row (from left): N. Pomorin, P. Hayward, J. Page, R. Charlesworth, D. Lang, H. Parker, J. Granger, S. Sahar. Third row: B. Whear, A. Burbridge. Centre row: Cherie de Rose, Jean Cameron, Loretta Franklin, Pat. Hill, Elisabeth Starbuck, Sue Pendlebury, Lorraine Lee, Helen Logan, Jill McIntosh, Faye Stevenson, Eve Hutchison. Front row: Patsy Sims, Miss Mayson, Mr. Powell, Mr. Dillon, Russell Cohen.

Parents' Association

During the year ended July, 1964, the Parents' Association has been able to either provide in full, or alternatively assist, in the purchase of several ancillary requirements, at the suggestion of the headmaster during our monthly meetings. This has only been possible through the continued support of school parents, through the voluntary giving scheme.

The money has enabled the purchase of such major items as a T.V. set, which is proving most successful for Mathematics periods in the lower forms, and will no doubt be used more extensively as further educational programmes are introduced; tape-recorder, various items for the geography classes, sailing craft for the Sailing Club, together with substantial contributions towards Library books, the last of these being £200 for the provision of fictional books.

The provision of typing and reproduction facilities or the preparation of lecture notes for the Matric. Forms was undertaken at the start of 1963 and our Headmaster has confirmed that this service has been most advantageous to both the Staff and Students.

We again awarded two scholarships of £10 each for Matric. year pupils. These are for Humanities and Science subjects and are awarded on scholastic ability to pupils who are receiving no other monetary assistance. In 1964 the Humanities Scholarship was awarded to Peter Hayward, and the Science Scholarship to Norman Hick.

To provide outside interest to our members, we have continued the practice of having lectures of public interest at regular intervals throughout the year.

For example, we have had Miss G. Meltzer speaking on "Inside South Africa Today," Miss L. White providing details of out-of-door activities of the National Fitness Council Girls' Adventure Schools, and Mr. H. Robbins, Melbourne Harbour Trust Public Relations Officer, on the subject of "Activities of the Port of Melbourne," which attracted a record attendance. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that Mr. Robbins had advised that discussion on the Reclamation of the Gellibrand Foreshore would be welcomed and

that a colour award winning film would be shown.

On Wednesday, 22nd July, a most enjoyable "Meet the Staff" social evening was held within the school. Thanks must go to Mr. Webb (M.C.) and his assistant, Mr. Neil, Mrs. Lowndes (P. & C. Association), Miss Schuler and Mr. Kaiser (Staff) who entertained us. Thanks is also due to the ladies of the Association who provided the lovely supper.

We are looking forward to 1965 as an outstanding year, due to the School Jubilee Celebrations which will then be taking place. Already there are several functions planned, and this Association will endeavour to assist in all possible ways.

The Association takes this opportunity of expressing appreciation of the help of voluntary workers at the Canteen, and wishing the Staff, Students and all associated with the school success in the coming year, both in their activities at the school and in their private lives.

—C. M. MacKenzie, Hon. Secretary.

SENIOR SCIENCE CLUB

Budding Scientists:—

Awl membas of tha form six fisic's clarse (except for free conchy cadets and sum twinkle-toad dancing fanatics (membas ov tha dancing club—tratas) plus several membas ov tha five form fisic's clarse.

Laboratree:—

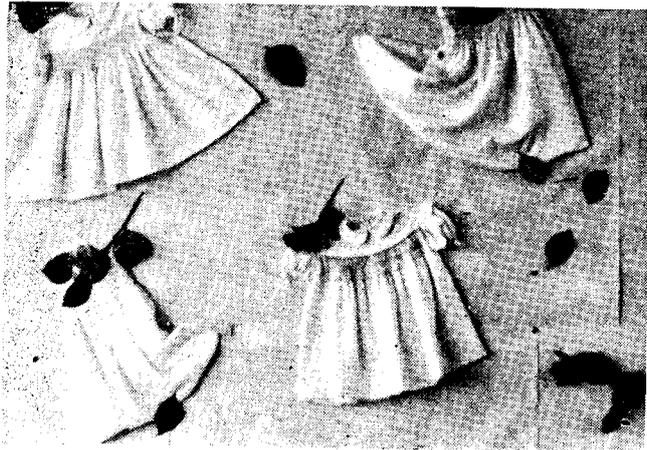
Room Fore

Activities:—

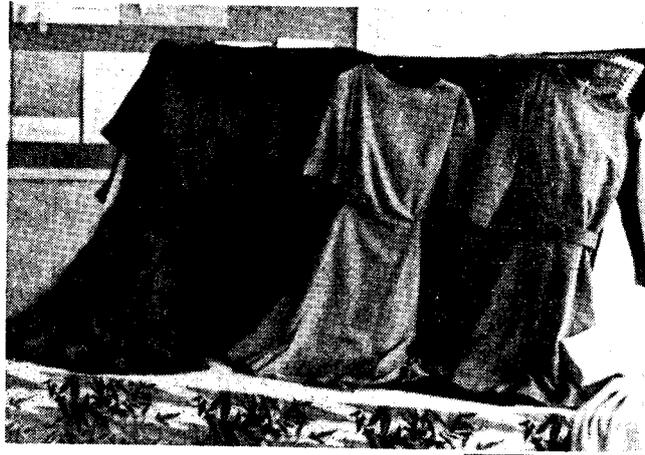
Nun.

Orther ov theese lengthee club notes:

AnonyMouse (wun ov Budding "nuts").



OPEN DAY



ACADEMIC
Students can
also be
technical.



"BEATLEMANIA"

The Oxford Dictionary defines the word "mania" as madness; prevailing craze or rage. Mania can exist in many forms, the most popular at the present being Beatle Mania, which has spread to the four corners of the world, sending teenagers hysterical whenever the Beatles appear.

The words "prevailing craze" are particularly applicable to Beatle Mania, as it seems impossible that the Beatles will remain at the present level for very long. Thousands of duffled-coated fans greet the group wherever they appear and their welcome in Melbourne was the greatest ever.

Why has Beatle Mania seized and excited teenagers all over the world? Is it because this group is so much better than anyone else. I think Beatle Mania has become so significant because the four Beatles are very talented and have a good gimmick in their name and hair style.

The teenagers have always given popular "rock" singers big welcomes but nothing to what the Beatles receive.

The Beatles started their career at a time when no other singing group was world-known, and so, with their talent and the publicity behind them, it wasn't long before everyone was buying Beatle wigs, records, books and clothes.

Many older people say that Beatle Mania is harmful and that it is bad for teenagers to become so emotional over a group of singers. I can't see anything wrong with establishing fan clubs and buying records of the Beatles. The teenage population over the last few years has always worshipped some particular singer and I don't see why people should complain when the teenagers' devotion is directed towards the Beatles.

However, when this devotion reaches the stage it did in Bourke Street a few days ago, then this is when Beatlemania could be said to be harmful and even dangerous. Had the police not done their job so efficiently many people could have been seriously injured. The radio stations made matters worse by frequently telling the mob to "scream and shout as much as they liked."

Beatle Mania has affected people from all walks of life. The Queen recently attended one of the Beatles' concerts and remarked that she thoroughly enjoyed the show. Professor Chisholm reviewed John Lennon's book (one of the Beatles) and said it contained a good deal of literary merit. At their concerts many elderly men and women go along to see what all this excitement is about and usually go away deaf, but satisfied.

The boys themselves existed as a group long before today and many of their popular records were made in 1959. The group members are unaffected by their success and their nimble minds never cease making witty remarks. They realize that their success cannot last forever and don't seem to mind being "public property" all the time.

You may ask. "It is understandable that teenagers adore the Beatles, but why do they nearly have a nervous breakdown every time they appear?" I think that these fans become so excited and worked up before the concert that the only way to relieve their emotions is to emit a good, long scream. This is irritating to the few who want to hear as well as see the Beatles perform. When the fans become hysterical it is no longer a joke, as while in this condition a person doesn't have full control over himself. A doctor has also pointed out that it is bad for one's health to become hysterical over such small matters. Perhaps these fans don't regard as seeing their idols such a "small matter."

The Beatles have had an impact on advertising, and advertisers frequently announce that Beatle pictures may be obtained with certain products. They think that teenagers are mesmerised by the word "Beatle" and are probably right in their assumption. The Volkswagen car is referred to as a "Beatle" in a desperate bid to increase sales and gain attention.

Beatlemania is certainly at its peak and will continue to attract teenagers all over the world, but for how long this will continue nobody knows, not even the Beatles themselves.—Donald Long, VI.

THE BEATLES' SEX APPEAL

One topic that many psychologists, in fact, anyone worth his salt (and many not worth it) have discussed, thought about or tried to analyse is that of the effect of four young men, the Beatles—John, Paul, Ringo and George—on teenagers of today.

This effect is not limited to that rather exclusive class, the teenager, but can affect and has affected both the very young and the very old. This effect, felt throughout the world, is aptly called Beatlemania.

I will not go into the history of the Beatles' now well-known rise to fame. If you do not know about it by now there is only one conclusion—you cannot read, for every newspaper or periodical has had at least one "exclusive" article by or about the Beatles.

But what is it that makes teenagers, mostly girls, scream, cry and even become hysterical over these four entertainers from Liverpool?

Some analysts say it is their sex-appeal, while others are quite certain it is their "relaxness" which holds the magic key to adoration by countless females.

The former suggestion appears to me to have more merit, especially after seeing the Beatles perform. But other artists have had as much, and some more, sex appeal and yet they did not receive the same reaction. It must be admitted that sex-appeal has something to do with their widespread popularity, but it is not the be-all-and-end-all of the question.

In my opinion it is a combination of factors that have brought about their fame and these factors (I'm not sure that I can name all of them) carefully mixed to give perfect balance and harmony.

One dominating factor is, I feel, that the Beatles are something new. Their sound musically was a fresh change, an enjoyable one, from what was becoming the common boring sound of popular music. I think that something that might have speeded their rise to fame was the fact that they did not come from the United States of America, the hitherto mass-producers of popular music. Here

we had had a group from England, not very important in popular music until the Beatles, that took even U.S.A. by storm.

Besides having a new sound, the group also were immaculately dressed in new styles. New also, to an extent, were their hair-styles, in my opinion quite neat and economical and far superior to the greasy, brushed-back style of the American singers in general.

And as their fame rose, one thing that helped to keep them in their position was the way they accepted their new position. It left them as fresh and unaltered by their success as they had been when they were just another group, unknown to all but the Liverpoolians. This unaffected temperament, combined with their natural actions. Here were teenage idols who were the same as other teenagers. They were not the perfect choir-boy. They smoked and drank and were not brilliant, studious school-lovers.

True this was not what every mother wanted of her child, but they were not afraid to admit it; not like some artists who said one thing and did another. And they were not in the music business just for the money—they played and sang because they enjoyed it and they were happy doing it.

This leads me to one thing that I have not yet mentioned—their musical ability. To many people the popular music of today is trash. Maybe it is, but I'm no judge of what is good music and just sounds. But to me, and to many, many other teenagers the Beatles' musical ability is beyond doubt. To me the Beatles have harmony, an invigorating beat, and good voices.

But these are not all the factors in the Beatles' success. There is that something else. Something that has no name—that can't be described—and it is this that puts the polish on their act and their appeal. It is not something that can be suddenly discovered and grown, it is something that is born with you.

These factors, in my opinion, especially the last one, have made for the success of the Beatles and the resulting Beatlemania.—J. Doull.

WHAT MAKES THE BEATLES "TICK?"

What is it that makes one-fifth of the population of a large city ready and willing to be present at the arrival of one rock and roll quartet?

Why is it that mass hysteria has greeted the Beatles all over the world and caused scores of people to collapse during their concerts?

The monumental popularity of the Beatles is not really a mystery. Much of it is due to careful strategy on the part of their manager, Brian Epstein, and the countless others (such as manufacturers and disc jockeys), who have clambered on to the Beatle band-wagon in search of a share in the profits.

But, in attempting to analyse the causes of Beatlemania, we must not disregard the profound effect of the personalities of this group on their world-wide audience.

I think it is safe to say that the Beatles would have had little success without their manager. Brian Epstein has literally created the craze. Before he became their manager in 1961, the Beatles (then known as The Moonshiners) affected black T-shirts, leather jackets, blue jeans and dishevelled hair. Now they are trend-setters, with an unorthodox but smart dress-sense and immaculate hairdos.

Their new image, mostly due to Epstein's ideas, incorporates all the ingredients necessary for a craze. The famous hairdos and the name of the group are symbols which make the Beatles stand out in people's minds.

Another necessity for the craze to develop was for the group to fill some important subconscious need of the teenagers, who are the main record buyers.

Perhaps, as Professor Chisholm suggests, teenagers find in the Beatles an element of their own lost youth, which has been denied them in a streamlined and standardised world. Teenagers can literally let their hair down in a quite, primitive sense, becoming part of a mob and freeing themselves from the restraints

which civilisation has perhaps placed on them too early.

Finally, a craze can only succeed if it meets the mood of the times—teenagers probably have more money and freedom than ever before, and their susceptibility to something new could again be relied on. Thus the manager of the Beatles exploited the ingredients necessary to create a craze which had every opportunity of taking on .

After the Beatles were launched, the publicity they gained, first from journalists, then from disc jockeys and, later, from manufacturers, was an indispensable element in helping the craze to gain momentum. The Beatles have been kept constantly before the public. Their success, therefore, was not just a fluke.

However, although I have shown that Beatlemania is largely a synthetic thing, the craze would never have caught on in such a way if the world-famous quartet had less engaging personalities. Their personalities are probably the most important single element in their popularity. Unlike other somewhat similar groups, they each have individual images among their fans.

Most of the fans identify themselves to some extent with their idols—the Beatles are all individually more like the boy-next-door who made good, rather than supermen with opportunities far above those of the average teenager. Most fans admire their brand of humour and care-less self-assurance, and perhaps see the success of the Beatles and their world-wide fame as symbols of the future realisation of their own hopes and dreams.

There is some argument about whether or not the Beatles have musical talent. This is not really the issue, because it is the images of the Beatles themselves rather than their music which have millions of people spellbound.

Although Beatlemania has been built up and nurtured carefully, I doubt if the process could be repeated with the same mysterious results, because here is only one each of John, Paul, George and Ringo in the world.—Alison Marks.

An "Exie" - - or Else

You can't help but notice how Exies are head and shoulders above everyone else. Official Exies, that is, not merely those who have drifted through four or five forms and since then have not even walked by the school, let alone returned to it in any way.

The real Exies are those who have paid their five shillings for membership, and it is these people who are superior in every respect. Not only have they the esteem and respect of their peers (yea, and envied by all who did not reap the benefits of our dearest institution) they are, by virtue of their very membership, physically and spiritually privileged. Bodily perfect they are, since football duals against the schoolboys, and riotous stomp parties among themselves have rendered them splendid specimens of manhood. Spiritually, they are one with the Gods, having for several years embodied the noble spirit of our dear institution.

The Exies, the best of the populace, bask in the glory of the best of all schools. Yet, dear students, although we share wealth and are renowned throughout this honourable peninsula, we are willing to share our treasures to all those deserving of the title and rank of "Exie."

Most generously, therefore, we extend an invitation to all those children about to depart from our dear institution and welcome them to participate in the past and future glories of Exie life that are listed below.

What Has Been:

We joyously entertained more than a hundred prospective members at a most successful social evening last May.

We fruitfully campaigned at the school on "Open Night," gaining many new members and replying to numerous requests from interested parents.

In August, at another social evening, we welcomed the President and several members of the Altona High School Ex-Students' Association.

And as you know, we versed the school team in the greatest of Australian blood sports.

What Will Be:

We contemplate a joint Williams-town - Altona Ex-Students dance, for past and present students of both districts.

We are now collecting scripts for next year's revue. Over the last few years the revue has been a great success. New cast members are cordially invited.

We are already planning the School Jubilee celebration for early next year. Over a single week-end there will be a ball, garden party, dinner and a church service. The Exies are particularly responsible for the ball on the Friday evening. More than a thousand people are expected.

The Exies then, as you can see, do more than just exist. They are thriving. Moreover, they shall continue to do so as long as the best of the High fly high with the Exies.

The executive of the Ex-Students' Association:—Secretary: John Colquhoun, 15 Hannan St. 'phone. 65-5014; Treasurer: Jim Lawson. 22 Kororoit Creek Rd.; President: Barry Hill. 62 Challis St., Newport.



A DAY ON WHICH I SPOKE ONLY THE TRUTH

A few Sundays ago I had been listening in church to a sermon concerned with the virtues of truth. This provoked my thoughts greatly, and I decided that the next day I would speak nothing but the truth from the moment I got up until I went to bed at night.

Monday is, in my opinion, the most hateful day of the week, but it comes straight after Sunday and it was therefore the day for my experimental endeavour. I was making a trip into the city that day, so I hurriedly dressed and had breakfast.

Just as I was about to open the door and leave there was a knock, so I dumped my bag and gloves on the bed and rushed

out to open it. The caller was Mrs. P' Smith, an old dear from a few doors away, who had come to bring me some tomatoes, and by the look of the clock she meant to stay for morning tea and a chat.

Within the last week four different people had given me baskets full of tomatoes, and Mother and I had had them grilled, fried and mixed with other dishes, as well as making a dozen jars of chutney. We were just reaching the end of them and looking forward to a change in our diet. Apparently this was not to be, for here were more of the wretched things.

Mrs. P'Smith said she hoped we would like the tomatoes, and that they were very good for us, and she knew we did not have any growing. I was about to say they would be nice, but then I remembered my resolution.

"Well, we have had quite a lot given to us lately," I said. "We've eaten so many that if we don't stop soon, we'll look like tomatoes."

Mrs. P'Smith looked so hurt that I wished I had never made any stupid resolution.

"Well, I'm sure Mrs. Gray would be pleased if you took them in to her," I said. That was the truth—I was sure.

This seemed to pacify the benevolent lady, who smiled and changed the subject. I was wishing she would leave, as Mother was not home to talk to her, and I was wanting to catch the train. Time ticked on, and suddenly it dawned on Mrs. P'Smith that I was wearing a hat and coat. She said she hoped she was not keeping me.

"Actually, I was hoping to catch the 10.45 train," I said, "but as it's now ten past 12 I don't think I have much hope, do you?"

Mrs. P'Smith looked so taken aback that I do not think I could have said anything that would pacify her, but as she left I realised that I would not have to refuse any more of her tomatoes.

—Quad Erat Demonstrandum (Form V).

A PLUG FOR TRANSISTORS

Do you agree with the man who said that the transistor radio is the worst invention of this age of unnecessary noise?

What ignorance is shown in this man's statement! He most probably is a biased, doddering old "codger" who can just hear with an aid, a greater supporter of "the good ol' days," and one who just tolerates the modern, foolish generation. Surely his name must be Cecil!

Well, my dear Cecil, let me tell you a few interesting facts. Number one: The transistor radio is only one of many machines that have undergone a revolutionary operation and come out successfully.

Transistorised electronics boasts of a wide range of accomplishments. Where would that frustrated scientist be without transistorised cameras, recording machines, inter-communication systems, and numerous other "whatnots" that are packed into the nose of those satellites? How about that, Cecil ol' boy?

Noise? My dear fellow, if you cared to amalgamate all the everyday noises of a modern city, do you really think the transistor radio would have any significant place in this great roar? Of course not! It would be a train's brakes screaming to a halt, the clanking of cranes, a baby's wail, or the hiss of a steam whistle—anything but a transistor radio.

Number three, Cecil: Take any member of the community and see how he appreciates and accepts the advantages of the transistor radio. For example there is the housewife who spends her lonely day in the house with her radio for company. Now if she did not have her portable transistor radio when she moved from one dusty room to another she would have to turn up the old-fashioned mantel radio to full blast while she was in the neighbouring room. But with her transistor she turns it to a pleasant volume and carries it with her. See, Cecil, it even saves noise!

Her husband carries his tiny pocket tran. to work, hidden in his coat. Without it he would be a grumpy, unhappy man. He could not blindly amble along Swanston Street, his ear glued to the miniature speaker, and with a pleased look on his face when Benaud hits a six!

Noise—greater noise!

Members of community — woman man, teenager.

Unnecessary—noise—without it?

Um, well yes. They have been a bit careless about the use of their "rocker-boxes," but now they have come to accept the nifty little ear-piece that looks exactly like your hearing-aid and in public transports see the tran. youngster sits there and the only noise his fellow passenger can hear are his fingers snapping.

Be quiet? My dear sir, I will not be quiet. I am not making unnecessary noise. If noise was just cut out I am sure I would go mad. Imagine a silent world! Why I disbelieve you. I'm sure you heartily enjoy a rousing, intellectual conversation like this. Don't you? What in . . . ? He must have turned his hearing-aid off and fallen asleep. Oh, well, where's my transistor?

—Pat. Hill.



THE MOST REMARKABLE ANIMAL I HAVE EVER KNOWN

In my opinion the most remarkable animal I have ever know is "the Human Being."

In the dawn of time, when there were giant mammals on earth, there was a simplicity in their philosophy. Then man, also a mammal, came. He was more complex, with a brain more capable of thinking than that of any other animal, so he therefore advanced, and left everything else behind. He became ruler of the earth.

From that time to this, man has changed a lot. From an ugly, hairy, almost apelike being to a civilized, well-built, good-looking person.

Man has survived many wars and after each of these wars man has bettered himself until he had the standard we know exists today. Man is also able to endure many things of which other animals are not capable. Maybe that is because of his brain and will power to control his feelings and actions.

The most remarkable thing about man is his capability to live together. Animals of different types are unable to tolerate each other, and there is always a war for survival. But sometimes man

loses this capability to live with his own kind, and that is how wars start.

When one comes to think of some of the advances man has made, it is quite unbelievable that he is an animal. Man once had the desire to fly like a bird, and he managed to fulfil his wish. Man also had the desire to go underwater like a fish, and he did. When man has a desire he does his best to fulfil his ambition.

Only man can endure terrific pain, or survive at high altitudes or in intense heat or intense cold. No other animal can live with only half his organs, or no limbs.

Man is fascinating. With methods of communications (that is, writing, oral, telegraph) he widens his outlook, something of which no other animal is capable. With man the ruler of the earth, he is surely the most remarkable animal ever to live.



TEACHERS I HAVE KNOWN—TYPES

I have decided to write these few words for the benefit of all new high school students.

This is my sixth year as a high school student so I feel fully qualified to offer advice. I have found many sharks in the deceptively calm waters of Williamstown High School. They may look harmless, like the teachers you knew in primary school, in fact. These, however, have developed in the University and though there are few who have failed to become like the others; these are like finding a glass of water in the desert.

I will tell you about two or three of the worst type of teacher you will encounter.

I know how you, the new student, must feel on your first day. I was terrified. I felt I was Daniel in the lions' den, only the lions were biting. This is just what school life is—a fight for survival against people who have the backing of the government and your parents. Sooner or later you will climb a little way up the wall of the den and be able to gaze down on the prowling lions. You will slip sometimes, but don't despair. Remember, all of us near the top of the wall have managed to survive. You will

not escape feeling that you are so small and everybody else so big on your first day. I stood in front of a man who closely resembled an enraged bull, poring the ground, just waiting for me to do something wrong.

At the beginning of your first year you will meet various types of teachers. There is the Dr. Jeckyll-and-Mr.-Hyde type of teacher. I met him first in my first year. This type of teacher is very, very clever, so never relax in his class. He will appear so charming and kind—bait. He is dangling a worm in front of a fish who does not know that there is a hook in there somewhere. In a flash he will have changed from this nice man to a Frankenstein-type dracula. Never forget that this man can change to Mr. Hyde faster than ever Dr. Jeckyll did. Never completely relax in his class; always be ready for this change. That is the only advice I can offer you.

Another teacher to beware of is the hale and hearty teacher. I remember this teacher very well indeed. He would tell tall, tall stories till well into the next period, making you late for Dr. Jeckyll-Mr. Hyde. He would spend all period teaching you a song, then give you two hours' home-work. I am sure he regarded us either as army officers—which he hated—or children of these men.

We went through an army training period the year I had this teacher. We would run out of the classroom, run round the yard for 20 minutes, then run back to the classroom without a rest. Never sit in the front row in this teacher's class because he invariably has a stick just long enough to reach you.

I feel that these are the two worst types of teachers, but there are many others nearly as bad. There are a few teachers who will not bite, but these are a rarity, so treat all teachers with caution. The student teachers can be disregarded if you are leaving school soon, but if you are not, never forget they are future student-eating tigers. Beware of all who you do not know for certain, you fellow-sufferers.

I offer my sympathies to all new students and wish you good luck—you'll need it! —Pamela McGuire, Form 6.

CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY

The first day of the year is regarded as the most auspicious day in the Chinese calendar, and thus the Chinese New Year festival is the eminent festival of the Chinese people.

Chinese all over the world celebrate this festival with great pomp and pride. Regardless of the class or age of the people, rich and poor, young and old, all celebrate it with great hope and expectation that the new year will be better than the one just terminated, and will bring them blessing, happiness and prosperity.

Preparations for the celebration of this festival begin days and months ahead. Houses are cleaned, repainted and decorated with strips of red paper bearing words and phrases which mean happiness and prosperity. This day is a grand day for the Chinese people indeed. Commodities such as fruits, fish, fowls, eggs are in great demand so that the prices soar sky-high. Everybody seems to be busy, especially the tailors, who have a busy time in making clothing for the customer.

Crackers were fired by excited children to welcome this auspicious day in advance. On the eve of the New Year a re-union dinner is held in every Chinese house. All members of the family gather together at their ancestral home for a sumptuous meal. This big feast is considered incomplete without delicacies such as salted ducks, sausages and oranges imported from China.

Exactly at midnight, on the eve of the day, large quantities of crackers are fired to welcome the day. First thing in the morning the people offer prayers to gods and goddesses that their children may prosper in life. By this time everybody has woken up and has dressed in the new clothes. The parents then sit before their family and accept cups of Chinese tea offered by everyone of the family and in return they give them a "red packet," which in Chinese is called "Hoong Pao." The packet contains a handsome gift in cash so that the recipient is able to enjoy the day with real happiness.

All are happy and their manners are also excellent. They say nothing but good words, such as "Koong he fatt choy" (I wish you good, the best of luck) and "Se kooi Hsing Loong" (Wealth and prosperity throughout the year).

Parents do not thrash or even scold their children, even though they commit some offences. This lenience may sometimes be extended to another, as they regard it as bad luck to them if they make the child cry.

People are not allowed to sweep their homes as the Chinese believe that, by sweeping the floor on that day bad luck would ensue—all the luck has been swept away.

Visits are paid to relatives and friends and gifts are exchanged. Usually the elderly members of the family remain in their homes, whereas the younger people do all the visiting. Sometimes

these young people also organise picnics and parties. All recreation centres are packed with people. The cinemas are packed to capacity, taxis, buses and rickshaws do a roaring trade on this particular day and for a few following days.

As it is a public holiday in Malaysia, everybody enjoys the day very much. At other times of the year other communities celebrate their festivals. For instance the Muslims celebrate their "Hari Raya" which means happy day; on the other hand the Indians celebrate their "Deepavali." But on the Chinese New Year the other races join in the fun and visit their Chinese friends, where they are provided with food and drinks.

Thus in Malaysia the Chinese New Year is the grandest festival of all, including the other festivals celebrated by the other races.—Yeo Ah Seet.

HAIKU OR TANKA*, AND CINQAIN**

*A Japanese verse form of three lines of 5, 7 and 5 syllables.

**An American verse form of five lines of 2, 4, 6, 8, and 2 syllables.

She is a devil,
Mean, jealous and evil.
Guess who? Me!
—V. Antworth, 3B

Roll over Beethoven
And give Tchaikowsky the news,
The Beatles are here.
—R. Hughes, 3B.

Guns are dangerous,
People die because of guns.
Bang! They got me! Aaaah!
—J. McCutcheon, 3B.

I jumped around it,
Over it, in and through it,
Until I smashed it.
—B. Fitzpatrick, 3B.

My English teacher,
A person who is severe,
Told us many jokes.
—R. Scheppers, 3B.

Tell me how to go
The road is long and narrow.
Am I too fat?
—M. Ellis, 3C.

The two ginger cats
Sat on the tin railings
Singing woefully
—C. Scott, 3C.

The End
Should not be here,
It should be at the end
But, as 'tis not, I can but say
The End.
—M. Buckley, 3B.

To think
Of what you like
Imagine an ice-cream
On a hot, humid summer's day,
Yummy!
—R. Scheppers, 3B.

The time
Which flies so fast
Is always there to find
To save a friend who lies and steals,
To help.
—B. Dalton, 3B.

Study
The wishful art,
To sit and wander through
Books filled with knowledge unknown
To me.
—B. Dalton, 3B.

Funny,
When I'm asked
To get the messages
My old disease returns, once more
I'm sick.
—P. Jones, 3C.

HOUSE NOTES

POSSUM GIRLS

For we're the Possums,
The Possums,

We're out to get the rep
Just because we're got the pep,

For we're the Possums,
The Possums,
That is the House for mel

Captain: Carole Waters; vice-captain:
Elisabeth Starbuck; Secretary: Pam Carter.

This year Possum House got off to a magnificent start by coming equal first in the Swimming Sports. Congratulations must go to Yvonne Backus, Carole Waters, Marian Wouda and all of the other girls in the team.

Next came the Choral Contest, about which we will make no further comment except convey our thanks to our conductor, Elisabeth Starbuck, and our pianist, Gail Ashford, for their sterling work.

The Debating Team got into the finals, due to an overwhelming victory against the Koalas, but unfortunately we did not gain first place. Our congratulations and thanks go to E. Starbuck, L. Lee and A. Burbidge for their fine display of oratory.

Although the girls' team occupied second position overall, we gained third position in the Athletics Carnival and the Possums really showed their superiority by once more defeating all in the marching. Some of our most outstanding athletes were: P. Davidson, E. Starbuck, T. Jorgensen, and the Under 15 Basketball Passing Team.

In the inter-house matches the Possum Girls are beginning to display ability and if they continue to do this the Parker Cup will be carried off by Possum House in the very near future.

The Girls would like to convey their congratulations, and thanks to Carole Waters for her excellent job in leading the House.

WOMBATS' HOUSE

Well, another year began. So did the members of Wombats — they began the steep, uphill course leading to the Parker Cup.

For leadership, they decided to elect Christine Pedlar. Her job was to lead this valiant House along the rough path and guide them away from the hazards created by the other Houses. Faye Manolakaki was elected as vice-captain and her job was to guide the wayward Christine back to her job (not that she needed any guiding).

Several years ago a House Secretary was nominated. But as the years passed by, the House secretary faded into the distance. However, in 1964 the Sports Mistress decided to begin this duty again and 30 of the girls of Wombat House elected Patsy Sims as House Secretary.

This year, although Wombats have not achieved first place in the major events, they have done well in the less major events as at the end of second term they are running a close second in Wednesday sport.

Fortunately, there is the rest of the year to remedy this and triumph again.

KOALA HOUSE

At the beginning of the year Jill McIntosh was elected hows captan, and Pat Hill as vise captan. Arfta Dianne Dunstan left, the posishun ov secraterry was filled by Jennifer Rodger.

In the swimming sports Koalas wer narryly beeton by too unmenhunable Howses hoo wer equal first.

Koalas pozess meny budding sopranos (?) but eevan so we did not win the coral contest. We wer conduckted by Pat Hill.

Athleticks sports r uppoching soon and we hope to submit ay merituble athleticks team.

Ow yard jooty so far haz been verry wal dun joo too tha willingness and cooperashun (?) ov tha members ov tha hows (manely form wun hoo av yet hav

not marsted tha techneck ov getting owt ov jooty).

Thanks r too b given too Miss Routley and Mr. Howard for thair help juring tha yeer.

—Joe and Gyl.

DEBATE, 1964

Taking the topic of "Should Fluoride Be Introduced Into Melbourne's Water Supply," the semi-finals of the Inter-House debating contest took place early in June.

At the Mechanics' Institute Hall the Possum team (Elizabeth Starbuck, Lorraine Lee and Andrew Burbridge) presenting the negative argument, narrowly defeated Koala's (John Granger, Robert Butterfield and Stewart Andrew).

The affirmative argument was also defeated at the Drill Hall, where Dingoes

(Peter Hayword, Orienne Tuck and Robyn McGuinness) successfully combined against Mr. Trsek's puppets (Faye Manalakakis and Colin Richards).

Not long after, the grand day of the final decision arrived. Of course we all calculated this to be a grand day by using the traditional tried and tested formula and tallying the number of times previous that the juniors had been gently reminded to be silent.

Possums and Dingoes took the floor and literally flogged the affirmative and negative arguments respectively of "Should a Modern Asian Language Replace French in Australian Schools." The adjudicator, an old Willy High boy, Mr. Jeff Bird, after much deliberation, ultimately passed the prized trophy into the hands of the Dingoes, a result which vested interests had forecast all the while.



To all, A Merry Christmas.

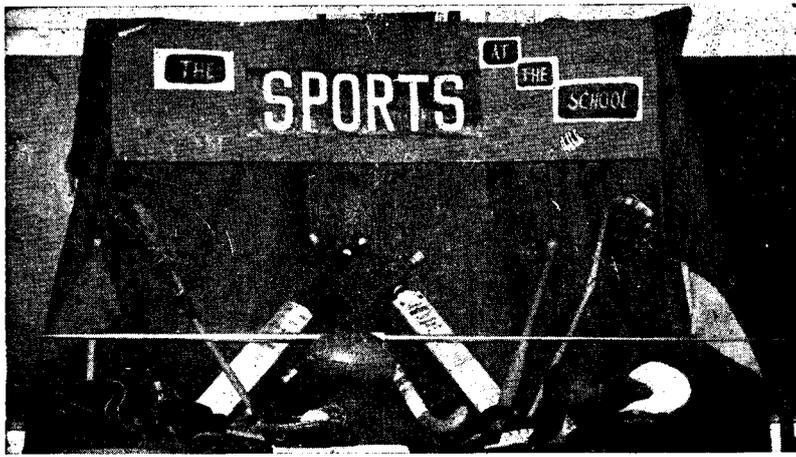
To those who stay—

a pleasant holiday.

To those who go,

"God speed you" and "Hold Fast"

to all your school has given you.



W.H.S. SAILING CLUB

Our Sailing Club has only been established for two seasons but during this time we have made remarkable progress.

Last year the school, due to the kind permission of Mr. Powell, obtained one International Cadet and one Australian Rainbow. This year we sold the Rainbow and purchased another Cadet, as we found these boats more suitable for training purposes.

The club hopes to acquire another Cadet very soon. After returning from summer vacation the club managed to conduct three races. Results were as follow:—

Race 1.—Mayqueen (P.), C. Anderson, 1; Boolee (K), A. Hewitt, 2; Moth (W), K. Coates, 3.

Race 2.—Tawarri (K), W. Draisey, 1; Mary Alice (D), B. Matthews, 2; Boolee (K), A. Hewitt, 3.

Race 3.—Mayqueen (P), C. Anderson, 1; Boolee (K), A. Hewitt, 2; Tawarri (K), W. Draisey, 3.

During the second term club members really got down to work on the school boats during Wednesdays and occasional Thursday afternoons.

Some of the more prominent laborers working on the boats were Artie Hewet, Peter Rodgers, David Healy and Richard Ellis. When there was much work to be done it must be noted that "Yam" was always "absent" from the clubs. However, Education Week brought the two boats out of their garage at the Drill Hall to go on display in the quadrangle, where they were admired ??? by the many visitors.

Full marks must go to Mr. Williams, our Commodore, for the amount of work and time he gives to the club, and also to Mr. Powell.

ATHLETICS CLUB

The Athletics Club this year has been divided into two groups, one being run by Mr. MacKenzie and the other by Mr. Howard and Mr. O'Connor.

Both groups have trained strenuously on different programs, one on the cross-country and the other on strong conditioning work. Both groups have been successful in their aspects of training. Probably the cross-country boys have met with the most success, as they have followed their trainers' advice on the way these cross-countries should be conducted.—A. C.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

One would expect that a club exceeding thirty members should be both difficult to organise and police.

On the contrary, this club functions efficiently and systematically. Praise for this is due primarily to David Wyle (who has devoted and sacrificed much time and effort to the effective running of the club) and also to his assistant, Mr. Burrows.

The leading players of the club have been divided into five teams under the respective leadership of John Dalton, Colin Paine, Richard Robinson and Alan Daw, all groups alternating in highly competitive matches played each Thursday afternoon at the Garden Street Table Tennis Centre.

Four players from the club—J. Dalton, N. Davis, R. Robinson and G. Legg—play as a team in competition table tennis held each Wednesday night. Although the team as yet lacks experience against more formidable and older opponents, a continuous improvement in each player's ability and style is noted as the competition pro-

gresses.

Thus, in conclusion, the better management has stimulated greater interest and co-operation between students and leaders. Therefore the club can look forward to a very enjoyable and successful year and a promising future.—Richard Robinson.



HOCKEY

Back row (left to right): Anne Bromage, Terry Turner, Jenny Rodger, Judy Steele, Patsy Sims, Malda Tekabson, Jill McIntosh, Christine Pedler, Jenny Doull. Front row (l. to r.): Jennifer Jolley, Tina Smith, Shirley Patterson, Judith Roach. Patsy Sims (Captain).



BASEBALL TEAM

Back row: N. McLeod, R. Stevenson, R. Saker. Front row: R. Green, D. Allen, J. Dalton, S. Sahhar (Capt.), P. Rodgers (Vice-Captain), R. Sorrigan, J. Sahhar, B. Balcom.



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

Left to right: J. Norgate, J. Ashby, L. Lees, R. Foreman, M. Mackie, B. Robson, L. Trainer.



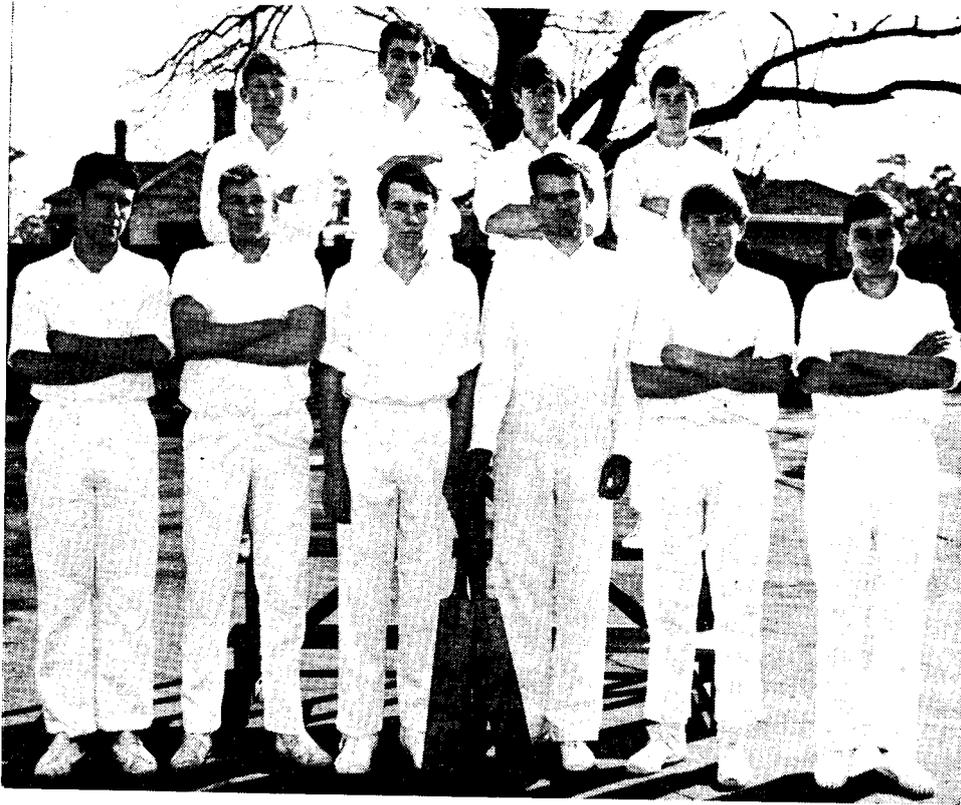
FOOTBALL TEAM

Back row: J. Weedon, K. T. Brown, R. Cohen, J. Simpson (Capt.), N. Man-
 Coates, J. Page, J. Nichols, Granger, J. Dalton, P. olakakis (Vice-Capt.), P.
 A. Hewet, B. Kraitem, P. Granger. Front row: Mr. Hayward, H. Lyons, P.
 Hayward, B. Anderson. Sherman, W. Bridle, A. McGowan. Absent: G.
 Centre row: J. Campbell, Pattison, R. Williams, D. Budgen, D. Harrison.



SOFTBALL — A. TEAM

Left to right: C. Waters, S. Smith, J. Spencer, L. Williams, B. Norton, F. Manolakaki, G. Christie.



CRICKET TEAM

Back row: D. Lyons, B. Kraiten, I. Cocks, J. Dalton, P. Rodgers, D. Simpson, P. Hayward, J. Page, J. Weedon, J. Stevenson. G. Bugden (absent).



TENNIS TEAM

Left to right: J. Bates, G. Jenson, A. Huisman, L. Butterfield, J. Cameron, W. Cronin, L. Tubbs.



TENNIS TEAM

From left: A. Daw, D. Hutchinson, R. Butterfield (Captain), Stuart Andrews, W. Ritchie, R. Robertson.
Absent: T. Shaw, N. Dragola.



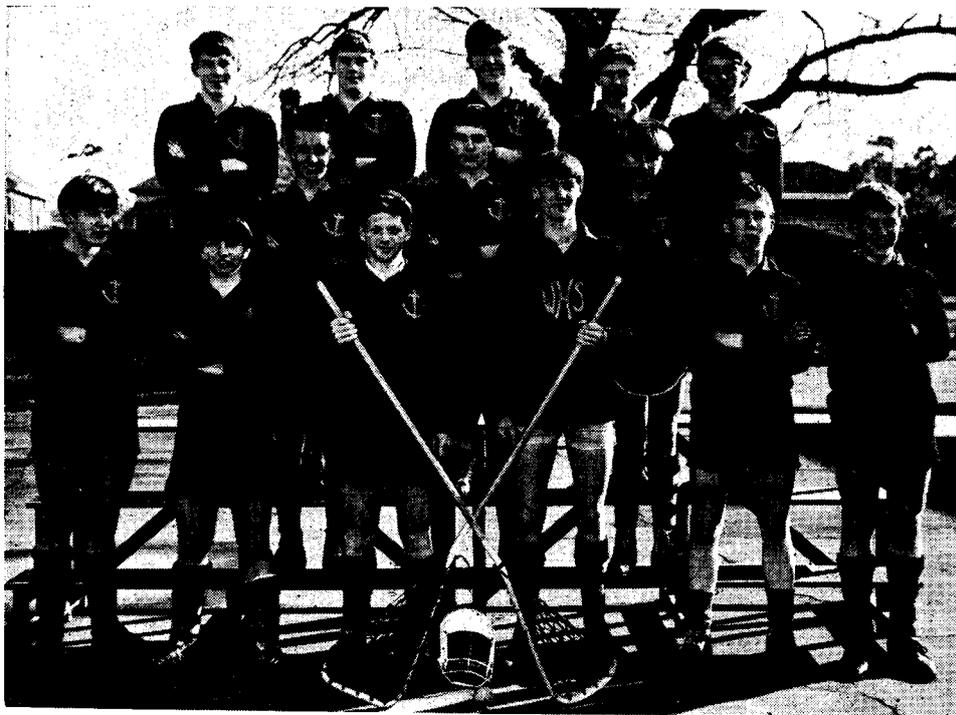
BASKETBALL

Back row: R. Eads, J. Twomey, J. Doull, — Moulton. Front: G. Lovegrove, R. Anderson, P. Peters.



BASKETBALL — A. TEAM

Left to right: C. de Rose, L. Starbuck, N. Burke, V. Kent, L. Atkinson, A. Tuck.



LACROSSE TEAM

Back row: J. Twomey, R. Twomey, N. Treager, B. Anderson, J. Doull. Middle row: B. Maxwell, P. Parker, W. Burke. Front row: B. Thompson, L. Corner, M. Garnsworthy, H. Parker, C. Styles, G. Garnsworthy. K. Seal (Capt.) (Absent).



CRICKET TEAM

Left to right: Malda Jekobsen, Susan Simms, Lorraine Lee, Elisabeth Starbuck, Pauline Roberts, Christine Davis, Linda Trainer, L. Jekobsen.

INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

When: 4th March.

Where: Beaurepaire Pool.

Conditions: Warm.

Results.—Equal First Place: Dingoes, 156; Possums, 156. Third: Koalas, 148; Fourth: Wombats, 116.

Champions: (Sen. Boy) John Granger-Ken Seal; Girl: Lauris Miller. Intermediate: (Boy) B. Hewett; (Girl): Yvonne

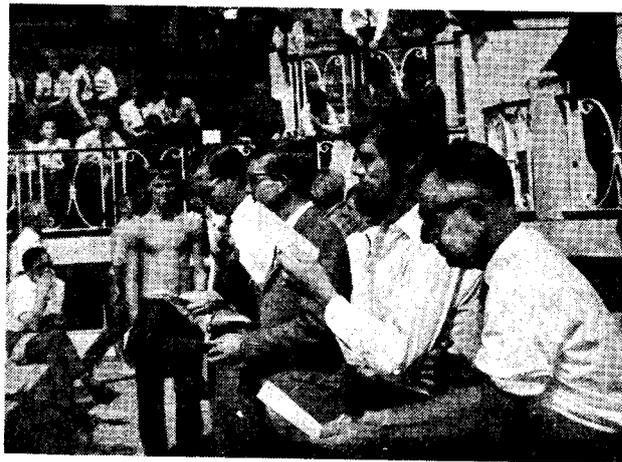
Backus: Junior: (Boy) G. Clifton; (Girl) M. Hall.

New Records: Grant Clifton (3 new records), Yvonne Backus (4 new records).

Relays.—Boys' Under 13: Possums; Boys' under 15: Wombats; Boys' Open: Dingoes; Girls' under 13: Dingoes.

Riot: Prefect v. Staff Relay. Result: Prefects won by 2 lengths of the pool.

SWIMMING SPORTS



FORM NOTES

1A FORM

At the beginning of the term 1A elected Isobel Hermit and Ricky as form captains, with John and Carol as vice-captains. Both Isobel and Ricky set a good example for the rest of the form. Miss Blood is our form teacher and she also teaches us English. Our Form room is No. 23, which is not very good, but the girls on duty keep it tidy.

We have an occasional person who says something silly, but we excuse them because it just slips out their mouths.

FORM 1B

We have room 11 as our form room and Mrs. Crunden is our form teacher. The form captains are Lesley and Keith; Kathy and Douglas are vice. In first term we did very well in exams., Paul Pearce having the highest average of 91.5. Our form room looks much more modern now that we have new desks and chairs.

We have prepared a puppet play which was written by eight members of the class, and we are hoping it will be a great success. To decorate our room we have bought some pot plants, which look very pretty in our plant box. The girls are also doing a good job in cleaning up the art room (room 11).

In our class we have twenty quiet girls and eighteen noisy boys.
—Carol and Judith.

FORM 1C

Form captains: Catriona MacAdie and Greg Wilkinson.

Form 1C is, I am sure, the best form. Miss Catterall, our form teacher, is also our English teacher. All the pupils like Miss Catterall, as she is very understanding.

Last term exams., Sue Matthews came first in the class, Sandra Dorrington second, Lynn Birkett third.

There are 37 pupils in 1C, 21 of whom are girls and 16 boys. Generally speaking, the pupils are well behaved and get along reasonably well.

The room monitors work hard during the week until Friday, when the form with

the most points is awarded a cup.

Our room, room 10, has been made more cheerful by the addition of real, live plants and some occasional flowers (if any).

However, we have had a rather successful year so far, with many good exam results, and generous S.S. contributions. Sacrifices made were greatly encouraged by S.S. girl, Dianne Thom. We hope to continue the year in the same way, under the inspired guidance of our form teacher.

—C. MacAdie.

FORM 1D

There are 38 students in our form, twenty-one being girls. Form responsibilities are shared by two form captains—Anne Scordidis and Rodney Lawerson.

Our form is conspicuous for its contributions to the Social Service. We are in competition with the other first-formers and all are anxious to be on the top at the end of the year.

Mr. Hird is our form teacher. He demands that we work as hard as possible all the time.

Members of 1D are well represented in junior school activities. The best performers at sport are Anne Scordidis (basketball), Geoffrey Oakley (football), Susan Friend (softball), Steven Coffrey (basketball), David Aitken (tennis), Rodney Lawerson (swimming).

1E FORM

Our form captains for 1964 are Linda Rees and Trevor Dixon. Our vice-captains are Dianne Price and Alan Williams.

Monitors have been very good, and Room Monitors have won the Junior Room Trophy several times. But Social Service has not been so good and we hope it will improve by at least Third Term.

Mr. Auckett is again 1E's Form Teacher. The top average in our form was (for First Term) 82%, gained by Ann Scates. Our form average was about 68% (not completely accurate as several averages could not be obtained)

FORM 2A

Our form is 2A. The form teacher is Mr. Trsek, who is also our English teacher (ugh!). All the pupils like Mr. Trsek, for he is very understanding (?).

Our form room—12.

A description of the form—Wonderful! Terrific! Magnificent! Fantastic! etc., etc.

Description of form room . . . well . . .

The form captains are Michelle Raymonds (girls) and Robert O'Keefe (boys—naturally).

Generally, the pupils are very quiet (?) for two or three subjects a week, namely French.

This is the end of my little talk with you, and also the end of me, for our form teacher has just read this and will punish me outside the staff room at recess.
—Robert O'Keefe.

FORM 2B

We begin with form assembly with Mr. Landa, our dear French teacher. The bell rings and he is left gasping on the floor.

Next we have geography with Miss "Sit-down, - open-your-books, - be-quiet" Macray.

After this comes music with Miss Schuller. During the period everyone pays attention and no-one does so much as utter one word (?).

After a very short recess we proceed to room 20 for (shiver, shudder) French. This is always a very enjoyable period indeed, and everyone looks forward to it. Well, all for French; now on to Maths. Maths. is enjoyed by everybody and especially Mr. "Stop-talking" Maclarin Kiaser, who is loved by all. Finally, the bell rings and we have another very short recess for lunch.

After lunch comes P.T. with Mr. "Soccer fan" Storey and Miss Hopton. We struggle back from P.T. to find our favourite teacher, Miss Catteral, waiting to take us for our favourite subject, English. This nerve-racking period of reading novels is followed by the last short recess for the day.

Now comes Art. Ah! A period of relaxation for all except Mrs. Crunden. This is then followed by another period of

maths, which is appreciated by everyone.

The last 5 minutes of the day are shared with our loving form teacher, Mr. Landa. And now as the last bell rings nothing can be seen except Mr. Landa and a few scraps of paper lying on the floor.

FORM 2C

The bell marking the end of Form assembly rings. Mr. Kaiser, his hair waving in the breeze, asks our two form captains, Jillian and Brian, the number of absentees. He vaguely jots this information down on a piece of paper, which is easily lost. Mr. Kaiser is an oracle.

On Wednesday we start our day with French. Bonjour, Miss MacCrae! For second period we struggle with Maths., back with Mr. Kaiser. (He tries to teach us congaucy. What is a corresponding side?).

After English, with Miss Catterall, the teachers crawl away to the staff room and try to pull themselves together for the other five periods.

FORM 2D

A day in the life of 2D:

Our morning starts with our two form captains, Ilga and Michael, vainly trying to keep order until our dearly beloved form teacher, Mr. Forsyth, arrives.

In the middle of roll-call a certain L. W. comes walking in late—"I slept in."

Science—"Have you ever made rotten-egg gas, Smith, or is it East?"

English—Miss Blood enters: "Spelling books out, please." (Minutes later): "Haven't you got them yet?"

Maths.—Mr. Forsyth: "Is it arith. or algebra today?"

French—Mr. Forecast: "Bonjour mes elevés." "Bonjour Monsieur Forecast."

Geography—Listen in people. Be quiet! Right friendship classes Friday at 4 o'clock."

Music—"Shoosh! Be quiet! Girls! Boys! Shoosh! Boys!"

Then we hear the bell ring and so our day ends.

FORM 2E

This year we were ably led by: Captains: Margaret and Donald; Vices: Yvette and Ray.

This is just an example of a typical day in the lives of the pupils of 2E (angels).

Form Assembly (Miss Macrae): "2E, you won't leave this room till you quiet." (What a silly idea!).

1—Maths. (Mr. Kaiser): "You are such a dumb lot, 2E! I don't know what's got into you." (I think it's Beatlemania).

2—French (Miss Macrae): "Bonjour ma classe." "Bonjour mademonmmmm." (The last words are lost).

3—Maths. (Mr. Kaiser): "Has anyone done his homework?" (What a silly question).

4—English—"I don't know why you boys don't bring in your novels." (They're too busy reading comics).

5—Science (Mr. Auckett): "Son, you'd better not use your brains again today, you've answered one question."

6—English (Miss Blood): "No one ever seems to get spelling mistakes." (I wonder why?).

7—Library: "You girls at that one table make more noise than the whole of the class." (What a horrible thing to say!)

8—Geography (Miss Macrae): "2E, don't you ever answer questions?" (Only on public holidays!)

Thus another day has ended, leaving teachers strewn on the floor while they are trampled on by the pupils of 2E.

—Anonymouse.

FORM 3A

First of all there's our tall, dark and ? form teacher, Monsieur Forecast ("I'm Just Wild About Harry"), who without his help no one in our form would have learn't such wonderful French ("La Petit Garcon sont malades").

Next come our marvellous form captains!! Marion Wouda and Greg Garnsworthly, who have complete control over us—one word from them and we do exactly what we like. While on this subject our teachers have complete control over us as well, especially Mr. Howard, whose pet (hate) is Gillian and the three

others who sit down the back with her—no names mentioned.

The short, dumb one in our form is Marion Lees, and her tall mate, Mary.

We give generously to our social service monitors, Lauris, who gently persuades us to give money (with a dagger in our backs). Our S.R.C. representative, B. Foote, always reports the latest news months later. Steven McLean, our fantastic essay writer, writes wonderful things about Williamstown. In our form if we are ever in need of entertainment we call on Joey Moran or Dame Margo Fontain.

If you ever want to know anything about science, ask G. Criddle—he knows everything.

The quiet girls in our form are, well, er, anyway the quiet boys are, mm, mm, mm, mmmm, well let's see—I think we'll skip that. If you're ever in need of actors there's Gary Craddock and Steven McLean (as so they think).

3B FORM

Dere Skolars,

Our room is No. 19. It is still there even after us. Our lurned Tirent this ear was Mr. Williams. Our form is full of weeds and wets and branes (Hum hum, Chizz Chizz). Our Tirent leftenants this ear were Captains Chris. Allen (Little Women—weep weep), Rob Hughes (Sturn Cadett Leeder), and Vice-Captains Annis Brown (Giggle-giggle) and Jeff Jarrad (Romeo—Ugh! Chizzz chizz).

Our skool have a best form, e.g. 3b. We have best swimmers (wets), eggheads and branes (weeds) and sport types who are noble, brave, fearless, ect.

Half our form is girls and other half beetles. All have same hare. (Yar, boo, chizz). We are happy united form. (Wam! Bang! Socko! Flattie!) (Sniff, sniff), sum-times.

There is one gurlie asks questions of mad Marsters all day. She sa do you kno about french, hist, algy, geom, geog, etc. She is a brane (ugh!).

Eggsept once we have not won valuable silver cup for tideness (chizz, chizz). Actually we are not so bad.

We do lovely comps. on My Best Frend, Wot Teenagers Think, My Live and

Times, which have good effect on our Eng. Lit. so Tirent sa.

In Fr. we have had Jean Paul.

In Hist. we lurn about T.U's. who protect underdogs and teachers. Sombode sa we must have T.V. in 3b (Wizz Wizz) to protect our rihgts, but somdobe els sa No Tirents woud crush T.V., then detention fill up like hulks and transportation to Britian as any fule know (sniff, sniff).

3b is best form in skoll. All boys are strong, manly, fearless, truthful, ect. All gurls are beaitiful, brany, kind and v. quiet (hem, hem), ect. Form 4 do not kno what is coming to it.—Nigel.

FORM 3C

A well-behaved group of intellectual brains comprise the students of Form 3C.

Although the teachers don't think so, we agree we did very well in our 1st term examinations. I won't say we are the most popular of the Form 3's, but I bet we have the most fun.

Our form teacher, Mr. Becroft, I'm sure, really loves us all . . . Ha! Hum!!! Just read our reports, you'll see! That's if we'll show you.

Typing 6 periods, Monday, and what a racket! Everyone screaming and pushing to get at what's left of the typewriters, and if you're blessed with luck you'll get a Facit!

In maths., I notice, when there's blame to throw at anyone it's "GIRLS!" screams Mr. Howard; never "BOYS!," which is most annoying.

There isn't much to say about the other periods, except music — just ordinary work campaigns.

Did someone say Music! Boy! That's worse than typing and maths. put together, chairs being thrown everywhere, the crash of stampeding feet headed for the back row of chairs.

Enters, Miss Shullar; "Girls!!" she screams.

FORM 3D

Our room 25 a very pleasant (cold) room.

We have 36 pupils in our form (all very brainy). We are one big happy family. Everyone listens and seems to learn their lessons. Hum! hum!

Science, English, Art, Maths., Geography, Sport.

9.00—Roll Call—approximately half the girls are seated, our form teacher, Mr. Bullen, walks in with a tired expression on his face. Behind Mr. Bullen come the boys, wandering in like lost sheep, wishing they were still in bed.

Just as everything is quiet, in wander the rest of the girls, and the room becomes rowdy again. There is a funny mumbling sound (Mr. Bullen) and the room is quiet once more. The bell goes, everyone rushes out the door, leaving the waiting Form scattered over the steps 1st period.

Our next stop is the Science room (4). The girls are all seated and talking as usual, then someone yells out "Here he comes." The room is quiet, except for a few mutters up the back (no names mentioned). In walks Mr. Jones. After a nerve-racking 60 minutes of Science we continue to room 12 for our favourite subject, English. Mr. Halloran comes into the class. After the boys are seated he turns to the board and writes our instructions.

When discussing or quoting something, Mr. Halloran stamps his foot on the platform and emphasises the word "but" whenever it comes into the sentence. After a tiring English lesson, the class comes out gasping for breath (Mr. Halloran knows what we mean).

After recess we tramp into room 11 for Art, with Mr. Rutledge. Art comes off fairly well, because we all like it. Next we go to room 25 for Maths. with Mr. Henstridge. Most of the class pays attention, although it is harder for some than for others to understand.

After a much-needed lunch break we go to room 7 for Geography with Mr. Lannen. The lesson is not really hard to understand, as Mr. Lannen makes it interesting as he often shows films.

At the end of Geography we go to house assembly and everyone goes their separate ways to sport for the rest of the day. This is a typical day in Form 3D.

—Anonymous.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT!

Who said Library days are boring? When we have such a girl as Carol Waters in the Form things are never dull.

Apparently, Carol was trying to measure the diameter of an ink-well in the desk behind her when she discovered, too late, that her finger was bigger than the hole. Yes, you guessed it—Carol got her finger stuck in the ink-well. She pulled and she pushed, and the people behind her pushed and pulled, but the finger remained there. One person came up with the brainwave of cutting the desk away. What would she do?

At last her giggling caught the attention of one Mr. Jones. He pushed and he pulled and he tugged, and still the finger remained stuck. This, in turn, attracted the attention of Mr. Williams, in the adjoining Room 19. He came around, and together he and Mr. Jones pulled and pushed and tugged and strained, and at last the finger popped out—Ho, hum, back to our reading.

Confucius say: "Never let it be said that school is uneventful."
—"Ringo."

4A FORM

February 4th, 1964—an ominous date! The beginning of another school year! At 9 a.m. on the aforesaid morning forty-six dreary figures trudged into the Senior Art Room. This was to be Form 4A for 1964.

Our form teacher, Miss Wilmot, and we are captained by that "tuff" man (?) known as Geoff. "The Mighty Atom" Legg and Gail Asheford, who represents the fairer sex!

Geoff, as you might well gather by his nick-name, is one of the bigger (?) boys in our form. But he had the last laugh on us when he won the local, Australian Natives' Association's general knowledge quiz and, in doing so, proved that good things DO come in small packages.

The year got off to a good start when we learned that Colin (H) Anderson had won the Australian Cadet Yachting Championship in Hobart during the holidays. From all reports, that wasn't all he won while over there, either!

Then we discovered who were to be our "slave-drivers" this year. We were fortunate to obtain all very good teachers. One Mr. Becroft is new to the teaching profession this year, and we all are sure that he will be very successful in his chosen career.

The two "jesters" of the form are Staff-Sergeant Anderson and Staff-Sergeant Styles, both of that fighting (?) commando force known as the W.H.S. Cadet Corps(e).

The two people designated to extract "loot" from us this year were Charlie "Hawkeye" Howkins and Wilma "The Flintstones" Thomas, and although they tried hard (?) we were not among the top forms in S.S.

Some people in our form work very hard at school, as Gail Asheford proved by "topping" the form.

So, that winds up our little discussion of our form this year, and we hope that you all will read it, even if you don't like it!

—"One of the Many - - ?"

4B—STABLE OF MAINTAINED (?) HARMONY (?)

Let us permit our thoughts to wander back to the roaring, wild days of the Old West

Dodged (wish we had) City, or more commonly known as W.H.S. (Western Horse Stables). The township has a population of 800, fifty of which are townspeople, the rest being ranchers and cowhands.

Each of the surrounding ranches have two marshalls, two deputy marshalls, tax collector and a censorship officer assigned to them to maintain law and order (most often failing). Lets look at one ranch in particular—Ranch 4B.

Marshals: Billy Ritchie and Margaret Saunders.

Deputy Marshals: Russ Green and Lyndall Bellette.

Censorship Officer: Mary McLay.

Tax Collector: Glenda Christie (ridden out of town on a rail).

Every morn at sunrise (9 a.m.) the cowhands of Ranch 4B assembled reluctantly to the chimes of the cowbell. Under the direction of Foreman Hughes, they are assigned to the day's duties.

This done, the censorship officer brings in her roll and it is marked by the marshals. After this the tax collector executes her duties, much to the annoyance of the cowhands.

In the northern pasture, under the shade of a tree, a handsome bull stood cropping at the grass. A group of cowhands (L. B. and comrades) rode up, the "Liverpool Jersey" (alias Mr. Forsyth) looked at these cowhands with his watery blue eyes and immediately they foreshook their duties and stood gazing at the beast (?).

What's that clatter of hooves we hear in the distance? It's the marshall's posse come to arrest the "Liverpool Jersey" for rustling the hearts of the cowhands.

In the southern pasteur the "French Bull" stamped up and down incredulously, chanting French vocabulary. He was trying to teach some dim-wit cowhands the French language. (Vive la France).

Meanwhile, back at the ranch the vet. (Mr. Lannen) was experimenting to produce a perfect breed of cowhands! The experiment ended in a big bang!

During the ranch muster only two bulls were lost, the "Artistic Beef" (Mr. Storey) and the "Geographical Heifer" (Mr. Becroft).

One day the "Perfect Old Ladies' Club" paid the ranch stables a visit. On finding how drab the buildings were, they demanded some flowers be bought to brighten (?) up the surroundings. On hearing this, some enthusiastic (?) cowhands eagerly (?) volunteered (?) to remedy this. Some time later one could see an array of greenery, borrowed (?) from the W.H.S. township gardens (?).

During the muster this is what we found—

Mr. (Now listen, kids!) Landa—alias the French Frog — favourite saying: "Ah tell you," "When ah say, for instance."

Mr. (What the Hell!) Forsyth—this bloke would put the Cheshire cats out of business saying—Teacher: "Ever heard of that?" Student (?): "No, never!" Teacher: "No, neither have I."

Mr. (Genius) Hughes—History doesn't compare with this bloke, saying: "Now one thing I wish to call your attention to" (15 minutes later): "Just one last word."

(10 minutes later): "Now one more thing."

Mr. Rembrant) Storey—a work of art (?)—sayings: "Sit down quietly," "I think (?)."

Mr. (Gone Fission-Nuclear) Lannen—has a habit of pouring nothing from jar to jar. Sayings: "I didn't think it would blow up, honest!"

Mr. (Underline) Becroft—This kid played for the Kindergarten Reserves. Sayings: "But I would not be too sure of that."

Footnote.—We're not cornballs, we're only nuts!!!

—Saint (?) and Sinner.

4C FORM

Well - - er, that's a good point, one of which teachers often think. I don't think we're the best loved form in the school (thanks to half the members in the form) but the other half tries to keep up the good tradition. We have a few so-called comedians in our form who will remain nameless.

Our teachers are as follow:—

Miss ("Rally Form 4") Routley,

Mr. ("Hold On") Burrows,

Miss ("Perhaps you can bring your blocks tomorrow") McRae,

Mr. ("Chasps") Howard,

Mr. ("Settle Down") Henstridge,

Mr. ("Shh! Shh! Shh!") Halloran,

Mr. ("Don't look at the keys, girls") Sherman.

Our captains are Sharon Hayes and Dalwyn Crocker. Dalwyn collects the envelopes and Sharon does the rest of the work. Miss Routley is our form mistress and she, like all our teachers, tries very hard to keep the peace.

A typical conversation in the staff-room at the end of the period as one teacher staggers in:—

"Quick, give me a cup of tea; I've just had 4C and they're getting worse every day."

Next teacher: "Well, wish me luck; I've got them next. I'll see you at the end of the period—if I'm still alive."

Well, that's our form. We're not nearly as bad as that, surely. Just some advice to up and coming 4C's: Look out or you'll turn out like us. Ech!!!! Shudder. . . —A-non-eeh Mouse.

FORM 4D

Form Captains: Anne Huisman, Ross Philips; Vice-Captains: Dianne Branson, Jim Hadden.

This year we have a very small form which consists of 10 boys and 10 girls. Linda Jones has been a pretty good "money-grabber" and helped a lot in getting the highest amount of Anzac Tokens. Thanks to Mr. Howard, we have had quite a happy and successful year, even though his "chasps" were a bit noisy.

—A. H. and H. H.

5C FORM

One thing which distinguishes us from the other fifth forms is that this is our first year of existence, and who better suited to control us than Mr. Burrows.

To indicate our approval, we even went to the trouble of preparing a welcome for him one morning—a welcome in the form of a hangman's noose, which we enthusiastically hung from the door of our form room, Room 20, hoping that he would give us a demonstration on "how to hang oneself in one easy lesson."

Unfortunately, Mr. Burrows was not in a demonstrative mood.

Our Form Captains this year are Malcolm Foote and Joan Spilsbury, and our vices are Anne "the mod" Digby and Ian Cocks.

5C was quick to distinguish itself in the field of social service generosity, achieving the distinction of being the only form in the school to contribute clean, fresh air to the fund for two successive weeks.

What was the problem. We had neither a social service tin nor a social service monitor. We quickly picked a monitor, whom we thought would be able to "bleed" us thoroughly—namely, Leone McIntyre. Leone proved herself very capable, and the form were quick to dig deep into their pockets when Leone came around, carrying the tin in one hand, and brandishing a gruesome-looking hammer in the other!

After Form Assembly, the class splits up to go to various subjects. Being the only linguist in the form, I merrily make my way to French class.

French classes are never boring. One day a dog strayed into French class (probably to learn how to say "Hello" in French so that it could converse with its girlfriend, who was probably a French poodle). When Stuart tried to forcibly eject it, it chased its tail round and round furiously, trying its best to bite it. Monsieur Halloran, of course, remained calm throughout the whole episode, which resulted in hysterical laughter from the class.

FORM VS

At nine o'clock (better at 9.15) VS. students scramble into the gas chamber to be marked present by Mr. Lannen. As most students are leaving for first period Benny & Co. are just arriving with bag and wind-blown hair.

Early in the year we held form captain elections (more like Federal elections though). Our form captains are Peter Rodger (better known as Arthur Rubenstein) and Jennifer Rodger. Our social service monitor is Malda, but known as "Captain" for her leadership achievements in cricket.

In the second week of school Judith "Rilla" Scates (call her "Ice" for short) came to school with new shoes on. Early in form assembly she began to cry and she told Mr. Lannen that her feet were beginning to ache. But Mr. Lannen replied, "No wonder, you've got them on the wrong feet." "But," she replied, "I haven't got any more."

We have many notable characters in our form. For example, Nola (hot stuff) Burke—Everybody, even Paul McCartney, saw Nola perched on a shop veranda roof in Bulla Road the day the Beatles arrived. (He even looked at Nola).

Christine Pedlar, a dominating figure in form assembly—Hockey one! Hockey two! Hockey three! Pow! We won our first hockey match for three years.

Also on the sport side is J. Jurgens—"Don't give up; Margaret Smith started as a novice."

On the boys' side, B. Balcam is well known for he is Mr. Halloran's burden and victim, but not the only one.

Joe Sahhar's inquisitive mind has led to such remarks as: "Miss Mayson, what

is the common difference in the series 2, 4, 6, 8?" Also, Joe has led to such remarks as bombs stopping in mid-air. (The World of Physics is just too much for him—ask Mr. Jones). The most active member of the form is Nal. He never seems to be able to sit still (I wonder why?).

Nal's aim: To teach Physics.
Apparatus: Physics' students.
Method: Carry on regardless.
Results: General riot.
Conclusion: Nal isn't a physics teacher.
When it is choral contests, debates, etc., Graham Budgen is "bookie" because he's never lost a T.A.B. double yet. Have you?

Form Personalities

Margaret Brookes: She won't do well at Matric.—only a few first-class honors. Ambition: To become a redhead.

Jean Cameron: Fee-mail for-m Cap'n. Ambition: To put red hair back in fashion.

Loretta Francome: She's always prompt, no matter how long it takes. Ambition: To outring Ringo.

Marilyn Forsythe: Joins Faye "en route" to . . . Ambition: To oust French and thus enjoy A. Beer in Accountancy.

Pat Hill: Has hot (nearly boiling) interests. Ambition: To retrace her steps and "Walk with God."

Sue Hutchison: Mr. Forsyth has the answer to all her (maths.) problems. Ambition: To become the only girl at Medical School.

Jenny Jolley: This girl blocks the goal (see hockey). Ambition: To start 1904 British History course.

Helen Logan: This girl takes the mathematical approach to goaling. Ambition: To get her name in the Sports Page.

Lorraine Lee: These accountancy problems never work out . . . I'm always £3,000 under. Ambition: To make her money quickly and easily. (How ???).

Alison Marks: Another long-haired artist. Ambition: To become Arty and Crafty—Teacher.

Pam McGuire: Tries to out-Madonna Raphael. Ambition: A second Michelangelo.

Sue Pendlebury: Mistakes will happen but need she give them so much help? See Chem. Prac. Ambition: To become a cultural scientist.

Helena Schloetzer: Member of above Prac. group. Ambition: To mix those chemicals potently.

Patsy Sims: Following Sims' tradition—another Canteen Romance Breaker. Ambition: To invent a new brew—Simms' No. 1 Cup.

Lis Starbuck: She says she wants to learn Indonesian, so why did she take French? (Hmm!). Ambition: She's aiming at that ring (basketball, of course).

Faye Stevenson: The "Fearon" is placed in a good position. Ambition: To take charge of the late gate.

Lydia Tubbs: Work! How she loves to watch it! Ambition: To drag a semi with an E-type and win.

Marilyn Weedon: Has weighty problems. Ambition: To have the Form laughing with her, not at her.

Tina Westaway: Tina wants Mr. Jones to tell her . . . not ask her. Ambition: To drink a full bottle before it goes flat.

Robert Nicholls: Ful longe were his legges and full lene. (Chaucer). Ambition: To finish collecting for his British Library.

Jim Page: Work is the curse of his drinking class. Ambition: To break 73 at the Koorinal course.

Howard Parker: To mix his figures successfully. Ambition: To find a girl in place of? (Docca).

Norbert Pomorin: Full big he was of brawn and eek of bones. Ambition: To start a new Angel group on bicycles.

Colin Richards: Warden of the form. Ambition: To fingerprint 6th Form.

FORM PERSONALITIES (cont.)

Richard Robinson: Otherwise known as "Dribbles." Ambition: To be a second Acker Bilk.

Murray Rogash: To hold up the floor at the social. Ambition: To swim the length of his swimming pool (10 yards).

Sukkary Sahhar: C.U.O. Currently Under Observation. (By Whom?). Ambition: To pop the buttons off his coat.

Garry Scott: Dreamboat of the 6th Form—at present under capture. Ambition: To make Peter, Paul and Mary a quartette.

Terny Shaw: Are those menthols chasers? Ambition: To be promoted to the senior Basketball Team.

Peter Snow: Mr. Jones' friend. Ambition: To sing bass in the school choir.

Graeme Temple: Better late than never. Ambition: To be early for R.I.

Barry Thompson: Our "King's Guide"—oops, Queen's Scout. Ambition: To be an (e)legible accountant.

John Twomey: Does his duty at the late gate—slips past. Ambition: To hear a bell go without being.

Barry Whear.—No wine, women, song or cigarettes. Ambition: To run through the sandhills with Percy.

Philip Yeo: Our Asian member who intends to be the accountant. Ambition: To make mine milk.

Andrew Burbridge: The great debater. He couldn't convince them, so he confused them. Ambition: To cease having haircuts.

Jim Blaine: A baggepipe wel koude he blawe and soune. (Chaucer). Ambition: To get away from Australian Shaw (s).

Clarence Chai: Artistic talents a' plenty. Ambition: To get away from that red-haired dancer.

Robert Charlesworth: He seeks to find a place away from Mr. Dillon. Ambition: To be first of the Form to be married. (He should succeed).

Douglas Conway: Otherwise known as "We Willy the Scotsman." Ambition: To grow taller.

Russell Cohen: Fully reverent is he. Ambition: To baptise the 6th Form.

Allan Daw: Another Peter Thomson—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ambition: To learn which end of the golf club to hold.

John Doull: Victim of the shearing escapade. (Needs a haircut badly). Ambition: To cast a shadow.

Peter Haywood: Knows how to grip a "bat" properly. Ambition: Not to go bald before he gets married.

Norman Hick: Wants to invent a new strain (musically, agriculturally, or girl-wise). Ambition: Not to get picked up without a licence.

Vladimir Holod: He may look busy, but he's just confused. Ambition: To acquire infinite knowledge.

Gregory Jansen: Does anyone know a 6ft. 4in. girl? Ambition: To produce a Jantzen topless bather.

Tom Jevons: The square of the pythagaras patch. Ambition: To lift a dumb-belle.

Donald Lang: Hadde heer yellow . . . a strike of flec. Ambition: To date the model of the year.

THE GARDENING CLUB

This year the gardening club has had another successful year under the supervision of Mr. Hird.

I have been in Mr. Hird's club for two years and I have found the boys very co-operative.

This year we are quite an energetic group. Each Thursday afternoon we assemble for roll-call and then Mr. Hird gives us our orders for the day. The girls scratch around in the garden and water the pot plants, while we poor boys have to drag the weeds out from under the fences and help Mr. Hird in the garden.

It is well worth it, since the fruits of our work are in the beautification of the school grounds. Whilst many people do not observe this, the reverse would be the case if the gardens were in an unkept state.

Some day we hope to share in the good fortunes of our previous regular gardener who since his £10,000 win in Tatts admires, rather than tends, gardens!

—John Smith.

Clubs and Activities

THE RADIO CLUB

I don't want to bore you by stating that what we intend to achieve during this year. Instead, I shall try to describe our members and their aims.

The average person joining our group would expect an encyclopedia full of facts he would have to know if he were to make any headway in this club. This is not so. Our club is a large group of 40 students who try to understand what makes a radio function.

The general idea is to take your problems to Mr. Kaiser, who discusses them with you and others interested.

Thus, if you want to adapt a radio to work as an amplifier with a microphone, you simply ask Mr. Kaiser and he will give you the general method of doing this.

Crystal sets, microphones, radios, amplifiers and all other relevant paraphernalia are discussed by this club in a vain attempt to plant a grain of knowledge in the minds of this select group.

We don't profess to be "know all," but just plod along trying to gain some knowledge about the radio.—Vladimir Holod.

TAPE-RECORDING CLUB

We, the members of the tape-recording club, have had a very interesting and successful year.

Mr. Lander, who has shown us how to produce plays for our own enjoyment, has wisely invested his time in our club. Many successful plays have been produced with members participating. Those not participating have shown their appreciation by attending every session.

Half-way through the year we had four female "Beatlemaniaics" thrust upon us, namely, Mary, Hydie, Christine and Rebecca.

Next year we hope to have an even larger membership, with Mr. Lander again at our head.—Nick Paton, Ken McLeod.

CHOIR CLUB

This year we are very fortunate to have Miss Schule as our leader in the Choir Club.

We number 15 girls. We plan to participate in a concert in August. Up to date this year in the Choir Club has been good fun.—Linda Rimanich.

DANCING CLUB

The dancing club starts each week (after the "girls" have moved every seat in the hall) with the tuneful cry of 40 voices asking for Beatle records. When they are quiet Nal and I try to teach how to use **both** of their left feet.

After half an hour or so of going over the same ten or twelve steps, Nal coaxes, pleads and begs the boys to take a partner. In this he is supported by Mr. Forsythe. Finally, when all our Fred Astaires and Ginger Rogers are partnered we put on a record and the fun begins.

Mr. Forsythe and Miss Blood stand on the sideline laughing, while gallant Mr. Becroft asks some poor, unsuspecting girl to dance.

While we are dancing some of the boys who fancy themselves as disc jockeys, come over and make queer voices in the microphone. However, these birds join in the mad rush for the door when Nal announces the club is over for that day, much to the relief of all (including the neighbours, whose heads are still pounding).—Leone McIntyre.

SOFT TOYS

This year the Soft Toys Club has succeeded in doing well. Under the guidance of Mrs. Barker we girls have each made a toy or toys for Legacy. Even though our Club is only small, we all get along well together. We would like to thank the other Lady Staff members who gave us their old nylon stockings and knitting books. Without these we would not be able to do all that we have done.

Thanks again to Mrs. Barker, and we all hope to keep up our good work in the future.—S. Penny.

RED CROSS CLUB

Our teacher in charge is Miss Routley. President: Y. Lucas; Vice-President: T. Murko; Secretary: T. Saatoff.

In the first term the Red Cross Club was invited to see an English ship, "The Duchess." When we arrived at Williamstown docks the captain told us a few points about the ship, and then we were taken aboard. When we were on deck we were divided into three groups and were shown around.

Also in first term everyone knitted little squares to form a blanket. The girls brought old clothes, shoes, books and toys from home. Then on one Thursday a representative of the Red Cross in Melbourne came along and was very pleased with the gifts.

In second and third term we had two ladies from Red Cross—Mrs. Christy and Mrs. Grant—who came every week and gave us a lesson on first-aid. We shall have an examination on this sometime during third term.

Altogether we had a very pleasant club period helping Red Cross.

DRAUGHTS CLUB

The twenty members of this club have met weekly to engage in mortal combat! To the victors, Mr. Forecast kindly donated prizes in the form of blocks of chocolate.

The lucky ones for the first half-year were Bonich, Hopkins, Jenkins and Wawrzycki. The representatives of the fair sex, Beverley Foote and Gudrun Steiner, received consolation prizes. It has proved a close and interesting finish, with Bonich running out the winner.

Our thanks go to Mr. Forecast for his guidance and the donation of prizes.—Keith Jenkins.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB NOTES

Again this year the Camera Club continues its uphill fight to exist. This is due to the lack of interest of many of the club's members. It seems a pity that one of the best clubs of the school should fail because of this lack of interest. Over half the members do not even possess a camera.

Apart from this, the interest that Mr. Hughes takes in the club is greatly appreciated by the other interested members. Each week Mr. Hughes gives us a talk on photography which proves very useful in practice.

Next year we hope we can get a larger club membership with members who will participate in all club activities.—R. M.

KNITTING CLUB

Every Thursday afternoon after recess sixty girls armed with knitting needles and wool charge to rooms 13 and A.

These girls are going to spend a profitable (?) club period in the Knitting Club. It is suspected that more gossiping than knitting is done. However, many items have been knitted for Legacy.

I am sure everyone in this club would like to thank Miss Wilmot for her help and time during the year and to wish her a happy and successful time at Watsonia High School next year.

THE FLORAL ART CLUB

The Floral Art Club has a membership of twenty "Busy Bees." Every Thursday afternoon the perfume of flowers and the hum of the Busy Bees at work on their flowers, floats through the entrance of their hive. The "Hive" is room eighteen.

Their Queen Bee is Mrs. Ellice, who comes a long way to teach the busy bees. She has taught them many things:—

How to wire flowers and leaves,
How to make sprays, which gauge of wire to use for each flower,
How to make bouquets,
How to arrange flowers,
Dried arrangements and many more things.

All the Busy Bees like Mrs. Ellice and would like to thank her for giving up so much of her time to teach them Floral Art.

A small group of the Busy Bees got together on Anzac Day, and made five wreaths for the Anzac Service.

This swarm of bees also has a m(h)oney bee, who collects the grand sum of sixpence from every member of the swarm.

Now we must leave the swarm of bees and the hive, because the bell has gone and it is time to fly.—Jacqueline Allsop.

PRE-NURSING CLUB

Every Thursday afternoon at 3 p.m., a group of about 24 girls make their way towards the Nurses' Home in Osborne Street, Williamstown.

When we arrive at the home we are led into a small room by Mr Mudson.

Mr. Mudson, our instructor, is a male tutor "sister." He also takes many of the nurses for their lectures and demonstrations.

We have had many enjoyable lectures and demonstrations. The most recent one was a demonstration about how to wash and attend to the patient in bed. On previous weeks we were shown, by a diagram and a plastic model, how the heart works, how the bones are fitted together and how they work with each other, how to apply pressure to the knee, elbow, or ankle, by the use of a bandage. We have also been taught how to apply a bandage to one or both eyes.

Our first day at the club was very interesting. We all met at the ambulance entrance to the hospital, ready to be taken on a tour of the hospital. The first room we went into was a small operating room, where we were shown the instruments for taking out tonsils. Moving back up to the corridor, he showed us into another room, where the plaster for legs and arms is set.

Going then into the main building we were told that we would not be able to see the large operating theatre. From there we moved along the corridor and into the children's ward. After looking over this ward we were told about the different types of wards, private, public, and infectious. We then visited the male part of the hospital. Some of the girls went into the ward while the others stayed in the corridor. From here we made our way to where we had started.

We all thanked Mr. Mudson for his enjoyable tour and then we were dismissed.

The group enjoy themselves every week. But I regret to say that they are not all going to be nurses.

HISTORY CLUB

History club isn't all that bad really; all of our enthusiastic members prove the point.

If you happen to pass by room 25 during club period of a Thursday, you could happen to

See Mr. Rutledge, our club master, drumming history into us while we attentively listen. Early 2nd

Term all members were engaged in an excursion around Willy, visiting most

Of the historical places that were of interest to us. Most of our club periods are

Really spent discussing different subjects to do with history.

Throughout this whole

Year Angus has been getting the roll and doing a good job.

LIBRARY NOTES

"Mrs. G., have you got anything about Abraham Lincoln?" "Yes, I have; look amongst the history books and in the Encyclopedias."

This is the Library Club talking and, as many people know, is situated in Room 5.

Each Thursday afternoon about 42 people gather from all forms in room 5 and study.

Mrs. "G" gives some of the girls work to do, but others have home-work—so they get out of the sticky jobs given to others—but at a couple of the tables the girls do a bit of talking and also home-work.

As time ticks by, half-way through club, the noise has risen by half and Mrs. "G," with her voice, says: "Quiet, there's too much noise."

Near 4 o'clock, we all do our best to settle down to work, but with all our energy gone due to working—and talking—we, the "Happy Students" of the Library Club, put the chairs up on the tables and, one by one as the bell rings, we leave the club and wait till next Thursday, when we all gather together again for "a nice, peaceful afternoon in the library."

But as there are 42 of us talking away we better not forget the one who does his home-work and doesn't talk at all—the one and only John.—ME.

Continued from Page 16:

MORE HAIKU OR TANKA, AND CINQAIN VERSES

We die
In loneliness
But meet friends on our way
And walk our long way together
In peace.

—P. Crowder, 3C.

Nephew
Comes to see us.
A little brat is he.
If we hit him, his reply is
Mummy!

—C. Scott, 3C.

I think
About all things
That seem to be so dull,
And as I think, I sometimes think
Of you.

—P. Roberts, 3C.

People
Say we must work,
We have to study hard,
But I like loafing best of all,
It's fun.

—P. Peeters, 3C.

The bear
Which climbed a tree
Found it could not get down,
So it sat on a little green leaf
Till Fall.

—R. Giles, 3C.

People are funny
The joking is all over;
Take off the mask. —L. Bell, 3B.

Brown eyes,
Big red hairy nose,
Dense, coarse, flea-ridden moustache,
Lovely, big, black, smoke-stained teeth.
Hi, Sir!

—B. Fitzpatrick, 3B.

School is made up of
Maths, English and Science,
That's why I left.

—D. McKenzie, 3B.

My brother is sweet,
Especially with a pen,
And my music book.

—A. McMinn, 3C.

School is fabulous,
School is enjoyment and fun,
But I can't stand it!

—P. Peeters, 3C.

Cheryl is a doll
I think she is gorgeous,
Please agree with me.

—C. Adams, 3C.

Sneezing
is caused by
The dust, the air, and colds,
To prevent it, you hold your nose
And blow.

—K. Hamilton, 3C.

People,
I'm one of those;
What rare creatures we are
With different shapes, heights and minds.
Oh Boy!

—C. Cleland, 3C.



SCHOOL CADETS

Back row: L/Cpl. Buckley, L/Cpl. Criddle, L/Cpl. Sims, L/Cpl. O'Connor, L/Cpl. Phillips, L/Cpl. Jurgens, L/Cpl. Peters, L/Cpl. Brown. Centre row: Corp. Hadden, Corp. Hughes, S/Sgt. Anderson, Col. Cambieras, Cpl. Lucas. Front row: Sgt. Styles, Sgt. oates, C.V.O. Sannar, Capt. Storey, Lt. Newbridge, C.U.O. Parker, Sgt. Javobs, Sgt. Hutchinson. Absent: C.J.U. Jansen, C.S. M. Whear.