

HIGH TIDE

DECEMBER, 1929

Editorial

Joint Editors: Doris Ellwood, Clair Simpson, Jean Bishop, Jean Young.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
That, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

On such a "high tide" we hope we are now afloat, and that there will be little to stop the progress of our magazine.

For the past two years we have encountered the shoals and the shallows, but fortunately we have avoided becoming a total wreck.

The contributors have done their part to help to make this issue of the magazine a success and we hope the students generally will be satisfied with their efforts.

We should be glad if, in the future, material for the magazine is placed in the box throughout the year—the earlier the better. Reports of sporting events and items of a topical nature are better written before the interest in them has waned.

As the number of students in our school has increased greatly in the last few years it should be possible to raise the standard of the magazine. Australia is still in her infancy in the literary world, and much can be done by the school magazines to give a stimulus to young aspirants for literary honours. Therefore we should be sorry to see our magazine wrecked on the "Lack of Interest Rocks"; for we believe that it does much to foster school spirit of the best sort, and to make us realise that our school stands for higher things than the mere assimilation of facts.

The school in the days of the Dickens school-masters, Mr. Wackford Squeers, and Mr. Chokumchild, stood for something which we hope has gone for ever,

and in its place a finer ideal stands forth, an education in which Sport, Fellowship and Interchange of Ideas take their place as well.

"Now," in Lowell's words, "is the 'High Tide' of the year, when Nature is dressed in her best, and feelings of good fellowship permeate mankind." We can all look back on a year in which we achieved something and now we look forward to the festive season of Christmas and the New Year—that time of good resolutions.

Finally we would wish those who are leaving us the best of luck, and to all a very happy Christmas and New Year.

—The Editors.

EX-STUDENT'S NOTES.

Amongst the ex-students of the W.H.S. are many who have distinguished themselves at the University; also are some who have gained excellent positions without the University course. In banks we have quite a number of representatives. Some of these are H. Price, N. Hick, R. McLaughton, E. Auther, N. Trace, K. O'Brien, S. Hoskin, L. Whitehurst, C. Stewart, M. Barnes and A. Reed.

Brian Grieve has completed his course and is now doing research work in Botany. Jessie Campbell has also completed her degree and is now doing Diploma of Education.

At the Conservatorium, J. Simmons is doing particularly well.

C. Zwar, B. Jamieson and I. Tulloch are at the University.

One of our brightest and best is Robert Shaw, winner of the Mollison Scholarship. He has also gained his B.A., and is now doing Dip. Ed.

We are now approaching the end of a very successful year, both socially and financially.

For the most part our functions took the form of fortnightly dances. We also held our Annual Ball, a Theatre Night, and a Cup Day Picnic to Belgrave.

Our finances have now reached a sufficient amount for the awarding of a scholarship, the arrangements of which are now being finalised. The students will be notified later as to the terms and conditions of this scholarship.

Our Ex-Students' Basket Ball Teams again had a most successful year, our A team being premiers for the second year in succession. To these girls we extend our heartiest congratulations.

We again donated cups to the boy and girl who gained the highest aggregate of points at the combined annual sports. At the time of going to press we do not know the names of the successful students, but to them we extend our heartiest congratulations. Opportunity will be taken at the official opening of the new school early in the year to present these cups.

The new additions to the school are very fine, and it is very pleasing to the old scholars to see the school growing immensely.

We are holding our Annual Meeting the first Tuesday in February, and we sincerely trust that all students who leave this year will come and associate themselves with us.

It is very pleasing to note just a few old scholars who are making a name for themselves.

Johnnie Simmonds is very prominent in the musical world. The papers refer to him as a genius.

Bob Shaw still continues to carry all before him, and we note that he will be attached to the staff of his old school next year.

Elsie Johnson captained the Victorian Basket Ball Team at the Interstate Competitions in Adelaide. She can still throw goals.

Mr. Gerity, easily the best known of the teachers to the Ex-students, is still going strong. We hear it said that the dust from the blackboard is still his chief concern.

Mr. Woodful is certain to go to England with the Test side next year. We wish him every success.

We wish every happiness to those Ex-Students who entered matrimony during the year. Amongst these we know of:—Mae Scott to Norm. Douglas, Jessie Smart to John Lang, Myra Ellis to J. Hawdon. Shiela Crossley was also married.

We hear the engagements announced of the following:—Elsie Johnson, Jim Ravenscroft, Harry Fry, Alice Incoll, Lily Brett, Milton Parkes. They, too, have every kind wish from the Ex-Students.

PARENTS' COLUMN.

Space is limited and some few only of the problems confronting all connected with the school can be considered in this article. Of outstanding importance is the early age at which so many of our students leave the school, not even completing the course for the Intermediate Certificate, either commercial or professional, though for all students who possess the required mental capacity, this is the accepted condition of entrance to the school.

The principal business houses, some of the leading banks, and the public departments, e.g., the railways, are now demanding the leaving certificate as an entrance qualification, and, if students—and many of them will find it necessary to do so, either immediately or later on—wish to continue their studies at the University, they must qualify for matriculation by passing in English, French, or another foreign language, and mathematics or science, at the leaving stage.

To enter the teaching service, the leaving certificate is the minimum qualification, and, without matriculation, the young teacher will soon find himself outpaced by others, who, taking longer views, have obtained high academic honours while the opportunity offered. Not once or twice have ex-students of this school regretted their slender

scholastic equipment and reflected in "what might have been."

A wide general education is the only secure foundation on which to raise an enduring superstructure of specialisation; evidence in support of this opinion is forthcoming in the recent offer of the Melbourne Technical School to grant a scholarship to one of our students who had completed a course of study at the leaving stage in certain branches of science and mathematics. The student selected by this school may take any course in engineering—civil, mechanical or electrical—for three years, without fees.

Generally, our students are young for their forms, and very high results at the term examinations cannot reasonably be expected. It is pointed out for general information that papers at the intermediate examination are set for students of normal ability at the age of sixteen years. To expect substantial success at an earlier age is to court disappointment.

A secondary school without strong forms in the senior department is not fulfilling its function in the life of the community, and a very earnest appeal is made to parents to prolong the school life of our most promising students to the limit of their ability; finally, it is hoped that the ultimate decision will rest with the parent, not with the child, who, naturally, is more concerned with the immediate, rather than the distant, future.

May one express the hope that more than a fugitive interest will be taken in the foregoing?

—The Head Master.

LITERARY RECORD, 1928.

School Prefects.—Garth Robinson, Vivienne Dripps, Marshall McMahon, Eileen Champion.

Leaving Honours.—Eileen Champion—Commercial Practice 2nd H., Commercial Principles 1st H., Awarded Special prize for Commercial Principles, Pass in Leaving Geography.

Leaving Pass.—Arthur Gardner, Donald McKenzie, Marshall McMahon, Ernest Sainsbury, Isabella Boyd, Phyllis Chrisfield, May Jamieson, Freda Johnson, Mavis McKenry, Clair Simpson.

Passed Intermediate.—Edward Aitken, John Berry, Victor Davey, Percival McClelland, David Morris, Leonard Robbins, Norman Spigelman, Ernest Townsend, William Warnock, John Westaway, Constance Newland, Dora Norwood, Jean Rollinson, John Drayton, Richard Hook, Keith Munnerly, Roy Uren, John Anderson, John Howie, Lindsay Sainsbury, Jean Bishop, Gladys Star, Alfred Coggins, Andrew Neilson, Anna Ambrose, Hazel Hodge, Yvonne Raymond, Doris Ellwood, Alice Elso, Dorothy Frazer, Isla Harsley, Thomas Egerton, Doris Booth, William Birrell.

Scholarship Winners.—**Junior:** Alex Miller (1st), Ettie Willis, John Drayton, Douglas Hood, Thomas Cherry, Ernest Townsend, Alan Condon, Ernest Rothwell, Bruce Williams.

Teaching.—Frederick Dobson, Ronald Brook.

Scotch College.—Alex Miller (full scholarship).

King Edward Memorial.—Alex Miller (1st).

Wiseman Prize.—Alex Miller (1st).

Protection of Animals.—Eunice Abbot.

State Public Service (Entrance).—Arthur Gardner (1st).

A MEMORABLE EVENT.

Stop, listen, and behold,
A wondrous tale will I unfold
About the Rosny's long, long trip.
This tale shall fly from lip to lip.
When first we started out that day,
Nobody looked green and gray.
Everywhere was joyous laughter,
But that was gone some minutes after.
Those cruel waves seemed mountains high,
That many thought they were to die.
And groans were heard of sad dismay,
And all were sick upon that day.
At last we reached the pleasant shore,
And I am sure that many swore
To travel far by sea no more.

—Peter and Repeater.

	Boys.	1928. Girls.	Total.	1929. Girls.
Award of Merit	5	4	9	3
Honorary Instructor's Certificate ..	4	6	10	6
Teacher's Certificate	6	16	22	9
Bronze Medallion	13	19	32	23
Proficiency Certificate	32	47	79	30
Elementary Certificate	38	51	89	—
Medallion (Educ. Dept's.)	—	7	7	5
Senior (Educ. Dept's.)	—	17	17	20
Junior (Educ. Dept's.)	26	42	68	44

Many other girls gained the Elementary Certificate in 1929.



ATHLETICS.

School Sports.

Boys.

Senior Champion.—A. Broughton.

Intermediate.—A. Price.

Junior.—C. Drew.

Girls.

Senior Champion.—Alice Elso.

Intermediate.—Ruth Franklin.

Junior.—Beryl Reitman.

Combined Sports.

Boys.

A. Price—1st in 100 yards, 220 yards, Long Jump. (First in every individual event he started in.)

A. Broughton—2nd in Senior 100 yards.

C. Drew—2nd in 75 yards, 2nd in 100 yards, 1st in Long Jump.

W.H.S.—3rd in Aggregate, 2nd in Intermediate.

A. Price won the Old Students' Cup.

Girls.

Alice Elso—3rd in Senior Goal Throwing.

Ruth Franklin—2nd in Intermediate 75 yards.

Thelma Treagus—1st in Junior Goal Throwing.

Relay Race Teams obtained 2nd places in Senior, Intermediate and Junior Relay Races.

Total number of points . . . 19 points.

Essendon (winners) scored 21 points.

Thelma Treague won the Old Students' Cup.

SPORTS RECORD.

Football.

Senior.—Marshall McMahon. **Junior.**—Thomas Egerton.

Cricket.—Marshall McMahon.

Lacrosse.—Myles Parkes.

Intermediate Cricket Team won majority of matches; defeated Melbourne A and Coburg.

Intermediate Football Team won majority of matches.

M. McMahon selected in (Inter.) State High School Team.

Swimming—Life Saving, 1927-1928.

Cups Won.—**Henley Challenge Cup** (open to all secondary schools in Victoria); **Wilma Lewis Excellence Cup** (open to all women's Life Saving Clubs and girls' schools).

BOYS' COMBINED SWIMMING

CARNIVAL AT MIDDLE PARK.

On Friday, 8th March, 1929, the school held its annual swimming carnival at the Williamstown City Baths.

The sea was rough, but the swimmers did not heed the water; all good swimmers are able to swim in any sort of weather. The day ended in a win for the Possums with 99 points, the Koalas second with 70 points, the Wombats third with 49 points, and the brave Dingoes a valiant last with 41 points. This carnival decided which boys should represent the Williamstown High School in the Combined Swimming Carnival for the following Wednesday. During the week-end the boys to represent the school trained earnestly and were all fit for Wednesday.

When Wednesday came round the girls who journeyed to St. Kilda and the boys who journeyed to Middle Park went down to the Ferguson Street Pier to catch the one and only battle-ship of Williamstown, the "Rosny." There was a strong southerly wind blowing and the passage to Middle Park was a very rough one. Fortunately none of the boy competitors were seasick. When we reached Middle Park Baths the carnival had been postponed until the following Wednesday, so some of the competitors walked to St. Kilda to see the girls' carnival, which was also postponed owing to the rough weather. In spite of their rough trip the girls came from the Rosny determined to swim their best for their school, but when they were told that the carnival had been postponed they were all glad.

This delay of a week gave the boys more time to practise in the water. The next Wednesday was a much calmer day, but this time no one from the school did the journey in the well-known ship. The first event was swum at 2 p.m., and the school's representatives secured places in every event except two.

At the end of the day when the total was tallied up Melbourne High School headed the list with 52 points, and Williamstown High School second with 39 points.

"Hurrah for Williamstown High."

THE HOCKEY MATCH.

(Please note poetic licence.)

O, wherefore is this crowd that pours
Into the park by scores and scores.
They come by twos, they come by threes,
And some are shes and some are hes.

And who are these so blithe and gay,
With sticks and bats in fierce array?
They are our famous hockey team,
They've won each match in which they've
been.

Here come the teachers, gaunt and grim,
They come to slaughter and to win.
The boys their caps throw through the air
As both teams for the strife prepare.

The whistle shrills, the game's begun,
The ball is off, now starts the fun.
Sticks clash, heads bash, teachers dash
After the ball, one and all.

In struggling hard to get the ball,
Girls do fall, and men do sprawl,
But up again! for girls must score
For honour's sake, a goal or more.

But all their efforts are in vain,
For though they fight with might and main,
Against long legs and stronger arm,
Can girls secure the victor's palm?

O! 'twas a famous victory,
Which young did play 'gainst old and hoary.
'Twill oft be told in history
About this struggle grim and gory.

The men have won, but what of that!
In spite of all the talk and chat,
Girls don't mind losing now and then,
For Fortune often favours men.

—"Fuzz and Buzz" (B.).

SENIOR BASKETBALL.

The team this year consisted of Ruth Franklin (captain), Dora Norwood, Myres Cuming, Nellie McClellan, Jean Stewart, Jean Rollinson, Nancy Macdonald. Cecily Oliver and Lesley Jones both played in one match.

Our first match was to be played at Essendon; of course, we did not like the idea of a strange ground, but, nevertheless thought we might win. However, as you will see below, the thought was fatal, although it was a splendid game.



SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM, 1929.—Top row (left to right): L. Jones, N. McClellan, M. Cuming, C. Oliver.
Bottom Row (left to right): D. Norwood, J. Rollinson, R. Franklin (Captain), O. Cuming, J. Stewart.

Our next match was against Coburg on our own ground. The idea of playing on our own ground spurred us on, and we won by 12 goals, the team playing excellently.

We then had a friendly match against Melbourne and lost by 3 goals.

Then came the day of the Geelong visit. Of course everyone was excited. We managed to win, however, by 16 goals.

Results of Matches.

Essendon d. Williamstown, 31—15.

Williamstown d. Coburg, 21—9.

Williamstown d. Geelong, 29—13.

NOTES ON JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM.

The team this year consisted of Lucy Coxon, May Blick, Milly Taylor, Annie Booth, Beryl Reitman, Blanche Moulden, Dulcie Whiting, with emergencies, Ruth Reilly, Madge Laming.

The team had bad luck throughout their matches. In the match against Coburg they were defeated badly, 26—13. The team did not play up to its usual standard.

In the other two matches, against Geelong and Essendon, they were defeated, but they led each game until the last few quarters, when their opponents gained a lead and maintained it. The team played well in these two matches.

As a final match, Kingsville State School wished to play the Juniors. As Kingsville is a champion at the game our team was expected by one and all to be crushingly defeated. However, W.H.S.'s reputation was kept up by the Juniors going into the game with full force and obtaining a lead in the scores. At half-time they were 5—10. At the finish the scores were 26—13.

The team played very well, especially Milly Taylor, who was the best player on the field.

OUR FIRST HOCKEY VICTORY!

How excited everybody was! It was our first hockey match this season, and we were to play against Essendon High School. Miss Whyte, our sports mistress, had bought us new sticks, the best our school team had ever known.

We struggled through the periods of work before the great match, and watching the sky anxiously for signs of rain. It did rain a tiny bit in the morning, but everything was fine for the match.

We were all in our places, the whistle blew and the match began with the usual bully. The teams were equal in strength, and, although each team strained every nerve, during the first quarter no goal was scored. The ball was up their end, a girl shot for a goal, missed, and so there was another "twenty-five." No! Time!

A three minutes' rest, we changed ends, and the second quarter started. It was equally as exciting, but again no goal was scored. The third quarter began. The ball was up our end, everybody was in or around the circle, Gwladys shot for a goal and it went cleanly through, into the net—the first goal for the match. The barrackers executed a war dance, our coach with others, and broke all records for high jumps. The time bell rang.

The last quarter, and the other side was fighting to get another goal to make us equal. Then, two and a half minutes before the bell went, Essendon got a goal and we were equal. We fought hard for another goal, then a half minute before time, Marjorie Hardsess scored the other goal, making us one ahead. So we won our first hockey match for many years.

FOR OTHERS.

Comforts for Crippled Children Undergoing Sun-ray Treatment.

As children undergoing treatment in the Helio Therapy branch of the Children's Hospital at Hampton for tuberculosis and spinal complaints suffer a good deal from cold in winter, the girls of the Williamstown High School have

in 1928 and this year also made a pair of bed socks for each child and have sent also a good parcel of mittens. The Matron, Miss Rule, writes:—

"Very many thanks for the bed socks received this evening. Our little ones and I feel very grateful to you for helping to make them so cosy and warm during these cold months."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM LINDA BROWNBILL.

We are at present staying out in the country—it is very beautiful. It is just as I have always read—narrow lanes with hedges on either side. Since I wrote to you on the boat, we have seen many sights which we will never forget. Whilst in London we saw many places of interest; we visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Houses of Parliament, Windsor Castle, Royal Mews, Tower of London. We saw the King and Queen drive home on July 1st (had a wonderful view) and also saw Princess Elizabeth when the Queen held her up. We heard the Thanksgiving Service relayed from Westminster.

At Windsor Castle we saw the State Apartments, also the Queen's Dolls' House, which is equipped with working models, one-twelfth ordinary size. We went into the dungeon of the Curfew Tower (this contains a clock which has been working 240 years), where there are relics of old-time punishments—stocks, dripping pipe. In the White Tower at the Tower of London there are the execution block and rack.

I found the Elgin Room in the British Museum—it was very interesting. The Parsathenaic frieze is around the wall; in the centre of the room is a very fine model of the Parthenon at Naples. We saw St. Paul's, which is similar to the Pantheon at Rome.

NAPHILL, via High Wycombe, England.



"True blue Australia,
The jolly native bear,
Koala! Koala! Give three rousing cheers!
Come on! Try us! We are the tars!
Hurrah Hurrah! for the Koalas!"

During the past years the Koalas have won victories and suffered defeats, but always have played the game.

We were very successful at sports last year. At hockey we swept all before us. No other house was able to defeat us. The rounder team was second on the list. In both basketball and tennis the Koalas gained third place.

In football we were narrowly defeated by the Dingoes and Possums, and were outclassed by the Wombats. The tennis team met with very little success. Almost half of the junior football team are Koalas, and there are almost as many in the senior team. We lost the house athletics to the Wombats, who defeated us by only $3\frac{1}{2}$ points.

Last year we scored most points at the swimming carnival, and this year were defeated by a very low margin. However, our achievements at the life-saving examinations atone for any deficiency. Two of our number, Marjorie Hardess and Ruth Franklin, gained awards of merit, and Marjorie also gained the highest number of points for the school. Other results are as follows:—Hon. instructors (3), teacher's certificates (4), bronze medallions (8), proficiency certificates (13).

This year we had one prefect selected from our House.

And what of the old Koalas who have left the sheltered harbour of their old school to sail the Ocean of Life? Perhaps the most successful Koala is Bob Shaw, who is now a B.A., and has won the valuable Mollison Italian Scholarship and the Justice Higgins Scholar-

ship. He is a brilliant linguist; he speaks five languages fluently. Another Koala, Eddie Arthurs, has won fame in the athletic world. He holds the amateur championship over 220 yards.

Who will win the Parker Cup this year remains to be seen. So, come on, Koalas! Show the school which is the best House of all!

Wombat Notes - Boys

O, what a nuisance House notes are,
They make us fret and frown.
Remember, you who read them, please,
Don't try to run them down.

We Wombats are still plodding along trying to live up to our last year's reputation when we won the cup. Since last term we have been greatly handicapped by the loss of our captain, F. Williams, but we hope to be top in spite of this.

So far we have played only one cricket house match. That was against the Koalas, whom we defeated by five wickets. A remarkable feature of the match was that our opponents were five wickets for 45 and all out for 46, thanks to Pinchen, who cleaned up the tail. If our play is up to the standard of this match we should defeat the Dingoes and give the Possums their money's worth.

At the swimming carnival we managed to beat the Dingoes for third place. It was unfortunate that our best swimmer, W. Miller, was ill. However, we won several races and our team showed that is was not to be treated lightly. The chief swimmers were Westaway, Chatfield, Davey, Brazenor and Bushell. We owe our thanks to Mr. Head for his advice and help in training us beforehand.

Now we come to football. Four of our House are in the school football team and six in the juniors. The first house match was arranged against the Dingoes, who seem to be the weakest of

In this direction we hope to do quite brilliantly this year and be a credit to the "Best House of All."

the four. The first quarter really decided the game, which went in our favour. Against the Possums we again made a good first quarter dash, and were leading at quarter time, but, sad to say, the Possums rallied well and defeated us badly. The last house match was against the Koalas. From the start both teams went hard for the ball, and the play was very even. As a game, this was the best match of our section, for our other defeat and victory were too absolute. After a ding-dong struggle, the Koalas defeated us. Our captain, Chatfield, was the best man in all matches.

Coming to lacrosse, we find that nearly half the team are Wombats. This does not help us to gain points as there are, unfortunately, no lacrosse house matches.

Last season two Wombats formed the first pair in the school tennis team, and since the same pair won the three house matches last year; we should stand a fair chance again this year.

The leaders are keeping their eyes open for "dark horses" for the athletics, so watch out. Price should win several senior events for us, and Cook should do well in his section, while several new discoveries may show up well.

It can be seen that this year our rivals, the Possums, have come out of their holes, and though we do not wish them any harm, we may as well tell them that we intend to try our hardest to beat them for first place.

We notice that our headmaster must recognise us as the best house of all for the boy prefects, V. Davey, N. Spigelman, K. Warnock, and before he left, F. Williams, are Wombats.

Onward, Wombats! push ahead,
Place our banner high.

If we can't be first, we can do our best,
So, Wombats, try, try, try.

Possums' House Notes

We are told that silence is golden, but, although our colour is gold, the "Possums" are neither silent nor inactive. We are, on the other hand, exceedingly active. We have proved too strong for the other houses in swimming, winning from the Koalas with close on 100 points, the runners-up gaining about 70 points. In 1928 the Koalas defeated us by $1\frac{1}{2}$ points, much to their joy. Besides this, a number of girls have helped the school to win for a second year both the Lewis Challenge and the Henley cups. The successful girls were:—Award of Merit (1), Patrice Grace; Honorary Instructor's (2), Patrice Grace, Jean Bishop; Teacher's Certificate (1), Yvonne Raymond; Bronze Medallion (3), Gladys Star, Edna Dripps, A. Walsh; Proficiency and Elementary (6), M. Butcher, B. Whelan, M. Rautman, D. Whiting, G. Mason, A. Munt.

At tennis in 1928 we shone with Elwyn McGrath and Alice Elso as our team. Both in tennis and basketball we went through all matches undefeated.

In the hockey last year we did not do very brilliantly, but we have started off on our 1929 season well by defeating the Wombats in a well-fought match. In 1928 rounders we did a little better, and this year our first matches have resulted in winning two out of three against the Wombats, who defeated us in 1929 basketball. With these victories to cheer us on, and some hard work we are hoping to carry off more honours, and to win the Parker Cup.

On the literary side of the school we were well represented by Eileen Champion, who won a special prize for commercial honours at the end of last year.

POSSUM BOYS' HOUSE NOTES.

"Win without boasting of victory.
Lose without explaining defeat."

The Possums have not yet had the honour of winning the Parker Cup. Last year the Possums did the best they have done for several years. This was largely due to the fine effort of the boys. In the boys' sports alone, the Possums headed the list.

Much praise was due to Jack Sainsbury, the Captain, who proved himself a fine sportsman and a good captain. He is now studying a course at the University. Also in Sparks and Murphy we had two able and competent assistants to our captain.

This year I think the Possums have the best chance of all. The boys are all doing their share, and if the girls back us up we have no doubt as to the final result.

At the swimming carnival we easily proved our superiority by scoring just on 100 points, the next best being the Koalas with 70 points. Walter Johnson was a fast and tireless swimmer, being ably helped by the other boys. The girls also deserve much praise for the way they helped to score the points.

Cricket house matches have yet to be played, but the Possums hope to carry off all the honours.

The football season is now raging. The Possums have, so far, beaten the Koalas and the Wombats, but we have yet to play the Dingoes, whose flag we are confident of lowering. In these matches the Possums were consistently served by Sparks, Murphy, Johnson, Reilly and Sainsbury.

Dingoes

"Red's our colour; red for fame.
Dingoes! Dingoes! that's our name."

Often nowadays one hears kindly sympathisers say gently, "Poor old Dingoes," but so far we are not aware that we need sympathy from other houses.

Since the Parker Cup was introduced the Dingoes have not yet had the honour of keeping it for a year. Although we were last on the list last year we had an able leader in M. McMahon, who was Captain of the School as well as of the cricket and football teams. He is now studying at the University.

Though we were not successful in the last swimming carnival one of our members, E. Harris, represented the school in the combined swimming sports, in which he carried off first honours for diving.

During the last year and a half the following medals and certificates have been won by members of this house:— Teachers, 2; Bronze, 5; Proficiency and Elementary, 9. The points thus gained helped this school to win the Wilma Yarborough Excellence Cup and the Secondary Schools' Swimming Cup.

The football season is in full swing, and so far the Dingoes have been defeated, but not dismayed, by the Wombats. This being the only match they have played, they hope to win much before the end of the season.

We must draw attention to the fact that Thelma Treagus, a member of our illustrious house, gained the highest number of points, among the girls, for the school at the combined sports, so winning the Ex-students' Cup.

Two prefects were chosen from our house this year.

The following is a list of our triumphs during the last year and a half:—2nd honours in tennis (girls), 2nd honours in basketball, 3rd honours in hockey, 4th honours in rounders, 4th honours in football, 4th honours in cricket, 2nd honours in boys' tennis. We have yet to find stars for sports and swimming among the new scholars this year.

So, come on, Dingoes, for the "Best House of All."

OUR NEW SCHOOL.

Lately a crowd of men have been invading our seat of learning. We could not guess who they were until they took off their jackets and started to take Room 13 for a ride near the Cookery Centre. Then we found out they were coming to make Williamstown High School into the second largest High School in Victoria. Near the Cyprus trees in the boys' yard was gathered the largest crowd, as the men were mixing mortar. Rooms 13 and 14 were placed on wheels and taken around near the caretaker's sanctum. No longer will we sit in Room 14 on a freezing morning without a fire. No longer will the boys complain of having to shut the door. With the new brick buildings going ahead things look rosy as far as lessons are concerned. Although we gain in one direction we lose in another, i.e., our new buildings and the tennis courts will cost us a lot of playing grounds, and our good football ground will disappear. Still, we will have a fine new school and something of which we can be proud.

B. Mountford, D3.

Original Verse

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A CITY SCHOOL YARD.

The school bell sounds the end of work to-day,
The chatt'ring girls come quickly from the room,
The schoolboy packs his bag and runs to play,
For he is free to leave that place of gloom.

The D.T. class assembles in Room Two,
The master there appears to be severe,
That they forgot their homework they do rue,
When they are told to serve that penance drear.

For them there is no football after school,
Or hockey, basket-ball, or any fun,
Because you know at High School it's the rule,
That when the homework's set it must be done.

At home each night the students cannot rest,
For home tasks, hard and many, are our lot.
We have no time to sit and read or jest,
The only thing that we can do is swot.

The algebra is always rather tight,
But so are English, French and History, too,
And though to do the lot would take all night,
We always have to stu' and stu' and stu'.

At ten o'clock when we're still going strong,
With several wet towels wrapped around our heads,
Our parents call out, "Now! Don't be too long,
It's high time that boys were in their beds."

Next day when we have all arrived at school,
And homework books are put out on the seat,
The teacher will (as if by some set rule)
Scrawl right across our work the word "REPEAT."

Yes! school is hard; but we can clearly see
That schooldays vanish like a passing glance,
And we can tell just where we'd rather be,
When others say they wish they'd had our chance.

—Corrie O. Lanus.

THE BALLAD OF THE AIRMEN.

Hurrah! the engine's going,
Jump up into the 'plane;
Now, everything is ready,
We'll soon be "up" again.

One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the land we leave, one sigh,
We'll wave a loving au revoir
Ere we climb into the sky.

Of the air we are the masters,
Its unknown paths explore,
To link our far-flung Empire
Still closer than before.

All earthly things grow smaller,
As into space we soar,
All other sounds are silenced
As the big propellers roar.

The darkness closes round us,
 We breathe a silent prayer
 To God, and in His keeping
 We trust all our welfare.

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(Written in verse.)

Mr. Scrooge, one Christmas Eve,
 Saw his partner Marley,
 Who, with clanking chains, had come
 From the grave to parley.
 "Oh!" said he, "my friend, take care,
 Once I sought but money,
 Now I would men's burdens bear,
 But I cannot reach them.

Then the Ghost of Christmas Past
 Showed him school days early,
 Little Scrooge, neglected, lone,
 Left by father surly;
 Then old Fezziwig he saw—
 Romping at his party—
 Belle, whom he had loved of yore,
 With her children playing.

Ghost of Christmas Present came,
 Big, and kind, and jolly,
 Brought him turkeys, puddings, fruits,
 Mistletoe and holly;
 Then away to Camden Town
 To the Cratchit dinner.
 At his nephew's not a frown
 Showed against the sinner.

Phantom Christmas Future came,
 To reform the miser,
 Showed old Scrooge his ending cruel,
 And it made him wiser.
 Cratchit's mourned for Tim so dear,
 Tiny Tim so gentle;
 Scrooge now cried, "O Spirit, hear,
 Let me change these sorrows!"

Ghosts of Present, Future, Past,
 Each his message telling,
 Taught old Scrooge the charity—
 Love in Christmas dwelling—
 Gladly Scrooge for Christmas' sake,
 Spite of jeers and laughter,
 Trying happiness to make,
 Happy lived thereafter.

—F.

HOMEWORK.

Every evening its' a trial,
 Homework!
 Although it is, we try to smile,
 Homework!
 But it's becoming such,
 It's getting far too much—
 For we can't escape its clutch,
 Homework!

We think it very hard,
 Homework!
 When you're playing in the yard,
 Homework!
 You are told to come right in,
 And your lessons to begin—
 I think that it's a sin,
 Homework!

And when we leave our school,
 Homework!
 To be bound no more by rule,
 Homework!
 We will think of the distressed,
 Who are waiting its behest,
 It's the cry of the oppressed—
 Homework!

—R.F. (Cc).

ELF LAND.

Down the grassy glens we prance;
 Round the leafy trees we dance.
 In and out of old gum trees,
 There we frolic in the breeze.

Tiny feet and tiny hats,
 Tiny arms and tiny spats;
 For a spear we have a blade
 Of the grass which ne'er will fade.

When the moonbeams spread their light,
 Then we know that it is night;
 Out we come from tree or glade,
 Lightly dancing in the shade.

Trip it lightly in a ring,
 Gaily dance and sweetly sing.
 Trip it lightly, for you see,
 Someone may there watching be.

Our elf queen is very small,
 Our bowmen are very tall.
 On a mushroom our queen sits,
 In the fairy ring she flits.

When the morning light is clear,
 Then we run away for fear;
 Mortals, they might come our way.
 That, you see, would end our play.

MALLACOOTA INLET.

A shady track winds through the giant gums,
That rear their mighty heads along the bay.
Beyond these sentinels its water comes,
In tranquil sparkling in the sun's last ray.

The bay is slumbering in a silence deep,
Broken by ceaseless, muffled, breaker's roar,
Which tumble on the beach outside, but sleep
And creep, along the wooded islet shore.

Dim through the greyness that hangs o'er the
bay,
The rugged ranges of the mountains rise,
And o'er them sinks proud Phœbus, King of
Day,
That stately Dian may sail o'er the skies.

OUR NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

(With apologies to Mr. Pepys.)

July 22.—7.30 a.m.—This day up fine
and early as it is rumoured we move
into our new school house to-day. A
splendid building by all accounts, with
all newest gadgets and conveniences.
One hopes there will be a few new ideas
for absorbing the knowledge without
too much brain tax. The pedagogue
has promised us a fine and mighty time.
Though we think it nought but talk, he
must repeat it to us.

8.50 a.m.—At school, we find two
boys who are having a discourse on the
right of precedence at our lockers, but
we tear them apart and I put them at
different ends of the quadrangle (a
somewhat hard job). There they do
stand glowering at each other like wild
beasts.

8.55 a.m.—Thus to our room where
we find the pedagogue at a loss to know
what to make of our compositions. But
we are joyful and care not, heedless
sinners.

9.0 a.m.—In we march and go to take
our places—but ah! What is this I see?
A slot machine each! And what for?
I read the inscription on my own
machine. It reads as follows:—English
charge, two pennies. All poetry and
grammar learnt. French charge, two
pennies. All this week's verbs and
vocab. learnt. Algebra charge, one

penny. All theory learnt. Physics
charge, one penny. All laws and de-
finitions learnt. Chemistry charge, one
penny. All laws and formulæ learnt.

All the machines set out on the desks
make as pretty an assortment as one
can wish to see. The following rules
are also seen to be pinned on to the
notice board:—

New Rules.

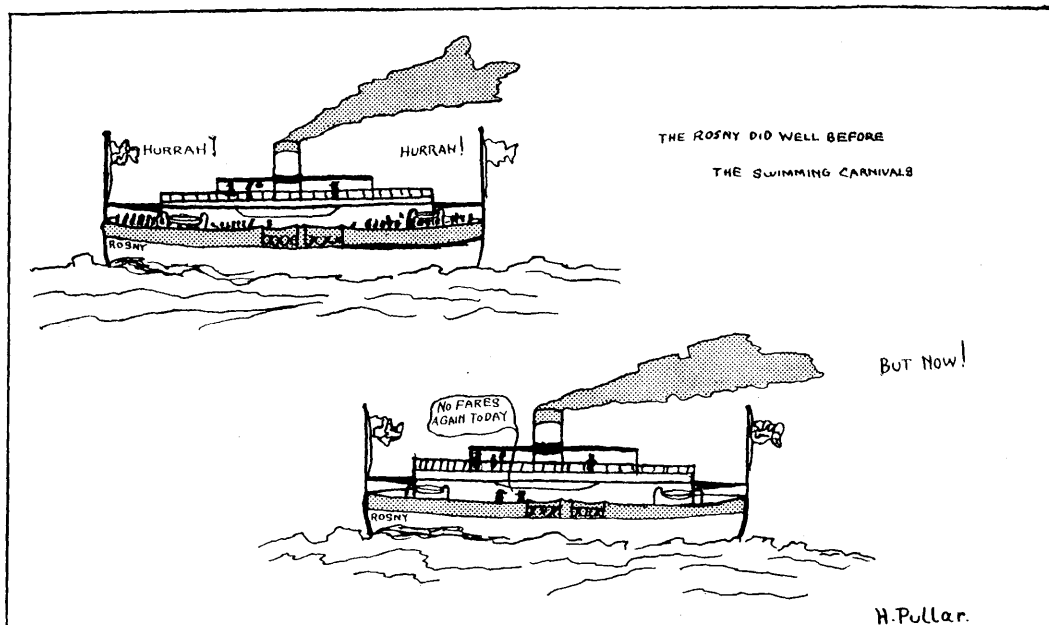
1. No pupil to receive lines.
2. No pupil to have less than six
private study periods per day.
3. Homework abolished.
4. Examinations abolished.
5. All notes to be done by teacher for
each pupil.

Great is the rejoicing that prevails
and a holiday is proclaimed by our hard-
working (?) prefects. And best of all—
Thump! It's time to get up, breakfast
is ready!

Alas! for dreams.

The Epic of the Sea

Septimus Seagull stared moodily
across Hobson's Bay. How grey the
world was to-day! From his perch on
an old pile, coral covered, he viewed the
melancholy world. The leaden sky
looked threatening and dark masses of
clouds heaped up on the horizon gave
promise of early rain. No wind ruffled
the sullen waters lapping softly against
the old pile; all was ominously calm,
when suddenly the silence was broken
with shouts of merry laughter. Sep-
timus turned around quickly and stared
in amazement at the sight which met
his eyes. Approaching the new Fer-
guson Street Pier was a stream of boys
and girls, all flaunting gay streamers of
red, yellow and black. As he watched
them talk and laugh, Septimus decided
to investigate the cause of their merrim-
ent. "Goodness," he said to himself,
"I wonder what's in the wind? Why,
I declare, they're going to board the
'Rosny.' They must feel venturesome.



I know I wouldn't care to board her when there's a heavy swell. After her bumping the 'Hood,' there's no trusting her." And sure enough the pupils of W.H.S. did board the redoubtable "Rosny," Williamstown's notorious ferry-boat, whose career has been a chapter of accidents.

In order to follow up his investigations, Septimus flew from the pile and circled round his friend the "Rosny," who willingly satisfied his curiosity. She said, "It's like this, Sep., from what I can make out of all the talking, the High Schools are holding a combined swimming carnival to-day, the boys at Middle Park and the girls at St. Kilda Baths, and I'm to take the W.H.S. pupils across there." "Oh!" said Septimus playfully, "I hope they have insured their lives." "Now that's nasty. But I am going to give them a rough spin. I feel in a merry mood to-day. The waves are as big as mountains half-way across the bay, so I'll have some fun out of this trip."

Alas for those brave hearts so pitifully unaware of their unhappy fate!

Shrilly the whistle blew; a car loaded with giggling girls raced furiously along the pier; again the shrill note of the siren pierced the air; the gangway was hauled aboard, and at last the "Rosny" was under way.

"All was merry as a marriage bell" until the boat was half-way across the bay, when she decided to have her fun. "Watch me rock," she called merrily to Septimus, and rock she did as anyone from W.H.S. will certify. From side to side she tossed and heaved; at every dip there was a yell from all on board—no, not from all, for the teachers' dignity would not permit them to yell however much they would have liked to. The huge waves sent showers of spray over the lower deck, whose passengers were forced to climb to the upper deck, where they appeared like drowned rats, much to the amusement of their more fortunate companions.

But the climax of this drama of the sea was reached after the boys had disembarked at Middle Park. With nerve-racking monotony the ship rode up and down, up and down, until finally the

St. Kilda Pier was gained. Was this the end? No. The "Rosny" and the pier suddenly decided to dance a jig. First they touched lightly, then the lady bowed and tripped daintily backwards, all this to the accompaniment of shrieks and screams from the fair passengers, who, like frightened sheep, were fearfully crossing the frail gangway which separated them from the turbulent waters beneath.

"Please, Sep., tell me what happens now," implored the "Rosny," and immediately the bird flew in the wake of the slowly departing train of school-girls. Several minutes passed. Would he never come! At last the messenger appeared; swiftly he flew to the water's edge, collapsed on his friend's deck and struggled vainly to suppress his mirth. At length the "Rosny" distinguished the words, "Sports postponed—going home by train." "What!" shrieked the "Rosny." "They won't have a good six-pennyworth after all." So laughing heartily the two friends wended their way back to Middle Park.

A SCHOOL IN MOSLEM.

When the word "school" is said, one naturally thinks of some fine building, but the school of Moslem is generally a mud-built hut more like a cart-shed than a place of learning. The teacher is, in most cases, a negro in native robes.

He teaches his pupils to say parts of the Koran (the Mohammedan holy book) by heart for nine hours a day. As the Koran is in an entirely different language from that which the pupils know, or speak, they must be very industrious and patient. Can you imagine any W.H.S. pupil sitting for nine hours a day learning something he did not understand one scrap?

The pupils are also taught to obey, be honest and not to forget to wash.

In health lessons they are taught that a sick person can be cured by drinking the water with which a verse of the

Koran has been washed from a tablet. Wounds can also be cured with this water.

Australians are prone to think that only Christian missionaries are sent out to teach, but they are wrong, as the thought of Moslem children learning to be good Mohommedans for nine hours a day shows.

—Sheila Plumb, C2.

A RECIPE.

The following may prove useful in exams.:—

Ingredients.— $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. sheets of paper (if needed), 1 bottle of ink, 1 question paper.

Method.—Dip the pen in ink and stir well, study the question paper thoroughly, and allow the answers to simmer gently in the brain. When done transfer to paper, dry thoroughly and pass out of existence.

N.B.—A teacher with supernaturally sharp eyes and ears may be added.

A STORY.

Roberts the gardener was walking through the park, trying his Hardest't to find some Murphies. He met two little children playing Hyde and seek. The little girl had a red-riding Hood on. Leaving the children, he walked along the Gravell path leading to the Green Hill. The dew was glistening on the trees and the Dripps were falling on a little boy who was Cumming along the roadway. Roberts gave him a Cherry and a Plumb to soothe him. After walking some distance he came to a Brook at the side of which were some Barnes with a Sergeant to Ward off Sly-men.

A WIRELESS NIGHTMARE.

Last night, as I was listening in,
My head and brain did seem to swim.
The Joeys whistled and shrieked and screamed,
But at last I fell asleep and dreamed.
I dreamt I woke in the dead of the night
And went to my set; Did I see all right?

I saw little birds come out of my 'phones,
With curious whistles and shrieks and groans.
Then at my head they seemed to fly;
They scratched and they pecked till I thought
I'd die.

Rushing back, I fell over a chair,
And woke to find coils of wire in my hair,
Then I vowed I'd keep wireless out of my
sight,
So I locked it away—till to-morrow night.

LEARNING A LANGUAGE.

Most of us, no doubt, have had a shot at learning, or trying to learn, one or more foreign languages, and perhaps the results have not, so far, been outstandingly brilliant. Everything seems so difficult, and therefore our sympathies rest (or should do so) with the gentlemen—and also the ladies—of other countries who are gamely endeavouring to master our own lingo. However, they usually tackle it very well indeed, although their attempts are often marked with exceedingly funny incidents.

A Frenchman had visited an English friend and, when leaving, remarked, "I shall not cockroach on your time any longer." "You mean 'encroach,' my friend," answered the Englishman. "No," said the Frenchman, "I say 'hen-roach' to the ladies and 'cockroach' to the gentlemen. Is it not so?"

A foreigner felt thirsty and, entering a hostel, ordered a cup of tea. "I do not want it fortnight," he said. "You do not want it for a fortnight," echoed the waitress in amazement. "Oh, no," smiled the foreigner. "It is my mistake, I do not want the tea 'too weak.'"

A young lady was giving an account of how she and some friends had climbed a steep mountain. "Yes, it was a great feat," she concluded. A foreign professor listened eagerly to her story and then enquired: "Did you climb it twice then?" "No," returned the young lady; "only once." "Why," said the professor, "do you say 'feat'? Why do you not use the word 'foot' when it is in the singular?"

Perhaps it may be our fortune (or misfortune—take it as you will) to visit the homelands of these unconsciously humorous foreigners, and then it will be their turn to laugh at our mistakes.
—N.S., B Form.

TIT BITS.

We hear that "Paradise Lost" was not written as a cure for insomnia as we B Formers previously supposed.

It has been reported that on going back to look for a case which he left in the train, one of our respected teachers found another teacher's lunch. How forgetful some people are! How do we get on when we forget our homework like that?

The boy prefects have a bad time with the E Formers, who will persistently say that prefect is derived from "pre—before, fecto—a disease."

The lockers in the new school are very handy, for if you lose your key a tin-opener will readily do the trick.

IS THIS YOU?

There is someone hot in this school both in name and in (?). After appealing for silence, he often issues impositions. When asked what work is to be done he says, "Oh, ce ne fait rein."

There is someone who is a very enthusiastic hockey player, although he is always "down."

Now some kind person told us that there is a certain teacher on the staff who is very fond of cleaning the black-board in room 8. We have not yet discovered her name.

Did Nelson win the battle of Trafalgar? Our informer says that there is a Nelson at school. We are still waiting for this staid old veteran. (Of course, we may have mistaken the name, but I do not think so.)

Now, there is another who is noted for her ability to spring. We have never seen her do it, and we hope she won't spring out at us when we are unaware of her presence.



WILMA TARBOROUGH LEWIS AND WILLIAM HENLEY CHALLENGE CUPS (Royal Life Saving Society)
Won by the School in 1928 and in 1929, mainly through the efforts of Students shown in the photograph.

LOST, FOUND OR WANTED.

Lost.—A suitcase containing several musty Geology note books of no value. Finder please return same to "Eddie," W.H.S. Reward.

Lost.—All lacrosse matches against other High Schools this year.

Found.—A champion Intermediate football team at last—as University and Essendon High Schools have found to their cost.

Wanted.—A machine for writing notes at a speed of one page per minute. Apply "Pew-pile."

Wanted.—Many Leaving Honours, Leaving and Intermediate Certificates, as well as an abundance of Scholarships at the end of the year.

ANSWERS WANTED FOR THESE QUESTIONS.

Why do certain boys of our school not wear hats? Is it because of the new kind of hair-oil just put on the market?

What is the description of a certain B Form boy in football togs?

Why do not two certain girls come to school by aeroplane?

AN ESSAY ON ANYTHING.

When people write an essay, they always write on something, but as I am one of those uncommon and contrary persons, I am going to write on anything. I may seem funny to you, but let me tell you I am obeying implicit instructions from my two oldest friends.

Before I write on anything, let me tell you I am a funny, weird and modest person, with a ridiculous, humorous outlook on life. Can you comprehend? If so, I shall now begin to write.

If I am writing on anything it may be a dog, house, chair; in fact, any article on the earth. But if I write on a dog or chair I would be writing on something and I would not be writing on anything.

Writing on anything is a difficult problem. I am doubting whether you understand what has been written so far. My dog is a black water-spaniel with a distinct hatred of water—but I might as well tell you of my ginger, red-striped Persian cat, which recently won a prize at Timbuctoo Royal Academy for having the softest colour scheme, as tell you of the dog, because if I speak of either, I would not be speaking of anything. I would like to describe my cat's blending of colours which the judge thought so sweet, but I must keep to my subject, and that is "Anything."

My friends told me to write on "Anything," and gave me some papers which I have not noticed until this moment. These papers give the derivation of anything. Here it is, derived from the Latin word anything. Any—any, and thing—thing, be it dog, cat, chair or girl. So now I see that if I had told you of my cat and the hitherto explained system of colours I would not have wandered from my subject because any—any (in this case my) and thing—thing, be it cat, dog, or any other animal. So, good friends, if I had written of my cat or my dog I would have written of anything. As "Anything" was my subject and my cat is anything I could have easily written of my cat which is anything without having to write of something, but even then I would have written on something.

Suez Canal To-day

The Suez Canal to-day is a succession of straight and narrow cutting connecting the Bitter Lake and Ismailia to the ports at either end. To pass steadily between its straight banks, running so neatly through wide, uneven sands broken here and there with great stretches of shallow water, is to enjoy a singular impression of the quiet and

smooth efficiency which is the keynote of the Canal. It is easy to forget that it is one of the major engineering triumphs of mankind.

Neither the Suez Canal of to-day nor the approaches to it would be recognised by any of those who witnessed its inauguration 60 years ago. Three new settlements—Port Said, Ismailia and Suez (with later Port Tewfik)—came into existence as a result of the cutting of the Canal. These have now become important towns, and to them has been added, on the Asiatic bank opposite Port Said, a new town, Port Fuad, which in time will become the terminus of the Palestine railway, and may possibly rival in importance its neighbour across the water. The development of the Canal itself has exceeded anything that the originator could have conceived. When it was first opened its maximum width was 72 ft. and its maximum depth 27 ft. and it turned and twisted in a manner which greatly obstructed traffic.

As a result of the need to accelerate transit and to meet the ever-growing demands of the world's shipping, the bends have little by little been straightened out; the Canal itself has been deepened and widened to take modern ships; and to-day of the total length of 106 miles—measuring from jetty-head to jetty-head at either extremity of the Canal—the bends barely occupy 13 miles, the depth has been increased to between 33 ft. and 42 ft., and the width to 198 ft., while the whole system is now lighted by electricity to enable transit to be continued by night as well as by day. What these improvements have meant to shipping can be gauged from the fact that, whereas in 1870 the average time in transit was 48 hours, last year it was only a few minutes over 15 hours. While a ship of 4414 tons was the largest vessel to go through the Canal in 1870 ships of 27,000 tons go through to-day.

Travellers who traverse the Canal on the large ocean-going liners cannot possibly obtain from the high decks of

their steamers a true conception of the Canal or of its organisation. Only from a small vessel, close to the water's edge, is one able to watch every detail and to appreciate the gigantic character of the work and the perfection of the organisation. No ship can enter the Canal without permission, without paying the dues and without having one of the company's pilots on board, and from the time it enters to the time it leaves its position can be ascertained at any given moment. Every 10 kilometers there is a station which telegraphs or telephones to headquarters at Port Said, Ismailia and Suez the details of the ships that pass, the currents, the direction of the wind at each point, etc., and these data are recorded on special charts.

Everything is carried out with a smoothness and a simplicity which certainly make of the organisation, in the hands of its French employees, something exceptional of its kind in the world. The volume of traffic through the Canal established a record in 1927. In that year 5545 ships, with a total net tonnage of 28,962,048, passed through the Canal; 57.1 per cent. of the shipping is British, and Dutch and German come next each with about 10%. That the enterprise is a paying concern is no secret. The transit receipts alone in 1927 reached £8,320,000, to which must be added the revenue from its large reserves and other resources.

—Neptune.

SIR BEDIVERE.

The knight, Sir Bedivere bold,
Watched Arthur there in the cold;
For he was mortally wounded,
The knight, Sir Bedivere bold.
The moment the barge had grounded,
And the king safely in its hold,
There came a voice that chanted,
The knight, Sir Bedivere bold,
Watched Arthur in the cold,
For alas; the knight, Sir Bedivere bold,
Went weeping unto the wold.

—G. (F2).

Form Notes

A AND B FORM NOTES.

ASCENDANT.

Many a form has been known to play
And not to work when the teacher's away;
But oh, oh, believe me or no,
B Form would never do that.

Many a form has been known to break
The rules of the school for vain joy's sake;
But oh, oh, believe me or no,
B Form would never do that.

Aiming ever while on life's field,
To strive to find and not to yield;
Oh, oh, oh, believe me or no,
B Form will always do that.

A fit of depression is upon me. An officious editor actually demands the Form notes. For "an interval of time unknown to all mortals except myself" I have laboured.

B Form is still fortunate in having the Head Mistress, Miss Broughton, for Form Mistress. R. Birrell and D. Ellwood are the Form Captains.

B Form has (so far) successfully fulfilled the new responsibilities which 1929 has brought with it. Everybody is determined to gain the coveted exemption—the Leaving Certificate.

As the Senior Form, we have set a worthy example. We are all very enthusiastic about sport, and we are not behind in Swimming, as most of us hold certificates in that wonderful branch of sport.

Form Assembly has been successfully occupied by short discussions on prominent matters. A very interesting and important series of discussions has lately been introduced by Miss Broughton—The Subject of Careers. We obtain many useful facts and much advice

regarding the careers we are taking when we leave at the end of the year.

At the end of last term a School Social for senior students was promoted by the prefects, who, by the way, are all A and B students. As is customary the affair was a great success. The music (supplied by the electric phonograph) and supper were all that could be desired.

Our Form Room? Well, as a matter of fact, we have none, as we share with C2 in Room 10. As they are in the majority, we have no monitor duties to perform except on very rare occasions which we had better not mention. We hope to receive a small room in the new school, but the only thing that is troubling us is who will decorate it, as we are all boys.

We are a daring form, having been through several explosions (as we call them) in Chemistry. But we are not afraid of any paltry explosion (please don't tell anyone that we get under the desks when any experiment is being done on the demonstration bench).

We always notice that, when strangers come to the school, they are shown into the room where we are, so that when they see our intelligent faces they will form a good impression of the school.

Two of our members play in the senior cricket or football teams, while three others are group captains of football.

In school work we are led by our trusty form-captain, who is all that can be desired in the form-captain line, and who sets his form a fine example, which they follow (we are not boasting) in every detail. Our form is very small, being only eleven in number, but what we lack in quantity we make up in quality, as six of our members are scholarship winners. Taking each subject separately we shine above the C2. In Physics, although we are great scientists, we do not know quite as much as

Mr. Arthur. In Geometry we are led by those two great mathematicians, Brereton and Davis. These two are the "apples of Mr. Gerity's eye." Mr. Pepper admits that he has never seen such a French scholar as Chrisfield, the great fountainpen expert.

We have a Latin motto, but a better motto, we think, is "Hasten slowly," as we watch every detail (ask Mr. Arthur) while we are hurrying ahead in our work.

In this limited space we cannot describe all our members, but we shall deal with the most important and merely mention the others. The first is our form-captain, whom we have already very fully told about. The second, the joy of C1, is their hazel-eyed Stewy, or in other words, that great scholar, cricketer and footballer, Howard Stewart. The third is Tona Brook, who is always talking about motor-cars or engines, and whose knowledge one can never "exhaust." The other members of the form, we are sorry, we cannot mention very fully; but, it is sufficient to say, that we are all happy in each other's company, and will remain so until we are separated at the end of the year.

C2 FORM NOTES.

There are twelve girls in C2, Edna Dripps being our Form Representative and Mr. Gerity our Form Master.

The girls in our form all take an active part in sport. In fact, five of us are in the hockey team.

In class work we excel, at least, we think we do, but by the behaviour of certain teachers we must be mistaken in this matter.

Swimming is another thing we excel in. One of our number—Marjorie Hardess—gained the Award of Merit. The rest of us have gained lesser

honours, which all helped towards the winning of the cups.

On the whole, we are not too bad a form, and we all hope to get our Intermediates.

Cc. FORM NOTES.

Dear Readers,

We will tell you to the best of our ability about our form.

We have in our C Commercial Form this year 20 girls and four boys, the form-captains being Ruth Franklin and Frank Pinchen. We possess great talent, especially in sport; of course, that does not mean that we are lacking in our literary work, although some of our teachers occasionally think so.

Our form gained the most points out of all the forms for the retaining of the swimming cups. We are also well represented in the school sports; nine of our girls and two boys are in the teams. Two out of the three girls who gained their Award of Merit are in our form.

Miss Gibbons, our honourable Form Mistress, is very interested in us, and expects great things from us when we go out into the world.

We have had three outings together, one on that fatal day on the "Rosny" to the Swimming Sports that were not, then to the Swimming Sports that were, and again on a Geography excursion to Stony Creek with our honourable and learned Geography teacher, Mr. Mollison.

Hoping this will meet with your approval.

We remain, dear readers,

Yours sincerely,

Cc. FORM.



SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1929.

Dc1 FORM NOTES.

Our class Dc1 tries to do honour to Room 12 of Williamstown High School. In spite of an amount of work, home work, and other sundries, we are always cheery and bright, as our teachers know. Our schoolroom has twenty-eight children, including a few boys. The number of boys varies to about four a day. One day there was only one solitary boy, who felt very bashful amongst so many girls, and was very glad when the male population slowly increased to its present number of five boys. One day mischief-making Myrtle gave our Arithmetic teacher a sort of small tube, which she instructed him to hold to his eye, when he would see a picture. As he obeyed she pressed a knob, and out came a stream of water to the great amusement of all present. I'm afraid that Mr. Richards had a slightly damp face, but he was a true sportsman, and joined in our laughter. In our room we generally have nice flowers, which the teachers admire so

much that they are following our example. We do not mind giving away the secret! We each give our form teacher a halfpenny a week, and she buys flowers and gum to brighten the room. At the back of our room is the drawing-room, and great is the noise thereof, especially in the mornings, when the pupils are strong and vigorous in their handling of chairs and desks. The other morning a dreadful din arose like bedlam let loose. We discovered afterwards that a pupil—a boy, of course—had swallowed a drawing pin! Then we were sorry it wasn't in our class. We have one pupil who takes her pleasures very seriously or is very provident. At night she carefully writes out a hundred lines of "I must behave myself in school" as provision for next day. But, on the whole, our class is a very cheerful and happy one. We often have a good laugh in school (when the teacher allows it), and so we all find Williamstown High a very fine school.

P.S.—The drawing pin was rescued!

Dc2 FORM NOTES.

Our form is a very sporting form. It consists of football, basketball and tennis players, all of whom are experts at their game.

We are very modest regarding our commercial and literary talents. We have no need to dwell on this subject as our teachers will give ample support where necessary. Our only regret is that our outstanding accomplishments receive so little recognition.

D1 NOTES.

Our form, D1, has had a very good half-year on the whole. The girls certainly did beat us at the last term exam., but there are two exams. yet to follow,

and we hope to have our turn at being top.

We are expected to carry off numerous scholarships at the end of the year. Let the girls beware!

Our respected Form Master, Mr. MacNeece, has the sympathy of us all in his illness. We rejoice to hear that his operation was a success, and it is our earnest wish with that he will shortly be with us again.

—N. Wigmore, Form Captain.

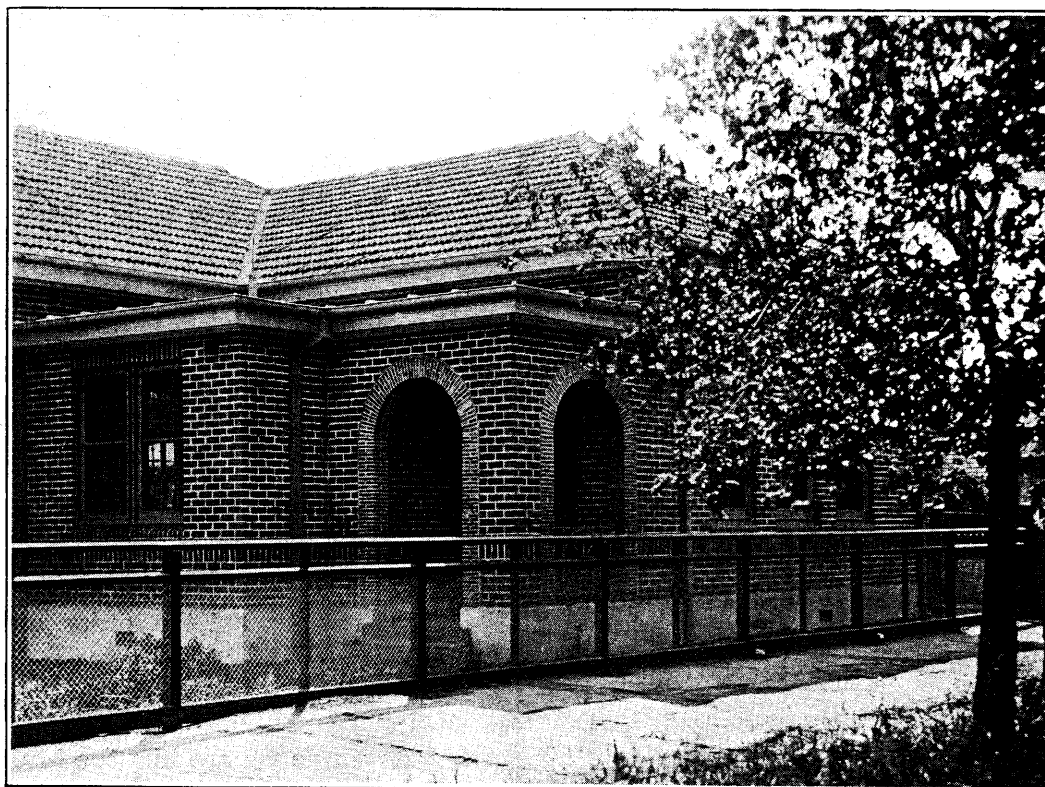
D2 FORM NOTES.

Dear readers, listeners and otherwise,

Just a few lines about our form. We have as our form room the Art room, room No. 11. It is not a picturesque room, but with the aid of pictures and an honour roll, the improvement in appearance is increased. We hope that we may have the choice of having possession of a room in the new building as our form room. In both sport and school-work we are prominent. In the school-work at the first terminal examination several of our scholars went up into D1. A few of the D1 pupils from our form represented the school in Lacrosse, Football, Cricket, Rounders, Basketball and Hockey. We are now preparing for the second terminal examination, and we hope to find more of our members in the higher form, D1, for the third term. We hope to challenge D1 in a cricket match in the next season, and with such fine members we may beat them.

With the best of wishes till the next magazine,

—"The Pupils of D2."



OUR NEW COOKERY CENTRE.

D3 FORM NOTES.

D3 Form motto: "Labour is Rewarded."

Form Teacher.—Mr. Bell.

Form Captains.—Boys: A. Crewes.
Girls: J. Faichney.

Vice-Captains.—Boys: C. Piggot.
Girls: D. Rowe.

—J.F.

Notes.

As a result of the first term examination J. Sloss, R. Mullinger, Alice Harrick and Marjorie Templeton were moved up from D1 Form to D3.

—A. Crewes.

Miss Dickson, our first form teacher, suggested that the pupils should give lectures throughout the term. Two lectures were given by a girl and a boy on coins and metals. These interested the class very much.

During the second term our form teacher was changed from Miss Dickson to Mr. Bell.

During our interesting educational talks at form assembly last term Miss Dickson brought some books, from which she read us articles on various subjects. Some of these were about the Old English Schools and their peculiar ways of dressing. Others were of the different kinds of knighthood in the olden days. On the Monday after Kingsford Smith's party was found Miss Dick-

son read to us an account of the way that party had been living.

The class is represented in the Junior Basketball team by May Blick, who is vice-captain of the team; also in the Junior Football team by A. Jacobson and R. Sainsbury.

Library.—The form's library is in Room 7 cupboard. It is opened on Tuesday and Friday at lunch hour for the girls, and Monday for the boys. It is a pity that more in the class do not use the library. Perhaps this is due to the fact that it is in Room 7 and not our own classroom.

Librarians. — Girls: M. O'Connor. Boys: M. Pentreath.

—J. Faichney.

E1 FORM NOTES.

"Attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings."

We are now in the middle of the second term. Although the amount of new work is piling up day by day, we are hoping to keep our heads above it in the next examination. Last term the girls obtained the first three places in the class, and hope to do so again, but the boys are creeping up and are doing their best to defeat us. We notice that they are learning their spelling!

Our form teacher, Miss Couzner, has visited many different countries of the world, and is able to pass her interesting knowledge on to us in form assembly period, commonly known as "family chat."

At the back of our room—Room 14—we have our motto, "Our Best Always,"

and we try to live up to it. Joyce Wright and Colin Todd ably fulfilled their duties as form captains until they took up scholarship work. Then it was a little too much for them, so their offices were handed over to Tasma Davey and George Meikle, who are worthy followers in their footsteps.

An interesting occurrence during the term was the reading of a letter received by Mr. Head from Mr. Orr, our form teacher of last year. We all enjoyed it very much.

We are all interested in sports. In summer either the love of swimming must be very great, or else the bunks at the baths cannot be numerous enough for the boys, for as soon as the dismissal sign is given they make a bee line at high speed for the door. "They stand not up on the order of their going," nor do they wait for boys of other forms, but in an instant are across the yard to the corner gate.

As a rule we are like the birds, and agree in our little form, but sometimes an argument arises as to which is the best house. Then you can hear nothing but "Wombats for Ever!" "Dingoes are Best!" "Possums are Best!" "What about Koalas?"

Frosty mornings are taken advantage of to inscribe the names of the houses artistically on the window panes.

The blinds though very useful at times cause a disturbance. One of these succeeded in posing itself gracefully on the head of one of the pupils in French period, much to the amusement of the class. On many occasions it decided to go up, and the wind comes rushing in, sending papers across the room.

Another rather amusing incident occurred in English period a few weeks ago. The class was just settling down to write an essay when the teacher noticed that a pupil had his hand bandaged up. On being asked what was the

matter the boy quietly answered, "I have had a fight." Then he wrote an essay on "Why Nations Should Live at Peace with One Another."

Our form room, although it is named "The Wilds of Siberia" in winter, "Cooper's Creek" in summer, "The Wilds" and "North Williamstown" at various times of the year, is rather popular on account of its inhabitants! Its only disadvantage—a crack in the wall which allowed the winter breezes to enter—has now disappeared. We are hoping to have a shelf for our flowers.

Passers-by could quite easily be amused when on cold mornings E1 run across to the fence to get warm. First comes the athlete of the form, then the general crowd, and then the snails come panting along, their pace retarded by the Williamstown mud which falls from the heels of the speed fiends.

Evidently a certain pupil of the form wished to save up to buy a magazine several months beforehand, because when literary efforts were asked for he enquired the price of the magazine.

At the beginning of the year we had several story periods, and it was really remarkable the number of stories and jokes told against the Scotch. We do not know why this should be.

As yet we are only in E Form, hoping to get our Merits, but looking forward to going into the scholarship class next year.

We are very grateful (although we may not seem so) to all the teachers who have taken such an interest in our class, and to Miss Carrasco, who has worked so hard to instil into our somewhat thick heads the mysteries of the expressive French language.

E1 BOYS' FORM NOTES.

Among the boys of our form we have a fine sportsman and two amateur scientists. The sportsman plays football and cricket equally well. As to the scientists, I have one sitting beside me and the other on the opposite side of the aisle, so I know a lot about their latest inventions. One day in class the question was asked: What is the difference between roasting and broiling? The boys claimed to know as well as the girls. After several attempts the girls had to be asked. In one answer it was said that the article to be roasted was to be hung from the roof of the oven. One boy, quite forgetting that some ovens have hooks, said, "At that rate, if you wanted to roast some potatoes you would have to nail them to the roof of the oven." Everyone laughed with laughter. This boy, by the way, is the one who dislocated his hand, already mentioned in the girls' notes. If you want to know his name you had better ask him.

A favourite game of the boys some time ago was hockey played with sticks and a ball supplied by one of the players, but this was forbidden, as it was considered to be dangerous.

In Algebra one of the boys can work the sums twice as fast as anyone else. Mr. Head, our teacher, told us to look upon him as "the bogey," an imaginary player in golf whom you try to beat.

E2.

E2 is the second lowest form in the school with the other E's. Mr. Head, our form teacher, often causes a chorus of laughter among us. During the first term Mr. Richards was our form teacher.

We have cookery on Tuesday, and we would be much happier at cooking if certain things could be found out which I will not mention.

—Thelma Stafford, Form Captain.

E3 FORM NOTES.

What? Yes, of course we're E3. And we're not as bad as the name we get. Our form room is the chemistry room, so we have plenty of apparatus to attract our attention when we should be working. We have two bright specimens of youth in Ella Rewell and Geoffrey Spicer, who is a real spicy pupil. Ella has won honours several times in elocution examinations, and she also has a good talent for talking. Spicer can always cause a laugh and is especially appreciated when we are feeling blue.

We have three girls in our form who are in the rounder team, and also Seal, who is in the junior football team. We have some good swimmers, footballers and cricketers. Bushell is the best swimmer, Seal is the best cricketer and Simpson is the best footballer. Simpson is the boy form captain and is worthy of his position. Bainbridge is our best artist and Spicer is the noted statesman in the form.

We have some very good cooks in our form who are always trying to rid the form of someone.

Have you ever heard anyone laugh? Well, as you haven't, come to E3, for we will give you a demonstration for nothing, as we have some good experts.

Now as I have been allowed all the say, I say three cheers for E3 in the good old way; If it wasn't for Ella, Gwen would be able to rule,

But you know Ella's as obstinate as a mule.

—By Pansy.

E4 FORM NOTES.

Our form, which is E4, is new this year, but its newness does not alter its fame.

One of our boys, trying to exceed the speed limit, hurrying to school on his bike, has broken his arm twice.

We are represented in the Junior Lacrosse team.

We are so distinguished for quietness and good behaviour that girls come into our room for private study.

Pupils from other E Forms begged to be allowed to come into our class because they had heard of our fame.

F1 FORM NOTES.

By "The Nut."

The new lambs of F1 are very frisky just at present; in fact, a bit too much so, and need to be quietened down by some lines or words which I am sure they would devour eagerly.

Two students did very well in the first term examination, with several others coming a close second.

Has anyone noticed any green or gold clouds lately since dates and plums? This amusing incident happened in our form room on the above date.

F2 FORM NOTES.

In our form there are twenty-one girls and twenty-five boys. The girls and boys take a great interest in their form room, Room 6. We have a very

nice form teacher, who also takes a great interest in her form.

In our form room we have a notice board on which the lists of monitors for the term are kept, and any other notices the form captains wish to put there. There is a fireplace in the room, in which we have a fire every morning. On Thursday afternoon the girls have needlework and the boys have sloyd.

We have a library with a number of books, and they are very interesting to read. We have many pictures on the wall, and many of them are about sea fights. We are very fortunate in having the weather barometer and thermometer in our room from which other form captains get the readings.

The monitors are doing their duties very well, and we do not have many papers on the floors.

F3.

Have you any brains?

Yes, sir; yes, Sir,

Seven thousand grains,

Some for work, some for play,

Some for other duties that meet
us every day.

Our form seems to be a kindergarten, considering that a certain hot teacher finds the reading of romantic plays greeted by giggles from the boys. Fingering his (her or its) tie he (she or it) threatens to throw someone out. Though hardly believable, our French records arrived and upon hearing them we thought perhaps a motor-car had run amongst a flock of sheep. French is comparatively easy, seeing one can write an essay omitting verbs, thus contributing humour to the said essay. We all are clever mathematicians, for, in

Algebra, one solitary baby voice pipes out an answer, but is ignored. "The Baby" does not belong to our class. We venture to select places for Geography excursions; some students manage to keep with the crowd, others find themselves over-burdened with portman-teaux. Our budding chemists spend most of their time breaking test tubes, causing explosions and locking our small fry in the chemistry store-room. English periods are a perpetual joke, seeing that some people in the back row exceed the talking limit. Some people measure the height of a chimney with a knitting needle; do they climb up the chimney, we wonder?

—"Forty Winks," B.

UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN UNION CAMP.

In May two C Form girls went to a "Christian Union" Camp held at Kallista, and spent a most enjoyable time, with 27 other girls and officers.

Walking, cricket, tennis and paper-chases were only a few of our numerous pastimes. Seven o'clock was the usual rising hour, but some brave spirits ventured out earlier for tennis, while the sleepy ones just managed to roll out of bed for prayers at 8.20. Then came breakfast, then Bible circles and later a tramp over the hills or a picnic. Our afternoons were usually occupied in recreation, whilst in the evenings we were amused by ping pong tournaments, concerts, sing songs and competitions. The day generally ended with a talk by one of the officers. After this we retired to our rooms, but sometimes not to sleep till one or two hours later. Some time was usually taken up in clearing up

your room after some mischievous camper had played havoc with it. However, after many experiences, such as pillow-fights, we managed to get settled for the night.

Altogether we spent a very enjoyable week, and hope that at Christmas our party will be greatly increased.

—S.K.C.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

By dawn of day we were far away,
Over the hills and the plains.
We travelled by night and slept by day,
Till our journey was over in a town far away.
But that day we were all happy and gay,
For it was Christmas Day.

—W.E. (4).

EVENING.

Evening comes with gentle breeze,
The sun is sinking o'er the trees,
And gently now the day does die,
And birds are crooning lullaby.
Lulla-lulla-lullaby,
The breezes now do softly sigh;
Night comes on and light is fled,
The black witch now her wings has
spread.

—M.K. (F2.).

A SUNSET.

Over the earth creeps the darkness, and soon,
With it each star in its twinkling cloak
Comes to light the world for the fairy-folk;
While slowly rises the queen-like moon.

