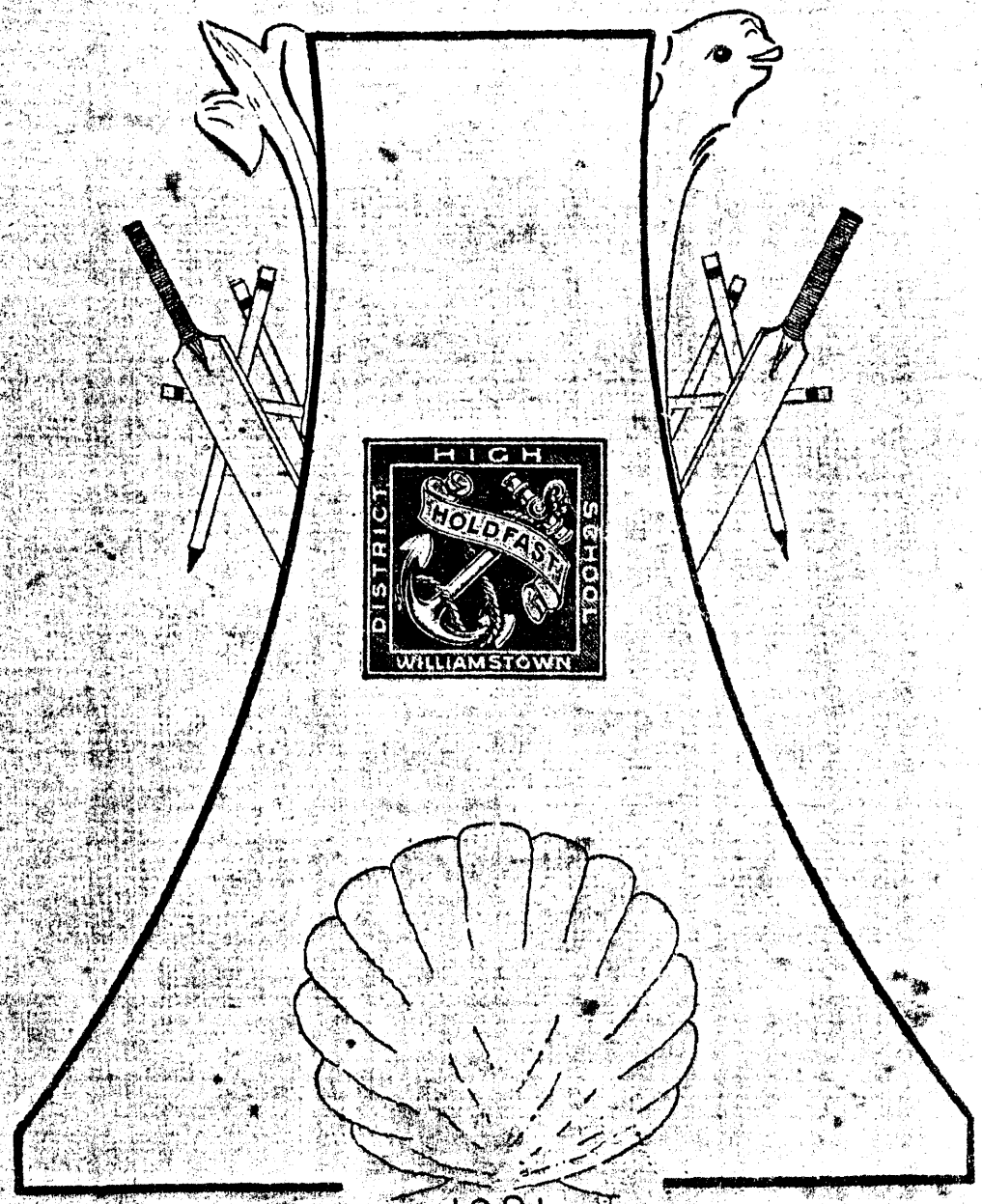


Wm. & Alice Piddard



HIGH TIDE



1921.

ATLAS PRESS, Pty. Ltd., Fleming Place, Melbourne.

HIGH-TIDE

EDITORIAL.

What year could be more auspicious for the publication of the first issue of our Magazine than the year of the official opening of our High School?

If enthusiasm on a par with that displayed on that memorable 8th May, 1921, be bestowed on this and future "High Tides," we shall have most sanguine hopes for its success.

And this year, the seventh in the life history of the School, has been a year of years in many respects. Let us take a brief review of the last nine months. In no previous year has the attendance been so high, and the keenness, both for work and play, that prevails among the majority of our students leaves nothing to be desired.

F. Hempel in 1919 and Gladys Conabere in 1920 have established fine precedents in the matter of winning senior scholarships, and we trust that the candidates for these coveted honours will acquit themselves right worthily this year. We wish such scholarship candidates all the success they deserve. Now to speak of sport.

In February a most enjoyable swimming carnival was held, and, later, we put up a record for High Schools in gaining thirty Bronze Medallions—the highest award of the Education Department. Now we are once again doing "swallows" from the high dive, "turnovers" from the springboard, duck dives in the deep water, and altogether having a simply delightful time in the good, old, salt sea waves.

'T would be a fair thing to heavily tax any student who is a non-swimmer at the end of the season, wouldn't it?

Other sport has been entered into with a vim and a vigour that has spelt success from the very start. One material result of such earnestness lies in the fact that we now hold—and "hold fast," let us hope—both the McNeilage and the Jona Cups.

Then the visit of our Benalla friends. We keep a very green spot in our memories for them, and are looking forward to the return visit in 1922.

Alas! this pen is quite inadequate to describe the glories of that most glorious week-end at Shepparton, so kindly "on your imaginary forces work," or consult a lucky chosen one on the subject.

Yes, the visit to "Lowther Hall," where the senior girls had the privilege of listening to illuminating talks "On Careers" is certainly worthy of a niche in the Editorial.

Anzac Day! Dull indeed would he be of soul whose pulse did not beat the faster, and whose being did not thrill with pride when listening to the stirring speeches of the returned men on our staff, of whom we are so justly proud.

How deeply indebted we are to the Orchestra from the Royal Institute for the Blind for the marvellous revelation they gave us of the triumphing of mind and spirit over a terrible physical handicap.

Then, again, "who had no music in himself, and was not stirred by concord of sweet sounds," on Tuesday last, when the famous violinist, Mr. Cecil Parkes, rendered us four exquisite violin solos?

Lack of space excludes mention of other school activities that have helped to cast a glamour of poetry over the somewhat prosaic routine of the work-a-day week, and rumour has it that some of the "best wine" is to be kept for the last few days.

As this eventful year is drawing to a close, let us, in pensive mood, reflect on what we each may do now and in the long years to be, so that we may reach life's true ideal, service, and cheerful, unselfish service for others.



THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF W.H.S.

By L.T. *aswell*

May 18th, 1921—the reddest of all red-letter days at W.H.S.—the day on which our famous seat of learning was officially opened!

During the morning—alas!—the unlucky "A" and "B" students were doomed to wrestle for the space of three long dreary hours with English and Chemistry examination papers, but not even this trial could damp the ardour of our joyous expectations.

In the classrooms of the more fortunate juniors, distracted teachers made futile endeavours to hold the attention of eager minds that would persist in wandering from the lesson—and when was a lesson ever so hopelessly, so dismally dull and uninteresting as that one?

The hands of the clock crept slowly round to midday, at last bringing relief to the long-suffering teachers, and joy to the hearts of impatient pupils.

Examination troubles were immediately forgotten in the cheerful bustle of preparation, and for the next hour the scene was one of unceasing activity. Every little scrap of paper, however insignificant, must be removed from the ground and carried carefully to the nearest waste-paper basket; blackboards must be persuaded into a state of shining blackness, and embellished with the respective form mottoes; form-flags must be dusted and displayed in all their beauty. In short, we were forced to become, if only for one brief afternoon, unrivalled examples of tidiness and precision.

Another hour of lessons, and then—hurrah!—we were free to do as we pleased until three o'clock.

Of course, everybody must duly admire the flags that bedecked the front of the school, and exclaim at the unusual sight of scores of chairs placed on the lawn for the visitors.

Expectant pupils thronged to the railway station, some to return with downcast mien, which told as plainly as words that none of their family had arrived; others proudly escorting their parents and drawing their attention to everything and everybody of importance.

It was not until the students had assembled and a guard of honor had been formed by our senior cadets that Sir Alexander Peacock, the Minister of Education, arrived, accompanied by Mr. Tate, Director of Education, and a number of other officials.

After some preliminary remarks upon the advantages gained by the establishment of High Schools in Victoria, Sir Alexander gave the

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signal for the Union Jack to be unfurled, at the same time declaring the Williamstown High School to be officially opened.

Three ringing cheers rent the air, and with proud hearts we enthusiastically sang that grand song, known and loved by all High School students, "The Best School of All."

The remaining speeches were delivered, the speakers dwelling on the need for greater accommodation, and, above all, for the addition to our school building of a large assembly hall. A report was then read of the splendid scholastic and swimming achievements of the last six years, and afterwards a few songs were rendered by our school choir.

Upon the conclusion of the National Anthem we dispersed to conduct our visitors over the school. Assuredly the famous Chemistry room, made attractive by the appearance of shining apparatus and the action of spectacular experiments, deserved to be inspected first, while the Physics room, hardly less important, was thronged by enthusiasts who sought to initiate their parents into the mysteries of various scientific experiments. Meanwhile, the commercial students displayed the glories of D form-room, which enjoyed the closest attention, especially by those parents who aspire to have their children shining lights in the world of commerce. The ugly pavilions were viewed from without by dismayed mothers, horror-stricken that anyone should be forced to work in such cheerless abodes throughout the dismal winter.

Then out to the sports field, where the junior footballers and the girls' basket ball teams gave exhibitions of their skill, and where many tales were related of how the occasional defeats of the former are always more than balanced by the glorious victories of the latter.

Soon—too soon—as lengthening shadows proclaimed that evening was drawing near, we reluctantly wended our way homewards, bewailing the fact that the afternoon had closed, and one and all prepared, for many weeks afterwards, to launch forth, at the slightest encouragement, into a thrilling description of the opening of "The Best School of All."

IN CHANGING MOOD.

Old Ocean's lying calm beneath a star-lit dome;

The great, round moon sheds beams of glorious light,
Which gently o'er the rippling wavelets roam

Illumining the darkness of the night.

Above—the radiant splendor of God's home,
Embedded with its twinkling myriads bright.

But now, the joyous waves in sporting pleasure play,

With happy murmurs, gurgling notes of glee,
With curling crests and little runs as gay

As tiny elfins in their jollity.

King Sol doth smile to see a sight so gay

And faint clouds from the heavens quickly flee.

And now great Neptune's brows in fury lower;

With massive arms, upon the beach he flings
Huge, hissing surges, while behind them grimly tower

High, glassy forms, to which the white foam clings;

O'erhead gigantic banks of rain-clouds cower,
And lightning flashes forth on fiery wings.

So is the Ocean. Man, like him, is found

Of changing mood. To-day he's calm, serene;

Anon, the mirthful fields his life surround—

He feeds his gay thoughts on their pastures green;

Or ruthless rage his wrathful wits confound,

And sears his soul with hate, and action mean. —BGOAF.

Budding genius of A form.

*Even
Cross.*

SPRING AND WINTER.

Tripping lightly through the forest, Spring comes dancing into view,
Decked in all the brightest colors, tinged with Nature's favorite hue.
'Neath her touch the sleeping blossoms spring to new and lively birth,
While a glory and a freshness fill the re-awakened earth.
Soaring high above, the skylark sings his gladdest, gayest song,
For behold, sweet Spring has entered, after weary waiting long.

Treading slowly through the forest, aged Winter now appears,
Clad in dark and sombre garments, with his white head bowed by years.
As he passes softly onward, Nature sinks in soothing rest,
And he throws a snowy mantle o'er the brown earth's weary breast.
But the never-languid swallow leaves this land of quiet sleep,
Leaves these realms of shade and slumber, for the clime where sunbeams peep.

Just as Nature's days are joyous, so are ours in their Spring.
All the earth is filled with sunshine, joy we find in everything,
Faith and Hope and Love we treasure. What knows youth of fret and care?
'Til our life has reached its winter, and the snow has tinged our hair,
Then it is that sorrows number as our earthly woes increase,
And we woo Death's caseful advent, when our eyes are closed in peace.
—BGOAF.

A PATHETIC STORY.

During the last few days of the past week, A and B (especially B) form boys were feverishly industrious. Every single spare moment was spent in scribbling away on a page headed, "Nature in Poetry." You will doubtless solve this puzzle by thinking that Nature has at last found its way to their hard hearts, but your surmise will be quite wrong. The answer is to be found in the mysterious appearance of English home work, which (perhaps) was sent in a letter from our absent teacher, who, we are sure, would be greatly touched by the boys' devotion to their work during her absence.

N.B.—If you really would like to know where the Home Work came from, ask the girls.

It fell upon an evil day,
When Miss McKay was ill
(For some time she had been away),
And of English we'd had nil,
There suddenly loomed into sight
Some English work for Thursday night.
Now, A Form boys and B Form boys
Aren't wedded to their work,
And it is counted 'midst their joys
If they can sometimes shirk:
So pray imagine ('tis not hard)
With what dismay they this regard.
But, being British born and bred,
They bravely did it tackle;
"Nature in Poetry" was the head,
(They heard not girlish cackle).
And one poor youth ('twould take him ages)
Wrote, so 'tis said, three solid pages.

If Miss McKay had only seen
The sheets those poor lads filled.
Oh! with what perfect bliss serene
Her happy heart had thrilled!
For such industrious lads before
Have ne'er been seen, nor will be more.

When Monday morning did appear,
And Miss McKay returned;
Alas! each girlish heart, I fear,
With wicked pleasure burned.
For then it was with sad heads drooped
The boys first learnt that they'd been duped!
—BGOAF.

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MR. LYNCH'S ADDRESS.

The girls of W.H.S. desire to express their thanks to Rev. F. Lynch for the excellent address he kindly gave them on "The Glorious 18th June." After a short preliminary talk on the glories of that great victory, Waterloo, and the feelings of pride its memory should stir in the hearts of all loyal Britishers, Mr. Lynch quoted from Burke's speech before the House of Commons to illustrate the great part the Irish took in the battle, and the splendid deeds they did for the British flag. Mr. Lynch then recited Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" and Byron's "Quatre Bras," showing the unequalled valor of the British soldiers, both before and during the battle.

The address was greatly appreciated by all the girls, who would be delighted to receive another visit from Mr. Lynch in the near future.

STORIES IN ALGEBRA.

R. Reed.

1. Algebra is not one of my subjects, and it must be understood that such remarks as are here made are those not of one vitally interested in the subject, but of a mere casual observer. It seems a great pity that Algebra is apparently so uninteresting, and it is with the object of eliminating the dullness from an otherwise edifying subject that this present scheme is proposed.

Here is a typical Algebra problem:—A man, being asked his age, said, "If you multiply by two digits together, the number formed will be my age 22 years ago, and if you add all the digits of the two ages, you will have one-third of my present age." How old is he? Here it is, as taken from "Stories in Algebra":—"The villain glowered at his captive angrily, and then turned swiftly upon him. "Scoundrel," he cried, 'unless you tell me your age, I cannot forge your grandfather's will, and then I stand to lose the solid sum of £15,000. Unless you tell me instantly, I will tie a bomb to your feet, and blow you to—Germany.' The hero was quite unperturbed, and, smiling, answered, "My dear friend, you will gain nothing by rashness. Just keep calm. However, I shall take a sporting chance. Listen! If you multiply my two digits together, the number formed will be my age 22 years ago; and if you add all the digits of the two ages together, you will have one-third of my present age.' The villain ground his moustache, and uttered a groan that spoke volumes. Then, seizing a pen and paper, he sat down to work out the problem. Alas! he could not, and, wild with rage and despair, he rushed to the Williamstown High School, and cried, 'I offer £5 to the student who first brings me the solution of this problem.'"

I am sure A Form would not care to see our villain disappointed, so I leave it to them to solve the problem for him.

2. As a change, we might introduce a little poetry into our problem, e.g.:

Great Cæsar's ghost stalked slowly forth
One cold November 24th.
'Mid sighs and shrieks and hollow groans,
And the awful creak of his rotted bones,
To Melbourne now lead him his ghostly feet,
And he goes for a stroll down Collins Street.
Now, the great ghost felt like a bit of fun,
So he boarded a cable tram for a run.
Up came the conductor, blithe and gay—
Said Cæsar, "How much will I have to pay?"
Conductor thought, and then replied
In such a manner the poor ghost sighed!
He said—"If a sixpence you should proffer,
Then x pence change I you will offer.
But if x pence you me should pay,

Then y pence poorer you'll be this day."
 Poor Cæsar's ghost could stand no more,
 As I saw by the drop of his bony jaw;
 Two moments more and he had fled,
 With a parting shot at conductor's head:—
 "Poor earthly fool, no doubt you're right,
 To doubt your word is to ask for a fight.
 When you get down below, I'll ask Old Nick
 To heap on the coals some x times quick,
 And roast you y times dry as a bone
 Till all you can do is to squeal and groan.
 Then down I'll come with a paper and pen,
 Co-efficient of expansion I'll work out then."
 Old Cæsar fled, the tram rushed on,
 A moment more, and both had gone.

CHARACTERISATIONS.

1. She has various claims to fame, one of the most important being that she is one of our remarkable baseball team. Another is that she possesses in the nth degree that quality of saying something funny with a serious expression on her face. Much could be said about these humorous remarks of hers, but we will say, only, that they always cause her to be looked upon as a unique specimen of the feminine species.

One of her favorite pastimes is attempting to sing popular airs, to the great amusement of her audience. Oh! another claim to fame—she is one of the most stable of the human kind, as all who have ever collided with her can testify—to their sorrow.

2. The perpetrator of the above cannot bear to deliver playful slaps at another's cheek without lovingly patting her own. She is of average height, but has no claims to real size, though in her own estimation at least is very old and very wise. She shows this by often inflicting maiden-aunt talks on little girls. There is nothing more which is out of the ordinary, except that she likes basketball, and plays as often as possible, and that she often incurs the wrath of other girls when she will persist in trying to warble in recreation and dinner hours, past experience teaching her that it is not a profitable indulgence during lessons.

N.B.—The names of the above will NOT be supplied on application to the author.—"Y.Z."

3. She is numbered among the pioneers of the school, and is, therefore, somewhat revered by the younger generation. At times she lapses into the Scotch dialect, and her interpretation of—"It is a beautiful moonlight night to-night"—is particularly amusing. She is quite famous for the mysterious yellow forms which once a month she regularly distributes among eagerly clamorous damsels. She fails to find drawing lessons extremely interesting, and is often recalled, when doing private study on these occasions from "a pensive though a happy place," by the laughter of the girls opposite, who take keen delight in her flights of fancy. We might also add that she is highly honored for her modesty and decorum.

4. He belongs to that select collection of mates known as the "A" class boys. If you happen to be very small, he successfully blots out your horizon; but if you are tall, he only hides from view anything that may be on the ground. In other words, he is inclined to be "embonpoint," and has a large quantity of everything, including hair, face and dimples. I am not aware of any outstanding or abnormal taste in ties, but I do know of an abnormal desire—strange for boys—to giggle.

His jokes are the life of the French class, so I am told, and he must be able to take a joke on himself, for I have heard him, in rash moments, respond to the call of "Tubby."

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IN SEARCH OF A NAME.

Much discussion over the name for our infant publication has finally resulted in "High Tide" being selected. "The Link," "Sea Shells," "Cheerio," "The Sou' Wester," "Youth and Dream" and "The First Delivery" also ran. To the imaginative mind, "High Tide" is certainly inspiring, suggestive and appropriate to our coastal suburb. Does the title not suggest a fulness and a depth of life that should characterise youth, with its high hopes and aspirations? Newbolt expresses this thought strikingly in his "School at War." Longfellow also speaks of the tidal wave of noble souls, lifting us, unawares, out of all meaner cares. Then, again, "High Tide" calls to mind the thought of seizing the opportunity. As Brutus says to Cassius, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and so on. Some facetious person remarks that "High Time" would be even more fitting than "High Tide." What does the name suggest to you? Send some thoughts for the next issue—in good time, if you please.

THE SCHOOL PICTURES.

In the recent addition to the school, in the form of pictures, "D" room has benefited by "The Lady of Shallott," while Em's form room is made beautiful by the picture of "Sir Galahad." Both these pictures have for their inspiration a poem of Tennyson's.

"The Lady of Shallott."

By M.L. *London*

The Lady of Shallott, shrouded in mystery, dwells alone on the island of Shallott, near the many-towered Camelot. Doomed by a curse never to cast her eyes on Camelot, she sits before a great mirror, which reflects the sights that she may never look upon directly, weaving all that she sees into her magic web. So she lived until the eventful day when bold Sir Lancelot passed. We have now come to the part of the story represented in the picture:—

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room;
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down on Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide,
The mirror cracked from side to side,
'The curse is come upon me!' cried
The Lady of Shallott."

Obeying the curse, she found a boat, and, all robed in snowy white, she drifted down to Camelot, singing her last mournful song, and

"Ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shallott."

"Sir Galahad."

The youthful Sir Galahad is the purest of all King Arthur's knights, one who seems to be "on the earth, yet not of it," so holy are his thoughts. His guiding star in life is the quest of the Holy Grail, which he has once seen in a vision.

"All armed I ride whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail."

"Lady Godiva."

By G.E. *London*

When looking upon the painting of Godiva and Leofric, we naturally wonder, "Who was Godiva? What has she done to merit immortality?" We wonder no longer when we hear the story of her life. Godiva was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Coventry, who, not content that drought had wasted the country and laid a heavy burden upon the shoulders of

his people, imposed a harsh tax upon the peasants, thus filling them with despair, since starvation now seemed inevitable. In their misery, they appealed to Godiva, whose tender heart was touched by their hopeless condition; and she sought her husband, begging him to repeal the tax which pressed so grievously on his people.

But Leofric's stern heart was not to be touched with stories of suffering. "What cared he if his peasants did suffer? What did she care, either, for that matter? She would not let her little finger ache for such as they, he was sure."

Yet Godiva was in earnest, and she promised, as a final resort, to do anything he desired, if only he would grant her request. At last, exasperated by her constant pleading, "Ride thou naked through the town, and I'll repeal it," he cried, and strode from the room. For an hour Godiva debated with herself, and at last she sent a herald to the overjoyed people, proclaiming how and when she would release them. In their gratitude, they declared that from that time till midday the streets would remain empty. All would remain inside, with closed doors and barred windows.

Godiva then retired to her bower, and reappeared clothed only in her long golden hair, which hung to her knees. Mounting the waiting palfrey, she rode, trembling, yet determined, through the deserted streets.

At last her dreadful ride was over. Just as the big town clock boomed out the hour of twelve, Godiva reached her bower, and shortly after came down, clothed, to meet her lord. She had taken away the tax, and "built herself an everlasting name."

"Hope"

By Joyce Campbell.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

What a strange inspiration the artist must have had. This picture represents the beautiful form of a girl, crouched on the top of the world, the great, mysterious ether waves surrounding her. How clinging and helpless she looks! But I wonder why she is blindfolded? and why does she clasp that battered old lyre so reassuringly, bending her head as if to catch the strains of imaginery music, as her right hand gently touches the broken instrument? Her garments are tattered, and her feet are bare. What can the picture signify? It is certainly a fine work of art. I go nearer, to read its name. It is called "Hope." I do not see hope in it. I rather see utter despair, waiting for the worst to happen. The broken strings of the old lyre hang loosely and raggedly from the rough wooden edge. What! So there is one string yet unbroken. Ah! that is what the solitary girl is doing—striving to get all the music possible out of the last remaining string." What a beautiful personification of Hope! Now I can see through it clearly. That weary, ragged girl is Hope, who casts such youthful and rose-colored visions over life's pathway, banishing Sorrow and Care. How often has she entered into the soul of man, playing upon her wondrous lyre, and breaking through the dark curtain of despair which has clouded man's vision, once more enabling him to toil onwards to his goal. Yes, Watt's picture depicts Hope, and the hope is found on that last unbroken string of her lyre. Alone, helpless and blindfolded, she finds consolation in that one string. She is ignorant of her whereabouts, and lost in a maze of darkness; but she still endeavors to make all the music possible, so that some despairing wanderer may hear the sound and be guided out of the darkness of despair into the light of hope.

"Hamlet."

By G. Meikle.

The sight which greets the eyes of the A Form student as he vainly tries to grasp the mystic words of learning, is a striking repre-

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sensation of a scene from "Hamlet." As he gazes, material things fade into oblivion, and the whole scene passes before his eyes. He sees Ophelia, beautiful, yet pathetically insane, arrayed in her dress of pure white, clasping to her, flowers—rosemary, pansies, violets. He sees her weeping and laughing, talking and singing, as she strews the flowers over the imaginary body of her murdered father, Polonius. From the pitiful figure in white, his gaze passes to the King and Queen, staring at her in amazement, as they hear her strange talk. He sees Laertes enter, with angry words on his lips, which fade before the figure of his sister. Even as he sees her kneeling over a shadowy grave, the vision vanishes. The stern voice of the Master recalls the student to stern reality.

B.G.O.A.F.

A "NOW."

Descriptive of a Wet Day.

(With humblest apologies to Leigh Hunt).

G. Conabere

Now the dawn comes to us clad in dark, sombre, trailing draperies, and we awake shivering, to the sound of a ceaseless patter, patter, patter on the roof, and drip, drip, drip on the window pane. Now, our small brothers in bed, yawn, turn over, and reluctantly open their eyes; then, discovering that the only warm part of their beds is where they have been sleeping, they contemplate with horror the approaching visit to the bathroom. Now, as one of them lies, half-asleep, half-awake, a fragrant odor of steaming coffee, hot buttered toast and fried bacon floats through his dose, and he jumps out, determined to brave the coldest air—to go in search of his breakfast.

Now, we run to school, and are glad of our overcoats; and, cold as it is, our hearts melt with pity for one poor unfortunate, who has to go back through the rain. He has forgotten his lunch. Now, as we walk along, we see empty lorries sent slowly along by drivers rendered regardless of the rain by thick sacks. Now, the smoke from the factory chimneys reminds us that at home there is a lovely fire, and all of a sudden the sound of a train reminds us that we must run to catch ours.

Now, travellers in railway carriages sit as far as possible from their neighbors' wet coats. Now, umbrellas are left in trains, but the poor dripping things don't look half as miserable as the people who look at the rain, then the sky, then sigh, ad infinitum.

Now, when we arrive at school, we are sorry we cleaned our boots; but the delightful sound of a squ-e-el-sh—scream—thud—makes us forget our boots, and laugh at and sympathise with one who made the fatal mistake of fancying that Williamstown mud is not slippery.

Now, we try to settle down to work, but naughty little girls refuse to become interested in writing out irregular French verbs, while their dainty little noses are blue and their toes are somewhere under the desk where they can't be felt. Now, studious little boys work on (chipping the desk, carving lead pencils, or doing something with their favorite pen-knife), quite regardless of the cold.

Now, we are revived by the thought of a hot cup of tea at lunch-time, and, all through Geometry, behave ourselves. At last, lunch-time has arrived, and the rain has stopped!

Now, the sun puts in a belated appearance, long after the time published in the "Age" this morning, and which we remembered to look up, because our Geography teacher was quite nice yesterday, and didn't send us to detention for not knowing which was the nearest river to Benalla. Now, Prince Sun is welcomed with joy, and heartily forgiven as he starts to dry up the ground. Now, our feet begin to jump about beneath the desk, as we think of the hard game we will play after school.

Now, our hearts bound with joy, and we begin to think that wet days are not so bad after all!

Now, we are set at ease, and become absorbed (much to our teacher's delight, for it is not an everyday occurrence) in that delightfully interesting subject—Algebra. Now, we nearly forget about the weather, until all of a sudden we look up and see—oh, hateful sight!—bearing down upon us at a terrific rate a big black cloud. Now, again the rain comes down, but the thud of the heavy rain can scarcely be heard for the bumps of the hearts of A Form. Now, "sport" is quite "off," ditto our interest in Algebra. Now, even the sight of the bell boy hardly stirs our disappointed hearts, and we prepare for the ride home.

Now, tea is over, and, once more feeling happy, we settle down to home work, that thing which alone in our little world is unchanged by the weather. Now, we finish, and, sitting in front of the fire, before we go to bed, hope that to-morrow will be fine, and that our dreams to-night will not be haunted by mud.

Now, as it is really bed-time, we have come to the end—if not of a perfect day—of a perfect time describing it.

SOCIAL HOUR NOTES, 1920-21.

M.L.

Our social hour every Friday afternoon has become a very enjoyable function. We now have a committee, consisting of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, and a representative from each class in the social hour.

The addition of a piano to the school furniture has made these weekly meetings still more enjoyable, and has been the means of bringing to light much talent hitherto unguessed at.

On the occasions when the piano is claimed by the junior social hour, thus making a musical programme impossible, we are entertained with a scene from one of the plays or novels being studied, a debate, a mock trial, or with readings from various sources. Nor must we forget those terrible ordeals through which we have all passed—impromptu speeches—which perhaps provide more amusement on the part of the audience and more nervousness on the part of the performer than any other form of entertainment.

Our dramatic performances are usually a great success. On one occasion, B Class favored us with a scene from the Mill on the Floss—the Tulliver Tea Party—which they enacted remarkably well. Their acting was rendered the more realistic by the costumes, which, judging by appearances, must have been suddenly resurrected from the old trunk where they had lain undisturbed—except for the ravages of the numerous moth family—for many years.

Not to be outdone, C. Class, after careful preparation, gave us the scene from "Twelfth Night," in which Maria's plot against Malvolio succeeds. We were amazed at the marvellous change that an old cloak, a bashed felt hat, ornamented by a dragged ostrich feather, and a pair of military trousers could make in a girl. *Hummie*

As there was much disputing about this time over the title of our Magazine, we decided to hold a debate over the matter of "naming the baby." The supporters of "Cheerio" and "Sou'-wester" were hotly attacked by the upholders of "The Link" and "Sea-Shells," the latter winning by a small majority of two points.

Our most recent dramatic performance on Friday afternoon has been the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice," presented by A, B and C girls. Shylock, in spite of his tousled hair and threatening mien, belied his cruel words with the smile that would appear whenever he (to be correct, she), caught the eye of some friend in the audience.

*Penny
& Marion*

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Our crowning success was the term-end concert, which took place in the quadrangle, a stage having been procured from somewhere for the event. The varied programme was greatly appreciated, but the item most looked forward to was the Witch Scene, from "Macbeth," given by the senior boys. Their scenic accessories included a real fire, surmounted by a tripod and cauldron, and, judging by the amount of rope hair exhibited by the witches, we would not have been surprised to hear that somebody had missed her clothes-line. However, we were properly thrilled when Macbeth rushed in, sword in hand (to the accompaniment of much thunder on the piano), and challenged the witches in his stentorian voice.

Altogether it was a most enjoyable afternoon. We hope soon to greet our dramatic stars in a scene from "Silas Marner."

M.L. ("A" Form).

SOCIAL WELFARE THOUGHTS.

By V.S.MITH.

A few months ago some of our teachers proposed forming a Social Welfare Club for the benefit of the aged, the ill and the poor. For some months we had despatched many bundles of newspapers to the Baby Health Centre, but we wished to do some more definite work. A number of enthusiastic scholars have formed a committee. Many scholars have brought old clothes, groceries, and such like, and it is proposed that we should hold egg days and potato days. So far, our best speculation has been the selling of gum tips. Our finances are satisfactory, but if everyone helped the Club a little, we feel that we could materially relieve some of the distress around our city. Remember, that we only truly live as we give.



BRONZE MEDALLION WINNERS, 1921 (Girls).

SWIMMING.

By E. P.illard

"Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall swim."
—Tennyson.

We, as a High School, are justly proud of our fine swimming record. The initials of the school could well stand for "We Have Swimmers." The W.H.S. students are not merely swimmers, but proficient swimmers, skilled in the arts of life-saving and resuscitation.

This season a record number of pupils have learnt to swim, thanks to the careful organisation of the squads and the unselfishness of competent swimmers. Many students, at the beginning of the season, had only the Junior and Senior certificates, but now some thirty of us are the proud possessors of the much-coveted bronze medallion. Our ambitious beginners have steadfastly before them one goal, that of obtaining this medallion.

The capabilities of the W.H.S. swimmers do not lie in one direction only. Besides having among us efficient life-savers, we have also champion divers and swimmers. To allow our swimmers to give an exhibition of their powers, a swimming carnival was arranged a few months ago, the competing schools being Essendon and Williamstown. The local school was victorious in many events. Causing great rivalry between the forms, some of the events were for W.H.S. students only. The first couple of events were rather "flat," but the others made up for them. Chesterman and Ritinger shone in the Breast-stroke Handicap. The 440 yards race was the first very notable event. In this race the handicap was very heavy, the scratch man, Harvey, being handicapped seventy seconds. Next came the diving. Even the expectation of this event caused great excitement. We all had an idea that Harvey would be the winner. At last our champion climbed on to the high dive 'mid the cheers of the whole school. His "swallow" was faultless and did him great credit. When he came to the surface he was met with cries of "Good on you, Harvey," etc. Looking, if not feeling, embarrassed, he then walked on to the spring-board and gave a fine display of fancy diving.

The diving being over, our attention was riveted on the other events. A very amusing race was the Clothes Race. To speak quite truthfully, the race itself was not comical, but the competitors were so. Murphy looked most humorous with his ventilated socks and non-descript breeks. He felt the situation, as could be seen by his antics in the water. In spite of being handicapped (?) by his humor, he won the race, Chesterman coming a close second. Following this event were the Junior Relay Races, intermingled with several novelty events.

Some of the junior competitors seemed to have a crawl of their own, which did not give them much speed. Notwithstanding this, they put up a passable show, and caused great excitement. At one time this became so intense that one of the younger girls, a non-swimmer, fell into deep water. One of the boys, aided by a teacher, hauled her out little the worse for her experience. The great event of the day was then to be held (the Relay Race, Essendon versus Williamstown). The competitors arranged themselves on the racers, looking rather cold and uncomfortable. Williamstown started off well, and finished in the same fashion. There were four representatives from each school. Murphy, Harvey, Grieve and McKenzie represented W.H.S. McKenzie, our last man to swim, was ready to dive in before the third E.H.S. man was half-way across the baths. A couple of minor events concluded a full programme, and we left the baths thoroughly contented with our afternoon's entertainment.

Those who entered for the sports did so for the love of the thing. Each one did his utmost to win, and is, therefore, honored by his school. Would such honor have been his had he not striven to be a proficient swimmer?

It is the duty of all to strive to be good swimmers, not merely for pleasure, but in case of necessity, to help others from drowning.

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Jessie
Artie
Gwen
Minnie
Fred
Ena
Mary
Mary
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Maie
Ada
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The winners of the Bronze Medallion are:—

GIRLS:

Lily Brett
 Joyce Campbell
 Jessie Campbell
 Artie Anthony
 Gwen Evans
 Minnie Griffiths
 Freda Hansen
 Ena Lemmon
 Margaret Loudon
 Marjorie McGregor
 Linda Littler
 Doris Pearce
 Maie Scott
 Ada Regan
 Eunice Pittard
 Elsie Johnson

BOYS:

Arthur Chesterman
 Arthur Thompson
 William Faichney
 Arthur Brett
 Roy Maynard
 Haldane Macleod
 John Mabbitt
 Ernest Johnson
 Melton Underwood
 William McLean
 Ernest Capstickdale
 Charles Harvey
 Arnold Rittinger
 George Sampson.

THE VISIT OF THE SPORTS TEAMS TO SHEPPARTON.

By E. Johnson.

With what joy and expectation was the visit to be made by the various sports teams of our school anticipated! The boys and girls included in the teams were rather envied by the unlucky students who watch the departure from the class-room windows on Friday afternoon, 9th September. The object of the visit to Shepparton was not only to compete with the Shepparton High School in basketball, hockey, tennis and football, but to unite the students of our school with those of Shepparton.

The teams were in charge of Mr. Johnson, who was assisted by Miss Stocks and Mr. Cameron. The trip began pleasantly by Miss McKay presenting to Miss Stocks a beautiful bouquet of white chrysanthemums and pink roses, to which was attached a white horseshoe—a veritable bridal bouquet, which caused much merriment for the time being.

Most of the pupils had never been to Shepparton before, so that the journey was most interesting from a geographical point of view, as well as from the, perhaps, more enjoyable view.

On arriving at Shepparton, the weather, which had been decidedly unfavorable, seemed to have determined to damp the spirits of the pupils as well as everything else. The thunder and the lightning, which was most vivid, heralded the approach of the visitors. Thus, it certainly looked as if the trip were doomed to failure; but, fortunately, the very violence of the rain proved to have washed the flooded streets and grounds clean of the mud, which, with an ordinary fall, would have covered them.

Each girl and boy was taken home by a student from the Shepparton High School, so enabling new friendships to be formed, which would most likely be continued whenever possible.

At 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, the boys and girls of both schools thronged the quadrangle, which presented a pleasant sight, the verandahs being occupied by the students not included in the game of basketball which was to be played. This proved an easy win for the visiting team, although the Shepparton team showed promise of being no mean rivals when the game becomes more popular. The tennis girls and boys both suffered a defeat on Saturday afternoon, tennis being a great attraction to the Shepparton students, who excel in this sport.

The school presented a bright and interesting sight on Saturday night, when a grand social was organized for the visitors. The quadrangle was lit with electric lights, so that several games were enjoyed in the open air. To the credit of the Shepparton boys and girls, be it said, that the visitors were as one in saying that never had a social been so enjoyable. The happy evening ended by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Sunday afternoon was devoted to a motor trip round the district, and afterwards to a visit to the High School Farm, where a pleasant time was spent in hearing of various interesting matters to do with fruitgrowing and irrigation.

As the fine weather continued, the hockey match was played on Monday morning. A very exciting game took place, Williamstown winning with the goals two to one, the winning goal being made in the last five minutes. In the afternoon, the boys played a very interesting game of football, which seemed at first to be in favor of Shepparton, but the visiting team managed to win by twenty-one points, finally.

The trip to Shepparton will not be forgotten for a long time to come, and it can be imagined with what regret leave-takings were made when the time came for departure. The success of this visit was undoubtable, and all who took part in it hope to soon see the friends whom they have made during the short time.

THE COMBINED HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS, 1921.

By E. Grieve.

The Combined High Schools' Annual Sports were held at the Coburg Recreation Reserve on Wednesday, October 26, and the favorable weather that prevailed was hailed with joy by competitors and spectators alike. The schools participating in the sports were the Coburg, Essendon, Geelong and Williamstown High Schools.

Our school acquitted itself very creditably in winning both the Jona and the McNeilage Cups, and, although the boys' performances were not up to the standard of previous years in all-round excellence, yet some very good times were recorded. Our Marathon, Jack McKenzie, won the Half Mile easily, and in record time—2min. 19sec. Bob Murphy showed his usual fine judgment in running second both in this and in the 440 Yards Championship, after putting up a great fight. Our hurdler, Jim Ravenscroft, provided a beautiful race over the hurdles, and was beaten only in the final run in.

Our intermediate competitors did well, but would certainly have done better had not one had some "coolers" and afternoon tea immediately before the 440 Yards Championship.

However, it was the boys' courtesy to allow the girls to do something at the sports meeting this year, and they certainly seized their opportunity. The Williamstown girls, looking very becoming in their navy and gold, won the Jona Cup, for the highest aggregate in the girls' events, and were awarded the McNeilage Cup (which, by the way, we have held for three years), for the Basketball Championship. A few of the outstanding features of their success were their marked superiority in all team work, and in every division. Bessie Franks, a veritable tower of strength, and Jessie Campbell were most successful in the senior division, while Kathleen Fallow and Margaret Reilly scored in the other divisions. Their success was, in large measure, due to successful coaching—the missing essential with the boys. Anyone on Wednesday could judge by the radiant beam on our Headmaster's face that our school was holding its own; and when the shields were presented, to

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the accompaniment of rousing cheers, by the Lady Mayoress to our respective sports captains, there was not, perhaps, a happier man in the crowd than Mr. Johnson.

Shields were presented to the other schools as follows:—Essendon won the Grand Aggregate, the Senior, the Junior and the Hockey Shields, while Coburg and Geelong received the Intermediate and much-envied Football Shields respectively.

This ceremony marked the completion of one of the most successful sports' meetings in the history of the Metropolitan High Schools.

SCHOOL SPORTS MEETING, 1921.

By H. OCKLEY

The annual sports meeting of W.H.S. was held in the Williamstown Gardens Reserve on Wednesday, October 12, in favorable weather. Those officiating were:—

Judges: Messrs. Gray, Leston, Brett, Johnson, Loudon, and Misses McKay and Stocks.

Stewards: Misses Lee, Lake, Smith and Hall; Messrs. Wiltshire, Hollings, Cameron and Briggs.

The duties of Mr. Gerity as referee, Mr. Lind as starter, Mr. Collman as timekeeper, and Messrs. Whitton and Johnson as markmen, were carried out admirably.

The track was unsuitable to those aspiring to break records.

The idea of directing the school girls—four groups—proved an excellent one, possessing many advantages over the previous plan of individual championship. The sections, which consisted of four sub-groups of senior, intermediate, junior and "under 13" sections, in both boys and girls, took the names of Australian animals, being, Dingo, Koola, Possum and Wombat, carrying the respective colors, red, blue, gold and purple. The first four placed in individual events received 5, 3, 2 and 1 points respectively, and the first three placed in team events were accorded 8, 4 and 2 points. The final results were:—

SENIOR SECTION.—100 Yards: R. Murphy (K.) and R. Maynard (D.), equal, 1; J. Ravenscroft and J. McKenzie, equal, 2. Time, 12secs. 170 Hurdles: Ravenscroft (W.), 1; E. Grieve (D.), 2; A. Roberts (P.), 3; E. Howes (P.), 4. Time, 20 1-5sec. 440 Yards: R. Murphy (K.), 1; J. McKenzie (W.), 2; J. Ravenscroft (W.), 3; J. Mabbitt (P.), 4. Time, 57 2-5sec. 880 Yards: J. McKenzie (W.), 1; R. Murphy (K.), 2; J. Ravenscroft (W.), 3; R. Reed (P.), 4. Time, 2min. 17sec. High Jump: Tie between J. Ravenscroft (W.), A. Roberts (P.), E. Grieve (O.), E. Homes (P.). Height, 4ft. 10in. Open Flag Race: Dingo, 1; Possum, 2; Wombat, 3. Time, 63sec.

INTERMEDIATE SECTION.—100 Yards: J. Ball (P.), 1; A. Chesterman (P.), 2; A. Whitbourn (P.) and R. O'Brien (K.), equal, 4. Time, 12 4-5sec. 120 Hurdles: J. Capstickdale (P.), 1; A. Rittenger (U.), 2; J. Evans (P.), 3; D. Bell (P.), 4. Time, 21sec. 220 Yards: W. Jefferson (D.), 1; J. Ball (P.), 2; J. Evans (P.), 3; W. Francis (K.), 4. Time, 64sec. High Jump: A. Rittenger (W.), 1; S. Hosken (W.) and J. Ball (P.), equal, 2; R. O'Brien (K.) and H. Reed (P.), equal, 4. Height, 4ft.

JUNIOR SECTION.—75 Yards: W. Howard (W.), 1; W. Doig (W.), 2; W. Walker (P.), 3; A. Van Felt (P.), 4. Time, 10sec. 100 Yards: W. Howard (W.), 1; H. Mortimer (W.), 2; A. Van Felt (W.), 3; M. Duncan (P.), 4. Time, 13 2-5sec. High Jump: W. Howard (W.), 1; W. Hill (W.) and L. Morissy (D.), equal, 2. Height, 4ft. ½in. Flag Race: Possum, 1; Dingo, 2; Wombat, 3. But all disqualified. Time, 66secs.

UNDER 13 SECTION.—75 Yards: A. Peel (W.), 1; M. Duncan (P.), 2; J. Hennerson (P.), 3; J. Calcutt (K.) and A. Reed (K.), equal, 2. Height, . . . No Long Jump contest, as the pit was unfavorable for such competition, being full of water.

The programme was kept well up to time, and during the interval Mr. Lind (official starter) presented bronze swimming medallions to those winning them during the 1920-21 season.

The grand totals showed that the Wombats carried the honors of first place. The final totals were: Wombats, 99¼; Possum, 94; Dingo, 84¾; Koala, 40.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

DECEMBER, 1920.

SENIOR SCHOLARSHIP.—Gladys Conabere (fourth place).

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS.—Evelyn Johnson (first place), A. Fowler, C. O'Brien (2), H. Fry, G. Thompson, S. Hosken (3), A. Robertson.

TEACHING SCHOLARSHIPS.—Amy Graham (first place), Joyce Campbell, Violet Tunzi, J. Meehan, A. Whitbourn.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE HONORS.—Gladys Conabere: Eng., 1; Alg., 1; Chem., 2. Margaret Loudon: Eng., 2; Alg., 2; Chem., 3. Lawrence Meehan: Alg., 2; Chem., 3.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE PASS.—Irene Boshier, Gwen Evans, Edna Fryer, Gladys Meikle, Mavis Rae, Marie Stewart, Gladys Thomas, E. Grieve, E. Knight, R. Murphy, J. Ravenscroft, W. Tayton, W. Evans.

PUBLIC SERVICE EXAMINATION.—E. Knight (second place), W. Evans (third place), A. Payne.

ORMOND SCHOLARSHIP.—Gladys Conabere.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE PASSES.—Bessie Franks, Amy Graham, Minnie Griffiths, Elsie Johnson, Linda McLean, Rose Nuttall, Vera Smith, Linda Tassell, Eunice Pittard, F. Birnstihl, A. Chesterman, I. Landy, I. Mabbitt, I. McKenzie, A. Payne, H. Reed, A. Stewart, J. Vining, S. Wallace, A. Whitbourn and J. Lang.

NEWMAN SCHOLARSHIP.—Edward Grieve.

Luce
TRINITY SCHOLARSHIPS—Edna Fryer, Gwen Evans, Margaret Loudon, Gladys Meikle.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

The ex-students of W.H.S.—most of us now unknown to the present students—do not forget the School where we spent so many happy hours, and we take a lively interest in its progress. Our numbers are increasing year by year, and we are now represented in many walks of life.

A. Kennedy has passed the Final Accountancy Examination, and Queenie Anthony, after being dux of Stott's Business College for 1920, has now taken up the same course. Many other later students, whose names are too numerous to mention, are at present studying at Melbourne business colleges. Some, also, have begun their careers as dispensing chemists.

Violet Neill, after spending a year at the Teachers' Training College, was, for a time, in charge of a school at Neilborough East, and is at present at the Bendigo Central School. Following in her steps comes a long list of junior teachers at the State schools of the various suburbs. Those teaching near Williamstown are N. Hansen, J. Gravell and Lucy Curtain, at the South School; Edith Graham and F. Downes, at North Williamstown; Doris Pile, Dorothy Harris, Nellie Cremor, L. Meehan and many others along the line.

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F. Hempel and Gladys Conabere, both senior scholarship winners, are our only representatives at the University.

Wallace Illingworth, after preliminary training with a Melbourne firm, has taken a position as bookkeeper and stores manager on a wayback station in Queensland.

In addition to these, we could, if space permitted, name different ones from our number who have become clerks, typists, engineers, farmers—one a permanent soldier and one a midshipman. **ANDY BANKS**

We are particularly proud of J. Ferguson, W. Weigner and C. Dunn, who served in the Great War.

Among our number we can also claim some "sports." L. Stone, H. Sutton and J. Ferguson excel in football; R. Ferguson, A. Vallins, J. Kilgour, E. Barrie, G. Trace, W. Ferris, T. Phillips and H. Brett, in lacrosse; and J. Gravell and N. Turner, in baseball. In a pleasant afternoon's tennis against the W.H.S. staff, we were represented by V. Neil, E. Hall, K. Jones, Q. Anthony, M. Rae, G. Conabere, Linton, Dart, McArthur and Howe. The match resulted in a draw. We would be pleased to have more matches against either the staff or present pupils of the School.

OLD STUDENT.



SENIOR BASKET BALL PREMIERS.

GIRLS' SPORTS' RESULTS, 1921.

Senior Basket Ball.

The first match of the season was played on May 11th, against Essendon, on the home ground. Scores:—E.H.S., 8 goals; W.H.S., 29 goals.

June 15th, at Coburg. Scores:—C.H.S., 4 goals; W.H.S., 17 goals.

Teachers' Training College. Scores:—T.T.C., 25 goals; W.H.S., 16 goals.

Then at Geelong. Scores:—G.H.S., 14 goals; W.H.S., 36 goals.

July 13th, at Essendon. Scores:—E.H.S., 9 goals; W.H.S., 26 goals.

July 23rd, against Benalla. Scores:—B.H.S., 23 goals; W.H.S., 37 goals.

August 10th, Melbourne High School visited us. Scores:—M.H.S., 16 goals; W.H.S., 30 goals.

In the return match the scores were:—M.H.S., 29 goals; W.H.S., 23 goals.

Though the junior basket ball team played several hotly-contested matches, they were not victorious, save in the match against the Prahran Technical School.

Hockey Results.

The first match was played against Essendon. Scores:—Essendon H.S., 2 goals; W.H.S., nil.

At Coburg we were victors. Scores:—W.H.S., 4 goals; C.H.S., 2 goals.

With Geelong we tied. Scores:—G.H.S., 1 goal; W.H.S., 1 goal.

The Teachers' Training College next defeated us. Scores:—T.T.C., 2 goals; W.H.S., nil.

At Essendon the scores were:—E.H.S., 4 goals; W.H.S., nil.

Against the Melbourne High School the scores were:—M.H.S., 2 goals; W.H.S., 1 goal.

In the return match, August 19th. Scores:—M.H.S., 4 goals; W.H.S., nil.

At Coburg, August 17th. Scores:—W.H.S., 5 goals; C.H.S., 1 goal.

As a grand finale to a most enjoyable season, we played Shepparton on their own ground. Scores:—W.H.S., 2 goals; Shepparton, 1 goal.

Both at rounders and at tennis good progress has been made, and considerable success achieved, but lack of space prevents a detailed account.

Cricket.

Senior Team.—Williamstown v. Essendon, played at Williamstown, November 23rd, 1921:—Essendon, 85 (Cope, 21; Clayton, 15. R. Reed, 6 for 28; C. Trennick, 3 for 17) v. Williamstown, 47 (McKenzie, 26 not out; Palmer, 9. Murray, 6 for 12; Alexander, 3 for 16).

This match was remarkable for two things, the fine "googly" bowling of Murray, the smallest boy on either side, who obtained four wickets with successive balls, thus completing the hat trick with one to spare, and the batting of McKenzie, who carried his bat right through the innings for 26 not out.

Williamstown v. Coburg, at Williamstown, November 30th, 1921:—Williamstown, 51 (J. McKenzie, 20; R. Reed, 24. Bardas, 6 for 4; Watson, 4 for 24) v. Coburg, 36 (Findlay, 8; Osborne, 6. McKenzie, 4 for 10; Reed, 4 for 10).

W.H.S. Juniors v. State School, South Williamstown:—W.H.S., 73 (M. Duncan, 20; B. Ferris, 13) v. State School, 16 and 20 (K. McKenzie, 11. A. Reed, 6 wickets; D. Bell, 6 wickets; Ferris, 4 wickets; Thomson, 4 wickets).

Some of these youngsters give promise of developing into really good cricketers, so the prospects of the School are bright.

Football.

Our record in the High Schools' Football Association was not imposing, as out of the six games played we won only two, being beaten by Essendon twice and Geelong twice, and having beaten Coburg on two occasions.

Our best form was shown in the match at Geelong, when, with every boy doing his best, we gave the ultimate premiers the fright of their lives.

We would like to extend our congratulations to the Geelong High School for their victory in the senior competition, and to the Essendon High School for their success in the junior.

In outside matches we were more successful, and succeeded in beating the Footscray-Technical School, our visitors from the Benalla High School, and, later on, our hosts of the Shepparton High School.

Throughout the year a good deal of the brunt of battle has been borne by some of our old die-hards, but towards the end of the season the form of the younger members of the team improved, encouraging us to hope for success next season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

Several commendable articles had to be excluded from this issue because of lack of space. We thank all contributors for their efforts, and hope to insert several articles now on hand in the next publication.

More original stories and verse are desirable. Try to write typically Australian articles. Aim at conciseness, not diffuseness.

—THE EDITOR.

The Editor wishes his readers the jolliest of holidays, and all that is best in the New Year.