

# HIGH TIDE

## PARENTS' COLUMN.

As a means of bringing the school in closer touch with the home, "High Tide" should prove valuable.

At the outset, I wish to state that I shall be pleased to interview you concerning your children's progress, and Thursday afternoons will be set aside for that purpose.

Although the quarterly report, carefully read, conveys the progress of a pupil in one form, it does not always determine the standard. A pupil may have an excellent report one term, but when promoted, his position is disappointing. Remember this, he is probably doing better on his lower mark.

A most troublesome problem is that of Home Work. Complaints come to me from one source that too much is set, and at the same time from another source that insufficient work is given. Although we try to set a reasonable amount, there is such a variation in the type of pupil. Some hurry over it and do the minimum, while others, more conscientious, take too long.

There is an hour-work time table, and you should see that it is followed. If you consider your boy or girl's health is in any way impaired, by all means let me know, and the work will be reduced, or as is the case in a few instances, cancelled.

Another vexed problem is the withdrawal of pupils before they have completed their course. No pupil has gone through the High School course till he has satisfactorily completed C form.

These are the conditions under which you enrol your children, and unless you are advised to transfer to another branch of education, or you have met with some unforeseen misfortune, you should feel bound to complete your contract. The Intermediate Certificate is the get-away to many callings, and is a great asset in any future work.

I have this week received a letter from a lad who was attending last year. He is now on the land and tells me that part of his duties is to drive a 60 H.P. internal combustion engine, and that he understands the theory of this machine from his class work in chemistry.

This lad, through his excellent home training and educational facilities, should be well equipped for his duties as an Australian citizen.

We are having great extensions to our buildings, our conditions every few years have improved through the wisdom of our parliament and executive officers.

A fine building will not make a fine school - it will assist greatly. Let us endeavour to perform our duties worthily, so that pupils may obtain the greatest benefit from the facilities afforded.

In conclusion, let me wish you the compliments of the season, and may its good-will bring forth a New Year of co-operative service.

E. W. JOHNSON.

## THE NEW BUILDINGS.

By S. VAN PELT (C Form).

For some weeks the school had been invaded by mysterious men who, armed with tape measures, folding rules and bulging pocket books, had suddenly poked their heads through a class room door, whilst they noticed the dimensions of the black-board, fire-place and such like. Then, one day there appeared a small band of still more business-like looking specimens. There was much speculation meanwhile, among the students, as to what these preparations meant. However, it was generally accepted that something was going to happen to the "draught-boxes," as the pavilions were more or less correctly called.

Something did happen. With the aid of ladders, ropes, hammers and saws those "business-like" gentlemen soon improved the appearance of the school, by razing the pavilions to the ground. The school rather resembled a "movie studio," as huge sides of wood and canvas were moved like stage screens.

The secret was solved. Five new brick rooms, one a large Assembly Hall, were to take the place of those pavilions. The arrival of large quantities of stone, sand and earth, together with many bricks occasioned much interest. Hints were given to the students that it would be wise to study the methods of the workmen. After

this, broader hints, threatening punishment, were required to prevent the quadrangle being covered with stones by amateur bricklayers. "Midst bricks, mortar, sand, stones, earth, oregon girders, ladders and other equipment the foundations for the new building were laid. Then a low wall of bricks appeared, the builders crossing and walking along planks with more cheerful feelings than the old-time pirate's victims felt when in similar circumstances.

The buildings were over the center of attraction. The feelings of these spectators were not alike. Some regarded the new buildings much in the same way as convicts view the construction of cells; others, the majority, welcomed the new addition in place of the former refrigerators or furnaces which kept temperature with the seasons.

As the heights of the wall increased, scaffolding poles were erected for a more pleasant purpose than of hanging somebody. The bricks piled up on the planks did not seem to worry the majority of the students who passed underneath; but one Friday the high wind displaced a few bricks with ease that was rather unpleasant.

Our school building when completed will certainly not "put its best and newest face to London" but—Williamstown modesty again?

### THE JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

1872-1922.

"The fine flower of the seed sown by the early pioneers."

(By ENA OPIE "B" and BRENDA HARRIN "C")

Wednesday, 27th September, 1922! A day of days to many a student and many a teacher too. The Jubilee Exhibition, for which many scholars had striven to do their best work, was now officially opened. The last exhibits had been placed in their positions, and the representative work of the State, Technical, High, Higher Elementary and Domestic Art Schools, in all its glad array stood as another milestone along the uphill road of knowledge, showing what wonderful progress has been made since Free and Compulsory Education was introduced in Australia fifty years ago.

On entering the Exhibition Buildings, a kaleidoscopic picture met the eye and numerous sounds assailed the ear—the winking electric lights of the Technical Schools showing sickly pale against the bright light of day—the whirring of the many machines—the chatter—the laughter—and the shouts all combined in a medley of sounds bewildering to the senses.

The "High School Court" was outstanding by its superlatively fine display of work, contributed from the High Schools of Victoria—Country and Metropolitan. In this section, English, History, Science and Applied Arts were well represented.

In the English sections were to be found many illustrations of novels and poems, while original poetry and sketches illustrating poems arrested attention. The history time lines and the ingenious device showing the development of printing, formed a not insignificant part in the history section, whilst the collection of antiques and the dolls dressed to represent the costumes of ten past ages, were most interesting and unique.

The Domestic Arts section was crowded with mothers, admiring and exclaiming over the exquisite needlework and delicious-looking cookery done by the women of the future, while in the Art and Applied Art section the work of a lady sculptor was watched with keen interest as she shaped a meaningless mass of clay into a handsome and imposing bust.

Boys from High Schools initiated the public into the mysteries of physics and chemistry. Thus they became famous for perhaps the only time in their school history, and vainly attempted not to show their consciousness of the fact.

Many schools had sent in their school magazines, and among them the true blue color of our "High Tide" was very conspicuous.

Wonderful were the exhibits of the school's students; nevertheless, they were not to be compared with the work of the poor little blind children, when we consider how terribly they are handicapped by their affliction.

The sight of a small blind boy reading from Braille to interested listeners, and afterwards playing to them on the piano so skilfully that, except for the drooping eyelids and sightless staring eyes, it was almost impossible to believe he did not see, was a scene to make the gayest heart grow sad and the most hardened person give a sigh of pity.

Apart from these wonderful exhibits, there were numerous concerts. Our own concert was held on the night of the 11th of October, and its success was undeniable. The rendering of the song under an able conductor was admirable.

"Anon it rises, singing like a flood  
It sobs as 'twere a tortured soul in pain,  
But lo! It rises and how great the fall,  
From heaven to that now disenchanted hall."

But this enchantment returned with the entrance of the stately Minuet dancers who, with their soft colored hair, and brocaded dresses illumined by the many colored lights flitting over them, rendered the audience breathless, until they awakened the echoes with their applause. The pretty vivid dresses and brilliant flowing ties of the Harvesters, with their laughing faces and sprightly steps received their due also.

Nevertheless, with these flights from the somewhat monotonous school routine, the climax was undoubtedly reached on the final day, when our School Seven defeated the Benalla Basket Ball Team, thereby gaining the exalted title, "Premiers of Victoria."

In the memories of many children these memorable days will be thought of often, and many mothers and fathers in years to come will proudly tell their children that their work was in the "Jubilee Exhibition."



REEFED DOWN.

Photo by ROY MAYNARD (A Form).

### IN STORM.

G. EVANS (A Form).

A brooding darkness frowns above the deep,  
 A sullen stillness, lurking grimly near,  
 Warns the calm Neptune that his tranquil sleep  
 Will broken be by dismal conflict drear.  
 Already surly moans from ireful Thor,  
 Accompanied are by lightning's vivid wrath,  
 While ceaseless torrents from the black clouds pour,  
 To mingle with the ocean's foaming froth.  
 Now blue, now green, now hard and steely gray,  
 The rising waters surge in angry joy,  
 The furious wind and wave in deadly fray,  
 In boisterous union rollick and destroy;  
 As sinking shadows softly clothe the light,  
 The grandeur of the scene is lost in night.

## THE POUND In Comic Vein.

R. CHAPMAN (E Form).

"Skinny" Brazenor staggered across the quadrangle with a pile of books that suggested weight. His stout form, plus the pile of books, just squeezed through the door of the pound-room--E classroom. He slapped the books down, heaved a sigh--not of relief but of hunger, and then withdrew from the room. Ravenously he rushed upon his tucker--which needless to say was not the grammar by Tucker.

Happening to enter this identical room some minutes later, I heard a slight humming issuing from the cupboard. Elves, fairies and dwarfs flashed across my mind. I crept up, put my ear on the key-hole and listened. These tiny voices greeted my ears:--

"Yes, Ball, the scoundrel, left me lying on a deserted locker shelf, and up strolled Mr. Woodfull, who eyed me as closely as he would an oncoming cricket ball."

"You know the rest," piped the same voice--that of a Pendlebury Arithmetic.

"I will keep guard," whispered an Algebra.

Jefferson's Six Exercises boomed, "He stranded us on a barrow while he had a 'kick.' Didn't we 'kick' when pound came along in the form of Miss Hall, the pound mistress. That's our tale."

Suddenly I "a-tist-ooo-ooed!" and loudly heard the guards yell: "Bob down, we're spotted!" (The spray must have found an entrance through the key-hole). Silence reigned. Then the guard piped, "All's well!"

Alan Peel's French book at the bottom of the pack gestured "Laissez moi parler."

A geography book interrogated "Lasso who?" Then, "Come on, boys, we'll lasso him."

Bits of paper fluttered to the floor, and above the din of war I heard Miss Hall enter.

Thus pound opened. In trooped the unfortunates to claim their own--not their sweethearts but their books. Jefferson, Ball, Peel and Reed were among the withdrawers.

"I will read the pound list only once!" said Miss Hall.

"Jefferson, here's your family. How did they get here?" "I-I-er-er-Miss,..." "Straight to the point." "I-er dropped them, Miss."

"Ball, your Arithmetic." Plunk on the floor goes Ball's Arith. No wonder it was a little dislocated when he received it. "Your reason, Ball?" "Miss, I forgot to put it in my locker, Miss." "Next time you come to school mind that you don't forget to take yourself home."

Peel secured his book--at least the cover--plus an Atlas that had crept into his spare cover during the cold night and had forgotten to undress during the day. ('Tis an ill wind that blows nobody an Atlas, isn't it, Peel?)--Then our Alexander, the great bell-man, rang the hard familiar bell.

## ORIGINAL STORY.

## GENTLEMAN MACARTHY

R.H. (C Form)

When John Macarthy first came to our little settlement, he looked just as one of the boys sarcastically called him, "a tailor's dummy."

Not only were his clothes of the latest cut, but his very person seemed to proclaim the word "gentleman." His hands were white, and smooth as a girl's; his voice was low; and altogether he differed from the blunt, honest lads in the village, where it appeared he had come to stay.

He was quite willing, eager in fact, to become friendly, but, though not openly showing it, they had rather a contempt for him, and somehow contrived that the hardest tasks fell on "Gentleman Macarthy," as they always called him.

But, if he noticed it, he did not make any comment, but went on doing his work with the same old willingness which could not but draw some admiration, however grudging, from his fellow workmen.

The months passed away uneventfully, and Macarthy slipped into our lives, and as he grew more and more hardened, the boys forgot their old contempt for him, though the title of derision was still used by some of them.

So it went on till something which broke the peaceful harmony of that simple bush life occurred.

It was summer. The days were scorchingly hot and the nights, not much cooler. It had always been our custom to sit around, smoking our pipes and singing quaint old bush songs, or listening to all the familiar sounds of the bush.

Thus it was, we were sitting in like fashion one especially close evening. Not a breath of wind stirred the trees, and the stillness was only broken by the plaintive, warning cry of the mopoke, far away in the depths of the bush.

It was far too close to think of turning in early, so we sat there yarning until late into the night, when suddenly some-one noticed a peculiar, lurid glow in the sky.

Against it the great gums stood impressively silhouetted, like gigantic black feathers against a back-ground of dark-red velvet.

We stared at each other aghast. Only too well we knew the meaning of that glow. We were threatened with death—terrible death, by a merciless foe. Suddenly the tension was broken by a hoarse whisper, "Fire!"

We hardly knew what to do. At any moment it might be upon us. We must get help or perish, for what good could a mere handful of men, no matter how determined, be against the terrible fire fiend—the terror of the bush. Could we escape?

Then a quiet voice broke in, "The troopers?" "Yes," came the reply, "but how can we reach them, we are cut off now."

"No matter," came the voice again, "I will go." And John Macarthy strode towards the livery stables. In five minutes he was mounted. Many clutched his hand and whispered, "God speed."

As he set off down the bridle track a cheer welled up from the throats of the settlers. This man was riding for help through the fire, his life in his hands, to save them, the men who had formerly derided him. Here was good for evil with a vengeance. Of that ride we never heard details, but "Gentleman Macarthy" won through, ragged and severely burned as we saw him later.

To those who waited in the village it seemed an eternity of waiting. "Would he win through?" "Would help arrive?" Many were the anxious questions asked, while all the time the fire raced nearer and nearer.

Then at last a drumming of hoofs sounded, and with a jingling of bits the troopers leaped from their horses and raced to the fringe of the fire to reinforce the settlers already battling for their homes.

After a grim struggle the fire fiend was vanquished. At the settlement they found Macarthy worn out by his terrible experience. How they cheered him, the man they had scorned.

The settlers never forgot his heroism, and should any one speak ill of "Gentleman Macarthy" in that settlement, let him beware of the dire consequence which may fall on his head.

### "OUR HERO."

By A HEROINE (of A Form)

Along the street, with firm and manly stride  
 We see him come his camera by his side,  
 His head held high, his brown curls flowing free,  
 No cap to hide their beauty can we see,  
 On all alike he bends his awful frown,  
 But specially on the maidens he comes down,  
 Of course they like to tease him (who would not?),  
 For when aroused his temper's fierce and hot,  
 But when they meddle without any ruth  
 And seize the football togs of hapless youth,  
 Oh! who can wonder that his deepest ire  
 Is shed in language loud and threatenings dire?  
 But he can quite forget and soon forgive,  
 These petty quarrels he can soon outlive,  
 And we behold him, in a day or two,  
 He's taking maidens' photos (not a few),  
 In smiling groups with balls and hockey sticks  
 (Although they jump about like "cats on bricks"),  
 Upon the sports field we may see him shine,  
 He runs the foremost of a sturdy line,  
 Of lads whom diet strict, and fell fast gain,  
 Have put into a brave and gallant trim;  
 Perhaps if all the boys were but as he,  
 The football team might score a victory,  
 The youngsters ridicule his noble port,  
 And slyly jibe at all his skill at sport;  
 But from their faces smiles soon fade away,  
 And are, alas! replaced by blank dismay,  
 For though this oft-tried youth is never rough,  
 He yet knows how to give a well-earned cuff;  
 How many hapless youths has he made moan,  
 How many vanquished hearts to rage and groan,  
 His learning is the joy of wondering eyes,  
 At everything he e'er must bear the prize;  
 Is something lacking? Straight to him we go;  
 If aught's forgotten, ask him, he will know,  
 Far in the future let us gaze and see  
 Some day a learned Doctor he will be.

### THE SHEPPARTON VISIT.

By S. HOSKEN (B Form).

Having looked forward to paying a return visit to Williamstown from the time our High School visited them last year, Shepparton High School arrived in Melbourne on Friday, August 25th. The visitors were met at Newport and introduced to their hosts. After introduction formalities were through, they were conducted through the Newport Railway Workshops. Here they saw the building of engines from the raw material. Greatly interested, the visitors were at length taken to the respective homes of their hosts. Friday night was free, the matches being played next day.

Saturday dawned, with little promise of a good day. But what could be expected, as the weather had been very bad for the preceding week. The sun tried to pierce the canopy of clouds several times, but finally it retired in defeat. The football and hockey matches were played on this morning, according to program. After an interesting game the Williamstown High School boys retired soundly defeated as usual. But as usual, the girls upheld their reputation and defeated the visitors to the tune of two goals to nil. The afternoon's program was arranged for the girls to play the basket ball match, while the boys would be taken into the M.C.C. ground to watch one of the leading League football matches of the season. The program, however, was slightly upset by the heavy rain which commenced near the final stages of the hockey match, and continued intermittently until the evening was well advanced. This of course put an end to the thought of a basket-ball match, so the girls were very disappointed. No doubt our girls would have won, had the match been played. That's one consolation at any rate. That evening was to be the event of the visit; A grand social was given to the visitors.

The next day—Sunday—was free. At a suggestion from our headmaster, Mr. Johnson, the visitors were taken to visit the War Museum, that great storehouse of the Great War's relics, treasured by the nation by reason of the many heroes who fought and shed their blood to save her name. Here, an interesting afternoon was had away, and as the visitors returned to their hosts' homes, there rose before them the gloomy thought of returning home to Shepparton.

Monday morning, and Spencer Street Station was thronged with moving boys and girls wearing High School colors and badges. Hustle and bustle while the clock slowly moved on; a shriek from the engine, and 'midst a chorus of farewells, Shepparton High School's representatives were on their way home, well pleased with the events of their happy visit.

### UNE COMPETITION DE DEVINATION.

(Par M.F., E Form).

(Quelqu'un peut entrer, à condition qu'il envoie à M.F., inclus dans une enveloppe, sa réponse et un sous, le gagnant à recevoir une médaille de cuir).

Devinez les noms de ces personnes bien connues.

1.

C'est une maîtresse de l'école,  
Très, très bonne aux jeux;  
Quoi qu'elle soit souvent enragée  
Cela importe très peu;  
Bien qu'elle nous donne du devoir,  
Trop, pour nous, tu vois,  
N'importe, lorsqu'elle a souri,  
Tu l'aimeras, je crois.

2.

C'est une compagne de ma première,  
Sout le monde la connaît bien,  
Mais, quel qu'ou non, il la pense bonne,  
Je n'en sais rien.  
Elle est une maîtresse des jeux,  
Comme ça, elle est très bonne,  
Et toutes les filles sont fâchées,  
Quand la cloche de cesse elle sonne.

3.

Cette fois, je parle d'un monsieur,  
A nous bien connu,  
Il aime beaucoup le jargonage;  
(La marotte qu'il soit entendu)  
Parfois il va aux courses,  
Je sais, je l'ai vu moi,  
Il possède une humeur caustique  
Tu l'as éprouvée, soit.

## THE BENALLA VISIT.

W.B. (C Form).

With what eagerness did we look forward to the proposed visit to our old friends at Benalla, to take place near the end of September?

After much bustle en route, our merry party reached Spencer Street, and were by 4.15 p.m. on the journey. We soon passed our keen rivals at Essendon and sped out into the open country, with Macedon on our left and the Divide, not so awful as we learn in geography, lying ahead of us. We did not drop quite suddenly down the other side, where the rivers northward flow, and the magpies, as we were told (which of course we questioned) had black backs. Benalla was reached about 7.45 p.m. After waiting impatiently for a few minutes, we met our friends.

Saturday morning was spent in viewing the town, including the Broken River, which we saw at Shepparton last year. It then held Benalla in fear and trembling. Sports ground, shops and houses were its playthings. In the afternoon the competitions took place. Football was played first, which match we lost after a very even contest, our hopes were dashed to the ground in basket-ball, but rose considerably when the girls won the hockey. On Saturday evening, our hosts gave us a fine social at the school. After the social, some of the visitors returned with their friends to the country, getting a taste of real country life.

On Sunday, many journeyed some five miles out of the town to Reef Hills, where the wattle was at its best.

On Monday morning, we all assembled to catch the train, carrying with us the memory of a happy and never-to-be-forgotten week-end at Benalla.

## A TOAST.

L. P. ANDREW (C Form).

Say, boys and girls, here's to our School,  
Our School, the Best of All!  
No sentence cruel, no irksome rule  
Doth our free spirits gail  
At High School, Williamstown!

Come, all ye teachers, students gay,  
And name our School 'bove all!  
Let's work and play the livelong day,  
Nor let our standard fall  
At High School, Williamstown!

So let us drink our Cup of Life,  
We'll raise our School o'er All!  
No storm nor strife shall here be rife,  
That hatred would instal  
At High School, Williamstown!

Come, come, propose the toast we owe,  
Our School, the Best of All!  
Before we go, tribute shall flow  
From lips that eager call  
"To High School, Williamstown!"

## THE VISIT OF MR. T. B. DAVIES.

By JESSIE CAMPBELL (B Form)

During this past year, there has been a movement towards a world-wide Bible Revival, which took concrete form in Australia by the donation of pocket Testaments to many school children. On Thursday, May 5th, at our general assembly, after an interesting address by Mr. T. B. Davies of America, a gentleman foremost in promoting this great work, our school was added to the list of those enrolled in the Pocket Testament League. During his discourse, Mr. Davies impressed us with two true stories, illustrating the sorrow caused by ingratitude. "O, sharper than a serpent's tooth is a thankless child." In contrast to these he graphically described an incident which he knew to be true, showing the pleasure to be found in doing actions for the purpose of promoting the happiness of others. After a few minutes' prayer, we each received a Pocket Testament. We were requested in these Testaments to read at least one chapter a day, and to carry it with us wherever we might go. Thus was set on foot among us a movement towards our improvement, and it remains with us whether it continues.

## "THE SONG OF THE WIND."

J.C. (B Form).

"O Wind! thou singest a joyful song,  
As thou kissest the sparkling sea,  
A hymn of love, that makes one long  
To feel as pure and free.

O Wind! thou singest a wilful song,  
O'er the earth the leaves are spread;  
Thou seem'st to revel in such wrong,  
The blossoms thou hast shed.

O Wind! thou singest a mournful song,  
When round the house at night;  
A sad and melancholy song,  
Earth wishes it were light.

O Wind! thou singest a mighty song,  
As thou sweepest the wintry plain;  
All nature fears thy tempest strong,  
The heavens pour down their rain.

O Wind! thou singest a peaceful song,  
As Day withdraws in purple fire;  
The woodlands echo her farewell long,  
Till Night takes up her lyre."

## BLACK ROCK:

27-10/22.

Ah! who could ever forget that quiet scene,  
The winding road, soft powdered with fine sand,  
In tender grass with daisies grown between  
Their eager faces ever as they stand  
Turning towards the sun.

The deep green shrub, affording shelter meet  
To crimson buds which cluster 'neath its care,  
The mild-eyed herds, among the fragrance sweet,  
In solemn calm the evening glories share,  
Their day's work done.

Far, far away, across the silent hill  
A silver sea lies, pale with day's hard gaze,  
Its restless sobbing moans now almost still,  
As blessed even blinds the sun's bright rays  
With folds of gray.

The fading summer lights long splendors cast  
Upon the ocean soothing it to rest,  
As once a weary time of pleasure past,  
Seeks peace and comfort on a loved one's breast  
At close of day.

A cloudless vault of azure blue on high,  
In loving harmony enfolds the brine;  
The dim gray mountains, nestling 'gainst the sky,  
Stand clear and soft in one long solemn line  
Half hid by mist.

Two little fishing boats with outspread sail  
Turn to the home upon the cliff above,  
The brilliant joys of sunlight slowly pale,  
The last long ling'ring lights in rapturous love  
The sleeping waters kiss'd.

-BGOAF.



## "A" FORM NOTES.

By L. T.

"Do the duty which lies nearest thee."

Behold in us the patriarchs of the school! Nine in number, we each wear a silver badge—a comparatively recent innovation—inscribed with the magic word "Prefect." And at the sight of that badge, coupled as it is with the awe-inspiring aspect of the proud owner, how the small fry tremble and quake—sometimes!

One of our august number—he to whose voice the adjective "stentorian" is peculiarly applicable, and who has been elected by common consent to the position of head prefect—is the fortunate holder of a Senior Scholarship. The rest of us—except one, whose genius lies rather along commercial lines—merely aspire to that honor.

We are proud of the fact that all the members of A form have their places in the school sports' teams, three being devotees of football, three—and forget not our champion goal-keeper—of hockey, two of basket ball, and one of tennis. Among these are included the basket ball, hockey, and football captains.

A cause of woe to A form is the fact that we have no special form-room, merely sharing the Chem.-room with B class; and we hope that the authorities will remember our unhappy plight next year, when the additional buildings will be completed. It is true that the majority of us will not have the advantage of this prospective boon, but sometime in the future we shall wander back again to discover whether more fortunate A formers sufficiently appreciate the blessings that we sighed for in vain.

The all-absorbing question that occupies our minds at present is that of final examinations—evidently the sole end and aim of our existence during the year 1922. Outside distractions have rather seriously interfered with our work this term, but our school motto bids us "Hold Fast," and we shall—especially to the brilliant reputation of our A forms of previous years. It must not be said of us that we have tarnished the proud name which we have inherited.

At the best of times the waters of the fount of inspiration have never flowed too freely, therefore, since A form is possessed of that exceedingly rare quality, modesty, the harassed scribe thinks it becoming to lay down the pen at this juncture, and gain fresh ideas from the efforts of the talented B's.

## "B" FORM NOTES.

E. J. (B Form).

"Friends, students, all of you, lend me your ears:  
I come to sing (?) our praises, not to bury them.  
The evil students do live after them.  
The good is oft taken when they leave.  
But let it not be so with us."  
"I speak not to disprove what teachers say,  
But here I am to speak what I do know."

Be not alarmed, learned ones! It is not a quotation from Shakespeare, but very nearly. You ask whose praises are to be sung? Have you not heard of the illustrious B Form—we who are foremost (wherever possible) in all things? Take for instance, in sport, have we not some of our number in every team, basket ball, hockey, football and tennis?

We, as you now perceive, are to the fore in games, but not only do we aspire to fame in this alone.

Not only in this manner are the natural gifts of some of our members displayed, but often in class or private study time, we, hard-worked students, are given a rather enjoyable time—though when at private-study time, it is often at our own cost, for woe betide the "comedian" who is found, seemingly, wasting time, and heart-breaking as it may seem to others, but not to the culprits themselves, these are not confined to the usually more boisterous half of any form.

But from this joyful and inspiring topic, we must turn sadly to those who have left us—"Just for a handful of silver"—those who have depleted our number to show the mettle of their pasture in the world's broad fields of battle. But let us hope for their sakes that it is for more than just "a handful of silver."

Of course, these departed ones will console themselves with the thought that the majority of us will be gone, likewise, at the end of this year, "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield," in the new sphere of life in which we shall find ourselves.

A still sadder subject enters my thought. In the very near future, those wretched things, examinations, will again be looming into view; no longer those far-distant, tiresome affairs which will come in time, but they alas! will soon be here in stern reality.

Let us not conclude with such a dismal project in view, but allow imagination to have full play. We see ourselves surpassing the usual B form standard, and our exam. numbers never failing to appear in the newspapers, proclaiming our success in all subjects ("Brilliant B Form"—let not this dream be shattered).

## RESULTS OF 1921 ANNUAL EXAMS.

SENIOR SCHOLARSHIP—Ronald A. Reed.

NOMINATED FOR AGRICULTURAL COURSE, UNIVERSITY—J. Mabbitt.

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS—H. Biel, F. Cahill, J. Faichney, L. Whitehurst.

TEACHING SCHOLARSHIPS—Jessie Campbell, Brian Grieve, Ellen Hargreaves, Winsome Brown, John Fry, Albert Bolt.

VICTORIAN RACING CLUB SCHOLARSHIP—Douglas Hook.

DOOKIE AGRICULTURAL SCHOLARSHIPS—Willfred Fry, John Fry.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE HONORS—Gwen Evans, Eng. H2, Hist. H2; Edna Fryer, Eng. H2, Alg. H2, Chem. H3; Margaret London, Eng. H2, Alg. H2, Chem. H3; Gladys Meikle, Eng. H2, Chem. H3; Marie Stewart, Eng. H3; Vida Rowland, Hist. H2, and Training College Studentship; Linda Tassell, Eng. 2; Edward Grieve, Eng. H3, Chem. H3; Robert Murphy, Eng. H3; James Ravenscroft, Hist. H3, Chem. H3; Ronald Reed, Eng. H1, Hist. H1, Chem. H3; Horatio Ockley, Chem. H3.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE PASS—Bessie Franks, Amy Graham, Minnie Griffiths, Elsie Johnson, Vera Smith, Linda Tassell, A. Chesterman, Joseph Landy, John Mabbitt, John McKenzie, Alan Stewart, Alex. Whitbourn, Robert Nicholl.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE—Winfred Bealand, Edith Burnett, Sheila Crossley, Hazel Crossley, Elsie Cross, Joyce Campbell, Jessie Campbell, Grace Chadwick, Nancy Eliason, Evelyn Johnson, Eua Lemmon, Winifred Stone, Rose Smith, Violet Tunzi, Jessie White, Vivian Rice, Albert Bolt, Arthur Brett, Jack Evans, Reg. Coleman, Wm. Faichney, Ben. Farrar, Harry Fry, Stanley Hoskin, Ernest Johnson, Wm. McKerry, John Meehan, Alex. Robertson, Geo. Thompson, Chas. Trinnick.

## A FRAGMENT.

L.T. (A Form).

Nature drops a dusky grey curtain over the sleeping earth, and at last the great heart of the world ceases its fevered throbbing, and is at rest.

Perchance the still moon rides across the cloudless heaven, and with her myriads of watchful attendants, the jewelled stars, looks down upon the silent world below, and bathes in her mystic light all sleeping things. Under her magic influence the earth is transformed, and to some of us becomes a fairyland, peopled with radiant forms and royal habitations; to others, a sombre graveyard, haunted by ghostly shapes that are full of terror. Or perhaps black storm-clouds frown! The stars hide from their wrath, and even the moon shrinks in pale fear, only daring at fitful intervals to reveal her face behind a ragged cloud-edge. And then she sends down, in trembling beams of silver light, a message of reassurance.

But surpassing all is a night that is mantled in soft grey clouds—a night when the wearied moon has forgotten her lonely vigil, and left all in a hush of darkness. No troubled wind sighs restlessly through the leaves; the very spirit of Nature seems to have stopped breathing, in the effort to realise the compelling beauty of the night.

Out of the mist of darkness float vague, shadowy thoughts—thoughts that are but elusive fancies, half-formed dreams. Alone with the night, we realise the ideal—the ideal of worship and love, so pregnant in the heart of Nature which beats close to our own.

The cold, grey dawn creeps up over the eastern mountains, and the spell is broken. We may, in the fulness of our regret, cry "Stay," as to a loved friend; but in vain—night steals away, the dream fades, and with a shiver we turn away.

## "SWIMMING."

L. BRETTE (C Form).

Some time ago, one of our "powers that be" had a brain wave. This most unusual occurrence resulted in the students being divided into four groups under eight leaders. A girl and a boy to each group. While everyone was wondering what was about to happen, a name was bestowed on each squad, and each leader found she held authority over a small army of "Dingoes," "Possums," "Wombats" or "Koalas." All of which was very interesting, and for a week after a group of girls might be accosted with, "Are there any 'Dingoes' here?" which remark a month before might have left some doubt as to the sanity of the questioner. But not so now.

Enthusiasm had been stirred in the hearts of the young athletes by the announcement that a swimming carnival was to take place. The pride of each group was selected to represent the others. Practice began in real earnest, and a great contest was expected between the various groups. The day before "the day," the

weather was viewed with some distrust, and greatly excited competitors dropped off to sleep that night to dream of endless racing and cold seas. At last the day dawned, and even the most pessimistic agreed that the day was perfect. The morning in school was wasted, so far as work went. But, oh! those flights of fancy, that imaginative swimming, until the irritated voice of the teacher brought the dream to earth. But the morning did pass somehow, and soon we were aboard the S.S. "Rosny," bound for the Albert Park baths—not a great voyage.

Soon all the competitors are ready and the first race commences. Eight colored caps: Red, green, yellow (called by its clan, gold) and blue, dive into that broad expanse of sea, and simultaneously the quiet air is vigorously disturbed by the shrieking and screaming of the so-called encouragers. "Go it, Dingo," re-echoes through the baths. "Quick, Koala—oh,...." while the representatives strain every muscle. One by one, they drop to the rear and the two foremost swim, as they have never swum before. All they see is a blur of faces, and all they hear is a great noise intermingled with shrieks, that sound strangely like factory whistles. On, on they go and the yelling increases as the distance to the rope decreases. Koala! Dingo! go it, oh! go it!.... Oh,.....! The Dingo wins by a stroke. One by one the swimmers climb up the steps and are one and all congratulated. Race after race is over, and won—by someone, and the scores mount up. The diving contest begins. Splash! and a would-be diver disappears. Well for him, perhaps, that he does not hear the groan that greets his display. The afternoon passes by and the grand totals are read out:—

1. Dingoes.    2. Wombats.    3. Possums.    4. Koalas.

Cheers from the Dingoes, groans from the Koalas. And our carnival is over. 'Tis too late to say what you might have done, the goal, or literally the splash, is kicked and the strongest have won.

With proud superiority the Dingoes leave the baths. With humble determination the Koalas dwindle away. All over, our carnival, and the dull routine of life must commence again.

#### SWIMMING RESULTS, Nov. 1921—March 1922.

	Boys	Girls
Bronze Medallion	14	4
Senior Certificate	11	1
Junior Certificate	27	11
Learnt to Swim	36	31

#### Medallion Winners.

- |                        |                 |                  |
|------------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Margaret Reilly.    | 7. K. Barty.    | 13. J. Laray.    |
| 2. Evelyn Johnson.     | 8. H. Bartlett. | 14. W. McKenry.  |
| 3. Hazel Crossley.     | 9. B. Currie.   | 15. E. Raymond.  |
| 4. Florence Underwood. | 10. W. Graham.  | 16. H. Rantman.  |
| 5. L. Amiet.           | 11. K. Harvey.  | 17. W. Nicholls. |
| 6. A. Bolt.            | 12. S. Hosken.  | 18. H. McLeod.   |

#### BOYS' SPORTS NOTES.

By "GYNIC" (A Form).

Our sporting successes of the season 1922 would not send one into raptures, it is true, but we had, as usual, an abundance of good sport, all thoroughly enjoyed. The one point about the season we must deplore is the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the great majority of the boys. The attendance at athletic training was, except when brought up to scratch by great efforts, very poor. The result was, as it always will be, that only the real enthusiasts and tryers succeeded. It is a point worth bearing in mind for 1923.

#### Cricket.

When we finished at the wrong end of the list in 1921, and lost at least 8 of our team, our hopes for 1922 were not bright. But the unexpected is half the glory of cricket, and, at the time of writing, we are at the top of the tree, and look like staying there. It was certainly a fine performance; due most probably to the strength of the junior element in the school, which, with the remainder of the senior team, made a fine blending. Our season lacked nothing in excitement: as our first match with Essendon at Essendon showed. Batting first, we did well to make 97: the total proved a little too much for Essendon, who at the call of time, were but one run behind, with two wickets to fall, the game being left drawn.

SCORES:—Williamstown 97 (R. Reed 68) v. Essendon 8 for 96 (McKinnon 48 not out. Bird 5 for 11, O'Brien 3 for 14). In our second match we proved too good for the weak Coburg bowling, and won with hardly a minute to spare, by six wickets.

SCORES :—Coburg 74 (Bardas 21 not out, Ball 3 for 14, R. Reed 3 for 10) v. Williamstown 75 for 4 wickets. (A. Reed 22 not out, M. Duncan 17 not out, R. Reed 19, J. Ball 13).

The beginning of the second half of the season was marked by a sensational victory over Coburg. Play being limited to 24 hours, our batting was rather slow, 71 being scored for 5 wickets. Coburg had less than an hour to bat, and despite their captain's vigorous play, and the fine defence of two younger lads, failed by 37 runs to reach our score, the last wicket falling at one minute to time.

SCORES :—Williamstown 5 for 71 (declared) (R. Reed 26, M. Duncan 19, W. Graham 8) v. Coburg 34 (Bowen 10, A. Bird 5 for 13, R. Reed 3 for 8).

Bird bowled very finely.

If we can now draw with or defeat Essendon, we shall win the premiership, and we feel confident of our ability to do so. As results show, we were very strong in batting, the average being just on 13 runs per wicket, but our bowling might have been better. Bird was our outstanding bowler, especially on the turf, but he lacked perhaps the ability to take punishment.

In connection with our cricket, one event must not be neglected—the coming of Mr. Woodfull to the school. His very fine performances make one certain that he will be an outstanding figure when the Lion comes here again to try conclusions with the now victorious Kangaroo.

#### Football.

One does not wish to dwell on our football season to any length. It is one record of defeat, brightened only by occasional flashes of brilliance, and the consistently fine play of Jack Ball, a coming champion, and a few others. Still there is no need to despair; there is no reason why we should not bring home the bacon next year with harder training and new talent.



J. BALL

Who carried off the Intermediate Cup in brilliant style at the Combined High School Sports at Geelong, November 1st, 1922.

We did well to give the premier Essendon team quite a fright on our own ground, and played a good game with Coburg away; but against Benalla we had the worst of luck possible, and failed but by three points: 7-4 to 6-7. We failed badly against Geelong twice, Essendon once, Shepparton and Footscray Technical School. Our weakness was full forward, our strength at full back and following. Mention must be made of Jack Ball, for all round excellence; W. Graham, for plucky and dashing back work; Roy Maynard for fine centre play; Reg. Coleman, for steady ruck play; and Roy O'Brien for his work half forward.

In passing one must not forget Ron. Reed, our captain, in football and cricket. He was absolutely the life of the football team and the deciding factor in our cricket matches. As a batsman he is the best in all the Metropolitan High Schools, and with 68 holds the High School record score. His batting average is 24, and in bowling he has taken 19 wickets at an average of 6.3.

## Athletics.

We met with but moderate success in athletics. The only runners of class in the school were Roy Maynard in senior events, Jack Ball and R. O'Brien in intermediate events, and Charles Palmer in the junior. Their successes both at the Exhibition and Geelong were as follows:—

ROY MAYNARD:—3rd, 100 yards senior (Exh.); 3rd, 440 yards senior (Exh.); 3rd, 440 yards senior (Geelong); equal 4th, high jump senior (Geelong).

JACK BALL:—3rd, 100 yards inter. (Exh.); 2nd, 110 yards inter. (Exh.); 1st, 220 yards inter. (Geelong); 1st, 220 yards inter. (Geelong); 2nd, 100 yards inter. (Geelong); 2nd, long jump inter. (Geelong); 3rd, high jump inter. (Geelong).

R. O'BRIEN:—3rd, long jump inter. (Exh.); 4th, 100 yards inter. (Geelong); 3rd, 440 yards inter. (Geelong); 4th, 220 yards inter. (Geelong).

C. PALMER:—3rd, 100 yards junior (Exh.); 2nd, 100 yards junior (Geelong); 2nd, 75 yards junior (Geelong).

All these boys thoroughly deserved their successes, as they trained hard for weeks before their events, and spared no efforts. The efforts of Jack Ball and R. O'Brien resulted in our carrying off the intermediate cup at Geelong, the first we have ever won in boys' events.

The boys wish to express thanks to Mr. Cameron for his unflinching interest in their efforts, and to Mr. Woodfull for his help in cricket circles, and to Mr. Johnson for his interest and assistance.

## BASKET BALL NOTES.

By ELSIE JOHNSON (A Form).

The W.H.S. has always been renowned for its Basket-Ball, but this year the team has had greater opportunities, which have been seized, and it has thus surpassed all previous records in bringing honor to the school.

The first match was played at Geelong, where an easy win (25 to 16 goals) gave us heart to tackle our next opponent, Coburg, whom we also defeated (17 to 4 goals). Then came the most eventful match of the season, against Essendon on their ground. For the first time in the history of the Association, our post as premiers of Basket-Ball was seriously challenged. However, the team rose splendidly to the occasion, and we left the field with a victory of 29 to 24 goals.

Such success in the first round encouraged us to enter hopefully into the second. Again, we were victorious in all three matches, thus gaining for the school for the year 1922, the premiership of the Association.



PREMIER BASKET BALL TEAM OF VICTORIAN HIGH SCHOOLS, 1922.

The only outside matches were played against Training College. In the first one, we played a scratch team, but nevertheless the team did splendidly, for the Training College won only by four goals. In the return match we were on our mettle, and a close game ensued. Eventually we were victorious. In the Junior Matches, we have not been so fortunate, for our dwarfs have not shown such efficiency as the giants of the other schools in the Association.

Then with mingled joy and trepidation, we (seniors) learnt that a Championship Match was to be played at the Jubilee Exhibition. We, being premiers of our district were entitled to enter, and by constant practice and rigorous training we felt fit to face the strongest opponent. We were pitted first against Dandenong on the University grounds, and although the day was rather dull and windy, we had an easy win, the scores being thirty goals to seven.

On the following day, we defeated Hamilton, fifty goals to eleven, and thus we were left to face Benalla, who a month before, in a friendly and close game had defeated us by six goals. So, on the closing day of the memorable Jubilee Exhibition, the all-important match commenced. The first quarter ended with a very close margin in favor of Williamstown team, but gradually our systematic play enabled us to gain a decided advantage over our rivals, and finally amid the cheers of the enthusiastic barrackers, the total score stood at thirty goals to twelve. We had achieved the goal of our ambition—we were the Champions of Victoria.

We realize that much of our success is due to the able training of Miss Smith, and we wish her to accept our sincerest expression of gratitude. Now, two of our most efficient players, including the captain of our team, have since left the school, but they carry with them our heartiest wishes for future success.

Thus the team's record has been, in all respects, remarkable, and we leave it to future representatives of W.I.S. to take care that the reputation of the Basket-Ball team shall remain as brilliant as in previous years.

### HOCKEY NOTES.

EDNA FRYER (A Form).

Although our hockey team is not far-famed, it is yet sufficiently illustrious to be given a place in "High Tide." Our team is the best we have had so far, but there is still room for much improvement. Some of the old "die hards" will be leaving this year, but we feel sure that some of the younger players will step into the breach, and uphold the traditions of the team. At present we occupy the position of runners-up in the Association, being defeated only by the invincible Essendonians. We heartily congratulate them on their success, both in our own Association and in the Ladies' Hockey.

Our first match, played against Geelong, resulted in a draw with one goal each, this being the third time we have tied with them. In our next match against Coburg, we were victorious with a score of 5--0 goals. When we met Essendon, however, we were defeated 2--0 goals, but we did not despair. When we again met Geelong, we defeated them 3--1 goals. Our next match against Coburg was a victory, though not as easy a one as the first, the scores being 2--1 goals. When we played Essendon again, they raised a score of 9--1 goals against, but we were quite proud of that one goal, it being the only goal hit against Essendon this year by an Association team. This match ended our Association contests. We played several outside matches during the year, one against the Training College, one against Shepparton High School, and another against Benalla. Of these we won the two latter. The whole team played well throughout the season, and may well be proud of their record.

### THE COMBINED SPORTS AT GEELONG.

LINAS ANDREWS (C Form).

"I'm only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree."

but I enjoyed the Combined Sports Meeting at Geelong with as much fervor as King Eagle, who tears at his prey.

All the pupils of all the represented High Schools streamed to the Sports Ground at Geelong, on November 1st, to see their representatives win or lose, according to their individual ability.

It made my little heart beat loudly and fast to see dozens and dozens of Williamstown High School Students, flaunting caps and bands and badges, and colors among their fellowmen. Another little bird had whispered to me that this school was a--oh no, that is slang--that this school is extra-ordinarily lucky with its sports. "But is it luck?" I ventured to ask, and he answered, "No, it is pluck." I stated fervently that I believed him.

There were girls' races, and boys' races, jumping, relay races, basketball passing, obstacle races, goal throwing; yet in nearly every case Williamstown had a good place. The girls' events were "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," especially when, for their pains, they received a lovely cup that would have made a beau-ti-ful bath for me.

I twittered with joy, and showed my appreciation in divers other fashions. To other sparrows I extolled all the triumphs and virtues of Williamstown High School, until they also applauded every win.

During one event, there was a handsome youth they called May Naed racing round the field: at another time, John Bull breezed in first. I had such a patriotic impulse at this signal British victory that I nearly choked with pride and a piece of bread.



J. BALL and R. O'BRIEN  
with their coveted Cup.

Then I watched with an appreciative eye all the old, familiar antics so inseparable from the time-honored obstacle race, and great was the applause when Edna Fryer—"A brainy A girl," I heard someone remark—danced in first.

"Hip, hip, horrah!" I called, except that it sounded like, "two, two, two-ee-ee!" My cries gathered volume (there were other sparrows to help) when triumphantly Williamstown bore three cups from the field. All honor to Williamstown!

So, when all the students, who were not students for one day, trailed happily home, collector of the wondrous events of the day, I tucked my little head under my wings and dreamt of a lovely silver bath, and the feast I would have on the morrow from all the titbits left behind by those jolly boys and girls.

Following is a list of the Cups brought home:—

"McNeillage Cup," Basket-Ball Championship; "Jona Cup," Girls' Aggregate; "Williamstown High School Adv. Council Cup," Boys' Intermediate Championship.

#### MOVING PICTURES.

J.C. (B Form).

A hundred years ago, the education of a gentleman was not considered complete until he had spent some time abroad in touring the principal capitals of Europe, and had thus acquired much savoir-faire. Nowadays, everyone, from a prince to a chimney-sweeper, can enjoy a tour far more extensive than that of any young blood of the last century, at an insignificant cost and in the space of a few hours. Sitting comfortably of an evening in a well-lit, well-ventilated hall, they can witness the wonders of the world, the snows of Switzerland, the mighty Niagara Falls, or the rugged highlands of Scotland. They may behold the grandeur of the sun rising from some solitary Alpine peak, and a few minutes later may see it setting behind the feathery palms and mirror-like lagoons of a South-Sea coral island. How is this? Why can we enjoy such grand privileges, which were denied to our forefathers? It has resulted from the invention of the moving picture. Great as the Renaissance in literature was, it is a small thing compared to the birth of the

cinematograph. The written word is indeed wonderful, but the pictured scene is more impressive.

This wonderful invention is of immense value to the world. What can be more didactic or influential? Its greatest value lies in the fact that it is open to all. The poorest in the community can afford to visit a picture show, and there is certainly no modern entertainment to equal it in popularity. No doubt the theatre is well-patronised, but only by a certain class of people, and picture shows are to be found in all suburbs, and their admission fee is far the cheaper. Thus its influence is able to penetrate everywhere.

It is an easeful pleasure to sit back and watch a story being dramatised, but it is not so simple when it has to be read, and the plot traced out for oneself. And then one can learn how people on the other side of the world live, what sports they play, how they dress, and their chief source of livelihood. Illimitable knowledge can be thus acquired.

But is the up-to-date moving picture using its instructive and influential powers in the highest sense? Is its influence of a purifying, uplifting kind? Are its films of a sensible and instructive character? Has it progressed in the right direction since its beginning? The modern picture show is not being put to its best use. It is a huge source of wealth, but also much evil. These films, suggestive and impure, should be condemned by a strict censor. It is owing to their influx that moving pictures are fast deteriorating.

Some reform is urgently needed. An invention like the moving picture, put to the use that it is at the present day, is doing more harm than good. Its degrading influence is felt more so in America than here as yet.

In the first place, a better class of picture should be encouraged—more intellectual and educational. Films of travel or history flash so rarely across the screen that they are comparable to oases in a very dry desert. The filming of good literature would also be very instructive and would imbue in the public a love for the better and higher things in life. Books like "The Mill on the Floss," "Lorna Doone," would adapt themselves well to the screen.

It would be a great acquisition in the schoolroom, especially for history and geography; also for general knowledge. A class could be shown over a rubber works, a paper factory, and bottle factory in one afternoon.

The motion picture would be a fine industry to encourage in Australia, providing it is developed on different lines from those in America. With carefully selected, and strictly censored films, it would be a great asset to Australia in her development into a great nation.

#### AN EX-STUDENT'S APPEAL.

By B.S.

When you, present student, are leaving the peaceful harbor of the Best School, on the high tide of youth and hope, you are not prone to think of what lies beyond the bar of final good-byes; but once out on the tempestuous sea of Life you are apt to think of that harbor and long to be able to return to its shelter. This is possible now only on the ship of Remembrance, launched by a company known as the Williamstown High School Ex-Students' Association. This company, formed by your predecessors, is calling anxiously for the assistance of you, now an ex-student, for it has rivals whose size and strength threaten to overshadow it; rivals against whom you fought valiantly and successfully in the harbor of the Best School.

Will you ignore the call or will you hold fast to the old spirit of rivalry and comradeship and lend your unwavering support in helping it to attain its ideals?

Help us to greatness and strength, so that more ships can be launched, carrying not only memories but cargoes of truth, honesty, help for the needy and all that goes to help us lead the life of service. Speaking plainly, when you leave school do not sever old friendships, but become an active worker for our Association. Bring along your new ideas, and help us build up a name worthy of the old school.

For further information, apply to Miss Evans.

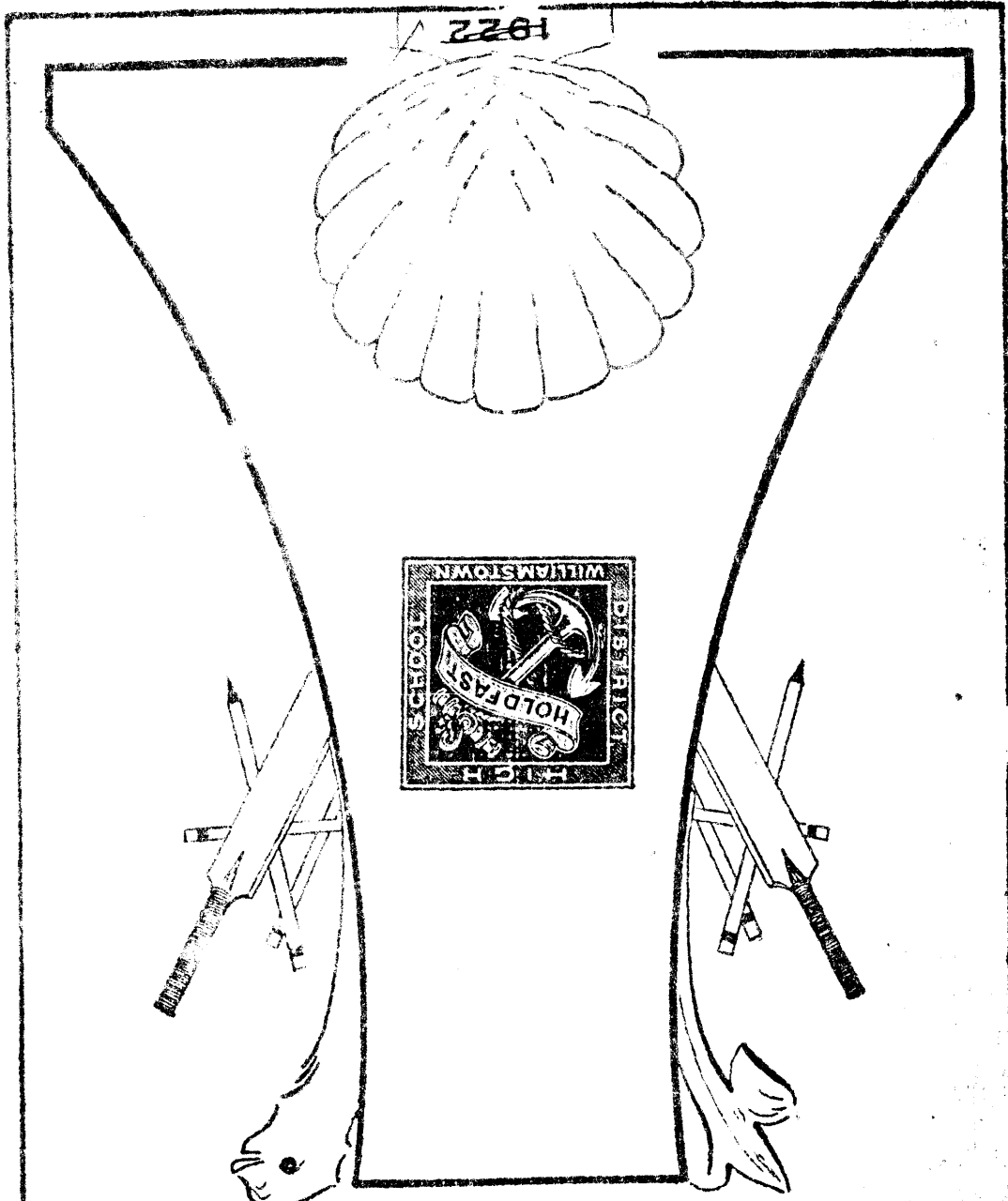
The Editor regrets that, owing to lack of space, many creditable articles had to be excluded from this issue.



1922

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

1922



**MIGHT TIDE**