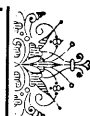


# HIGH TIDE



## PARENTS' COLUMN.

Concentrating on our long Scholarship list, our Public Examination results and the many fine positions our past pupils hold, we may feel truly proud of our school.

However, it is advisable at times to review the weak points in our institution.

Our first weakness at the present is the fact that so many pupils leave school before they have completed their course. I unhesitatingly say that in most cases it would have been better for the pupils, and certainly for the school, had they not entered.

A scheme has been tried in this District recently for completing the F and E Form work in the Primary School. I shall quote last year's figures, so that you may judge for yourself the efficacy of this method.

There were approximately 120 pupils in the Form E Central Classes during 1923, specially chosen for High School Courses. Of these, 37 entered the District High School, 7 left before the end of the present year, and approximately 10 will be in the Intermediate Form 1925. This means that some 8% of the E Forms of the Central Classes reach C Form standard. Those taken in from the VI. grade, although not at all satisfactory, show a much higher standard. Of the 1921 pupils from this grade, which corresponds to these E Form Central Classes of 1923, 30% reached the C Form.

We are, therefore, this year holding an Entrance Examination for the VI.th Grade pupils, and hope to select 90 thoroughly determined to reach, at least, the Intermediate Form.

Our Commercial Classes are now well established, and judging by the high standards reached this year, I am sure this branch will prove a great success and help to build a sound "top" to our school.

We have ten of our ex-pupils at the University, six of whom are following up the Teaching Profession.

A pleasing feature of the year's work has been the ready response to help those in distress. More than £20 has been handed over to the Children's Appeal, the Local Hospital and the Blind.

The school grounds are steadily improving. Our tennis courts make a fine addition, and the girls' pavilion, now in course of erection, will add beauty to the landscape and prove an effective shelter and comfort. The hearty thanks of the school are tendered to the ladies who assisted so splendidly at the combined Sports on October 30th.

HEAD MASTER.

## "JUST MATES."

By J.H.F.

It was break-up day at Elverston College, and Wallace Mortlake, Jack Selkirk, George Wigley and Ralph Cardiff, until now inseparables, were spending their last evening at the school. Reminiscences had been told, laments that they must leave had been made, and now, as the conversation lulled, Wallace, ever the brainy member of the quartet, alarmed his comrades by the singular remark—"If we were to meet here at Elverston ten years hence, I wonder what tales we'd have to tell!" The statement, strange as it may seem, bore fruit, for the lads, entering into the spirit of the thing, had soon made all necessary arrangements for a meeting at 8 p.m., December 21st, in the year 1934.....

Ten years had come and gone—Jack Selkirk owned a factory near Elverston, which at first had been a huge success, but now, because of lack of capital and the swindles of a rascally secretary, was in danger of having to close down. To say that this worried Jack is to put it mildly. The business was his life—he saw in it what it really could be made with an outlay of a few extra thousands—a flourishing concern.

Now, as he paced his room, he reflected that to-night his school chums would be with him. What could be the outcome of the meeting? How had those other three fared in the intervening years during which he had neither seen nor heard of them? The answer would soon be forthcoming, when, as they sat round the festive board that his wife, Stella, had prepared, the happenings of ten years would be remodelled into an hour-glass.

At six precisely the door-bell rang, and Stella, in a flutter of excitement, ran to answer the summons. As Jack had expected, Wallace Mortlake was the early arrival. Barely had they expressed the joy they felt at the reunion, when Stella re-entered with George Wigley in tow. "Wally, old man, I hear you hit it rich in America," was George's first remark, when they had settled down to wait for the youngest and

most wilful member, Ralph Cardiff. So, in an incredibly short space of time, histories had been exchanged, or nearly so, for Jack had been too proud to disclose that he was on the verge of ruin. It transpired that Wallace and George had prospered, and were already contemplating retirement.

During the narrations, furtive glances had from time to time been cast towards the clock, which by this time registered 1 minute to 8, and Ralph had not arrived. Jack, as host, was worried. Slowly he rose—"Boys, we must drink our toast without him. Ralph, headstrong Ralph, was never punctual—he has forgotten the day." The others rose, too, they lifted their glasses—then from the doorway came the words—softly and sadly—"Mates, I haven't forgotten either the day or the hour." The shock was electrical—immediately every eye was turned on Ralph. (He at least had not prospered. The well-worn clothes, the 'down-at-heel' appearance, testified to that). Mortlake and Wigley looked on aghast, but kind-hearted Jack welcomed him in and conducted him to his own study, where he placed before him a goodly repast. When Jack returned, each of his mates pushed forward a handsome cheque, which they instructed him to give Ralph. The derelicts' gratitude was evident in his smile, but he said—"It will go as all money goes with me. Book my passage to Canada. Invest the rest in your business for me." After consideration, Jack acquiesced, knowing as he did that Ralph's money would be soundly invested. Instantly Ralph rose and took a hasty departure. George and Wallace had already gone.....

It was nine a.m. on the 22nd of December. Three well-dressed young men met at Menzies' Hotel, Melbourne, prior to sailing for England. "The amateur theatricals did you some good, Ralph. Jack swallowed the whole gag. He was such a proud beggar that I knew he would not take charity." "Yes, Wallace," replied the one addressed as Ralph, "Your scheme, like those at school, worked perfectly, he did not suspect that I was even richer than you. Just thank our stars we met Jack's one-time secretary, and that he told us the true state of affairs."

"Oh! He'll be a business success now, never fear. And Ralph, you'd better keep up the deception, and let good, honest old Jack send you your remittance each year to my cousin's place at Montreal."



PREFECTS, A.B.C. and Cc. Forms, 1924.

Back Row, Left to Right—W. Young, B. Grieve, J. H. Fry (Senior Prefect), G. Thompson, M. Duncan, A. Reed.

Front Row, Left to Right—M. Clarke, J. Barrell, E. Hargreaves, M. Baird, Jessie Campbell (Senior Prefect) L. Brett, B. Harken, L. Woodgate.

## THE ORCHESTRAL SCORE.

By PRESTO (DE Form).

Sir Herbert Birchwood was in his garden. He was wealthy, exceedingly corpulent, and also a great musician. After walking for some minutes, which exertion occasioned great beads of perspiration to stand from his forehead, he sat his portly frame on the garden seat. He was thinking (a favourite pastime of his), but this time his thoughts were not upon the intricacies of Beethoven, or his Bach (he had a cold), or on his beautiful Fox Trot Triste for *very* full orchestra. No, he was thinking about what he would have for his dinner.

He was in the middle of a delicious imaginary course of pickled egg bouchees, when he was brought to earth by his son shouting, "Dad!" H. Birchwood waited no more, but turned and glared at his son, and said in a very pompous way, something like a grandfather about to lecture his grandson, "My boy, you have interrupted—ahem—I may say rudely interrupted the train of my meditations—I was deliberating on a matter requiring careful consideration and clearness of thought." "Sorry Dad, but dinner's ready." H. Birchwood brightened up.

Dinner over, he settled himself at his desk, and prepared to continue the writing of his new orchestral work. He looked at the manuscript. "Strange," he murmured. "These notes have no stems," and he began to laboriously affix stems to the said notes. He then ended the score with an enchanting little melody for the bass drum, and a most graceful run and trill for the bass violin.

"Ah, see the finished product of my handiwork," he twittered. "This child of my brain will be called 'Ode to a Blowfly.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

The Albert Hall was crowded. A tense silence fell on the audience as Sir Herbert Birchwood raised his baton, for was not this new work to be heard for the first time?

It began, a truly remarkable piece of workmanship, wonderfully orchestrated, and seemed to have that soothing effect that characterizes blowflies generally. But near the end—ugh!—there was a dismal succession of the most appalling sounds imaginable. Blowflies are bad, but if all the blowflies from here to infinity could have been gathered there that night, the noise could not have been worse.

There was about six bars of this, when it concluded. Of course everybody said that you must hear a great work twice before you can really judge it properly.

Herbert Birchwood was in a storm of rage and fury; he gnashed his teeth and glared at the score. "These notes are not mine!" he thundered. Then he remembered that they were the ones without stems. "Who the —?" he was about to exclaim, when he saw a dead blowfly, saturated in ink, near the inkstand.

It had crawled over the manuscript.

## JOURNEY'S END.

Are you calling in the morning,  
When the sun sends golden beams  
Over trees, whose leafy awning  
Filters sunlight o'er the flowers;  
O'er the dewy-sparkling bowers,  
When the earth with beauty teams?  
Is your voice the voice of pleasure  
For the sunrise, liquid treasure  
Poured from yon bird-throat in joyous measure?

Are you calling at the mid-day,  
When the woods are gay and bright;  
Calling while the feathered folk play,  
While the bees seek honeyed lip,  
Butterflies the gay flowers sip,  
Adding gaiety to light?  
Are your tones the tones of greeting,  
Bidding joy at sudden meeting,  
Calling while the busy hours are fleeting?

Are you calling from the sunset,  
From the heart of yon gold west,  
Or the wraith of misty cloud-net  
Settling on the tired brow  
Of the mountain? Is your vow  
Whispered at this hour of rest,  
By the breezes gently sighing,  
While the twilight hour is dying,  
Comforting the heart for comfort crying?

Are you calling when the moonlight  
 Silvers all the sleeping earth?  
 .....In the silence of the mid-night  
 You are calling, lonely now,  
 Thinking of that sacred vow.....  
 Dead is pleasure, fled all mirth,  
 Since you journeyed to the West,  
 Leaving nought but Love confessed—  
 Wait! For I am coming to the Land of Rest!

LINA P. ANDREW.

## NIGHT.

O, Night! I think, despite the golden beauty of thy rival, Day, thou art, in every way as fully beautiful as she. How could'st thou help but be? Thou, with thy shining eyes, thine air of mute surprise, as if the tropic moon a wonder were! Thou, whose quiet breathing doth but stir the tired palm-trees' drooping leaves, and gently weaves the heavy scent of tropic flowers into a dream of hours. Thou, whose tranquil soul makes Nature's night-songs roll—a murmurous anthem to the stars—whose jewelled garment sweeps the spars of glimmering vessels, white-winged, and still as Death. Thou, whose scented breath breaks the sleeping sea into a myriad sparks of starry fire, while He guards thee and thine from harm! O calm, exquisite calm! Like a soul's peace when doubt and torture cease, and perfect love returns.....

O, Night, thy stillness yearns o'er land and sea, as if a melody hath passed, and left a passion in the air, distilled, as if it dare not let a burning note of love e'en break the calm above, below, and everywhere. Why should'st thou care enough to give us this, O Night? An hour's respite from human nature's strife and weight of life! Night, thou art best—thou, with thy gift of rest, that brings us to ourselves, and deftly delves into our inmost mind, and lets us find just what we are, and what we ought to be. I take thy gifts before Dawn's curtain lifts, and tender up a thousand thanks to thee!

LINA P. ANDREW.

## "OH, HARVESTER NIGHT."

Oh, Harvester Night, with your crescent—scythe gold,  
 Who is the Master you're serving so bold?  
 A sweep of your sickle, and lo and behold!  
 Earth lies at your feet.

Oh, Harvester Night, with your sombre-dyed gown,  
 Reap ye the beauty of country and town?  
 Oh, why are you silent, and why do you frown  
 O'er work that is fleet?

O, Harvester Night, ere your sweeping scythe reaps  
 Poppies of sunset, the cornflower that peeps  
 Through purple cloud-pansies, and beauty that sleeps  
 In wheat-golden tints.

O, Harvester Night, while the cloud-flowers die  
 Under your sickle bright gleaming on high,  
 Why have you pity to wonder, and sigh,  
 With dewy-like hints?

In stars that are shining through hours dark and long,  
 With soft-sighing echo of far-away song,  
 Consoling the world with its harvest of wrong,  
 And singing of God!

LINA P. ANDREW.

## OUR TRIP TO COLAC.

By J. B. (B Form).

In mid September, '24  
 A Beau Brummel array,  
 Went riding down to Colac town  
 With bright silk sox and 'kerchiefs gay,  
 On friendly matches bent to play.

The Port Fairy Express, steaming on its journey one Friday evening last September, carried an unusual freight. This freight was not in the luggage van either, but in a specially-reserved carriage near the rear of the train. It consisted of some forty or so students from the Williamstown High School, the basket-ball,

hockey, and football teams, on their way to Colac, where they were to meet the Colac High School in friendly matches. The Williamstown teams had a lively trip down, and were met and welcomed by their Colac hosts and hostesses at the station. The remainder of Friday evening was spent in gathering the impressions of Colac by moonlight, or rather by electric light, as all the shops and streets were brilliantly lighted.

It was on the next day that the matches were to be played, so, early the next morning, both Williamstown and Colac students might have been seen wending their way to the Colac High School. Before lunch the Basket Ball match was played.

The wind being strong and fresh off the lake, made goaling especially difficult, but the scores 6—4 showed the Williamstown girls to be the winners. The tables were turned, however, in the afternoon, when the Colac girls defeated the Williamstown team in a well-contested game of hockey. This was a very hard match to score in—the wind saw to that—so, although the scores were 2 goals to 0, they do not truly represent the strength of the respective teams.

In the interval between the two matches the visiting teams were formally welcomed by the School Prefects, and generously entertained at lunch prepared in the Cookery School, under the able supervision of Miss Stuart, the Cookery Mistress.

Again, in the evening, the Colac people showed their hospitality by arranging a social for the students from both schools. During the evening, Mr. McCully, the Colac Principal, welcomed the visitors to Colac, and was duly thanked by Mr. Johnson, the Williamstown Principal.

After the speeches, the time passed very quickly—much too quickly—in games and dancing, as such things have a habit of doing.

That same evening, Miss McKay, the head mistress from Williamstown, who accompanied the girls, was welcomed back to Colac by the ex-students whom she had taught some years before, when stationed at the Colac High School.

The welcome took the form of a "Back to Childhood" social, where, it is rumored, the ex-students willingly became Miss McKay's pupils again.

On Sunday afternoon our generous entertainers arranged a trip to Red Rock, a peak in the Warrions, some 12 miles from the town. The girls were driven thither in private cars, and the boys in a large van, which, unfortunately, broke down just as the storm which had been threatening all day burst. From Red Rock a splendid panorama of the surrounding country was obtained. Lake Colac, near at hand, could be seen, as well as numerous crater lakes of unfathomable depths, 13 lakes in all being visible. Farther over was Lake Corangamite, the largest lake in Australia, being ninety miles in circumference. The 'animal touch' was given to the landscape by 'Mt. Elephant,' which looked, away in the distance, like a mammoth elephant, lying down with trunk outstretched.



RED ROCK. LAKE CORANGAMITE IN THE DISTANCE.

Yet this trip to the Warriors was by no means the last of the treats prepared for the visitors from Williamstown.

On Monday morning, both schools paid a visit to the Colac Butter Factory, one of the largest in Victoria. They spent a very instructive and interesting time there, personally inspecting all the churns, refrigerators, the laboratory, the great vats of cream, and all the different steps in the process of making ideal butter.

This was quite a new experience for most of the Williamstown folk, the nearest approach to a butter factory in their district being soap and candle works, so many were reluctant to leave it to prepare for the afternoon Football Match.

The match was played in the Show Grounds, and was watched by crowds of enthusiastic onlookers from both schools.

Williamstown played well, but they were not a match for the Colac team, some of whom have the honor of being in the town football team.

We all hope to do better when we meet Colac on our own grounds. The scores at this match were—Colac, 5 goals 13 behinds; Williamstown, 1 goal 7 behinds.

That evening saw the Williamstown teams on the Port Fairy express once more, this time returning from a delightful week-end at Colac, where they enjoyed themselves to the utmost. They left, only to hope to be able to return the hospitality shown them when the Colac teams come to Williamstown.

### SOCIAL ACTIVITIES, 1924.

By E. H. and G. F.

Amid the thunderings of the school piano "the three weird sisters" enter, and thus begins the first performance of the Debating and Dramatic Society, which has given us so many enjoyable Friday afternoon entertainments. Their first success was the very impressive portrayal of the Witches' Scenes from "Macbeth." The outstanding figure of this day was undoubtedly the hero, Macbeth, ably portrayed by our renowned and versatile Robert Shaw.

This successful effort was followed by an equally successful effort in another direction, namely; a debate upon the question, ever-troublesome to scholars, "Are Examinations a Fair Trial?" It was unanimously voted that they were not, despite the positive proofs of the affirmative side, championed by our demagogue, Robert Shaw, to the contrary. This decision was confirmed by Mr. MacNeece, when he afterwards commented upon the debate.

The A & B students having given proof of their genius in these directions, the C form students now determined to show that they were able to do what the A and B students could do.

Their first effort, the portrayal of the "Trial Scene" from the "Merchant of Venice," convinced the school of their ability. Miss Enid Smith made an admirable Shylock, whilst Miss Lena Woodgate was given ample scope to prove her power, in the part of Portia. Great applause was the merited reward of this effort.

Not being satisfied with having brilliantly demonstrated their ability to act, the "C" students next meeting gave us positive proof of their power to debate, even upon the topic of the moment, "Trams v. Buses." Mr. Collman, the adjudicator, gave the crown of victory to the "Buses."

The next entertainment was one of a different nature, and it took the form of a Lecture upon "Wireless," by one of our wireless devotees, Brian Grieve. It was very interesting and highly instructive, but all too short. Our versatile Robert Shaw, in an admirable manner, gave a fine peroration to Grieve's oration. Finally, we left the room groaning beneath our burden—the mysteries of Wireless.

There were other events of great interest, which gave the participants much joy, but these were not happenings at school. They were fleeting visits to the busy world outside.

The first of these visits was the visit to the Williamstown Dockyards, to view the dismantling of the submarines. It was only select members of the illustrious A and B form that participated in this joy of becoming more familiar with deep sea navigation. After having seen the interior of one of these crafts, with all its mechanical arrangements in such small space, it was the opinion of all the company that life in a submarine was not to be preferred to one on land. The torpedo tubes proved to be the centre of attraction, but even they could not reconcile the illustrious A and B formers to a life on the ocean wave, so, mounting, ever mounting, they returned to land once more.

The next visit was one which the whole School paid to the City of Melbourne, for, on the 20th June, we journeyed thither to hear Dr. Steffanson lecture on the Arctic Regions. The audience was rather surprised to learn that few Eskimos had ever seen a snow house; that certain plant and animal life abounded in the far north, and that the Polar regions were not the coldest places on the earth. In fact there are places in Canada and Alaska where the average winter temperature is 50° below that of the coldest place in the Arctic regions. Again, it was the lantern slides that enhanced the interest of this lecture, which was all too short for everybody.

The last visit was one which only those striving to solve the riddles of chemistry were able to enjoy. This was a visit to Cuming, Smith's Chemical Works, where some of the important principles of chemistry, which cause the average student many hours of laborious toil to master, are used in the commercial world. The main product manufactured here is the very important and valuable sulphuric acid. This is, however, not the only product, for the superphosphates and other inorganic acids are also manufactured here. After being shown around, the party collected specimens of sulphur, superphosphate and phosphate rocks, which they bore off in triumph as a witness of one of their most delightful visits to the commercial world.

The first, and perhaps the best, of our social activities was a graphic lecture, by Mr. Collman, on his tour round the world in 1923. For a few hours we viewed the picturesque scenery of the world, including magnificent buildings of many climes; gorgeous snowcapped mountain scenery, especially of the Alps in Switzerland, and vast expanses of the rolling deep. What interested and amused the students most was the extraordinary customs of the inhabitants of other countries. It was these lantern slides, taken from photographs which Mr. Collman had taken during his tour, which made the lecture so highly interesting and at the same time instructive.

During the interval between this lecture and the next social event, a Dramatic and Debating Society was formed. It is to this Society we owe most of our enjoyable social hour periods.

#### EX-STUDENTS' COLUMN.

By "SURF."

The engagements of Queenie and Bay Anthony, Gladys Conabere, Doris Pile, and Lina Andrew have been announced during the year. We congratulate these young ladies, and hope Mr. Johnson will see fit to instal their names on the empty Honor Board.

"Liz" Tayton, Bob Murphy, Edna Fryer, Ron Reed, Linda Tassell, Gwen Evans, Marie Stewart, and Gladys Mielke, are doing their time at the T.T.C. Rosco Maynard, Ron Reed and Edna Fryer passed for first year science in 1923. Linda Tassell, 1st year Arts with honors. "Los" Meehan, from his country school at Mt. Eccles, says he hopes he has a town school before his second childhood.

Jim Ravenscroft likes his country school. It's so simple. Just set a few problems for the class and go to sleep.

Ena Lemmon ought to know something of Portfolios and Education.

Johnny Mabbitt wants to encourage Ex-Students to "Eat More Fruit." He has a citrus farm up Mildura way.

"Tubby" Ockley knows the latest about explosive mixtures. This joker has won a Senior Technical Scholarship.

"Andy" Banks has just got the "water co-efficient" in his emulsions and nerve tonics down to a fine art. He must be an accomplished chemist.

Leo Morrissey hopes soon to be looking for briefs among Ex-Students. Look out if you don't pay your subs.

If you want your appendix removed, don't go to R.B.M. Like dances and theatres, he simply can't "cut 'em out."

"Go-ly" Anderson's favourite haunt is the Beach. His favourite song is "Love's Golden Dream."

Ernie Barrie says the Grampians is an excellent spot for a banker's holiday. Evidently Nature played no pranks.

"Freddy" Balaam can still tell yarns. If he pulls teeth as well, he warrants our patronage.

We didn't win the Ex-Students' Race at the Combined Sports—"Sippy" was scratched.

Bert Sutton and "Bernie" have been playing great football this year. Accept our congratulations!

Gladys Conabere had her B.Sc. conferred this year. T. Brewer is now a fully-fledged chemist. F. Hemple, B.Sc., has at last realized his ambition. He is a chemist in The B. H. Pty. Ltd., Newcastle.

Ron Reed is wielding this season the Wood Full well. A promising Colt.

We wish our fellow ex-students the compliments of the coming season, and the present students the success they deserve in the "publics."

#### "THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH ARE LONG, LONG THOUGHTS."

By J.S.C.

'Tis a summer evening. As we sit on the sands we see the sun sink beyond the sea. The great red ball of fire drops suddenly behind the distant horizon. The gold-crimson of the sunset clouds pales to a soft blue-gray as the twilight deepens. Then, in her swift gray sandals, comes Night—Night "with her train of stars." One by one her myriad eyes open, until the whole dome of heaven seems to wink and blink at us.

Slowly the moon rises beyond the tree-clad cliffs, and begins her nightly journey across the star-spangled heavens. The still silence of the darkening Night is broken only by the slow wash of the waves on the silvered sands, or the lap of the water on the rocks.

One by one, lights begin to twinkle like fireflies on the dark bosom of the water, from a few lonely fisher-boats going forth to their nightly vigil.

As we gaze in pensive mood, at the wide expanse of dim sea, ghosts of the past rise up and confront us. Memory brings back visions of childhood, and we live again the old, happy days. How proud we were when we entered that great training ground for life, our school! How our hearts throbbed with joy, when we carried home in triumph our first report book, and received the due reward for "coming in the first four." We remember old jokes. How we accidentally lost a drawing pin, which somehow found its way on to somebody's seat, much to his discomfiture and sorrow. What an important addition to our reputation when we were chosen in a Sports' Team, and took our first long trip.

Our thoughts drift to the present, but, ugh!—the thought of coming exams is not at all pleasant, so we turn to the future. What will be our part in the great battle of Life? Shall we, as Browning, be baffled to fight better, sleep to wake? or shall we sink 'neath the strain? We make firm resolutions to do the duty that lies nearest us, and determine to "strive and thrive, cry Speed, fight on, fare ever" in the coming struggle.

The soft light of the ever-climbing moon sheds across the dark waves a scintillating pathway, which opens at our feet, as opens our new life in the future—dimly, mistily, yet beckoning.

We gaze on with dream-filled eyes, seeing visions of the future. We see our fondest hopes coming to fruition. We see the realization of our wildest dreams. All "we will, or hope, or dream of good" comes into existence. Suddenly, from the "House on the Cliff" comes the sound of a gramophone. The raucous notes of "Yes! we have no Bananas," breaks in on our dreams. The visions fade, and the spell of tranquil silence is broken. We come back from the clouds to the knowledge that the tide is rising and that the wind blows cold. With a dreary sigh, we rise, and wend our weary way homeward, realising the vanity of dreams compared with the gripping realities and duties of the present.

#### THE COMBINED SPORTS—Held at Williamstown, 1924.

"Day  
Faster and more fast  
O'er night's brim day boils at last."

How many eager High School Students awaited the dawning of the day on which the Combined Sports were to be held at Williamstown. The morning showed promise, but unfortunately, a storm blew up early in the afternoon, and marred the enjoyment of the spectators to some extent. Neither rain nor biting winds, however, could damp the enthusiasm of the athletes who were striving to uphold the honor of their respective schools.

Six schools in all were represented, Melbourne "A" and Melbourne "Z" schools having entered the Association this year.

Williamstown won back some of its lost laurels at this meeting, for we carried off two cups and one shield, and were only defeated for another cup by one point.

Our idol, Eddy Arthur, carried all before him in the Intermediate events, and, as he was ably seconded by Reed, Duncan and Grimshaw, we easily carried off the Intermediate Cup.

The Junior boys, among whom A. Parker, L. Hill, and C. Hicks were prominent, also had a day out, and emulated the Intermediate boys, by winning the Junior Cup.

We met with but little success in the Senior events, this being due probably to the fact that our school contains very few senior boys as compared to the number other schools can furnish. The combined victories in the Intermediate and Junior sections, however, enabled us to carry off the Grand Aggregate Shield, which, by the way, we have never held before.

Our girls performed finely, and were only beaten by one point for the much-coveted Jona Cup. If resolutions count for anything, the Jona Cup will certainly be ours next year.

M. Riley, E. Addison, and R. Scully were our best stayers in the foot races, while in the Basket Ball Goal Throwing, L. Davies and M. Swallow achieved success.

Another feature of this meeting was the Old Boys' Race. R. Maynard was our representative, and he was beaten only after a "ding-dong" go.

At the conclusion of the events, the Mayor of Williamstown (Councillor Liston) presented the various cups and shields won by the different schools. Sustained cheering greeted the school representatives as they stepped forward to receive the well-earned trophies.



Presentations over, all wended homewards, some chattering gaily of how they won, others, less fortunate, telling how they might have won.

W.H.S. is indeed to be complimented on its fine victories this year, and we are now looking hopefully forward to the next Sports Meeting, when we intend to "Hold Fast" to all we have won, and also to bring home more trophies.

The following is a list of trophies won by the different schools :—

(1). Essendon High School girls won the Tennis, Hockey, Basketball and Rounders Competitions for the Inter-school Matches during 1924.

(2). Coburg High School won the Junior Football Cup.

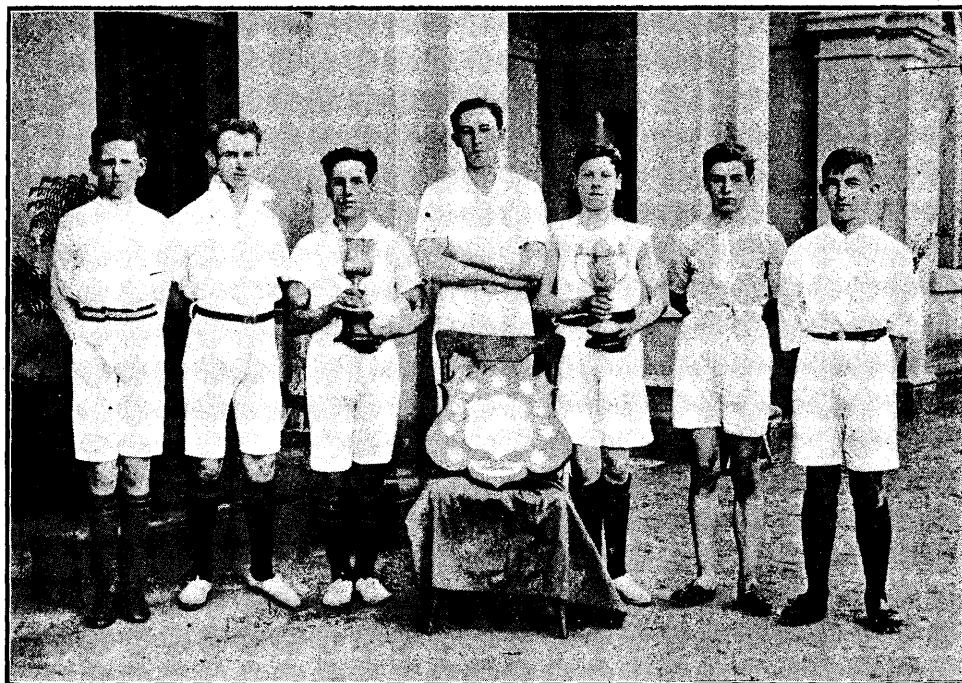
(3). University High School won the Senior Football Cup.

(4). Essendon High School girls won the Athletic Championship (Jona Cup), beating the W.H.S. girls by 28 to 27 points.

(5). Melbourne "A" and Essendon High School tied for first place in the Senior Championship.

(6). W.H.S. won the Junior and Intermediate Championships Cups, as well as the Aggregate Shield.

—B.J.G.



WINNERS OF EVENTS, COMBINED SPORTS, 1924.

Reading from Left to Right—F. Howard, M. Duncan, E. Arthur, A. Reed, C. Hicks, A. Parker, L. Hill.

#### GROUP SPORTS.

By L. BRETT ("A" Form).

It has been said that 'variety is the spice of life,' but to use the words of the poet, or the prophet or the philosopher, or whoever created them, 'I beg to differ.' Sport is the spice of life, or at least the spice of education. You men of letters, you sigh, you frown, you deplore my depreciation of that almighty subject, Education, which being so almighty and so absorbing requires no spice or incentive. Ah! how little you know of life—you, who have not tasted the joys of Sport; you, who have not awakened on a sun-shining morning and sprung up with a bound at the thought that this was the day of the long-expected, the all-important group sports. I say you, meaning the literate of the world. But alas! I must add, neither have we, for it always rains, is never "sun-shining," never at all inspiring. Excuse my cynicism, but my nature is being hardened by the continual dampness of our sports' days. However, in spite of the inclemency of the elements, as they say in newspapers,

we made these, the fourth annual sports, an unqualified success. The four groups were there in goodly array, the Koalas, the Possums, the Dingoes, and the Wombats, all smiling and confident, their gay blue, yellow, red and green ribbons fluttering in the chilly sea-breeze.

And now the races commence; down the tracks charge the runners—no trifling now; this is the real thing, and it is a matter of immense importance which group wins. So along fly the runners, through the tape, headlong into a crowd of cheering people, who pick them up, slap them on the back, and yell something unintelligible in their ears. So, all the flat races are either lost or won. Then come the flag races, simultaneously much noise. What a hearty groan greets the runner who drops his flag, but what a lusty yell greets the runner who dashes in a triumphant first. Then come the —, but we must pause, and rush to the trees for shelter, like true Koalas and Possums and the rest, for shelter from a passing deluge. At last it's over. Now for the basketball events. Basketballs are passed along with feverish haste, or are dropped, to an accompaniment of ill-concealed grief, the much-practised event is over in a fraction of a minute, but, "oh, the hours we spent with thee, dear ball."

And so the sports go on. At last, everything is over, all conflicts waged and the totals are read out; Koalas, first! Do you remember those days when the Koalas were always last? Ah, verily, "the last shall be first," and the Koalas have now come into their own. Possums, second; Dingoes, third; Wombats, fourth.

So ends the Group Sports' Contest.

And then I remember another combat between the Animals—a combat for supremacy of the seas, this time, when the battle-ground was a fifty yard square expanse of shining green water, when only the gaily-decorated heads of the combatants were visible to the cheering crowd that hung perilously from verandahs and posts and railings. Ah! that was a great day, too, you learned men, who know not the joys of sport, a day to be remembered, when the Wombats swam in first, with the panting Koalas a close second, the Possums third and the Dingoes fourth.

And no less exciting were those sports matches that we held during the winter, the Football Matches, when the champion kicker was a small wiry Koala with a blue bow tied about his neck; the Basket Ball Matches, when a blue-eyed Koala crawled up the post and pushed in the much-needed goals; the Hockey matches, when the ball, well-directed by the stick of a green-eyed Wombat, shot through the posts; the Rounder Matches, when a red-faced, though yellow hearted (metaphorically speaking) Possum, circled round and round the field and fell an exhausted and triumphant winner. The fate of the Cricket and Tennis Contests is still hidden in the future, and with it the fate of the well-coveted Parker Cup (although it is rumored that the Koalas are winning so far); yet no one can tell, and many miracles have been wrought ere this; however, let the best man or rather, animal, win, and let it be known that he who scampers down the aisle to receive the Cup will have the congratulations of all.

#### SWIMMING RESULTS.

	Girls.	Boys
LEARNED TO SWIM .. .. .	40	64
JUNIOR CERTIFICATES .. .. .	30	45
SENIOR CERTIFICATES .. .. .	23	21
BRONZE MEDALLIONS .. .. .	4	10

GIRLS—Jereena Kondeja, Jean Milne, Dorothy Melrose, Kathleen Ogden.

BOYS—Thomas Cater, Charles Duke, Brian Grieve, Edward Johnson, Arthur Millard, Donald Miller, Chas. Morris, Robert Spink, George Wilby, Sydney Van Pelt.

#### EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1923.

##### Junior Scholarships—

GIRLS—Evelyn James, Hazel Thomas, Lena Woodgate.

BOYS—Ronald Bult, Barclay Jamieson.

##### "Teaching" Scholarships—

GIRLS—Enid Smith, Alice Stitt.

BOYS—Dudley Stewart.

##### Intermediate Certificates—

GIRLS—Edna Addison, Joyce Barrell, Annie Comben, Louise Davis, Daisy Glew, Mattie Margreaves, Edna Hawkesford, Ella Major, Isabel Morris, Linda Ray, Margaret Reilly, Doris Reveleigh, Edna Richardson, Margorie Swallow, Nellie Walsh, Grace Young, Annie Engblom.

BOYS—Louis Amiet, George Calcutt, Richard Chapman, Bernard Curry, Thomas Curtain, Norman Hick, Reginald McLachlan, John McLachlan, Ed. McLaughlin, Malcolm Mohr, Phillip Powell, Athol Reed, Wm. Serpless, Robt. Shaw, Robt. Spink, Norman Trace, Melton Underwood.

##### Leaving Certificates (Pass)—

GIRLS—Lina Andrew, Lillian Brett, Ellen Hargreaves, Beryl Harkin.

BOYS—Frank Cahill, John Faichney, Brian Grieve, Sydney Van Pelt.

## Leaving Certificates (Honors)—

## GIRLS—

Jessie Campbell	..	Eng. (2)	Hist. (2)	French (3)
Joyce Campbell	..	Eng. (1)	Hist. (2)	French (3)
Alice Incoll	..	Eng. (1)	Hist. (1)	French (3)
Evelyn Johnson	..	Eng. (2)	Hist. (3)	Algebra (pass)

## BOYS—

Harry Fry	..	Eng. (3)	Alg. (3)	Chem. (pass)
George Thompson	..	Eng. (pass)	Alg. (3)	Chem. (3)
Allan Stewart	..	Hist. (1)	Alg. (2)	Chem. (2)

## Senior Scholarships—

GIRLS—Alice Incoll.

BOYS—Allan Stewart.

## MY SEA VOYAGE.

By SQUIRMY (D Form).

With a boatman I got pally,  
 I proposed a trip to Calais,  
 And to take me for a voyage he agreed.  
 We embarked upon the ocean,  
 And we couldn't feel a motion,  
 For the sea was smooth and placid as could be.  
 But when more than half-way over,  
 A strong wind lashed the water into spray—  
 It was something more than breezy;  
 I began to feel uneasy,  
 And almost wished that I had stayed at home.  
 I began to feel fainthearted,  
 And to wish I'd never started,  
 But the boatman sat as stolid as could be.  
 For he felt serenely happy;  
 Like a wise and thoughtful chappie,  
 He hadn't had a hearty meal like me.  
 I can feel the queer sensation  
 And the sense of desperation.  
 And the swamping and the splashing even now.  
 I'll ne'er tell the direful story,  
 Tho' I live till old and hoary,  
 And they'll never make a sailorman of me.

## JUST "A" FORM BOYS.

We in A Form are the patriarchs of the school. For the benefit, however, of those who may be inclined to take the statement too literally, let us say that we are neither white-haired nor very serious-looking. There are only three of us, and between us we manage to get as much fun out of school life as the rest.

How well all of us remember the day we made toffee in the Chem. lab. While experimenting with sugar, it occurred to the brainy member of our coterie that toffee would be rather nice. No sooner said than done. The toffee, however, was somewhat sticky, and we were all suffering from lockjaw when we saw R.D.C. strolling over to the lab. Two of us beat a hasty retreat, leaving our brainy man to deal with the situation. He, of course, was badly handicapped, as he couldn't speak.

There is also another joke connected with glucose. Glucose is a delectable sugary substance, sticky to the Nth degree. It is supposed to be used in chem. reactions, but some students seem to think it should be put to another use. Of course, we did not, as someone suggested, ask them to shake hands with us when they had finished.

Everybody knows about the H<sub>2</sub>S episode, and they have reason to.

At other times we amuse ourselves by making up chemical rhymes, as,—

"Little Willie's left this world,

His face we'll see no more—

For what he took for H<sub>2</sub>O was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>."

or— "A subtle odor of H<sub>2</sub>S came stealing thro' the room,

It seemed to us that 'wet way' tests were rather in the boom."

The Pass Class is our pet abomination. The impudence of its members passes all human understanding. Just lately they even had the cheek to burn sulphur in the chem. room, and then to lock us in. The result was rather prejudicial to our dignity, for, as you may imagine, the spectacle of three bleary-eyed, gasping, coughing, sneezing Prefects does not conduce to respect. Anyway, the onlookers did not spare their risible muscles. Ah, well! a chance to retaliate will come sooner or later, and then it will be our turn to laugh.

Our favorite diversion in the English period (especially when there's a Wallace Test on) is to start an argument. This dodge has been passed down to us from time immemorial, and we have now reason to believe what even the teachers themselves in days gone by have practised it, for, though we often argue to within ten minutes of the bell, invariably the teacher, with a smile, says sweetly, "Now we'll have our Wallace Test." After that, there is much inward groaning and gnashing of teeth.

In Physics period, to escape the importunities of our friends the formulas, we sometimes try to imitate "The Lotos Eaters." Sad to relate, however, our Physics teacher is a second Ulysses, and gives us no rest. Thus we have even reason to bless the inspired idiots, who sometimes spill ink on the floor, and have to put chlorinated lime on it. This gives us a pretext for organizing a great trek to "the regions mild of calm and serene air," more conducive to the study of Physics.

Speaking of treks, it is time for us to sing our swan-song here, and pass on into the ocean of life. So let us pass.

—B.J.G.

"THE LITTLE CLOUD,"

By F. FAWCETT (Fl.)

Fleecy little cloudlet,  
Floating through the sky,  
Often have I watched you  
Cast your shadows by.

Where you drop so gently  
Springs the grass so green,  
Changes all the landscape  
To a prettier scene.

When you mass together,  
Dark and fierce and strong,  
Children on the home-road,  
Hurry fast along.

CONUNDRUMS.

(J.C. & H.F.)

Who can account for the great increase in the sale of badges since our trip to Colac?

When is an honor-board not an honor board? See suggestion in Ex-students' column.

Can anyone name the brilliant and versatile student who has been accused of taking up everybody's time in the Algebra period?

Of course, a report-book recording four A's is intended for a school ad., and should be left in the train. Who dares gainsay that?

Who had an unexpected bath in Lake Colac?

Was not the appearance in "The Sun" of a photograph of the "C" Form girls and the mention of "flappers" hero-worship a revelation to many?

Someone says the Koalas won the Cricket and Football because they have the best swimmers and duck-divers. Is this a reflection on our school grounds?

Query—

1. Why is Sarah a Singer?
2. Where are Elsie Downs?
3. Why is Hazel Thomas?
4. Why is Joyce a Barrell?
5. Why was Olga Hirt?

Answers—

1. Because Eric's a Bird.
2. At the foot of Leslie Hill.
3. Because Evelyn is James.
4. Because George is a Bell.
5. Because Stone fell on her.



F. OWEN, Cc.

The Swimming Season has commenced. Nov., 1924.

Could any sight be more inspiring than the sight of the eager "C" boys filling the ink-wells, cleaning the board, and opening the windows early on a Monday morning? Chorus of treble voices:—"A and B boys can beat C boys hands down at the game."

What F<sub>2</sub> girl recently won the "Order of Valour" for resuscitating a baby frog—the latest addition to the weird and wonderful Room 13 "Querium"?

## HOWLERS.

G.W. and J.R. (C Form).

Heard in the Chem. Room:—

1. What is Plumbago?  
Plumbago is a disease which I do not quite understand, but my grandpa suffers with it.
2. Give a definition of Mercury?  
Mercury is a watery metal often seen in Aneroid barometers.
3. What is Phosphine?  
Phosphine is a weird odor given off by fish in a state of senile decay
4. What is an Acid?  
Any ass' ud know that.
5. What is a Retort?  
A sound heard when a gun is fired.

In the Physics Room:—

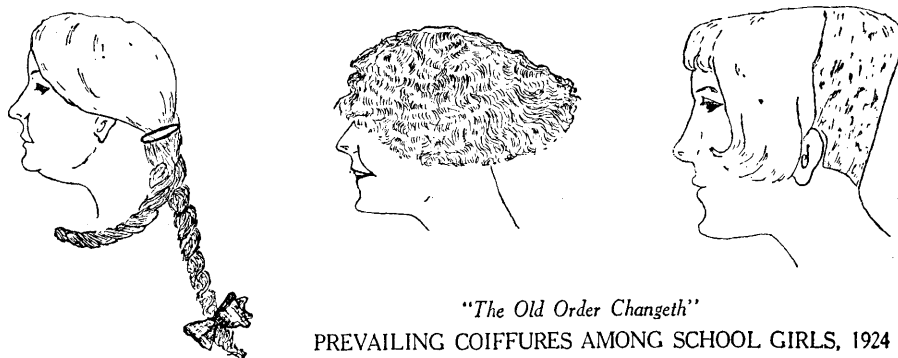
6. Give a definition of Hydrostatics?  
A man gets Hydrostatics when he is bitten by a mad dog.
7. What is a good conductor?  
A good conductor is a tram-man who does not want a tip.

In Geog. Class:—

8. Where is the Bosphorus?  
In a bottle of water in the Chem. lab.
9. What is Florence noted for?  
Her habit of carrying a lamp.

English Class:—

10. Give adjectives from cat and ox.  
Catty and bovril.



"The Old Order Changeth"

PREVAILING COIFFURES AMONG SCHOOL GIRLS, 1924

F. OWEN.

## "THE STUFF OF WHICH DREAMS ARE MADE."

L. BRETT (A Form).

Bang! I sat up suddenly in bed and listened silently to a stone that was rolling slowly down the roof; I was still silent when it reached the edge, paused, then fell with a dull thud into my much-treasured plot of begonias; however, as it reached its destination, my silence departed, and I said "bother," or its equivalent. Out in the street, the shouts and songs of a party of roysterers told their own tale, and I vowed eternal vengeance on them. However, the begonias were irrevocably shattered, and meanwhile I desired sleep. But it was not to be so. My nocturnal disturbers were feeling musical, and I was destined to be tormented for what seemed an eternity, but the haunting refrain of the "chef-d'œuvre"—

"Isn't it heavenly, uncle,  
Up in an aeroplane?"

I never once heard uncle reply, though he was interrogated with untiring energy for many hours. At last, I did sleep, but oh! such a sleep! Aeroplanes! they

were as numerous as moths on a hot summer evening—innumerable; they darted here and there with suicidal speed, avoiding collision by a miracle. Great shining things they were, loaded with bored-looking passengers; others even larger, packed high with furniture, were lumbering slowly along, subject to many knocks from smaller, faster travelling crafts, which were inevitably labelled with the well-known device, "Thomas Thompkins, family butcher; Bertie Baxter, baker" and so on.

Occasionally, I caught a glimpse of a gleaming well-fitted machine (a possession of the aristocracy) which glided through the disturbed air with all the grace of a swallow.

As for me, I stood amazed, speechless and gasping. Where was I? Amid this bustle, this whirring din, I was lost. I brought my gaze to earth, but rest or even quiet seemed to have no place in this strange universe. Ah! "Stewart Dawsons," I read; I felt a sudden affection for the place, for this jeweller's at least assured me that I was in Melbourne, and could take a yellow taxi, and be home in a few minutes. Ah, well, I would go. I certainly couldn't stand this much longer, I would become deaf or mad. Well, now for a yellow-taxi. I moved forward, was pushed over in the gutter, straight on to the bonnet of a passing motor car, which was tearing at a terrific speed up Collins Street. The occupants did not notice or were indifferent to my position astride their car, for they didn't even slow down. Now, one cannot retain such a position for long, and I soon found myself gliding, with more speed than grace, on to the road. Crash! I had landed, hatless, tieless, breathless. I was still breathless when I reached the pavement, and sat down to recuperate and watch the aeroplanes. "Tua mau fan Sohs," said a voice behind me, and simultaneously I was dragged to my feet and found myself gazing into the stern eyes of a be-helmeted gentleman. "Ye gods," I muttered, and I think I must have swooned. I'm sure I had cause to, for the next thing I remember was sitting up in bed listening to the 7.30 a.m. factory whistles.

So it had been a dream. I had spent the best part of a belated night, dipping into the future, and seeing a new Melbourne, with an overhead commerce, with a terrific traffic, but worst of all with a new language. Then the cause of such a dream came back to me, and I hastened outside to ascertain the amount of damage done to my poor begonias, and to mutter unchristianlike wishes, about the welfare of their destroyers.

#### THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MEDICINE.

E.J.G.

In this short article an attempt will be made to make an aeroplane flight of the progress of Medicine through the Ages—to obtain a sweeping panoramic view of the whole field—to show the slow evolution from primitive man, with his healing gods and disease demons, to the highly-organised scientific knowledge of the present medical specialist—to keep in mind the golden thread running throughout the history of the world—consecutive and continuous, the Truth conceived by noble minds, the work of the best men throughout the Ages.

For long centuries, to be learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians meant the possession of all knowledge. As in the contemporary civilisation of Mesopotamia the physician evolved from the priest, and though skilled in the art of magic, he had a knowledge of emetics, purgatives, and diuretics; though credited with a rich pharmacopœia, he for centuries enjoyed a great reputation mainly on his ability to prescribe successfully dried insects and powdered snakes.

Passing now into the company of men who first dared to look on Nature with the clear eyes of the mind—men who, like Shelley in this wilderness of harmony, saw the orbs

"Immutably fulfilling  
Eternal Nature's Law,"

who thought

"The world was thine to read, and having read,  
Before thy children's eyes thou didst outspread  
The fruitful page of knowledge, all the wealth  
Of wisdom, all her plenty for their bread."

With these people, the Greeks, philosophy and medicine went hand in hand; and nowhere is this union better marked than in the famous Hippocratic oath—the acme of professional morality—which for twenty-five centuries has been the "credo" of the medical profession. Great men, the master minds of the time, all imbued with the same ideal of service to humanity, have bequeathed to succeeding generations:—sound methods of investigation, important facts concerning the mind and circulation of the blood, and the principles of cleanliness and medical etiquette.

The succeeding thousand years were hard times for Medicine—the light of learning burnt low, flickered almost to extinction. Christianity had introduced new ideals and motives into the lives of men, the Roman Empire had been shattered, and the

Plague of the sixth century had desolated the whole Roman world. During these revolutionary years, the Monasteries kept alight the lamp of ancient learning; but later, Universities sprang up at Bologna, Salerno, Paris and Oxford, only, however, to follow and accept slavishly the facts and theories of the Greeks.

Soon a new spirit of enquiry seemed to enter men's minds; men, aroused from their mental lethargy, desired to sip of the well of accurate knowledge, were anxious to light their torches afresh from the Grecian lamps, and to cast these invigorating rays into the recesses of the old illogical theories and the antiquated methods of research. "De Humani Corporis Fabrica" of Vesalius represents the full flower of the Renaissance, and shook the medical world to its foundation. This movement spread to Britain, and entangled John Hunter, of small-pox fame, and Bright, the discoverer of dropsy, in its meshwork; it extended into France, and found a noble exponent in Pasteur, the great son of the Republic, who, through the medium of Lister, was to confer one of the greatest boons ever conferred on humanity—aseptic surgery; and took root in Italy itself, where Benivieni first performed a tracheotomy, and first conducted a post-mortem to find the cause of death.

With the new technique and experimental methods, the discovery of specific germs of the more important acute infections followed each other with bewildering rapidity—typhoid, diphtheria, cholera, tetanus, plague, pneumonia, and most important of all, tuberculosis. It is not too much to say that the demonstration by Koch of the "bacillus tuberculosis" (1882) is, in its far-reaching results, one of the most momentous discoveries ever made.

Following in the wake of these discoveries, malaria, yellow fever, dysentery, sleeping sickness, dread diseases of mankind—acknowledged the supremacy of medical science; and stout Cortez may now, with his roving eagle eye, leave the peak of Darien and traverse the Isthmus of Panama without fear of plague or deadly fever.

My aeroplane is moving on. What has the future in store? We know little of what remains to be known! Great victories have yet to be won against the deadly enemies of human fate! With Tennyson we cry,  
"Ever Onward."

#### GROUP RESULTS, 1924.

	DINGOES	KOALAS	POSSUMS	WOMBATS
Swimming (Boys)	28½	41½	39	43
Swimming (Girls)	11	37	18	56
Football .. ..	15	60	15	15
Hockey .. ..	10	20	—	40
Basket Ball .. ..	10	40	10	10
Rounders .. ..	23	23	23	—
Tennis (Boys) .. ..	—	—	—	—
Tennis (Girls) .. ..	—	—	—	—
Athletics (Boys) .. ..	51½	81½	46½	46½
Athletics (Girls) .. ..	29	29	47	20
Cricket .. ..	—	—	—	—
Progressive Scores	178	332	198½	230½
TOTAL 1923 .. ..	283	314	255½	171½

Although tennis and cricket have still to be decided, the Parker Cup will be won by Koalas.

#### BOYS' SPORT, 1924.

By ROVER.

**Cricket**—At the beginning of the year we were defeated at cricket by Essendon, and drew with Coburg—playing time proving all too short. Several players having left school during the winter months, it was with a weakened team we were defeated by Coburg. The return of the vice-captain strengthened our team against Essendon, so that a fine game resulted.

W.H.S.—55 (Duncan 12, McLeod 8 N.O.)

E.H.S.—7 wickets for 57 (Reed 2 for 23, Grimshaw 3 for 21, Duncan 1 for 4).

W.H.S.—83 (Cahill 28, Duncan 17).

C.H.S.—8 for 40 (Reed 2 for 10, Grimshaw 5 for 13, Duncan 1 for 9).

W.H.S.—3 for 51 (Fry 23 N.O., Reed 10).

E.H.S.—7 for 101 dec. (Duncan 1 for 7, Reed 2 for 37, Fry 2 for 32, McKenzie 2 for 18).

W.H.S.—79 (Duncan 23, W. Thomson 27 N.O., Serpless 20).

C.H.S.—4 for 86 (Reed 2 for 30, Duncan 1 for 18, McKenzie 1 for 11).

**Football.**—A slight improvement on last year was made, as we managed to defeat Coburg by 10 pts. The side put up a good performance against Geelong (5 pts. loss), and Melbourne A team (3 goals loss). The Essendon, Melb. Z, and University teams had little difficulty in mastering us. We were generally a smaller and lighter side, but possessed several promising juniors who should do well next year.

**Athletics.**—For the first year in the history of the School, a complete triumph in athletics has come to the boys, three of the four possible trophies being annexed. "Eddy" Arthur was particularly brilliant, gaining 1st place in 100 yds, 220 yds and 440 yds.

A photo. elsewhere includes all the boys who gained points for the School.

#### GIRLS' SPORT, 1924.

By ANTI-CLIMAX.

Five wins we scored at Basket Ball,  
At Hockey only one;  
The same fate Rounders did befall,  
Our Tennis stars had none.

#### WORTH WHILE !

Worth while ! A phrase as time-honored as the English language itself. Let us do honor to this sabre cut of Saxon speech by reflecting on just a few matters that, assuredly, are worth while.

Suppose our circumstances are irksome and adverse. It's worth while to make the very best of them, and even, Paul-like, "to glory in adversity," for whether we are master or slave to circumstance depends upon ourselves. Think of the Helen Kellers, the war heroes with shattered bodies, who have not only played their part on life's stage, cheerfully, but whose noble fortitude has also proved an inspiration to many a flagging spirit. We, with our health and strength, have much reason to cloud the air with our selfish complainings ! Let us, at least, "consume our own smoke."

Then, it's worth while giving some thought to the irrevocable and far-reaching character of our words and actions. Whittier has well said :—

"Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds,  
You cannot do that when you're flying words;  
Thoughts, unexpressed, may fall back dead,  
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

Why not pause before we let fly that barbed shaft intended to make our victim writhe ? But, we object, why should not the triumph of scathing scorn be ours when the punishment is deserved ? But is it worth while to keep our own wound green, and may not our point of view be somewhat awry ? It is wise to adjust our perspective of things, to see always with the eye of sweet reasonableness, to close our ears to slander, and to put the most charitable construction on the other persons' motive. Is heart-burning, is quickness at taking offence, worth while ? Why not see the humour in the situation. On the other hand, it is worth while to pretend that that attractive outing, that long-anticipated social function, is a matter of indifference. "The little unremembered acts of kindness and of love" are worth while.

Again, all the Solomons of all the ages would agree with us that the cultivation of a right use of leisure is worth while. Have we a taste for the finest things in our glorious literature, an earnest appreciation of the Book of Books ? We may be scrupulous where food for the body is concerned, but are we as discriminating where mind food is in question ?

We'll not dispute that it's worth while putting 100 per cent. of enthusiasm and faithfulness—like the Chinese potter in the old story—into our play-time and our work-time.

Wise old George Herbert bequeaths us the following worth-while advice :—

"Sum up, at night, what thou hast done by day ; and, in the morning, what thou hast to do.

Dress and undress thy soul. Mark the decay, and growth of it. If with thy watch, that too be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be most surely judged, make thy accounts agree."

These stray thoughts will justify themselves if we, more determinedly in our walk and conversation are influenced only by what is worth while.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

We are gratified that the articles forwarded for this issue are more representative of the school than has been the case in former editions, but it is to be regretted that several forms, notably the Es, still show little interest. Several articles excluded from this issue may be inserted in the 1925 "High Tide."—The EDITOR.

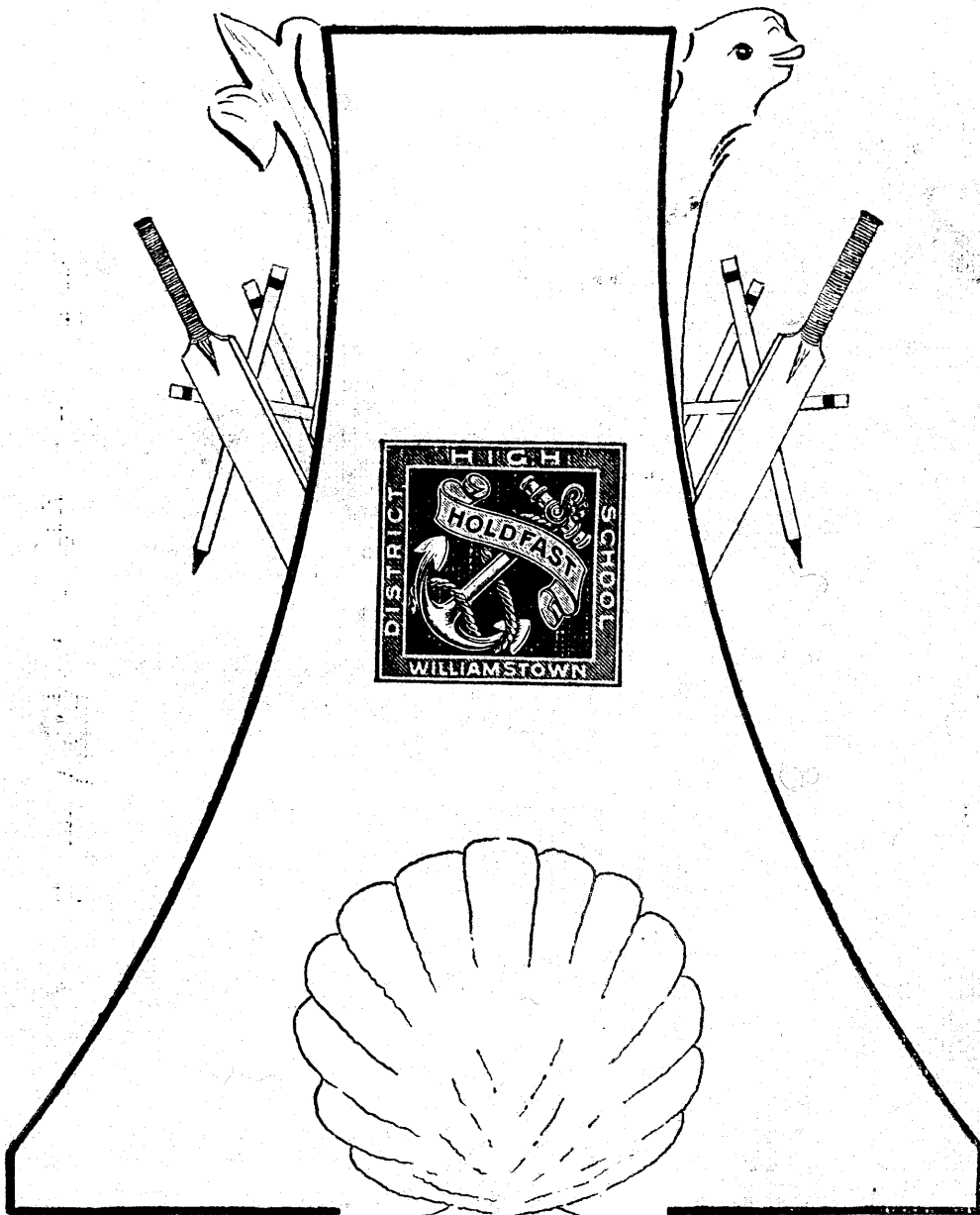
The Editor wishes all his readers the best of holidays, and to those about to find fresh woods and pastures new, a career of happy service, "holding fast" to that which is good.



Les Hill  
46 Belfin St  
Newport



# HIGH TIDE



1924