

HIGH TIDE

MR. JOHNSON'S LEAVE.

After some ten years' able and strenuous service as Head Master of the W.I.S., Mr. Johnson was obliged, on account of ill-health, to take leave for an indefinite period from last May.

Mr. A. Rossiter, B.Sc., has been Acting Head Master during Mr. Johnson's absence, filling in a thoroughly capable manner a difficult position.

Mr. Johnson paid the school a flying visit during October, interesting the staff greatly in graphic descriptions of his trip to Northern N.S.W. Java and Japan will probably be his objectives in the near future.

All interested trust that in due time our Head Master's health will be so perfectly restored, that he will feel capable of once more taking into his hands the reins of government at the W.I.S.

A REVERIE.

ANONYMOUS ("A" Form).

"The Heavens declare the Glory of God."

Who has not, during some idle hour, fallen to musing upon the heavens, so beautiful and so varied in their aspects, "mutable as the sea." The wonders to be found there, even by the most casual student of these pageants of the sky are infinite.

Perhaps it is a warm spring day. Light, diaphanous clouds, rendered almost transparent by the brightness of the sun, float in a delicate lacey network, iridescent by these broad and genial rays, while the whole scene is rendered a thousand times more beautiful by the soft blue background of the sky itself. But how different does this blue appear on a summer's day. Now, not a cloud can be seen, while the sky is one vast dome of vivid, intense, living azure, with the blazing sun reigning supreme in the centre.

But the possibilities of beauty which present themselves are boundless. It may be a typical autumn day, with a brisk breeze blowing. Huge, piled, massy cloud formations litter the sky, a multitude of serried shapes standing out snowy-white, sharply defined, against the blue, so tender and so soft, so unlike that of a summer sky. Impelled by the wind, these elephantine masses seem literally to chase one another, forming and reforming in shapes of inexhaustible variety. For a moment, a tall castle rears its stately dome to the topmost heaven—an instant later it falls, to give place to a rolling, foaming sea of cloudy billows—ever moving, never resting, a limitless, heaving mass of tumultuous, vapory forms.

In winter, the charm is still felt. What joy is it to see, amidst the driving rain, the dark, rough and rugged shapes of the nimbus clouds, stretching out ragged tentacles, as though to clutch and feel before hurling themselves one upon the other, with insatiable fury to devour. And the whole scene lit up momentarily by a blinding flash of lightning, while far off in the west, the dying sun incarnadines the sky with the death-blood of another day, imparting to it a lurid glow and grandeur, which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

All this is the glory granted by day. At night it is equally beautiful, with, indeed, a hallowed, an added delight which can be felt rather than described. The old joy in beauty is still here; the round, yellow moon, large and low, "rising in clouded majesty at length" upon a sleeping, silent world, can rival any of the wonders of the day. The huge black field of heaven, sown with its myriads of twinkling lights, with the Venus star standing out like some great jewel over all, can find no counterpart amidst all the countless creations of the light. But, gazing up in silence at such times, we feel more than a purely aesthetic delight. A sense of mystery and awe steals upon us, and into our beings there creeps the profoundest melancholy. Sudden, the immensity of the universe and all the riddle of our life and existence rush upon us with tremendous force. The depth of meaning in such lines as Arnold's—

"The night in its silence, the stars in their calm."

all at once comes home to us, and we realise the full extent of their quiet, inevitable beauty. For a moment, we have been with the eternal. But that is all. The next, filled with undefinable sadness and terror, we turn away, to say with Pascal—

"The eternal silence of these infinite spaces fills me with fear."

SONNET—THE GREATER GIFT.

ANONYMOUS ("A" Form).

Eternal Night, dark radiant Queen of splendour,
 Who countless orbs unfoldeth to the view,
 Do not all men bow down to thee, and render
 That homage to thy beauty which is due?

The mystic moon, white, cold and dazzling, blazes
 Her pathway through the dark, infinite blue,
 Touching the clinging, misty, flocculent hazes
 Of clouds, with tender, soft ethereal hue.

Such glorious visions of delight men owe,
 And willingly acknowledge thee, fair Night;
 But thy soft bosom holds a charm they know,
 More potent even than the loveliest sight.

For, when with Day the strife and turmoil cease,
 Thou bring'st to them serenity and peace.

SONNET—TO KEATS.

ANONYMOUS ("A" Form).

After reading his "Ode to a Nightingale."

Sad, soft-eyed master of the magic word,
 Whose voice in lulling lyrics moves along,
 Singing, in haunting cadences, a song
 Sweeter than any Attic Greece e'en heard,
 Or those of that drab, melancholy bird
 Which he invoked, far from the noisy throng,
 Sitting in stilly quiet, when his strong
 Pacan of gladness burst from him, and stirr'd
 His inmost being. So it stirs us now,
 Listeners to those immortal words of praise
 From forth those glowing lips of thine, O Keats.
 Still, hearing them, yet quicker our pulse beats
 With wonder at thy soft, melodious lays,
 Purest in beauty, like thine own calm brow.



Senior Prefects, W.H.S., 1924.

Head Prefect (girls) Hazel Thomas, (boys) Harry Powell.

ALPHABETICAL THOUGHTS OF "C" FORM.

By E. F., E. H., B. C., C. H.

"C" Form's Poetical Quartet.

- A stands for Alison, more often called Jean,
Our honored form captain this year she has been.
- B is for Barbour, at Latin so bright,
Though we think that his homework must take him all night.
- C is for "C" Form, the pride of the school,
Our modesty's not an exception to rule.
- D is for Douglas, whose first name is Max,
Though he's called "Maximilian" by our teacher of maths.
- E equals Edgar, with unruly hair,
But to tax him with this is more than we dare.
- F for our Form room, with pictures so gay,
And figures that stay on the blackboard all day.
- G's for our girls, who number but nine,
But though they are few, they are great ones to shine.
- H is for Hedges, our Jaques melancholy,
Who thought Touchstone's love so much mere senseless folly.
- I's for the Ignorance feigned by the boys,
When a teacher enquires, "Who's making that noise?"
- J is for Johnny, who's always so late,
To write twenty-five lines seems ever his fate.
- K equals Kitty, so skilled at debate,
To become an M.P. may it not be her fate.
- L is for Liston, the son of the Mayor,
Resembling a convict, if judged by his hair.
- M's Charlie Morris, who as Touchstone wins fame,
He marries poor Audrey, but it's all in the game.
- N's for the Noise which goes on in the class,
When our history results proclaim we have passed.
- O is for Olga, whose surname is Hirt,
But unlike certain girls, she isn't a flirt.
- P's for our Pride in Ted Johnson, you know,
Who did well at sports but a short time ago.
- Q is the Quality shown in our work,
And Quantity, too -that's if we don't shirk.
- R's for the Road that leads to Success,
Till we get to the end, we'll stick it, I guess.
- S is for "Snowy," that's not his real name,
But that doesn't matter, he isn't to blame.
- T is for Tulloch, that's all we can say,
Nothing worthy of note having yet come our way.
- U are the people we're trying to please,
Don't tire of us yet, for there's five more of these.
- V's for the Victory at which we'll arrive
When we finish these; there, that's one of the five.
- W's for Williams, so meek and so mild,
It would do one's heart good to see him get wild.
- X for X-citement, which no one can quench
Once having started a lesson in French.
- Y in the world was this letter invented,
At present our thoughts vainly round it are centered.
- Z stands for Zwar, at sport not a don,
But the future will make him an artist anon.

PUZZLED.

(ANONYMOUS, by Special Request).

We, Gog and Magog, two very innocent little boys, have been directed to W.H.S. to find certain teachers, good kind souls, by description. In our predicament, we ask readers of "High Tide" to help us. The following are the questions we wish to ask:—"Who is the burly teacher who enters the class-room, preferably room ten, waving an enormous handkerchief and roaring in a voice even Stentor might have envied. "Who has been cleaning the board at this absurd hour? I believe you do it on purpose. You wait till I cross the quadrangle and then you begin. Throw open the windows! This dust is enough to choke one! Phew-ew."

Again, somewhere in this establishment is a lady teacher who awakens her somnambulant class by suddenly crying, "If you would only look as if you were taking a little interest in the lesson, instead of looking like a lot of stuffed owls! Please ask questions if you don't understand!" The class springs to attention.

Another of the gentler, weaker is a word that has gone for ever, sex quite sincerely, or what appears to be sincerely, says to her class as she hustles into the room, "Well, how are you getting on with your Syntax? I am sure you enjoy Wallace."

This lady is also credited with saying to a harassed pupil as he gallops his ill-learned poetry, "Please do not murder it, and on no account improve on Milton. He was quite good enough."

Some drill-master tunelessly begs his squad to "Left foot forward on the toe place. Hop three times, then change to the right." This to a squad of husky and indignant five foot-sixers, who ask, **should** boys have folk dances?

A certain teacher daily says to a frivolous and exasperating class, "Boy! Take that idiotic grin off your face! Try and look sensible! Any more laughing and you'll stay after four!" and the class fairly roars as an obstinate kiss-curl slips over his eye.

Every Thursday, somebody, name unknown, warns us that "Anybody coming late from this on will take twenty-five lines of prose to be shown next day. Anybody failing to do so will have his imposition doubled," and the guilty tremble fearfully.

Another man teacher whom we are anxious to track down, comes next on our list. For obvious reasons this teacher is irreverently known as "Hat-pin." He is seemingly afraid that the mid-day sun might addle the brains of his hopeful pupils, or even add a few extra inches to his normal six feet six, for he regularly keeps his form in at lunch time.

A teacher whom we are dying to see is described thus: Short and dapper, fair, rather handsome, with a very determined frown ever upon his manly brow. Very fond of chemistry. Often stays to the "wee sma' hours of the morning" doing experiments. (It might be as well to note that the "wee sma' hours" are between five and six in the evening.) He is reputed to be French, and has a great habit of saying "Oui! Oui!"

Now just as the baby keeps the best cake to the last, so have we kept the best teacher till last. This lady teacher, though we have never seen her, Gog and I have fallen in love with already. This amiable lady couches all her commands in terms of endearment, such as, "Don't press on your pencil, dear," or "Don't use your rubber so often, darling." Gog and I are not used to this, our teachers are very hard and matter of fact, so that already we feel a crinkly sensation up and down the backbone. By the way, in answering this, do you say, "Certainly, darling"?

Yours, greatly perplexed,

GOG AND MAGOG.

HAT REGULATION.

During the winter months, the W.H.S. girls will be required to wear the black cloth Molly-o Hat with woven badges.

Since last May, this hat has been in vogue and has given entire satisfaction.

The Summer hat for 1926 will be the navy-lined white straw, with school ribbon and badge.

Full costume regulations are obtainable at the office.

NYAH—AN IRRIGATION SETTLEMENT ON THE MURRAY.

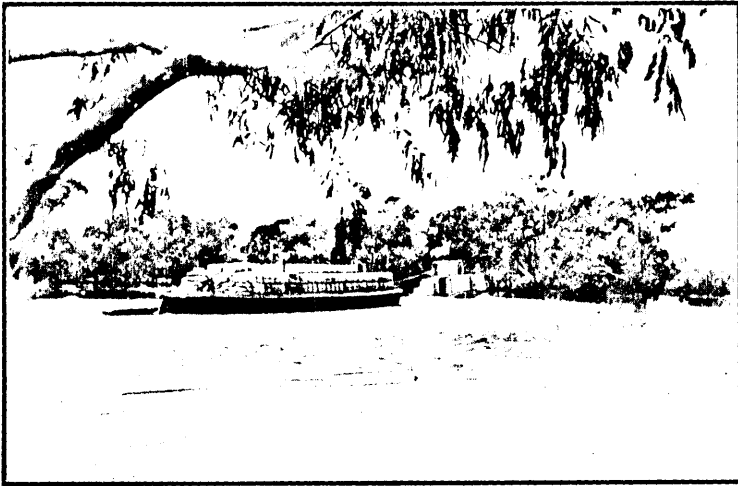
(BY E.C. DE FORM).

A few years ago, when "Nyah" was mentioned, people generally asked in surprise, "Where is Nyah?" Perhaps it is an unknown name to many of you, so I must ask you to follow the main North-West railway line from Melbourne, through Bendigo, Kerang and Swan Hill, on to Nyah for a distance of 232 miles. The Railway Station is at Nyah West, but it is in the old settlement at Nyah, two miles distant, that we are interested.

About thirty years ago, all this country was thickly covered with Murray-pine, Belar and Mallee scrub—a dwarf species of eucalypt—with gigantic roots, which are the source of the fuel so greatly in demand for our winter fires.

A few sheep grazed over hundreds of acres. How great a change a few years have wrought! The Crown resumed the land, and divided it into 50 acre allotments. Those who took up these had the usual hard work and small reward of the pioneer. A few only of the original settlers held on through the long years of drought, till, in 1909, the Government began the long-promised irrigation work, which has transformed the old sheep-runs into a beautiful, prosperous settlement.

Picture, if you can, Victoria's greatest river flowing peacefully between banks shaded by magnificent red gums. Where it makes a great bend, there stands the pumping plant, which is like a beneficent giant, working with the river to enrich the thirsty land and help it to bring forth abundantly, the rich harvests of purple and golden grapes, luscious oranges, and other fruits. This pumping plant will lift in 24 hours sufficient water to cover 100 acres 12 inches deep.



Steamer, with wool from Western Riverina, passing Nyah en route to Echuca.

V. Robins, Nyah, Photo.

The water is delivered through a steel pipe 3 ft. 6 ins. in diameter to a concrete pipe 4 ft. in diameter, to a main channel 80 feet above summer level of the river. Thence it is distributed to the allotments by means of concrete channels and pipe lines. There are 31 miles of this channelling in the settlement, and a further 250 miles, to convey water for stock and domestic purposes to the towns which stretch out like a fan from Nyah, at an average distance of 30 miles.

This giant consumes between 7000 and 8000 tons of red gum (obtained from the local forest) yearly, at a cost of about £3,600.

That irrigation is worth while is demonstrated by the fact that one allotment was sold at £120 per acre, and £250 and £300 per acre is not an unusual price for land in full bearing. (One block of 200 orange trees, 10 years old, has yielded an average of 1100 cases yearly.)

One great feature of Nyah is the beautiful Recreation Reserve surrounded by the great gums, which doubtless looked down upon many an aborigine corroboree ages before white men set foot in Australia. Some trees show the scars whence the native bark canoes were cut. Here and there are "blackfellows' ovens," and within the bounds of the school ground, on the rise, are the graves of some aboriginals killed in tribal warfare, while a few miles away, on the Tyntynder Station, is the grave of Mr. Beveridge, the last white man slain by the blacks.

The Sports held in the Recreation Reserve on New Year's Day attract people from places 70 and 80 miles away. Some 1000 people gather, many to picnic on the river and others to contest for the £200 given in prizes. One can pass on the punt to N.S.W., where good shooting is obtained. There is a movement on hand to have a cross country railway with a bridge across the river at Nyah.

The business places and Soldiers' Club Rooms face the river, while the three churches, S. School and Hall are on the high land behind. Then, over the undulating land, one sees the red-tiled houses, nestling amongst the groves of dark green orange trees, laden to the ground with golden fruit, or among the trellised vines, with their wealth of luscious fruit.

Thus the once neglected Mallee has proved to be a land "flowing with milk and honey," and Nyah oranges, lemons and sultanas are becoming famous, even beyond the bounds of Australia.

THE VISIT OF THE AMERICAN FLEET, JULY, 1925

(G. WILBY, "B" Form.)

"Ironclad warriors of the ocean, how ye ride the crested main,
And pierce the sullen mist out o'er the bay;
How ye rear your grim, grey towers o'er the ever-heaving brine,
And thrash the emerald waters into spray,
Defenders of a nation, who more dauntless than your sons?
With hearts of steel so staunch, so true, so brave,
The nations well may tremble at the thunder of your guns
That keep your proud flag flying o'er the wave." (C.Z.)

On Thursday, the 23rd July, 1925, an event eagerly anticipated by both young and old, took place. The American Fleet arrived. Let us picture the arrival.

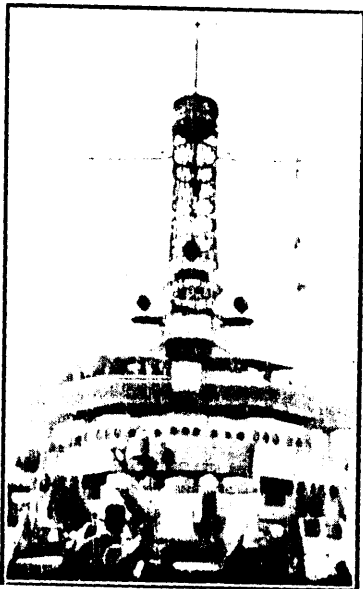
Lining the shore all round the Bay are crowds eager to see the majestic arrival of so great a number of ships—ships fraught with pent-up strength and power. As the long, grey men-o'-war slide silently up the channel, the ominous rain-clouds hang heavily over the awed spectators, while the heavy swell rolls sullenly in.

The Bay is crowded with tiny boats bobbing and bowing in silent homage to the great symbols of a mighty nation. Over-head, in ever-widening circles, the seaplanes wheel their droning flight. Leading the fleet is the flag-ship, "U.S.S. Seattle," in which Admiral Coontz, whose mind controls the fleet, holds his court. The fighting ships are long and slim, with that curious alertness about them which one notices in the attitude of a trained athlete as he faces the start. They are painted grimly grey, and, like great sleuth hounds, they lie low on the water. Grimming from the steel-plated sides, we see the smaller guns, while on the deck, the monsters stand sentinel. The great black-mawed instruments of ruin and destruction point menacingly on Melbourne. Above the decks are reared the tall trellis-like fighting masts. At the stern flies the Stars and Stripes. The sun shines from behind a cloud, and everywhere we look we see battleships riding majestically at anchor.

Slowly, this welcoming scene fades from our view, and in its place comes the acrid smoke of battle and the heaving battle-maddened war-ships. At the guns, the gunners are working feverishly. The shell is rammed home. A flash of fire. An awful crash, and the shell whines on its message of destruction. The air is full of the crash of guns, while the decks are blood-slippery. A torpedo skims its way toward us with almost human cunning. "Full speed ahead!" is the bellowed order. "Too late! An awful grinding crash as it strikes us. The ship reels like a drunken thing.

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Aroused at this moment from our painful reverie by the polite but urgent request of a camera-friend to "Get out of the light, can't yer!" we wend our way back to our homes, full of enthusiasm to do our utmost in Melbourne's warm welcome to our "big brothers from America."



Fighting Mast of the "Seattle."



Jessie Campbell,

Head Prefect, 1924, Winner of Senior Scholarship.

1924 EXAMINATION RESULTS.**Senior Scholarships**—Jessie Campbell, G. Thompson.**Secondary Studentship (T.T.C.)**—Joyce Campbell.**Free Place**—H. Fry.**Junior Scholarships**—Ella Fry, N. Faichney, Olga Hirt, C. Morris (4th Pl.), Joyce Pretty (1st Pl.), J. Rodda, Jean Shaw (2nd Pl.), I. Tulloch, G. Wilby, J. Simons.**Teaching Scholarships**—Bessie Comben, S. Falla, Ethel Homewood (1st Pl.), A. Howes (3rd Pl.), H. McDonald, H. Williams.**Leaving Certificate Honors**—L. Brett—Eng. 113, Fren. 113, Drg. 113; M. Baird—Eng. 113, Hist. 113; J. Campbell—Eng. 112, Hist. 111, Fren. 112; E. Hargreaves—Eng. 113, Drg. 111; H. Fry—Eng. 113, Phys. P, Chem. P, 113, Alg. P; B. Grievy—Eng. P, Phys. P, Chem. P; G. Thompson—Eng. 113, Alg. 112, Phys. 113, Chem. 112; R. Shaw—Eng. 112, Fren. 112.**Leaving Certificate Pass**—J. Barrell, M. Reilly, R. Chapman, H. Powell, H. Robinson, R. Shaw, R. Spink.**Intermediate Certificate**—J. McK. Cameron, G. Dripps, B. Foley, E. Fry, G. Homewood, E. James, I. Jenkins, G. Reeves, M. Rothwell, M. Spencer, E. Smith, A. Still, H. Thomas, E. Williams, L. Woodgate, H. Bartlett, R. Butt, J. Harland, A. Howes, B. Jamieson, J. Kennerson, H. McLeod, L. Procter, J. Rodda, S. Rubenstein, M. Stanley, D. Stewart, G. Wilby, W. Young, O. Andrews, M. Clark, D. Melrose, E. Arthur, E. Barnes, A. Coulthard, M. Duncan, J. McCauley, H. Snadden, P. Owen, H. Porter.**Winner of Ormond Exhibition**—English and French, Robert Shaw.George Thompson,
Winner of Senior Scholarship, 1924,
doing 1st year Medicine.Harry Fry, Head Prefect, 1924,
Winner of Free Place for Science Course

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1925

THE LECTURETTES OF "C" FORM.

(CHARLES MORRIS).

In the third term this year "C" Form have been entertained by a very illuminating series of lecturettes. Charles Zwar gave the first lecturette on the subject of "Chinese Music." The word music, we were informed, has to be severely strained to be applied to Chinese music, which consists of only five notes. The Chinese, it seems, have no idea of rhythm, and their music is as crude to-day as it was four thousand years ago. This is because of the rapid tenacity to the decrees of their ancient emperors. Many curious instruments of percussion are used by the Chinese "to perpetrate music," not music. The most peculiar instrument is a hollow wooden tiger. This fine lecturette greatly enlightened us about Chinese music.

Miss Ella Fry spoke next. The subject was India. This country, which is very large, is inhabited by many millions of colored people of different races. Many are the dialects and religions of these races. These races are "divided" into a system of castes, on the same plan as our social scale. These castes do not intermingle. Most of the Indians are very illiterate. Only six in every hundred can read and write! The speaker concluded her lecturette by displaying to us wonderful examples of Indian art.

Charles Zwar obliged us with another lecturette. This time the subject was "Ragtime." The composition of ragtime was explained; and the difficulty to obtain a clear definition of ragtime. Some ragtime compositions are really wonderful, and as they appeal to the vast majority of people, they are easily the most popular pieces of music.

Jack Simons entertained us with a very fine lecturette, the subject of which was "West African Folk Lore." This means the ancient legends of the West Africans. These legends, which are really fairy tales, have been greatly changed with the advent of the white man and his God.

Mr. Ditterich's Lecture on His Trip to America.

A most enjoyable Social Hour was spent by the A, B, and C students one Friday afternoon, when Mr. Ditterich very kindly came along and gave us a talk on his trip to America. He gave an interesting and humorous account of the Americans' speech and customs.

This lecture was enjoyed by all as a source both of instruction and diversion.

BOYS' SPORTS.

By F. A. & A. C.

Football. Under the able hands of Mr. Woodfull, the coach, the school team has done considerably better than in previous years. Despite the fact that we were the smallest team in the Senior competition, gamely led by E. Arthur, we succeeded in defeating the Coburg and Melbourne Z teams, and running very close to Essendon, who only deprived us of victory a few minutes before the bell. Although we suffered defeat on other occasions, the opposing teams found it a difficult task to gain the advantage that gave them victory. During the season we also played a team from Working Men's College, and had little difficulty in defeating them on two occasions. The Junior Eighteen, coached by Mr. Ellis and captained by L. Hill, met with even greater success, and succeeded in obtaining third place in the competition.

Cricket—This year little success was met with on the cricket field, one victory only being gained. The results of the matches were as follows:

ESSENDON 1 wkts. for 113 (Powell 2 wkts. for 39 runs, McKenzie 1-35, Donaldson 1-5), defeated WILLIAMSTOWN 35 and 6 wkts. for 31 (Comer 19 and 6).

WILLIAMSTOWN 106 (McKenzie 25, Powell 23, Monchemore 14, Arthur 12), defeated GEELONG 17 (Powell 5-12, including hat trick; McKenzie 5-29).

COBURG 92 (Reed 8-10, Stanley 1-2, Roxsall 1-8), defeated WILLIAMSTOWN 30 (Powell 8, Arthur 7).

UNIVERSITY 85 (McKenzie 3-19, Powell 5-28, McLeod 1-10), defeated WILLIAMSTOWN 50 (Powell 12, Thomson 10).

MELBOURNE Z 9 for 109 (McLeod 3-16, Donaldson 2-14, Reed 2-16, Coulthard 1-0, Arthur 1-2), defeated WILLIAMSTOWN 12 (McLeod 23, Arthur 7).

Athletics. We did not succeed in winning any trophies at the combined sports, as the school was unfortunate in finishing just a little behind the leaders. However, we are not downhearted, and are determined to gain some of the coveted trophies next year. Many fine performances were registered by school athletes, the most notable being those of E. Johnson and E. Arthur. E. Johnson, by gaining the most points at the sports, won the Ex-Students' gold medal. Others who succeeded in gaining points were E. Arthur, I. Cumming, J. Ryan, R. Bassett, A. Parker and A. Coulthard.

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VN.

GIRLS' SPORT, 1925.

(E. S.)

What of Basket Ball, that game adored?
 What, oh what can be said?
 A draw with Coburg twice was scored,
 And a win from Melbourne Z.
 And what of the Hockey team,
 And the Rounder dwarfs as well?
 One win from Coburg each did gain,
 That's all they have to tell.
 Tennis scores we'd like to know,
 Olga, Jessie, Hazel, Lena?
 Like Brer Rabbit they lie low --
 So a win there "can't-a-beena."

U.H.S. won the Jona Cup from us by a very narrow margin of marks.
 Eileen Champion (1st) and Rita Scully (2nd) gained the highest marks in our girls' sport.

LAST LAUGH.

G. WILBY.

Weary and mud-bespattered we dragged ourselves back from football practice towards the pavilion.

In our utter weariness we were determined to waste as little time as possible over those necessary evils, washing and dressing. As we came up to the pavilion we were surprised to see the doors and windows surrounded by a crowd of hilarious juniors, and even more so when, on our approach, a death-like hush spread over the scene.

Thoroughly mystified, we burst in and saw the cause.

Occupying the seat of honor is an unearthly effigy made from our clothes, draping the rafters high above our heads are shirts, socks, trousers and coats, the floor is carpeted with books, while the walls are festooned with bags, tied in clusters, and odd, laceless boots.

Amidst the exasperating and asinine laughter of the heartless spectators, we join in the wild search for our separate clothes, while each victim devises some terrible torture to inflict on the guilty ones once they are captured. Dressed at last, we are ready to discuss the vital question of revenge. Most of the propositions put forward are impracticable, comprising something lingering with boiling oil in it. At last our Oracle speaks and no dog barks. "Not that you would notice it," says he, "but there reposeth in my pocket a dainty tin of face cream, to wit, a tin of 'Nugget' boot polish. What about it?" "We're on!" we chorused. Aided by the evidence of the onlookers, the guilty ones who still lingered were captured and led forward as lambs to the slaughter. Then, as our Oracle remarked as he applied the face cream, "He laughs best who laughs last."

THE "AS YOU LIKE IT" PERFORMANCE.

One of the most outstanding features of the social activities of the school this year was the portrayal of Shakespeare's comedy, "As You Like It," when representatives of "C" Form enacted the concluding scenes of the play. On this red letter day in the life of 1925 "C" Form, the Art Room was transformed into an impromptu theatre. A platform, kindly lent by the Drill Hall officials, was erected at one end of the Art Room, and when festooned with pot-plants, leaves, and bunting, it needed only the fertile imagination of the audience to see before them the green trees of the forest of Arden. The entire school was invited to witness the performance, and the charges of threepence for front stalls, late doors a penny, and sixpence to stay away, were considered reasonable, considering the evident enjoyment given by the acting.

The first scene showed Touchstone, Audrey, Jaques and Sir Oliver Martext. The clown Touchstone was portrayed by Charles Morris, Audrey by Olga Hirt, Jaques by George Hodges, and Sir Oliver by Cyril Parkin. The second scene introduced William, a yokel in love with Audrey. This role was effectively taken by Ralph Schuff. The more serious part of Rosalind was ably taken by Ella Fry, while Cliff Hicks played opposite to her as Orlando. Oliver, the elder brother of Orlando, was played by Herbert Palla. Because of the unavoidable absence of Jean Shaw, the part of Phebe was played by Phyllis Cheesley of "Ce." As Silvius, Jack Liston proved himself to be the long-enduring swain of the scornful shepherdess. A diversion from the passionate declaration of the lovers was created by the re-appearance of Touchstone and Audrey. The song, "It was a Lover and his Lass," was rendered by the "C" and "Ce" girls. And then came the final scene, in which

Rosalind and Celia disclosed their identity to Duke Senior and his "comates and brothers-in-exile." Hymen, the saffron-robed goddess of marriage, played by Joyce Pretty, entered, leading Rosalind and Celia, to the subdued strains of the "Bridal March," rendered by our famed pianist, Charles Zwar. As Jaques de Bois, who then entered, Jack Simons caused great applause, and overcome by his reception, words faltered at first, but, growing bolder, he finished grandly. To the tune of what the world would call a popular "hit," the actors and actresses made their exit, accompanied by loud applause from an appreciative audience. As a capping to the performance, the performers underwent the misery of being photographed.

The takings from this little effort amounted to £3.12.0, which was partly spent in improving "C" Form room, the balance being added to the amount gathered in the subsequent hospital appeal.

OLGA HIRT, Form "C."

The success of this performance was largely due to the generous help of Mrs. Parkin. The school tenders this lady its hearty thanks for assistance both on this occasion and at the annual school concert. (Ed.).

OUR ANNUAL CONCERT AND SPEECH-NIGHT.

(E. SMITH, Form "B.")

On Wednesday, the 17th December, 1924, the Annual Concert and Speech-night was held in the Mechanics' Institute. Parents, ex-students, and friends flocked to the building, and long before the first item was announced the hall was over-crowded.

The concert was opened with a part-song by the school choir, which also rendered other items throughout the program. The eminent success of these items is due to Miss Windwill's skilful training.

Individual talent was disclosed in Miss Edna Addison's humorous recitations and Miss Betty Foley's solo dances. Kingsley Parkes charmed the audience with his violin, while C. Zwar, with his pianoforte solos, convinced everyone that he had no mean talent.

The daintiest girls of the school contributed the "Dargason," and "The Quaker's Wife," two folk dances for which their nimble feet were patiently trained by Miss Stocks. These items were keenly appreciated.

At interval, Mr. Johnson gave the school report, in the course of which he stressed the need for higher education, urging parents to give their children a full course at the High School.

A feature of the program was the acting of the Tea Party and Court Scene from "Alice in Wonderland." Miss French's "F" Form made a great success of this, their first effort.

"C" Form gave the Trial Scene from "Merchant of Venice." Miss Lena Woodgate, as Portia, was given ample scope for her talent, while R. Bult made an admirable Antonio. H. Porter ("B" Form) acted as the Duke with all due dignity, while Miss Gwen Reeves faithfully impersonated the Clerk. Miss Enid Smith played the role of Shylock (to perfection -Ed.), and C. Parkin realistically the part of Gratiano. M. Stanley impersonated Bassanio, while J. Kennerson was the attendant.

The most exciting event of the evening, however, was the presentation by the Mayor of the Parker Cup, which was triumphantly borne off by the fortunate Koalas.

Following this, certificates for running and swimming were presented, after which the singing of the National Anthem brought an altogether successful concert to a close.

GROUP SPORTS.

Points Scored.

EVENT.	DINGOES.	KOALAS.	POSSUMS.	WOMBATS.
Swimming (Boys) ..	11½	36½	45	57
.. (Girls) ..	7	31½	43½	33½
Football ..	10	20	60	60
Basket Ball ..	10	20	0	40
Hockey ..	5	30	5	30
Rounders	20	10	10
Athletics (Girls) ..	15	51½	15½	30
.. (Boys) !..	48	49	45	89½
AGGREGATE ..	136½	261½	221	350

This year the Wombats have won The Parker Cup from the Koalas.

WITH THE EX-STUDENTS.

(BY "OMNES OMNIBUS.")

The year 1925 has almost slipped its moorings, and once again we take a glance at "the passing show":

"Fatty" Wagner, M. Ferguson, and L. Andrew are married. Engagements announced are:—Kitty Jones, Alec. Dart, and Gladys Conabere (poor old Tom!). Bert Sutton and Fred Birnstihl still lead in athletics. "Johnny" Ball (Williamstown Harriers) is some flyer. R. B. M. is a car-maniac if he's not breaking "Slip" Car's record, he's smashing the Diatto's speedometer. His spare time goes to Medicine and Romance. John Grayell thinks he knows all about "Overlands." "Gilb" Anderson doesn't approve of Smoke Nights. "Snow" Roberts has gone to Papua—"the black man's burden" (Kipling). Jack Parry (D.A.M.U.) is an architect. Van Pelt loves Riverview and his canoe. "Daddy" O'Brien and Reg Coleman are helping Mr. Clapp to help. "Johnny" Mabbitt ("Lapin") says: "Citrus fruits are good for you." "Dossier" Ferguson plays "A" Grade lacrosse for Hawthorn. "Yeddar" Anthony knows a little about cars, but doesn't like speed cops.

"Postera Crescam Laude":—"Nikky" Fry (science), Jack Evans (T.T.C.), Linda Tassell (arts), Edna Fryer (science), Alice Incoll (arts) Jessie Campbell (arts), Leo Morrissey (law), G. Thompson (doing med. always catches the same tram), A. Stewart (law), Berry Harkin (art), Ron Reed (science), W. Evans (commerce), R. B. Maynard and Ted Grieve (3rd and 4th year medicine respectively).

Guiding the Young are (just to mention a few):—James J. Ravenscroft, "Lassie" and Jack Meehan, Bob Murphy, Chrissy Evans, Mavis Baird, B. Grieve, Evelyn Johnson, "Liz" Tayton, I. Jenkins, and "Wobb" Brett ("all I ask is a Ford car, and a star to steer her by—Masefield."), Vida Rowland (Brunswick W.), Gwen Evans (Dean H.E.S.)

The Chemists are (some aren't quite):—Gladys Conabere, B.Sc., "Pops" Hempel, B.Sc. (Newcastle), "Gabby" Ockley, Joe Landy, John Lang, Andy Banks, Norm. Douglas and Ena Lemmon (Ena is going sheep farming to West Australia, when she's through).

A great man—"Sos" Bird.

Janet Grieve is still growing.

Ted Grieve gives good advice, but is rather absent-minded with the ladies. "Hokko" Hoskin S.P. Bookie. "Nidget" Knight, Will. Evans, and Arthur Payne are still idle (State Public Service).

Norm. Smith is in a bank and car accidents.

"Giggy" Gotch, Lieutenant. Ernie Barrie, Stan Wallace, John Vining, Reg. McLaughlin, Fred. Birnstihl and "Mac" McKenzie are bankers. "Fish" Reed, Ed. McLaughlin and E. Hall are in the insurance line.

Edna Fryer still believes the age of chivalry is dead.

Often seen in Williamstown—Norm. Douglas, "The Breaker of Hearts"—"Moonlight" Watson. "Battling" Barry in a new role—he can box.

Vera Dean's hair is still bobbed.

Freddy Balaam says, "Did you hear that yarn?"

"Moe" Wadds is a manufacturing jeweller and plays lacrosse.

Others we meet are:—"Soapy" Waters, Amy Graham, Chas. Grinnick, Lily Brett, T.T.C. (Ex-Students' Association), and Elsie and Evelyn Johnson.

"The Unwritten Scroll"—Our Honour Board.

The School Sports (1925)—"Sic transit omnia."

The compliments of the coming season to all.



The Record Junior Scholarship Form, W.H.S., 1924.
Ten Junior and Six Teaching Scholarships were won, Joyce Pretty and Jean Shaw
gaining 1st and 2nd places respectively.

QUESTIONS WE WOULD LIKE ANSWERED ?

BY "CURIOUS."

1. Who is our reverend judge of athletics who always arrives for the last four races of the sports' meetings ?
2. "It seems to me" that a certain lady of an "artful" disposition is rather fond of a certain phrase, is she not ?
3. While to another the quotation "of hirling wolves whose gospel is their maw" is not altogether unknown.
4. Who is our Wombat who is so well up in zoology that he mistook one of his own tribe of tender years for a baby elephant ?
5. And who "the great author," who once used "demean" ?
6. Again we ask aloud, "Why in the name of glory have we an honour board ?"
N.B.--This will still be asked in 2025 (Editor).
7. What is this Sabrina we hear so much about ?
8. And is it true that its greatest exponent "Melon" will give a public exhibition at the School Social ?
9. Who was the boy who was so terribly embarrassed in the Chem. room on a certain memorable occasion, and why ?
10. What was it that caused Charlie Zwar to indulge in such paroxysms of laughter one day after school, forming a topic of conversation for several days ?
11. Who was the "C" Form girl who was exercising her maxillary muscles with toffee to such an extent that she could not answer a question in Chem ? and who the boy who came so gallantly to her rescue ?

PRIZE WINNERS IN CHILDREN'S EXHIBITION.

- FIRST PRIZE - Emily Withington, "C." Essay on Remington Typewriter.
SECOND PRIZE - Chas. Zwar, "C." Life Saver Advertisement.
THIRD PRIZE - J. McVeigh, "E." Model Boat.

**PRESENTATION OF TROPHIES BY THE PRESIDENT
AT COMBINED M.H.S. 1925 SPORTS.**

ROYLE SHIELD—Grand Aggregate, Athletics. Won by U.H.S.
 BIRD SHIELD—Senior Championship. Won by U.H.S.
 MELBOURNE SPORTS DEPOT CUP—Intermediate Championship. Won by Essendon.
 WILLIAMSTOWN SCHOOL COUNCIL CUP—Junior Championship. Won by Coburg.
 JONA CUP—Girls' Championship. Won by U.H.S.
 MCNEILAGE CUP—Senior Basket-Ball. Won by University.
 COBURG TOWN COUNCIL CUP—Girls' Tennis. Won by Essendon.
 MCLENNAN CUP—Senior Football. Won by University.
 VICTORIAN LEAGUE PENNANT—Junior Football. Won by Essendon.
 ASSOCIATION SHIELD—Hockey. Won by University.
 HITCHCOCK CUP—Girls' Rounders. Won by Essendon.
 MURIEL BALAAM CUP—Junior Basket-Ball. Won by Coburg.

HOLDERS OF TROPHIES, 1924.

ROYLE SHIELD—Grand Aggregate, Athletic Championships : Williamstown.
 BIRD SHIELD—Senior Championship : Essendon, Melbourne A.
 MELBOURNE SPORTS DEPOT CUP—Intermediate Championship : Williamstown.
 WILLIAMSTOWN SCHOOL COUNCIL CUP—Junior Championship : Williamstown.
 JONA CUP—Girls' Championship : Essendon.
 COBURG TOWN COUNCIL CUP—Tennis Championship : Essendon.
 MCLENNAN CUP—Basket-Ball Championship : University High School.
 MCNEILAGE CUP—Basket-Ball Championship : Essendon.
 ASSOCIATION SHIELD—Hockey Championship : Essendon.
 HITCHCOCK CUP—Girls' Rounders Championship : Essendon.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES—Continued.

Debates, 1925 :

- (a) Is the world growing better or worse? Won by affirmative side.
- (b) Which has done more for world progress, pessimism or optimism?
Won by the optimists.
- (c) Should students have home work? A most spirited debate. Won by the affirmative side.

A High Tide Poster Competition was held during June. Some seventeen students competed, C. Parkin and E. Bassett gaining 1st and 2nd places respectively.

FACSIMILE OF WINNING POSTER.

**STOP! LOOK!! READ!!! THINK!!!! WRITE!!!!!!
AND CONTRIBUTE!!!!!!
To HIGH TIDE!**

You NEED It.
Your FATHER Wants It.
Your MOTHER MUST HAVE It.

If the Tide falls, or the anchor does not "hold fast," disaster will be imminent!
 The crew of the school must manfully help to pilot our good ship, "High Tide,"
 through her 1925 passage. Ballast her with breezy articles, cartoons and snapshots,
 and give her bon voyage!

We are indebted to the Rev. S. P. H. Martin for his impressive, commemorative
 address on the occasion of the death of our late beloved Queen Alexandra.

LUCERNE AT MERRIBINDINYAH.

KITTY ELLIS, "C" Form.

Last Christmas I spent my holidays on a very large station named "Merribindinyah," seven miles from Bethungra, in New South Wales. Bethungra is on the main line between Melbourne and Sydney.

"Merribindinyah" is surrounded by mountain ranges, which form the Great Divide.

Sheep are raised on the flats and cattle on the hills, while lucerne is one of the most important products of the place.

The lucerne seed is mixed with superphosphates, and can be sown either in the Spring or in the Autumn. When sown it is not covered, but left on the surface; a good rain is then needed, and in two to three days the seed shoots. Four months after shooting it is ready for cutting.

Mowers cut the lucerne, then a side-delivery rake rakes the swaths into rows. Next comes the dump rake, which rakes it into cocks. Lastly the hay-press is brought along. The cocks are thrown into the press, pressed into bales and bound with wire. A motor lorry carries them to the stackyard, where they are placed on elevators and stacked.

Some of the crops are left for seed. These are brought in by a different process. A "Daisy Reaper" is used, which cuts the lucerne and automatically leaving it in cocks. It is then left for a few days before being most carefully brought in and stacked on tarpaulins so as to prevent any seed whatever being wasted. After being left in this state for two or three months before thrashing, it is put into bags ready for selling or sowing.

The lucerne season lasts for four months, from about the middle of November to the end of March.

To grow for commercial purposes lucerne must have a drift. Through "Merribindinyah" runs a creek, and the water goes through its banks and flows under the surface of the lucerne paddocks. The roots grow downwards until they strike this water. The only substances which will block their growth downwards are clay and rock.

Lucerne is ready for cutting when in bloom. A huge paddock of ripe lucerne, with its mauve-colored flowers, is a beautiful sight.

As many as seven cuts have been harvested from the one paddock in the same season, but the average number of harvests is five. During the five weeks of my stay one paddock was cut three times.

In one stack there are twenty-one thousand bales, and there are nine stacks still left after the many hundreds of tons that have been already sold.

The "Merribindinyah" lucerne seed is most expensive. For one sackful as much as twenty-five pounds is paid, but the seed is light and it goes a good way.

Lately a very large shearing shed has been erected. It was ready for the recent very successful season.

Sometimes the wool grows right over the sheep's eyes and blinds them. When this occurs they have to be "wiggled," which is really just shearing their faces.

During the summer months, there are practically no cattle to be seen except when they are mustered and brought in for killing, as they are always among the ranges.

During the harvest months, over one hundred and fifty men are employed on "Merribindinyah," which is turned into quite a little township.

After five weeks at Bethungra, I was loath to return to town, even to come back to school.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in work, but not in play;
 My second in month, but not in day;
 My third is in men, but not in boys;
 My fourth is in books, but not in toys;
 My fifth is in April, but not in September;
 My sixth is in August, but not in December;
 My whole, W.H.S.'ers will ever remember,
 What am I? Ask Bob Hartwell (DE.)

My first is in head, my second in laird;
 My third in give, my fourth in hive;
 My fifth in tied, my sixth in lied;
 My seventh in glade, my eighth in made;
 My whole a paper in which interest is rich.
 Ask May Alexander (F).

A close shave without a cut?
 A snail on a razor's edge.

p. 96.

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AUSTRALIA LEADS THE WAY.

BY EX-STUDENT.

Australia has reason to be proud of its Health Department. We have, for instance, a quarantine service that is second to none in the world. When we remember that we are next door to and in constant communication with the Orient, where such diseases as small-pox, bubonic plague, cholera and leprosy are always prevalent, we have reason to be thankful that the above statement is true. Early this year, six ships arrived at Thursday Island within a fortnight with cases of bubonic plague on board, and any one of those ships was a possible starting point of an Australian epidemic.

We have, however, in Australia, health problems of our own to deal with apart from keeping clear of other peoples' troubles. To assist in the solving of these problems, a chain of health laboratories is being established right round Australia, based on a central laboratory in Melbourne. So far, laboratories have been established at Rabaul, Townsville, Rockhampton, Toowoomba, Lismore, Bendigo, Port Pirie and Kalgoorlie, all of which towns are centres of geographical or occupational health menaces. Rabaul and Townsville are concerned with tropical diseases; Rockhampton and Lismore are the centres from which war is being waged against hookworm, a disease existing in the moist coastal belt, and which is disappearing in the face of a well-organised intensive campaign; Bendigo and Kalgoorlie, the centres of gold mining industries, are faced with the problem of miner's phthisis (consumption), which is extremely difficult to combat; whilst in Port Pirie, the home of the smelting industry, the question of lead-poisoning has to be coped with.

The people of Bendigo are extremely grateful for the presence of their laboratory, because from it was conducted a campaign against diphtheria, which was so successful that the disease has been practically eliminated from that City.

These laboratories provide a national organisation for the prevention and stamping-out of disease that is unique. As an economic asset they are invaluable, since they aim at elimination of the problem and not treatment of the individual patient. As a factor in minimising suffering and increasing happiness they are priceless, and when the scheme is completed, Australia will have a health laboratory service that will be a model for the world.

THE MASTER-WORD --CAN YOU GUESS IT?

(Extracted)

It seems a bounden duty on such an occasion to be honest and frank, so I propose to tell you the secret of life as I have seen the game played, as I have tried to play it myself. You remember in one of the Jungle Stories, that when Mowgli wished to be avenged on the villagers, he could get the help of Hathi and his sons only by sending them the master-word. This I propose to give you, in the hope, yes in the full assurance, that some of you at least will lay hold upon it to your profit. Though a little one, the master-word looms large in meaning. It is the open-sesame to every portal, the great equaliser in the world, the true philosopher's stone, which transmutes all the base metal of humanity into gold. The stupid man among you it will make bright, the bright man brilliant, and the brilliant student steady. With the magic word in your heart all things are possible, and without it all study is vanity and vexation. The miracles of life are with it, the blind see by touch, the deaf hear with eyes, and the dumb speak with fingers. To the youth it brings hope, to the middle-aged confidence, to the aged repose. True balm of hurt minds, in its presence the heart of the sorrowful is lightened and consoled. It is directly responsible for all advances in medicine during the past twenty-five centuries. Laying hold upon it, Hippocrates made observation and science the warp and woof of our art. Galen so read its meaning that fifteen centuries stopped thinking and slept till awakened by the "De Fabrica" of Vesalius, which is the very incarnation of the master-word. With its inspiration Harvey gave an impulse to a larger circulation than he wot of, an impulse which we feel to-day

Not only has it been the touchstone of progress, but it is the measure of success in every-day life. Not a man before you but is beholden to it for his position here, while he who addresses you has that honor, directly, in consequence of having it graven on his heart when he was as you are to-day. And the master-word is —a little one, but fraught with momentous sequences if you can but write it on the tablets of your heart, and bind it upon your foreheads.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

Original stories forwarded were not quite up to standard. Several creditable articles were excluded from this issue, because their topics were too similar to others included. Some clever sketches by a Dc boy we hope to reproduce later —THE EDITOR

The Editor wishes all his readers a Happy Christmas Holiday and a New Year rich in service and blessing.

Phone Williamstown 96

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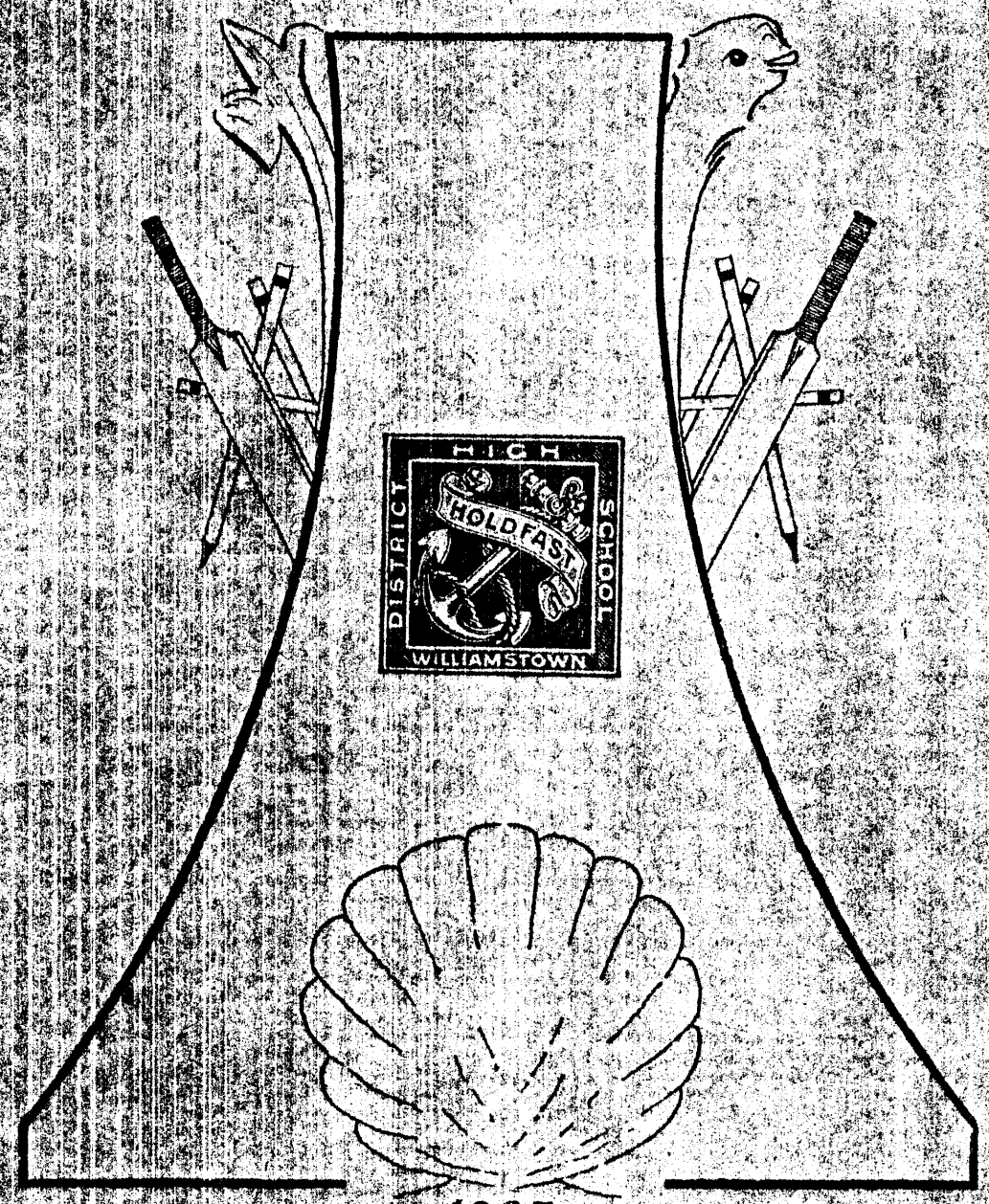
82 PARKER ST., WILLIAMSTOWN.

NOTED FOR CORNED BEEF and SAUSAGES.

*Phyllis Hall 170m. C.
N. H. S.*

1925

HIGH TIDE



1925

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