

❖ HIGH TIDE ❖

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MR. F. W. JOHNSTON, B.Sc.

Dated 23/9/26.

BAD MÜNSTER GERMANY.

For the past eight weeks now I have been in Germany, having come from England via Dover, Calais, Saar Valley to Wiesbaden.

I am enclosing a pretty little view of the Rhine. You are looking down the Rhine. On the right banks, at the foot of the hills, which are about 600 feet high, lies the picturesque, little town of Assmannshausen. It is a favorite walk from this town to the famous Underwald Denkmal—an immense, yet most artistic monument in bronze and stone, erected to the memory of the fallen, and to commemorate the crushing victory over France in 1870. It stands in Prussia and overlooks the town of Bingen, formerly in the hands of France.

On the left bank, above the point jutting out into the Rhine stands the Rheinstein Castle. A visit to this old link with the past is worth while. Crossing the furious Rhine one faces a stiff climb to the entrance. Here, one crosses a steep ravine spanned by the draw-bridge. Inside one is greeted by a rather incongruous mixture of ancient and modern, where one can have ice cream, chocolates and other modern luxuries in a court-yard laid out more than 500 years ago. The most interesting part is kept under lock and key, and is visited only in the company of a guide. This consists of a completely furnished home of the nobility of the 15th century. Before the great war, this castle was the country residence of Prince Henrich. This view is typical of the Rhine from Bingen to Coblenz—a stretch of about 40 miles. The beautiful wooded banks are simply bristling with castles. These, and the wonderful legends, will always give this part "the glory of a dream."

One cannot but be impressed by the intense cultivation of the land, especially after a sojourn in England. They used to smile at me when I told them that the most hopeful sign of agricultural progress lay in their allotment system. (The allotment system provides land in the vicinity of a crowded town for the poorer people for cultivation). This system only provides an insignificant proportion of England's produce, but it is intense and shows the desire of the people to help themselves.

In this part of Germany the production of wine is the chief industry, but the climate is a great handicap. The vines are stunted, the fruit small, and the grapes do not sweeten as in Australia. The wine (may I say it?) is correspondingly sour, in spite of addition of sugar. Although we have had only two wet days in the last eight weeks and enjoyed most glorious sunshine, yet the fruit does not look as if it will ripen. The sun gets only about half-way up to the zenith.

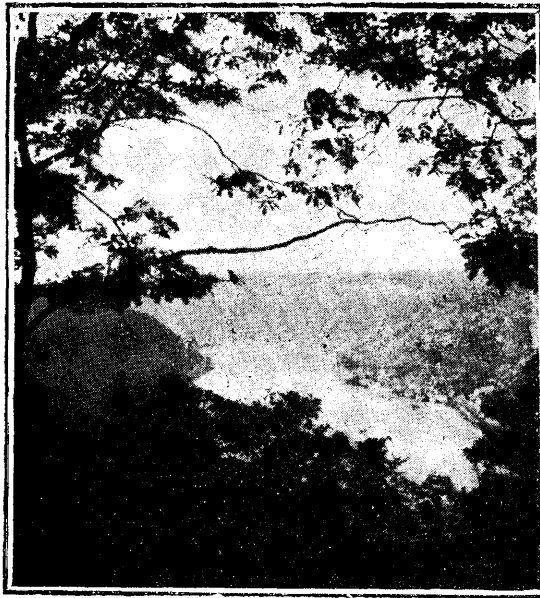
From the window of my room in Bingen, on the Rhine, I had a most interesting view. Looking across the town I had a fine view of the Rhine from Rudisheim to Bingen Loch.

There is something fascinating about the Rhine. I think it is the boldness of this mass of water, some three to four hundred yards wide, heaving itself with unrelenting fury against all opposition—the people seem to have imbibed the spirit of old Father Rhine.

The river between Bingen and St. Gour is decidedly young. In spite of a current of about six miles an hour the shipping is colossal. Tugs of more than 2,000 H.P. struggle against this stream with as many as three huge barges in tow. Of course the Rhine is not so fierce throughout its course, and both above and below the Bingen—St. Gour it widens out with a proportional diminution of current.

Beyond the Rhine (still looking from my window) the hills rise suddenly to about 600 ft. The slope towards the Rhine is all terraced and cultivated with vines. The concrete terraces have the appearance of a fortification. In addition to the river trade there are two railway lines—one on each side of the river. No doubt this is a means of defence, nevertheless both lines are greatly used, and it is impressive to see 50 and 60 trucks of about 15 tons each hauled along by one powerful engine.

The people impress me as a very happy crowd. Occasionally one hears complaints about lack of money, but wherever I have been I have seen restaurants crowded with people happily eating, drinking and listening to excellent music. I have come across several people out of work, but in the cases I have met their wives and children are keeping them well fed and clothed. One must remember that 3½ million people have to be provided with work, as that was the extent of the army. Luxuries are very cheap, and in striking contrast to England.



The Rhine—Bad Munster.

Germany is much worse off than she was before the war, but relatively she is better off than most of the other combatants.

She has a tremendous asset in her women folk. They are robust, not afraid of any sort of work, and enjoy themselves in healthy and inexpensive pastimes. This to a great extent is the result of her educational system, which seems to provide for plenty of outdoor exercise. Not a day passes without one seeing groups of school children out on walking tours. This recreation develops a great love for woods and mountains, and to a great extent accounts for the wonderful social spirit and physique of both men and women up to the middle age.

Beyond middle age, however, they are by no means perfect, as their abnormal appetites, both for food and drink, render their efficiency below normal.

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The letter concludes with kind regards to all, and wishes for the best of luck at examinations.

LOST, FOUND OR WANTED.

Advertisements in this Column 1/- per line.

Lost—Some thoughts for an article for this magazine. Extremely valuable, as thoughts are very scarce this year. Handsome reward. Finder apply "Editor."

Wanted—An effective means of silencing C.Z. in French. Apply "Girls in French Class."

Wanted—An original idea for a distraction from Wallace. Arguments valueless. Also a method for transferring contents of Wallace to one's head. Apply "Stewed Ant."

Lost—All hockey and tennis matches played this year.

Lost, Stolen or Strayed—A gentleman's overcoat, has seen Active Service, last seen about August. Family Heirloom. Finder Apply to "Seize War."

Wanted—Hair-oil guaranteed to keep a mass of hair in position. Apply "Will Bee."

Wanted—A mechanical invention for writing history notes. Apply "John Percival."

Wanted—A solution of problem of how to eliminate conduction of sound between Room 8 and Lady Teachers' Room. Apply "Stewed Ant."

Wanted—Something to effectively prevent certain young ladies from asking asinine questions and loudly chortling at same, at a certain Lesson in Room 8. Apply "Young Gentlemen of B Form."

Wanted—A youth sufficiently courageous to explain to the B Form young ladies why a certain well-known student is nicknamed "Ukem." Apply "Seize War."

Wanted—The "Stewed Ant." who classed "Clothing" as an abstract and "loathing" as a concrete noun.

Found—A Mathematical Genius who will have it that ballads are written in Algebraic stanzas.

Wanted Urgently—An infallible remedy for keeping all Form Room Monitors up to the mark. Substantial Reward offered.

Wanted—The person answering to the initials W.M.W.; and the reason why every W.H.S. boy hangs these as a talisman round his neck.

Found—The best runner W.H.S. has ever boasted—his name, Les Hill. Three cheers to our Champion!



W. M. WOODFULL.

Woodfull! The name conjures up thoughts of green sward, white-clad figures, and the cheerful click of ball on bat. His name is known to cricket enthusiasts the world over. Everyone has read of his exploits over in England, so what follows will not be a lengthy discourse on his deeds there. At the same it would not be out of place to say that he was among the last to be selected, but he fully justified his inclusion in a Test Team. He gained the highest average, his top score being 201.

At the time of his selection, Mr. Woodfull was a Master at this school, where he was coach for the cricket and football. The students were proud of his achievements in the cricket world, and they had good reason. At dinner-hour he used sometimes to take a "hand," and a crowd would quickly gather behind the wicket to watch his prowess. He would hit many a ball to the railway line and once hit one in the hospital grounds. It was considered a high honor to clean bowl him, and the successful boy would be the object of envy for days often, and was liable to suffer from "swelled head." This fact was accomplished only three times during his stay at the school. In concluding, we may say that Mr. Woodfull will doubtlessly be included in all future Test Teams, and will surely make a great name for himself.

J. RODDA.

"O, WHAT A FALL WAS THERE, MY COUNTRYMEN!"

Our age is an irreverent age; one where very man is the equal of the next, where very child is a man at eight years old. We see these men of eight, barefooted, bareheaded, grimy, and nondescript of feature, arguing and holding their own with men three times their age. It is all very well to say that this early maturity teaches self-reliance, but how sad it is to see the irreverence that these Lilliputians have for the really great men of the age.

Of such a premature man, and of such a deplorable incident, I write:—

At three-quarter time of the football match against University High School, our highly revered chief pedagogue was leaving the ground. Wrapped in the icy aloofness of a great man of letters, barred in from the common ruck of the world by a formidable row of degrees, forth he strode in all the sway of stately splendor.

Standing near the gate was one of these diminutive men of whom I speak. Crossing his legs he cheerily looked at the high priest of education, and with easy familiarity, "Say Dig," he drawled, "what's the score."

With a frigid smile the great man swept on.

"LILLIPUT," "A" Form.

THEY SAY.

That a certain B form history student on being crushingly informed, regarding a well-known fact, that "Queen Anne was dead," shamelessly asked, "But who's Queen Anne?"

That an eager F boy was so anxious to see that his contribution reached the hospital, that he took it there himself in rather an unusual manner.

That a certain teacher has often rendered the "Marseillaise" to an admiring form. Is not this a rather doubtful pleasure?

That a certain boy "got the wind up" because an artful young lady convinced him that his services as a waiter would be required on Old Students' Day.

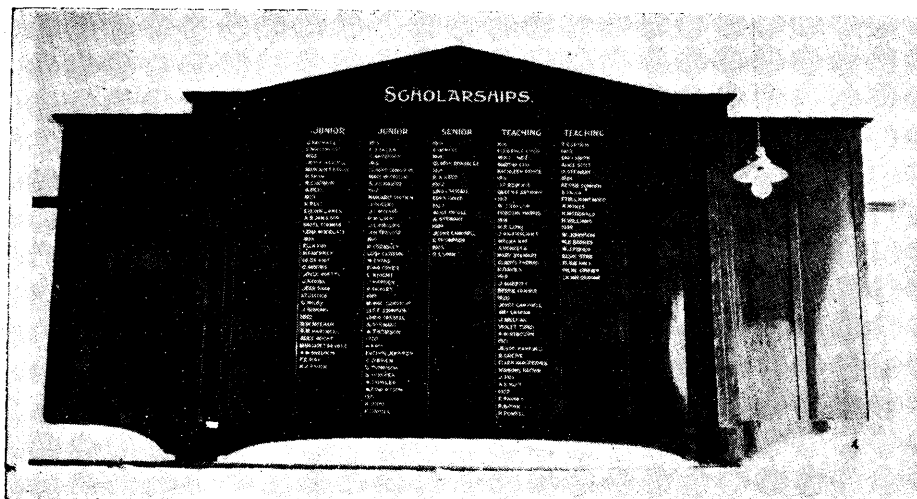
That one of the "powers that be" is not above voicing words which even with a stretch of imagination one could not call "a well of English undefiled." Of course we do not hesitate in denouncing this rumour as a "wicked, seditious libel" destined to cast a slur on a noble and untarnished character.

That an admirer of Tout and such fiction, is often heard to remark placidly in the heat of a history debate, "Now let's have a solo rather than a duet." They say that "music hath charms"—sometimes.

That a certain well-known young lady of generous proportions crushingly informed a youth that she fought only those of her own size. She must lead a very peaceful life.

That the fact that two very different young ladies have the same Christian names was the cause of a young gentleman's being very embarrassed on a certain memorable occasion.

That an "eternal" and "ethereal" young lady was very peeved on sports' day.



THE UNVEILING OF THE W.H.S. HONOR BOARD.

For many months past, an empty honor board of Australian blackwood adorning the Art Room wall has been the target for many arrows of scepticism and sarcasm. But to the satisfaction of everyone the Honor Board was completed during the second term vacation, and on our return to school the honor board bearing in letters of gold the names of all those who had won Senior, Junior and Teaching Scholarships met our admiring gaze. It was open for inspection for a few days, then was draped with a flag to await the official unveiling.

The unveiling of the Honor Board marks one of the most important of the school's functions. The appointed evening for the ceremony was Thursday, June 24th. Parents, ex-students, members of the staff and the senior prefects were invited to attend. The evening was most unpromising. Imagine for yourselves a dull, wet evening with a dim moon shining palely through the greyness, the yellow street lamps dimly lighting up the wet paths, and a pall of greyness shrouding the whole city. Such was the appointed evening, but despite the inclemency of the weather, a large number of people were present. Amongst those present were Mr. Liston, the Mayor of Williamstown, who performed the unveiling ceremony; Mr. Lemmon, M.L.A.; Messrs. Brett, Johnson and Loudon, members of the Advisory Council; Members of the W.H.S. Staff, besides many old familiar faces of past students.

The evening was opened by a pianoforte solo rendered by the school's noted pianist, Charles Zwar. Mr. Hayward then gave an address on the progress of the school, the work done by the Advisory Council and the improvements which it was hoped the future would show. Following this came the election of the members of the Advisory Council, as the present members were retiring after three years' service. The three retiring members, Messrs. Brett, Johnson and Loudon were nominated and re-elected for the next three years. Roland Conabere, a present pupil, then recited a selection from Henry V., and "If," by Kipling.

The main feature of the evening was the unveiling of the Honor Board, which took place immediately after the re-election of members for the Advisory Council. All eyes were now turned towards the centre of attraction. After a few well-chosen words, in which he expressed his conviction that W.H.S. had a great future as well as a great past, Mr. Liston performed the ceremony of unveiling the Honor Board. Mr. Lemmon then made a speech in which he emphasised his approval of scholarships. Mr. Lemmon said that in proportion to the number of pupils and the number of years it had been opened, W.H.S. had gained more scholarships than any other school in the State. Furthermore, it would gain more scholarships in the future. On behalf of the Advisory Council, Mr. Brett gave his opinion that W.H.S. would live and flourish, and Mr. Maynard, on behalf of the ex-students, said that the school was justly proud of its scholarships, and very grateful for the work done by the Advisory Council. On behalf of the present students, Stewart, our head prefect, made a worthy oration, in which he thanked the audience for their presence, expressed his pleasure at being there, and correcting himself for this violation of truth, said he had

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"much pleasure in sitting down," which he proceeded to do, blushing rosily at the appreciative applause. This concluded the speeches for the evening, and Charles Zwar again took the piano, and the strains of the well-known "Prelude" filled the room. A public inspection of the Honor Board concluded this memorable evening's entertainment.

OLGA HIRT. Form "B."



METROPOLITAN HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS, 1926.
WINNERS OF INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

Front Row—L. Hill, I. Cumming.
Back Row—N. Brown, C. Crook.

THE COMBINED SPORTS.

(By "LILLIPUT.")

On the twenty-seventh of October, the Melbourne Motordrome was the scene of the annual battle of the High Schools. From half-past twelve to half-past one, gaily decked out in their colors, the members of the ten competing schools flowed in a steady stream into the grounds.

With characteristic clamor the different schools divided into separate groups and enlivened the time of waiting with war cries, cat-calls and greetings.

Williamstown gathered around its own yellow, anchor-emblazoned banner; and the one feverishly argued with the other the possibilities of our winning this cup and that, of our certainty to win no less an honor than the Grand Aggregate Shield. Such is the presumption of youth!

Promptly at half-past one, the starting-gun for the senior hundred was fired. From then on, event followed event with incredible rapidity, for such a big gathering. Sprints, hurdles, goal-throwing, basket-ball passing, flag races, four-forties jumps, and eight-eighties gave place one to another. Our ex-students upheld the reputation of the school by gaining second (Arthur) and third places (Maynard) in the old boys' race.

See the spectators, though! With each win the war-cry rolls; optimistic forecasts are given and smiles prevail. With every loss faces fall, and aggregate scores are anxiously compared. At all times the excitement is at fever-point.

At last the events are completed and all there is left to be done is to present the cups. All is quiet as the results are read out. Grand Aggregate Shield goes to University; the Balaam Cup is not ours, the Intermediate Cup—Oh! What's that? Williamstown! Hurrah! The war-cry rolls! No more cups for us, but what do we care? Les Hill and Ian Cumming have won the cup, and we missed the shield by only nine and a half points. The war-cry rolls again!

And so, slightly sobered but quite hilarious and almost irresponsible we part from our different friends and in the deepening shadows wend our way home-wards.



JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS, 1926. (13)
 M. Barnes, F. Rav, R. Meehan, A. Sneddon, R. Hartwell, W. Johnson, and W. Fisher (in absentia).
 Irene O'Brien, Elsie Hall, May Neville, Alice Roche, Lillian Graham, Elsie Starr.
 SENIOR SCHOLARSHIP—Robert Shaw (in absentia).

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1925.

Junior Scholarships :—

GIRLS—Alice Roche, Margaret Neville.

BOYS—R. W. Meehan, R. W. Hartwell, A. M. Sneddon, F. C. Ray.

Teaching Scholarships :—

GIRLS—Elsie Starr, Elsie Hall, Irene O'Brien, Lillian Graham.

BOYS—W. Johnson, M. D. Barnes, W. J. Fisher.

Intermediate Certificates :—

GIRLS—Bessie Cmben, Ella Fry, Olga Hirt, Ethel Homewood, Jean Shaw, Joyce Kaye, Mary Perry, Joyce Pretty, Eva Glanvill, Annie Harsley, Vera Inglis, E. Withington.

BOYS—Geo. Barbour, Eric Bird, Jack Coward, Sydney Falla, Norman Faichney, Ernest Green, Geo. Hedges, James Hicks, Ed. Johnson, James McDonald, Geo. Thomson, Ian Tullock, Robt. Warnock, Horace Williams, Chas. Zwar, Ron. Doull, A. Dowsett, Oscar Fordham, Wm. Wallis, Cyril Parkin.

Leaving Certificate (Pass) :—

GIRLS—G. Homewood, Gwen Reeves, Enid Smith.

BOYS—B. Jamieson, J. Kennerson, H. MacLeod, James Rodda, M. Stanley, D. Stewart.

Leaving Certificate (Honors) :—

BOYS—R. Chapman—English (3), Drawing (3); H. Powell—English (3), Drawing (3); R. Shaw—English (2), French (1), Physics (3), Chemistry (3).

Senior Scholarship and Ormond Scholarship :—R. Shaw

Shakespeare Certificates, 1926 :—Olga Hirt, C. Zwar, Jean Shaw.

Best Essay, Kitchen & Son, 1926 :—Isabelle Boyd.

Rechabite Prizes, 1926 :—A. Fry.

GROUP COMPETITIONS, 1926.

	Dingoes	Kaolas	Possums	Wombats
Swimming (Boys)	27	30	36	56
Swimming (Girls)	30	51	13	43
Football	60	40	20	—
Hockey	15	25	40	—
Basketball	—	40	15	25
Rounders	13	13	13	40
Tennis (Boys)	—	—	—	—
Tennis (Girls)	15	40	—	25
Athletics (Boys)	63	54	93	28
Athletics (Girls)	27	68	41	22
Cricket	—	—	—	—
Progressive Scores	250	361	271	239

This year the Kaolas have won the Parker Cup from the Wombats.

SWIMMING RESULTS, APRIL, 1926.

	Girls	Boys
Learned to Swim	51	42
Junior Certificates	56	23
Senior Certificates	10	7
Bronze Medallions	7	9

Medallion Winners :—

GIRLS—Lillian Graham, Nora Jamieson, Nancy Martin, Joyce Pretty, Lesley Thompson, Margaret Mudie, Beryl Mudie.

BOYS—Charles Crook, Frank Howard, Kenric Crossley, Garth Robinson, Cameron Stewart, Dudley Stewart, David Underwood, John Evans, Gordon Godsman.

Royal Life Saving Awards :—

BRONZE MEDALLION :—

Flora Watson, Elsie Hall, Isobel Fyson, Olga Hirt, Jean Shaw, Nancy Thompson, George Wilby.

PROFICIENCY :—

Joyce Lemmon, Nora Jamieson, Lillian Graham, Isabelle Campbell, Lesley Thompson, Ray Jackson.

Winners at Carnival :—

GIRLS—Kaolas 51, Wombats 43, Dingoes 30, Possums 13.

BOYS—Kaolas 30, Wombats, 56, Dingoes 27, Possums 36.

LACROSSE.

At the suggestion of the local club, and by its generous aid, lacrosse was introduced into the school during the 1926 season. With the help of the late Mr. A. Hick, as coach, and after much practice, a school team was formed with Fred. Ray as captain.

Matches were played against the Essendon, Coburg and University High Schools with the result that two matches were won and two lost. The scores were as follows :—

E.H.S., 30 goals, defeated W.H.S. 4 goals.
 W.H.S. 16 goals, defeated C.H.S. 3 goals.
 U.H.S. 15 goals, defeated W.H.S. 4 goals.
 W.H.S. 15 goals, defeated E.H.S. 3 goals.

The win against Essendon in the return match showed a great improvement both in stick work and team play on the part of the W.H.S. team. Prospects of a good season next year are very bright.

FRED RAY ("C") and C. CROOK ("D.")

BOYS' SPORTS.

SPORTS' EDITOR.

Cricket—We opened the cricket season by suffering a crushing defeat at the hands of University, but atoned somewhat by drawing with Essendon, and later defeating Melbourne A. We were unfortunate in losing the game against Geelong, but this could be attributed to the fact that we were playing on an unorthodox wicket.

Stanley, Bult, Watson, and Stewart were by far the best of the batsmen in these four matches, and Watson was the most consistent bowler.

Results of Coburg and Melbourne Z matches :—

WILLIAMSTOWN—Total 49 runs. Top scores—Cumming 20 runs. Bowling averages—Watson 4 for 28 runs.

COBURG—124 runs.

School Football.—Although the football team contained several players of merit, it was weak as a whole. This was due to the fact that there were always players who were unable to make the trip to a distant school, and so it is not surprising that only one match was won. This win was over Frankston, and was outstanding. The tallies kicked against us were usually very high, Geelong having the honor of defeating us by the highest score.

Group Football—The Dingoes secured three wins, the Kaolas two, the Possums one, and the Wombats none in the interhouse football competition, which was very keen and close.

Interhouse Cricket—In the cricket competition the Kaolas achieved one win, whilst the Possums and Dingoes have each two victories to their credit.

GIRLS' SPORTS, 1926.

"Win without boasting of victory, lose without explaining defeat."

Although no cups have been gained this year, if the season's sport is to be judged by the enthusiasm put into it and the thoroughly sportsmanlike spirit of the players, we have had a very successful season.

At Basket-Ball two victories were gained out of the four association matches played. The first match was played against Geelong, with the favorable result 13 to 11 goals. Our next opponent was Melbourne Z, and although a strenuous match was played we were badly defeated (11-30 goals). This defeat put us on our mettle, and when we met Coburg in the next match an easy victory was gained (22-9 goals). In the last match against U.H.S. we were defeated.

The Juniors played only three matches. They scored a victory against Geelong, and after a very close match with Coburg were only defeated by one goal. The match against U.H.S. was also very evenly contested, but they were again defeated at the last.

The only outside match was played against the Williamstown Domestic Arts Team. An easy victory (37-11 goals) was the result.

As the team this year consists of several juniors, it is expected that 1927 will prove a more successful season.

Although four matches were played, our tennis team failed to win a victory, and therefore, as of old, their reputation lies in the hands of the future players.

The hockey teams of other schools proved too good for our girls, even though they played some very fine games. The most even match was played at Coburg, when the score was 4-2. The two goals were scored by Ruth Chatfield and Nellie Nettleton, who both played a very fine game.

At Rounders, the dwarfs won one match against Coburg, but were defeated by Geelong. The results against Coburg and Geelong were respectively, 28—16 and 13—31, so we must congratulate them on their fine efforts.

From these results you will see we have good cause to remember the second part of our motto: "Lose without explaining defeat," but let us hope that next year we shall "win without boasting of victory."

On October 2nd, the present and ex-students met in a series of matches. The following are the results:—

Ex-Students—

Hockey	1 goal
Basket-Ball	2 goals
Tennis	8 games

Present Students—

Hockey	1 goal
Basket-Ball	5 goals
Tennis	11 games

Written by JEAN SHAW

ADVISORY COUNCIL NOTES.

Meetings of the Advisory Council have been held regularly throughout the year. In March, Mr. Gray resigned on the eve of his departure to another State, and Mr. Reed, of Spotswood, was appointed to the vacancy.

Messrs. Brett, Johnson and Loudon, the parents' representatives, resigned in June, at the expiration of the triennial period for which they had been elected, but, at a meeting of parents, they received the well-deserved compliment of being unanimously re-elected. Later, Mr. Arthur, manager of the Newport Workshops, succeeded Mr. E. H. Hick, who had been compelled by pressure of private duties to resign. Mr. J. Crow is now in the chair, and Mr. Arthur is our Treasurer.

The Council have had the names of Scholarship winners inscribed on the Honor Board. They have provided a considerable amount of filling for the boys' yard, and had many minor repairs effected to the school buildings. Under their supervision the asphalt tennis court has been repaired and top-dressed, and they are providing a cabinet for our sports' trophies.

The end of the year finds them busy with the work of top-dressing the gravel courts, planning to lay a concrete path from the front gate to the school, also to build bicycle stables for the boys and the girls, and to provide a covered way from the main buildings to the pavilion, cookery and sloyd rooms. This will provide much needed shelter when we are changing rooms, and give the boys shelter during lunch hour. They hope to carry the work out in such a way as to beautify what is now an unsightly group of weatherboard buildings.

At their request, the Education Department has renovated and kalsomined the front rooms of the main buildings, the asphalt quadrangle and paths have been top-dressed and the fence repaired. Much needed repairs to the desks and renovation of the remainder of the main buildings are now in hand. An incinerator of an efficient type has been built, and all the wooden buildings are to be painted inside and out. By their influence and interest they have found attractive positions for many of our students. We desire to thank them one and all for their work and thought on our behalf.

A GREAT RACE.

They tell us in song and story of the many great races in life, of the hurdle race, the old mill race and the human race, but, to my mind the race that needs the greatest amount of wisdom, courage and stamina is that staged each year at the Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne. For the paltry fee of ten-shillings entrance and five-shillings for every heat, you are qualified to run in this—the greatest race of the year.

Five minutes before the scheduled time to start a gong is struck, and some thousand odd of pleasantly excited contestants line up at the top end of the Exhibition Buildings. Then in the wild struggle for position the weak go to the wall. The starting gong strikes, and with incredible speed the competitors speed down the aisles. But hereby hangs a tale.

Last year being both physically and financially fit, I paid my thirty shillings and so acquired the envied privilege to run. I heard the bell ring, there is no doubt of that, but after that I am not so sure. I heard the tramping of a thousand feet, and I felt a thousand pound push in the back. After stumbling some twenty odd yards, I recovered sufficiently to stand up and take notice of things. Then did my heart swell with pride in the school.

With something of the speed of a startled Ford, and something of the stupidity of the most exasperating donkey, Jack K-e-s-n led the field. As he, like "swift Camilla scoured the plain," his flying coat-tails swept from every desk, papers, pencils, pens and people's patience.

Uttering a bellow like the bull of Bashan, one of the stewards of the course hurls himself at him, clutches him and drags him back. By this time, however, I am three desks further on.

In trying to look backwards while running at full speed I crash into a desk, totter a few paces on the slippery floor and sprawl gracefully forward.

The feet of the many pass over me!

The end is near! I repent of all my evil deeds!

But no! the crowd has passed and I am safe.

At last I struggle to my seat, only to have to dislodge a young lady who has a mistaken idea as to her number. But all is peace and quietness as I slide into my seat to tussle for three hours with Leaving Certificate Book-Keeping.

"LILLIPUT," "A" Form.

SOCIAL LIFE.

J. BARRELL ("C" Form).

One of the features of our social life this year, was the rendering of a series of entertainments by the D3 Girls.

The playlets were extracts from the American novel, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "Pat-a-cake."

The acting itself was very entertaining, and the girls showed by it that they took great interest in preparing and producing the items.

I. Hadlow successfully played the leading role of Mrs. Wiggs, a poor widow who lived with her four children, Asia (M. Sayer), Australia (B. Fyson), Europena (M. McHenry), and Billy (Nancy Thompson).

Included in the caste were: E. Anderson as Mr. Bob, a lonely young bachelor who befriends the Wiggs family, and his lady love, Miss Lucy (E. Melrose).

Altogether the entertainments were very enjoyable, both to the actors and the onlookers, who showered the somewhat bashful performers with applause at the conclusion of the acting.

Half of the proceeds of the concerts went to help the sick at the Williamstown Hospital, while the other half was kept for improvements in the D3 Form Room.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES.

The first of the social activities of the Literary and Debating Society for the year 1926 took the form of a debate. The question under discussion was, "Do motion pictures tend to uplift or debase the mind?" The supporters of the latter view, ably led by Miss Jean Shaw, gained the victory.

The Tulliver Tea-party, from George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," was dramatised by members from A, B, C and Cc.

It has been the privilege of C, Cc and some of the D forms to visit the Playhouse and see the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Twelfth Night." The senior pupils also were present at the King's Theatre and viewed "The Admirable Crichton," the popular play of J. M. Barrie. An evening combining pleasure and profit was spent on these occasions.

During the second term Mrs. C. W. Cowper very kindly addressed the senior girls on the evils of intemperance. In a few well-chosen words, Olga Hirt thanked Mrs. Cowper, who has promised to visit us again and give us a talk on Children's Courts. We are greatly indebted to this lady.

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**“AGAIN THE SILENT WHEELS OF TIME THEIR ANNUAL ROUNDS
HAVE DRIVEN.”**

Another year is drawing to its close, and again there comes over me that pathetic feeling of the passing of Time; the time that will ever be enshrined in our memories in a golden mist, which will efface the unpleasant and idealise the pleasing. Many of us will leave school this year for ever—will leave the sheltered harbor of our school lives and pass into the Ocean of Life. Some, perhaps, finding the seas rough and stormy, may be caught up in the wild surge of the waves and dashed, battered and bruised, upon the rocks. Others may drift upon a glassy sea, favored by fair winds and smiling skies, and will proceed uneventfully on their voyage. For such is Life. But whatsoever the Future may hold in store for us, we shall carry with us the memory of the “great days, the jolly days at the best school of all.” And as we grow older we agree that:—

“From quiet homes and first beginnings
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There’s nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends.”

This year, which is so rapidly closing, will end for many of us a period which we shall never again experience; but if we keep before us the true valuation of things such as we know now, we shall have no pangs of regret, but only purest joy when the golden strings of Memory are stirred by word or thought.

“When your schooldays are behind you, and the Game of Life’s begun,
When hard knocks are quite as common, and there isn’t half the fun,
Play the Game, and play it cleanly; that’s the only golden rule.
And remember you are playing for the honor of the School.”

O.M.H., “B” Form.

ONE OF THEM. FORM “Cc.” UNAPPRECIATED!

We of “Cc,” sixteen in number, are very puzzled about the undue amount of criticism levelled at us by our worthy instructors.

Our literary attainments, so it seems, do not altogether come up to the expectations of our English teacher. This lady finds, to her too evident regret, that we have not yet acquired the art of getting “all the charm of all the Muses, flowering in one lonely word.” She also finds, despite her praiseworthy efforts to teach us to wield our mother tongue, that our modicum of expression is hardly “a well of native English undefiled.”

Another branch of the learned Arts at which we have heard we do not excel is mathematics. In vain our exasperated teacher tries to instil into us the rudiments of Arithmetic. Indeed she one day said, “I really don’t believe that you can multiply,” and has even described us as “wicked.”

But the individual members of the form make up for these trifling defects. First and foremost, the class takes pardonable pride in its champion Lacrosse player, a diminutive lad, some four feet high. Another interesting point about this member of our form, is his evident capacity for seeing the bright side of things. He keeps the rest of the form in constant fear, lest he, in one of his paroxysms of laughter, should strain his facial muscles. Another member of our form has, owing to her habit of discoursing in stage whispers during lessons, often brought stern rebuke and retributive punishment in the form of a chapter to transcribe, from our Geog. teacher. Another member, a boy this time, wears a perpetual smile (some would call it a grin) on his face. This is not the effect of any heavenly delight in life, but through the recent discovery of an unfailing device for obtaining comparative exemption from home work—the device of forgetting to take his home work book home. Sad to relate, some teachers, unreasonable beings, do not always see the logic in this invention, with disastrous results for the inventor. By the way, it is true that this person has, for some unaccountable reason, acquired the nick name of “Birdie,” and that some people could, if they chose, advance a theory on the matter? Our form captain, who is in the Basket-Ball team, and has her “Bronze,” is seriously debating in her mind two questions, namely: “Do Caramints help to ‘keep me up’ during Chem. Prac. periods?” and “Would the Russian dance be easier for me if the ‘flopping’ were eliminated?”

Last, but not least, of our illustrious sixteen, is the pet-hero of the school—the Bell boy, who recently won laurels for himself, by gaining, at the Combined Sports, most of the points for the Intermediate Cup. On the other hand he is probably the pet abomination when he rings the bell for the commencement of lessons such as arithmetic. In addition to this, he has the troublesome task of ruling his four unruly subjects, for he is our honoured form captain.

With such an interesting class, we fail to see that our teachers should find anything but joy in instructing us. Ah well! life is a puzzle, and school life is no exception.

MAY NEVILL, Form “Cc.”

WHO'S WHO ?
W.H.S. PREFECTS AND CAPTAINS, 1926.
"The Chief Custodians of the School Honor."

Head Prefects :—

Jean Shaw (B), T. D. Stewart (A).

Senior Prefects :—

Olga Hirt, Joyce Pretty, Ethel Homewood, Eva Glanville, Annie Harsley, G. Wilby, R. Bult, J. Rodda, B. Jamieson, C. Morris.

Form Captains :—

(C) Irene O'Brien, F. Ray ; (C_c) Elsie Hall, L. Hill ; (D₁) Mavis Mohr, G. Godsmann ; (D₂) Joyce Lemmon, J. Beanland ; (D₃) Clair Simpson, K. O'Brien ; (E₁) Josie Mills, R. Jackson ; (E₂) Myris Cumming, B. Arthur ; (E₃) Mavis Whyte, W. Law ; (F₁) Marjorie Izzard, J. MacMillan ; (F₂) Jean Stewart, R. Seal.

Group Leaders :—

Dingoes—GIRLS—Annie Harsley, Elsie Hall, Bessie Comben. **BOYS**—Les Hill.
Kaolas—GIRLS—Olga Hirt, Ethel Howewood, Jean Shaw. **BOYS**—Ron. Bult.
Possums—GIRLS—Jean Barrell, Alice Elso, Ailsa Forbes. **BOYS**—T. D. Stewart.
Wombats—GIRLS—Joyce Pretty, Eva Glanvill, Olive Keam. **BOYS**—G. T. R. Wilby.

A VISIT TO STATE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

(J. S.)

During the second term, as a diversion from the usual routine, "B" History Class, together with a section from "C," visited State Parliament House.

On our arrival, we were met by Mr. Lemmon, M.L.A., who had kindly consented to conduct us over the House.

Just before the members entered for the afternoon's debate, we were shown over the House of the Legislative Assembly. On the right hand side of the House the Nationalist members take their seats, while opposite them are the Labor party, those in opposition. Seated in a chair, at the back of the House, is the Speaker, who, with his grey wig, appears a very important personage. His duty is to keep order and also decide which member shall speak when several wish to put forth their views. Before the members take their seats for the debate, the mace is carried in by two office-bearers, and placed on one end of the table, which is in the centre of the House.

At this juncture, the members entered to take their seats, so we went on to the House of the Legislative Council. It is similar to the Lower House, although slightly smaller and more elaborately furnished. Perhaps the most interesting thing there is the chair in which the present King sat when he opened Parliament in 1901.

Mr. Lemmon then took us to a smaller room where we inspected the photographs of all the past Premiers of the State. From here we passed on to the library.

Besides the numerous instructive books which fill the shelves of this room, there is a table covered with magazines, journals and newspapers. Evidently the hard-worked members often spend a very pleasant hour or so in this comfortable apartment. In one part of the library the wall is lined with many clever cartoons, in which the figures of M.P's. are most prominent. This is not the least amusing part of it.

We then viewed the club-room of the members of the Council. This was a most spacious and comfortable apartment, where the fatigued members may spend their few minutes of rest. By the way, one of the pieces of furniture here is a billiard table, but perhaps it is seldom used. It saw daylight, however, when two of our boys showed their skill for a short time.

As the time was now getting on we adjourned to the people's gallery to hear the Legislative Assembly debate. Opposite us were several reporters who were busily engaged in taking down the words of wisdom that fell from the speaker's lips. In a few minutes we gathered that a most heated discussion on "petrol taxes" was taking place. The argument was whether or not a tax should be put on petrol, to pay for the upkeep of the roads. When we entered Mr. Hogan, leader of the Opposition, was speaking, but as about every sentence he spoke brought forth a volley of remarks from other members, his speech was considerably hampered. When he had concluded, the member for Brighton gave his views on the subject while the rest of the House interrupted, talked among themselves or went to sleep, just as they pleased. Certainly many of them did not seem in the least interested.

It was fairly late before we entered the gallery, and soon the droning voice of the Speaker announced that 'the House will now adjourn till Tuesday next at 4 o'clock.' "Those in favor say 'ay' the contrary 'no'; the 'ay's' have it."

The debate being over we left the House after spending a most interesting afternoon, even if our ideas of a parliament debate were somewhat modified.

THE MOCK ELECTION.

Immortalised in verse by "BENJAMIN."
 Now stop, look, listen and behold,
 While I in verse this wondrous tale unfold.
 How many moons ago, was held by us,
 A mock election with much stir and fuss.
 The candidates were Spud and Ronnie Bult,
 Two rivals who in bills each did insult ;
 And also there were Olga and Jean Shaw,
 As well as he who fair girls doth adore—
 Glad John, the orator and right-hand man.
 Who easily the canvassers outran,
 They posted bills, cartoons and fearful rhymes.
 (Forever gone, those wild and stirring times !)
 At last, the great election day came round,
 With cheers our famous art-room did resound ;
 Aspiring members spoke, such plans they had.
 But most of them were oh ! so very mad.
 The long-lock'd George most ably took the chair,
 And with much mirth conducted that affair ;
 His wit just bubbled o'er as he gave out
 The praises of that canvasser devout.
 Who's surnamed Simons, and whose work you note,
 Did help brave Bult to win by just one vote.
 And with the girls of course, as you foretold.
 Miss Shaw, she won despite her mien so coll.

STAFF CHANGES, 1926.

"THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES."

It is doubtful if any previous year of our history has seen so many changes in the Staff as the year 1926. Early in the year Mr. Johnson, who had been absent since May, 1925, obtained further extended leave and journeyed to England and the Continent, in search of renewed health. Next year he is expected to resume duty at Northcote, and all his friends wish him well in his new position. During his long association with our school he worked hard in its interests. Year after year, many scholarships and other scholastic successes were gained by us. Our sports' teams were often second to none, and the buildings and grounds were steadily improved.

Mr. Richards, of the Gardiner Central School, is to be our Head. A warm welcome awaits him next year, for we know he will build well on the good foundations laid in past years.

Until May, Mr. Rossiter remained our Acting Head. It was with regret that we learned of his transfer to Shepparton, for his year with us was marked by capable work and warm friendships made. Next year, Benalla will claim Mr. Hayward who took up the reins on Mr. Rossiter's departure.

When school opened at the beginning of the year, Miss Stocks had been promoted to Mildura and Miss Lee transferred to Melbourne. Their places were filled by Miss Whyte and Mr. Hemmings. The latter is an English teacher visiting Victoria for a year on the exchange system. Our French classes have spent many pleasant hours with him, and we want him always to remember with pleasure the year spent in our Sunny Land.

Miss Hunter, Miss Ketels, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Nutall, also joined our staff at the beginning of the year. Miss Hunter acted as Sports' Mistress until her resignation in June. As Mrs. Taylor, she now holds sway in a pretty orchard home in the Bendigo district. Show week came, and Miss Lynch also left us to be married. May the Giver of all Good Things have many years of happiness and prosperity in store for both these ladies.

During the second term, Miss Stevens, a science graduate from England, was with us. She now occupies a position at Ardmona, and has accepted a post in the Adelaide M.L.C. for next year.

Mr. Sampson has been with us since August, and Miss Houston and Mr. Coe since October. Each has proved a valuable addition to our staff. Last December, Miss Norris was promoted to Flemington Domestic Arts, and for first term Miss Kerr directed the work at the cookery centre, Miss Pearce having been in charge since then. How many of us have reason to thank them and our girls at lunch hour !

While mentioning the many changes of the year, one realises how much all owe to Miss McKay, Miss Coman, Messrs. MacNeece, Gerity and Ellis, who year after year "hold fast." They have not only performed their duties most faithfully, but have kept the school steadily on its course during these many Staff changes.

What is owed to them cannot be, and is not, measured in the usual terms of E. S. D.

("And so he plays his part.")

NEWPORT WORKSHOPS.

JACK P. SIMONS ("B" Form).

On Thursday, September 2nd, under the guardianship of Mr. Ellis and Mr. Hemming, our Chemistry and French masters, our Senior Boys were absorbed in the intricacies of the mighty machinery at the Newport Workshops. We were formed into two parties, each with a guide.

It would be impossible to remember the order in which we saw things. Many of us returned home with only a vague recollection of visiting one huge shed after another, of hearing fearsome noises, of seeing grimy men gliding to and fro. Very frequently we could perceive the "Government Stroke," so famous in such places.

We saw some busy carpenters in one of the rooms, and in another we saw them making new railway carriages. In this shed we could see the evolution of a railway carriage from its commencement to its completion. In one corner could be seen the skeleton, in another the compartments and seats were being put in their proper place, and so on.

We perspired freely while in the precincts of the furnaces, which seemed to appear almost everywhere. We found the vats of molten metal extremely interesting. The intense glow of the burning liquid quite enthralled us. The heat, if one tried to peer into the vat, was all but overpowering.

It was rather an anti-climax, yet very wonderful, the way in which huge machines would carve just a tiny thread of steel from a future railway-line, or a wheel to fit on it.

In one of the buildings we saw electro-plating in progress, and next door to this was a place where knives were sharpened and door-handles and other rusty articles polished till they shone brightly again. There seemed very little here for the workmen to do. They seemed pleased when Prefects' Badges, and sundry other articles were submitted to be burnished or sharpened.

Down in the south end of the grounds we could see the newly-completed chimney, and bare girders of the buildings in course of construction.

Space and remembrance being exhausted, other items seen by us during our short visit will have to be omitted. Suffice it to say that a most pleasant and educational afternoon was spent by us all.

"PATRONYMIC PIFFLE."

By T.D.S.

Tomasetti, the cannibal king of Herliky Isle, was seated on his chair of state in his ancestral Hall, decorated with skulls, cocoanuts, and Shields. He was flabby and massive, but he looked very regal and imperious, as he Drew himself up in his Gray Seal-skin coat, and rumbled, "Bring out the Ford." The Ford was Broughton to the grassy sward from the Stabell, which had been Frost bitten and was now stuck together with Glew, and Tomasetti, casting a benignant eye on his Pretty Brown daughter, Milley, he wheezed: "Meehan you are going to traverse the unexplored jungle tracts of our tropical isle." then sank back exhausted with the exertion of long speech. "Don't worry, old bean," spoke up his dusky daughter, "I'm Cumming, I Wilby with you in a second." So saying, she tripped gaily over to the automobile (the floorboards were loose) into which the King had already sunk with a grateful sigh. With a preliminary Spark or two, the glittering machine broke into purring life, and soon was speeding up the concrete road over the Hill to the other Shaw, where there was not a solitary Fischer to break the serenity of the scene. The car was stopped by the simple expedient of running into a palm tree. Unfortunately, the occupants suffered slight mishap, and his royal highness was disturbed. "I—!" He Zwar, "I'm Hirt." But his unsympathetic offspring was already busy seeing if the missionary sandwiches and the Preacher rinds had suffered. Seeing this, he promptly forgot his ailments, and grabbed a Legg of meat on the sly. His daughter frowned, and exclaimed, "I Sawyer, but it serves you right, for you'll have to eat it now, and it's not too Young, though I did pay a Price for it." Tomasetti began to Niblett, but soon exclaimed in disgust, "You're right, m' dear, it is Crook. In fact it is as sour as a Lemmon." But his daughter did not like this criticism either, for she had taken four days to Stewart, and so she rose from the Gravell in wrath, and having thrown insults and stones at the head of the unhappy King, she strode off Crossley to her chariot, and prepared to roll Homewood. The poor father, with a startled grunt, managed to clamber into the car before it shot off, because he was not much of a Walker, and did not like the prospect of passing the Knight on a Cliff. He was so affected, however, that he wore a stricken countenance all the way home. Thus ended the outing of King Tomasetti and his daughter.

THE FIRST TEST IN ENGLAND 1926.

"IN COMIC VEIN."

F. DOBSON, A. McDONALD ("E" Form).

The rain descended and the floods came! Picture numerous motor boats dashing hither and thither! Behold the cricketers who cannot swim (not W.H.S. boys), trying to look graceful on floats!! Lord's their objective! Ah! our Australian Eleven! They have chartered an Ark (how did they lure it from the British Museum?) placed the kangaroo on the bows, and, using their bats as paddles, go off some. Having arrived at Lord's, Gregory was sent below to find the pitch. As he values his life, he descended in a diving suit. Surveying the prospect from the deck, all that the players could see was the top of Lord's pavilion, on which King George took his stand, having arrived earlier by sea-plane. There was a fair attendance of people, some of whom had utilised canoes whilst others had come Diogenes-wise in tubs.

Immediately the XI. paddled over to the King, and bowed politely, poor old Andrews falling overboard in the act. "Where's my floats?" he gasped. As nobody knew, Woodful dived overboard to the rescue, manfully hauling him up to the Ark again by his forelock. Now, as Gregory had not put in an appearance, Collins sent Mailey down in another diving suit to help him find the pitch. In a twinkling they bobbed up to report 'No luck'! Collins in a rage hurled the whole team overboard, telling them to find the pitch—or drown.

Just then, Collins heard loud shrieks for help. Looking over the side, he saw the English Eleven and the lion struggling in the water into which their capsized motor-boat had thrown them. After being hauled on board, Carr asked Collins where the rest of the team were. "Obeying my commands," was the reply. At this juncture the lion commenced to fight the Kangaroo. As the latter won easily, Collins took this as a good omen of Australia's success, when Jupiter Pluvius should make the floods subside. Loud splashes from below! The pitch had been discovered, Taylor being the hero. Then the united teams paddled across to the King, and Carr said, "George, old man, do ask Jupiter Pluvius to dry up."

The King did, and Jupiter did, and next day the test was played, our "Woodie," as usual, being full of runs!

EX-STUDENTS' DAY.

By J. P. ("B" Form).

One of the most enjoyable school functions of the year, for both present and past students, took place on the 2nd October, when the present and past students met for friendly intercourse and to try conclusions in sport.

Great excitement prevailed on the day previous to this occasion, for everyone was busy with preparations. In every room flowers were arranged artistically by the girls, and budding artists chalked mottoes on the blackboards, while outside, several boys worked energetically to mark out courts for the games.

On this red-letter day, a large and representative body of students assembled at the school.

In weather, rather too warm for hockey, the two hockey teams took the field, marked out for the occasion in the boys' yard. This very exciting contest resulted in a draw, 1 goal apiece.

At the same time, the Old Boys were playing a tennis match against the present boys who were badly defeated.

The cricket match commenced at 3 o'clock, the present students taking first innings and playing till afternoon tea was ready, while the girls lined along the court and watched with intense interest a strenuous game of Basket Ball. The strong wind handicapped the players considerably, but both teams fought well, and the present students gained the victory—the scores being 5 goals to 3.

At 4 o'clock the players and ex-students crowded into the well-remembered Physics Room where afternoon tea was served. A happy quarter of an hour was spent there for the invitation to "Eat, Drink and be Merry," gaily chalked on the blackboard, was accepted by all.

The time passed quickly, and the boys soon had to resume their cricket match, which was drawn.

Later on, the girls' tennis match began. The first set was won by the ex-students, but the second set brought a victory to the present students. It may be well to notice that this is the only star on the horizon of the school tennis team this year, for in all the other matches they suffered overwhelming defeats.

After tennis, everyone went home, but most of the teams, ex-students and present senior students returned at 7.30 p.m. to enjoy a social given by the ex-students.

Games, competitions, music and dancing were the order of the evening, and "Auld Lang Syne" ended "A Perfect Day."

Why should not such a day be an annual event?

ROMANCE OF A "FORD."

OBADIAH ("B" Form).

Away back in the year 1915, my friend, Johann Smythe bought a motor car (by Ford).

You must know, dear readers, that in the year 1915 Ford cars had not reached that glorious state of perfection that renders the name "Ford" a household word nowadays. This machine, as I recall it, had four wheels, more or less, a very rattly body and an engine to make it rattle. And it continued to rattle spasmodically until about two years ago, by which time it had hardly anything left to rattle, so Mr. Johann Smythe securely locked it up in the garage for fear of its escaping (even then he dare not trust it), and, as he had risen in life, bought a very splendid Vauxhall.

It happened that about this time Smythe desired to instal electric light in his country home, and someone gave voice to this Great Thought.

"Smythe," said he, "in your garage you have an engine with sundry bits of a Ford car sticking to it." Smythe frowned—he disliked to hear his old car spoken of in that slighting tone of voice. He had got to love that Ford. Many were the terms of endearment he had used towards it in his more heated moments.

"Well," continued the Great Mind, "Remove those bits of Ford car and make the engine drive the electric plant." Smythe did—and it worked splendidly.

But one night—but here let me allow Smythe to continue the story in his own words.

"One night that engine started to run, and the engine being fastened to the house, the house ran too. I was sleeping at the time, and was awakened by rumblings like an earthquake. The walls were trembling and the windows rattled. I jumped into my dressing gown and threw open the window. Howling catfish! (I said something more explicit at the time). The house was on the move at a terrific pace. Imagine, just imagine the feelings of a man who, clothed in his night garments, looks out of his window and sees his greenhouse, his pergolas, his pet dahlias rushing past him at forty miles per hour.

I ricocheted down the passage, and found my children hanging out of the window enjoying the fun immensely.

I staggered down the stairs and into the scullery—the engine was going for its life.

I told it in a few well chosen words, which I had learned during my early experiences in car driving, to stop its very unseemly behaviour. And as sure as my name is Smythe, that engine answered, "I can't help it, dear old chappie, a Ford I was, and a Ford I shall be till I burst—you can never trust a Ford you know;"—and it went still faster.

However, I steeled myself for another effort at forcible rhetoric, which effort lasted for fully five minutes. This time I was more successful—the engine swerved around and made for home.

Then I told it what a nice, sweet little Ford it was, and persuaded it to stop right in the exact spot from which we had set out, and it obeyed like a lamb.

I went to my room, got into bed, and discovered that I was dreaming comfortably."

"A remarkable night," said Smythe. All I said was, "Mm."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By "OBADIAH" and "BENJAMIN."

"PUPPYRELL."—Regarding your poem entitled "Why do I live?" We would suggest that it is because you remained anonymous.

"WILLIE DIET."—You wish to know if fish is a good food for authors, having heard that its phosphorous stimulates the brain. We believe that this is so. If your submitted effort is average, we would suggest that you eat a couple of good sized whales.

"PSAPHAN."—Article unsuitable. However, the paper-fastener came in handy.

"POET."—Somehow we don't think that your forte is poetry. We liked the following lines from your "Ode to a consumptive jellyfish":—

"Thy pants, dear fish,
Perturb my soul;
And I would wish
Thou hadst no pants,
Dear fish."

"SILAS."—We regret to say that your article is unsuitable. We also regret to say that you are unshootable.

"RUDOLPH."—Your literary efforts may, as you suggest, "help to keep the pot boiling," but we think that newspapers would do equally well.

Best of wishes to all except the above mentioned.

THE EX-STUDENTS.

(By OMNES OMNIBUS).

The most noteworthy event of the year in the ex-Student world, was the fanning into flame of the school spirit. Far from flickering into reminiscent nothingness, like a burnt-out torch, it has gleamed brighter and brighter, lighting the way towards the high ideals and noble attainments for which the school stands. To hear the school songs and the school war-cry on the night of Old Pupils' Day (October 2nd), to see the attendances at the school functions, and the way in which the old students hold together in every walk of life, are all signs of this new spirit. While this is largely due to the students themselves, and to the committee of the ex-students' association, the acting headmaster, Mr. Hayward, deserves high praise for the wonderful results he has achieved in this respect. And now that the spirit of the school has found itself again, there must be no flagging of our energies—

"This is the word that, year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget,
This they all with a joyful mind,
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'"

Cupid's Tally—The following engagements are announced:—

Jerry Smart, Jack Long, N. Ellis, J. Hawdon, F. Birnstihl, Norm. Douglas,
May Scott, J. McKenzie, Edna Fryer, B.Sc.
Hope to have some more shortly.

"The crowded hour of glorious life :—

Ted Grieve, the President is about 5/6ths of M.B., B.S. He does finals next year. He is the first old boy to be elected as president; and is a lieutenant in the 32nd Batt.

Brian Grieve is Ted's brother.

Ted Anthony won the Marysville Reliability (Motor Bike) Trial.

Gilb. Anderson (Commonwealth serum lab.).

"Rosc" Maynard is most approachable about ten-past six. He thought the Ritz was a new kind of car—he doesn't now. Athletics, medicine, tennis, cars, and "cherchez la femme" keep him busy.

"Pops" Hempel, B.Sc., is still at Newcastle.

Andy Banks likes tipping waiters: also "Back to Childhood" nights. He has forsaken pharmacy for farmacy.

"Yodz" Bolt, as sparrow-like as ever, is secretary of Williamstown Harriers.

Jack Ferguson—"pater familias."

Mr. Clapp is still with R. O'Brien and R. Coleman.

Keith Barty likes walking, pepper and sparkling hock.

Ed. Knight, prominent in Public Service Assn.

Joe Landy doing pharmacy.

John Mabbitt

The Parkers

The Frys

C. Smart

B. Thompsett

"The Ploughmen. homeward. plod their weary way."

"Doc" Forbes is studying incompatibles at Musther's, and also cricket.

Freddy Balaam plays the sax—"Did you hear this yarn?"

"Lossie" Meehan—Meeske's next opponent, is still at Mt. Eccles.

Jack Parry is an architect—a fine fellow.

Ed. Hall—orchestral expert.

Arthur Payne likes yellow cabs and raspberry vinegar; and has an affinity for picket fences.

Boy Murphy, teaching at Portland—reckons Melbourne's slow.

John Evans—owns a Dodge, and periodically whacks his whole school for smoking.

"Poddy Robertson"—joint sec. of "exies." Now wears a belt, braces and safety pins.

Kitty Ellis, stenographer.

Evelyn Johnson—interested in lacrosse and Fords.

"Tubby" Ockley—chemistry. Thought the Green Mill was an optical delusion.

Harry Fry—Dalton and Neptune so to speak (science and R.A.N.R.)

Marg. Maynard—at Minnie Everett's training for the next musical comedy.

Jack Meehan, mistook the garage for the Municipal Chambers.

Liz. Tayton, Jim Ravenscroft, Edna Fryer, Gwen Evans, Marie Stewart, Gladys Mickel are teaching.

Ernie Barrie is still banking.

Jack Gravell owns an Overland.

Gladys Conabere—Tom's gone to Queensland: "When the cat's away...."—we hope not Gladys!

Min. Griffiths plays tennis; they let her vote now. Risks her life in autos, also—we admire her pluck.

Queenie Jamieson (née Anthony), now at Blackburn.

"Lightnin!"—W.A.A.C. estimate of Les Hill.

"Wobb" Brett, teaching at Boree Creek (N.S.W.)

S. Hosking and Reg. McLaughlin—State Savings Bank.

Bill Doig, Pole-vaulter for Williamstown A.A.C.

Eric Barnes exists from 9 till 5 with a public accountant.

"Snow" Roberts is still in New Guinea.

Flo Lord holds up Esplanade Tennis Club and knows about electricity and motors.

Alec Whitbourn is in the State Savings Bank.

"Postera, Crescam, Laude"—

E. J. Grieve (med.), R. B. Maynard (med.), Linda Tassell (M.A., doing Dip. Ed.),

Ron Reed (B.Sc.), G. Thompson (med.), W. Evans (commerce), A. Stewart

(law), B. Grieve (arts.), H. Fry (science), A. Fowler (law), S. Van Pelt (med.),

Jessie Campbell (arts), Alice Incoll (arts), Elsie Johnson (arts), Bob Shaw (arts).

Athletics

J. Ball (track captain), R. B. Maynard, A. E. Bolt (sec.), R. O'Brien, A. J.

Payne, K. Barry, A. J. Banks, L. Hill (present students), E. Johnson, all run

with Williamstown Amateur Athletic Club.

J. Ball (Williamstown F.C.), F. Birstuhl (Williamstown C.C. and the Leopolds),

Ken Harvey (Shell F.C.), Merv Duncan (Essendon C.C.), R. Sutton (South

Melb. F.C.), B. Arthur (Scray Harriers), J. Gravell (baseball), R. B. Maynard

(tennis), "Sos" Bird (cricket and baseball), W. Faichney (baseball), W. Serpless

(cricket), H. Fry (cricket), D. Reed (cricket), "Dossier" Ferguson, K. Barry and

"Wally" Lowe (lacrosse).

One of the exies is trying to sell Miss McKay a car.

It's "Lady! be careful," now, not "Lady! be good!"

Incidents of the Ex-Student year

1. "Blue-Black Cargo" or "The Reformation"—argument:—

It has come under our notice that the reformation of two of our prominent ex-students (and medical students, at that), has been achieved by one of the staff of the school. So she has made possible what was before deemed improbable.

Scene I.—A Basket-ball Court.

[Enter two youths clad in royal blue and black.]

YOUTHS:—How now, has not the sport begun?

[Enter numphs, singing and dancing, followed by Fairy Queen.]

NYMPHS:—Welcome! oh youths.

[Game about to commence—seconds out.]

FAIRY QUEEN:—Hadn't you two boys better go home?

YOUTHS:—Oh—yes!

[Exit.]

N.B.—Much copy from ex-students arrived too late for inclusion.

What is humor in a medical students' magazine may not be appreciated by the majority of High Tide readers—EDITOR.

Good taste is a touchstone of character.

The writing of inane drivel in Autograph books is strongly deprecated. Why not be satisfied with your signature, if you lack the good taste to choose what is lovely and of good report?

To all our Readers—Heartiest Good Wishes for the New Year.

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May 1926

HIGH TIDE



1926