

Their wealth, admittedly by no means negligible, is terribly vulnerable to disease and a whimsical climate. Their standard of health is mediocre and medical facilities are still limited. Their robust wit and practical commonsense need the stimulus and polish of education. It is to lessen these handicaps and to supply these deficiencies that the effort described in the White Paper is designed, and though the goal is still a long way off, progress has been made, and along the right road.

Those who know something about these territories, and have been privileged to share in the work that is being done, know how much this is due to hearty co-operation between the chiefs and people themselves and the European officials who are their advisers and their friends.

OVER SUCH ROCKS

By E. F. GUY

Over such rocks the water has come
Beyond the scope of our cognition;
In milleniums when God's rule of thumb
Was planning beast's claw, conditioning
Scales to skin; when mouth was dumb
And tide ran roaringly, waves threw high
The deep's upheaval—strange writhing things
To creep or cling, to live or die.

Now whitening in the sun, something the land
Threw back that Ocean would not keep,
Shuttled here on a margin of sand,
This destiny's bone seems strangely asleep
Before the rocks, meeting no demand
Of fins to feet, shuffled with the surge
Or suck of water, in motion astride
Both life and death and dumb to their urge.