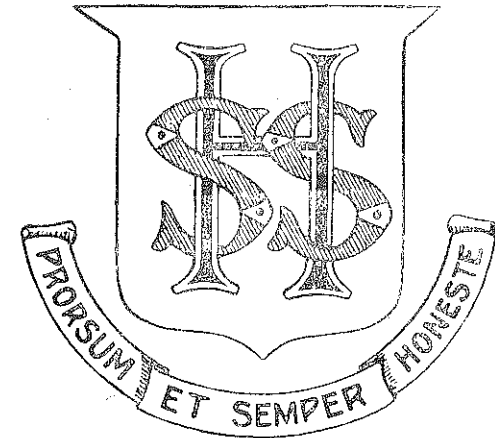


The Northern Echo



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EDITORIAL FOREWORD.

It is strange that so many people, whilst dealing with very great shrewdness with ordinary commercial undertakings, seem to fail to get their money's worth in the commodity called education.

The man who asks the school first of all to make his son self-supporting, as a rule, gets it.

But it appears that at the present time a boy can earn a comfortable living without having that efficient mind which the school desires to give him.

The ability to make money, important as it is, is not the only quality for the boy to possess. What is required is a broader view, viz., how to utilise living.

The pupil's interests, quite as much as his mental powers, need stimulus, development, and discipline.

In new countries there is a tendency to expect citizens to amass wealth. People regard the study of certain subjects as useless, because they cannot be immediately translated into terms of £ s. d.; they have no immediate cash value.

English, say these people, is valuable only because it enables a person to write good business letters; bookkeeping because it deals with finance; all the rest of the world of knowledge, historical, scientific, aesthetic, is a dull blank.

With a pupil, whose ideals (often derived from his parents) are these, the school cannot do much in making him intellectual, but it can interest him in ideas; it can extend and widen the range of his pleasures; it can deepen his conception of commerce.

With the school, the parents must share the responsibility if the boy comes with eyes closed to everything but money-making and fun.

Often teachers discover a pupil in whose mind there dawns an intellectual awakening. His mind grips upon knowledge and moves along with it. Ideas, which he did not fancy, begin to anger him—surely a sign of intellectual progress. Intelligent questions fill his mind. Often he fails to get the correct answer, and he becomes so depressed that when the parent suggests (perhaps unconsciously) he should soon be earning something, he leaves school without that intellectual dawn, ever brightening into day.

The boy wished to know and feel and think to study more economics, to know more history, to read more widely, until he could shape his own philosophy of life. This did not appeal to his parents. They can understand a boy wishing to be an engineer, a doctor, etc., but the other—no. It would be a luxury, they say; but this is an age of luxury, and the boy who, with that intellectual hunger which has been satisfied by the extra year of scholastic training, is surely going to carry the profits of this fuller education into his business or profession. As a lawyer or engineer his efficiency is not going to suffer because he has a broader outlook upon other aspects of the world's interests.

Many of the best thinkers in the world of education are spending their energies in shortening the period of education. In this sense, they

are cutting down waste, they are increasing the efficiency of schools and teachers, they are condensing, reforming, and concentrating the work of the school.

If the parent, who can afford to give his child an extra year of school life, would put less emphasis on the rigors of the financial struggle and more upon the advantages of a well-opened mind, the effect upon the state would be enormous.

The people would begin to value culture and intellect, and the whole community would be sharers in their mental broadening. Let us root out that prejudice against those subjects in the curriculum which cannot be measured in cash.

Let us give to the child the proper background, so that he can live outside his office or workshop.

Let him be a cultivated, sympathetic, intelligent, broadminded man first and a good blacksmith or lawyer afterward.

OLD SCHOLARS.

Whist, but did you see "Dad's" photo. in the "Courier?" What a nice lady he made.

Harry Monkhouse sends along his sub., and a long list of good wishes.

Dorothy Blewett left us last quarter 'mid tears and trials. She comes to see us at times, and buys and reads her "Magazine" regularly. We hope you have insured your house, Dorothy!

Basil Kildea is seen doing the block after 5 p.m. sometimes.

W. G. Rockcliffe, in replying to an invitation to "Br's" social, regretted his inability to be present, but sends his "Mag." sub. along.

We miss a few of our lads on the cricket field this year—Heasman, Illingworth, Sellars, and Co.

Edgar Briggs, who, it will be remembered, secured top place in the recent civil service exam., has a position in the Mines Department, Hobart. He writes wishing us success in the J.P.

Eric Melvor is going to be a full-fledged accountant.

We were all pleased to see Elsie Mitchell and Becky Good at the Senior Schools' social.

Gordon Stokes, we believe, is still in the Longford district.

Alex. Buchanan, the ex-Beaconsfielder, is now working in Launceston.

Reg. Turner is occasionally seen in town.

Willie Mason is garnering the crops in the Deloraine district.

We haven't heard from Florrie Lees this quarter.

Amy Munro wishes to be remembered to all 1913 pupils.

Eila Cooper was in town on November 9.

Dave Whitchurch never sends us a line. Wake up, Dave! We remember your liveliness in football rushes.

Iris Pybus had to leave school owing to serious ill-health. We all wish her strength and good health.

Tony Monks is now working in Launceston. "C2" in particular wish him well.

Amongst the guests at our Senior School Social was Claribel Hodges. Just as we go to press we received a letter from her, wishing our "B" classes every success in the Junior Public.

Ralph Anderson, one of our last year's boys, is our first representative on the Active Service List. He was on board the victorious Sydney when she disabled the Emden.

Henry Padman wishes to be remembered to all old friends. Rumour has it that he will soon be manager-in-chief of one of our big city firms. We suggest that he should wait until a few more Christmas puddings have come his way.

Bob Stevens comes second to Percy Fordham in the list of those who have already subscribed for 1915. Bob also sends along a contribution to the School Fund, for which we thank him.

A WORD TO SCHOLARS.

The close of a school year brings to each one of us thoughts varying from pleasure to pain, from joy to sadness. All of us if we have worked at all conscientiously appreciate the respite from labour, the change from the dusty city to the fresh green rural lanes or roaring sea shore. Yet, in spite of the fact that this change, not only of work but also of scene, is so appreciated, there come within our souls sad thoughts. There are mates, with whom we have worked, played, and perhaps quarrelled, whose school days are finished. They are going out into the world to be tested by the examination of experience. How we that are left will watch their careers! How we will cheer when we hear of their successes. Will we ever mention their failures? Perhaps—in whispers, and whispers fraught with sadness.

Remember you, who are leaving, that we are anxious to hear of you doing well. Apply the school motto, "Prorsum et semper honeste" to your life's work. Remember your school. Some of you are certain to succeed. Don't be at all snobbish to those of your fellows who perhaps have not the native ability you have. Remember there is no credit in having mere ability. It was born with you, just as much as the colour of your eyes or hair.

To those that remain at school let us say, look back on the year's achievements. Learn from your failures, but be modest over your successes. Next year we will admit about a hundred new pupils. They will come minus a knowledge of our rules. Let us try to teach them in as kind and smooth a way as possible. Remember they will, in a way, look up to those who have reached the "A," "B," or "C" classes with a certain amount of reverence.

Some of them are bound to be a little childish. Help them to be manly and womanly. Never let them do a deed which you know is contrary to the welfare of the school without quietly admonishing them. They will respect you in years to come. We all like good things. We all want a good school. Do we not sometimes forget that the pupils make the school?

TIT-BITS.

By "The Tattler."

ESSAY ON THE CAMEL.

"The cannimal is the sheep of the desert. It is called backteria because it has a hump on its back. The cannibal is very patient, and will lie down and die without a groan; but when it is angry it gets it's back up, which is called taking the hump. The shepherds of the cannibals is called Arabs. When they live in towns they is called street Arabs.

"When the cannibal goes a long journey it drinks as much as it can, to last for many days. Such animals are called aqueducks. Those that cannot carry enough are called inebrates."

Our Hogg's Lane Representative in "C2" informs us that Ket's Rebellion is a well-known historical event. Ket was a blacksmith, and he led the peasants of the time of Edward VI. against James I.

Query.—Who demolished those wafers?

When the war is over what kind of fruit will the Kaiser and his son represent?—A squashed pear.

Foot is certainly a wag. Asked by his physiography teacher for a typical example of something such that no impression can be made on it if you hit it, he answered, "Jack Johnson, sir!"

"W." recently discovered that a certain clause was a noun clause, rediscovered that it was adjectival, and then, since his teacher couldn't believe him, announced with great zest that it was adverbial.

Oh, the bad old Kaiser Bill;
He had two million men;
He marched them half-way into France,
And marched them back again.
Oh, when they were in they were in,
But when they were out they were out,
But when they met the Britishers
They were soon put to rout.

—"Tiny Tim."

"H2S." writes:—"I was much pleased to see that chemical poem in the last number. It has inspired me to write on like subjects, and I would be more than pleased if any of your readers could oblige me with a word to rhyme "C72H112N18SO22."

"Witz" writes that the difference between a beehive and a diseased potato is—one is a be-holder, the other a spec-tator.

"C3" again comes to the front. One of its members recently made the wonderful discovery that two straight lines are parallel to one another.

Why are British people forbidden to use water in their gardens?—Answer.—Because it helps the German nation (germination).

If a monkey fell down and broke his knees, where would he go for new ones? Answer.—To a mint where they make ha'pe'nies (ape knees).

"Reggie."—What is it that makes the Kaiser so downhearted, Lizzie?" "Lizzie."—"The Tasmanians will soon be in Europe, and it makes him feel sick."

"Mattie."—"Yes; and the other day he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket and found that he had lost a New Guinea; then he put his hand into his trousers pocket and found he had lost Sa-moa."

"R.U.B." writes:—A literary genius in "B2" recently discovered that the tea he was drinking was like Shakespeare's sonnet, "The Quality of Mercy," etc.—don't laugh—because it was not strained.

"Mac."—"Mac" wishes to announce he is offering a prize for the nearest guess to the weight of 500 rounds of .310 bullets plus a hardwood box of 9in. x 28in. x 7in. x 1/2in., and what amount of energy is necessary to remove it one and a half miles. Reckoned in gallons of perspiration.

"Max" wishes to know causes of noises under headgear.

PREFECTS' MEETINGS.

The little magic slips of paper announcing that "A Prefects' Meeting will be held at 4.15 p.m. to-day," have been conspicuous by their absence this Term. As "B1" and "B2" classes are going up for the dreaded "Junior" this year, they are too busy to find cause for these solemn functions, or time to attend them. Although few meetings have been held good work has been done, both individually and collectively. The Prefects of the first year received an invitation to a social given by the senior school, when Mr. Foot, on behalf of the visitors, returned acknowledgments. We all hope to have a good Term to commence the New Year with, and now take this opportunity of wishing all the members of the school "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year!"

SOCIAL NOTES.

(By One of the Socialists.)

All the old scholars of the High School determined to have a social, and we began all preparations, and after a week or so everything was ready. The fatal day came on the 21st of October. On the Wednesday afternoon some of the committee went to the hall to get ready for the evening.

At 7.15 the doors were opened, and the children and teachers began to come. At 7.45 began the guessing competition. The competitors kept three girls going with pins and paper for at least thirty minutes. Some of us were that busy that, instead of the pin going into the paper, it went into the backs of the competitors. After this was over, the winner being Eva Eastoe, we all sat round and listened to the fine reciting of Frank Taylor. We then had a game of the fine old game "Jolly Miller," which we greatly enjoyed. After we had played this we all assembled round the room to watch the boys seated on bottles light candles. This was a

great event to see the boys—some small, some big—all seated on bottles with a match ready to do the deed. Some boys would just get the match alight, when the next moment they would see the bottle rolling down the other end of the room.

This caused a great deal of excitement, and finally the winner was Basil Kildea, who for his great skill received a valuable knife. Other items contributed during the evening were a song by Thelma Jacobson and a recitation by Miss Richardson.

During the evening we also had a geography competition, and after a very keen contest the prize went to R. Barling. What a time he had with the box of chocolates!

Last, but not least, came the supper, which everyone, young and old, enjoyed, and which was cooked by the Cookery Girls and daintily served and carried round by the committee.

After this we gathered in a circle to sing "Auld Lang Syne," "God Save the King," etc. We then dispersed, breaking up the happy family, everyone pleased but tired.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"R."—That's right. It is advisable to take a seat under such circumstances.

"F."—Yes; George Town is a splendid holiday resort. Holidays occur at Christmas, Easter, Midwinter, and Michaelmas.

"I.B."—Yes; housebreaking seems to be a common occurrence at Evan-dale, and a reward is offered to the revealer or the culprit of Sunday, November 29th.

"The Terrible Five."—Re your query whether it is true that the earth weighs 684,000,000,000,000,000,005,679,238 tons. The Editor had a fainting fit when he read it, and he has entirely lost his memory for all subjects of that nature.

"The Israelite."—No doubt you are improving in your arguing faculties. But we do not think that many scholars would agree with you that geometry is more useful than wireless telegraphy.

"Mac."—Yes, thirteen is an unlucky number, as many small boys will tell you, especially when it refers to canines.

To the following we prefer our subscribers to give an answer:—

"The Editor 'Northern Churinga.'

"Sir,—Am I old enough to shave yet?

"Yours, amidst hair entanglements,

"Lizzie."

[The Editor suggests that the distinguished oracle, Hippopot, might be consulted.]

"Tiny Tim."—Yes; it is unfortunate to order ice creams and then find that you have left your purse in the other trousers pocket. It isn't such a dire calamity, however, if you happen to have eaten the ice cream before you make the discovery.

"Stroke."—There is no need to look glum in photos. Cheer up.

"Hec. C."—Your fair locks looked very nice in the rowing photo.

"Jessie B."—Certainly. Glasses do improve one's appearance. Ask "Kathie B." or "Bertha M."

"Dorothy B."—Yes, we all regret your leaving—if you are really going.

"Percy F."—Yes, you may wear long trousers now.

"Yolla."—Would advise a safety razor in place of a Kropp. You know they may be German made.

"X.Y.Z."—Too much plum pudding at Christmas is bad for you, but that never stops anyone from eating it.

DEBATING CLUBS.

"A" CLASS DEBATES.

This quarter we have come sadly and slowly to the conclusion that, like "Nym," we are of few words.

Discouragement has been given us by the fact that the children of "C" lustily discuss problems too old for them every Thursday at 4.15 p.m. Hearing them, we decided debates were things we had passed and grown out of. This was not decided, however, before the male section won a decisive victory in "Is popularity a sure test of greatness?"

No doubt next year, when "B2-ites" have grown some, and have become "A-ites," these debates will become more lively—i.e., be more spirited. "Aye."

"C1" AND "C3" DEBATING SOCIETY.

Following on the example set them by the "A" Class, "C1," and "C3" have formed for themselves a debating society.

The opening debate was "Town v. Country Life." In this debate Douglas, Wyllie, and Turner each delivered very enthusiastic arguments for the respective parties. When the ballot was taken the country won by a majority of six.

The next week witnessed the maiden speech of several members, showing great promise for the near future. "Is Australia too much given over to sport?" was the subject of debate on this date. Stubs and Smith were the star performers on this day, each delivering a very fine speech. So enthusiastic and heated were the arguments that the voting was equal.

In the next debate, "Should women have the vote?" May Holloway gave a very fine, well thought out speech, and as a result the "noes" won by a large majority.

When we had succeeded fairly well in these debates, the chairman (Miss Walker) spent much time in preparing several subjects for impromptu speeches. A vote was taken at the end of the speeches for the best speakers, Stubs, on "Men's Fashions," and Douglas, on "Ties," tying for best speech.

A great difficulty was experienced in obtaining female speakers in this debate, and it seems that as a result of the shyness of the young ladies "C1" and "C3" is destined to fall under, so an effort should be made to remedy this.—"Oratio."

ON TOUR.

"B2" MOTOR BOAT TRIP.

It was a glorious morning. Geard arrived early and gave his motor boat a trial, and then we embarked. After a good deal of waiting, we finally started about 10 o'clock, and reached our destination in about three-quarters of an hour. After the embarkation had finally taken place some went in for a dip; others retired to a paddock and played cricket. Then came dinner. Such a dinner! Everybody thought the cream wafers of Mr. Listner were very nice, so they had a taste in his absence. One of the visitors took a fancy to his milk also, and when he went to his bag to get the milk he could not find it. He wanted to give it to the visitor, and said he was very sorry, but someone had taken it, and as it happened the visitor took it.

After dinner there was a cricket match, which lasted till it was time to leave. After lunch the Loongana was sighted, and a rush for the boat ensued. Nearly everybody got on before she passed. It was a lovely trip back. Several members of the party gave recitations, and patriotic and rag-time songs were indulged in by most.

The party consisted of 21 members all told. In Geard's hands the boat behaved well throughout, and the journey ended by all singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

We must not forget to mention that Mr. Hudson, our rowing coach, was with us on the trip also. Needless to say that we enjoyed his company exceedingly.

CLASS NOTES.

The Dux for last Term's Examinations in the various classes were as follow:—

Class A.—Bertha Layh (Dux of School).

Class B.—Ray Atkinson.

Class B2.—Mat. Wise.

Class C.—Eric Scott.

Class C2.—Alice Cunningham.

Class C3.—J. Skemp.

CLASS A (SENIOR PUBLIC). Supervising Teacher—Mr. Coombes.

There is very little to relate for this issue, as the epitome of the last three months is "Work diversified by toil." However, during the Term we found time to join our colleagues of the "B1" and "B2" classes in a social in King's Hall, which proved a very enjoyable function. We were glad to welcome amongst the guests a good sprinkling of old scholars.

We extend our congratulations to Taylor at being selected to row in the crew this year. His keenness in sport has been a strong feature all the year, and we are glad to find him well to the front once more.

As this is the last Term at school for the majority of us, those of us who are leaving take this opportunity of thanking the members of the staff for their assistance during our course, and we all wish both them and the other classes in the school a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

"B1" (UPPER TEACHERS AND SECONDARY). Supervising Teacher—Mr. Coombes.

This Term has passed very rapidly, perhaps too rapidly for some of us, and by the time these Notes are in the Printer's hands we shall all be in the midst of our respective "danger zones." We feel moderately uneasy about entering into this North Sea of Troubles, and most devoutly are we praying not to foul too many unexpected mine-fields.

Talking of mine-fields reminds us that the historic research of one of our members has resulted in putting things in a new light in regard to the much maligned Spaniards of Elizabeth's reign. We are now led to imagine that submarining was a favourite pastime among the "nuts" of the period, for we are informed thus: "Led by the duke of Medina-Sidonia, the invisible Armada set out to attack England."

Before earthquakes and thunderstorms and great battles it is usual for a great silence to fall. Such a silence has fallen upon us all, and as a consequence much that might otherwise have been recorded now hangs in a state of suspended animation till the Junior Exam. is over.

We take this opportunity of wishing everybody a happy Christmas, a pleasant holiday, and a prosperous year to follow.

"B2" (UPPER COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL). Supervising Teacher—Mr. Listner.

Before another "Magazine" is published we hope that the majority of us will have numerous passes and no small number of credits recorded against our names in the Junior Public records.

As the boys put it, we will be "not a little bit" glad how soon the Christmas holidays come after the Junior is over. Hard work deserves to be rewarded with a holiday, so we certainly think that we deserve one.

During the Term we have had a class river picnic, Will Geard most kindly supplying the motor boat. It is spoken of elsewhere. One member of the picnic party went into ecstasies over the sight of the captured German ship—Hobart. Ask him what else happened?

"Dad" Sellars is missed by all of us since he left. We fear that we will have to report other losses next Term.

We don't know whether the Germans are likely to attack our "tight little island" before the war closes. Certainly if they do they should get a strong rebuff, for, judging by the appearance of Will Geard when he returned from doing his share in Hobart, some hard work is being done by those who undertake our Home Defence, as well as by those who cross the water.

We wish all our teachers, also pupils of other classes, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—and many of them.

"C1" (LOWER TEACHERS AND SECONDARY). Supervising Teacher—Miss Spotswood.

The last quarter of the year has passed very rapidly for "C1," and now we are looking forward to the exams. and holidays—to the former with feelings not altogether pleasant, for what if we fail and get left behind!

During this Term Aidan Scott, one of the Teachers' Class, was selected as stroke of the first crew, and Irvine Douglas secured a place in the second.

In tennis also our class is well represented, Cecil and Jessie having gained a place in the first four of the team.

As usual our vases have looked well, if not "semper" at least "saïpe," thanks to Sybil and Lucie. And everyone is interested in observing the growth of a new shoot on the fern.

Stubbs, who is making heroic efforts to fit himself for the Junior Public Latin class next year, writes:—"Our geometrical instruments having been captured, a raid was organised, with Wyllie in command, and after much severe fighting the enemy were repulsed with heavy losses. Our captures were many and numerous, including our duster, which was taken and retaken several times."

Looking back over the past year, we all feel that it has been a good one, and that although we have had hard work, the satisfaction derived from it has been ample compensation. We wish all a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

"C2" (LOWER COMMERCIAL). Supervising Teacher—Miss Rockwell.

Work has gone on apace since the last issue of our "Magazine."

The second year pupils will take the Junior Public next week, and I am sure we wish them every success.

We first year people are working hard to pass the quarterly examination, for the thought of remaining another year with "the babies" does not appeal to any of us.

Various improvements have been made in class arrangements. A black-board and ink monitor have been appointed for each week, and, from our side of the curtain there are but few demands for ink.

Since last Term hockey and football have given place to tennis, swimming, and cricket. In sport "C2" is holding its own well. Members for the three cricket teams have been chosen from amongst us. Many representatives of the girls' cricket team are in our midst, and a number of us attend the baths every sports day. During the Term we have had the pleasure of welcoming Alice Cunningham as Prefect in the place of Iris Pybus, who has left. We have to deplore the loss of a few more class members this quarter, and to welcome back our friend, Anna Domini, who has just returned from one of his little trips into the country.

One of our number is master of the enviable accomplishment of "winking with his legs." He learned it from Mr. Fizzwigg, of the Christmas Carol.

In conclusion, we wish to teachers and pupils of the State High School, and to each and all of our many readers, the merriest of Christmases and the brightest of bright New Years.

"C3" (LOWER INDUSTRIAL). Supervising Teacher—Miss Walker.

The Industrial Class of the Lower School is still losing its gallant men, the last to leave its ranks being Claude Gibson. We shall have to take care that our floral decorations do not suffer in consequence. We give him our best wishes for success in his future life.

At present we are in the midst of the final exams., and hope to distinguish ourselves in such a manner that each of us will pass into the ranks of the "men" next year. Jack Skemp has the honour of attaining first place in the two previous quarterly exams.

In sport we are still holding our own, Bert Smythe representing us in the first cricket eleven, while the rest of us fill places in the second and third teams.

Our room has been well supplied with flowers this Term, Gibson and Barnard being the chief contributors.

We are now eagerly looking forward to the holidays, and wish the members of the staff and our fellow scholars "A Very Merry Christmas."

SPORTS COLUMNS.

CRICKET.

LAUNCESTON, 1914.
(Dedicated to "Dad.")

Father! thou shouldst be with us in this Term.
The firsts have need of thee. We are a team
Of pull all over, ball and bat, bail and
Wicket. The former skill on pitch at net
Is gone. Now none but one gets set.

Return to us and teach us how to play
The york, the swerve, and break upon the off.
Thou hast a style, a pace to terrify
From captain down to very smallest fry.

[Unfortunately the rest of this sonnet was censored by a zealous censor. However, apologies are offered to R. W. Barling and W. Wordsworth. N.B.—Rhyme is not the author's object. His strong point is reason. (Signed) "R2."]

Firsts.

We started the '14-'15 season with seven old firsts left. Unfortunately many of the best seconds, who would have been likely to have been promoted, had left, so some thirds jumped into the firsts.

Our first match was against Second Grammar. It resulted in rather an easy win for us. Scores: S.H.S.—First innings, 164, including Barling 64, Scott 28, Rowell 29, Munro 10; C.G.S., 51 runs. Bowling—Barling, three for 12; Rowell, five for 21; Smythe, two for 16. The fielding for a first match was excellent. The personnel of the team is as follows:

Barling—The bat, bowler, and field of last year, with the improvement of time.

Rowell—Our slow bowler, an improved bat, and still a good field.

Hope—One of the best fields, good bat.

Cunningham—Good field and bat.

Smythe—Fair change bowler, fair bat.

Scott—Fair wicket-keep, good, steady batsman, rather slow in scoring.

Munro—Fair field, fast change bowler, bats to hit or miss.

Collins—Fair slow bowler, good field, passable bat.

Dicker—A novice; shapes well; fair deep field, fast bowler.

Taylor—A rower; has not practised as yet.

Wise—Improving bat, passable field.

Thethewie—A starter, fair field.

It is worthy of notice that both Barling and Cunningham have played in "A" grade cricket. So far Barling has 63, 10, and 40 to his credit, while Cunningham batted well for 6 (not out). The team hopes to travel south about December 16 or 17, and to win after last year's defeat.

Seconds.

Owing to drill having intercepted, we have been unable to carry on many matches with the other schools. But notwithstanding this we have managed to get two matches in this season. On Wednesday afternoons we do our usual practice at the nets on Cornwall Ground, and from this practice the team is usually chosen. Our captain, Taylor, was unable to attend these practices because of his having to go rowing. Wise, our Vice-Captain, has always done his practise with the first team. There he gets more practice than with the Seconds. In the team our best bowlers are Smith and Partridge. Our best bats are Smith, Wise, an Palamoun-tain; best fielders, Smith, Turner, Partridge.

First match between Grammar Thirds and S.H.S. Seconds. Scores: S.H.S., 149; Grammar, 72. Our best were Dicker, Collins, and Wise, and A. Scott for Grammar.

The second match was to have been played between Glen Dhu and S.H.S. Seconds. As only five of Glen Dhu turned up there was no match. The team played a small scratch match.

Thirds.

Considering that most of our best players of last season have gone up into the Seconds, we have not yet been able to play many matches.

We played a match against East Launceston Seconds, which resulted in a win for them. The scores were as follow: East Launceston Seconds, 39—best players being Taylor, Holyman, and two men to bat; S.H.S. Thirds, 38—best batsmen being Gibson, Newton, Trail, Foot, Masters, bowling honours being given to Gibson, Trail, Perry, and Masters. We have played several scratch matches among ourselves, our two best batsmen being Perry and Trail. The team is working very well together, but we have so far not developed a very good wicket-keeper. We also regret the loss of Tony Monks from our ranks.

Girls' Cricket.

In the beginning of the quarter two cricket teams were formed, one by the first year and the other by the second year girls. Great enthusiasm has been displayed by the girls, and our early practice on Saturday mornings from six to eight has been well attended. So far no matches have been played with outside teams. Glen Dhu boys were challenged, but were unable to accept. Before the holidays the girls are eagerly anticipating a match with the Third team, and feel confident of success. Splendid work has been done by Dorothy Bennetts, whom we consider worthy of a place in the "Firsts." Others who have made good progress are Alice Cunningham, Jessie Cumming, Kathie McKay, Kathie Barnes, Eva and Fedora Balstrup, and Millie Solomon. Several others are also doing good work.

TENNIS.

This quarter we have been fortunate in securing the Invermay Tennis Court for play on Wednesday afternoon, and we appreciate playing on a court where numerous cracks do not give quite unexpected "breaks" to the balls.

On Saturdays we still play at the Cricket Ground, and so manage to get a fair amount of practice.

Cecil Nash has improved greatly, and with her cool, effective style should become a really good tennis player.

Mavis Hughes also shows good promise, but Jean needs to keep her balls much lower.

We think that Marguerite is really improving—a little, but even yet no one would accuse her of putting too much "ginger" into her strokes.

SWIMMING.

GIRLS.

Now that the summer days are here we are once more wending our way towards the baths. Of the summer sports cricket is prime favourite, and the devotees of swimming are but few in number. Owing to bad weather we have had to forego one or two swimming afternoons. Of the twelve girls attending swimming one has learned to swim already, and the others are anxiously striving to follow in her wake.

BOYS.

The celebrated "Paulus Palla" is again doing what our swimmers call "good work." Every few days we see him groaning under the weight of huge piles of swimming tickets, which he is bringing up from the Education Office.

To show that we appreciate his kindness, quite a lot of us make use of the tickets, and every afternoon finds a fair number of us wending our way towards the swimming shed preparatory to "taking a dip."

ROWING.

By "Sculler."

This year more interest was taken in the training and preparation of the school crews for the Bourke Cup, held annually over the Home Reach course on the Tamar.

Grammar School were the heaviest of the Northern crews. They showed fine form before the race, and were favourites. (Average, 10st. 9lbs.)

Hobart S.H. (averaging 11st. 3lbs.) were billed for second place, while Friends (10st. 12lb.) were a sure third, with Scotch 9st., and Us (8st. 12lb.) close up.

The two Hobart crews gave us a false opinion of their form at practice. Their performance in the race came as a complete surprise. What happened to Grammar? "All the world wondered."

Our crew consisted of A. Scott (stroke), 9st. 1lb.; J. Fahey (3), 9st.; H. Craw (2), 10st.; F. Taylor (bow), 7st. 5lb.; L. Collins (cox.), Average, 8st. 12lbs.

A boat has been secured by the Principal this year. It has been renovated, and re-christened the "Weettah."

The coach (according to the crew) evidently thought it was one of the new submarines. One of our best rowers (they are all best) objected to having his annual prematurely, on the Friday preceding the race, when the boat was christened in the rough water off the Park.

It was noted that as the crew entered their boat at "Dead Slow" on the race day not "a word was uttered, not a note was heard," in case, no doubt, the rowers would be frightened. Bow is notorious for his nervousness.

THE RACE.

Punctually at 4.15 the five crews faced the starter, the crews from the Inveresk bank running Launceston State High, Grammar, Friends, High (Hobart), Hobart State School, while Scotch College took the Trevallyn shore.

They're off. Hobart State High to the front, with Launceston Grammar School and Friends hard after them, while Scotch and our crew fought out fourth position at their rudders. At the Cattle Jetty Grammar had dropped a length from Friends, who in their turn had gained three-quarters of a length on H.S.H.S., Scotch fourth leading us by half-a-length, all crews rowing hard.

Between there and Town Point Friends and H.S.H.S. narrowly escaped fouling, at which point both crews were level, Grammar two lengths behind, with Scotch and our boys still fighting hard for fourth.

When we were at the piles Friends passed the line one length ahead of H.S.H.S., Grammar five lengths behind, with our boys rapidly gaining on Grammar, who finally defeated us by a length and a half, Scotch several lengths behind. The features of the race were (1) Friends and H.S.H.S. fight for first place; (2) the fine finish which our boys put up.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We wish to place on record our deep appreciation of the interest which Mr. Keith Hudson has taken in our crew for 1914, and our thanks to him for the instruction which he has given and the time which he has devoted to them.

JOURNEYING BELOW.

(By L.S.).

We are about to make a journey toward the interior of the earth; how far down and for how long we can only guess.

We don our old dungarees, waterproof bluchers, sou'-westers, and, last of all, our oilers. All is ready; the engine creaks as a huge truck of mullock is heaved to the surface, and when this is emptied we step toward the mouth of the shaft and into the cage. Then we begin to go down, down, down, as if we were going into the very bowels of the earth. "Oh, what a dreary place!" one is inclined to say, for there is nothing to attract one's attention except slimy timber smelling of old age. Suddenly a slight jar tells us we have completed our downward journey. Now let us prepare to examine the vaults around us, where we will find that nature has done wonderful work in the long ago.

As we trudge along the drive we see a huge iron mass coming toward us, which is the trunk in which the broken earth is taken to the surface. After proceeding for a while we suddenly burst upon the men at work, where all is bustle and excitement. A huge ladder is swung into an opening, and we commence to ascend it. Oh, what a sensation, as rung by rung we advance, thinking all the time that if only our feet were to slip

we would fall dashed against the side, and be picked up a mangled mass of flesh and bone at the bottom. Having safely negotiated this ladder-way, we proceed a little way. We have to again commence to descend, however, not in a cage this time, but on a rope of a windless.

When we have safely reached the bottom of this shaft we again make our way along a brightly illuminated passage. Listen! what an uproar; it is caused by the dirt as it is being thrown down an inclined cavity, where it is caught in the trucks and conveyed to the surface, and there washed for the precious metal. Our up and down route is not finished yet, however, as we are again compelled to ascend another flight of stairs. In the next drive everything indicates the wonderful works of nature. Here, perhaps, is the skeleton of some extinct animal; here is a human skull, which has been entombed perhaps thousands of years ago. But here is the most interesting discovery of our whole expedition—a tree in its natural form being gradually turned to coal. We have now finished our exploration, but we are not going to the surface unless we are able to say we have done some work, so we take the pick and shovel, and after much toil and difficulty break a prospect.

It is impossible to realise the difficulty one experiences when trying to extricate himself from these networks of vaults. I have been lost in the bush, but it is a small thing compared to being lost in the workings of a mine. However, we safely find our way to the shaft, whence, after awaiting the arrival of the cage, we are slowly hauled to the surface, where we once more breathe with great pleasure the refreshing air of the mountainous mining district.

PHASES OF THE VELDT.

(By "Africanus.")

What is it you first see? An apparently endless expanse of undulating country, mingled here and there with a deep, heavily-wooded "kloof" or gully. On a hot summer day the veld seems absolutely devoid of life of all kind, until you listen carefully. First you hear the croak of a grasshopper, then the whirr of the wings of a locust, overhead faintly, then, drawing nearer and nearer, the kre-e of a hawk or eagle, and, as you walk on, a snake scuttles along in the long grass before you.

Then slowly you realise that you are not the only occupant of this plain, for, as you become more attentive more things do you hear, and, as you look more carefully, more things do you see. Stop, what is that in that clump of stones yonder? Is it a snake's head or a lizard? When you go to look more closely you see nothing but rocks. But wait and observe the place where the object was. Slowly, ever so slowly, a head appears from what you thought was a rock. Touch the rock, and it disappears again. It is the head of a tortoise, and what you thought the rock is his back.

You pass on your walk, dreamily thinking of the wonders of nature, when suddenly from your very feet a score of red-winged partridges rise, only to settle down again at about a hundred yards distance. As you

were looking upwards you saw a tiny speck in the sky, which gradually grew larger and larger, until you recognised the dread scavenger of the veld—the vulture.

On you go, and the veld takes a gradual slope, and you pass through a grove of thorny mimosa bushes down to a smooth river, clear as crystal, reflecting the objects on the bank as in a mirror. All along its banks are green, shady, weeping willows, in which the gentle dove coos softly to his mate. On the other side, amongst the reeds, a hundred finks built their nests, and from the side a "lilskewaan," or small crocodile, splashes into the water.

The river is left behind now, and you get into bushy country—the "bushveld." Overhead a troop of monkeys scatter amongst the tree-tops, and from miles off you hear the woof! woof! of the baboon in his cave. Flying from tree to tree, the lory, most beautiful of all African birds, dazzles the eye of the beholder with its brilliant plumage, and in the distance the cuckoo, a bird seldom seen, calls out plaintively its cry of "piet-mya-vroun."

The shades of evening steal across the sky, so you return to your outspan, pondering on the things you have seen and heard of the "Children of the Veld"—too many to chronicle, too many to tell.

SIDE SPLITTERS.

(By "The Chuckler.")

Teacher (to class): "What do we eat every day that we get from India?"

Child (without thinking): "Rubber, flax, tea, sugar, jute, cocoa, ivory, spices."

Teacher: "And what comes after that?"

Child: "India-gestion, miss."

Old Gentleman (showing a friend over garden). "What do you think of my chicken-coops?"

Friend: "Very nice! Very nice! Where did you get them from?"

Old Gentleman: "Out of my head, of course; and I've got enough timber left to build a couple more yet."

Teacher: "What is the origin of dew?"

Pupil: "The earth revolves 365 times in 24 hours. This rapid 'moshun' causes the sides of the earth to perspire. This perspiration condenses to form dew." (By Witz.)

Father (to son): "Well, what are you going to be, my lad?"

Son: "I don't know, dad."

Father: "I would like you to be an engineer, old man."

Son (after deep thought): "Dad! How much would it cost to go in for a bullock driver's exam?"

A teacher was once giving a nature study on plums. She asked the boy if he would go to the shop at the corner and buy her a pennyworth of plums. She ended by saying, "You had better pinch one or two first to see if they are ripe."

In a short time Willie returned with a smile on his face, and placed the bag in front of the teacher. "Did you pinch one or two first to see if they were ripe?" she asked. "I pinched the whole blooming bagful, and here's the penny back, miss," was the startling reply.

Teacher: "What do they call the microbes that breed disease?"

Pupil: "Please, sir, germs."

Teacher: "And what do they call the people who know how to handle germs in a scientific manner?"

Pupil: "Please, sir, Germans."—Witz.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of elocution?"

Pupil: "It is the way people are put to death in some countries."—Witz.

Teacher: "Can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Pupil: "Yes, sir; I heard pa say the other day that they smelt it."—Witz.

Tourist (to Guide): "What is the capital of 'Olland'?"

Guide: "'H,' sir."

War Special from America.—Stimson (to Willie, reading the paper): "What are you looking so cheerful about, Willie?"

Willie: "I see a lot of American school teachers are detained indefinitely in Europe."

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

As with Tennyson, so with many people at the season of the year which is now approaching. The tide of time flows back with them. Its waters ebb and flow until they are encircling a Palestine village—thousand nine hundred and fifteen years ago. Within that village an inn, within the inn-yard a stable, within that stable a new-born babe and its virgin mother.

The picture is enshrined in the hearts of millions. To many it has a highly sacred significance. On that eventful night wise men came from the East to pay homage to the Christ-child. Wise men from both East and West have paid homage to the man Christ ever since. Out of this homage have arisen the many festivities associated with Christmastide.

Apart from its religious significance, Christmas has many happy associations for all of us.

Will Christmas die in the coming years
And its cadence cease to flow?

a poet has asked. I think not. I hope not.

Christmas is too much a part of our home, our social, and our national life to make us desire that it should pass from us. It is one of the strong connecting links in the chain of human good-fellowship. It is even more an essential part of our British home life. Christmas trees and Christmas stockings are very dear to our childhood. Where is the British boy who has not at some time of his life partaken of too much Christmas pudding?

Later in life, when families are separated by their various pursuits, Christmas becomes a time of family reunion, a time when each can sink the cares which his own particular walk in life has brought to him, and all can join in rekindling the flames of family light-heartedness which troubles have too often dimmed.

"Peace on earth,
Goodwill towards men."

That is the keynote of the Christmas festivities. May the kindly spirit of genial good-fellowship which governs all at Christmas-tide lead men ever onward, and upward, until the millennium is reached.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

Contributions from ex-scholars were looked for in vain this time. The last Term of the year is the time when we most need them, because all within our walls are so busy with examinations.

We wish to congratulate the Southern High School crew on their very creditable performance in the Bourke Cup contest. It is always pleasing to see the good old red and green "forging ahead."

The subscription to "The Northern Churinga for 1915" will be 3s. This copy, or past copies, 9d. per copy. We hope that those who are leaving us during the year will still continue to be contributors and subscribers. Remember that 1914 scholars will have the honour of being connected with the "Magazine" right from its inception. Keep your 1914 copies. They will prove of interest to you in the years to come.

The following friends, ex-scholars, and 1914 scholars are enrolled as our subscribers for 1914:—Mr. Inspector Heritage, Miss McDonough, Mrs. Justin Browne, Miss Fahey, Miss Richardson, Ila Cooper, Amy Munro, Thelma Rockliff, Becky Good, Marjorie Smith, Florrie Lees, Kathie Barnes, Rev. J. W. Bethune, W. A. Downie, Esq., Carl Morris, Esq., Charles Cunningham, Willie Mason, Bob Stevens, Alan Heasman, Gordon Stokes, and Edgar Briggs.

We thank them for their kind support, and hope that it will be continued during 1915.