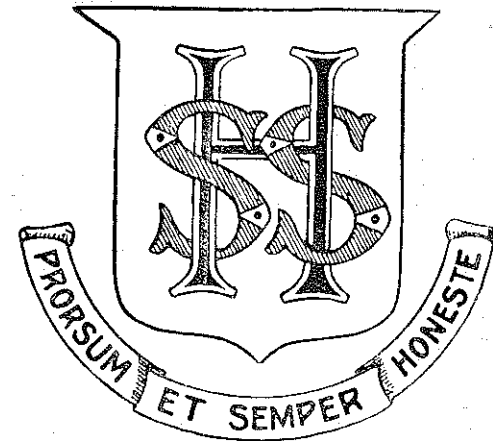


The Northern Echo



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EDITORIAL FOREWORD.

THE IDEAL SCHOLAR.

The Junior Scholars of a school, in so far as life's great problems are concerned, are, as it were, standing upon neutral territory. With Senior Scholars, however, it is otherwise. They are entering life's danger zone. It is therefore desirable that they enter not unwittingly.

They are at a stage in their career when new undreamed of vistas open up before them. They are at an age when possibility seems to be but a synonym for probability, when glorious possibilities of many kinds arise before their eyes and dazzle them.

They are, too, at an age when the God-given potentialities of their being begin to manifest themselves. The obvious result, thereof, is the fact that the more favoured amongst them are likely to fall an easy prey to the Hero-worship which youth so freely bestows. Furthermore, as one finds himself becoming pre-eminent in the sport's field, and another finds himself gaining first place in terminal or annual examinations, each is liable to develop himself according to his own particular bent to the neglect of aught else, and thus, by one-sidedness, to do himself considerable harm and hinder his true all-round development.

Therefore it is necessary for each one to learn the relative value in the great scale of things of each pursuit open to him; and, to do this, each must come to realise the significance of all which we call "the ideal" in life. To the Junior Scholars of a school an understanding of the meaning of the term ideal will come gradually. Senior Scholars, however, should have a very clear conception of all that it implies.

The true ideal of life for each human being is a career of self-culture during which all the powers with which each has been gifted—mental, moral, and physical—will be developed to the highest possible extent.

The ideal in anything is the highest and best imaginable form in which that thing could exist. Like unto the stars, the ideals of noble men are never, in this life, wholly attainable. Like unto the stars, however, high ideals shed a lustre upon the lives of those who are compelled to live even far beneath them.

As for our consideration of the ideal scholar, the term "scholar" in itself is open to two interpretations. In its first and narrower sense it may mean simply a child of any age attending a school. In its second and broader sense it may mean an adult student—one who perseveres in the pursuit of knowledge until death comes to usher him into the Great Beyond.

Taking the word "scholar" in its narrower sense, then, what are the attributes necessary to the ideal scholar? In the first place he must be "of many parts." He must be mentally efficient—that is, he must engage in his studies as profitably as his natural abilities will permit. He must be physically fit, and must enter with zest into all sports, drill, or physical culture which will help him to develop the physical side of his nature in its proper proportion. He must be morally strong—that is, he must live an upright life, must have clear ideas as to the difference between right and wrong, and, whatever temptations he may encounter, must shape his life according to these notions—must, should he be a Launceston State High School boy, aim to live his life "Prorsum et Semper Honeste."

Other aspects of the ideal scholar of a school will readily suggest themselves. Chief among the many necessary attributes we may mention

loyalty to his school in success or failure, an attitude of conscientious interest towards all school institutions, unselfishness at all times in his relations with his fellow scholars, cheerful obedience and helpfulness in his relations with the teachers of his school.

Furthermore, when he leaves his school, its ideal scholar will continue to interest himself in its ideals and institutions, and will always give it his loyal support. Also, in whatever walk of life he may find himself, he will strive to his uttermost in order that his efforts may bring honour to his school. As a citizen, too, in his private capacity, he will do all he can to improve the world around him, and will strive to do something to further the great cause of human progress.

Returning to the broader use of the word "scholar," none can become ideal scholars in this grander sense until they have put their youth behind them and entered the ranks of manhood. The attributes desirable for such an ideal scholar are too numerous to mention. Suffice it to say that they include all the highest, noblest, most glorious qualities of which it is possible to imagine a human being possessed.

Perhaps the most beautiful portrayal in our literature of a scholar of this type is to be found in Robert Browning's poem, "The Grammarian's Funeral." All should read this poem.

Ideal scholarship does not imply super-proficiency in any one walk of life. It is wider than this in its application. Specialisation is necessary. The laws of human existence in modern times demand it of a man. The ideal scholar, however, is a man of broad, of almost universal outlook. He must specialise in his own particular life-work, but he must also be to some extent conversant with the trend of modern—or rather—of all thought. He must understand and sympathise with all the great intellectual movements which permeate the world.

This general scheme of life suggests a plan of action which may be carried into effect in all efforts towards self-culture. The union of the particular and the more general is wise in minor details of study. For instance, at any one given period of his life, the man of culture would do wisely, over and above his everyday pursuit, to study particularly one branch of knowledge which interests him, and to keep in touch, in so far as possible, with all branches in general. To descend to still greater details he would further do well, in pursuing the particular line of research which he has chosen, to study one author at a time in particular, while he gradually becomes more generally conversant, in so far as possible, with the chief works of others.

In conclusion, the world is in great need of scholars of both the types here reviewed. Let us hope that, as the years roll by, our school records will show that many L.H.S.S. recruits have rendered meritorious service in both ranks.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

"B1" and "B2"—Raymond Atkinson (Dux of School).

"C1"—James Turner.

"C2"—Alice Cunningham.

"D1" (Teachers)—Vera Page.

"D1" (Secondary)—Olive Kidd.

"D2"—Wilfred Stephens.

"D3"—Frances Carey.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION.

(From the President.)

The Old Scholars' Association is now completing its first six months of existence, and is laying the foundations of what in a few years will be a large and influential body. So far a commencement only has been made, but as numbers increase the different branches of the Association will be able to organise and carry out the high ideals aimed at.

As scholars are constantly leaving the school, it has been thought advisable to bring under the notice of present scholars, and ex-scholars who are not yet members, a few of the aims of the Association.

First of all, all who have passed through the High School, or been at the school for any length of time, are eligible for membership of the Association.

Then, the aims of the Association, as set out in its constitution, are—

- (a) The promotion of unity and friendship among the Old Scholars of the Launceston State High School.
- (b) The continued interest among Old Scholars in the welfare of the Launceston State High School.

In order to attain these ends organisation of sporting, literary, social sections, etc., will be necessary, and we are anxiously looking forward to the time when our numbers and position will warrant our moving in that direction. At present we have to be content with a football club—the Churinga Football Club—and a share in the school Hockey team. Next year, however, we hope to launch out into a Tennis Club at least. Our sphere of activity is not limited, and is open to development on any reasonable lines.

Such then, briefly, are the aims of the Association, and, as is seen, the underlying principle is unity and friendship amongst ex-scholars, no matter where their homes may be. Such a project is worthy of the best support which can be rendered to it. There is no need to detail here the very many obvious reasons why all ex-scholars should become members. Now, to those still at school, we look for help and assistance in the future. As each one leaves, it is his duty to link himself up with the school per the Association, before other interests tend to absorb his attention. We have the men (we hope soon to have the money), and it only needs a little enthusiasm on the part of everyone to raise the Association to a level of success as high as that attained by any other similar body. But, remember, in a few years the Old Scholars' Association will be you, the one next you and so on and, unless everyone recognises his duty and interests in that direction, the Association will not meet with the success desired. We feel sure, however, that all will stand by and help us, though young, to attain great things.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

(By General Secretary.)

This is the second issue of our column in the Magazine. Fair progress has been made, and some new members added.

The boys have been having a good time this quarter with the football team. They have played several matches, having won some and lost others.

The girls are not indulging in any sport yet. We were unsuccessful in obtaining a court for tennis, so they have to wait for the school one.

It is reported that the Director estimated that the new school would be open in March next, and Mr. Miller has promised us the use of the court then. There have been no general meetings this quarter.

This quarter we suffered a great loss. Mr. Coombes, B.A. (our President) has resigned, because he has severed his connection with the old school to take up duties elsewhere.

With Mr. Coombes' resignation we have sustained a loss that will be hard to make up. We are sure the school will feel his departure very much.

The following resolution was passed, to be recorded on the minutes of the Association:—"That this Association desires to place on record their appreciation of the services rendered by our late President (Mr. A. J. Coombes, B.A.)."

In last quarter's magazine it was promised that a list of all those that were members would be published, with their addresses. The following are members:—

President—Mr. W. Grace, S.H.S.
 General Secretary—Tom Johnston, 22 Patterson-street, Launceston.
 Assistant Secretaries—Amy Munro, Cimitiere-street; Mat Wise, Upper High-street, Launceston.
 Secretary of Football Club—Mat Wise.
 John Farmilo, Elphin-road, Launceston.
 Robert Stephens, Beaconsfield.
 Clyde Rowell, care Mt. Bischoff Smelting Works, Launceston.
 Wm. Morrison, Hillside Crescent, Launceston.
 Lew. Collins, care Cruikshank and Creasey, Launceston.
 Mat. Wise, Upper High-street, Launceston.
 Ivan Briggs, Launceston.
 Percy Fordham, Invermay.
 Harold Illingworth, Mulgrave-street, Launceston.
 Wilfred Geard, Melbourne-street, Launceston.
 Stan. Hutton, Sandhill, Launceston.
 Blen. Jensen, 55 Wellington-street, Launceston.
 Harold Baker, Invermay, Launceston.
 A. Monks, care A. Harrap and Sons, Launceston.
 Eleanor Smedley, Trevallyn, Launceston.
 Thelma Rockcliffe, Sassafras, Launceston.
 Rebecca Good, Arthur-street, Launceston.
 Elsie Mitchell, Elizabeth-street, Launceston.
 Alice Mann, "Everton," White Hills.
 Amy Munro, Cimitiere-street, Launceston.
 Eric McIvor, Charles-street, Launceston.
 Dorothy Blewitt, Sandhill, Launceston.
 Baden Boatwright, Cameron-street, Launceston.
 Norris Burke, Charles-street, Launceston.
 Wilfred Rockcliffe, Sassafras.
 Roma Anderson, Longford.
 Rene Bryant, Sheppy-street, Launceston.
 Kath. Barnes, Charles-street, Launceston.
 Iris Pybus, Evandale Junction.
 May Staubi, 105 Balfour-street, Launceston.

Jessie Cummings, "Craigellachie," Sisters Creek.
 Frank Taylor, Commercial Bank of Australia, Hobart.
 Eila Cooper, State School, Seabrook.
 Florrie Lees, Queenstown.
 Roland Rule, Tower-road, New Town.
 Effie McEwin, Legana, West Tamar.
 Willic Mason, "Bowenbank," Deloraine.
 E. C. Briggs, "Olney," 7 Scott-street, Glebe Hobart.
 Life Honorary Members—Ralph Anderson, H.M.A.S. Sydney; Messrs. Garrard and Steve Loneragan, on active service; and Mrs. Gleadow (Miss Spotswood), Bismarck; all members on the staff of the school; and Messrs. A. L. Brockett and R. H. Crawford, and Rev. J. W. Bethune, Vice-Patrons.

PRESIDENT.

Mr. W. Grace has been elected President, vice Mr. Coombes (resigned). Mr. Grace has always taken a strong interest in the Association, and we feel sure we have secured in him not only a President, but a friend who will follow our doings in sport and otherwise with the keenest interest.

HONOUR ROLL.

We are pleased to record that some of our members are doing their duty for King and country in this great and awful war:—

Mr. Garrard, teacher, wounded, Dardanelles.
 Steve Loneragan, wounded, Dardanelles.
 Lindsay Scott, Claremont.
 Ted. Loone, Scottsdale.
 D. L. Whitchurch, Evandale.
 Ralph Anderson, H.M.A.S. Sydney. (Ralph helped in the sinking of the "Emden.")

MEN IN THE MAKING.

Reg. Watson, on the training ship "Tingara," Sydney.
 The Secretary will be pleased to hear of any other boys who are doing their duty for King and country.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mrs. Gleadow (Miss Spotswood) wrote and said she will always take an interest in the Association, and will always be pleased to hear of our doings.

Sergeant Garrard, an ex-member of the staff, who was present at the historic landing at Gallipoli, and was wounded seven hours later, is at present in Tasmania on sick leave.

Wilfred Rockcliffe has been up to town again.

Eila Cooper, who is a school teacher, has charge of the Seabrook State School, and would like the Old Girls to write to her.

Basil Kilda has been moved from Zeehan to Penguin.

Mac Kidd has been moved to Devonport.

Lou. Collins has been given a new position at his place, as also Eric McIvor, the other accountant.

Eileen Kildea merits our hearty congratulation upon her appointment as correspondence clerk in the Commonwealth Bank.

We hope to hold our annual social Show Week, and we expect a good muster from the country, as well as the town folk.

Roma Anderson sends her "sub.," wishing the Association every success.

Effie McEwin is working in her father's office at Legana (West Tamar).

Thelma Rockcliffe was in town for a few days last week.

Iris Pybus writes saying that she read the Old Scholars' page in last issue with interest.

GENERAL COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

The General Committee met on May 17, May 24, and on August 2, when Mr. Coombes' resignation of the Presidency was received.

Attendances were as follow:—B. Jensen, W. Listner, L. Collins, W. Geard, R. Barling, W. Wise, and T. Johnson, three each; W. Grace, D. Blewitt, and A. Munro, two each; R. Good and A. J. Coombes, one each.

PREFECTS' NOTES.

Owing to the "sand bag" movement, which has occupied most of the boys' time, we have been unable to have many meetings this quarter.

One of the chief points of discussion during our meetings was the attention to the vases, which have since shown a marked improvement.

This Term Sybil Clarke, one of our second year Prefects, has left us, and we hereby wish her every success in any future undertaking, and accord to Jessie Bradshaw, who has taken her place, a hearty welcome.

We were all very sorry to hear of Mr. Miller's illness, but were glad to have him amongst us so soon again.

A letter of sympathy was sent on behalf of the Prefects to Noel McLeod, one of our first year Prefects, who has recently lost his mother.

Next Term we hope to have more frequent meetings.

"FOR KING AND COUNTRY."

AUSTRALIA DAY.

(By a Helper.)

Australia Day amongst the S.H.S. girls was a great success, and a day to be remembered by all who took part.

A number of the girls assisted in the selling of flags and buttons. Miss Wharmby and Miss Rockwell made arrangements for the girls to go in groups of three or four, and for the carrying out of the plans for the day. As pupils and friends from other centres were also assisting, we were given strict orders to keep in streets allotted to us.

We visited every house and office with success, and almost every person we met left us with an addition to the box.

We did such a "roaring trade" that the Mechanics' was visited several times during the morning for fresh supplies.

At 11.30 a.m. we changed our positions, and continued the brisk trade of earlier morning until dinner hour.

At about 2 p.m. we returned to our rounds, and continued selling until 4.30 p.m., when we took our heavy boxes round to the Mechanics', and after having a look at the various stalls in the busy streets we wearily made our way homewards, after a tiring though enjoyable and successful day.

THE SAND-BAG MOVEMENT.

(By a Worker.)

During the latter part of this Term a number of our boys have devoted their Monday and Friday afternoons from 4 to 5.30 o'clock to making sand-bags for the protection and aid of our troops at the front, with the result that a very considerable number of bags have been made.

Although we have only had a few afternoons at our task as yet, quite a number of our scholars have thrown themselves into the work, and a very businesslike attitude is adopted by all engaged in their attempt to do their share towards this manly task.

Under the careful supervision of members of the staff, and the kind instruction of Captain Axup, a very considerable knowledge of what is required has been grasped by all, resulting in a fair quantity of bags being contributed to the heap after each meeting.

Mr. Listner's constant remark of "Each bag might mean a soldier's life being saved" has been totally taken to heart by the boys, and each one of us carefully sees that not one stitch is neglected in the construction of each bag. Captain Axup and other originators of the movement have already congratulated certain boys on their success at the task in which they are employed.

During the process of each meeting a little recess occurs while listening to the demonstrations of how to ascertain certain calculations in latitude and longitude, which are well illustrated by the eloquent Captain Axup, and prove indeed a great addition to our knowledge of the same.

With the beginning of next Term we all trust to swell the ranks of our gallant contingent by additional volunteers, whose efforts, in combination with our own, will be a factor in firmly planting the Australian Flag on the "Heights of Gallipoli."

THE LOWER SCHOOL KNITTING SOCIETY.

(By "Two Plain, Two Purl.")

"Knitting, knitting, knitting,
With khaki wool and grey."

Yes, we admit that knitting seems to be a sort of "craze," but for once the craze is a good one. During this term of troubles and trials a society has been formed by the timely help of Mr. Listner, for knitting face-cloths, scarfs, and socks, and, with the instruction of Miss Walker and Miss Stevenson, we hope to soon send a good parcel down to the Red Cross Society, or to any of our own relatives at the war before long.

As yet, not much progress has been made, but now that exams. are over we hope to commence in grim earnest. Some of the most ardent workers are Clarice Malcolm, Corrie Laird, and Millie Colthart. Jessie Smith was seen on the steps making very determined efforts with two needles, and we wish her, and indeed all our members, every success.

However, we must leave further news until the issue of the next Magazine, for, to be sure, great things will have happened by then.

THE NOVELISTS' CORNER.

"THE PINNACLES OF FATE."

(By "Rosa," "Di.")

"Oh, dear, it does seem a shame that we can't go to the front to fight for King and country. For I don't see why we should be barred from going, when we are so willing, and because we are just a year too young," said Harry Wyndham to Tom Green.

The two friends were about seventeen years old. They lived in the small fishing village of Stockton-on-Sea, on the east coast of England. The chums were just returning home from Woodleigh College, where they were finishing their education.

"Yes, it does seem rather a pity, but the worst thing of all to bear is when you see these young men who are old enough to go stay back, while the fate of their country hangs in the balance," responded Tom hotly.

As the foregoing conversation was taking place, a rather stout man rode past on a bicycle, letting fall by accident a piece of paper, on which was inscribed some German writing. Luckily for the boys they could read German, and the writing when translated was as follows:—"Meet me to-night at 8 o'clock on the west side of Radcliffe Bay, bringing with you the signal-lantern and the other things for to-night's work."

"Well, by Jupiter, there's some underhand work going on here," said Harry.

"Yes, but we'll be there to-night to see what their little game is," said Tom.

It was agreed between them to be at the west side of the bay at 8 o'clock. They had not told anyone of their exploit, for they knew it may prove a failure. On arriving at the bay, they hid themselves behind a clump of bushes, waiting for the spies' arrival. They were about to give up their quest as a failure when they heard the sound of voices and footsteps, and in a few minutes saw the figures stop near them in earnest conversation.

"What time are the transports expected?" said the stout man they had seen before.

"They will be here at 12 o'clock to-night," said the other. "There will be six, with one thousand men in each. Look, here are General von Steinschmidt's orders: 'Be on the landing place at 12 o'clock; if there is no danger have a continual fixed light; if there is danger have a revolving light. There,' he continued triumphantly, 'won't those English dogs be wild.'"

At these words Tom had risen to his feet, and Harry had great difficulty in not rushing at the Germans, who were now moving away.

"Harry," said Tom, "we shall have to do something to prevent the transports from landing, or England will be done for."

"I know," said Harry suddenly. "You know those rocks called 'The Pinnacles of Fate,' where so many ships have been sunk. Well, I will hold the Germans up with the revolver you brought, while you bind them to a tree, and then take the light and lead the transports on the rocks."

The boys agreed that this would be a good idea, and hurried after the two Germans. Taken unawares, they did not resist, and while Harry held them up with the revolver Tom bound and gagged them, making

use of their own clothes in doing so. The boys took the light, and went round the rocks until they came to a place which would lead the German transports to destruction.

After a long time of weary waiting they at last saw a huge monster come sweeping on, followed by five more. The boys then lit their lantern, which sent forth rays of brilliant light. On came the monsters of the deep, all unaware of their approaching fate. At last they were so near the rocks that nothing could stop them from their inevitable destruction. With a roar like thunder the vessels plunged on the rocks, and the boys, looking forward, saw a sight which they hoped never to see again. The rocks destroyed the transports as though they were made of matchwood, and it is quite certain that not a man escaped to tell the story of the unfortunate vessels.

Next day the names of Harry Wyndham and Tom Green rang through England, and, while the two spies were comfortably lodged in the nearest gaol, our two heroes decided that although they had not gone to the front they had done as great a service for England, and I am sure everyone will agree with them that they had.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "J.S."—Try again, Jack. We advise Virol, plum-puddings, and exercises for developing the chest.
- "2.1. Who Nose."—No; we do not agree with you. Protractors were made to measure angles and not for the adornment of facial extremities.
- "J. McF."—Will publish our criticism on your treatise on hurdle-racing in due course.
- "Flyweight Dill."—Yes, but stop using your muscular development on "Brusher" so consistently.
- "Nigger."—Yes, "Dandy J." in long 'uns was quite the sight on Sunday.
- "Alec M."—We are glad to know that diamonds are the main product (agricultural) of South Africa.
- "Treth."—Yes, the dog should have a run on Sundays.
- "Fatty."—A wet day after a beating causes one to feel homesick when in Hobart.
- "L.B.D."—Music has a greater attraction than picnics.
- "R.A."—How beautiful it is to be a free man.
- "Treth."—You should be much quicker when you are getting into trams.
- "Jack."—Atkinson enjoyed himself at the picnic on Saturday.
- "L.S."—Yes, taking fathoms is more fashionable than taking depths, and the art of exploding test tubes is the most delicate of all.
- "Robbie," "D3."—Yes, it's time you adopted "long 'uns."

ON TOUR COLUMN.

[Football trip to Hobart reported in Sports Column.]

HOCKEY TRIP TO HOBART.

(By "Rambler.")

At the end of last Term the Hobart hockey team challenged our team to play a match on their ground.

A highly-excited group of girls met at the Launceston station in time to board the 11 o'clock express to Hobart. The teachers finally succeeded in obtaining seats for all, and at last the train drew out from the station. We arrived at Hobart about 6 p.m., where we were received by the Hobart girls. After rest and refreshments, we were entertained by the South School at a social, which we all enjoyed exceedingly. At 10.30 on Saturday morning we assembled at the Clare-street recreation ground, where the match was to be played. The teams were very evenly matched, and it was only after a long struggle that we succeeded in scoring the first goal. At half-time the score still stood one to nil.

The second half, in which the South scored one goal, was even more strenuous than the first, and when time was called the scores were even. We then partook of morning tea, which was daintily served by the Hobart girls.

Sunday was spent in Hobart, and we all rose early on Monday morning and caught the express to Launceston.

HOCKEY TRIP TO WESTBURY.

(By "A. Tripper.")

Great excitement spread throughout the hockey world when it was announced that a match had been arranged between the State High and Westbury teams, to be played on the Westbury ground. The appointed day dawned beautifully fine and bright, and the team, accompanied by the teachers, assembled at Milton Hall at 11.30 a.m. to find the drag already waiting to convey us to the "battlefield." After a very pleasant drive of about twenty miles, which lay through picturesque country dotted with the "golden-scented wattle," we arrived at Westbury. After dinner the Westbury team came to the field, and the match began.

The first half of the game went in favour of Westbury, their score being two goals to State High's one. But in the concluding half our team played with much more dash, and the game finished in a victory for us, the scores being 4 goals to 3.

When the match was over the Westbury players entertained us at afternoon tea, after which Mr. Miller thanked the Captain (Miss Hart) on behalf of our team.

We then repaired to the waiting drag, and upon our return journey indulged in singing and the telling of funny stories, those of Mr. Listner and Mr. Grace doing much to enliven the proceedings, though Mr. Listner greatly puzzled the party by asking the riddle, "Why is a mouse when it spins?" the answer to which we are still seeking.

GEOGRAPHY EXPEDITION TO CATARACT GORGE AND POWER STATION.

[Of those—between 90 and 100—who took part in this expedition, each wrote an essay on the trip. Out of these the one published hereunder, written by Chrissie Finan, of "D1," was chosen as being the most suitable for publication.]

At the end of last Term Mr. Listner arranged to take the whole Lower School for a geography expedition to the Power Station. Although it rained fairly heavily up till the last moment, a good muster assembled at the King's Bridge, and awaited anxiously the arrival of our teachers. Miss Walker, Miss Stephenson, and Mr. Ede joined us.

When they arrived we made our way up the zigzag, and a happy band we looked as we tramped up the steps through the mud. After "miles" of walking and the mounting of many steps we arrived at a small shed, where we relieved ourselves of our burdens, and wended our way down to the turnstile. We waited there until admitted through to the swing-bridge, which seemed as if it would break beneath us. How glad we were when we found ourselves on firm footing again!

We then reached the Power Station, and examined two wheels which Mr. Walker—head man in charge of the works—kindly brought out at our disposal. One of the small wheels, 15 inches in diameter, and having a horse-power of 21, used in the machinery, makes 800 revolutions per minute, while a larger wheel, two feet in diameter, with a horse-power of 45, makes 500 revolutions. Water passes through huge pipes with which these wheels are connected at the rate of $45\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet per second. This water runs through a tunnel 60 chains long and five feet in diameter, meeting the river at Duck Reach. The height of the water coming down the tunnel is 110 feet; this sets magnets revolving round, and gives electricity. This causes the trams in our streets to move, and also the electric bell to ring, while it provides the electric light used in the city. The 15-inch wheel drives the exciters or the magnet current for the field they apply. These currents are collected by brushes.

We then crossed over to the workshop, and there saw many interesting things, and were each presented with a steel curl as a memento of the trip. An especially curly one was presented to Mr. Ede, to help him in his old age. After this delightful study of electricity and its wonders we again crossed the bridge, this time feeling less timid than before.

Then we endeavoured to climb over the slippery rocks, but could not do so without sliding and toppling over. One would be inclined to think that we were at a skating rink instead of on a geographical expedition. When on the rocks one is able to obtain a fine view of the Gorge and the colossal cliffs towering so high above one's head.

After walking—or shall we say sliding—over the rocks, we at last reached the potholes, or large waterholes, in the top of the rocks. The water whirls round and makes the stones in the bottom smooth, but of varying shapes. Some potholes are to be found close together, and, with the water constantly washing up against their walls, several are often worn into one. An example of this was seen, and each of us made a sketch of one pothole, besides taking other notes. We then wended our way back over streams and slippery rocks, but not with fewer falls than before. Having partaken of lunch, we decided to make our departure, as the light was beginning to fade. We were allowed to make a choice as to whether we should go over the hill or through the Gorge home. The majority decided to go the latter way, but regretted not being able to indulge in moonlight games. We hope when summer draws near to hold a similar picnic. We at last reached the entrance to the Gorge at about 6.45, and, bidding good-bye to the teachers, dispersed towards home.

THE GORGE IN FLOOD.

(By Ray.)

During this Term the "B" class, together with the girls of the second Hockey team, accompanied by Miss Wharmby and Mr. Listner, were

given, as a special favour, the opportunity of viewing one of the most magnificent sights it is the lot of mortals to witness. This excursion took the form of a picnic up the Cataract Gorge on a Wednesday afternoon. Arriving at the Gorge gates at 3.30, all other matters were forgotten in the contemplation of the magnificent spectacle before us. It seemed as if Nature was striving her utmost to provide a glorious panorama for our benefit. The river, seemingly impatient at the restraining walls of rock, leaped into the air in mighty masses of seething foam. As we proceeded upstream the scene changed, owing to the number of rocks in the bed of the river, and the roar of the water was almost deafening. Reluctant to leave scenes of such grandeur, we made our way to the upper part of the First Basin. Novel sensations were experienced by those who ventured on the suspension bridge at the top of the Basin, and watched the swirling water a few feet below. After visiting the various places of interest in this locality, the party assembled on the green. After games, the party made its way homewards, leaving with reluctance the glorious scene behind.

DOES THE CAP FIT YOU?

[No! this is not a recruiting article, but merely a list of quotations selected to fit members of "C1," compiled by two members of the class, Alpha and Omega, whose names, it might be added, are in the list.]

D.W.—Full fathom five thy corpus lies.

B.N.—Where Melick groweth.

E.J.S.—A learned man could give it a clumsy name.

I.D.—The heights by great men reached and kept.

J.T.—Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onward through life he goes.

M.H.—Question not, but live and labour, till your sums be done.

L.O.S.—In the noonday, in the bustle of man's worktime, Greet the unseen (Latin) with a cheer.

G.D.—A man's hair is his crowning glory.

W.S.—The Smith, a mighty man is he.

N.R.—At this the Mayor and Corporation Quacked with a mighty consternation.

H.R.—Rin-a-ring o' Rosy.

J.B.—My fairest (!) child, I have no song to give you.

L.B.—Around the wugged wocks the waggad wascals wan.

C.M.—Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

A.S.—And there are some whom a thirst, Ardent, unquenchable fires.

THE PROGRESS OF ARGUMENT.

(By the Twin Brothers Wise and Otherwise.)

"B" DEBATING SOCIETY.

On July 22 Doris Richardson, Fahey, Craw, McFadyean, Atkinson, Daymond, Pullen, and Palamountain favoured us with impromptu speeches. Some splendid subjects were chosen, and the speeches were very interesting, and, in many cases, amusing. One member who began to speak was suddenly convulsed with laughter, and retired. Several members, however, spoke very well, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent. (We hope to have two more meetings before the end of the Term.)

The Director of Education and Mr. J. A. Johnston, M.A., were present at our meeting on August 26, when an impromptu debate took place, the subject being, "Which is the Happier—the Civilised Man or the Barbarian?" Len. Daymond (leader), Ray Atkinson, and Mavis Hughes spoke in favour of the civilised man, while Jack Fabey (leader), Ray Pullen, and Bertha Layh supported the barbarian. Some excellent speeches were made, and splendid arguments were put forward by the speakers on both sides. Marks were allotted for delivery, style of language, and arguments, and when the totals were read out it was found that the party which supported the civilised man were victorious by a small number of points.

L.D. (Hon. Sec.)

"C.C.C." DEBATING SOCIETY.

Owing to the proximity of the Junior Public Examination, the committee has decided that it is advisable to hold no more meetings till after that event, and, as a result, there is nothing fresh to record. However, it is hoped to resume again as soon as possible, as the other societies are still active.

"D1," "D2," AND "D3" DEBATING SOCIETY.

This society, formed last quarter among the classes of the Lower School, has done very well. Two or three meetings, in which impromptu speeches was the subject, were much enjoyed. The subjects for the speeches were ably picked out by our Chairman (Mr. Grace). The committee work well together, and so far have agreed in everything.

A general meeting was held not long ago, the subject being, "Is the World Growing Better?" and a division was given in favour of the affirmative. A proposal for a humorous debate has also been brought before the committee.

The Top School seem very anxious for us to challenge them to a debate, which we hope to do next Term.

DID YOU KNOW?

- That Albertus, bonus puer, est budding (Latin failed) orator.
- That despite the war, orphans are going to be scarce.
- That this is so because the Government will take care of them.
- That "Ginger" is an aeroplane manufacturer.
- That "Perkie" is a Professor of Butchery.
- That Viv. bit his finger.
- That Geoff. brings camellias for—
- That "Shandy" got 90 per cent. for geometry.
- That Postmaster-General Briggs is on the road to becoming a politician.
- That E.O.G. "rebuckled the CHINstrap."
- That Bob Stevens finds Longford a fine place in which to spend his week-end.
- That the Chartists drew up an agitation.
- That Oswald W. has joined the Anti-Shouting League.
- That W.J.F. and R.J.P. are especially fond of spending Saturday night at the Princess Theatre.
- That the latter caught a cold there, although he had his legs covered up.
- That "Dandy J." still rides a bike, especially down Charles-street.
- That a certain boy in "C2" carries a scent bottle in his pocket.
- That two members of the Cookery Class made a sponge cake.
- That someone did enjoy it.

- That a certain member of "D1" can obtain hydrogen from an element.
- That a book in a local window, entitled "The Gentle Art of Cooking Wives," should prove interesting.
- That on news of a second exam. "Treth" moaned all night.
- That Jesse deserves recommendations in rivalling sal amoniac by passing from the first to the third stage in life without going into the second (socks—stockings omitted—longings).
- That the photograph of "Lizzie," which appeared in a recent "Weekly Courier," was much appreciated by Freddie.
- That C.M. is knitting socks. (No secret.)
- That A.M.C. is quite an expert at cleaning blackboards, but, unfortunately, has a bad memory.
- That the doctor said that M.T. was not deaf.
- That the Dux of the Park was studying at 4 a.m. for Geometry exam. last Term.
- That "Alawa" is fond of "pet rabbits" with pink eyes.
- That "This That" has good taste for ties.
- That Frankie knows how to use hairpins.
- That "The Red Rose of England" is considered extraordinary.
- That the pealing of the melodious bell is quite a frequent occurrence in "D1."
- That a certain member of "D2" has never seen the stem of a tree.

LITERARY COLUMN.

PRIZE ESSAY.

Early in the current Term Irvine Douglas, of "C1," evinced a practical interest in the discovery of literary talent by donating that interesting novel of T. R. Reed, entitled "The Master of the Shell," to be a prize for the best essay of under 600 words upon a patriotic subject of the writer's choice. We have to congratulate R. Aidan Scott, whose essay on "Terra Australis Incognita" gained first place in the Principal's final adjudication. The essay is withheld through lack of space. It has been found necessary to withhold several other contributions to these columns for a like reason. They are in nowise withheld through lack of merit.

A DESCRIPTION OF LOCKSLEY HALL.

(By "The Red Rose of England," "D1.")

"'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old the curlews call
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall."

After studying these beautiful lines, it is only natural that one would endeavour to find in imagination the surroundings of the romantic hall. As I am fortunate enough to have lived for about six years within a hundred yards of its boundary, I will, with the Editor's permission, do my best to give you description of Locksley Hall.

The grounds now occupy about 20 acres of arable land and 10 of pasture. In front of the hall is a miniature park of elms, and it is guarded by a half-filled moat. It stands on a little rise, and is a landmark for vessels sailing up the Humber. A large orchard still exists on the southern border of the estate, and is plentifully stocked with rambling old apple and pear trees. On entering the hall one is struck by the wonderful

solemnity of "la salle." Large statues are ranged in happy confusion around the walls, and the oaken staircase is ornamented by magnificent carvings of the first inhabitants of the hall. Following the pathway, worn by many feet, one may enter a long corridor leading to the "look-out," from where may be seen a glorious view of the surrounding country. Then, the cellars are worthy of inspection. Down in the very lowest cells may be seen huge staples and chains embedded in the walls, and a musty smell prevails in the atmosphere. A large iron door terminates these passages, and perhaps it is one of the most interesting parts of the hall. It leads into an underground tunnel, which connects with a neighbouring farm.

As space does not permit me to give a detailed description of the interior of Locksley Hall, I shall now attempt to sketch to you the surrounding country. Let us pass the ivy-covered walls and the crumbling walls of the garth-yard, and wander down the country lane and inhale the sweet scent of the clover, daisies, and cuckoo flowers. We see around us the lower marsh country with its network of dykes or small canals. Perhaps we hear the plaintive call of the pcc-wit or see the solitary seagull—"a sure sign of rain." Then we enter the warren, and, threading our way through the sandhills, we are suddenly confronted by a white farmhouse. Passing this, we wander along the green lane and climb the Roman embankment, built to keep the sea from flowing over the land, until we are faced by the sea with its

"Hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

THE GLAD AWAKENING OF SPRING.

(By "Spadger," "Di.").

Long ago the Mother of all the Earth sat thinking. It was time for the awakening of all things to begin. "Ah," said she, "how many people will notice Spring this year. One day will be the same as the other to many in this time of sorrow." Still she laid her carpets, put forth her bursting twigs, and sent her birds to make living music, and the people were glad, and drew from her workings the glory of hope, of the promise of better things to come.

The first day of Spring dawned—dawned in the pink and grey east, and reflecting its beauty to the west. Mother Nature was up with the sun, and immediately set to work to put into practice her well-laid plans. One by one her children received their separate tasks. In Spring, only three of her children remained at home, as the others made visits to different parts of the earth. Their names were August—a young and very noisy boy of eight years—September and October.

Windy August, as he is sometimes called, was required to sweep and dust the earth, freeing it from the mud and dirt of winter. He did his task well, but was a little violent sometimes, as he liked to send staid old gentleman rushing after their topplers; but when he had finished preparing for September's work, the earth really seemed to have benefited from it.

September was an expert hand at laying carpets, even though she was not very old; so Mother Nature told her to go and carpet the earth with green moss and shooting grass, flowers and ferns. The earth grew bright and happy under her touch, the birds twittered and courted with much zeal, and the swallows returned to this land of awakening sunshine.

October was a decorator of great renown. Under his influence the trees burst their bud, the fruit trees blossomed, the skies were bluer and

bluer, the flowers bloomed in profusion everywhere, and everything combined to make joy and gladness.

When Mother Nature surveyed their work she was well pleased, and said, "This is Spring, the happiest time of the year, when all men may try doubly hard to live great and noble lives."

MY FIRST CHEM. LESSON.

(By "Quintus a um.")

"Yes, I'm going to learn 'Chem.' You notice I call it 'Chem?' Well, it's wretched bad form to call it Chemistry, that's why. Now, when I say I'm going to learn 'Chem.,' it doesn't follow, by a long chalk, that I'm going to be a chemist. It'd be a rotten job telling people what to take when they've got a headache, and, besides, I wouldn't like giving them medicine and all that when I know the best thing, Robur Tea (No. 1 grade), which is cheaper than other teas, although it's dearer, because it's very saving. No! I'm not going into the chemist's biz. But I am going to tell you what I learnt at my first 'Chem.' lesson. You see, I'm a bit up a pole with this show, because I had to begin when the season was half over (the footer season, that is, just after they began the four-pointers), but, anyhow, I reckon I'll soon pick up. When I first went into the 'Chem.' room I didn't quite know what to make of it, what with all those bottles and other jiggers all over the show. There were bottles of acid (you know, that's what they make acid drops of), and little blue picture-show tickets, which a fellow told me went red when you shoved them in the acid. Titmus paper he said they were. Then there were great big round glass bowls with spoons about as long as your arm and as thick as your thumb, and I saw about a dozen pairs of scales with little round weights, the biggest only about half as big as a 'scotchie.'

"The teacher came in, and, putting a lot of glass bowl-things and bottles and boxes on the table, said that we were going to do revision. I started up to cut my lucky, because I wanted to do Chemistry, but the fellow on my right grabbed my coat, and said that it meant we were going to do 'Chem.' work we (that is, they) had done before. Course it was decent of him, but he needn't have pulled so hard near my pocket, because he squashed a cream-slice I had there. But it didn't matter, as I got all the cream out after with my pocket knife, and I gave him all he could get out when I'd finished. The chap that was going to teach us passed round a bag of white stuff, that he 'cracked' was sodiem clorhidge, to taste. I tasted about a spoonful. It was salt! When he got the bag back he said that some sheep in the class liked it. The fellow that I told you about (Thompson his name is—rather a decent chap—and he told me he gets a nasty break from the off sometimes), said, 'Well, with slight reservations, he appropriates the heterogeneous conglomerations of ingredients constituting the gingerbread,' and when I asked him what he meant, replied, 'He almost takes the cake.'

"The teacher chap took the sodiem clorhidge and shoved it in a glass tin, and poured what he said was sulfurik acid on it, and, my word, you should have heard the stink it made. He stuck a cork in the pot, with a glass pipe through it, and on the end of the pipe was a funnel in water. A brown-coloured gas came up the pipe and went into the water, and the teacher chap said he had made idroclorik acid solutim. Then he said, because he hadn't had the iron filings last lesson, he would make sulfurated idrogin. He treated the iron filings and some sulfur in a cocoa-tin lid, and poured the water that the gas went into on to it, and talk

about stink—why, the other was nothing to it. He said it was sulfureted idrogin. Double strong essence of rotten eggs, I'd call it! It filled the room and hummed so much that he had to say the class was dismissed.

"My word, when I go back to school after the 'hols.,' I'm going to shake things up. I'll make some of that stuff and let it loose, and old Konk'll reckon it's German spies. But I'm going to buy one of those respirator things they use in the trenches first. Do you know where I can get one?"

CLASS NOTES.

"B" (Third Year Scholars.)

At the end of last Term a great shock was experienced by the members of our class in hearing that our class teacher (Mr. Coombes) was leaving us to take up a position as Co-Principal in a New Zealand college. We all join in wishing him every success in his new position.

During the Term the first football team journeyed south, to play the Southern High School, but, unfortunately, we were defeated. Out of the fourteen boys in our class nine are in the first, two occupying the positions of Vice-Captain and Secretary. The football season is now coming to a close; cricket and rowing are taking its place.

During the Term Mr. Johnson examined us in our work, and we are now in the midst of a quarterly exam. Some of the members of our class made a trip up the Gorge while it was in flood, and many fine sights were seen.

A few weeks ago we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Garrard, who has returned from the Dardanelles, giving an account of his adventures and experiences.

"C1" (Second Year Teachers and Secondary).—Supervising Teacher,
Miss Wharmby.

Another quarter finds us still plodding on to that goal of goals—the Junior Public—a green-eyed monster to some of our number.

This Term saw the loss of two from among us. Alfred Traill, whom we are glad to hear has recovered after a severe illness, but will not be back till next year, and Sybil Clarke—one of our Prefects—who also left through ill-health. We congratulate Bessie Bradshaw on her election as Prefect.

We have had our annual visit from the Director and Mr. Johnson, although we saw little of them, our annual examination coming at the end of the year. We had also the pleasure of welcoming Mr. Garrard back from the front. As a live hero from the fighting line—to the boys at least—he is an object almost of worship.

Although we have had several new dusters, the manner in which they disappear, evaporate, vanish, is simply astounding. Can anyone tell us where they go?

We wish success to the boys who are taking up rowing.

Everyone is doing something for our boys at the front. Among the girls knitting needles click, while the boys spend their spare time making sandbags, each one of which may be instrumental in saving a life.

We are glad to say that—at least for three months—

The trials of exams, are over,
And we're back to the old thing again,

And, like cattle just into clover,
We relish the spell from the pen.

Although, when the results come out, some of us feel we have "so much to do, so little done." Let us, however, all hope for success.

"C2" (Second Year Commercial and Industrial). Supervising Teacher—
Miss Rockwell.

This Term has been a busy and eventful one for all. We have safely weathered both the annual examination and the quarterly examination, and are now looking forward with a good deal of anxiety to the Junior Public. We are still well represented in sport, and both boys and girls have thoroughly enjoyed the trips to Hobart and Westbury.

During the last month we have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Garrard, our former teacher. We congratulate him for having done his share at the Dardanelles, and wish him a speedy recovery.

Our boys, also, are trying to do their share of work for the front, and on Friday afternoons its "C" rooms are thronged with boys engaged in making sandbags for the soldiers.

Two of our class members—McElwee and Freeburgh—have been selected as probable coxswains of the crew, so that we are hoping that one of them will be taking part in the boat race.

On Australia Day there were numbers of "C2" scholars acting as enthusiastic workers, and most of them had to visit the "Board-room" several times to obtain fresh supplies of goods.

We are now looking forward to the holidays, and mean to make the most of them, for we realise that next quarter brings the Junior Public very near, and we must marshal all our forces for a supreme effort.

"D1" (First Year Teachers and Secondary).—Supervising Teacher—
Mr. W. L. Grace.

Once more we are about to chronicle the happenings in our class for another quarter.

On resuming school after the Midwinter vacation we found that we were to combine into one class once more for all subjects excepting French. This was done in order to release teachers to take up the work of Mr. Coombes, who at the end of last vacation resigned his position.

In last quarterly examinations Elmie London, the dux of the class for the quarter, had to give place to Vera Page. We congratulate Vera on her success. We are now wondering who will be the occupier of that coveted position this Term. Needless to say we all hope to be there, or very close to it.

As we write this the quarterly examinations are coming upon us "thick and fast," but they will be published shortly, and in a short time most of us will again be at "home, sweet home."

This quarter the school was visited by Mr. Johnson and Mr. McCoy, and, though we had to undergo the ordeal of cross-examination by Mr. Johnson, yet we all enjoyed the visit. We are looking forward to next year's visit, but then, alas! we will be "Junior P's."

In sport we are quite holding our own, as we have representatives in the first teams for hockey, tennis, baseball, and football.

Before closing we wish to thank Marjorie Tevelcin for evincing her interest in the appearance of the room by donating a pot plant in a very pretty jardiniere.

"D2" (First Year Commercial). Supervising Teacher—Miss Walker, B.A.

The number of members in the commercial class is fast diminishing as the months roll by. During this Term three of our number have joined the ranks of the business men, but their place has been taken by Stan. Craw from the Teachers' and Eric Harrison from the Hobart High School. Stan., of course, is an old friend, so we extend to Eric a hearty welcome to our class and our city.

Since the advent of spring flowers our corner of the hall is generally gay with bulbs, though the task of bringing flowers is still left in the hands of the girls.

The ordeal of the year—the annual inspection—has been passed successfully, and we are able to breathe freely once more, though for a short time only, as our own terminal exams. are yet before us. So far the girls have been unable to gain the coveted first position in the class, Stevens and McLeod sharing the honours. Our girls, however, come to the fore on Friday afternoons, and we are proud of our young soloists and pianists who contribute to our afternoon's enjoyment.

"D3" (First Year Industrial). Supervising Teacher—Miss Stephenson, B.A.

During the first few weeks of the third Term we pursued our usual studies, and the time passed uneventfully. Then came our first experience of Mr. Johnson's yearly visit, and now we are struggling with the usual quarterly examinations. Those of us who secure over 60 per cent. in all these latter may then frisk off to the enjoyment of the coming holidays with undisturbed consciences as far as school work is concerned; but the defaulters should feel themselves compelled to strive hard to come to the fore next Term.

We have started to study Conan Doyle's novel, "The White Company." It is entirely suited to boys' tastes, with its picturesque descriptions of life during the wars of Edward III. and the Black Prince, and we follow the adventures of the brave but gentle Alleyn Edricson with great interest.

Three boys left this class at the end of last quarter, so our number is reduced to fifteen. The attendance has been only fair, owing to illness in some cases. At present we have to sympathise with Carey, who is suffering from throat troubles. As he is not here to head the lists in examination results, some of us are modestly seizing the opportunity of placing our names in that honourable place.

Junior School ("D1," "D2," "D3") Geography and Physiography Note Books.

Good progress can again be justly reported under this heading. Very little careless work is now to be found. General neatness and spelling have greatly improved. For the various books places for the Third Term are awarded as follows:—Geography Note Books—1, Chrissie Finan ("D1"); 2, Bessie Moir ("D2"); 3, Elmie London ("D1"). Record Books—1, Clarice Ockerby ("D1"). Weather Record Graph Books—1, Wilfred Stephens ("D2"). Comparative Australian Graph Books—1, Wilfred Stephens ("D2"); 2, Bessie Moir ("D2"). Physiography Note Books ("D3")—1, Robert Bligh; 2, Robert Duff; 3, Geoffrey Simpson.

BOYS' SPORTS.

Football.

FIRST TEAM.

At the beginning of August the Firsts, under the supervision of Mr. Grace, journeyed to Hobart to contest with the Southerners for the Premiership. The journey down seemed to pass quickly enough to all except, perhaps, Palamountain. "Consequences" was played, and it is difficult to state the consequences of the actions of Craw, Dicker, and Partridge. A mock trial was conducted, but the prisoner was acquitted, so it does not matter who he was.

On the eve of the match the Northern boys were invited to attend a social, held at the Hobart High School. The kind hospitality accorded them was greatly appreciated.

The match was a strenuous one, but the South won by 22 points, although it appeared that North would win at three-quarter time. Scores: South, 5 goals 10 behinds; North, 2 goals 6 behinds. Coleman, Davie, and Crouch were best for South, while North was represented by Munro, Cunningham, Jacques, Campbell, and Rosevears.

S.H.S. v. Scotch College.—Two matches were played against Scotch College, both resulting in wins for S.H.S. Owing to the disparity in the size of the teams the victories were robbed of their sweetness. The Scotch team, however, played right manfully. Scores: S.H.S., 14 goals 6 behinds to nil; S.H.S., 11 goals 2 behinds to 5 goals 8 behinds.

State High School v. Mercantile Juniors.—This match was played on September 2, at the Cricket Ground, under very favourable conditions. The match lacked interest, as our first eighteen was far superior to the visitors, who, however, put up a very creditable performance. The pick of State High were Munro, Jacques, Cunningham, Wisc. and Smythe, whilst Mercantile were best represented by Dowling and Wickins. The scores were: S.H.S., 3 goals 5 behinds; Mercantile, nil.

SECONDS.

Owing to a number of the Firsts leaving school at the end of last Term, a heavy call has been made upon our numbers. Most of the players promoted have rendered good service in higher circles, but their loss has weakened our team considerably. To counterbalance this loss a number of Thirds and Fourths have come up to join us, and some of them, notably Arthur Wyatt and Len. Stubbs, have done good work for us.

Last Term we had good progress to report in the way of matches. This Term we have not been so fortunate. This is partly due to the weather, partly to the fact that the number of possible opponents in Launceston is very limited, partly to the fact of arrangements for matches falling through when it was too late to make other arrangements.

Since our last issue, however, we have played several scratch matches and two regular matches against the Combined State Schools. In both these matches we were successful, though by a small margin, the scores being:—(1) Combine, 1 goal 8 behinds; S.H.S., 2 goals 4 behinds. (2) Combine, 1 goal 5 behinds; S.H.S., 1 goal 6 behinds.

The weather has several times rendered our practice ground, the Corn-wall, almost unfit for use, so much so that the bard amongst us has felt constrained to rhapsodise on the efforts of our more skilful players as follows:—

TO THE FOOTBALLERS ON THE CORNWALL.

I have often longed to see you, ere the winter days be done,
On the subject of skating races, of which many you have won;
Could you spare a hard won moment, just one minute, or, p'raps two,
Just to give me some instruction, so that I may skate like you.
I have watched you on the Cornwall, and admired your superb skill,
When, instead of playing football you have skated with a will;
So now I come to ask you, will you teach me there to-day
How to learn to skate at football in the middle of the play.

THIRDS.

With the Thirds this has been practically an "off season," partially owing to the unenviable state of the Elphin Show Grounds (our practice grounds) and partly owing to the removal of some prominent members of the team to play with the Seconds. Among these, we are sorry to state, are Len. Stubbs, Arthur Wyatt, and Victor Newton. We also bemoan the loss of Alfred Traill, who is absent owing to ill-health.

The only important matches were Thirds v. Fourths, and Town v. Country. The former was an even game, the final scores being—Thirds, 3 points; Fourths, 2 points.

The second was rather more one-sided, the Country team, captained by L. Briggs, being defeated by the Town team, under charge of C. McElwee, by 12 points. The final scores were:—Town, 3 goals 2 behinds (20 points); Country, 1 goal 2 behinds (8 points).

Cyril McElwee was unanimously re-elected captain, while G. Cunningham and R. Dunkin act as vice-captain and secretary respectively.

FOURTHS.

This quarter has been a very dull one for our team. It has, as most people are aware, been very unsettled as regards weather. No matches of any importance have been played, the only ones being matches with the Thirds, in which we were defeated.

The only thing of note is that one member of the team has been swimming instead of playing football. This refers to the captain.

The captaincy, vice-captaincy, and secretaryship are held by L. Briggs, C. Penman, and H. Emms respectively.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

TENNIS NOTES.

(By "Cecil.")

The most important event in the tennis world since the last issue of our Magazine was the trip to Hobart. We left here on June 18—a Friday morning—when, with much excitement, we all met on the station. We had great difficulty to keep our seats, but in the end we were all seated comfortably, and the train slowly glided out of the station.

We arrived at Hobart at about 6.30 p.m., where we were given over to the care of the Hobart girls. We were then taken home to refresh ourselves, and at evening we were entertained at a social.

On the afternoon of the 19th our tennis match began, at 2 p.m. The names of the players were:

SOUTH.

N. Hughes (captain)
J. Geeves
L. Weavers
W. Leitch
M. Wardlaw
A. Murchison

NORTH.

C. Nash (captain).
B. Layh
P. Berlowitz
C. Williams
J. Nichols
M. Hughes

The total games were 48 to 32, the Southern girls winning by 16 games. Great excitement was caused during the different sets.

At the beginning of the quarter we began to go down to the Margaret-street court.

Some of the first year girls are showing much improvement, but they should try to think quickly, which would be the best way to hit the ball, and not trust to their "lucky stars," as is often the case. They should remember that they are on the tennis court, and not in the cricket field.

HOCKEY.

This quarter hockey has kept us very busy, for we have been playing matches almost every Saturday.

As we were again meeting Senior Association teams, we did not expect to have any great success.

We have again played College Seniors and Broadland House Seniors, being beaten by both teams.

Our Firsts entered a team in the Hockey Carnival, and were beaten by Westbury, the scores being 3 goals to nil. The season, however, has not been quite without successes.

A mixed team went to Hobart, and played Hobart State High School, obtaining a draw. Scores: One goal all.

Last Saturday the Firsts played the Westbury team at Westbury, and scored a win, the scores being 4 goals to 3.

Next Saturday we are again meeting Broadland House Seniors, and intend to play hard in the last match of the season.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Though our numbers are few, we are not lacking in enthusiasm, and look forward to our Wednesday afternoon "sport." The baseball season, however, is drawing to a close, and we are eagerly looking forward to the cricket season.

Our best bat is Corrie Laird, and Lily Blake is turning out a good bowler. The player who has shown most improvement this Term is Effie Wilson, who has improved greatly in batting and catching. May Wilkins, also, has done wonders in fielding.

POET'S CORNER.

THE GORGE IN FLOOD.

(By "Tiny Tim.")

Midst a swirl of rushing waters, and a seething mass of foam,
A rush of dashing white waves, the torrents onward come.
The sky above is leaden, the wind is calm and still.
The reverberating noises are sent from hill to hill,
The rocks from base to pinnacle are wet with flying spray,
And the river's fighting waters are coloured muddy grey.

TO OUR TOMMIES.

(By "Tiny Tim.")

When the streaks of day grow shorter, and the shades of night grow wide,
 When you see your comrades slumber on the hard ground by your side,
 When you hear the sentry's challenge ring out both loud and clear,
 You think of home, of friendship, and of people far from here.

When you think of downtrod'n nations, of their cruel monarchs, too;
 When you think of little Belgium, of her people, brave and true;
 When you think of Kaiser Wilhelm, snug in Berlin, in his lair,
 Well, just think of what'll happen when the allies once reach there.

When you read "A British fishing boat has struck a German mine;"
 When you read "A case of typhoid broken out in our front line;"
 When you're foremost in the fighting, amongst the smoke and din,
 Just set your teeth, fight harder still, and say "We'll reach Berlin."

You've got to reach it some day; if you've any British pluck
 You'll teach the German Kaiser that it wasn't "just by luck."
 And when the fight is ended, when the thing is done and o'er,
 You can tell your children's children how the "Tommies" won the war.

EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

During the Term we have been honoured with an inspectorial visit from the Director of Education (Mr. W. T. McCoy, B.A.) and the Principal of the Training College (Mr. J. A. Johnson, M.A.)

Ere our next issue goes to press the members of the "C" Classes will have undergone the dread ordeal of the Junior Public Examination. The remainder of the school wish them every success, and hope that they will maintain the prestige given the school by the brilliant results of last year.

It is highly pleasing to notice the success which is attending the pioneer efforts of the Old Scholars' Association. It has the heartiest good wishes of the members of the staff and all present scholars.

Our purely literary contributions continue to grow in quantity and quality. Remember that we are very desirous that all will take a practical interest in this phase of our work.

The subscription to the "Northern Churinga" is, as usual, 9d. per copy, or 1s. 6d. for this and the remaining issue for 1915.

APPOINTMENT OF SUB-EDITOR.

We hereby announce that, from the first day of next Term, Irvine Douglas will occupy the position of Sub-Editor of this Magazine. Irvine will enjoy the privilege of being our first Sub-Editor, and we feel sure that, owing to the practical interest which he has always shown in the "Northern Churinga," one and all will consider his appointment well merited. In future all completed contributions, Club and Committee Notes, etc., will be handed direct to the Sub-Editor, although the Editor will be pleased to give preliminary advice concerning literary and all other contributions as heretofore.