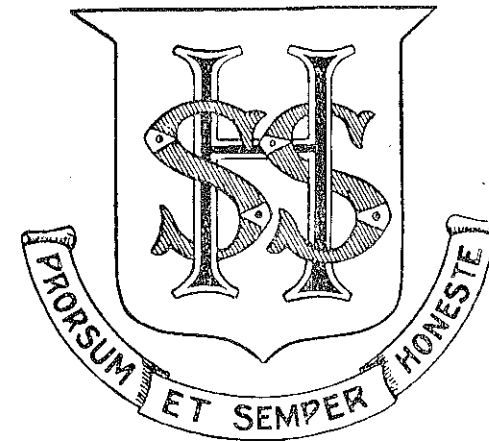


The Northern Churinga



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EDITORIAL FOREWORD.

EXAMINATIONS.

At the present time, when so many of our pupils are waiting in feverish expectation for the results of the University examinations to be published, it would be well to record the value that the School places on examinations.

That an examination is not always the surest test of a pupil's prowess may be stated as a fact, but although educational authorities all the world over have been seeking something to take their place, no solution of the problem gives complete satisfaction. So long as various institutions place value on a written test as an entrance to securing positions therein, so long must schools endeavour to pass these tests.

The Department, however, recognising that an examination is in itself more a test of the memoriser rather than the thinker, seeks to make up for this fact by insisting that the pupil shall live the complete school life, and that he shall study not merely the memory subjects of the curriculum, but also those subjects which develop the thinking and reasoning powers. The examination system, however, is so powerfully entrenched, and has created such large vested interests, that it is trusted by the general public, who see in it a method, although rough and ready, where favouritism can have no place. As the sole test of attainment the examination certainly is incompetent, for it lends itself readily to some subjects, e.g., mathematics, but it fails to test adequately deliberate attainment. Realising these defects, the Department place more value on the various certificates issued, namely, the Intermediate, which is given after two years' study and the Leaving after four years' study.

A certificate, to be of value, should certainly testify to the academic attainments of the scholar, but it should also certify that the holder has lived the complete school life. It should record the place occupied by the pupil in the comprehensive corporate existence of the school.

Viewed in this light, the High school teachers, by means of the Quarterly system of reports, become not mere marking machines, assessing purely scholastic values, but by coming into contact with the pupil in varying relationship, as in sport, debating societies, school clubs, and the like, the teachers are able to assess the value of the scholar as a citizen of this great Commonwealth.

Both the Intermediate and Leaving certificates testify as to the pupil's character in addition to scholastic attainments. Hence they are of inestimable value to an employer who wants to know—not merely whether the holder can pass certain study-tests, but also if he can be relied on. Is he regular and punctual in his habits? Does he possess the all-important characteristics of honesty, diligence, and initiative?

Often we feel that parents do not realise that what appears an irksome school rule, such as regularity of attendance, punctuality to the minute, etc., is really the soundest training for life.

Our method, then, is group both tests, character and academic, and testify as to the pupil's possession of them by means of the Leaving and Intermediate certificates.

VALEDICTORY.

We were all extremely sorry to lose Miss Rockwell at the end of November. During her two years amongst us she had always shown a very keen interest in everything connected with our School life.

Before her departure she was the recipient of three presentations—viz., a silver teapot from members of the staff, a set of carvers from her own class ("C2"), and a volume of Scott's poems from her French class ("C1"). Once more we wish her well.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

(By the General Secretary.)

This is the third issue of our column in the Magazine. Fair progress has been made, but no new members have been enrolled.

The boys closed a not very successful season as far as winning a game was concerned. We never had the luck to beat the School, and we only had the pleasure of winning one game. In spite of that, however, we always had a very good game.

The balance-sheet shows a deficit of 3s.—21s. received for subscriptions, and 24s. paid away for balls.

We are sorry to report that we have been unsuccessful in forming a cricket club, but hope to have one next year.

The girls have not "got going," as far as sport is concerned, yet, and I think it will be next year before they do. For social work, however, they are great, as they proved by the splendid social we had Show week.

On Wednesday, October 6, we held our annual social in the King's Hall, when a fairly large and representative gathering was present.

Eileen Kildea rendered us a song, and was heartily encored. We thank her very much for the trouble she went to to oblige us, as she was performing at the Albert Hall.

Iris Pybus gave us a much-appreciated pianoforte solo, and Myra Barrett sang to us. We are truly thankful to those performers who so kindly assisted to make the evening an enjoyable one.

Games were indulged in, and very much enjoyed.

Two competitions were held, Tony Monks winning one and Dorothy Blewitt the other.

Mr. Miller, in moving a vote of thanks to the Committee and performers, also addressed those present on the objects of the Association. There was a nice proportion from both country and town, as well as teachers. Apologies were received from Bas. Kildea, Roly Rule, and verbally from several others. The social wound up by all joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne" and the School Song. We feel sure everyone had a very pleasant time.

We take this opportunity of congratulating the School upon having such a good crew as to win the Bourke Cup. Well done, Present Boys! We feel proud of you. You will be Old Scholars some day.

We also welcome Irvine Douglas as Sub-editor to the Magazine. We feel sure he will carry out his duties with credit to the paper.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

We held two Committee Meetings during the quarter, namely, to arrange the social. The same were very well attended.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Ted Loone was up Show Week. He has returned from camp. His health gave out.

Wilf. Rockliffe came up. He is working in one of the banks here now. Thelma, his sister, was also here.

Gordon Stokes, Willie Mason, and "Dad" Sellars were also in our midst during Show Week. Alice Mann, Eva Eastoc, and Iris Pybus were present at the social.

Mac Kidd has left the bank. He is now at Harrah's.

Steve Lonergan has returned to Launceston from the Front. He was present at the landing, and spent some nine weeks in the trenches. He escaped being wounded, but failed to escape enteric. He is in jolly spirits, however, and we wish him a speedy return to good health.

Eila Cooper sends a long letter, in which she expresses best wishes for success in the "J.P."

The win at the boat race stimulated the following to send congratulations:—Tony Monks, Tally Taylor (wire), Thelma Jacobson, Edgar Briggs, Tom Johnstone, Kathie Barnes, and R. Rule.

Tony Monks is working in A. G. Webster's, in Hobart.

The "C1" class enthusiastically subscribed to procure a roll of honour for the School, containing the names of ex-pupils who have enlisted for active service.

Our sympathy goes out to Roland Rule, who has lost a brother in Gallipoli.

Eila Cooper sends a long letter about her work. She can see the sea sometimes from her school, near Wynyard.

Edgar Briggs sends a fine letter congratulating the School on the boat race. We have to express our sympathy to him for the death of a brother in Gallipoli.

The papers spoke flatteringly of Eileen Kildea's performance in the opera, "Florodora."

LIST OF MEMBERS.

The names of members of the Old Scholars' Association were published in last issue. No new members are reported.

In future the list of members and their addresses will be published in the first issue of each year, and only the names of new members, or of members whose addresses are changed, will be published in each successive issue—these latter if the Secretary is informed of the new address.

LIFE HONORARY MEMBERS.

A correction of last issue is here necessary. The only Life Honorary Members to date are Mrs. Gleadow, Messrs. Garrard, Ralph Anderson, and Steve Lonergan.—Editor.

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 Lonergan, 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 Tingira, Sydney.

The Editor will be pleased to hear of any other boys who are doing their duty for King and country at the Front.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

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

"C1"—A. Scott (Teachers).

"C1"—E. Scott (Secondary).

"C2"—J. Skemp.

"D1" (Secondary)—W. Salter.

"D1" (Teachers)—V. Page.

"D3"—Douglas Duff.

"D2"—Stevens.

"FOR KING AND COUNTRY."

SAND BAG MOVEMENT.

The class for the construction of sand bags has proved a thorough success. About 40 bags are made weekly, the people taking part this quarter comprising the boys from the Lower School, together with the senior boys of the School. The principal workers concerned are G. Cunningham, who has done valuable work cutting out; also Palamountain and Daymond. This movement will, it is hoped, continue to develop, and reflect more credit, if possible, upon the organiser, who has left nothing undone within his power to make it a success.

LOWER SCHOOL KNITTING.

(By "Two Plain, Two Purl.")

Christmas is coming, as it invariably does, and, with the Editor's permission, I would like to ask the members of the Knitting Society to look at the Christmas stockings which I know they always give to their little brothers and sisters at the festive season, and think of the cramped and frozen soldiers out in the trenches, thinking of home, and the warm socks which the High School Knitting Society intended to send.

I know that many of us have been worrying about examinations and other little school matters, but surely each of us could find, say, ten minutes or quarter of an hour each day in which to knit even a little for those who are defending our country. Next Term we shall have the Junior Public looming ahead of us, but now in the time of our country's tribulation we must each do our little service to the land of our birth.

FATHER CHRISTMAS WANTS IT KNOWN.

That "The best school of all" won the Bourke Cup.

That the pupils of the said school suffered considerably from sore throats.

That Grammar came second.

That Scotch College rowed a good race.

That the "J.P." is over, and certain people are thankful.

That on November 27 much red and green was in evidence.

That "W.S." raises his hat with a grand flourish.

That "G.C." likes studying Mrs. Heman's "Little Jim."

That the Fly-weight is still talking.

That "Jesse" provides both cricket and vaudeville at the wicket.

That the ox weighed 2,844 lbs. 17 ozs. at the Burnie Show. (There are too many pounds already to reduce the 17 ozs.)

That Fly-weight strained and broke his heart lifting it.
 That all good wishes attend the Junior Public Classes.
 That twelve months hence last year's "J.P." candidates will enter the Senior Public fray.
 That the School will then be "in full swing" for the first time.
 That the girls think they can play cricket.
 That the boys think they can't.
 That they will probably have to meet on the field of battle to decide the matter.
 That Steve Lonergan holds the distinction of being our first "Old Scholar" to return from the Front.
 That we wish him well.
 That "Robbie" has not grown any shorter.
 That "Scottie's" batting average is "just it."
 That the Germans are running short of ammunition.
 That this is because Al-der-shot's in England.
 That the allies only need Greece to cook the Turkey for their Christmas dinner.
 That A. Mc. is very observant in Charles-street.
 That Hec. considers black hats fashionable when returning from the Power Station.
 That Stan. is wearing his usual smile, plus "longun's."
 That Clarice has a Panama hat.
 That it is not advisable to eat too much Christmas pudding.

THE PROGRESS OF ARGUMENT.

(By the Twin Brothers, Wise and Otherwise.)

"B" DEBATING SOCIETY.

Our first meeting for this Term was held on Thursday, October 28. A fair number were present, and a pleasant afternoon was spent. Humorous readings given by Palamountain, Daymond, Craw, Fahey, and McFadyean occupied part of the time, the rest of the afternoon being devoted to impromptu conversations. Jean Nichols and Ray Pullen entertained the audience with an interesting conversation, whilst Pearl Berlowitz and Irvine Douglas in like manner contributed to the success of the meeting.

All the speakers received a very good hearing, and outbursts of applause were very frequent. Now that the members of the fair sex belonging to this society have been prevailed upon to speak in the debates, future meetings ought to have an additional interest.

"Has the introduction of machinery done more harm than good?" was the subject discussed on Thursday, November 11. Hector Craw (leader), supported by Ray Atkinson, upheld the affirmative side of the question, and Neil Campbell (leader) and Paul Palamountain comprised the negative party.

Excellent speeches were made by members of both parties, Palamountain's being an especially good one. It was quite evident that a lot of trouble had been taken in preparing the speeches, and those present were rewarded for their attendance by an instructive and entertaining debate. When the points gained by each side were totalled up it was found that

the negative side was victorious by two points. This debate was one of the most successful yet held, all the speakers being very fluent, and giving fine addresses.

"C" DEBATING SOCIETY.

Debates are at a standstill. No stentorian voices have awakened the echoes of "C2" hall after 4 o'clock for some months past, for the Junior has "arisen and o'ershadowed the earth with its name." Still, there is yet a number of "C-ites" who think that debates are most necessary, and these may be heard in a corner of the boys' playground at 11 o'clock discussing subjects ranging from Kitchener and conscription to votes for schoolboys and indirect questions. So the spirit of war still survives in "C."

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

This society is still very popular among the classes at the Lower School, although at one stage in the Term there was a slight falling off in the attendance of the debates. The last couple of meetings have been well patronised. The committee, under our able chairman (Mr. Grace) has worked well in choosing subjects to debate on, also the speakers. It has been quite noticeable in the last three or four debates the improved form in which the speakers deliver their arguments. We intend to have a mock trial shortly, and also to challenge "B" Class Debating Society. The first debate we had this Term was on October 10, when the arguments were very evenly matched. We also had a debate on which is the best sport, two speakers speaking for each sport, and the representatives for tennis were successful, making an easy win. The last debate that we had was "Has Tasmania Gained by Federation?" which also resulted in a very evenly-matched debate, but the affirmative were announced the victors.—J.D.S.

THE NOVELISTS' CORNER.

AN ORIGINAL STORY CONCERNING AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(By "Quintus a um.")

Many people have heard, marvelled at, and disbelieved the legend of the Wandering Jew, who was forced to wander for ever over the face of the earth. Many people, too, have added that the chief cause of his unhappiness during the ages has been consequent upon his neglect, due no doubt to the disturbed and perplexed state of his mind at the time, to invest his savings in a reliable bank, and watch the amount increase at compound interest. This, however, is beside the mark. "Which I wish to remark, and my language is plain," is that although in this sceptical age (when we hold conversations concerning the absurdity of believing in miracles, with our friends thousands of miles distant, without any visible means of communication), we do not believe this curious and interesting old legend, which has been handed down to us through the centuries; yet, at this very moment, while the good citizens of London are rehearsing their mode of procedure in case of a "Zep." attack, there is a man who is trying to emulate the Wandering Jew.

He, himself, is not a Jew, but an Australian, and is engaged in a quest which, although he has hardly yet had time to perceive it, is doomed to end in failure—abject, perfect failure! His name? Ah! the nation,

though in the deadly throes of war, and inured to terrible surprises and calamities, would yet be stirred to its uttermost depths, if only it was within the sphere of its learning and accomplishments to know the appellation which was bestowed upon him, by two loving parents and an aunt, to distinguish him from his fellow-men.

His name? That is known only to the gods and the private detectives. Seek ye not, therefore, to rend the curtain of obscurity which envelops him. Peer not into the innermost secrets of Nature, but rest content.

You are wondering, doubtless, what this quest may be. He is engaged searching for an Original Story!

Yes! foolhardy as it may seem, this wretched man actually has the temerity to enter upon this quest, and what is more, he considered, when he commenced this reckless venture, that he would succeed; vain, vain is the hope, for gradually, amid much suffering and disappointment, the conclusion that such a desideratum is not, is being forced upon him. Soon—perhaps even in a few years—he will be a prematurely old man, bowed down, and with grey hair and a red face, sore feet and a vile temper. There will be, a living warning to all mankind of the folly of ever thinking, in their petty conceit and high opinion of their own virtues and capabilities, that they can write an Original Story.

The last trump may sound, and the earth return to the sun whence it came, but never will such a thing come to pass. What says the poet upon the possibility of ever creating a new story? What answers his sagacious bird when interviewed upon the question by an enterprising reporter?

“Quoth the Raven ‘Nevermore!’”

There is yet a second mythical story, which the little Greek children were taught, instead of Latin, Greek, and various other forms of torture, adapted and improved from recipes left by the members of the Spanish Inquisition, which has some bearing upon this search undertaken by the unknown Australian citizen. This is the legend of Tantalus, that unhappy personage who, when just about to enjoy the things he so coveted, was always doomed to disappointment.

So it was in this case. Time after time our hero thought that he had at last succeeded in writing an original story, and time after time he was regularly undeceived. At first, when he thought the prize was his, he would make pilgrimages to Egypt and America, the two places where all old stories come, to see if such was the case; when, however, he was balked on his thousand and third journey, he began to cease from investigating, in the hope that he would never bring to light the forerunner of an—apparently—original story.

Vain was this hope, too, for again and again was the fond delusion shattered by some source of information or other.

At length he became almost convinced that he had achieved the impossible, and when, after several months had elapsed and no sign had been given, he began to gain confidence, and to investigate.

Happy man! He went right through Egypt and America without a single time sighting a story similar to his. He was intoxicated with his success, and it became a perfect mania with him to traverse these countries and boast of his wonderful feat.

And at night he would walk the floor of his room and chew candle ends, when he could get them, and exult.

One day he was in the Egyptian desert when a sandstorm commenced. He started digging out a hole in the sand, to serve as a shelter, when his fingers struck something solid. He pulled it out, and, even without looking at it (for by constant practice he had developed a sixth sense, by means of which he knew when he came across the ancestor of one of his “original” tales) he comprehended its nature. He glanced at it, and fell fainting in the sand.

When the storm was over some Arabs found him, and took him to an asylum in Cairo. There he lives, always carrying with him a brick, on which his story is written, and dated 2526 B.C.! He writes upon the walls of the asylum, the third part of the universal Law of Substance, whose first two clauses deal with the conservation of energy and the conservation of matter, saying:—

The total number of stories in “the world” is fixed and definite; neither can man increase nor decrease that number, nor create nor destroy one story.

He is quite harmless and quiet, except when the postman comes; he becomes excited and angry then, for he thinks that the official is bringing him letters from people all over the world—just cartloads of letters—telling him that his story is not original.

And that is the story of the man who, inflated with ideas concerning his own importance and originality, flying in the face of Providence, with a reckless disregard for all things, sought, laboured, and toiled, but in vain, that he might break one of the fundamental laws of Nature and present the world with an Original Story!

A THRUSH'S WOOING.

(By Spadger.)

It was a bright spring morning, and everything vibrated with life and eagerness. In one quiet spot in the forest, however, all was very still, so that when a soft bird-call came from the underwood, it seemed to startle the leaves and trees into life, for they rustled and sighed, and then were silent again.

Hardly had the silence fallen again than an answer, thrilling, exultant, triumphant, yet anxious, came to the soft call from the underwood. Then there was a frightened chirp as a female thrush rose swiftly from the bushes, followed closely by her persistent lover.

They whirled round and round, flying in and out, under and above the leafy branches, until, exhausted by her long flight, the little female rested for a moment on a twig. Instantly the thrush was beside her, cooing softly of the love that made his little body vibrate with tenderness and his tiny throat tremble with passion.

He stroked her ruffled feathers, and edged a little nearer than before, at which she took fright again, and, diving to the undergrowth, she was lost from sight.

He followed swiftly, but did not venture near at once for fear of frightening her again. Instead, he sat on a branch near by and began to sing his love-song. His tiny body shook, and his throat swelled as if it would burst as he poured forth his flood of melody.

The female watched and listened, fascinated by his ardour; then, taking courage, she hopped nearer and nearer, until she stood beside her songster. Nothing can describe the ecstasy of the thrush. He stroked his little mate, he kissed her, he swayed and sang, while she looked proudly at him, and in her shy way returned his caresses.

"THE REVENGE."

(By "Rosa," "Di.")

"Oh! the Germans are marching on our village, the Germans are coming," was the cry that rang through Lessinge, a small village in the north of France. At these words a great commotion was caused in the village by women and men gathering together their small necessities with which to flee from the oncoming Germans.

One woman, Mrs. Champney, was hurrying hither and thither with her two children—Marie, a little girl of three years, and Jacques, a youth of fifteen, who was waiting eagerly for the time when he could go to the front to fight those "German dogs." Their father had enlisted when the first call for men came, and now, alas! the children were fatherless, Mr. Champney having been one of the many who were killed in the great retreat from Mons.

A few of the bravest villagers had determined to stay and defend their property, and, needless to say, Mrs. Champney was one of them.

With the rumbling of artillery, the clattering of horses' feet, the guttural sound of men's voices, and many other noises familiar to battle, the column of German soldiers advanced upon the terror-stricken village. Little Marie Champney, always a good-humoured child, gazed open-eyed at these strange sounds and sights, and started singing in a babyish voice a verse of "The Marseillaise" at the open door.

When the Germans passed, the first few looked savagely in the direction from whence the voice came, until at last one man said in an exasperated voice to a private standing near, "Fritz, stop that child singing." The man addressed hesitated a moment, loath to stop the child's song, but the officer shouted out, "Stick your bayonet through that child," and the soldier reluctantly obeyed, and as the child's lifeblood slowly ebbed away, Jacques vowed to avenge his sister.

Three years passed away, and Jacques was now a private in the French army, bent on avenging his father, sister, and mother, for Mrs. Champney died of a broken heart shortly after her little daughter's death. One morning, shortly after his entrance into the army, while Jacques was busy with his own thoughts, the colonel came with the message they were going to make a charge to try to capture some guns, which were causing great havoc among the French.

For a few days it had been rather monotonous work staying in the trenches all the time, and the prospect of a charge was hailed with delight by many, although they all knew that it was a hard and dangerous task, and that very few would return unscathed.

When the order, "Charge!" was given, all the men were up at once in a body, and were half-way to the guns before the enemy noticed this new move. Seeing the aim which the French had in view, the Germans sent a large body of soldiers to bar the way. Jacques was one of the first to start for the guns, and was soon in the thick of the battle. Shells were falling around him, and balls were whistling about his head, and the air was full of the cries of the wounded and dying, but he still kept on. Suddenly, however, he was conscious of a dull, deep pain in his head, and he staggered and fell—unconscious.

When Jacques came to his senses he did not at first know where he was, but he gradually remembered everything. He could not longer hear

the din of battle, but when he raised himself a little he found that he was in the same place where he fell, surrounded by wounded and dead. As he looked about he heard a groan, which came from a wounded German near him, calling for water. He staggered over to where he lay, and when he looked at his face he saw it was the very man whom he had vowed to kill. At first Jacques felt like taking his sword and plunging it into the German, in order to have his revenge.

Something, however, seemed to restrain him, and, moved by the German's helplessness and his feeble appeal for water, Jacques began to have vague little doubts, and he wondered what to do. Someone inside said, "Forgive your enemies," and the better part of his nature having conquered, he stooped down and gave the German the water, which he was so badly in need of himself.

Jacques, overcome by exhaustion, again became unconscious, and when he awoke he found himself in bed in a hospital, with the doctor and nurse conversing in low tones by his bed.

"Yes, I think my patient will soon revive and pull through, doctor," the nurse said, "although he had a nasty wound. Where did you find him?"

"He was lying near a dead German," the doctor answered, "who was clutching your patient's water flask, and it seems to me as if he had given the German what he needed most himself."

"Yes," thought Jacques to himself, "I am sure I have done right. Forgiveness is better than revenge."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Fatty."—Beware of the queen's laddie!

"C.L."—Yes, they all like a change sometimes, otherwise it gets rather monotonous.

"M.S."—Beaconsfield cricket players evidently stand behind the wickets to hit the ball.

"Jesse."—What does a carnation mean?

"R.J.P."—Watches are liable to wear out with constant exposure to the light.

"A.C.U."—Bright yellow dyes a lovely brown.

V.G.—Yes, you are in danger of being placed in custody unless you cover your "fine" knees.

"Alec. B."—See reply to "V.G."

"The Pup."—When a cat enters one's kennel it is bad manners to worry it.

"Big Lizzie."—You are no doubt powerful, but to attempt to display your lifting powers is dangerous for the onlookers, to say the least of it.

"I.D."—Yes, your expostulating powers should be made the most of when opportunity offers.

"Norman R."—Ssh! You are too young to talk of "unsubstantial firey places."

"Jesse."—No, we don't know what a carnation means.

"Muriel."—Yes, we always thought you would do better as a waitress than a typist.

ON TOUR COLUMN.**TRIP TO THE PUNCH BOWL.**

During this term Mr. Ede thought he would like to take his Latin class for a picnic. The place decided upon was the Punch Bowl. Instead of going to sports one Wednesday we went for the picnic. On the way to the picnicking ground we ordered some milk. We had a little spell, and then we had a game of rounders. Then we had tea; each brought his own food and some brought tea and sugar; the milk was bought at the dairy. Games were indulged in until about six o'clock, when the whole party dispersed, some going home in the tram and others going home various other ways.

PICNIC TO KILLAFADDY.
(“Horace.”)

“Oh, hang on a minute, boys, here are the rest of our party, so I don't think we shall leave them all to themselves,” said the loquacious one. After the preliminary “Good afternoons” we joyfully went our way, or, as it happened, we all went the same way, to a nice green, grassy patch or paddock, bounded on the east by a railway. On another side was the river, on the next cattle—as we decided to call the animals which were afterwards taken home to be milked. Well, to begin this picnic it was decided that two teams should engage in mortal combat at that exciting game called cricket. The elevens consisted of sixteen, thus lending variety to the game. At the conclusion each side scorned the others claim that it had won by one run and no wickets. After a great amount of coaxing we managed to get sufficient heat from the fire to boil the billy. When tea was over it was discovered that, shall I say, two quarts of milk were left, but it soon evaporated, as three of the party were great “calves.” After a varied programme of “Jolly Miller,” “Prisoner's Base,” etc., it was decided that the party should return home. After passing through a gate one of the timid sex said, “There comes a train, listen to it.” Not a murmur was heard, and afterwards the young ladies regained their equilibrium. Some nearly fainted. (It's a fact, that.)

The high road arrived at, we wended our weary, yet happy, way homeward, while the bards and would-be bards amongst our number attempted to enliven us with the would-be tuneful strains of a pathetic ballad, which a classical member of the party attributed to Virgil. It runs “est longa via ad Tipperariam.”

OUR JUNIOR TEACHERS.

(By “Laughing Jack.”)

Each Tuesday afternoon the third year members of the Junior Teachers' Division go over to East Launceston, where they receive instruction concerning their future careers.

Occasionally a little of the comic side of life is introduced when a certain individual, who is imparting his superfluous knowledge to a class, demands “Where do we find sugar mines?” and then increases the amusement by classing tobacco with tropical fruits.

Each fortnight three or four of the class take their turn in teaching various classes, and one of the four has the pleasant occupation of posing for a criticism by the individual members of that portion which is not displaying its descriptive and interrogatory abilities.

CLASS NOTES.

“B” (Third Year Scholars).—Supervising Teacher, Mr. Ede.

Though this quarter has been one of hard work, yet our class has in no way suffered in the sports direction. About the fourth week we had a picnic for the three classes at the Upper School; we had a fine time at Killafaddy, arriving home a little after dark.

We must congratulate B. Hope on his obtaining the position of Captain of the First Eleven.

The Bourke Cup has been won and lost, and we heartily congratulate first Fahey as stroke, and secondly Craw as a prominent member of the crew. We are glad to see that the fish did not bite this time.

As a class we wish the junior people renowned success in the coming examinations. It is a trying ordeal. We still have vivid memories of it ourselves.

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

This term finds us busily working for the dread Junior Public. Only one more day at school remains before our efforts of the year will be tested. Let us hope we will do credit to ourselves and to our school, and excel (if that is possible) the splendid standard set us by the pupils of last year.

Although so busy, our sport has gone on just the same. Douglas and Aidan Scott represented our class in the event of the quarter, the boat race, whilst on the cricket field Eric Scott, Stubbs, Dicker, Doris Wylie, and Ina McRae have distinguished themselves.

We have to thank Lucie, May, Kathie, and others who have kept our room so well supplied with flowers. Once more do we welcome our friend, the asparagus, to its old resting place.

Our sympathy goes to Doris Wylie, who, through illness, had to miss the examination for Provisional Teacher. We hope she will be sufficiently recovered to take the J.P.

Once more we must turn our thoughts to Latin, Algebra, and the like; so, wishing success to “C2” and to ourselves, a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year to everyone, “C1” bids farewell to 1915.

“C2” (Second Year Commercial and Industrial).—Ex-Supervising Teacher, Miss Rockwell.

Since our last issue quite a number of “C2” have deserted the ranks, fleeing before the great engagement to begin on the 6th, while those who remain are commencing to set their teeth and square their jaws in preparation for active service.

The Term has flown by quickly, one of the most pleasant incidents which occurred being Miss Rockwell's picnic at Killafaddy on the 31st October, where everyone spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

In sport, hockey and football have given place to cricket, swimming, tennis, and rowing, and we now take an opportunity of offering our heartiest congratulations to the members of the crew who rowed for the Bourke Cup, feeling proud, the while, that the cox, was chosen from this class.

We were glad to welcome back Mr. Listner and Jack Skemp.

We were all very sorry when the Principal informed us that Miss Rockwell would be soon leaving the School, and we at once agreed to make her a presentation as a small token of our appreciation of the help she has given us. With Miss Wharmby's help the girls selected a set of carvers, which were presented to Miss Rockwell on the day before her departure by Max Munro, who made a suitable speech, which was seconded by Alice Cunningham. We all wish Miss Rockwell every happiness and success in the future.

We intend doing our utmost to keep up the name which the School won last year by the results of the Junior, and we wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a successful New Year.

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

Since the end of last Term nothing of exceptional note has happened to disturb the even tenor of our way, which, though a quiet, has nevertheless been a persistent one.

This quarter, we of the Secondary "commune" have received an addition of two to our ranks—Ken. Hughes, coming from the Hobart High School, and Hope Rollings, from the West Coast. We wish them every happiness amongst us, and we hope they will shortly feel one of us.

We have had one picnic this quarter—to the Punch Bowl—whither we were accompanied by Mr. Ede, who took the picnic "a la Latin."

The Quarterly Examinations are just ahead of us; we are looking forward to them with mixed feelings of fear and expectation, and hope that we will come through well.

We are now nearing the end of our first year in the High School. I'm sure all will agree in saying that the year has been a pleasant one. Next year we will be the "C" class, and will feel a certain amount of superiority through having been in the School for one year. We must remember, however, that with this new dignity comes new responsibility. As we approach the "A" class our sphere of influence in the School increases, and we must remember that it is we that make the School. We are all I think, however, imbued with high ideals for our School, and are determined to strive to make it the "best school of all" in sport, in achievements, and, most important of all, in character. We hope that when the testing-time comes it will not be members from our class (if any) who are found wanting. In conclusion, we wish the staff and all other members of the school a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and a very pleasant time till we meet again next year.

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

The last Term is almost at an end, bringing to a close our first year of High School life. Our class has decreased in numbers since the beginning of the year, and this Term we have lost another member—Ross Price—who has left us to join the staff of the National Bank. We wish him every success. Those who are left are busy preparing for the quarterly examinations, which come round with unfailing regularity. We hope to do well, so that we shall be able to enter the Junior Public class next year.

We are very pleased to welcome back Mr. Listner, who has been absent some time through ill-health. Roy Tidey has been absent for

several weeks suffering from appendicitis, and some other members of our class have been on the sick-list for a few days.

Our vases have been presenting a very gay appearance lately, May Barrett and Muriel Chick being chiefly responsible for our decorations in this line.

We are eagerly looking forward to the holidays, which we shall enjoy the more after the turmoil of examinations.

We all wish Mr. Miller, the other teachers, and our fellow-scholars a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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

As the time has come to send a contribution to the last of the 1915 "Churingas," we are reminded that our first year at the High School will soon be a thing of the past.

Once more examinations are the order of the day, and we hope that everyone, and most especially the Junior Public candidates, will be a credit to their School on this occasion. It was a proud moment for us on Saturday when our crew won the Schools' Boat Race, and in the examinations "race" all may be winners.

As far as concerns "D3" only, there is little to relate this Term. Some more of our boys have started business life, so we are now a small class, and have joined with "D2" on several occasions during Mr. Listner's absence.

The summer sports, i.e., cricket and swimming, have once more commenced, and we all take part in one or the other, with more or less success. We conclude by wishing all a Happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

LITERARY COLUMN.

PRIZE ESSAY.

[The following, "Terra Australis Incognita," is the essay which won the prize in last Term's competition. It was then held over through lack of space.—Ed.]

"TERRA AUSTRALIS INCOGNITA."

(By R. Aidan Scott.)

'Twas a dark night. The sky, almost overclouded, shut out the dim light of the moon in its first phase. In that dim light long lines of men were distinctly visible in the land-locked bay of the islands of Lemnos. Who would have thought that these men came from "Terra Australis Incognita." Moreover, they were armed with modern weapons, and had come with the sole idea of helping the motherland in her hour of need in the stupendous struggle against militarism.

Presently a sharp order rang out, and one end of the line moved towards the boats waiting at the pier. There they embarked on their perilous adventure, many never to live to tell their tale. Silently the boats moved out, and the soldiers were placed on the destroyers, and these, with all lights extinguished, steamed slowly out to sea. They waited until the setting of the moon, and just as it spread out its last rays of light the

ships arrived near their agreed rendezvous. The men silently and anxiously disembarked, and, with muffled oars, the boats were rowed swiftly to shore. Already the enemy had awoke, and bullets began to whistle with a "Ping! Ping!"

As soon as the boat touched the land the men at once jumped overboard, and, waist deep in water, waded ashore. There were no officers to lead them, but these Southerners did not wait for their officers. They relied on themselves, and charged the enemy with a vigour that easily excels the last charge that they used to make at their much loved game of football. The Turks fled before this whirlwind of steel. The thin khaki line advanced and overtook them. The bayonets flashed in the dawn, and at every thrust one brave man bit the dust, never to rise again. The first trench was taken, but yet they advanced; the next, and even the next trench yielded to that irresistible onrush of steel. The ridge was gained, and yet they fought on; nor did they stop until they had advanced about a mile inland. They then dug in, but many brave men had been sacrificed to that mile. The Turks hastily reinforced their line, and counter-attacked strongly, but in vain. The Australians were unwilling to surrender so easily that for which they had paid in the blood of their brothers. The Turks fled in disorder before the withering fire of the Australian and New Zealand rifles, unassisted by machine guns and shrapnel save from the warships. Many were the difficulties which had to be overcome during that trying time. Many brave deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice were done in carrying stores, ammunition, water, and food across an exposed beach enfiladed with the enemy's shrapnel and sniper's bullets, and up an almost inaccessible cliff to the men in the firing line, and in bringing back the wounded to the ships.

The next day brought a slight relief to the weary men. The whole machine ran smoothly, and the men from the trenches were given fatigue duties to perform, and before many days they were making the best of their rest, many having a dip in the sea, regardless of bullets flying around. The dugouts were gradually made into trenches, and the men were able to converse with one another—the heroes, one and all, who had been tried and not found wanting.

Who would have thought that these men, a race barely implanted in the Southern Seas a hundred years, would rise to help the mother country and come half round the world, be disciplined under the shadow of the Pyramids, and yet be now found dug in the hills of Gallipoli?

"When will their glory fade
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd,
Honour the charge they made!"
Honour the 3rd Brigade,
Staunch when Death thundered.

A STORM IN THE "BIGHT."

(By "Tiny Tim," "Cr.")

Swish! swish! goes the water past the railings, and every now and then a wave rises high above the others and floods the decks. This is no uncommon sight, but to-day the sky is leaden, heavy raindrops fall, and the swells are crested white. The Captain on the bridge looks worried. He has everything on deck made fast, and all doors save those on the

lee side barricaded fast. It is 10 o'clock in the morning, and all the passengers are on the upper deck, watching the tumult of swirling waters; but by 11 all are inside—the men in the smoking-room, the women and children in the saloon.

All the doors are now barricaded, and the passengers forbidden to go on to the lower decks. It is almost impossible to see outside, for the portholes are wet with spray. The seas race along the decks from bow to stern, and batter themselves in an effort to break the door. For an hour this continues. Then lunch is set in the saloon, and the fiddles—not musical instruments, but boards to prevent the things rolling off—are placed on the table. All eyes are on the Captain, at the head of the table, but he says little. Presently the ship gives a heavy roll; there is a grating sound of the propellers working out of the water; she recovers, and there is a swish and a roar as a wave breaks on the port side, and the saloon door is smashed inward. Water rushes in, and everyone makes a rush to get on a chair, while most of the women shriek. The adjoining cabins are flooded, and boots, books, and sundry articles of clothing come sailing out, "borne onward by the tide."

But the bosun, however, is quickly on the scene, and the crew of Lascars get to work and nail the door tighter than ever.

And so the day wears on, and at length night comes. The ship is kept with her head to the wind, and that is all, while the engines thump dismally. Little progress is made, and it is found that in the twenty-four hours of storm the ship has advanced one mile!

But the storm, as all storms do, ceases, and soon we find ourselves steaming over the warm waters of the Indian Ocean, while on the star-board bow a whale sends a column of water high into the air.

A SNOW FIGHT IN RURAL ENGLAND. (True).

(By the "Red Rose of England," "Dr.")

Snow fight, did you say? Why, yes, I have taken part in a few. Did you say you wanted to hear an account of one? Well, just try to picture in your minds an exceedingly picturesque place without any gum or wattle trees. Read the first part of Tennyson's poem, "Locksley Hall"; there is a good description of the country where most of our fights took place. This one was about half-a-mile further up the Grimsby-road than the Hall, but the "sandy tracts" were still there. These tracts were rabbit warrens, and were bounded on the eastern side by the Roman sea-bank, and on the other by furze bushes and sods.

Perhaps I had better not tire you any more with descriptions of the battle-ground, but proceed with the fight. Raymond Eason was our captain. He was a good, straightforward boy, with dark hair and steel-blue eyes, that could glisten with fury if he saw any injustice committed, or dance with fun if any occasion arose. We ranged ourselves in two rows behind our snow barricades, which were frozen like ice. "Play up, kiddies," was our only order, and on our opponents' side the "saltflect war cry" rang out. "Like a set of Red Indians," muttered one of our s'de. However, there was no time to waste, and so Raymond gave the order, "Silence in the ranks! Open fire!" Whiz! went our first shower of missiles. Whiz! came the answer. We felt a few of the balls rather hard, and as the battle proceeded Raymond came to the conclusion that none of the balls were freshly made. Now, it was an unwritten law that

no balls should be stored up. Raymond blew a truce on his whistle, and the firing on each side ceased. "I think it would be fairer to play with new balls," he said.

George Walmsley, the leader of the opposition, sprang up, and exclaimed hotly, "How dare you, you young upstart? We have all fresh balls." "Pardon me; here is one which has just been thrown," answered Raymond. He passed it over to George, who felt it, and then rushed back to his own men. "Who is it?" he asked. "It's you, Karl von Dhrathen, you whopping cheat. Clear off the ground, pretty smartly, before I say things that I shouldn't." Karl slunk away, muttering something about "not being able to take a joke."

"I'm sorry, old fellow," said George; "I didn't know, you see; er—you can take two shots if you like." Raymond coloured up. It was a great temptation. "No, thanks, George," he said, "it wasn't your fault. Your next shot. Order in the ranks!" and the game proceeded.

Volley after volley was fired, and yet neither side seemed to tire. There was yet ten minutes to go, and our umpire seemed uneasy as to whom he should give the victory. However, at the end of the match, after Raymond and George had shaken hands, he decided the victory in our favour. "Three cheers for the Saltfleet side," cried Raymond, and "Hip, hip, hip hooray, hooray, hooray" from 25 lusty cheers sounded on the clear air. Three cheers for the "King and Prince of Wales," cried the umpire, and again the air was rent with cheers.

"The winning side will take the big pit for skating this winter," said the umpire. There, that is one fight. We had many of them. I hope my old friends have the same fun this year. Good luck to them, anyway!

BOYS' SPORTS.

Rowing Notes.

(By "Tiny Tim" and "Sambo.")

Early in the Term a fresh start was made with rowing. Several new members have taken up the sport, and almost every afternoon they are to be seen out practising in the pairs or in a four.

But, of course, the most important event of this Term was the race for the Bourke Cup, which we had the good fortune to win, and an account of which appears hereunder.

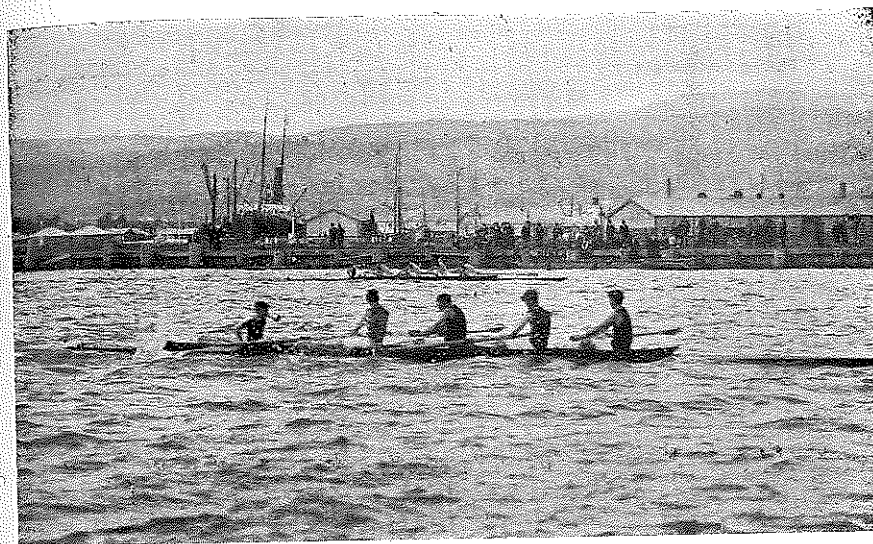
For about the last two months, under the able coaching of Mr. Cyril Pattison, the crew had been training hard, and particularly so for the last fortnight.

Prior to the race we invested in a new set of paddles, which gave satisfaction to all. On Saturday, November 27th, the race was rowed over the Home Reach course.

THE RACE.

The draw for positions placed us on the Trevallyn shore, and next to us in order were Friends' High School, Grammar, and Scotch. The crews were soon lined up on the starting line, and, after having been called upon to "move up," "back down," etc., the dread warning of "Are you ready?"

THE RACE FOR THE BOURKE CHALLENGE CUP, 1915.



THE FINISH.



STATE HIGH SCHOOL CREW (Winners).

R. A. Scott (bow), 9.12; K. M. L. Craw (2), 10.0; R. I. Douglas (3), 12.0; W. J. Fahey (stroke), 10.2; H. Freeburgh (cox.).

was heard, and was followed immediately by the more dreaded "Bang!" and the race had started. "Freezer," remembering the parting injunctions of his coach, at once began to urge us with his "One! Two! Three! Four!" "Lengthen out now, Four!" etc., and by the time he had counted his two dozen we were well on our way, with Grammar and Scotch battling hard beside us, whilst Friends' were slightly to the rear. Then, when the second cattle jetty was reached, Scotch had dropped to third place, whilst the gap between Grammar and our crew had increased. We were being frequently called upon by the cox. to "give her half a dozen, boys," and to "sit up and get the hands away." By the time the new wharves were reached we had gained a lead of about two lengths, and, seeing this, stroke lengthened out, and set a long, steady stroke home. Grammar still clung tenaciously to us, with Scotch close behind, but Friends' were considerably to the rear, and when opposite Town Point "caught a crab," and from thence seemed to lose all interest in the race.

Opposite the close piling cox. called on us for a sprint, and we could see the others pulling with all their might to overtake us.

The shouts from the shore and river here became deafening, "Gr-a-a-amm-a-r" and "St-a-a-te H-ig-h" being heard above the din. In vain did the other crews sprint and endeavour to overtake us, and when the gun was fired Grammar were a couple of lengths away. Great were the cheers and congratulations showered upon us as we rowed back to the boat-sheds, and, after being subjected to the fires of innumerable cameras, we at last set foot on "terra firma." A photograph of the crew is included in the Magazine.

At night the crews were entertained at the Metropole, when the strokes and coaches of the various crews were called upon to make speeches. The crew consisted of the following:—

A. R. Scott (bow), 9.12; H. M. L. Craw (2), 10.0; R. I. Douglas (3), 12.0; W. J. Fahey (stroke), 10.2; H. Freeburg (cox.).

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Pattison, who, although burdened with many other duties, has found time to coach us and prepare us for the race, and also we desire to thank the Tamar Rowing Club for the valuable assistance given us whilst training for the race.

Cricket.

FIRSTS.

The first match played this season was against St. Paul's, on the Glen Durr-ground, when the Firsts were victorious by 12 runs on the first innings. This was a two-days' match. Scores, as a rule, were not large, and most of the bowlers came out with very creditable averages. On two successive Saturdays we visited St. Leonards to play the local team. The first day the School batted, and made 156. St. Leonards in their first attempt scored 45, and, following on, compiled 53, thus leaving the Firsts victorious by an innings and 58 runs. Several bowlers had figures in this match which were almost sensational. The particulars are given below. The last match before going to press was against Scotch College. For the first time this season the team played on turf, and in their first innings went to pieces, scoring only 28. Scotch made 137, and the second attempt of the Firsts realised 52 for three wickets, thus leaving Scotch College victorious by 109 runs on the first innings.

The scores given below against each batsman's name are arranged in the following order—first and second innings against St. Paul's, first innings against St. Leonards, and first and second innings against Scotch College. The bowling analysis is also given.

Bert Hope has been re-elected captain for this season.

We regret to announce that R. Price, one of our most consistent bats, has left us to learn the banker's art.

Name.	BATTING.						Average to date.
E. Scott	16	23	45*	14	—	—	32.66
G. J. Dicker	7	10	0	2	30*	—	12.25
R. Price	1	14	13	—	—	—	9.33
R. Pullen	—	—	—	7*	2	—	9.00
C. Cunningham	3	0	22	1	0*	—	6.50
B. Hope	0	10*	8	1	6	—	6.25
L. Stubs	4	10	9	0	—	—	5.75
M. Munro	0	0	18	0	—	—	4.50
J. Turner	9*	0	4	0	—	—	4.33
H. Rosevears	6	0	11	0	—	—	4.25
F. Johnstone	—	—	—	2	6	—	4.00
G. Cunningham	4	—	—	—	—	—	4.00
O. Wyllie	—	—	1	0	—	—	.50

* Signifies not out.

Name.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Balls.	Average to date.	Innings bowled.
H. Rosevears	4.2	—	12	3	—	26	4.00	—
C. Cunningham	17.4	2	36	7	—	106	5.14	3
M. Munro	37.4	10	56	5	—	226	6.22	4
L. Stubs	28	3	96	12	3	168	8.00	4
B. Hope	12	4	15	1	—	72	15.00	1
G. J. Dicker	19	7	46	1	—	114	46.00	2
O. Wyllie	2	1	2	—	2	16	—	1

The best scores made against the School were:—

For St. Paul's—First innings: W. Ralph, 14 (not out); E. Vimpany, 8; J. Viney, 8.

For St. Leonards—First innings: R. Flood, 22; C. Summers, C. Peck, and V. R. Bayles, 5 each. Second innings: R. Flood, 25; C. Summers (not out), 12; V. R. Bayles, 11.

For Scotch College—First innings: J. Maddox (retired), 72; Ling, 20; Whitpaine, 18; Powell (not out), 10.

The best bowling performances were:—

For St. Paul's—First innings: S. Baker, eight for 19; J. Viney, one for 14. Second innings: Bowling analysis not available.

For St. Leonards—First innings: V. R. Bayles, three for 24; C. Summers, four for 65; N. Grace, one for 13; P. Knight, one for 26.

For Scotch College—First innings: J. Maddox, four for 6; Coles, three for 9; Gardiner, one for 0; Ling, one for 6. Second innings: Whitpaine, one for 4; Maddox, one for 15; Coles, one for 24.

We are eagerly looking forward to the match against Hobart State High. It will probably be played in Launceston on the Monday and Tuesday following the Junior, so the results will appear in the Magazine for the first Term in 1916.

SECONDS.

The Seconds' cricket team has been formed during this Term, and at a club meeting H. Partridge was elected captain, P. Palamountain vice-captain, and J. McFadyean secretary.

Owing to Junior Public preparation and Bourke Cup training our list of matches this Term has been limited to three. A two-days' match was played against Grammar Thirds on the 17th and 18th of October, resulting in a win for S.H.S. by one run on the first innings. In the first innings Grammar School scored 33 runs, their highest individual scores being:—Lawrence, 10; Chapman (not out), 9; and McKinsty, 4. In their second innings they lost eight wickets for 32 runs. In our innings we obtained 34 runs, McElwee, Johnstone, Partridge, Brain, and Lee contributing 4 each. Our most successful bowlers were:—Brain, six for 20; Wyatt, four for 10; Partridge, one for 4; McElwee, one for 4; McFadyean, six for 18.

THIRDS.

The Thirds comprise, of course, the odds and ends of the two other teams, but in spite of this there are some promising players. The names of those who should distinguish themselves, or at least acquit themselves creditably, are Murfet, Manson, Simpson, Duff, and Newton. Of course this list is not to exclude the others. There is no reason why any of them should not do well, provided they put sufficient interest in the game. Now, at the beginning of the season we look forward expectantly to a distinguished career, realising at the same time that such a result cannot be obtained without a sufficient amount of practice.

Swimming.

This season the swimming class consists of about 20 members. Up to the present the water has been rather cold, and consequently the majority of the boys have not taken too kindly to their weekly dip. The absence of several good swimmers is very noticeable this season, but it is to be hoped others will take their places.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

Swimming.

Since the baths re-opened this season swimming seems to have lost favour with the majority of the girls. Only eight go to swimming, whilst there were thirty at the beginning of this year. We were very sorry to lose Miss Rockwell, who took a great interest in swimming, and we wish her every success in her future life.

No one has learned to swim this Term, but those who are most persevering in their efforts to learn are Corrie Laird, Effie Wilson, Mary Wilkins, and Eunice Dalton.

Tennis.

(By Cecil.)

This quarter we have introduced the ladder system into the tennis,

and there has been much interest taken in the playing off for places, consequently a great change in the order of the names to that in which we stood at the beginning of the season.

Those of us who had been at hockey during the winter months found much improvement in the play of the girls who had continued with tennis.

Among those who have improved are Lillias Walker, Mona Gurr, Lucy Sampson, and Marjorie Rudge.

Mr. Miller kindly offered a box of chocolates to the one who should win in the handicap tournament. The names and handicaps are as follow:

Cecil Nash, owe 15/3, 30/2.	Mavis Hughes, rec. 15/3.
Pearl Berlowitz, owe 15 in all.	Clarice Malcolm, rec. 15/3.
Clarice Williams, owe 15/3.	Marjorie Tevelein, rec. 15.
Jean Nichols, scratch.	Muriel Chick, rec. 15.
Bertha Layh, scratch.	Mona Gurr, rec. 15.
Jessie Bradshaw, rec. 15/3.	Lillias Walker, rec. 15.
Marjorie Rudge, rec. 15/3.	Jennie Thelwell, rec. 15.

The winner of the tournament was C. Nash.

As we have again come to the end of another year, we take this opportunity of wishing the members of the staff and School a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

Cricket.

This season cricket has been enthusiastically taken up by a large number of girls. A difference has been made in the arrangement of the teams. The first and third year girls play together under Miss Walker's supervision, whilst Miss Wharmby takes the Junior Public girls.

As there is only one pitch on the Glen Dhu ground, the teams take it in turns to use it on alternate Wednesdays.

Each Wednesday the "C1" and "C2" girls assemble there. Of these teams "C2" is the better both for batting and fielding.

On December 1 a match was played between the Junior Public girls and the first and third year girls. After an exciting game a win was scored by the "J.P.'s," the scores being 63—37 (one innings).

On the winning side Ina McRae, Greta Coleman, and Alice Cunningham played the best game, whilst on the other side Belle Murray, Kathie McKay, Bessie Moir, and Olive Kidd distinguished themselves. Doris Wylie, one of our best players, was unfortunately absent.

The fact that we have been unable to play any matches other than those among ourselves is a drawback. We recognise that outside play would improve our own very much, and hope that very soon this obstacle to our greater improvement will be removed.

POET'S CORNER.

DIPPING INTO THE FUTURE.

I once had a dream of the future—a dream that I hope won't come true, For it mentioned many people, and concerned some like me and you. The first, I remember, was Hector, a great man in the land, He was Minister of Education, and held many jobs in hand;

And then John Mac—let's call him Mac Fadyean—a leading statesman, too,
 And Leonard D——, a missionary, right up in Timbuctoo;
 And a leading actor, Bill Smith, he took the title role,
 And a chap named Max walked round the town with a monkey on a pole;
 And R.I.D., his name's too long, was in the passing show,
 And on his breast a placard—"Gulliver"—that all who came might know;
 And Albert D——, a sea captain, who owned a cargo schooner,
 But all the rest I'd recollect had I not forgot them sooner.

By —— (deleted by censor).

FOOTSTEPS OF CHILDREN.
 (By "The Red Rose of England.")

Gentle footsteps always pattering
 Up and down the nursery stair;
 Gentle voices always singing
 Of fairies sailing through the air.
 Gentle footsteps now are chasing
 Up and down the garden way;
 Father comes: the children meet him—
 Fairies brought him, so they say.
 Tired footsteps are ascending
 After mother, up the stair;
 Father comes; but baby, sleeping,
 Does not heed the whispered prayer.
 Firmer footsteps now are climbing
 Up the steep ascent of life;
 Father's footsteps are they following—
 He has passed to nobler strife.

EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

As we go to press the Junior Public is commencing. We hear that several members of the Junior Public classes have unfortunately fallen ill at the last moment. This is an unexpected misfortune, and will, we fear, seriously affect our total results.

May we again call attention to the excellent work which the Old Scholars' Association is doing, and urge those ex-scholars who are not members to speedily join it. Five shillings is the subscription, and this includes the year's subscription to the Magazine, which the School provides at 2s. 6d.

The subscription for the present issue is 9d., and for next year's four issues it will be 3s. Those outside our walls who are not members of the Old Scholars' Association yet, nevertheless, require the Magazine, should write the Editor not later than the 1st March, 1916, otherwise they may find that we have not sufficient copies printed to furnish them with one.

The "Northern Churinga" has grown considerably since our first issue. If you wish to see it continue to grow, subscribe to it.

We wish all our readers a very Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.