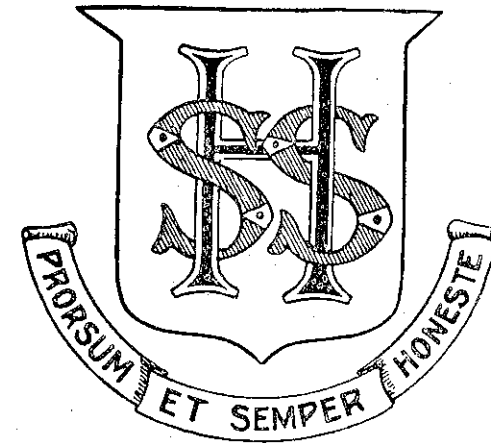


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Vol. III. LAUNCESTON, APRIL, 1916. No. 1.

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EDITORIAL FOREWORD.

OUR SPEECH NIGHT.

A year ago we met to announce the result of our first Junior Public Examination, to record the doings of our school year, to applaud those of our comrades who were receiving the much-coveted Intermediate Certificate, and to enter humbly, carefully—I had almost said fearfully—on another year's work. And now the second year also has slipped away, and we have to record our 1915 Speech Night and results.

The Minister of Education (Hon. J. A. Lyons) was prevented by political duties from being with us, but the Director (W. T. McCoy, Esq., B.A.) was present to address the School and to present Intermediate Certificates to scholars who had qualified for them.

The programme commenced with the singing of the National Anthem, which was followed by several enjoyable items by the Girls' Choir, after which the Principal (R. O. Miller, Esq., B.A.) read the Annual Report.

We have to thank Muriel Chick for the musical item with which she favoured us, also Len. Daymond, to whom we always look for our musical accompaniments.

Again we were successful in winning both the Director's £5 prizes given, one to the High School boy who gained most marks in the Junior Public Examination, the other to the girl who headed the girls at that examination. Ona Green and Jack Skemp are the fortunate recipients. We tender to both our heartiest congratulations.

Mr. McCoy in his short, terse speech, complimented the School on its successful year both in work and sport, and the evening ended with the singing of the School songs.

A school speech night has for most of us a never-failing charm; the very atmosphere awakens many old memories, and one had but to gaze round the crowded hall, at the faces of parents and friends, and note the sympathetic interest in each face, to realise that, for many of them, the speech night was one of long ago; that the colours blazoning the walls were no longer myrtle and rose, but chocolate, blue, or gold, as the case might be; that the young faces before them had become the faces of old comrades long since doing battle with the sterner things of life.

Many hearty good wishes for the School's well being were expressed, and we feel that this year we are to stand the supreme test. It is our fourth year of opening, and for the first time we are to face the Senior Public Examination. A new era in the School's history has commenced, and it behoves us to show ourselves worthy, to work hard and play hard, to do with our might all that comes to us.

In conclusion, we wish to every boy and girl

Success in Studies?

Perhaps! rather I think to each and all a glimpse of the Vision splendid which helps over the worst places; makes the hardest tasks worth while, and teaches that lesson most difficult of all to learn, and, yet, most worth the learning—

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.

VALEDICTORY.

We have regretfully to bid farewell to two members of the teaching staff, Miss Wharmby and Mr. Listner.

The former was the recipient of two presents, a travelling case from the staff and a clock from the "C" class.

This Magazine suffered a severe loss by the departure of Mr. Listner. Its inception was due to his labours, and during the whole of his Term as Editor he worked hard to make the Magazine the success it was. His class presented him with a handsome electric torch, and the staff a dressing case.

To both we wish every success in their new sphere, and we congratulate Mr. Listner on his appointment to the charge of the Burnie State High School.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

(Fourth Term, 1915.)

Class "B."—Raymond Atkinson (Dux of School).
Class "C1."—Ona Green.
Class "C2."—Jack Skemp.
Class "D1."—Marjorie Tevelcin.
Class "D2."—Wilfred Stevens.
Class "D3."—Francis Carey.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

A momentous event in the history of the Launceston High School occurred on March 23, when the Minister of Education (Hon. J. A. Lyons) opened the new building in Patterson-street, on the site of the old gaol. In the course of his speech the Minister made the very happy remark that we were pulling down our gaols and building schools, and expressed his pleasure at opening this, the first State High School in Tasmania.

As a memento of the occasion Mr. Manser, a partner of the contracting firm of Hinman, Wright, and Manser, presented the Minister with a gold key.

The Director of Education (W. T. McCoy, Esq., B.A.), the President of the Senate (Senator Givens), and Mr. Wright, of the contracting firm, also addressed the audience of 600 who were seated in our magnificent new Assembly Hall.

The opening ceremony began at 3 o'clock, but during the early part of the afternoon the School was thrown open to visitors, many of whom took the opportunity of seeing us at work.

The Girls' Choir by rendering several songs added considerably to the pleasure of the afternoon. Our thanks are also accorded to Misses Eileen Kildea and Clarice Malcolm, to Mr. Seale, and to Jack Truscott, all of whom by the musical efforts afforded us great pleasure.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

(By the General Secretary.)

We extend hearty congratulations to the School on the splendid results at the Junior Public Examination.

We have had to elect two new Vice-Presidents this quarter to fill the vacancies caused by Miss Rockwell and Mr. Listner. Their resignations were accepted with much regret, as both were splendid workers for the association, besides being connected with the organisation from its inception. We wish them success in their new spheres, and congratulate Mr. Listner on his appointment to the Burnie High School. The positions have been filled by Miss A. C. Walker, B.A., and Mr. Ede, who were unanimously elected.

We also wish to congratulate Mr. C. Sharp on his appointment to the Devonport High School, and wish him every success there.

On Thursday, March 16, we held a social in the King's Hall. About seventy old scholars were present, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Our thanks are due to Messrs. R. Barling and W. Geard, who donated prizes for the two competitions which were held. The successful competitors were Miss Amy Munro and Mr. T. Johnston.

A musical programme was also rendered by Misses Eileen Kildea, Iris Pybus, Leita Waldron, and Myra Barrett and Mr. Lou. Collins.

The President (Mr. Grace) in proposing a vote of thanks to the Committee and performers, strongly emphasised that all old scholars should become members of the Association. Apologies were received from a number of old scholars.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting will be held on May 11. Business: (1) To receive report and balance-sheet; (2) To elect new officers; (3) To consider proposed amendments to the constitution; (4) any other business that may arise.

PERSONAL NOTES.

W. Mason is in camp at Claremont.

Eila Cooper is now in charge of the Springfield State School.

Dave Whitchurch is in the Engineers' Corps in Melbourne.

Steve Lonergan is doing good work as recruiting sergeant at Sheffield.

Basil Kildea is back in Launceston.

Mac Kidd, who paid us a visit before leaving for the front, also sent a complimentary wire on opening day.

Rev. Bethune informs us that Dave Whitchurch is looking well in the Engineers' Camp.

Presto Ryan has enlisted from Melbourne.

Florrie Lees and Doris Wyllie are at East Launceston school for a few months.

Congratulations to Reg. Barling on his first century in "A" grade cricket. More to follow!

Harold Johnstone, Albert Foot, Walter Lec, and Captain Max Munro have joined the increasing list of financial experts.

Ivan Briggs sends along a welcome contribution to the "piano fund." We see his name often in the Longford tennis notes.

Edgar Briggs sent good wishes for our speech night.

We were indebted to Sybil Clarke for the floral decorations on speech night.

Tom Johnstone is on holiday at present.

Mat Wise is secretary during his absence.

Who was the old scholar Mr. Miller referred to as wearing other colours on Bourke Cup Day?

We noticed he said "she" at the social.

The boys say "we wouldn't do it."

Alice Mann was a contributor to the "piano fund."

Thelma Jacobson was at both our public functions.

Rev. Bethune sends along a contribution to our Library funds.

Old scholars in camp appreciate his worth.

Eileen Kildea's solos at the socials are always encored.

All old scholars who left during 1915 are earnestly invited to join the Association.

Arthur Kilby will shortly proceed to Scottsdale as "teller."

Bill Mason is another of our lads who has donned the khaki.

Bob Stevens is now resident in Launceston.

Blin. Jensen has been to Melbourne. This accounts for her absence from the social.

Lou Collins is still growing in both directions.

Stan. Trethewie has made some runs this season.

A REVIEW.

(By the President.)

Before the next issue of the Magazine the Old Scholars' Association will have completed its first year of existence. Hence this appears as a convenient period at which to look back and ask ourselves as an Association what are we, what have we done, and also to look forward and ask what we shall be?

First of all let us look at what has been accomplished. The member roll of the Association contains a little over 50 names. Now, considering that there are over two hundred ex-scholars, this fact surely indicates a lack of enthusiasm. In regard to this, it is the duty of each old scholar to ask himself the question, "Have I done my part in joining this Association?" If that has been done there is the following one, Have I done my part in inducing others to join? Without the active and effective support of those who are not connected with the Association officially, we can hope to achieve only a very small measure of success.

In regard to the actual doings of the Association, the Committee have been very active, and by means of socials have endeavoured to forge one of the many links which we hope will bind old scholars together. Sport is a branch which must, as far as we can see at present, be worked up apart from the Association. There is plenty of room in this direction for much loyal work in connection with the various sports clubs.

Looking ahead, one naturally compares our Association with other similar Associations. In doing so, there are many ways in which the Association might improve. Such improvements and desired achievements are to be attained only by vigorous effort, and it is this strong and effective effort which we are looking forward to in the present year. Other old scholars from other schools have built up fine associations, fulfilling their functions admirably, and I am sure that what others can do the old scholars of the Launceston High School can and will do. Rouse then! and let each of us look about us to see in what way we can help to build up an Association of which we shall all be proud, not only for its numbers, but also for its energy.

Undoubtedly the first duty to be fulfilled is to roll up one and all, if possible, at the Annual Meeting to be held at the new school, Patterson-street, on May 11, and to see that a good working committee is elected for the coming year. Then, having obtained our executive, we must be at all times ready to put a hand to the wheel to "help the old chariot along."

THE NOVELISTS' CORNER.

CAPTURED BY BUSHRANGERS.

By "Rosa."

"Good bye boys, be home before dark."

The speaker was a sun-tanned Australian, Mr. Brookes, who had emigrated to Australia, and had settled a few miles out of Sydney with his wife and three sons. The boys were all fine types of manhood. The eldest, Jack, was a merry boy of twenty years, and the two younger, Tom and Harry, were twins, whose ages were eighteen. Tom, Jack, and Harry were just starting out on a hunting party, to replenish the larder, and, as there had been frequent raids in their neighbourhood lately, made by some bushrangers, led by a notable scoundrel, Red Dick, the father was rather loth to let his sons go. Mr. Brookes, however, persuaded by the boys, gave his consent, trusting to the discretion of his eldest son to prevent his more impetuous brothers from rushing headlong into danger.

After waving a final good-bye to their father and their mother, who were standing at the gate watching them depart, the boys put their horses to a gallop, and continued their way until they came to a part of the country where they could no longer journey on horseback. Here they dismounted, and tied their horses to a tree, and walked a little while until they came to the place where they were accustomed to hunting, and started their sport.

Having caught a good many rabbits, the boys were going to return to their horses, when Jack saw a fine kangaroo.

"Come on boys," he said, "let us try to catch it."

They shot at it many times, but missed, a fact which made them all the more determined to get the animal. After a long chase they eventually caught the kangaroo, and were about to retrace their steps when six men stepped out of the bushes. One, who seemed to be their leader, they recognised as Red Dick.

"Hand over your weapons," he said, "and don't take all day in doing it, or there'll be trouble for someone."

The boys, who were not going to obey meekly, fired, and succeeded in wounding two of the men, but before they could reload their guns the remaining men rushed at them, and after a short struggle had the boys pinioned on the ground.

"Take them to the cave," said Red Dick, "and don't let them escape."

"As you go along keep dropping something belonging to you," whispered Jack, "but don't let them see you."

The bushrangers dragged the boys to their feet, and made them walk before them. Every now and again, however, one of the boys managed to drop a button or something, without letting the bushrangers see them. At length they reached a cave, when they were bound hand and foot, and thrust in. Only one man was left at the opening to guard the boys, so that they could talk in a whisper.

"Why did you tell us to keep throwing something down?" asked Tom.

"Well, you see," answered Jack, "when we don't return home to-night father will know something has happened, and will bring a search party to look for us, and if he brings the dogs they will easily track us."

Just then Red Dick came in, putting an end to further conversation. "I want you," he said to Jack, "to write to your father, saying that, unless he sends two hundred pounds immediately by the messenger I send, he will never see his sons again."

"I won't ask him," said Jack, for he knew his father could not afford to pay so much, and his brothers fully agreed with him.

"All right," said Red Dick, "I will come back in four hours, and if you haven't written the letter—" he laughed in a way that made them shiver, and left the cave.

Darkness had come, and still the boys had not returned. Mrs. Brookes was anxious, and so was Mr. Brookes; yet he kept up a smiling face, saying they were enjoying themselves, and had lost count of the time.

"Oh, George," she said at last, "the boys have never been so late before; do call the men and go to seek them."

"All right," said Mr. Brookes, "but don't worry, I will bring them back safe." He went out and called up the men, who numbered ten.

"Shall I bring the hounds?" asked one of them.

"Yes," answered Mr. Brookes, "they may be useful if anything has happened."

Luckily the dogs were brought, and the party soon arrived at the hunting ground. An old hat of Jack's was given to the dogs, who sniffed it, and then smelt the ground around, until they found the scent. They then started yelping and running along the trail, with the men hurrying behind. At length they came to the cavern where the boys were imprisoned, and ran in barking joyfully. By this time the bushrangers were warned, and rushed upon the party, but Mr. Brookes was ready for them, and the bushrangers were soon held at bay, and Jack, Tom, and Harry released from their prison.

The next day, while the boys were laughing over their adventures, Red Dick and his gang were waiting trial in Sydney gaol.

THE SKIPPER'S STORY.

[Warranted to be an extremely "tall" one.]

"Hullo, Cap'n!" The "cap'n" was one of those cheery old chaps the very sight of whom would call such a remark even from a stranger. But Bill and I had known him some time, and were acquainted with his "true stories," by which he meant, I suppose, "real lies." We were eager for another story.

"Hullo, Cap'n!"

"Hullo, my man! what's the matter now?"

"Well, we were wanting you to enlighten us on a great many things, especially about that 'sea serpent' you spoke of last week."

The captain eyed Bill quietly—almost sternly. He went on smoking for a minute or two, then commenced in a mysterious voice: "What ahm agoin to tell you is a true story. Ahve never told it to no one yet, becoss I knowed what a sceptical world it were. Ah, it's a wicked world—wicked to the core, and wicked from the core to the rind." The captain always began this way by moralising. "But ahm telling you because you'll believe it, I don't think. Wal, it 'appened this 'ere way. We was agoin' to Mericy in the eighties. 'Eighties' wasn't the name of the boat, but 'eighties,' which rhymes very well with 'praties,' of which we had very little, was abaht the time we sailed. It was a quick trip, for abaht three days, and then the wind calmed down. Wal, it wer abaht midday, as we all was 'asprawlin' abaht the deck taking shade under the riggin' or in the 'shadow of the pines'—the masts were made of pine—when we were all startled by the cap'n squealin' out, 'Look, look, what's that thar thing?' Poor old cap'n! D.T.'s, we thought. This was a hallu!!! hallu!!!"

"Don't try to say it, cap'n," says Bill, "you'll only hurt your jaw."

"Wal, we all stood up and looked, and sure enough we saw summat that resembled a telegraph pole. It would dive and loop the loop in a

most 'orrible way, and, worse, it was acoming our way. Yes, it was a sea sarpint. Joe was the ugliest man I ever saw. He seemed delighted, and wanted to take the animal to 'Mericy' to exhibit it. Closer and closer came the brute. It had an 'unlimited capacity for work' in its huge jaws, therefore, according to some men, he was a 'genius.' All the brute ever did was to champ its eternal jaws ceaselessly. Its mouth was "unlimited." It was monstrous, stretching from ear to ear and meeting at the back of the neck and half-way down its back. Its head was as large as an elephant. Its tail was—but I'd better not tell you 'ow long its tail was, you'd only think I was stretching it. We might have got rid of the reptile only for Joe. He hups and hoffers the brute half a peanut. We watched breathlessly, watched the monster lured on by the bait. We had just got within 60yds. when he cotched sight of Joe's face. The monster closed his eyes the better to enjoy the ecstatic shock. His whole body shuddered from top to toe—only he had no toes—and he turned livid green, then blue, then purple. The monster was still changing colours when we thought we'd go below. Things weren't going well with the boat. We weren't frightened. Oh, no.

"Nothing would ever drive that fish away. It followed all day—it hunted us in our dreams. 'Sea sarpint' was in our minds always. It got so bad that when a man wanted to say 'six o'clock,' or anything starting with 's,' he would say 's s s s sea sea sea sar sar pint.' But there's no wonder, it was a very long one.

"We had to feed the brute. But at last food got scarce. So the cap'n decided that one man should stay on deck each day so that the sea sarpint might scoff him off; and that he himself would leave ship last, as became a good cap'n. This worked well for 13 days, when the cap'n decided to starve the brute off. This worked well for two hours, but then the brute got vicious, and started wagging its head about the rigging. We didn't mind this so much so long as it did no harm, but when it started putting its head into our cabins, and began to scoff off our beer, it were past a joke. Things had come to a crisis. And so we saw that some stern measures had to be taken. We 'ad an old soldier on board; so we thought we'd make use of him. 'What's the use of a soldier in a boat?' 'Why don't you do something to distinguish yourself?' The captain was a tyrannical man, and if a man displeased him he would say 'next please,' which meant he had to run upstairs to be scoffed off by the sarpint. The soldier knew this, so immediately ran upstairs. We waited in breathless silence. Then came his orders—'Squad halt,' 'About turn,' 'Right wheel,' 'Double,' 'Advance in single file,' 'Retreat helter skelter,' 'Form fours.' The only commands the brute could obey were 'Double' and 'Advance in single file.' If the soldier could have made him 'form fours' his fortune would have bin made. But what was a sea-animal to know about military terms. The captain went upstairs to try his hand. 'Port helm,' 'Four points to starboard,' the latter in a quavering voice—tense silence for a minute or two, a sudden clatter of buckets and tins, and then the captain hurtles upside down downstairs.

"Whatever's the matter, cap'n?" we all shouted. 'It's all right! don't look scared. I wanted to see if I could come down upside down.' 'A very neat trick,' we agreed.

"Not long after this the cap'n changed. He said he wanted that animal taken to New York, and no man on pain of death should drive 'im away. Wal, I told you about Joe. It appeared a few days arter he was looking over the taffrail when the monster comes along. He comes right up close this time. He now got a full-strength view of Joe's face. What agony that poor brute suffered. How it writhed and wriggled.

Then suddenly it grew stiff and rigid. Yes, it was dead—dead as a door nail—dead as a telegraph pole—dead as a sea sarpint only can be. The dewy sky wept tears for it—the curling waves wrapped loving arms around it as it sank 'midst the billows to a watery grave. Did any stars fall? Who knows? They may have. It was daytime. Was there a dry eye? No, assuredly no; all were wrought upon by some kindly spirit.

"But what was the cap'n doing? The cap'n made it a point of duty each day to study Joe's face for 10 minutes. It was a kind of test of real grit. The cap'n was takin' 'is lesson when this 'appened. His rage knew no bounds when he saw his darling pet dead—dead. How heartless it sounded. It was so sudden. 'Ill?' 'Worse!' 'Dead!' Positive, comparative, and superlative. Dead, dead, dead, not even time to go to bed. His wrath vented itself on Joe. 'What are you doing looking at my pet like that, you ugly mug, go below!' Poor Joe took it badly. He wept days and nights, muttering in a half-crazy way—'ugly mug,' 'ugly mug,' 'We didn't bother about 'im much. We thought his grief ought to give vent to tears, becos we 'eard unless 'e owled 'e might go mad. But he was goin' mad just the same; besides, we had to do his work while 'e 'ad those fits. So we had to cure him. I was picked out for the job; so I go cautiously to his cabin and ses, 'Look 'ere, Joe. It's no use you goin' on in that way. It's not your fault you've got an ugly mug.' Many other comfortin' words I used, but all to no purpose. 'E wouldn't work any more that voyage.

"Wal, I scarcely know how the voyage ended. I think it ended in a 'blinding mist and tears,' as the book says, or in absolute chaos. No one knew how it ended. But this I do know, that the beer ran short when we was four days from land. That there same trip was the worst managed I have ever bin on. We never told no one about the sarpint, becos they wouldn't believe us if we did! Oh, well, so long, boys. Ahm just a-going across in the ferry."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Scoteog."—Yes, your pantheistic conception is entirely and fundamentally different from the erroneous anthromorphic conception of a deity, but we have no room for the article, and the linotype jammed at the words used.

"Rollocks."—You were not in the boat because you "Crusoe;" besides, you would make it too hot.

"Fat."—We admire the cap, but the dates don't seem to harmonise.

"Aubrey."—Your four-page sketches are really neat and concise—sometimes.

"Ken."—Owing to the scarcity of remounts we are unable to fix a standard price per ride.

"Ray P."—Saluting to the right by numbers—one! two!—is the correct command.

"Palinurus."—Yes, we agree with you that the Coxswain (a capital "C," please, Mr. Printer!) is the most important man in the boat.

"C.M."—Yes, we will gladly lend you some glue if you find it difficult to remain seated.

"D.V."—Yes, Burns does refer to Daisies as "gowans."

"F.B."—No permanent cure for blushing has yet been found.

"Len."—So far as we are aware chivalry is still flourishing.

"Lucie."—Yes, you probably could sing if you spent a few years at a conservatorium.

- "Hec."—We would advise you to have no more than one scone.
 "Norm. R."—Yes, you certainly were evenly balanced the first night you went into long 'uns (even about the arms).
 "D.L."—There would be nothing "lohring" in wearing long 'uns.
 "Fatty."—Swotter is the name given to those who burn too late the midnight oil. Remember, "much study is a weariness to the flesh."
 "Tin Scratcher."—The cycling expert whom we consulted said it would be rather expensive to keep a motor bike on the meagre income of £30 per annum.
 "Jesse."—Oh, that shirt? Yes, it wasn't bad.
 "2nd Lieut."—Take his name? Certainly.
 "L.O.S."—No room for your article on good resolutions. We know you swear by them.
 "Sadness."—How far did you say it was to Lefroy?
 "Sambo."—Despite challenges from the white hope, you still hold the championship.
 "Ursus."—"Little drops of water" would, of course, make themselves felt if you let your coat hang out of the boat.
 "Hope."—Yes, by all means take the "Determinist" course.

ON TOUR COLUMN.

THE SCHOOL PICNIC.

By "The Red Rose of England."

On December, 1915, the annual school picnic took place, in the form of an excursion to Rosevears. We attended school in the morning, and assembled at 2 p.m. at the "Taranna" berth, laden with lunch baskets and every other thing which we had decided would make the school picnic more enjoyable.

When we arrived at our destination, Mr. Listner took some of us up to Brady's Lookout, and after much slipping and scrambling we reached the summit of the hill. After a brief rest our party split up, and some of us explored the caves. They were lined with cobwebs, and at the bottom was some foul air, so very little came of our exploration.

The boys spent most of their time in swimming, and executing marvellous feats in diving from the jetty. However, at the mention of tea they gave up their delightful occupation. Having emptied our lunch baskets, we enjoyed ourselves by playing "Jolly Miller" and other games which can be played by a great number of children. Mr. Pattison, the coach of our crew, was the hero of the day, and many were the eager applicants to take him into the middle of the ring.

Soon we heard the warning hoot of the boat, and we began our homeward journey. When the voyage was well advanced Mr. Miller, our principal, presented Mr. Pattison with a dressing case. He said that the honour of our winning the Bourke Cup was due mostly to Mr. Pattison's able coaching. Jack Fahey, the stroke of the eight, called for three cheers for Mr. Pattison, and if he was not convinced before of his popularity among us he must have been when he heard our ringing cheers in appreciation of his good work.

We drew to the wharf singing our school songs and the National Anthem. So ended our last happy picnic. We are now looking forward to the next one, and are hoping that it will be even more enjoyable.

A PICNIC TO THE THIRD BASIN.

The eventful day dawned at last, bright and clear, and a merry crowd of boys, girls, and teachers had gathered at the Trevallyn tram terminus,

waiting for the rest to arrive before they began their journey to the Third Basin. The picnic had been discussed with great excitement, beforehand, and everyone was eager to start. At last we all had arrived, and the warm journey commenced.

By the time we reached the Basin our throats were parched and dry, perspiration dripped from every pore, and many of us who had not brought our bathing costumes viewed with envy the boys swimming and diving in the clear, cool water. When the billy had boiled we all settled down to lunch, to which most of us did full justice. After lunch had been eaten a cricket match was proposed by someone, and unanimously agreed to by the rest, so we all journeyed to a paddock a little way off in which we could play. By the time we reached the paddock the weather looked very unsettled, and faint rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance, but, thinking that it would pass over, we continued playing, until the rain came down in earnest. Then we all fled to a shepherd's hut which was empty, and afforded a little shelter from the rain. Inside the hut were many strange implements, which evidently formed part of the furniture, and caused much amusement.

When the rain abated we went outside and played games, but were interrupted again and again by the rain, so the teachers decided that it would be best to begin our homeward journey. This we did, and by the time we reached the trams we were a very bedraggled sight. Hardly anyone had a great coat, and the result was that all were soaked to the skin. Notwithstanding this fact, everyone agreed that they had enjoyed themselves very much, and that it was quite a novelty to get so wet.

THE PROGRESS OF ARGUMENT.

A DEBATING SOCIETY.

The only meeting of the society during this Term was held on February 24, the subject discussed being "Conscription versus Voluntary Enrolment." Ray Pullen (leader), Len. Daymond, and Pearl Berlowitz spoke in favour of conscription, while voluntary enrolment was supported by Ray Atkinson (leader) and Jack Fahey. Some splendid arguments were put forward, and interesting speeches were the order of the afternoon. When the points gained by each side were totalled up it was found that the party in favour of conscription was victorious by a small majority.

"B" DEBATING SOCIETY.

This Term debates have been resumed by this society, and several meetings have been held. The Committee has been enlarged, but we regret that Douglas has resigned the Secretaryship, a position which, since the inauguration of the society, he has ably filled.

The first debate, which was well attended, was "Should we have Conscription?" The affirmative side were R. Douglas (leader), A. Cunningham, and E. Scott, while J. Turner, L. Stubs (leader), and O. Wylie supported the negative. After a heated discussion, out of which there arose another debate on "Chivalry," the affirmative side won by a majority of eighteen votes.

In the next debate several girls took part. The subject chosen was, "Does modern dress need reform?" Cecil Nash (leader), Beattie Ponsonby, and Aubrey Davern were in favour of changing the present mode of dress, whilst A. Cunningham (leader), Blanche Mullene, and Lionel Briggs supported the negative side. The latter was victorious, obtaining eleven votes to four.

We are glad to welcome Aubrey Davern as a new and active member of the society.

Ever since we started debating we have wanted to have a mock trial, and now with great eagerness we are looking forward to the Jugs versus Mugs case, that is to be held in the Assembly Hall on the last day of the Term.

"C" DEBATING SOCIETY.

The work of our Debating Society was renewed at the beginning of the year, and during the quarter we have made good progress.

New members have been elected for the Committee, and all seem to be doing their best in order to make the society a success.

The first general meeting was held on Thursday, February 8, when the subject was "Impromptu Speeches." The next subject was a debate on "Is the Navy doing more than the Military in the present war?" in which the affirmative side was victorious.

At the last meeting, held on Thursday, March 30, the subject was "Humorous Readings."

It has been arranged that we shall have a mock trial before the end of this quarter, and everyone is anxiously waiting for this interesting event to take place.

DEBATING SOCIETY "D2" AND "D3."

There was a fully attended meeting of "D2" and "D3" classes on Thursday, March 29, when they met together to form a debating society. The following Committee was elected:—Mr. Glover (Chairman), Keith Plummer (Secretary), Editha Higgs, Marjorie Ellis, Connie Nicholas, Eric Tabart, and Harry Dickens. It was decided to have a debate in a fortnight's time, the subject chosen being "Town versus Country Life." Exceedingly keen interest is being shown by all members, and the society should prove a great success.

DEBATING SOCIETY, "D1" AND "D4."

An enthusiastic meeting of the "D1" and "D4" classes was held a few weeks back, in order to form a Debating Society. Miss Brown was elected President, Eric Wylie Secretary, and the following, members of the Committee—Marjory Smith, Pyllis Rathburn, Jack Gough, and Stuart Maslin.

Great interest is being taken in our first debate, which is to be held next Thursday, the subject being "Town versus Country Life."

TIT-BITS.

Our Social Editor, who is unfortunately ill, sends us a line saying that the "Bank Manager" was at the opening.

From J.W.—One day an Archer who was a good Walker went to the Hutt-on the hill. There he shot a rooster of fine White plumage, saying, "Mark-ye my words, this is a good Bowen Arrow, I'm Shaw."

Norman, whose ability in this direction is famous, misquotes "My heart leaps up when I behold a 'daisy' in the field."

Katie wants to know why "D3" is the sweetest class in the school? We suppose it is because there is such a lot of Honey there.

It is said that "Sam" brings a comb to school, and does his "coiffure" in the latest fashion. As his hair is such a "comb"-ination of curls we quite believe this.

Virgilitus is prevalent in "B" class. One epidemic follows another, and measles has found an able successor. Ask Len.

An ancient ballad discovered while excavating in the vicinity says:—
Fatty the ox and Puggy the dog
Are knuts in "A" class with Piggy the hog.

"Bung" writes:—The new school has only one fault—it is exposed to sea breezes."

Our naval expert informs us that "Big Lizzie" has been out of action for some time. (Beware of the censor, Fred.)

An esteemed member of one of the upper classes desires us to publish a "Canine Notes" column. Too much "dog."

Rumour has it that Bert H. feared that he would have to appear as the result of a bicycle accident. Wait for the mock trial, Bert!

The Marine Board are taking great trouble with the new wharves, and on top of this (i.e., the mud) Harold needs must fall out of a dug out and get stranded, but he was, owing to timely assistance, succoured before he met an untimely end. With Hope R. training for the swimming race, this should not occur again.

In spite of a recent press notice, Jesse has not entered holy orders, but is still with us; rather, he seems to aim at emulating Sherlock Holmes.

LITERARY COLUMN.

MON PREMIER LECON EN FRANCAIS.

By "The Red Rose of England."

Here is an account of my first French lesson: The teacher was what might be described as a "bird." She came in with tremendous pomp and ceremony, and, would you believe it, she had her hat on. A teacher, too! The poor thing was in mourning, I think, for she wore a funny black cloak for a dress, and a black thing with a board on the top for a hat.

"We shall do a little recapitulation, to-day," said the teacher. I simply fumed. I left my seat. "It's French that I've come to learn," I cried. My neighbour pulled my sleeve. Of course, to top the whole thing, up my sleeve was rather thin at the elbow, and it gave way. I was annoyed. However, things quietened down somewhat, and I thought that it was time I began to get into my teacher's good graces, so I walked sedately up to her, and, with a profound bow, I said (here I ought to mention that for some weeks I had been learning French sentences, regardless of their meaning), "Bon jour, mademoiselle, quel age avez-vous?" Here she gave me a cold and haughty stare through her glasses, but I made allowance for her, and put it down to French peculiarities. I resumed my elevating conversation, "Avez-vous des dents faux?" The teacher became purple in the face, but again I forgave her, and said "Rencontrez moi cette nuit, Est-ce-que vous m'aimez? portez vous une perruque?" She turned her back on me, so I tried to pacify her. "Ah, ma petite, ma pauvre petite," I murmured softly.

Horrors! She returned armed with a huge stick. I backed away. The monster followed me. I dodged her round the desk, and succeeded in upsetting a bottle of ink upon her. Of course she needn't have fumed so. It was purely an accident, and ink really doesn't show up much on black. At that juncture the principal came in to inquire the cause of the disturbance, and, would you believe it, that fearful woman said some horrid things about me. The other girls in the class looked horrified, so began to think some terrible mistake had occurred. I looked around me, and espied the principal bearing down upon me, and I, poor misunderstood individual, fled.

A STORY OF VIRGINIA LEAVES.

By "Spadger."

It was autumn, and the sun sank over the hills, leaving a flaming memorial of crimson to light the sky.

And we found our creeper, and wondered if it was a reflection from the sky that caused that splendour of the leaves, that brilliance that we loved.

In the early spring we saw only brown stalks and trailers—nothing more. Then buds came—tiny little folded leaves, that uncurled in the light and warmth of the sun. First unfolded the big parent leaf at the bottom of each stem, then gradually smaller ones opened, until each little stem was the home of a parent leaf and a whole host of small sons and daughters.

All through the hot summer they lived together, sometimes cheerful, sometimes cross, and sometimes quarrelsome, but all getting their sustenance daily, from stem, air, and rain.

So they grew bigger and bigger, but always the parent leaf was the biggest and most beautiful. Oh, how those children admired their big father! They never ceased to wonder at him!

Then autumn came. These gay leaves began to grow old, but still they were lively, and bedecked themselves in scarlet robes and golden crowns. But one day a cold south wind came sighing, sighing, and said:

"Very soon you, too, must die,
As your fathers did of old;
You must fall, and there must lie,
That the earth may feel no cold."

Slowly their crimson turned to gold, their gold to brown, and lifeless, shrivelled leaves dropped, one by one, to the ground. Yet, their task was not done, for still in Nature's plan they played their part, by succouring the leaves to be born next spring.

CLASS NOTES.

"A." Supervising Teacher—Mr. A. L. Meston, B.A.

The most noteworthy event of the Term has been our removal to the new school in Patterson-street. The removal was not undertaken without some regrets, for the old school at Charles-street meant much to us. It was there that we commenced on the opening day of the High School, and the recollections of our earliest experiences of High School life must always bring to us vivid pictures of the old building.

In place of working to the accompaniment of rattling cart and shrilling fife, we now enjoy in peace and quietness a very fine room overlooking the river. The hills may now resound without us, no longer are we haunted by "The muffin-man who lives down Invermay."

Our debating society has not been so much in evidence this Term, chiefly owing to the fact that work has occupied most of our time. Some of our orators, however, in the last debate were like unto a certain Ford and party, the question Voluntary versus Conscript armies being of too great import to be decided by any but warlike means.

We have been much disturbed by the wail of Andromache, and long to tell her Manes that her beloved sits in close proximity to the door, whence he may issue forth to give the signal on his hollow brass.

Our thanks are due to Kathy for the pair of very dainty flower vases which she presented to the class, and which, filled with sweet-smelling flowers, adorn the teacher's table.

"B." Supervising Teacher—Mr. W. L. Grace.

Oh, do you know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man?
Oh, do you know the muffin man,
That lives at Invermay?

Imagine this touching little song set to music and being practised for the first time by a number of infants, together with the harmonious discord of a fife and drum band learning a new (?) tune, and you will have some slight conception of the sweet strains that floated through our window at Charles-street, from the yard below, where concert practices were being carried on. But these times are past, and we are now amid more comfortable surroundings.

We are very proud of our results in the Junior, and congratulate Jack and Ona on their success. We all think it a great pity that Ambrose is not in "C" class, for he thinks that the new school ought to increase the Junior results 100 per cent.; but others say he says this only because he knows he will not have to prove it.

We have a large and comfortable class room, nicely decorated with flowers and pictures. Skemp says we ought to include the girls also; but what about the boys?

It is singular how, on the 1st and 16th of each month, the Junior teachers of our class look forward to being called into the office. We cannot wonder at it when we see them like careless prodigals walking round, flourishing bank notes, and scattering pennies.

Our Red man from the "wild west" has many tales to tell of such wonders as colourless sugar and singing leverets.

We all, of course, welcome the new subject, Trig., with open arms, books, and mouths, as Penman puts it. We are by now thoroughly conversant with the intricacies embodied in trigonometrical calculations.

We are largely represented in all sports, but the records of this will be found in the sports columns.

Our extreme modesty forbids us boasting, so we will close this brief record with best wishes to the "A," "C," and "D" classes, and wishing the Junior and Senior classes a successful year.

"C1." Supervising Teacher—Miss A. C. Walker, B.A.

Our first Term has been one of continual change of residence. We commenced the year at Milton Hall, then made a change to Charles-street, and later took up our abode in the new building, where we now enjoy the privacy so long coveted. We are very pleased with our room, which overlooks Cataract Hill and Trevallyn, and we offer our thanks to the girls who keep it so well supplied with flowers. We also owe thanks to Lucy Stevens for the pretty pot plant that adorns our table.

We entered upon this year's work in fear and trembling, but one and all determined to rival the successes obtained by our predecessors in the Junior Public. They have set us a fine example, which we must do our best to follow. We felt very proud of our class on the annual speech night, when Vera Page was presented with a special prize for gaining the proud position of dux of the Lower School. Well done, Vera! We look to you for one of the £5 prizes at the end of the year.

The quarterly exams. are upon us once more, and we tremble accordingly, but hope to acquit ourselves well. It would be a welcome change to see a boy heading the exam. list. So far the girls have claimed that position in all the exams., and, though we appreciate the gallantry of the boys, we do not wish them to be too modest.

It has been rumoured that Cæsar's ghost has been haunting certain members of the class during the early hours of the morn. It would certainly be unwise for that Roman hero to revisit this planet, as his enemies are many, and thirsting for revenge.

"C2" (Second Year Commercial). Supervising Teacher—Miss Bell, B.A.

During the past quarter two events of importance have happened, and of these one in particular—the opening of our new school—has been of great interest, not only to ourselves, but also to the general public.

The second event of importance was the distribution of prizes and certificates on speech night. We all enjoyed it thoroughly, and felt very proud of our last year's representatives at the Junior Public Examination. Of the two £5 prizes to be given at the end of the year, we should like at least one to come to "C2."

We have just begun to realise that if we wish to obtain as high a percentage of passes as the Junior Public Class of the two preceding years, we shall have to work very hard during the next eight months.

"C3," the Industrial Class, have joined us this quarter, and find it somewhat different from the old style of working by themselves. As regards sport, some of the girls have made good progress both in tennis and in cricket. For the boys, class cricket teams have been formed. The "C" team has beaten the "D" classes, and has put up a very good record against the "A" class. The two best players are perhaps L. Brain (captain) and D. Duff.

We are sorry to have to report that two of our number—Eric Harrison and Roy Tidey—have been absent from the school for some weeks owing to ill-health, but we are glad to say that Eric has returned to work.

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

Already the first quarter of one of the most momentous years of our school life is coming to a close, and with mixed feelings we of the "D1" class are looking forward to the quarterly examination.

With regard to our work, three at least of the subjects taken during this Term are entirely new to many of us, and good progress has been made by most, the more brilliant of us shining especially at "feminine-masculine" nouns in Latin. However, now that we are in the new school, and away from all the carbon-di-oxide of Milton Hall, we hope to show by our results that we are worthy successors to the previous year's pupils, and so we are anxiously awaiting the termination of the dreaded quarterly examination.

Since the beginning of the year two more have joined our ranks—Ida Walters and Daphne Bearn—and one of our members, Ethel Armstrong, has left and gone home, but we all wish her every success, and sympathise with her because of the splendid time she is missing, for undoubtedly there are "jolly days" at this "the best school of all."

We have been given the best, or so we think, of the downstairs rooms, and are firmly resolved to keep it the cleanest and most pleasant one in the Lower School.

The latest event of importance to us was the election of the Prefects, and we heartily congratulate Jessie McKenzie, Winnie Curnow, and Eric Wyllie on the distinction gained by them.

We are all eagerly looking forward to the Easter vacation, and we hope to be able to show our parents that each individual member of our class is worthy of the colours that he wears for the first time, and that "D1" class will set a standard even higher than that of the previous years.

"D2" (Commercial). Supervising Teacher—Miss Stephenson, B.A.

We have settled down very happily in our bright new class-room, near the main entrance of the new building, and can appreciate the good fortune all the more fully for having had a taste of far less comfortable quarters during the first part of the Term.

Our thanks are due to Thelma Radford for supplying the room with three nice vases, and to Doreen for the pot plant which fills the jardiniere subscribed to by several members of the class. Whilst the girls bring flowers, the boys do their share attending to blackboard, ink, etc., and Eric Tabart has made us a notice board. In fact, all the class are trying to keep our room clean and tidy—"the best room of all!"

Sport on Wednesday afternoons comes as a great treat. Several of us are preparing for voyages on the high seas, in such risky times as these, by becoming expert at swimming and life saving; at least, we are quite at home in the "sea" at Victoria Baths! Cricket is another popular sport, Tabart and Wells being prominent players.

A most important event in the history of a class is the election of prefects. So far only two have been chosen for this class, and the honourable position lies open to two more. When Mr. Miller announced that Connie Nicholas and Hilton Woods were to be our prefects there was loud applause, as we think they are likely to make very good ones.

We conclude by remarking that the quarterly examinations are now upon us, and we begin to wonder whether the thrills we experience on hearing the marks will be those of joy or of horror!

"D3" (First Year Commercial). Supervising Teacher—Miss Greaves.

As the time has come to send contributions to the first of the 1916 "Churingas," we are reminded that our first Term at the High School will soon be a thing of the past, and we hope our progress so far has been satisfactory. We are reminded also that the examinations will be commencing in a week's time, bringing fear to some, but to the majority pleasure and expectation.

Our new school is a building we may well be proud of, and we are very fortunate in having a class-room upstairs facing the river.

There is an ugly rumour afloat that we may be ousted from our pleasant quarters, and domiciled in one of the rooms below. We sincerely hope that the rumour is without foundation.

In conclusion, we congratulate Claudia on winning the prefectship of "D3."

"D4" (First Year Industrial). Supervising Teacher—Miss Brown.

We, the industrious Industrial Class of 1916, consist of 27 boys, all fine sturdy fellows, very learned, and no trouble to our teacher!

We are all doing well at sloyd, quite a number having obtained certificates. Hutton, the expert at woodwork, has provided the class with a notice board.

We each subscribed a little, and now possess a pretty pair of vases, which are kept filled with flowers by Jowett and others.

We all heartily congratulate our prefects, Aubrey Luck and Stuart Maslin, and wish them every success.

A Debating Society has been formed by the "D1" and "D4" pupils, and we are eager for our first debate.

The opening of the new school is a thing we shall never forget, and when we heard of the wonders our predecessors performed, we determined to try to achieve as great, or even greater, results.

At present we are all thinking of the examination to be held next week, and as this is our first test of knowledge, we are anxious to acquit ourselves well.

BOYS' SPORTS.

Rowing Notes.

The Term has by no means been one of inactivity as far as the rowing fraternity is concerned. With the beginning of the Term we had the pleasure of welcoming into our midst several new members, and of these Eric Wyllie and Bligh show every prospect of becoming good oarsmen. Several others are also showing good form. The members of the crew, namely, Scott, Craw, Douglas, and Fahey, occupied seats in the Maiden and Junior Eight which represented Tamar Rowing Club in the Tamar Regatta, and which was defeated after a hard struggle by the narrow margin of a couple of feet. Several of our number entered for the Junior Pairs for the President's trophy. This was eventually won by R. A. Scott (stroke) and Reg. Turner (bow), who defeated W. J. Fahey (stroke) and W. Mathews (bow). Needless to say, "Freezer" steered the winning crew.

At the time of writing the crew, under the able coaching of Mr. Pattison, are in training for the Clarke Shield event, which takes place on the 15th of the month at Hobart.

On March 24, at a meeting of rowers, it was decided to hold a school regatta on April 19. Trophies have been donated by Mr. Miller and Miss McDonough for this fixture, and we hereby take the opportunity of thanking them for their generosity.

Once more our thanks are due to Mr. Pattison, who is untiring in his efforts in coaching the crew, and we hope his work will be crowned with success when on the 15th the crew puts forth its strength upon the Derwent.

Of our late coach, Private K. L. Hudson (Aviation Corps) we hear very little beyond that he is still in good health, and somewhere in Mesopotamia doing his duty "for King and country."

Cricket.

FIRSTS.

Since the last issue of the Magazine three matches have been played by the Firsts, two of these being against Southern opponents.

S.H.S. v. ST. PAUL'S C.C.

In this match St. Paul's obtained their revenge on us for their defeat earlier in the season. In the first innings S.H.S. scored 51 runs, whilst St. Paul's compiled 71. In the second innings S.H.S. did little better, compiling but 68, whilst St. Paul's easily obtained the difference, winning finally by 85 runs. The most noteworthy feature of this match was the number of "all round" scores made—eight in first innings, four in second.

L.S.H.S. v. H.S.H.S.

This North v. South match was played on the Cornwall ground on the last Monday of the school year (1915). In their first innings the Hobart team went down for the small score of 59, Max. Munro and Len. Stubbs being the principal ones responsible for their departure, whilst mention must be made of the particularly good fielding of George Dicker

on the pull. In our first innings, though we put together a higher score than our opponents, yet the margin was not great, our total being 97. In our second innings, however, a much better showing was made, and the substantial score of 142 was put together before the team was disposed of. All the team batted well and stubbornly, the principal run-getters being E. Scott (69) and M. Munro (30). South, playing to time, attempted to force things, and were all dismissed for 67 within a few minutes of time. We thus ran out winners by something over 100 runs.

L.H.S. v. H.H.S. (SECOND MATCH).

The second North v. South match was contested at Hobart on Monday, April 3. South winning the toss sent us in to bat on a very soft wicket. Nothing deterred, however, a fine stand was made for the first wicket, and when the board read 1—43—72 we felt very confident. The remainder of the team, however, did not shape so well, and the whole side was dismissed for 139, the principal run-getters being G. Dicker (43), E. Scott (39). South started badly, after the dismissal of their three best batsmen the board reading 3—36—56. Some poor fielding, however, left Dilger at the wickets, who, with Fleming, made a good stand, and passed our score. Had Dilger's chance been taken the result may have been different. However, the remainder of the team going down quickly, the innings closed for 172 runs. In their second innings North "went" for a win, but evidently the wicket, which had dried rapidly, was too fast, the whole team being disposed of for 64 runs, the chief scorers being E. Scott (12), C. Cunningham (10). South easily reached the difference with eight wickets in hand. Our most successful bowlers were C. Cunningham and V. Gill (four for 17).

The team was entertained very hospitably by the Hobart school, both at a social on Saturday evening and also at luncheon and afternoon tea on the Monday. E. Scott and L. Stubbs distinguished themselves for the neat method in which they proposed the vote of thanks.

Unfortunately B. Hope (captain) and several other members of the Firsts were unable to make the trip, while our team was further weakened from the previous one by the exclusion of Max. Munro and Hedley Rosevears, both of whom have left school.

FIRST TEAM SKETCHES.

- B. Hope.—A good captain; good field, and very fair bowler; a good consistent bat, who, however, wants to make his strokes freely and from the shoulder.
- E. Scott.—Good vice-captain, the team's wicket-keeper, very fair bowler and field, but throws poorly; a good sound bat, but, oh! so slow, with an unfortunate knack of running his fellow players out.
- L. Stubbs.—Fair bowler, good field, careless and often uncertain in making strokes; wants to watch ball more and not hit too blindly.
- C. Cunningham.—Good bat, but poor starter; good field and bowler.
- G. Dicker.—One of the best bats in team, and shows great promise of development; wants to guard against little careless strokes sometimes used on the leg; good bowler and excellent field.
- J. Turner.—Very fair bowler, poor field, though a good catch; plays a cross bat, and is too cramped in making strokes; a change wicket-keep.
- O. Wyllie.—Very fair leg break bowler; fair field; has improved greatly in batting, but wants to feel much freer over his strokes.
- G. Cunningham.—Good off-break bowler, but has difficulty in keeping good pitch; rather nervous bat, consequently poor starter; medium field.

- R. Pullen.—Good hitter, but of mode "a la farmer;" wants to learn to play a straight bat; eager field, but uncertain.
- V. Gill.—Good hitter, and fairly straight bat, though at times a trifle cramped; good bowler, and excellent field.
- H. McElwee.—Very fair field and bat, but needs to practise weak strokes thoroughly.
- L. Brain.—Good bowler; fair in batting, though weaker in starting.
- F. Johnstone.—Good hitter, but does not play straight bat, nor does he watch ball enough; very fair field; bowling fair.
- The Team.—Good and willing, work well together, but in batting altogether too dependent on three or four, and in fielding do not anticipate batsmen's strokes well.

SECONDS.

The Seconds have played only one match this quarter, and this was against East Launceston State School Firsts, on Saturday, February 18. East Launceston batted first, but realised only 23 runs, of which McVilly contributed 3 and Cartledge 3. The wickets were secured by Brain (four for 18) and McFadyean (six for 4).

In our innings we compiled 113 runs, of which Gill contributed 40, Manson 23 (not out), Partridge 16, Challis 15, and McFadyean 12. Thus we secured a rather easy victory by 90 runs.

THE THIRDS.

This season we have played two matches, both of which we lost. The first one was played on York Park, against our Fourths. We made 59, while they made 71. The top scorer for our side was Stevens, who made 15 in good style, while for the Fourths Dickenson in making 16 showed excellent form.

Our other match was played on the Cornwall ground, against the Grammar School Fourths, but we were beaten rather easily.

THE FOURTHS.

A match was played on the Elphin Show Ground on Saturday between S.H.S. Fourths and Scotch College Seconds, which resulted in the first win for our team this season. McElwee batted well, and accounted for over 20 of the score, while Tabart also did good work, and retired for 20. The bowling for us was done by McElwee, who took four wickets for 10 runs, and by Wells, who kept a good length, and disposed of four batsmen at a cost of 20 runs.

CLASS CRICKET.

A new departure was made this season, when Class Cricket was instituted. A roster of matches was drawn up, so that each class met every other class once. The result has been some very keenly contested matches, and although the roster is not yet finished, it seems pretty certain that B Class will be the premier team. A shield has been donated by Messrs. Hinman, Wright, and Manser for competition annually. The following were the officers, etc., elected:—

A Class.—S. Teacher, Mr. Meston; captain, B. Hope; vice-captain, C. Cunningham; secretary, R. Pullen.

B Class.—S. Teacher, Mr. Grace; captain, G. Dicker; vice-captain, E. Scott; secretary, I. Douglas.

C Class.—S. Teacher, Mr. Ede; captain, L. Brain; vice captain, V. Gill; secretary, F. Johnstone.

D Class.—S. Teacher, Mr. Glover; captain, S. Maslin; vice-captain, D. Wells; secretary, E. Wyllie.

Eric Scott was elected General Secretary.

The results of the matches are as follow:—

First Round.

C v. D, on York Park.—C first innings, six wickets for 178 (declared); D Class innings, 57—27; total, 84. Three point win for C.

A v. B, Glen Dhu.—Scores: A Class, 30 and 180; total, 210. B Class, 140, and three wickets for 73; total, 213. Three point win for B.

Second Round.

B v. D, York Park.—Scores: D Class, 40 and 28; total, 68. B Class, 124. Three point win for B.

A v. C, St. George's Square.—Scores: A Class, 61 and 67; total, 128. C Class, 94 and 25; total, 119. Three point win for A.

Third Round (Unfinished).

A v. D, York Park.—Scores: A Class, 103 and one wicket for 56 (declared). D Class, 51 and six wickets for 56 (unfinished).

B v. C, Glen Dhu.—Scores: C Class, 36; B Class, two wickets for 192 (unfinished).

Should B Class defeat C, or draw with them, they will be premiers. The points at present are:—A, 3 points; B, 6 points; C, 3 points; D, nil.

Swimming.

Our numbers have been greatly increased by a large band of those who have just entered the School. Under the supervision of Mr. Ede, about seventy of us every Wednesday afternoon make our way to the baths, where we spend a delightful hour in the water.

Lately it has been somewhat cold, and the warmth of the sun's rays has been kept out by the roof, but we are hopeful that next year this will be removed. With the roof off we would be able to bask in the sun, and enjoy the sport the more.

Ten of our number have learnt to swim this season, and many others show signs of soon joining the ranks of the swimmers.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

Cricket.

As usual, the majority of new girls have taken up cricket, and as it was impossible for all to play at Glen Dhu, a large number remained at the Brickfield to play under the supervision of Miss Greaves. Several small matches have been played between the two first teams, and the victories have been fairly equally distributed.

Miss Brown's team is playing a match against Miss Greaves, but it is not yet finished.

Among those who have done good work during the Term are Marjorie Ellis and Vera Bryant, whose over-arm bowling we hope will help in securing a victory against Broadland House in the match to be played before the end of the Term.

Tennis.

Since the last issue of the "Churinga" our numbers have so greatly increased that many of the new comers have been unable to play tennis, as another court could not be procured.

We are all anxiously waiting for the time when we will be able to play on our own School court, when we will have much more practice.

This Term tennis has been made more exciting by the ladder matches, which were played by the following:—J. Nichols beat B. Layh, 6—1; M.

Curnow beat L. Sampson, 6—5; M. Rudge beat J. Bradshaw, 6—0; L. Sampson beat M. Curnow, 6—3; M. Rudge beat B. Layh, 6—2.

Mavis Hughes and M. Rudge are cultivating a splendid back-hand stroke, while improvement has been shown in the play of Jean Nichols, Lucie Sampson, Belle Wright, Lillias Walker, and Olive Kidd.

We are looking forward with much pleasure to the match which is to be played with the teachers and four of the senior boys on Saturday, April 15.

Swimming.

The baths have been patronised by a greater number of girls this Term than last. The majority of these are first year girls, but more than half of these were able to swim when they came. Those who by their persevering efforts have become good swimmers this Term are Lorna Sidebottom and Lily Cartledge.

The last few Wednesdays have been fairly cold, and on those days it was surprising to see how many girls had forgotten their costumes. Those who had courage enough to go in stood on the steps for the first few minutes; one foot is then gingerly placed in the water, then a cry rends the air, next a splash is heard, and someone has been brave enough to go in, and is very proud of herself for having done so, just as much as if she had entered the waters of the sea which washes the Antarctic continent.

LIBRARY.

Our new Library is being very well patronised. It is a fine, airy room, and its long tables, well laden with periodicals and illustrated papers, are usually thronged except during lesson hours. It has indeed supplied a long-felt want.

We desire to thank all the members of our School who have brought magazines and supplemented the list of Library books. Our thanks are also due to Mr. and Mrs. Birchall for the fine picture of Windsor Castle which adorns the walls, and for their monthly contribution of "Life;" to Rev. Bethune, who, though down south in Claremont Camp, has not forgotten the State High School, and has donated £1, which was spent on books for the Library; to the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph" for their kindness in presenting us daily with a summary of the world's events; and to Mrs. Meston and those anonymous donors to whom we are indebted for certain monthly periodicals. While thanking these, we would like to state that we are by no means overstocked, and all donations in the form of papers, periodicals, and books will be greatly appreciated.

POET'S CORNER.

WHY NOT YOU?

By "Quintusaum."

When you lie abed, and look far ahead
To the days which are yet to be;
When you somehow seem to thoughtfully dream
Of a roaring stream
Rushing, blood-stained, to the sea.
When the great shells fall, like a living wall
Between you and safety's bourne;

You lift up your head, with nought of dread
For the screeching lead,
And lead a hope forlorn.

While your comrades lie around, and die—
Die for Tasmania free;
This gallant band, from a glorious land,
Repulse the invader, as flying sand
Is whirled by the wintry sea.
When you take a last chance, and about you glance,
And see your wounded mate;
With a mighty cheer, that rings so clear,
You gather him up—no thought of fear,
Save that it is too late!

When we've finished the war, and Peace once more
Shines bright o'er her children free;
You'll be picked from the rest; one of the best.
And, who knows, perchance upon your breast
They'll pin the old V.C.!
As you lie abed, and look far ahead
To the years yet on old Time's file,
Don't stop to dream; but breast the stream
And show yourself what in your thought you seem—
Say, Man from Tasmania's Isle!

THE BALLAD OF THE BOY FROM MUDDY FLAT.

By L.B.W.

I'd a vague and fleeting notion,
Setting many thoughts in motion,
And which made me think myself a man of might;
For I thought myself quite clever,
And the thoughts I couldn't sever
From each other—now my thoughts are dark as night.

I'll explain this funny matter
If you'll listen and not chatter,
And lend a quiet ear to what I say—
Well, I'd played the game of cricket,
Smote the ball, and kept the wicket,
Played the game, in fact, in style, at Muddy Way.

I was in the school eleven—
Captain—when my age was seven,
And at the age of twelve played on the green.
Once, in bowling, took to "hatting,"
But my sterling game was batting;
Ah! you should have seen the time I made nineteen!

Then I passed the Qualifying,
Worked with zest, and nearly dying
From my labours, came to town, and to this school.
"Now's your chance," I said, "to move yourself
At cricket, and to prove yourself
Rightworthy of the Firsts"—I was a fool.

Then I played against the B Class
 For the strong and mighty D Class—
 "A chance at last to show my skill," I said,
 I was first before the wicket—
 "Keep your head," I said, "and stick it"—
 Then made up my mind to show them how I played.

Then I pulled myself together
 For the first one—like a feather
 I would send it to the boundary for a six.
 But imagine my surprise
 When, before my very eyes,
 That bowler, Stubs, had held it—I got "nix."

Now the moral you must gather
 From this story, or from rather
 My misfortune, yes, my failure at the match—
 "Pride goes before a fall," my friend—
 This rule will never change nor bend.
 But oh! that fellow Stubs can bowl and catch!
 Glossary: "Hatting," to do the hat trick; "nix," nothing.

EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

We are hopeful of shortly having a platoon of our own, which will enable school cadets to receive their military instruction together, instead of being dispersed among various platoons.

The work of the State High School is now carried on in the new building in Patterson-street. Though the school grounds are not very attractive, the work of making them so is going forward.

The subscription to the "Northern Churinga" is still 9d. a copy.

Two crews are representing the School in the race for the Clarke Shield, to be rowed at Hobart on the afternoon of Saturday, April 15. We wish them every success, and hope to see them bring back the Shield.