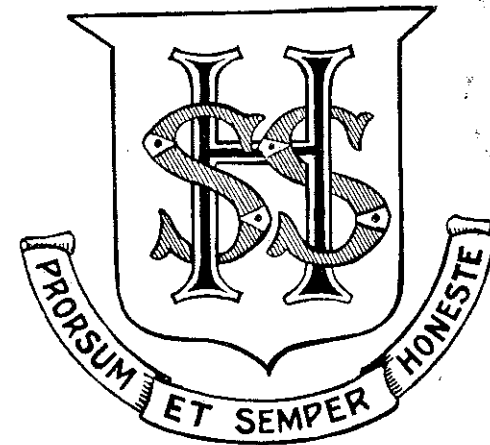


The Northern Churinga



VOL. IV. LAUNCESTON, JUNE, 1917. No 2.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Editorial	2
Duces of School	2
Prefect's Notes	2
Talk to Parents	3
Astraea Redux	3
Our Open Column	4
Picnic at Third Basin	4
Class Notes	5-9
Shreds and Patches	9
Cadet Notes	9
Science from an Arm Chair	10-12
S.P.R.J.	12
The Progress of Argument	12-14
The Paper Chase	14
Answers to Correspondents	15
The Storm	15-16
Boys' Sports	16-19
Girls' Sports	19-21
Sports Day	21
Autumn—A Fragment	22
First Impressions	22-23
The Secret of the Manor	23
Our Splendid Men	24
Old Scholars' Column	24-25
Personal Notes	26-27
Tit-Bits	27
Who's Who	28
Editor's Scrap Book	28

EDITORIAL.

"Manners make the man" is an old saying which most of us, at one time or another, have had quoted to us, or rather at us, as a preventive against the careless ways of youth. Perhaps that is the reason we are so apt to forget the old adage, or, at least, to remember it merely as some very out-of-date thing to be shut away with hoops and crinolines, coffee houses, and Sedan chairs, misty memories of another age. We practical people of to-day are so busy in the bustle and rush of modern living, what time have we for empty bits of advice?

Yet it were well to pause awhile in our self-sacrificing and take ourselves to task on this very subject. We may admit it or not, but a courteous, easy manner, a thoughtful observation of the little civilities of life, are the outcome of a generous outlook towards humanity. The best manners are the result of consideration for the needs of those round us, and are evidenced in a hundred different ways by "the little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." After all, it is the little things that count most. Little things and little things—blessedly our lives are made up of such—a burst of sunlight on a dreary day, a glowing edge of a sullen ragged cloud, a fire's red glow through the winter twilight, a helping hand in the midst of discouragement; these are the things we shut away as precious, to take out and fondle gently when the twilight of our lives is closing round, and we sit with half-closed eyes amid the shadows.

Perhaps we hear a little too much of the rough diamond. Remember, it is very easy to be rough, but rather more difficult to be a diamond, and an uncouth manner is more often the mark of the churl than of the well-disposed. It then behoves each member of the community to go carefully on his way, not blindly seeking advantages of self, but carefully and generously considering those about us, ere old-fashioned courtesy be a thing of the past and gentle manners no more amongst us.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

(First Term, 1917).

"A" Class—RAY ATKINSON (Dux of School).

"B" Class—Basil Telford.

"D1" Class—Doris Emms.

"C1" Class—Phyllis Harnett.

"D2" Class—Harold Thorne.

"C2" Class—John Beardwood.

"D3" Class—Thelma Masters.

Kenneth Dallas.

"D4" Class—Ray Russell.

"C3" Class—Agnes Murray.

"D5" Class—Jack Browne.

PREFECT'S NOTES.

Successfully have we continued to carry out the motion that a meeting should be held every fortnight. Many and various have the subjects of our arguments been, but each to our mind was advantageous to the welfare of the school. Our only wish is that as the duties of a prefectship has fallen to our lot we may fulfil those duties to the best of our ability. Moreover, by the time our period at our school has ended, we may be able to honestly think that we did our best for the improvement of her tone and for the strengthening of her position among the other Secondary Schools of Tasmania.

A TALK TO PARENTS.

During the four years that the High School has been opened, many a conversation have I had regarding the education of your children. Possibly it would be interesting as well as instructive if a few thoughts on these conversations were set out. It must be remembered that, whilst a teacher is to a certain extent "in loco parentis," yet he is much more capable of forming an unbiassed judgment on the capacity of a pupil than a parent. The teacher is untrammelled by the home associations. Parents fall mostly into two classes: (i.) Those who think their children geniuses; (ii.) those who consider their children duffers." A parent once remarked to me that he wondered why there were not more clever men in the world, as each parent considered his—a genius. On the other hand, Stephen Leacock, in one of his humorous essays, remarks: "If a parent could only see what a duffer his own child was, he would say, 'Billee is no good; I will sell him.'" These, of course, represent extreme ideas, but each contains a germ of truth. Do you know that we teachers can judge to a large extent the kind of home your child comes from? The general appearance of your pupil is a very fair revelation of your home. We had a boy at school who came for a week with uncleaned boots; Do you assist us in teaching the habits of cleanliness? How many of you inspected your children before they left for school last week?

One of the qualifications of a well-ordered home is punctuality. Do you pay any attention to the report of your child's late coming? Do you insist on your child having regular hours allotted him for his home work? Here at school he finds a set time-table—certain lessons at stated times on stated days. When he sits down at 7 to begin his work, do you give him a fair deal, or do you get him to run messages, chop wood, etc.? Do you let him off his work because you are having company? I ask you, will he be able, when he takes his place in the large school of life, to neglect his daily duties for such trivial matters as these? You know he won't, and you can assist us by giving him certain invariable times for his work as well as for his play. Remember, you are more concerned than the teacher if he goes wrong. We have him 5 hours; you have him the remainder of the 24 hours. Who, then, has the greater responsibility?

ASTRAEA REDUX.

(By "F.F.")

The world is universal, says the bard,
And we, mere paltry puppets on its stage,
Frail as the frailest fairy shell that lies
Washed here, and cradled by a crested wave;
Great parts in worldly plays we seek to play,
And jolting, jostling an unwilling crowd,
We slide, mud-covered as a daring boy
Who climbs in search of missel thrush's eggs,
Eggs nested by the cheerful warbling bird
With fondest hopes of fluttering young to come;
So we, in vain half-human pride of power,
Tread down the weaker ones, or fall ourselves,
Crushed by impatient jostlers in the crowd.
Thus goes the world; will ever come the day
When men shall turn and take unto themselves
Each one, his neighbour as a man who lives
Seeking in sweet fraternity the ends
His neighbour seeks? Then, only then,
Shall men renew that chivalry of yore,
Which, born of manly instinct, shall induce
Each one to live, as God had made the world,
A man who seeks his God's eternity.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

(By "Squibs.")

We learn that on the evening following the sports a boy was seen trundling a barrel along the street. It appears that after investigation by the police he was found to have been a competitor in the Blindfold Barrel Race, who had lost his way and was looking for the winning post. He wasn't the winner.

The new badges have arrived. Some people hold that a separate badge ought to be given for each team. This, in the opinion of the writer, would be establishing a bad precedent, which might lead to anywhere. We would have, for instance, all who pass in Latin, in the Quarterly Exams., demanding a badge something akin to the Victoria Cross, while he who entered the laboratory, or at any rate, went near the fume cupboard, would claim some mark of distinction. And so it would go on. Successful Geography students would want a globe-shaped badge, Mathematicians would like something in the form of a right-angled triangle—with squares on each side, while those who take the Commercial course would surely ask for a diminished button-hole typewriter. No, one badge is enough. . . .

It is fortunate for Cicero, "the prince of Roman orators," and Demosthenes, that they are not living to-day, for surely they would hide their faces in very shame were they to come to our School on Thursdays, when the plaudits loud ring from the enraptured audiences as orators wax fervent in debate, and ringing voices strike the air with impassioned speeches, yea, even till the very windows rattle, and the passer by stops and wonders. Why should he wonder?

In the recent paper chase the hounds' reached home before the hares. Imagine the surprise of the fast leverets who had outwitted their pursuers by many a false trail:

Oh, where, oh, where is my little dog gone,
Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
For I laid down the "scent" and the paper so well
That I feared that before now I'd see
A wild pack of hounds coming after us fast,
Who would catch us, and tear us to shreds,
But when we reached home, there was nobody there—
They were all lying snug in their beds!

I met Jones the other day. He was in his new motor car, on his way to school. He stopped to give me a "lift." (I, having plenty of money and time to spare, usually ride in the trams.)

"Hullo," I said. "How are you to-day?"

"Tria Sedila"—then noticing my look of blank amazement—"trois chaises, if you prefer it." Still I didn't understand. A look of supreme contempt passed over his face. "Grabasos!" was all he said.

I thought there was something wrong with his head. Then I remembered. He was in the A Class.

PICNIC AT THIRD BASIN.

A quarter past ten on the morning of May 5 saw a party of about twenty of the C1 and C2 Debating Society, including Miss Brown, Miss Greaves, and Miss Wilcox, en route for the Third Basin. Pursuing a decidedly uncertain route, we at last reached our destination at about

twenty minutes past eleven. We then partook of part of the refreshment which we had brought with us. After this, each was armed with a hockey stick, or its equivalent in sticks which were decidedly not hockey sticks, and went into an adjoining field, where a rather fast and furious game of hockey, and after that, baseball, was played.

There is, however, a limit to everything, and we at last found it necessary to sit down, and then we enjoyed "the humor of things" for about half an hour. Thus revived, we returned to the Basin again for refreshment, after which we went for an exploring trip round the rocks, where some of our number managed to get conveniently lost. Returning from this, we played miscellaneous small games until it was time to return home. We took our time coming back, but nevertheless we arrived in town by six o'clock, and, everybody voting that we had had a good day, we went home quite satisfied.

CLASS NOTES.

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

"Press on towards the goal and to the prize."

The year is going so quickly that we can hardly realise that we are but a short five months from the Senior Public, the goal of our High School life. Whether many of us will attain the prize is a matter for conjecture, but it is safe to assume that our greatest regret is not because of the approach of the dreaded exam., but because our time at the old school is now a mere matter of months for the majority of us.

As usual, the career of most "A" Class members has been a chequered one. In sport we more than hold our own; in work—well, the exams. will tell. The re-entry of Cicero and Stevenson into our lives, especially the former, has been a theme for sadness to many and joy to few. Each one ardently hopes that he or she will not have to translate the opinions of Cicero on old age, "this lesson at any rate," and the sighs of disappointment or relief are numerous and audible.

Seven of our boy members practice with the First Football team, and among our girls are a plentiful sprinkling of both First and Second Hockey team members. Needless to say, our joy at winning the Class Cricket Shield (for the second time) and the first Class Teams' race was great indeed.

Some members of the class have lately been seeing red. At any rate, just before the exams., some of the boys appeared wearing ties of the most appalling hues. Green bows were also prevalent among the girls. Perhaps both were intended as a good omen for the exams.

Things of interest, like the mounting wave rolling shoreward, grow less and less until they shall be but little whispers of foam to remind us of the one time wave. Courage, comrades; the wave containing portents dread beneath its crisping head will at last fall back, foiled and broken, on the shore of our knowledge.

CLASS "B."—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. L. Grace, B.A.

The same which "Tev." spoke in the third epistle to "B" class, saying:

Thou shalt not touch, move, pilfer or otherwise molest, any flowers, leaves, vases, or anything that is on the table.

Thou shalt not knock the vases over with thine elbow.

Thou shalt not sit upon the waste paper basket, nor the teacher's chair, neither shalt thou screw about upon thy seat until it is broken.

Thou shalt not behave in an unseemly manner.

These laws have we kept, as befits our position, and now we rest from our labours.

We offer our congratulations to Marjorie Rudge on being chosen captain of the hockey team, and to Harold McElwee on his winning the championship of the school for running.

We have learned our first poem in Latin, "Arma gravi numero, etc., etc." Alas; ei nobis! tui numeri gravi sunt. But who could, with any degree of comfort, learn twenty-eight lines of weird words that make no pretence at rhyming? As the news spread around that this was expected of us, sadly was each one heard to moan "Me miserum."

We all went to the sports meeting and came home hoarse and triumphant. A half-holiday was granted us for the event, a small mercy for which we were duly thankful.

Several of our members enjoyed a trip to St. Leonards, where it is said they gave the people out there "a musical treat." It is rumoured that their lower limbs are now some few inches longer. We are well represented in the warblers, and wish the musical geni the highest success.

In conclusion we tender our sympathy to the examination classes, and wish the Staff and the rest of the school a merry holiday. Our chronicles are ended.—"Valete."

CLASS "C1."—Supervising Teacher: Miss F. Bell, B.A.

In school and out, without a doubt
You'll find that C1, right throughout,
Has held its name, with untold fame,
In study or in any game
Courageously

In school especially you will find
That we can leave C2 behind.
And on the field, or thereabout,
Well—if you want to see, just
Toddle out.

This has been an uneventful term as far as the C1 class is concerned, most of our time being occupied in studying for the Junior Public, which is rapidly drawing nearer. A new addition to our timetable is Latin afternoon tea, which is served every Monday at 4 p.m., and to which we do justice very reluctantly.

This term Pearl Evans, from the Hobart High School, has been added to our number, and we are pleased to welcome her into our midst.

At a recent Chemistry lesson we learnt that Emmie has the characteristic property of stirring her tea with her hand.

This term football and hockey have once more started, and our class is fairly well represented in the various teams. Our Prefect, Eric Wyllie, is in the Football Firsts, and several of our number are in the Seconds, while Winnie Hodgetts is in the First Hockey team, and two or three of the others are in the Second team.

CLASS "C2."—Supervising Teacher: Miss E. C. Greaves.

"The term is nearly over,
Exams are drawing nigh."

Nevertheless, we are getting near to the Junior Public Examinations, and have scarcely enough time to breathe, let alone time for foolish parodies.

During this term two of our classmates have left school, namely, Harold Fletcher and Harry Dickens, who will be greatly missed as secretary of the "C2" Commercial and "C3" Debating Society respectively. Jessie and Lorna have both lost time through illness, but now

we are glad to have them once more in our midst.

Even as the Argonauts were inspired by the songs of Orpheus, so have we been inspired during the last few weeks to do "big things" in the school sports, and the results show the prowess of our particular class, while we are sure that it was not for the want of T-R-Y and N-R-G that more of our members failed to come into prominence.

In conclusion, we wish to pass a vote of thanks to the girls of the class for decorations during the term, also to the gentleman who has made the fire throughout the cold weather. We also wish all good luck in the forthcoming examinations.

CLASS "C3."—Supervising Teacher: Miss Davies, M.A.

Midwinter is upon us, but it has no terrors for us, as we sit in our cosy room, into which the sun pours its kindly beams.

During the term we have indulged in a certain amount of introspection, and have come to the conclusion that possibly we are not quite so smart or so energetic as we should be. However, as the future business men of Launceston, we feel that we must strain every nerve to fit ourselves for our calling in life, in order that our city may hold its own in the commerce of the world.

We have this term settled down very kindly to the study of Business Principles. The enlivening effect they have had on us may be seen in all branches of study, and even in the field of sport. It was with pardonable pride that we noted the business-like way in which Malkin approached the hurdles, and the statesmanship of Lohrey as he guided the destinies of his barrel. We are slowly recovering from the peculiar effect Shorthand had on us. We are told, however, that traces of it remain in our Arithmetic, which one of our teachers considers decidedly weird.

Early in the term our feelings were somewhat ruffled by the defection of Saltmarsh; but time heals all wounds, and we hope our old friend will gain a good place in the class lists of C2.

In conclusion, we are still well and happy, for the examination results are yet unknown to us. Though we were baffled by the mysteries of that "endless belt," and some of our book-keeping accounts would not tally, we are still hoping for the best. If any of our readers should care to visit us, we hope they will not fail to notice the shield which Tabart has just placed on the right hand side of our door, and of which we are justly proud.

CLASS "D1."—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. E. L. Callaway.

We are again drawing near to the end of a quarter's work, this time our second one. It appears to have passed even more quickly than the first. The feeling of awe and strangeness has passed away, and we now feel as if we are a part of the whole.

The work has become harder, but we are keen and try hard. We answer well, and some (especially one country boy) have discovered the remarkable fact that it is possible to give the answer to a hard question and another question at the same time—perhaps this is the combination of solids. One member of the Warblers is sure the words of these remarkable statements are pitched on "d,m:s:d." Our knowledge of Geography has recently been increased by someone discovering that rice and tea grow in the "tropics" at Gippsland.

Our room has been improved by the addition of a waste-paper basket. This useful article is often missing, but it eventually is found—where, we will not say.

We are proud to have in our room Eric Laphorne, the "under 15" champion of the school. We offer him our heartiest congratulations. We also wish to congratulate Doris (one of the three so named in "D1") on gaining the Victoria League's prize in History.

The "D1" Hockey team have been successful in defeating several of the other "D" teams. We hope to do the same in the examinations. Wishing the Staff and other scholars a happy holiday, we say "Valete."

Class "D2"—Supervising Teacher: Miss Wilcox.

Although the shadow of exams, already overhangs us, we can scarcely realise that three whole months have gone by since last we went through that ordeal. The term has seemed very short, but has been specially eventful. We would congratulate Jean Peter, Cecil Lucas, and Ascott Baker, who have been appointed to the honorable position of prefects.

In the annual sports gathering we feel a special interest, as we each began our High School career in 1917.

Our room has lately been made more cheerful by occasional fires, and through the efforts of the girls we have been scarcely conscious of the dearth of flowers. A pot plant and a paper basket have been added since last term, while two additional pictures have been promised.

Although the weight of knowledge (?) is sobering us, we still have a little unconscious humor supplied, chiefly by Jack. It was he who, when asked how he would set about to verify accounts of the Battle of Waterloo, smiling assured us that he would ask his father! We leave him in the hands of the mathematicians.

CLASS "D3."—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb.

We are told that work makes the time go quickly. If that is the case we must have been working, for this quarter seems to have flown.

The choice of Prefects was made early in the quarter. Esme Judd and Katie Cooke were chosen. We congratulate them on the honour and are sure that the work of the class will go more smoothly because of them.

Our winter sports have started, and Baseball and Hockey occupy our spare time. The latter is new to us, and we find it very exciting, although the Baseball people say it's too dangerous for them.

Our room is made more tidy by the addition of a waste-paper basket, to which the class contributed and still continue to do so.

Again the quarter's work is being tested, and we hope that even if we all don't get 100 per cent., at least we will make a better show than we did last quarter.

CLASS "D4."—Supervising Teacher: Miss Stephenson, B.A.

Our numbers have dwindled a little this term, for Fred. French has taken up his abode with "D5," and Lansdell has left school and gone to work; we are, however, still able to fill the room fairly well.

At the end of last term Hughes and Warner were chosen as our Prefects, and we heartily congratulate them on winning this high honour. In exam. marks Russell came top last term, and there should be close competition for the first place in the present examinations.

Some of our boys are prominent in sport, Barnes being in the Football Firsts, and several others in the Seconds. Orchard won a box of chocolates for his prowess in the paperchase on Empire Day.

"Time flies"—our first half year at the High School is nearly gone; so now for a good holiday and then back to plenty of "hard graft" before the end of the year overtakes us.

CLASS "D5."—Supervising Teacher: Miss Lawson.

Here we are again, just as industrious if not more so than we were during the first term. Our second term is drawing to a close, and examinations are once more upon us, but we have undergone our "baptism of fire," and know fairly well what they are like.

Work has gone on very smoothly during this quarter, and we are extremely conscious that some history has been learnt; for one of our members tells us that at the Battle of Culloden Moor, Cumberland, being a rash man, killed all the dead.

We heartily congratulate Jack Browne on his coming first in the "Industrious" Industrial, also Trevor Scott and Henry Williams as Prefects.

Flowers have been a minus quantity this term, but with occasional assistance from "D3" we hope to be overwhelmed with flowers of every description.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

In the recent Hare and Hounds Race "Atlas" got lost in the hills. He was probably thinking of his ancient home in the immortal days before he died.

Teacher: "In what class would you place atmospheric air?"

Pupil (on a hot day, when the windows are closed): "In D2 Class, Miss."

We are informed that no water touches the South Australian coast. This clearly proves the non-existence of an inland sea in Australia.

The following comes from C3: The Thirty Years' War was a civil war between England and Germany, in which the Red Rose fought the White Rose. Neither won nor the other, as a matter of fact.

It is said that "Lithic" hath found thumperior friends at latht.

We learn that a noted member of a noted D Class, when he first came to School, thought that the rubbish destructor was a part of the School used for practical work by the Industrial Classes.

For Sale—A tie and collar. Apply A.I.D., A Class. Color of tie guaranteed to last.

M.O. (for the benefit of the uninitiated this is not magnesium oxide, but military order): Private Study, in charge of Corporal Punishment, was conducted up to General Efficiency.

Doris B. likes chocolate roughs. This is a tit-bit.

There is, we understand, considerable rivalry in C1 Class for the position of treasurer to the fund, which, it is rumored, is being inaugurated for the purpose of supplying A Class with Algebra books.

Dabber, the Biblical expert of the upper school, informs us that he does not hold with learning long passages of English. This, he says, is using "vain repetition, as the heathen do."

Certain members of the D Classes have been overheard discussing failures to bring their glowing splints to School. Apparently they consider themselves gay young sparks.

CADET NOTES.

(By "Cato Major.")

"The sun revolving through ethereal space
The shining circle of the year has filled"

since we marshalled together to form the first High School platoon. Many are the changes wrought in our midst, many an old face gone, many a new to take their places. Our numbers, since our inauguration have swelled considerably, and with the

advent of the new military year we shall receive many more into our numbers. This influx will, however, be counteracted by the loss of the boys of the 1899 quota, who are being drafted into the militia. Their loss will be very keenly felt, since among them are some of the leading non-coms. No longer Stub's hearty jests will cheer our heavy hearts as we plod round the Brickfields; no longer shall the merry marching songs of Scott lend sprightliness to our tired feet; no longer shall the stentorian voice of Turner be heard commanding in accents deep and musical; no longer shall we hear the gruff tones of Paul. These are but few of many boons we shall miss, for what can replace the shooting of Noel and the genial smile of Gourlay.

A short while back a football team representative of our Cadets made battle on the field against the Grammar Cadet team. The fight raged fiercely, but rather one-sidedly, our boys being badly beaten by 121 points. We congratulate our opponents on defeating us by so substantial a margin. We trust to put up a better show next time.

Some weeks ago we completed our musketry course for the year. As a result Len Stubs and Harold McElwee gained their marksman's badges, the latter topping the score with 84. Both were very creditable performances, especially McElwee's, as this is his first year on the range with the Cadets.

Lately we have benefited much by an arrangement by which each Cadet is responsible for the care of a certain rifle. It is convenient at times for certain lazy individuals to forget the number of their rifles, and so get someone else's, which has been nicely cleaned.

We are looking forward now more or less eagerly to the Commandant's inspection, which will be our first as a school half-company. We are quite anxious to show him what fine work we can do, and to set a standard that our successors will find hard to beat.

SCIENCE FROM AN ARM CHAIR.

THE HOUSE FLY.

(By "Krinos.")

It might seem to many that the house fly is not a very interesting or edifying subject for consideration, but, like many such ideas, this conception is quickly amended upon observation. Very probably the real cause of this almost instinctive contempt has for its basis familiarity. If this insect were found only in tropical Africa, and only twenty specimens of it were known to the scientific world, then it is likely that we should look on it with a mixture of awe and unproductive wonder. As it is, the house fly is very common, and, moreover, is possessed of a very wide range. But its wonder and beauty are the same.

To the experienced fly expert or dipterologist one of the most curious things about it is its lack of salient features which might aid him in identifying it when found with others of the same order. Not only does it resemble other species of its own genus, but it also approximates, with remarkable fidelity in some cases, to representatives of different genera. By its resemblance to *Stomoxys* it has earned the undeserved reputation of a "blood-sucker," a character which the public appear ready to bestow upon the slightest provocation, not only with regard to this, but also to other similar unfortunate creatures.

Its life history is rather an interesting one, especially from the point of view of those who have had the opportunity of comparing it with other insects, for it exhibits several peculiar phases in the larval stage which mark it off from many of its allies. The eggs, which are minute

dull chalky white bodies, usually laid in batches of about 120, require heat and moisture to convert them into the grubs or larvae, a change which takes place under suitable conditions in about twenty-four hours. They then pass through three phases, occupying some five to seven days in all, before becoming pupae. In the second grub stage they have been observed to increase one-third of their length in under twenty-four hours.

The pupae are dark brown cylindrical bodies, about a quarter of an inch long, and when the winged insect, its colors still unset, its wings soft and adpressed to the body, comes out from its case, it splits the latter just behind the suture between the thorax and the abdomen. As the fly moves it moves its complicated system of breathing tubes, or trachea, and their pulsating is visible in the forehead; an arrangement which is thought to be for the purpose of rendering the case or puparium.

One of the most interesting portions of the fly is its tongue, which organ, of course, requires a microscope to exhibit any but its most prominent features. As seen in life, it is in the form of a tube, but when mounted for microscopic examination it is generally opened out to show its structure. The more or less triangular mass which constitutes the extremity is composed of a series of sucking tubes or "pseudo-trachea;" coming inwards from near the margin on either side they do not quite reach the middle, but join to form two somewhat larger tubes, which run roughly parallel to the margin. Horse-shoe rings of chitin (which among the backboneless corresponds to bone), thickened at their extremities, are placed at regular intervals along the tubes. The tubes vary in number from fifty to sixty, and form a very serviceable suction system for extracting juices from the creature's food. Nor is this the whole of the mouth apparatus, for, separating the above parts from the curious little club-shaped maxillary palpi, are other interesting organs, consisting of a shield-like mass, with a tube running down its brown middle, and two small processes, enlarged at the extremities like drumsticks. All this is covered with a number of hairs, with very fine points, whose sharp definition is a useful test for certain microscope objectives.

A frequently observed peculiarity of the *Musca domestica*, as this fly is scientifically designated, is its power of walking up smooth surfaces. The legs terminate in a double claw, surrounded by two pads, or "pulvilli," which have been so much discussed with regard to this capacity for upward motion on polished surfaces such as glass. It was long thought that they formed a vacuum, and thus supported the creature, but an English naturalist has shown that a fly could walk up the side of a glass vessel from which the air had been exhausted. It is now generally thought that adhesion is obtained by means of a sticky fluid exuded by the minute hairs supported by the pulvilli, but the whole matter is still under discussion.

The transparent, conspicuously-veined wing is covered with fine hairs, and forms a beautiful object, not only with the microscope, but also with the naked eye. Magnification, however, is needed to bring out the beauty of the minuter portions. Near the junction of the posterior end with the body is a double semi-circle, known as the winglet, or "tube." This is not the rudimentary posterior wing, however, and its function is unknown. A little rod, with a knob at its extremity, the balancer, or "halterer," is all that remains of the hinder wing.

As many people are probably aware, insects do not take in the air through their mouths and breathe by lungs, but possess a ramifying system of breathing tubes, the trachea referred to previously as probably aiding, in the case of the fly, the imago, or perfect insect, to escape from its pupa-case. The air is admitted into the body through a number of openings, the spiracles, disposed along the sides, and these breathing holes are protected with a number of fine hairs, which serve to prevent any

foreign matter, such as dirt, from entering and clogging the delicate air passages. It is considered that the buzzing noise of flies is caused by the movement of the air in the respiratory organs.

The survival value of any organism in the ceaseless struggle for existence is measured by its capacity for suitable response to the exigencies of environmental conditions, and because of the almost invariably complex nature of such stimuli there obtains a corresponding complexity in the mechanism of the organism. So the whole economy of a fly, its individual and racial history (of which the former is a brief epitome of the latter), and its relations with its own species and with other types, form together a bewildering network of inter-related phenomena, a few isolated examples of which, particularly with reference to structure and development, have been given above. But the fringe only has been touched upon, and vaster and more interesting problems, all centring about this common, much-abused insect, lie awaiting deeper research. The more there is learned, the more there remains to be learned.

So next time when you accidentally kill a house fly, do not remark contemptuously, "Humm. Only a fly!" but think of its beauty and wonder. Think of it as a delicately-adjusted, finely-strung mechanism of a thousand mutually dependent contrivances; as a creature which plays its appointed part, perhaps insignificant in itself, but of vital importance to the whole, in the ever-changing pattern woven from the loom of life; as a storehouse of strange properties, with its portholes to the outer world, and its tube-built tongue of gold; think of it as a gleaming flash borne on its gauzy wings; and think of it as an entity, with its own individuality and its own soul, a protean speck of life that plays over in itself the history of its race, reaching back into the dim aisles of time, a million years before the birth of man.

S.P.R.J.

During the current term a new branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was formed. This is called the Society for the Prevention of the Repetition of Stale Jokes, or more shortly, the S.P.R.J. The rooms of the society are in Chestnut Avenue. It has been found that the pernicious habit has sprung up of repeating other people's jokes, which, besides causing annoyance to the general senior public, has an irritant effect on the mucous membrane, causing all around to cough violently. A meeting of all interested was held, and Mr. E. Scott was unanimously voted to the chair. The chairman, in thanking the audience for the honour conferred upon him, said that lately he (the speaker) had been greatly worried by the lack of originality shown in certain quarters (which it was, obviously, unnecessary to name), and he considered it time that steps were taken in the matter. After giving a detailed explanation of puns, he moved: "That this meeting expresses its unflinching determination to allow jokes to be used only once." This was seconded by L. Stubbs. A. Davern moved an amendment "That teachers be exempt." Seconded by J. Turner, and the motion, as amended, was carried amid great applause.

THE PROGRESS OF ARGUMENT

(By the twin brothers, Wise and Otherwise.)

A DEBATING SOCIETY.

This, the first Debating Society formed in the school in the glorious day of "C." Class fame, has of late fallen somewhat from its pristine glory. But two meetings have we held. In the first impromptu speeches were rendered by A. Davern, E. Scott, A. Scott, J. Nichols, E. Palamountain, E. Mann, R. Atkinson, I. Douglas.

In the second we were challenged by "C." Class to a debate on the subject of "Which exerts the better influence, the Pulpit or the Press?" Our opponents chose the side of the Press. The debate was held in the Assembly Hall, Mr. Miller acting as judge and chairman. After a strenuous struggle our side, represented by I. Douglas (Leader), R. Atkinson, E. Scott, A. Davern, won the day for the Pulpit by the narrow margin of six points. The judge, at the close, briefly criticised the speeches.

B. DEBATING SOCIETY.

Although very little worthy of note has happened this term we have to report our success in the Mock Parliament at the end of last term. The B. Class brought in a bill to abolish horse racing, and the speakers succeeded in winning the day. H. McElwee held up the honour of the Society by his clever replies to the negative arguments and by his witty repartee.

This term we had a debate on "Should the Colored Races be Excluded from Australia?" The negative side, after a close struggle, won by one vote.

An impromptu meeting was held, and those who stayed gave impromptu speeches and conversations. The next debate was "Should Our Empire Federate?" After much arguing the affirmative side came off victorious. The last meeting was taken up by a discussion upon the subject of corporal punishment. Although this is an old subject the speakers found plenty of new arguments, and at the end of the meeting we found that the speakers for corporal punishment had won. We are now looking forward to a lecture on Psychology, to be given shortly by our chairman.

"C1" AND "C4" DEBATING SOCIETY.

During the term very few meetings have been held in connection with this society. Towards the end of last term we met "B." Class. The debate took the form of a mock parliament. Our speakers were Gough, James, Kerrison, Kiddle, and Maslin. We were beaten by a few votes.

About the middle of this term we held a debate against "A." Class in the Assembly Hall. The subject which was chosen was "Which has Greatest Influence, the Pulpit or Press?" We chose the Press, and were represented by Gough (Leader), who was well supported by Kerrison, Maslin, and Beardwood. Mr. Miller acted as judge; and we were beaten by a very narrow margin. As the Junior Public is now very near, we expect we will have to abandon debates until the end of the year.

"D1" AND "D2" DEBATING SOCIETY.

A meeting was held early in the quarter, from which a Debating Society of "D1" and "D2" was formed. H. Thorne and L. Baker were appointed as joint secretaries, and K. Breaden and R. McVilly as the committee. The first debate held was Country Life v. Town Life. The speakers were:

Town: D. Emms (Leader), A. Kelly, H. Bryan, and R. Mullene.

Country: R. McVilly (Leader), D. Traill, D. Wright, and T. Littler.

Many good speeches were made on each side. Although the debate was very even, the number of country members present stood firm for their "bush and meadow," and gave their party the victory. The second question debated was: "Which is the happier, the life of a barbarian or that of a civilised man?" The speakers were:

Barbarian: H. Clark (Leader), L. Baker, and D. Emms.

Civilisation: R. McVilly (Leader), H. Thorne, A. Kelly, and G. Macpherson.

This debate was not quite so good as the previous one, yet several members showed promise. The victory went almost unanimously to the "Barbarians."

Many of our speakers are as yet very nervous, and watch the windows in preference to their audience. However, we all enjoyed this term's debates, and we are hoping for more debates in future. Before closing we wish to thank "A." and "C." Class for permitting us to share some of their experience displayed at a recent debate. This has benefited us greatly. Our next debate is on the question, "Should horse-drawn vehicles be abolished?"

"C." CLASS versus "A." CLASS.

A few weeks back a memorable debate between "C." Class and "A." Class took place in the Assembly Hall. The subject was "Which Exerts the Greater Influence for Good, the Pulpit or the Press?" The arguments on both sides were very forcible, and the Chairman, Mr. Miller, who kindly judged the debate, announced that the speech which contained the best arguments was that of Cornelius Kerrison, and subsequently awarded him 69 points out of the 100. The sides were as follow:

"A." CLASS.—I. Douglas (Leader), E. Scott, A. Davern, R. Atkinson.

"C." CLASS.—J. Gough (Leader), C. Kerrison, S. Maslin, J. Beardwood.

The contest was very even, the marks in total being:

"C." Class, 217; "A." Class, 222.

THE PAPER CHASE.

(By Cato Major.)

On the afternoon of Empire Day a good number of us assembled at School to participate in the two paper chases which had been organised by Mr. Grace and Irvine Douglas. All were intent on winning the boxes of chocolates given by Mr. Miller for the winners of each team. Excitement ran high when at two o'clock L. Briggs and A. Davern, the hares for the first team, set out. They were followed five minutes later by the pack, whom they led a very long and difficult route covering about 15 miles. It lay over York-street, up the back of Cataract Hill, into the bush toward the power station, round and nearly up to the Westbury-road, down into the First Basin, thus crossing the trail, up a very steep hill near the suspension bridge, on to the power station road, thence to the power station, back to the First Basin, up to the Westbury-road, across to the Sandhill tram terminus, through the Punch Bowl, and into Newstead. Here the hares waited, expecting that the hounds would arrive soon. However, after waiting some thirty minutes and no hounds having put in an appearance, the shivering hares—for it was very cold hiding under a scanty gorse bush—decided to come home. After a brisk run in they arrived together, thus sharing the prize for the team. The hounds, it was discovered, had relinquished their aims of gaining the chocolates, and had given up the chase after returning from the power station.

The second team had a considerably shorter run, the hares exhausting their supplies after going some three or four miles. The hares, M'Elwee and Brain, then hid up a tree and were discovered after some considerable searching by the hounds. In the run home Brain was the first to cross the line. He, however, did not accept the prize, which, consequently went to Davis, who put up a fine run.

It is said by several that, but for the thought of the possibility of gaining the chocolates, they most surely must have lain by the wayside and died from sheer exhaustion. In spite of our pains on the way and our stiffness next day, and in some cases the next two or three days, none of us regretted our afternoon's toil, and would be quite willing to go through it again for another box of chocolates.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Quack.—Thanks, but a recruiting poem is hardly suitable for "The Northern Churinga." Try again on some other subject, but think twice before writing phrases such as "allied thoughts," "share the land's glory and 'huc,'" and don't rime "begin" with "king."

Rosa.—"Sweet thoughts" possesses suitable sentiments, but the scansion and metre are faulty, most of the lines possessing too many feet.

L.S.—Certainly, take your feet down, if you are asked to.

Hector.—(1) Socialists wear red ties. (2) People other than Socialists have been known to wear these colors.

N.R. (C).—A ribbon is often a good thing for keeping one's hair out of one's eyes.

L.S. and Co.—Postgate gives the rules for the use of quid; these, we understand, do not apply to bicycle accidents on the Lefroy road.

Quids, however, must not be confounded with quod.

Maud.—Undoubtedly boiling custard burns. But you should not have eust 'ard when it happened.

Kittie.—It may be possible to bear the pain without "contorting the muscles of the face." Possibly.

Barb.—Yes, our fishing expert informs us that the barb is the best part of the hook for the bait.

Corby.—Yes, it is possible to become a steeplechaser without going to church.

J.G.P.—Apples are undoubtedly nice—sometimes, provided you don't get the "pip."

Cliffie.—5 a.m. (an hour after the time "that the rooster, etc. . .") is not the best time to practise.

J.G. (Cl).—No; we would not advise you to "put that down" too often. Otherwise you might feel "put out" about it.

E.O.G.S.—Your article, "Exams: Their History and Origin, from the Garden of Eden to the Class Room, with notes and explanations," by L. O. Stubbs.—Is too technical for this magazine.

L.O.S.—(a) See "Our Open Column." (b) The Latin equivalent for "three cheers" is "nunc plaudite." (c) There is no law in Tasmania compelling one to laugh at a joke made by an A Class-ite.

THE STORM.

(By "Spadger.")

There is an emerald, encircled by amethyst, set in a sapphire sea. And the emerald is a bottomless lake, sinking down into a vast crater, which sometime belched forth fire on a forgotten world. The amethyst was made by a host of little families, who lived happily on the walls of my crater, and, dying, left us this huge, circular, multi-colored monument of their toil. There, where the curling breaker heaves its lazy length on the sands, the sapphire peeps among the fleecy foam, as a coy maid glances slyly through her shapely fingers. Yet, afar off on the

curving horizon, the lesser hues are lost in the perfect union of azure sea and azure sky.

Among the coral, tall palms bury their fibrous roots in the spongy turf, and nod and bow to their images in the still waters of the lake, like so many Narcissae admiring themselves.

Everywhere the verdant earth flaunts brilliant flowers, and clinging, blossoming creepers, that wave languid tentrils on the sighing breezes. All is peace and contented solitude.

For a little space.

But, hark! What are those ominous grumbings coming nearer, nearer, nearer? What is that dark bank, that mars the blue distance with an ugly blotch? It is here! A tropical storm bursts in all its fury, a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky.

The waves, that lately kissed and murmured songs of love, now fight and roar in fiendish glee upon the tumultuous sands. The pretty coral shoals, that smiled so sweetly at the dazzling sun, now "look grim as hell" in the gathering shadows. There, too, the great seas break in clouds of spray and retire, baffled, to begin their endless struggle once again. The rain pours down in torrents, hiding all the world as with a veil. The gentle zephyrs are no more. Instead a raging fury bellows through the trees, tearing their leaves, and lashing their mirror into little bits of cloud-flecked sea.

A thoughtless bird, that dared to leave its refuge, is borne by the rough wind, and dashed mercilessly against the stones. It flutters feebly for its life; but its spirit ebbs away. It dies, panting, wild-eyed, sinking down, and down into eternity. And as the storm passes, and the wind ceases to drown all other sounds but the sea, the moan of that bird's fatherless young, and the grieving cry of its mateless wife, plead to the comforting skies.

It is over! One would not know there had been such a tumult, except for the restless waters, and the mirrorless lake, and a few battered palm leaves strewn about. There is no wind, no rain, no noise. Sweet calm is returned and dinning uproar fled. Drenched flowers again lift their little heads to the warm caressing sun, now dying swiftly in the golden west. The waters lap, the little birds sing softly their evening songs. All is as before. All but you, widowed, solitary thing, the bird whose broken heart bears witness of Dame Nature's wrath.

BOYS' SPORTS.

[NOTE.—Secretaries and Captains of teams will oblige by submitting reports of their teams as soon as possible. Reports should be short, concise, and not containing any unnecessary detail.]

ROWING.

CLARKE SHIELD.

On 24th March was rowed at Hobart the annual race for the Clarke Shield, over a course of about a mile and a quarter, from a point above Government House Point to the Naval Jetties. Four crews were entered, two from Hobart State High School and two from Launceston State High. The race resolved itself into a struggle for first and third places between the first and second crews respectively of the two schools. Our crews consisted of:

No. 1 Crew.—E. A. Wyllie (bow), H. Craw (2), I. Douglas (3), R. A. Scott (stroke), H. Freeburgh (cox.).

No. 2 Crew.—J. Bentley (bow), P. Palamountain (2), F. Partridge (3), N. McLeod (stroke), N. Ridge (cox.).

On the whole the crews got away to a good start, and for a short distance kept well together, but soon our No. 1 crew forged ahead, and obtained a lead which they maintained to the end of the race. The No. 2 crews meanwhile were battling along on fairly even terms, and at about half way the Launceston crew was several lengths ahead of the Hobart No. 2 crew. Later, however, they lost their form, to the extent that their opponents gained a considerable distance, but were unable to obtain the lead. When the gun was fired, the positions were:

Launceston No. 1 crew	1
Hobart No. 1 crew	2
Launceston No. 2 crew	3
Hobart No. 2 crew	4

THANKS.

We desire to thank Mr. C. Pattison, our coach, for his painstaking efforts in the coaching of the crews; the Derwent Rowing Club for the courtesy and kindness shown to us during our visit, and for the loan of the boats in which we rowed; and the Hobart State High School, for the kindness and hospitality shown to us during the time we were in Hobart.

SECOND ANNUAL REGATTA.

On April 5 we held our Second Annual Regatta on the Gorge course. The School obtained a half holiday, and the sides of the Gorge were thronged with spectators, while numerous flotillas of pleasure boats were seen on the water. The officials were: President, Mr. R. O. Miller; judge, Mr. A. L. Meston; starter, Mr. W. Grace; committee, R. A. Scott, H. Craw, A. Luck, N. McLeod, Fentrill, I. Douglas (secretary). The results were as follows:

School Fours.—N. McLeod (stroke), E. Wyllie, P. Palamountain, J. Gough beat H. Craw (stroke), A. Luck, W. Saltmarsh, I. Phillips by a length and a quarter.

Championship Pairs.—H. Craw (stroke) and H. Wright beat E. Wyllie (stroke) and S. Craw by a canvas.

Handicap Sculls.—I. Douglas (scratch) beat S. Craw (6sec) by about two lengths.

Championship Sculls.—A. Scott beat I. Douglas by a length.

School Eights.—A. Scott (stroke), Luck, H. Craw, Bryan, P. Palamountain, S. Craw, Ridge (cox) beat I. Douglas (stroke), E. Wyllie, McLeod, Gough, Wright, Pike, Boatwright, Freeburgh (cox). The best race of the day. At the bridge Douglas was leading by a quarter of a length, when Scott sprinted, and a magnificent finish resulted, Scott's crew gaining the judge's decision by six inches. The race was a fast one throughout, the crews rowing splendidly.

CRICKET.

C. AND D. CLASSES v. BURNIE.

On March 24 a team from the Burnie State High School came to Launceston to try conclusions with a team picked from our C. and D. classes under the captaincy of A. Baker, with E. Tabart vice-captain. The match started at 9.30 a.m. on the Glen Dhu ground. Burnie batted first, putting up a score of 101 runs, the chief contributors being Freeman (32), Ellis (11), Stalker (11), and Westbrook (10). Our bowling was done by Chamley, who secured two wickets for 20, E. Tabart two for 18, and S. Maslin five for six.

In our first innings we secured 106—E. Tabart, 31, A. Baker, 17, W. Fentrill, 19, and S. Maslin, 11, being chief scorers. Burnie's bowling was done by A. Freeman, 5 for 38, and J. Shaw, 3 for 26.

In their second innings Burnie scored 139, Pilbeam 43, Smythies 16, and Freeman 12, being top scorers. S. Maslin, five for 72, and Chamley, three for 21, again securing wickets. During our second innings we went to pieces, Baker being dismissed for 19, and the wickets fell fast till Maslin, 30 not out, and White, 11, stemmed the tide; Shaw, four for 39, and Freeman, six for 42, dismissing us for the small total of 86. Thus Burnie ran out victors by 48 runs, having secured their victory by specially fine fielding.

Afternoon tea was provided on the ground by some of the girls, whom we now take the chance of thanking.

CLASS CRICKET.

Class cricket, owing to several causes (chiefly meteorological), was prolonged this year somewhat beyond its usual time, and, as a result, when the last issue of the magazine went to press the roster was still in progress. Matters, too, were at an interesting stage, and there were three teams well in the running. By gaining a three-point win against D Class—who were, unfortunately, much handicapped by the accident to their captain—the A eleven gained the shield. This team (which contains five members of the Firsts) scored a straight out win in each of their encounters, and have thus been unbeaten for two years, since last year, as B Class, they went right through the season without losing a point. The best score of the season, 112 not out, and incidentally the first century of the School, stands to the credit of George Dicker, the A Class vice-captain.

A few very good averages are to be found in the batting department, but the majority are rather low. Some of the bowling results are quite startling in their approximation to zero. But then, in School teams, the bowling is generally a more pronounced feature than the batting, and so this state of affairs is understandable. The bowling average falls to J. Turner, the batting average to G. Dicker.

The points at the conclusion of the round were: A Class, 9 points; B Class, 6 points; C Class, nil; D Class, 3 points.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

Again we have made a change. Cricket flannels have given place to knickers and jersey; once more we say "good-bye" to the bat and greet the football.

During this quarter our advance in football has been somewhat impeded by the occurrence of our first annual sports. Football practice on Monday afternoons has had to give way somewhat to the necessary training for that event, but on Wednesday afternoon we have always enjoyed our scramble for the leather.

So far we have played but one game, and although rather disappointed with its result, we have hopes that before long we shall claim some victories. At the beginning of the season our team met Central Launceston Junior team, and were rather badly beaten. The final scores were: Central Launceston Juniors, 11 goals 8 behinds; State High School, 7 goals 6 behinds. For the School the best form was shown by O. Wyllie, M. Elwee, Luck, A. Scott, Tabart.

SECONDS.

This year the Seconds are a numerous and enthusiastic body. Although few matches have been played as yet, a keen interest has

been taken in the practice and the matches against the Firsts, which are bringing to light several promising players. At a meeting held on April 18 J. Turner was elected captain, and A. Davern secretary. Owing to the captain being promoted to the First team (for which we heartily congratulate him) another election was necessary. At a meeting on May 31 R. Atkinson was elected captain, and Max Saltmarsh vice-captain. Empire Day being a half-holiday, a match was arranged against the Thirds, which resulted in a very even and enjoyable game. Eventually the Seconds came out victors by 7 goals 6 behinds to 3 goals 1 behind. The best players for the Seconds were S. Craw, H. Wright, and R. Atkinson. As a result of their good work in this match H. Williams, M'Guire, and Holmes were promoted to the Seconds. Our most important match this term was against Scotch College. It was played on their own ground, and resulted in an easy victory for us, the scores being: S.H.S., 14.26; and Scotch, 4.5. S. Craw, Feutrill, Dooley, and Alan Atkinson were largely responsible for this success. Goals were kicked by Dooley (6), Feutrill (6), and others. In a match played later against the same school a mixed team of Seconds and Thirds escaped defeat by the narrow margin of 3 points. Stanley Craw, whose play throughout the term has been consistently good, has, we learn with pleasure, been promoted to the First team, and is playing against the Grammar School on Wednesday. We take the opportunity to wish him as well as the rest of the team, the best of success in that match.

THE FIFTHS.

The first term of the Football season is nearly over, and there is not very much to show for it. Taking everything into consideration, however, we are pleased to say that we have made as much progress as some other of the teams. The reason that we have not been able to play any matches is that the teams were not picked till about three weeks ago. Then we had a meeting, and captain, vice-captain, and secretary were chosen. These honorable positions fell respectively to C. M. Lucas, Morrison, and D. H. Lohrey.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

TENNIS.

Hockey has deprived us of a number of our best players, but their places have been filled by the ever-ready beginners. However, play up, you beginners; try your skill at tennis, for there will be plenty of vacant places to fill next year.

At the beginning of the term four of our girls competed for the School Girls' Championship. Lucie Sampson and Marjorie Rudge, who got into the third round, did best for our school. Marjorie, you will have to win it next year, so bear that in mind!

At the School Sports the Singles Championship was won by Olive Jones, Doubles Championship by O. Jones and M. Rudge, Singles Handicap by Olive Jones, and Doubles Handicap by O. Jones and M. Rudge.

Throughout all the matches one noticeable feature was the way in which each took her defeat. When such a delightful comradeship is prevalent, how much pleasanter and more interesting the matches are for everyone!

CLASS CRICKET.

In cricket this season more interest was shown because of the promised shield. The arrangements were one innings each, and one

round, with two points for each win. The results of the matches were:

"C." Class, 6 points.

"A." Class, 4 points.

"D." Class, 2 points.

"B." Class, 0 points.

The best players for "A." Class were: C. Kidd, L. Sampson, C. Nash. For "B.": V. Bryant, I. Arnott, O. Kidd, M. Wilkins. For "C.": M. Ellis, M. Yost, F. Bayley. For "D.": L. Hodges, L. Wright, and D. Emms.

The coveted shield is now hanging in the room of the "C3" Class captain, viz.: M. Ellis.

HOCKEY.

FIRSTS.

We are now in the midst of the hockey season. What joy it is to go forth to the muddy grey, the blood of our ancestors stinging in our veins, prepared to "do or die"—quite determined that it will be "do," and not "die." So far we, the Firsts, have pursued our way to glory and bruises unchecked. Three engagements have we engaged in; three times have we emerged victorious. Our first match was played against College Seniors, and a hidden fear knocked at the hearts of all, for we were not an untried team meeting our most formidable opponents in the first round? However, we "made good," and won by two goals to one. The next match—against Broadland House—was comparatively easy. We gained five goals to their one. Our Seconds were then met, and we won. At first we were rather hard pushed, but we managed to scrape up eight goals to keep up our end of the stick.

The Team.

Cecil, our back, strikes terror into the hearts of our opposers. She is aided by Winnie Hodgetts, who has shown great improvement. What would we do without our "short-skirted" wing half-backs—The "skipper," Marjorie R., skips all over the field striking—just when needed. As for Zetta, the goal, words cannot express the admiration she arouses in the noble breasts of the illustrious "Firsts." Our forwards, too, will bear any test. Vera and Elma carry everything—including the ball—along the wings; while Blanche and Marjorie Ellis assist the noble Olive as they should. We sadly miss Kathie McKay as centre-forward, but her place has been filled by Olive, who generally manages to cover herself with mud and bruises—not to mention the glory. With such a combination, surely the Firsts will always go forth to victory.

SECONDS.

This year it was decided to enter two teams for the Association matches, which are played off every Saturday afternoon at the Show Grounds. We have not been successful in any matches as yet, but hope to win some before the season ends. Our first match was played against the Churinga Team. The first half we were leading by one goal, but in the end we were beaten four goals to 2 goals. All our girls played well. The following Saturday we met the Senior College team. The older girls, having more experience than we, we were defeated. The following Saturday we met the Firsts. Although we had a small army of girls to wish us luck we were defeated. We hope in the future to be more successful than in the past.

Team: Florrie Bailey, goal; Ethel Mann and C. Mason, backs; Edna Solomon and Ina McRae, half-backs; Fauny Freshney, centre half-back; Ida Walker and Olive Kidd, wing half-back; Beattie Ponsonby and Jean Muirhead, inner forwards; captain, Jean Nichols, centre forward.

There are three other teams besides the first and second hockey team. To the majority the game is new, but whether new or old players, all are enthusiastic. Among the "D." girls there are some exceedingly promising players, which betokens a good year next year in this particular sport.

BASEBALL.

A fair number of girls have taken up Baseball as their special sport. Some of them have already done good work in State School teams. Others are country girls to whom the game is a new form of diversion. Great improvement has been made by most of the players, but we have few good bowlers, while many still lose their heads when a good catch comes their way.

During the term the First team tried its strength against a Baseball team from Invermay State School, but was defeated. Their spirits, however, revived when they secured a win over the Charles-street team.

The Seconds had a good game in playing against the pupils of Wellington Square State School, but were beaten in the end by three runs.

SPORTS DAY.

Our First Annual Sports were held on the 30th May at the Cricket Ground. The day came with a cloudless sky. The air was warm and the ground in excellent condition. The goodly number of parents and friends present, and the perfect arrangements due to the splendid organisation, forethought, and untold labour done by the secretary, Mr Grace, added much to the pleasure of the afternoon. The programme was a lengthy one, but the events were kept well in hand by the various officials, among whom Messrs. Marshall, Daymond, Horne, Smith, and the masters deserve special thanks for their hearty support and co-operation. The afternoon tea, the ample proceeds of which have been given to the Patriotic Funds, was provided by the girls under Miss Stephenson.

The following is the list of officers: President, the Principal (Mr R. O. Miller); referee, Mr A. K. Horne; judges: Messrs. A. T. Marshall, M.H.A., and W. H. Daymond; timekeeper, Mr H. R. Smith; hon. treasurer and starter, Mr A. L. Meston; hon. secretary, Mr W. L. Grace; hon. assistant secretary, R. A. Scott; committee: The Masters, and I. Douglas, E. Scott, L. Stubbs, H. Craw, G. Dicker, R. A. Scott; handicappers: Messrs. A. L. Meston, W. L. Grace, W. E. L. Callaway. The Championship of the School was won by H. McElwee. The following are the details of the various events:

Championship of School (under 15): F. Laphorne. Championship Mile: L. Stubbs. Time, 6min 15sec. Championship Half-mile: L. Stubbs. Time, 2min 35 1/2sec. Championship 440yds: L. Brain. Time, 71 4/5sec. Championship 220yds: H. McElwee. Time, 31sec. Championship 100yds: H. McElwee. Time, 12sec. Championship Hurdle, 120yds: A. Luck. Time, 17 2/5sec. Championship High Jump: O. Wade. Height, 4ft 10 1/2in. Championship High Jump (under 15): K. Ambrose. Height, 4ft 5 1/2in. Championship 220yds (under 15): F. Laphorne. Time, 33 3/5sec. Championship 100yds (under 15): A. Padman. Handicap Half-mile: A. Davern. Handicap 440yds: H. Freeburgh. Handicap 220yds: A. Padman. Handicap 100yds (over 15): H. Saltmarsh. Handicap 100yds (under 15): H. Williams. Handicap Hurdle, 120yds: A. Luck. Old Boy's Handicap Half-mile: T. Johnston. Old

Boys' Handicap 220yds: H. Padman. Old Boys' Bicycle Race, one mile: V. Sellars. Three-legged Race: P. Palamounain and R. A. Scott. Obstacle Race: A. Davern. Blindfold Barrel Race: G. Dicker. Class Teams' Race: "A" Class. Tug-of-War: Douglas's team (J. Turner, R. A. Scott, N. McLeod, H. Bryan, J. Gourlay, A. Davern, A. Feutrell, L. Thompson, E. Tabart). Throwing the Cricket Ball: G. Dicker (75yds). Kicking the Football: V. Gill. Sack Race: P. Palamounain.

The thanks of the scholars are due to the following, who donated prizes and trophies: Miss McDonough, Messrs. A. T. Cruikshank, J. C. Finlayson, J. A. Andrews, A. W. Birchall and Sons, W. H. Daymond, A. R. Horne.

AUTUMN—A FRAGMENT.

(By "Tiny Tim.")

'Twas Autumn, and the trees were losing fast
The colors and the shades of summer green,
Now giving place to golden tints, and red,
All mingled in a glorious world of leaves,
That swayed and rustled, shimmered with each breath
Of air that wafted slow across the hills.
A thousand dappled spots from fleecy clouds
Slow floating through the crystal sea of blue.
The sun was downward going, and the shades
Were long, and cool, and tempting; here I sat,
Upon a rustic seat with moss all covered,
And legs deep sunken in the moistened ground.
A clump of elms in front, whose falling leaves—
Not yet all fallen—ranged in many tints,
From green to that dark red through which the sun
Delights to send his piercing rays; behind,
And overhead, dark laurels stood, and on
A wall Virginia trailed its crimson strings
Of hanging leaves, a place of pure content.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(By "Flackers.")

The papers were published, as they invariably are, and hidden beneath the various announcements that people who go to Batten's Big Busy Bazaar always come out pleased, that "Pineapple" bacon is very choice, that Wood's Great Peppermint Cure is the only safe cure for colds, and that the person seen taking Mrs M'Diddle's umbrella from the Albert Hall vestibule had better return the same, to save further trouble,—hidden safely beneath all this was the news that certain fortunate candidates had passed the Qualifying Examination. My big brother took possession of the newspaper and glanced at the first few names. (Why could he not sensibly begin at the bottom?) Then he tossed me the paper, remarking scathingly, "If I'd have gone up for the exam. I should never have had such a swelled head as you. No wonder you failed." I felt hurt, but found consolation in mumbling that some people thought they knew everything. Then I looked down the list. My eyes bulged greedily.

Glorification! Yes, there it was! "Jane Amelia Cook," I had passed. I don't profess to know what happened next. I was a heroine. No one attempted to scold me for consuming quantities of toffee. No one blamed me for slamming the doors, or leaving hats, gloves, etc., about.

The dreaded day came. I stood on the station waiting for the train which was to bear me to Launceston. Many people came to say "Good-bye." I smiled and nodded condescendingly. I was "somebody," and I knew it.

School opened. I caught a fleeting glimpse of black gowns. Gowns!—and black, of all colors! They ought to come to Bulldog Flats and learn the proper way to do things. I stood near a group of girls. One of them eyed me curiously and enquired lazily, "New kid, I suppose?" Kid, indeed! Did she know that she was speaking to Miss Jane Amelia Cook, from Bulldog Flats? Then I gradually learned that I was one of "the babies." I was burdened with the mysteries of "mensa" and "je suis." On my third night I lay down meekly amidst muddled thoughts of "If seven men do a piece of work in nine days" and wept for "Home, Sweet Home."

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

(By "Rosa.")

Near a little old-fashioned English village stands a beautiful old castle, once the pride of its knightly owners, but now, feeling the burden of centuries, crumbling into ruin. During the day, when summer brightens the country, pleasure parties come to this delightful old-world spot, but after dark nobody dares to come near the place because it is haunted. The story runs that every full moon the spirit of a young girl haunts the castle. She is seen wringing her hands and lamenting for her lover, who is supposed to have been starved to death in the castic cellars.

One night an old and a young man came to the castle. The elder man was a professor who was interested in spiritual and occult matters, while the younger was his nephew, who had come to look after his uncle, for, like most professors, the latter had an absent-minded way of forgetting his meals, and other necessary things. On this night the moon would be at its full, and the professor had determined to find out if there was any truth in the villagers' story.

How weird everything seemed! The moon shedding a pale radiance over the dark, gloomy castle only accentuated the blackness of the trees, which seemed to wail and moan at each gust of wind. When there came a lull in the wind, the professor took out his watch. "Only five more minutes to midnight," he whispered, and his voice sounded uncanny in the strange stillness; then the wind moaned, as though saying, "Five more minutes, five more minutes," as if to infer that it had been waiting for the end of these "five more minutes."

One—two—three—four—midnight! The professor stirs uneasily, and puts away his watch. The faint rustling of a woman's garment is heard; it comes nearer and nearer. Now in front of them stands a woman clothed in light; she wrings her hands and, with eyes full of tragedy, gazes unseeing into space. She beckons imperiously to the professor, and, after a moment's hesitation, he, bidding his nephew to come also, rises and follows her.

She leads the way into the castle, into the once beautiful ball-room. She presses a spring in the wall, and behold! a door opens, disclosing a flight of steps, down which they go. At last the bottom

is reached, and, ah! what is that? It is a skeleton, the skeleton of her lover! The apparition bends down as though kissing her lover, and as they look she gradually disappears into the air.

The professor and his nephew retraced their steps, and next day they told the astonished villagers the strange news. A search party was sent to the castle, but the secret spring was never found out; but when a cavity was dug under the ballroom the cellar and its contents were disclosed. A decent burial was given to the remains of the body, and it is said that since that the castle has never again been haunted.

OUR SPLENDID MEN.

Lieut. W. L. Garrard (ex-Master).	Private R. H. Stephens.
Corporal H. Glover (ex-Master).	Private Jack Robertson.
Corporal C. Sharp (ex-Master).	Private A. G. Stokes.
Private H. Ede (ex-Master).	Private H. Rosevear.
Sergeant S. Lonergan.	Private H. C. Baker.
Corporal C. E. Rowell.	Private W. W. Clarke.
Corporal Edgar Briggs.	Private J. C. Shaw.
Private Lindsay Scott.	Private Gordon Cunningham.
Private D. Whitchurch.	Private Max Munro.
Private Mac. Kidd.	Private W. J. Fahey.
Private P. Ryan (died of illness).	Private A. Thorne.
Private W. Mason.	Seaman Raymond Hamence.
Private R. Rule.	Seaman Ralph Anderson.
Private Eric M'Ivor.	Seaman Reg. Watson.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

President: Mr. W. L. Grace, State High School. General Secretary: Mr. T. G. Johnston, 163 Charles-street, Launceston. Assistant Secretaries: Ladies, Miss Amy Munro, Charles-street, Launceston; Gentlemen, Mr. P. Fordham, Customs House, Launceston. Editor of "Old Scholars' Column": Mr. P. H. Fordham, Customs House, Launceston.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

(By Mr. W. L. Grace, President.)

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your Committee have much pleasure in presenting this, the second, Annual Report, and feel that you should be specially grateful for the most satisfactory year through which we have just passed.

We have a membership of 32 Ladies and 34 Gentlemen, Officers (not old scholars) 7; total, 71. This is a very poor percentage of those who have left, and we can only hope that each member will do his or her utmost in the coming year to enlist every old scholar to become a member of this Association.

During the year Miss Good found it necessary to resign as a member of the Committee; her resignation was accepted with much regret, she having been a most enthusiastic worker for the Association. Miss Kildea was selected to fill the vacancy.

We also lost the most valuable services of Miss Walker, she having severed her connection with the school to take up duties in New Zealand. She will be missed very much, especially at social events. We wish her every success in her new sphere.

We also lost another vice-president in the person of Mr. Ede, who added another name to the column of our "splendid men." We wish him good luck and a safe return.

Social Gatherings.—During the winter months we endeavored to hold meetings of a social nature. These meetings were not attended by very large numbers, but those present had an enjoyable time. We started with a social; then this was followed by euchre evenings, dance, social, and euchre evening again. On October 10th we held our annual social gathering, when a large number of country as well as town members were present. We also held a river trip to Rosevears in the "Bass," and spent quite an enjoyable time.

Honor Roll.—During the year several of our old companions have enlisted for active service, making a fine column in the magazine, entitled "Our Splendid Men."

Finances.—The finances for the year show a marked improvement. We are pleased to be able to report the balance at the bank is £3 1s 4d. This shows a large increase over last year's, which was 4s 7d. The balance-sheet is attached.

Sports.—The only sport indulged in last year was the Girls' Hockey team. At their annual meeting, held a few weeks ago, the secretary, Miss Jensen, read a most interesting report, which showed that although they had not won the premiership honors, they were not bottom on the list.

Congratulations.—We have to heartily congratulate the School on its sporting as well as scholastic laurels.

In conclusion your Committee desire to thank all those who so kindly rendered assistance during the year, and hope that next year may prove to be a very successful one.

By order of the Committee,

TOM G. JOHNSTON, General Secretary.

BALANCE-SHEET.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Balance brought forward.	0	4 7	By Purchase of Magazines.	6	10 11
„ Subscriptions	14	19 0	„ Hectograph.	0	8 6
„ Donations	1	6 6	„ Stationery	1	15 5
„ Hire of Crockery	0	11 0	„ By Petty Cash and Postages.	2	12 0
„ Purchase of Crockery	6	0 0	„ Purchase of Crockery	6	0 0
„ Receipts of Boat Trip	2	0 6	„ Purchase for Socials	2	12 3
„ Guarantee for Boat Trip	2	10 0	„ Chartering s.s. "Bass"	4	13 0
„ Interest	0	1 10	„ Balance as per Bank Book	3	1 4
	£27	13 5		£27	13 5

W. L. GRACE, President.

TOM G. JOHNSTON, General Secretary.

Examined and found correct in every particular.

LEWIS T. COLLINS, }
P. H. FORDHAM, } Auditors.

PERSONAL NOTES.

- B. Hope—Bung is a medical student in the Melbourne University.
- W. J. Fahey—After five months of teaching at Devonport Nigger enlisted, and is now in Claremont.
- R. J. Pullen—Ray is teaching at Wynyard, and incidentally umpiring school football matches.
- L. B. Daymond—Len is doing an ignoble thing—piling taxes on us all in the Federal Taxes Office.
- N. Campbell—Brushier is an articled lawyer at Law, Weston and Archer's, Launceston.
- J. M'Fadyean—Fadge is teaching the "young idea" in Burnie State School.
- J. A. Challis—Chall is working with four others of our scholars in the Commercial Bank of Australia.
- Max Munro has enlisted, and is now in camp.
- L. Thorne, who was at Schopli in 1914, is also at Claremont.
- Eric Harrison is assistant town clerk at St. Leonards.
- Clyde Rowell writes from Seymour Camp saying good-bye. He is attached to the Machine Guns, and is a corporal.
- Alice King is a chemists' apprentice at Latrobe.
- Mavis Hughes is "almost" infant mistress at Albuera-street School.
- Kath. M'Kay is teaching at Glen Dhu. She wore a big smile after the hockey on May 26.
- Irene Pinkard, who is teaching at Longford, sent an appreciated contribution to the Sports Fund.
- Doris Sturgess is also on the staff of the Longford School.
- Will Clarke is another Old Scholar who has answered the "call." He is with the Machine-gunners at Seymour Camp, Victoria.
- Harold Baker is in camp, and was in Launceston on final leave last month. He has been drafted into the Light Horse.
- Gordon Cunningham, who has lately been teaching at Charles Street State School, has also enlisted, and is shortly proceeding to camp.
- Charlie Cunningham, of football fame, is now teaching at Luvermay State School. When are you taking your degree, "Charl?"
- Veru Dwyer recently passed an examination for "Messengers in Training," and is now at the G.P.O., Hobart, studying for a clerical position.
- Reg. Barling is still prominent in the football field. "Bill" captained the Combined Northern Junior Football team, which recently played and defeated a Military team from Claremont.
- Edgar Briggs is now fighting in France. He is with the 12th Battalion, A.I.F., having been transferred from his original battalion, the 40th, Edgar writes to Mr. Miller, the Principal at State High School, as follows: "Somewhere in France, 22/2/1917. Dear Mr. Miller,—It's some time since I last wrote to you, but I hope you will put up with the delay. I've been with my battalion several weeks now, and have met many familiar faces among the ranks. My future address is: No. 6249, Private E. C. Briggs, "B" Company, 12th Battalion, A.I.F., on active service, France. You may know that the original battalion had one Company

from South Australia, but as all reinforcements now come from Tasmania, few from that State are now left, but there are two South Australians remaining in my platoon. We are now looking forward to warmer weather, and, I expect, harder work. I haven't heard the results of the University Examinations yet, but shall be looking forward to receiving them very shortly. I sincerely hope that the old school did well in both the Junior and Senior Public Examinations. As you know, a chap can't send much news from here; thus my letter is but brief. Of course, all my grade are now out in the world, so I cannot send good wishes through you to them as students, but must do so as members of the Old Scholars' Association. I wish the school the best of success in 1917. I remain, yours sincerely, (signed) E. C. Briggs."

Alan Merrisby is another "Churinga" who is working at the railway.

Harry Monkhouse, who has been employed in the Railway Department for several years, has now been transferred to Devonport.

Stan. Cartledge is employed at G. R. McLean's, and is frequently out of town, attending to country contracts. Stan. hopes to enlist shortly. He was in camp about twelve months ago, but was discharged on account of his being under the statutory age.

May Salter writes from St. Mary's, and wishes the school success.

TIT-BITS.

It is a well-known fact that Stancombe Estate is a healthy winter resort for holiday-makers.

It is a fact that a certain old scholar has lately motored to the "Heads" for a week-end.

He is constantly seen with the "Heads" in town; he is also very popular with the "Heads." What is the cause of this?

"Dad" should have been disqualified in the Old Scholars' Bike Race for exceeding the limit.

Reg. and Co. should make very fine bike riders, judging by the way they rode in the first half lap of the Wheel Race.

Simon says long legs make good runners. "Go it, Tom."

The Sandhill Brick Works, during the proprietor's absence, has greatly flourished of late under the able supervision of "Grat."

Gossip goes that garage managing does not elevate the person so much as bank managing, so much so that they do not recognise old schoolmates when seen in the street.

Matt says that the bracing air of Devonport is quite a change from the "sea" breezes at Launceston.

Give Birdie wings, and he might be able to "fly some" on a bike.

"Dock" is becoming one of the leading lights of the Union Steam Ship Co.

There is a rumor abroad that "Joey" is about to do a rash deed. We hope that the experiment proves successful.

It's a fact that about half a dozen Old Scholars intend enlisting within the next few months.

"Wiggy" says that it's a great life. He wants to know, "Why did I ever leave Claremont?"

It's a fact that Tom intends taking an "Old Scholars's" football team down to Hobart very shortly.

WHO'S WHO.

Principal—Mr. R. O. Miller, B.A.

Staff—Mr. A. L. Meston, B.A., Mr W. Grace, B.A., Miss Bell, B.A., Miss Davies, M.A., Miss Stephenson, B.A., Miss M'Donough, Miss Brown, Miss Greaves, Miss Wilcox, Miss Grubb, Miss Lawson, Mr. Callaway, Miss Layh, Miss Richardson.

Senior Prefect—Girls, C. Nash; Boys, I. Douglas.

Sports Prefect—Girls, O. Kidd; Boys, G. Dicker.

Dux of School—R. Atkinson.

School Champion—H. M'Elwee.

Captain of Football—G. Dicker.

Stroke of Crew—A. Scott.

Rowing Club—Captain, A. Scott.

Captain of Tennis—C. Nash.

Captain of Hockey—M. Rudge.

Captain of Baseball—M. Wilkins.

Librarian—Miss Davies.

"Warblers" Singing Class—Conductor, Mr Grace.

Old Scholars' Association—President, Mr W. Grace; Secretary, Mr. T. Johnston.

Senior Cadets Half Company—Commander, Lieutenant A. L. Meston; No. 1 Platoon, 2nd Lieutenant I. Douglas; No. 2 Platoon, 2nd Lieutenant A. Scott.

"Northern Churinga"—Editor, Mr. Meston; Sub-Editor, I. Douglas; Editor, Old Scholars' Column, Mr. P. Fordham.

EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

We are pleased to note the success which attended the work of the Sports Committee, and we feel that for a first attempt the sports exceeded all expectations. We likewise congratulate the Rowing Club on the success of their Second Annual Regatta.

Our Roll of Honour is steadily growing larger, and our late Senior Prefect, W. J. Fahey, together with Max Munro (a former football and cricket captain) and Gordon Cunningham, have been among the latest to enter Claremont.

Anzac Day was fittingly celebrated. Captain-Chaplain Bethune and Corporal Daniels both addressed the school on the meaning of Anzac Day. Mr. Miller moved a hearty vote of thanks to the speakers. On Empire Day the Principal (Mr Miller) addressed the pupils on the subject of the British Empire.

Early in the quarter we had the pleasure of listening to an address by Captain-Chaplain Brewer upon his adventures in German East Africa during the campaign there. A hearty vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by I. Douglas, and carried by acclamation.