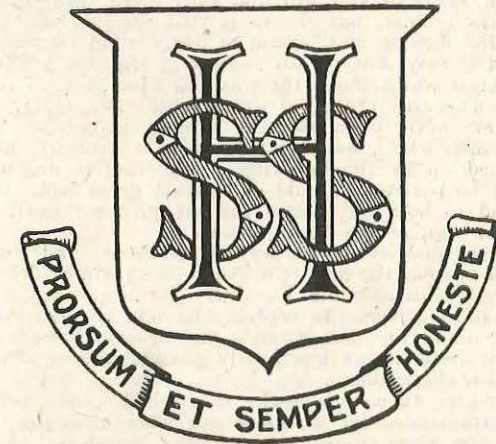


The Northern Churinga



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EDITORIAL.

We are drawing near to what will be the last schoolday for many of us, and while saying good-bye I intend saying a parting word. To borrow a nautical simile, we are like ships "tossing on the rough ocean of life." Now many of you will find that there are many contrary winds to battle against, but see to it that you are not carried hither and thither, the flotsam and jetsam of every wind that blows. To run with the wind is easy, but to sail against it requires a well-found ship; be not as a straw which shows the way the wind blows. To sail against the wind is an essential part of every man's education. Without it the faculties are never exercised, the man never becomes strong. We all know the man who cannot bear to be in a minority, his enthusiasm must be backed up by the majority. But leaders are not made of such stuff; to be patient, to hold on against great odds, to know one's own mind and to hold on calmly without progress until things begin to mend is the sign of the strong man.

Maybe your task seems dreary, monotonous, and unending, but remember you are not the first to traverse the plain of dreariness. When Matthew Arnold retired from his duties as inspector he received a present from his teachers. In replying he told the teachers that when he started he found the task irksome and dreary, but that he received encouragement from others less poorly paid who were doing more irksome tasks with cheerfulness.

Let us resolve then to run the race which is set before us with grit and determination, for we know not when monotony will yield to pleasure. Even when things seem blackest we never know but that it is the dark hour before the dawn. There is deep truth in the old saying that when things are at their worst they always mend.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

(Third Term, 1917.)

- Class "A"—R. Atkinson (Dux of School).
- Class "B1"—Edna Moorhouse.
- Class "B2"—Basil Telford.
- Class "C1"—Trevor James.
- Class "C2"—K. Dallas.
- Class "C3"—Agnes Murray and Claudia Sutherland.
- Class "D1"—Doris Emms.
- Class "D2"—Harold Thorne.
- Class "D3"—Frances Wilson.
- Class "D4"—W. Jacobson.
- Class "D5"—Jack Walker.

PREFECT'S NOTES.

The end of the year has arrived, and a review of the work done may not be out of place.

It was found, at the beginning of the year, that, with the large increase in the number of scholars at school, a great increase was also effected in the number of prefects, over thirty boys and girls being on the roll. During the first half of the year fortnightly meetings were held, and were, on the whole, well attended. But it was also found that it was at times inconvenient to convene so large a meet-

ing at such short intervals, and as a result an executive committee was elected comprising the two Senior Prefects, and Lucy Sampson, Jessie Bradshaw, Elmie London, James Turner, Eric Scott, and Eric Wyllie. At the same time the meetings were altered, so as to be held monthly.

About the same time the Prefects were given a thorough constitution, which previously they had lacked, and the organisation placed on a sound footing. In connection with this a new set of rules was drawn up, defining the authority of Prefects. A copy of these appeared in the last issue of the "Churinga."

Next year a number of Prefects will have left, and, with the increased numbers at the school, new problems and difficulties will confront the Prefects, and will call for strong control and organisation.

A TALK TO PARENTS.

Following up what was said last quarter as to the courses at the school having a definite vocation bias, and assuming that the pupil is following a course to the end that he may take up the corresponding vocation, there still remains much to be said why the courses possess what may be termed "a common educational factor."

Parents, when entering a boy for, say, the commercial course, want to know why the boy should learn French or Algebra. The curriculum in a secondary school should always impose on every scholar a minimum of "cultural" studies, of which English Literature may be taken as typical of the humanistic and mathematics or chemistry as the scientific. After the war, when trade resumes its normal channels, it is reasonable to suppose that our trade with our French Allies will greatly increase. The boy with even a smattering of French has a decided advantage over the one with a purely commercial education.

After all, the successful man in any vocation is the person who applies his brains to his job. Many of the "purely vocational" subjects become in course of time purely a mechanical routine, narrowing the mind, and rendering it incapable of that wider service that modern civilisation demands.

None of the subjects in the curriculum can be run off into watertight compartments. Each is connected with others in divers ways, and each reacts on the others, increasing their value. The secondary school is in reality the fitting school for the university, and the regulations of the university exercise a powerful incentive on teachers in framing their respective curricula.

CLASS NOTES.

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

It is with a feeling of sadness that we pen these notes, for we know that they chronicle the events of the last few months which the 1917 "A" Class spent at the old school. We realise that it is hard, indeed, to break off the associations which have been formed as the result of our four years' companionship.

The Senior Public has engrossed the attention of all and sundry for the last few months, so that very little of outside importance has come into our lives. Sport, except for the welcome break on Wednesday afternoon, has held few allurements, even for the most confirmed school haters, if, indeed, any of our members can be classed in the last category. We are now discovering, at least some of us, that the Senior is, after all, not the

green-eyed monster which some of us imagined it. Many have made the direst threats as to what will inevitably happen when the strain is over. The male members talk deliriously of cigars and whiskey, though saner ones are very credulous as to whether the realisation will prove as pleasant as the anticipation. Others suggest that it would be better to drown our misery at once.

But a few weeks remain of our term. In wishing all good-bye, and extending to all the compliments of the season, we cannot help reiterating our regret in leaving all the old associations. But, tinged with sorrow as the event is, we recognise that such partings must come, and

"While there is one untrodden track
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still."

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

We, the poets of the tenacious theme, render again our noteworthy annals for your delectation.

This quarter we have been deprived of three inspiring presences from our midst; but now, with great exultation, we have welcomed them back to the fold.

Sad to say, that impenetrable presence, Darky Moony, becomes more moony every day, probably owing to the vicinity of the Christmas holidays.

We congratulate Edna on securing the first place last term, and, judging from present appearances, she will occupy the same coveted position this term.

We do not mention our position on the War Savings List, nor on the sports field. You have heard our weekly position on the former and Marjorie Rudge and Marjorie Tevelein uphold our honor in the tennis team, while McElwee is still sports champion of the school.

From the depths of an appropriate haze of Permutations, Combinations, and Shakesperian quotations, we bid you a tender farewell.

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

It has come, the last quarter for many of us, of our school days, and it is with unfeigned regret we make the announcement. Our two years here have been strangely varied, according to the individual. Some of us have worked; some of us have not; but it is too late to think of that now. Our school days have not been happy always—(what school days ever were?)—but the work, the sport, the old comradeship have been very sweet; and the thought that some of us are so soon to give them up hurts a little. During this quarter events of interest have been conspicuous by their absence, but nevertheless we have enjoyed the time.

The old school is very dear to us, and we cannot help a feeling of regret that some of us are about to sever our connection with her; but the memory of her will live in our hearts—a memory which cannot be obliterated. We had hoped for another two years at school, but for many of us the powers that be have willed otherwise, and we must perforce be content.

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

At last we of the Industro-Commerical Class have crossed our sea or "swotting," and have landed full steam ahead on our junior shores. At last we know what it is to be a junior, in name and in nature, and, we hope, also in fame. Although we have, naturally, been working very hard,

we have found some time for other things, and among these is sport. This term there are the usual rather high number who go to the Victoria Baths and try to swim (?). This, however, is rather difficult, but it would, perhaps, be better explained by quoting the wag who said that "the water was thick enough to walk on comfortably." Cricket is also taken up by many of our boys and girls, and there are several in the seconds and thirds, while we have a few representatives in the Rowing Club.

Our class also is—or appears to be—well up in the historical world. Our eminent historian informs us that the Mahdi was resurrected in the Sudan, while several have recently been "put through it" for their degree, notably the J.P. and the A.S.S., but bachelors in any of the subjects are decidedly in the minority.

During this term, as in others, the girls have furnished us with an abundant supply of flowers, and, by a discreet application of "Clever Mary," etc., they have kept our room reasonably clean.

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

The Junior Public Exam. is now upon us. We are actually passing through the various tests presented to us, and are suffering from severe shocks during the process. We wonder how we shall feel when all is over, and whether shocks will ever have power to move us again. We have worked pleasantly together during the year, and are sorry to think that some of us will not return to the old school after the vacation. We hope to see a good many, however, who are determined to complete the course and enter for the Senior Public in 1919.

We were sorry to hear of Walkeden's accident. We advise him to remember the old proverb and look before he leaps next time. Ted has missed his old friend greatly.

We hope the country boys will reach home in time for Christmas, and that McGuire will return to us next year after braving the perils of the Strait.

We wish all the teachers and scholars of the State High School a very bright New Year.

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

Now Exams are over,
Christmas draweth nigh,
Shadows of the pudding
Steal before my eye.

Yes, and with it the fact that our first year at the High School has passed away. We are eager to become members of "C" Class, and feel that we are "babies" no longer.

This term we have lost three more of our number, namely, Mattie Cunningham, Doris Gandy, and A. McGuire. Mattie, who now lives at Magnet, has not forgotten us, and several letters and a fine box of waratah and berries have been received from her.

The table has also been improved by our fern, which, for a long time, was thought worthy of the fireplace. We have to thank Frances for its reappearance. We try hard to fill its place with the paper basket, but there are, we now believe, other empty fireplaces in the school. Eric has had to keep a watchful eye on it, and has done it well.

R. Chamley has had his eye on the target, and "D1" now possesses the champion shot of the school. Owing to the Censor, we will not disclose his average.

The Exams. are over. Yes, even the dreaded Latin, which, after all, is not quite as hard as we thought.

Ah! The thought of the pudding has returned; so we conclude by wishing the Senior and Junior Classes the best of luck, and the staff and scholars a real Happy Christmas.

CLASS "D2"—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. V. Wilcox.

"There is many a step grows lighter, coming home."

It seems to us that a great many steps (to say nothing of pockets) are growing appreciably lighter as the end of the year draws near.

This last term has been styled "slow" by some, because it has consisted chiefly of work, exams., and detentions; but most of us think the adjective inadequate, if not altogether unsuitable. For instance, there was a slight variation of this routine when almost half the staff deserted us.

At the end of last quarter one of the events of the year, as far as we were concerned, came off. We are referring, of course, to our annual social. One of the most noticeable features of the evening was the extent to which the work of preparation had aged some of the boys; but, in spite of this, their spirits were as gay as usual. Much to his "mortification" (?) a usually retiring member of the class became quite the centre of attraction during "Musical Arms."

During a recent "spring cleaning" some of the boys who had previously boasted of their "all-round" skill, were rather too energetic, and there was a general cry of "Brandy for one, please!" at the blenching cheeks of an approaching faint. The odour of chlorine from adjacent "gasworks" is no doubt responsible for this and other outbreaks. Jack seems particularly susceptible.

We must here wish the Senior and Junior candidates success in their exams., while we do not forget to be anxious about our own fate at the annual exams.

We wish staff and pupils a Merry Christmas and pleasant holidays.

CLASS "D3"—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb.

Old Time must have stolen a march on us, for here we are at the end of the last quarter, when we are sure that it was only yesterday, or, at most, last week, that we entered the door of the High School—the shyest of the shy. (Times have changed since then. We are, as always, preparing for the oncoming storm of examinations, and are all hoping that our luck, or our brains, or, maybe, our work—though most teachers consider the last unlikely—will be sufficient to enable us to mount the stairs to the delectable abodes of the "C" Classes.

Our room really does merit special notice. There have been added to our stock account a pot plant, a jardiniere, a vase, and an ink can. We are very proud of the way the vase is supplied. We might easily have taken first prize at the show with Isabel's sweet peas.

One fine Saturday (the adjective is necessary) the "D4" people combined with us for a picnic. We had a lovely time, although there were only about twenty of us.

We believe we also had a social some time ago, but it is so long ago now that we only have faint, pleasant memories of it. We think it a pity that such an event should sink into oblivion, and wonder whether we might have another to refresh our memories. We have vague recollections of trays, cups and saucers, music, white frocks, and new hair ribbons, but our orderly minds yearn for a clear statement of facts.

We wish that the Senior and Junior candidates may have papers so easy that they will all gain credits in every subject, and we wish all the school a pleasant holiday.

CLASS "D4"—Supervising Teacher: Miss Richardson.

As the time has come to send a contribution to the last of the 1917 magazines, we are reminded that we have completed our first year of High School life. As far as concerns "D4," there is little to relate this term, a social with "D2" and "D3" being the only event worthy of note.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Stephenson, our Supervising Teacher, who resigned her position on the staff at the end of last quarter.

At present the quarterly exams. surround us, and the results of these determine whether we become "C" Class or remain "D."

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

Ah! One year at the State High School. Who would have thought that twelve whole months have passed since, timid and shy, we first entered the school? Flowers and waste paper baskets seemed to have found their way to our room this quarter, and "D5" are very grateful to Connie Nicholas and Claudia Sutherland for the regular supply of flowers, and the nice jardiniere and fern that adorns the table. Nobody ever seems to know where the waste paper basket comes from, but it does come, and before long we have to be content by saying, "We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go, for your class and your teacher both need you so."

One of our number sat for the qualifying with the view to obtaining a "Bursary." We were greatly comforted when we learnt that he knew who "Irrigation" was; and we hope to receive the "Bursary." But what right had we to imagine that he did not know, for he certainly would have consulted Harry's "Pears."

We congratulate Jack Walker for soaring, with almost supernatural energy, to the top of "D5" Industrial last term. "Knowledge is power." But here we are again in the midst of exams. Good luck to all!

DEBATING NOTES

"D1" and "D2."

There was only one debate held this quarter, viz., a Council Meeting held in the Library. The Council were represented by pupils from D1 and D21. On the whole the Council was very tame, the only amusement being that the teachers representing the audience giggled all the time. We hoped to have others, but lack of preparation prevented this.

VALEDICTORY

At the close of the third term we regretfully bade farewell to Miss Stephenson, who has been with us for several years. Miss Stephenson had endeared herself to many of us, and we were sorry to lose her. The staff, when saying good-bye, presented her with a tennis racquet. We all wish her the best of success in her new pursuit.

CADET NOTES.

(By "Cato Major.")

Yet another band are striking camp to follow the bier of the passing year. Among them are many N.C.O.'s and a number of Cadets. We extend to these departing members our best wishes in their future sphere of life.

During the course of the term we have twice visited the range, and a number have gained their marksmanship badges. The shooting this year has shown a great improvement on that of last year. The

laurels of the day adorned the brow of Chamley, who reached the fine score of 94. Lieut. R. A. Scott ran close with the also fine score of 92. The others who gained their badges were Lieut. R. I. Douglas (83), Sergeants A. Davern, R. Atkinson, and E. Wyllie, Corporal I. Phillips, and Cadet J. Skemp.

A few weeks ago No. 6 Platoon took part in a procession in the interests of recruiting.

Last but not least of our items is the social for the Pilkington Cup Platoon, on the 12th. We all are looking forward then to enjoy what Ovid calls "*Praemia militiae pulverulenta*."

CADET SOCIAL.

On Wednesday evening a most enjoyable social was held at the School, where the members of No. 6 Platoon, winners of the Pilkington Cup, were entertained by lady members of the Cadet Association.

At 8.15 the members of the Platoon entered the hall, each one wearing a diagrammatic representation of a book. This provoked a most interesting competition, which was eventually won by Eric Scott. Some of the representations were exceedingly unique, those of E. Scott, A. Davern, and Alan Atkinson (who proved the winner of the prize for original design) being extremely so. After this competition a variety of games and singing was indulged in, H. Palmer and — Shields acting as pianists.

Then came another competition concerning the streets of Launceston, in which L. O. Stubs proved the winner. And then the supper. This supper was the crowning glory of the evening; the jellies, custards, cakes, and cordials were done full justice to by all present. Supper finished, the party again sang lustily certain well-known refrains, and some, perhaps helped by an extra amount of cordial, became so merry as to go tripping gaily round the floor.

Prizes, consisting of choice boxes of chocolates, having been distributed to the winners, the Platoon gave three very hearty cheers for the ladies who had given such an enjoyable evening, and the gathering broke up with singing "*Auld Lang Syne*," "*God Save the King*," and the School Song.

THE FAIRY BLACKSMITH

(By I.D.).

I met a fairy blacksmith as I wandered once through Fairyland,
With his tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, all the live long day;
And his fairy sparks flew upwards, from his little fairy smithy,
With the little silver anvil, and the fire bright and gay.
And the little hammer clanging sent the echoes through the smithy
On that clear and frosty morning of that white, cold May.

"What make you, sir?" I asked him, as he blew his fairy bellows,
And the silver anvil answered to me, "Stars, bright stars:
For the silver sparks that float away from out our little smithy,
So to make another Venus, or a Saturn, or a Mars;
And the works they are so beautiful we make within our smithy,
That we make the great king's carriages, with shining silver bars."

You will find the little blacksmith if you come with me to Fairyland,
You will hear his tinkle, tinkle, ringing all around.
You will see the silver fire and the star-sparks and the smithy,
And the golden tongs and hammers lying on the sparkling ground.
And if you look where e'er you go you'll see the fairy smithy
Wherever youth and happiness and gaiety are found.

SCIENCE FROM AN ARM CHAIR.

ON FAIRY PRINCESSES.

(By "Krinos").

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time.

—Locksley Hall.

Do scientists believe in fairies? Most decidedly—only they do not generally call them that. To the real scientist—and he is one who has more than a dash of the poet in his outlook—all the common, trivial creations of nature are fairies, each with its own exquisite mechanism, delicately adjusted to comply with the customs of the complex world of life. He sees the outer material husk that stamps its owner as a Hymenopterous insect or a corollifloral dicotyledonous exogen [See Webster's Dictionary. — Ed.]; but he also senses the vital essence and the gauzy hints that tell of the veiled immaterial soul of mystery. To him, every bee is a fairy princess, a quaint little gold-crowned fay; and unlike Peter Bell, "a primrose by the river's brim" is something more than a primrose to him—it is a wine-stored summer palace built for the delectation of Titania, and wrought, by occult spell, of beaten gold.

True fairy tales are much more wonderful—and satisfactory—than invented ones. The ancient philosophers invented a very beautiful fairy story about a shell once, but men have since found out the truth, and for poetic beauty it puts the fable to shame. The early naturalists, when they wrote about the paper nautilus, said that its fragile shell was a pleasure boat, and that the happy owner delighted to float on the calm bosom of the sea, raising aloft its sail-like arms to catch the passing breeze. The poets enshrined this conception in verse, and Pope bids us

"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale."

If anyone is interested enough to turn them up they will find further exquisite pictures of this reputed habit of the nautilus in Montgomery's "*Pelican Island*" and Byron's "*Island*." From this idea the little creature gained its scientific name of *Argonauta argo*—a pleasing conceit on the legend of Jason's vessel whose "echoing oars . . . first startled the unknown sea."

But all this is not true. The paper nautilus (which, it may be mentioned in passing, is entirely distinct from the pearly nautilus (*Nautilus pompilius*), which has a very heavy, chambered, permanent shell), does not use two of its eight arms as sails and the remainder as oars, but swims by ejecting water from a specially contrived funnel. Both sexes do not possess the shell: it seems to be peculiar to the female, and the male (as so often happens in nature) is an insignificant-sized individual beside his mate, measuring but an inch in length, and being destitute of her splendid flattened arms. The shell of the female is a thin, seemingly exceedingly fragile canoe (hence the name of paper nautilus), curving up at one end to form a species of prow, and narrowing throughout its whole length near the bottom so as to produce a keel. This keel is waved or serrated, the crests of the curves being made by the downward extension of the ripples which cover the whole framework, and which form a surface of attachment for the arms. The female creeps along the bottom or floats on the surface of the sea with the expanded members tensely drawn over the side of the shell: their true function, as shown by Rang and confined by Power, is to secrete the shell and keep it in a state of repair should it chance to be broken.

Why then does the female alone possess this floating home? It is—and this is the beautiful secret—not made for herself, but built, with all its refinements of care, as a house for her young ones. It is the nursery of the young, and as soon as they are properly provided for she relinquishes it and becomes as homeless and unprotected as the male. This is nature's splendid fairy story—the poor slimy mother building a wonderfully moulded and perfectly proportioned mansion for her children, a paper-thin but steel-strong cradle to rock them on the ocean waves. Think of this masterpiece of architecture, this shell-flower, fashioned by a loving parent for her young ones—think of them, happily and safely ensconced in the turret-house of the prow! Is it not a better and a nobler fairy tale than the untrue one of a self-contained, pleasure-seeking sailor?

So for the real seeker after truth the shell of the nautilus has a double meaning.

It is the calcareous test secreted by the action of the fleshy appendages of an octopod member of the dibranchiate order of the cephalopodous molluscs—themselves invertebrates.

But it is also a dwelling, wrought of tamed moonbeams, a fretted tracery of crystallised love, columned with translucent pillars of frozen song.

It is the palace of a fairy princess. . . .

BOYS' SPORTS.

CRICKET.

FIRSTS.

The Firsts have not yet struck their old form, having had only a few practices this term. However, most of our members have joined the Cricket Association, and are now able to get a better experience of the sport. Our numbers have increased a little this term, but we are sorry to relate they will very soon diminish owing to the departure of the A. Class.

On the 5th December, a team chosen from those who did not take any examination, played a similar team from Grammar School on the Cricket Ground. After a good match, it ended in a win for us by 8 runs.

The best form for us was shown by G. Dicker 27, H. McElwee 19, F. Johnstone 6, W. Stephens 4 not out. Bowling: G. Dicker, 5 wickets for 15 runs; F. Johnstone, 4 wickets for 17 runs; T. Cartledge, 2 wickets for 17 runs.

SECONDS

At the beginning of last season, we chose Ryan, Atkinson, and Williams as captain, vice, and secretary respectively, but this season we have not had another election, owing to the shortness of it. This season we have not been able to obtain a match, probably owing to the examinations, which have kept the members of the team busy. But in spite of the want of matches, we have experienced some enjoyable practices. Some of us call them enjoyable, but others of us do not, for when Traill begins "slogging" into the duck pond, a few score yards off, and our boots and stockings have to be stripped in order to get the ball out of the mud, we would rather be at school for once in our lives. We look forward to the new players to do good work for the seconds next year, for without a few of the old players our team will fall considerably; also we must welcome the new players—Traill, Hughes, and Hall—all of whom are showing great improvement.

Our team is chosen from the following: White, Cartledge, Ryan, Chamley, Wing, Williams, Skemp, Shields, Redman, Traill, Hall, At-trill, and Atkinson.

FOURTHS.

Every Wednesday afternoon we journey out to York Park to have a game of cricket. We have played one match against the Thirds, whom we beat rather easily. We all turned out at 9.30 a.m., and by 12.15 p.m. we had won by 3 runs and 10 wickets. Our best players were Jack Walker 25, Harry Williams 16, C. Falconer 5, and C. Moody 4. Our best bowler was Jack Walker, 8 for 24, assisted by Lawson, 2 for 2. The match was played on December 1st, in glorious weather. We congratulate Jack Walker for being promoted to the Seconds, and hope he will play as well in his new team. We have many good players in our midst, and hope that some of them will soon be promoted.

ROWING.

The rowers this term have had a somewhat quiet time, but nevertheless some good ground work has been put in by some members. The club is very large, and promises well for some members next year. On Wednesday afternoon the sheds present a very busy appearance with many crews on the water. The only event in connection with the rowing this quarter was the row off for the Bourke Cup, on the 2nd of November. The first crew, consisting of E. Wyllie (bow), H. Craw (2), R. I. Douglas (3), R. A. Scott (stroke), H. Freeburgh (cox.), was started at the usual place, and rowed over the course. The race did not create any excitement, but it is hoped that there will be a better race next year, when it will be held during the first term, about the same time as the race for the Clarke Shield.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

CRICKET.

Cricket bats, balls, and wickets, not to mention the gloves, have now taken place of hockey sticks and bruises. Our numbers have slightly decreased since the beginning of the year, but we still have about 80 girls.

The A., B., and C. girls go to St. George's Square, while the D. girls take up headquarters in the Brickfields.

A match took place on Wednesday between the D. classes and the boys' thirds, resulting in a victory for the girls, the scores being: Girls, 50; boys, 41. For the girls the best work was done by Laurie Hodgetts, Lila Wright, and Doris Ennis. The boys were well represented by H. Williams, C. Falconer, S. Denny, and M. Von Bibra. We are expecting to have a team chosen to attack Hobart. Everyone is hoping to be one of the "lucky ones."

Some of the classes have shown their enthusiasm by having cricket practice after tea. The B. class, having failed to gain the hockey shield, have reserved the nail for the cricket shield.

HOCKEY.

CLASS MATCHES.

The hockey season this year has been the best in many ways. Not only have we had the usual number of good players, but also, more have taken this particular sport up, and we have in the D. classes many promising players.

In last Churinga we had a prophesy as to which class the shield should wend its way, but happily for the C. classes it chose to decorate their already renowned walls.

The matches were exciting, and sometimes very even. The results were:

C. Classes	6 points.
A. Classes	2 points.
B. Classes	2 points.
D. Classes	2 points.

The best players for winners were: M. Ellis (captain), M. Yost, W. Hodgetts, I. Walker, E. Daiziel. For A. class: O. Jones (captain), O. Nash, B. Mullene, B. Ponsonby. B. class: M. Rudge (captain), F. Freshney, Z. Ryan, V. Bryant. D. class: L. Hodgetts (captain), L. Wright, D. Emms, F. Walker.

SWIMMING.

Slowly, but surely, our members are increasing, and this term we have an incentive, for at the end of the season, quite a large proportion of us intend going in for the Royal Life Saving examination. Out of our 24 members, already 14 can swim, and even though many amusing attempts are made at diving, yet some girls are shaping very well.

The bad weather at the beginning of the season has retarded our progress a little, but we are hoping to make up for lost time during the Xmas holidays.

TENNIS.

This season, owing to the grand exploits of C class in the hockey matches, we were rather late in commencing tennis.

We have something to work for this year, as it has finally been decided that we may play for the Pardey trophies. Some of the boys, much to the disgust of the majority of the male sex, are training for the forthcoming contests, but the girls will have to work rather hard, as our best players are leaving us.

We might take this opportunity of wishing these people good luck, and of thanking them for their interest and work in the tennis team. However, we have an internal memorial of them in a work of art which will shortly adorn the walls of the locker room.

Of the younger players, Bessie Barrett and Jessie McKenzie show good form, while Vera Bryant, for a beginner, has distinguished herself, and her style shows excellent promise.

Ladder matches will be commenced after the holidays, and a team will be thereby chosen for Hobart. Perhaps class tennis matches would be an exciting innovation this season. Teams of four might be selected to represent each class. Such a course might stimulate competition among individuals, which is sadly needed.

"HERE LIES A MAN."

(By E.M.).

A long, dreary road, leading anywhere, told the oft-repeated story of desolation and war. Along the road walked one solitary figure—a boy, who was about fifteen years old, although his face, by its haggard and sorrowful expression, telling of trials and privations, was that of a man rather than a boy. He was thinking bitter thoughts—thinking how that morning a party of the hated Germans had come upon their little farm, and had slain, without compunction, the mother, father, and little sister because there had been scarcely any food in the house. Then they had

ridden away, bent on more murderous work, without noticing a sobbing, white-faced boy peeping through the hay loft upon the scene of massacre. Then, as these thoughts crowded through his dulled memory, he laughed aloud, half hysterically. For had he not his father's revolver in his pocket, and had he not in his power the means of killing some of the enemy? Yes, he would avenge their deaths! He would die later, but what did that matter, for was not everyone he loved dead also?

Night came on. In the distance could be heard the relentless booming of guns, but here everything was still; and by the roadside a little grove of trees had dared to remain standing. The little French lad, weary with his long journey, settled himself thankfully among the little clump of trees, and soon he was in a profound slumber.

Later he was awakened by the sound of talking and the pawing of horses' hoofs on the ground. Startled, he peered through the trees and looked out on the moonlit stretch of road, and there he saw, silhouetted against the sky, a small band of Uhlans, who were resting themselves and their horses by the roadside.

Slowly the revolver comes out of the silent watcher's pocket, and he takes a deliberate aim at the leader of the party. A shot breaks the silence of the night, and the leader falls down in an inert mass upon the ground. Four more shots follow quickly, and each time a man falls.

Then the Uhlans seem to know that there is only one person to fear, and they advance cautiously towards the place in which the brave boy lies, but before they reach him two more of their number are hit by the fateful discharges from the revolver.

Alas! they are now upon him. Another shot breaks the silence, but this time the shot buries itself in the heart of a hero. With a sobbing breath he falls limply to the ground, and as he is dying he smiles happily up at the moon, which smiles sadly back at him, as though it would say: "Here dies a man."

Next day a troop of English soldiers passed. The corpses of the Uhlans and the body of the little boy told its own tale. As they gently wrapped up the body of the boy and lowered it into an unworthy grave, each man thought, "Here died a hero and a man."

THE URSURPER.

(By F.F.).

Tiny, fairylike flutterings, and exciting, hurried, palpitating chirrups, came from the bough high overhead, where pert little Mrs. Mistlethrush had domiciled her young family. Mr. Mistlethrush was busy, very busy. Ever since the tiny warbling speck in the sky had told him that the lark had risen, he had hurried to and fro from the marsh to the nest, and from the nest to the marsh, as quickly as his strong young wings could bear him, carrying food to his young family.

How the young mother guarded that humble nest! How jealously did she chatter to the hedge sparrow in the home below hers. No, her children did not suffer from weak wings. The very idea! Of course, Mr. Mistlethrush was the most devoted husband. No, he certainly did not keep late hours. And of course their larder was always well stocked. Really, Mrs. Sparrow was a most impertinent young person!

Into the haven of content came the cuckoo. And then it was no longer a haven of content, but a shambles. Yes, a shambles; and that is the only thing you could call it. Well, here the cuckoo came. He had been there three weeks before, but how was Mrs. Mistlethrush to know that?

From that curiously large egg, that Mrs. Mistlethrush had so proudly displayed to all the neighbors, came a huge ugly bird. Oh, horrors! Not a mistlethrush at all, but a cuckoo. Think of it, a cuckoo! If it had been a bonny young sparrow, or even one of those downy little tomtits, it would not have mattered. But, a cuckoo——! Mrs. Mistlethrush was too ashamed to speak of it.

But that is not the worst of it. The young profligate wriggled his ungainly form about, and then followed a terrifying scream, and a dull, sickening thud. Yet another piercing wail of terror, and then again the dull thud. And when Mr. Mistlethrush returned home, down, down—down below the tree lay two mangled forms, and above in the nest that young cuckoo was lustily calling for more food. Hastily the bereaved parent dropped a long twisted worm into the gaping yellow beak. Then he went away to chant wearily his endless song of sorrow.

Summer in all its warm brightness. Even the late May blossom is hanging on the edge. A rising slope is crowned with tall chestnut trees, and from the cool depths of the wood comes a gentle "Cuckoo," and its fainter echo, "Cuckoo." Over the hill the sorrowing mistlethrush hears it, and answers with his plaintive, weary note.

SCHOLAR'S DREAM

(By "Grim.")

The class-room was hot and stuffy. It had a way of growing stuffy in the hot summer months. Muggins, the one pupil of "Smugg's Academy," who had the scholarly knack of day dreaming, was leaning on his desk and slowly meditating on the injustice of impositions.

"What is that monster? What does he do in the study of the illustrious student?" But Muggins has no time for useless questions. The spectre slowly advances towards him clanking his rusty chains, and rolling his melancholy eyes, "stremitem vinculorum primo, deinde e proximo," absently quotes Muggins, who is deep in the mysteries of "Macmillan's Shorter Latin course—Book I." The ghost approaches the chair where Muggins is seated, and seizing him by one of his learned arms says, "Know, oh, you of the Academy, that I am the ghost who visited Athenodorus. In three years hence I shall visit you again to see what progress you have made in your study—the language of the Romans. You shall recognise me when I clap my hands. Then will come a noise like thunder; the earth will tremble, and all people will rejoice to hear that Muggins, minor, has mastered the intricate difficulties of "Mensa."

Muggins started in his sleep and commenced to inform the ghost that his mind had become acquainted with "rex" and "amo." He stretched out his hand and murmured in an awed tone as the ghost retreated, "vale, vale."

A noise of thunder! A smothered groan! A shout! A scream! Surely the ghost has returned, alas! He awoke to the grim reality of the point of contact between a book and his head. A stern voice said, "Muggins, a thousand lines for inattention!" But Muggins simply murmured, "The time is at hand! Soon the world will rejoice at my knowledge!" and the rest of the class indulged in a ridiculous snigger, and some one (oh! foolish youth!) directed a paper pellet at the scholar's head.

Such are the difficulties of a young philosopher!

"IT'S A FACT."

That A.I.D. is learning to dance.

That Skimpole is as good as a picture show to those who sit behind him.
And all free, too!

That Harry studies Pears.

That Chlorine bleaches "Sweet Williams."

That Sir Roderick wore a "Moody" aspect when he met Malcolm Graeme (apply to D5 for explanation).

That Dux's lowest temperature is 4 degrees, when she is quite safe, but on the application of even one calorie, a white heat is produced. (We don't answer for the science). Result—casualties!

That Noel is surveying the town—beginning at St. John Street.

That Redman knows what "modern" means.

That certain people don't like biscuits.

That others sometimes faint at an opportune moment.

That those Log tables were not a Latin dictionary.

That George is fast becoming a professional trainer.

That Dan climbed a tree—and fell.

That someone in the A Class recently discovered Eldorado—first on a bridge, then on a hill. Does anyone else know anything about this?

That some ships sail faster than the wind.

That "tacking" is a dangerous operation—specially on board!

That Lui "juggled" the scansion.

That someone got mixed about a billiard ball and a billiard table. Who was it?

That Rastus was anxious about complimentary tickets.

That Tev. has lately taken upon herself the office of Censor. She prefers the stereotyped form of address.

That Jess ought to adopt a new attitude. Her old one is worn out.

That Hector explained the forty-seventh stanza of "In Memoriam" very nicely.

That the Senior and Junior are over.

That everybody is glad—although you mightn't think so to look at them!

That apologies are becoming quite a phase of school life. (Ask Scottie).

That Dug. is an admirer of the "Mermaid."

That he is not the only one.

That someone nearly got drunk on lemonade at the Cadets' Social.

That everybody wishes everybody else a Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year.

SOCIAL COLUMN.

"D1" AND "D5."

The first of the "D" Class socials was held at the end of last term, when "D1" and "D5" combined. The committee worked hard, but in great anxiety, lest one detail should be forgotten. However, success attended their efforts, and a delightful evening was spent. The programme consisted of items, competitions, and games. For the items we have to thank Miss Grubb, Edith Griffiths, Doris Gandy, Thelma Littler, Albert Brown, and F. Barwick. Our thanks are also due to Connië Nichol and Claudia Sutherland, who very kindly played the accompaniments. In the competition Flora Walker and Jack Browne were the successful guessers, Eric Lapthorne the unsuccessful. Supper was partaken of, and the singing of the "School Song" and "Auld Lang Syne" brought a pleasant evening to a close.

SOCIAL ITEM

D2, D3, D4.

A few days before breaking up for the Michaelmas holidays another pleasant item was added to the list. This was the Annual Social, for which classes D2, D3, and D4 were grouped.

The programme opened with a competition, and much noise, the former being won by Dorothy Kilby (first), and Olga Stanley ("Booby"); and the latter being liberally subscribed to by most of the boys. At least, so they say. The atmosphere of suppressed excitement (though we tried to appear indifferent) found a fuller outlet in a game of "Jolly Miller," which, if at first rather timid, soon broke the ice completely. By the time "All sweet beans and barley, Ho!" was announced, all were enjoying themselves, and excitement, which had run pretty high when one usually retiring champion, bravely and alone, faced three illustrious opponents in "Musical Arms," reached its height when the "Barley ring" broke, and scattered numerous worthies in various undignified positions on the floor.

Between these strenuous games we were entertained, and soothed, or amused, as the case may be, with various items—songs by Miss Grubb and Jean Peter; pianoforte and violin solos by Phyllis Pike, Burns, and D. Shields; a sword dance, in Highland costume, by Jean Peter and Percy Pike.

After a delightful supper had been served, and the last game enjoyed, the pleasant evening closed by the singing of the School Song, Auld Lang Syne, and God Save the King. Our dreams were sweet!

MULTUM IN PARVO.

(By M.T.).

Many years ago the poet Herrick wrote a little verse:—

"Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes."

Only his love in a silken gown, someone says. But you forget the setting.

The year is young; the morn is young; and the pale sky has ne'er a white boat to mock the yellow sun playfully to hide his mighty face with its tiny sails, as the knat mocks the ponderous strength of a giant, or a gull screams gleefully at the baffled roads of a tormented sea.

Yet here, only a brook trickles on, playing hide and seek with the shadows among the slimy stones, or pausing in a pool to watch a family

of sparrows take a noisy bath. A willow swishes its water-laden fronds in the breeze, which comes with rapid rushes, to go with reluctant sighs, as if it would fain stay, but is afraid, afraid of what may be over that hill—perhaps a farm house, with a hot-breathed kitchen, and an angry cook; and, oh! goodness, how frightened and hot a timid little wind would become there! Why, that breeze had only been born that morning; and, besides, its mother, a big nor-wester out on the sea, was calling very insistently.

The dewdrops were holding a sliding contest down the stems of the long green grass clothing the gentle slope of the hill, whose brow was crowned with golden gorse set with amethysts of "sweet lavender." The Lady Lavender, regardless of my Lord the Gorse's prickles, had forced her long heliotrope-topped stems into his cold embrace, and there she stayed, though her fragrance emanated to everywhere.

Now, with the setting ready, where is "my Julia?" Across the creek are flat stepping-stones, and, lifting her dainty foot to the first stone, a lady commences her crossing. She has gathered in one hand her lilac-colored skirt, whose rustling tells its texture, while "old lace and lavender" comprise her bodice. Her bonnet, at present, is most precise, for she pays a call, you see; but give a glance at the small face beneath, so fresh and mischievous, and you will know that, coming home, the bonnet will dangle, neglected, from one white finger, while the sun finds his children in the sheen of her hair. And then, perhaps, if you listen hard, you might hear a shaky whistle—but, of course, you would never tell!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bunny.—The Editor says he does not know of any such name on the staff.

Ackie.—Glad to receive your account of the incident. Was that a motor lamp? So it was!

Anon.—Some of the lines of your poetry want a surgical operation—a foot cut off.

Serious Enquirer.—In answer to your request for the worst history joke made during the term, we print the following:

Teacher: Where was Magna Charta signed?

Pupil: At the bottom!

As regards the same for geography, we select (after much profound deliberation) that wherein a scholar asked the teacher if the date line was affected by ocean currents. That's beyond all reason!

Dairy.—We fear you cannot claim damages for the unasked-for bath that your two nurse-boys gave you on Wednesday; nor can you sue the onlookers.

Dabber.—Ditto.

Perplexed.—You ask what gender egg is. You can't tell till it's hatched.

M.—No! a firebell is not half a bad thing at times—though often alarming!

Faustus.—Sorry, but we cannot enlighten you as to who was responsible for that white cross. Perhaps, as you suggest, it was Elmie.

Mac.—You want advice, do you? We would strongly advise you to keep your face out of the road when Kitty's ink-covered hands are inconveniently close!

A DREAM OF MAIDENHOOD.

(By F.F.)

A young Persephone stands idly still
 Searching with morbid eye a golden plain,
 To where soft shadowed in an orchard lawn
 There opes the gate towards her island home;
 From there sail on a myriad topaz lights
 Subtle as fireflies on the deepening strand,
 And in the jacinth work of glittering love,
 She dreams this idyll:

A fairyland of children's dreams is here,
 And in the sun-kissed light of twilight gloom
 A golden songster warbles liquid notes,
 Of songs that leap with glad exultancy
 In all one swift enthralling tale of love.
 Coy maidens slyly shed their glances quick
 (And quicker veil those opal orbs of light)
 Across an undulating fairyland
 Of happiness.

There are the heroes of a hundred fights,
 Here the great poet, Miltons, Tennysons.
 There is a group of mourners; and yet here
 The happiness they seek. Beyond the mist
 A golden mist of Heaven's purest thought
 Which leads to God's own home, Eternity.
 Here play the children, fairest of the fair,
 Dancing the maypole or the stately line
 Of metred music from a master's soul.
 Shallops skim silken-sailed athwart the stream,
 Babbling its whispered song of Cherubim;
 Down in a shadowed dell is motherhood
 Calmly serene, yet pregnant with the love
 That Mary taught.

Far over this Avilion is one,
 The mighty ruler and the simple man.
 Man, yes; but God omnipotent
 To whom she prays.

So she dreams on; and you could follow more,
 But life has entered and quick closed the door.

"LIFE AND MAN."

(By E.M.)

Life is unto a deep and running stream,
 And man is but a frail and tiny craft,
 Tossed here and there upon the roaring tide;
 But, like a gentle whisper, sorrows come,
 Increasing as the tides of life increase.
 Some in their youth grow weary of life's fight,
 And gently take their troubles far away;
 And others live in sorrow, wishing Death
 Would by his hand take life away;
 But he who lives the noblest life and best,
 Buries always the troubles deep within,
 And strives with all his might to breast the tide,
 Until he gains the best of earthly gifts;
 And, after death, will such deserve to live
 In Paradise.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

President: Mr. W. L. Grace, State High School.

General Secretary: Mr. T. G. Johnston, 163 Charles St., Launceston.

Assistant Secretaries: Ladies: Miss Dorothy Blewitt, Wellington Road, Sandhill, Launceston. Gentlemen: Mr. Frank A. Andrews, 181 Charles Street, Launceston.

Editor of "Old Scholars' Column:" Mr. Frank A. Andrews, 181 Charles Street, Launceston.

PERSONAL NOTES

W. Morrison.—Another Churinga, in the person of Bill Morrison, has added his name to the roll of "Our Splendid Men." We all wish this young soldier the best of good luck.

P. H. Fordham.—The ex-editor of this column has entered Camp. Percy was on leave a few weeks ago. We hope he will send us news of the boys who are in Camp.

Harry Monkhouse.—This North-Western Churinga played a rattling good game for the Devonport Cadets against "A" Company for the football premiership of Northern Tasmania.

Albert Bennefeld.—This Churinga now earns his monthly screw, working with the "heads." Twitch is becoming a leading salesman in the clothing life.

J. Farmilo.—Jack has been at Hobart some months doing Naval duty. He has now returned to the ordinary routine of life.

N. Campbell.—Neil has been elected an auditor. He will need that bag now.

B. Hope.—Bert is on holiday from Melbourne University, where he has been staying. He has just recovered from an examination, and we all hope that he will meet with success. He deserves it.

We regret to hear that Sybil Clarke has been in hospital for some time, and we hope that her recovery will be speedy.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Olive Turner, who just recently lost a brother.

Len Crow has been admitted to Struan Hospital, suffering with a shattered leg, caused by a motor car. We sincerely hope that his recovery will be most speedy.

Katie will be starred at Glen Dhu shortly. She is assuming the role of "Queen of the Fairies."

We are pleased to hear of the great success attained by Eileen Kildea at the Launceston Operatic Society's Concert a few weeks back. This old scholar of ours had leading parts in "Trial by Jury" and "My Lord in Livery." We would be greatly pleased should Miss Kildea tender us with the latter at a future social, as one old scholar would like to play as the butler, and another as the fortunate, who got to the village, as Lord Thirluere, and was later denounced.

Alison was in the "Trial by Jury."

Jennie is with F. J. Lamb, the drapers, and appears to like it.

It is a fact, we believe that "Churingas" will be forwarded to all Old Scholars who have enlisted. Should readers know their address, please leave for the Editor, at 181 Charles Street.

Hedley Rosevear writes a long, interesting letter to Mr. Miller from Lark Hill Training Camp, in which he states that he was chosen to represent Australia in the welter-weight boxing championship of the British Army.

Percy Fordham sends along his photo as a soldier, and wishes success to the old school.

The Principal has received a card from Max Munro, written a few knots from England, in which he hopes the firsts win the N. v. S. football match.

All old scholars will regret to hear that Edgar Briggs has been wounded.

Mac Kidd, unfortunately, has been wounded also, but no information has been received whether it is serious.

In a second letter received from Max Munro he tells Mr. Miller that he met Ray Hamence on a "tropical island" gathering bananas prior to joining the "Australia."

Percy Fordham writes from Bendigo Camp, Victoria, sending best wishes for success in the examinations.

Gordon Stokes, who was convalescent after his "gassing," has been wounded again by rifle fire.

Ray Pullen writes wishing the 1917 lot "good luck" at the Junior and Senior.

Mavis Hughes wires her good wishes to the School at the Examinations.

Christmas wishes have also been received from Millie Solomon and Mona Bailey.

HOCKEY.

Our club has not met with the success anticipated at the commencement of the season in the matches contested, the reason being mainly for want of practice.

The excessively wet season prevented our first team meeting for practice games on several occasions, and consequently when we took the field against older teams we were outclassed. The games contested are as follows: Won, 3; lost, 5; drawn, 1.

In the play off for the drawn game we were defeated by a small margin. We were unable to put in our best team for this game, owing to it being played on an off day, when most of our players were at business.

A prize, donated by the captain, Miss Kathie M'Kay, for the best all-round sport was won by Miss Thelma Jacobson.

For the coming season, with several new members joining the club, we hope to have a much stronger team than before, and, with a more favorable season and plenty of practice, should be able to give a good account of ourselves against all other teams.

The following is an article from the pen of an old scholar on active service.

THE MASCOT.

(By R. R.).

The first shell of Fritz's eternal nightly programme had proved a dud in the city square as he woke to find his partner gone.

Now war pups are as all souvenirs and mascots—of open affection, so when one hand has fed you for a fortnight, and moreover refraining from administering more than one kick a day—well, love must follow.

Thus it was the rain descending along the Fricourt road fell upon a rain-soaked, mud-bespattered mongrel, who followed the muddy scent of a platoon half a mile ahead.

But the ways of fortune waver, and at the cross roads before Blametz a platoon, striking across country, lost a certain stray dog a kio behind.

He was a miserable specimen when I saw him first. The wavering light of a cookhouse fire played on him from wishful eyes to dejected jail. The cook, rum softened despite the roughness of the night, had left him the remains of a stew. It was over this he stood erect and eager at the sound of my step along the duck board way. I drank a proffered drink of tea from the cook and patted the mongrel (somehow a soldier and dog are as near kin as a boy and a dog), and passed on to the night's job.

Returning home at dawn I slung the day's greetings to the cook in passing, and added an enquiry as to the health of his pup. But the dog had left, he said, with the last particle of stew. "Ungrateful animals," he said, "much prefer cats."

I saw the dog again, however a few nights later. When clearing a trench I came across a still canine with nose pointed to the front line, where an aforementioned platoon were living.

TIT-BITS.

The Launceston Show greatly attracted the country people, there being quite a large number of Old Scholars present.

It is rumored that "Dock" will shortly celebrate the day of his life. No wonder he does not attend the Socials.

Grat, "Narrer" Tom, "Scotch" and the Bills think it is high time that the Education Department fitted the Assembly Hall with "aeroplane" seats. The above are cultivating muscles. Good exercise, says Tom.

The recitation rendered by one of Launceston's leading garage managers was greatly appreciated by those who were indulging in supper at the first social this quarter.

It is concluded, says one of the sports, that "Dad," alias "Legger," has forfeited the above title, and requests that the new reference to him will be "The Black Prince." This title has nearly been purchased, and we all extend to him our appreciation of his assuming a more aristocratic name.

Is it a fact that a certain person is holding a weekly class to instruct some of the old scholars to wink?

"Wo-wo be careful," says Vern, as he tried to knock a heavy motor car down in Wellington Street. There must have been some damages caused by the violent collision, Vern, as you were seen a few days later on an "Indian."

Question: When was the Cataract Gorge removed to Elphin Road?
Answer: Ask Chrissie Horder.

It is a fact that Aubrey W. is applying for a position on the door at the picture shows. He has been rehearsing at the Y.M.C.A. Concert and O.A.S. Show. We wish him success.

We hear that "Scotchie" has his editor's office at the Majestic. Hours: 10 a.m.—11 a.m.; 3 p.m.—4 p.m.; 7 p.m.—11.30 p.m.

Long John Silver is requested not to set out on his tour without a guide to motorists (Indian Edition) and a Tourist Guide Book.

It appeared in the "Police Gazette" that "Narrer" and Grat were pulled up by a man in blue, near the Show Ground, one for exceeding the speed limit, the other for cutting the corners sharply. The footballers thought that Wilfrid had secured competent drivers to bring back the cars from Hobart.

Tom makes a fine representative traveller for W. T. Bell & Co. If he were much finer you would not be able to see him.

The late editor, Sapper P. H. Fordham, writes from Seymour, sending his best wishes to all, and has seen Wiggy, Will Clarke, and many other old scholars.

Tom acted the gentleman at the last Social.

Snowy is becoming a promising inventor, and engineer (boiler scrubber).

Vern is now Hart & Sons' Mechanical Foreman.

Trethewey has turned Scoutmaster. Look at his hat.

Flemmy is a dashing sailor. He held the fort (Nelson) like Horatio held the bridge.

Always Satisfied wants to know who is responsible for the excellent way supper is served at the socials.

It is a fact, we believe, that "Scotchie" waited up till 2 a.m. one morning writing out these notes, as "Darkie" was hurrying him. Tom says he should give him more notice, as four days is not nearly enough. "Scotch" was found asleep in the chair next morning. (The latter part is untrue. Ed. O.S.C.).

SOCIAL LIFE.

On the evening of October 10th, the Annual Social was held, and despite counter show attractions, we had an excellent gathering. Numerous games and guessing competitions were indulged in, while songs were rendered by Misses Muriel Chick, Clarice Malcolm, Thelma Jacobson. While dancing was proceeding, Euchre was played by non-

dancers. The guessing competition was won by Miss Sybil Clarke. The November social took the form of a fancy costume display. Owing to adverse weather conditions, the attendance was not large, but all who went thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The ladies looked beautiful in their costumes of many colours, while the gentlemen were arrayed in very loud colors, with one exception, he being a parson. This social was a great success, and tends to make old scholars more intimate with each other. Miss Myra Barrett won first prize for the competition, which took the form of a "Floral Wedding" competition.

The catering which was in the capable hands of Blin Jensen and other helpers, was carried out in a style characteristic of School socials. Our greatest thanks are due to those who kindly lent plants, tea cloths, etc., also the ladies who gave up Show Day to arrange the Annual Social. Owing to many of the old scholars being out of town, and the Christmas holidays close handy, no social will take place this month. The committee wish every old scholar of the Launceston State High School a Merry Xmas and a Prosperous New Year.

OUR SPLENDID MEN.

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

EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

The last quarter, and, alas, for some of us, the last quarter of the last year. How quickly the months roll into years, and our two, three, or four years here speed to their end! It is "farewell, a long farewell" to nearly all the A Class, and we wish them the very best of luck and success wherever they may go in the future. As for the Junior and Senior Public results, we will content ourselves with saying, like some renowned statesmen, "Wait and see. . . ."

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 Davis, M.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. Jones; Boys, G. Dicker.

Dux of School—R. Atkinson.

School Champion—H. M'Elwee.

Captain of Football—G. Dicker.

Captain of Cricket—E. Scott.

Stroke of Crew—A. Scott.

Rowing Club—Captain, A. Scott.

Five-Mile Champion of Tasmania—L. Stubs.

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. F. Andrews.